

## Overgeared 1261

### [Chapter 1261](#)

The ego in the God Hands wasn't a magical creation. It was a physical result of beating the soul of another into it. Grid faced this truth and was greatly abhorred by it. The appearance of the sword and the coffin, which held the souls of the old popes, overlapped with the God Hands and made Grid feel disgusted.

'Pagma, how many people have you sacrificed?'

Was his definition of justice really correct? The condition to trigger the skill Granting an Ego was the 'other person's consent.' Grid speculated on the relationship between Pagma and the empress and his disappointment toward Pagma was beyond description. Pagma wasn't a brat in his teens and the belief Grid had in him was reaching a fragile point.

'Did he betray friends other than Braham?'

Grid recalled a certain memory and his expression relaxed—it was the image of Pagma, who died alone on the Behen Archipelago while stopping the invasion of the great demons. Yes, Pagma had already tasted enough pain. It was cruel for Grid to blame him even now. At this conclusion, Grid put down all the emotions and thoughts that messed up his mind. He chose not to think too deeply about Pagma. He decided to only focus on the situation in front of him.

'I accept the quest.'

He understood, sympathized with, and respected Pagma, but he didn't honor Pagma. In order to clarify his own will, Grid chose a different path from Pagma.

[A new quest has been created!]

[Different Path from Pagma]

[Class Quest

You have learned something new after arriving in Talima.

Collect information about the empress and understand how pavranium was created.]

It was a progressive quest—a quest in the form where the contents were filled as Grid progressed. Grid checked the quest information and quietly rose from his spot. The dwarves had been baffled by his attitude of kneeling down and apologizing. Now they instantly focused on him.

Grid spoke in a blunt manner, "I only read Pagma's Rare Book and acquired his skills. There is no face-to-face encounter with Pagma. I don't know the reality of pavranium and I don't know the identity of the empress. Please get rid of your hostility and talk to me. Who is the empress? What is the situation of her soul being in the pavranium?"

"Umm..."

The dwarves who actually met Pagma, including the lion-maned Pelot, clearly remembered Pagma's personality. The man who acted like he only existed for justice and inevitable peace was never a person

who would kneel down to others. He combined his stubborn beliefs into self-centeredness and always looked down on others.

'...Was his name Grid?'

Pagma's Descendant, who claimed to have only inherited Pagma's technique, not spirit. Surely he was different from Pagma. They thought the rumor that even the blacksmithing god Hexetia acknowledged Grid was true. They were wary, but should they proceed with a conversation first? It was for the sake of the empress' rest.

Pelot recalled that the pavranium was in Grid's hands and, after exchanging looks with his colleagues, opened his mouth slowly, "Maribel B. Talima was the first person in dwarf history to create a mythical 'growth' equipment and she was our ruler at the time. In order to praise her greatness, we regarded her as the empress."

Pelot was a royal blacksmith who assisted Maribel. He learned the proper etiquette. He transcended death with his obsession and lived for hundreds of years. He was mature unlike the usual dwarves and was the first to respond to the polite Grid with more politeness.

"Both her vision and skills were perfect without any flaws..."

Pelot recalled old memories and the past was projected from his eyes. Grid's consciousness was sucked into it.

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The dwarves were good at making anything due to their natural dexterity and aesthetics. They were able to distinguish beautiful things and make it directly. The one and only dwarf royal palace was built by melting gold, and it was the crystallization of dwarf techniques.

"Huhuhut."

It was before she was called empress. Maribel, who would one day prove her qualifications to become a ruler by making several 'growth' weapons one day, loved her palace. She was born with the best aesthetic standards of the dwarves and believed that the royal palace was the most beautiful work in the world. Then her faith was suddenly broken one day.

"I would like to ask for your teachings."

".....!"

A human with black hair and black eyes. It was the day when Pagma visited Talima with lonely eyes reminiscent of a wounded beast. Maribel's aesthetic standards were shaken.

'Kyah! Beautiful!'

In front of Pagma's snow-white skin, even the gold shining under the sunlight seemed dark. The structure of the palace that she had believed to be close to the perfect ratio was reduced to crudeness in front of Pagma's body proportions...

"Kyaak!Kyaack!"

"...?"

Maribel was elated at the appearance of Pagma, who made the dwarf palace as ugly as a squid.

She fell in love at first sight and devoted herself to Pagma. The cooperation between them gave her the opportunity to rapidly develop her blacksmithing technique that had been stagnant for many years.

From this point on, Pagma started producing weapons that could grow to the legendary rating and Maribel gained the title of 'empress', meaning that she would become the 'parent of all battle gear in the world' by creating weapons that could grow to the mythical level.

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"...It was a terrible foolishness."

Grid's thoughts after returning to reality from Pelot's memory was simple.

"Foolishness?"

"No, I was talking to myself. Rather, Empress Maribel was a really great blacksmith. She grew much faster than Pagma, who was already called a legendary blacksmith."

"Why else would she be praised as the parent of all the battle gear in the world? Originally, the legendary blacksmith should've been the empress instead of Pagma."

'Certainly...'

If all of Maribel's items had been legendary rated instead of growth-type normal and rare rated then Maribel would've achieved the title of 'legend' first. However, the reason for this result was Maribel's greed.

'The problem is that she tried to put too much into her work.'

Maribel was a perfectionist. She considered many things when making a single sword and attempted to create an ideal object with 'no defects and multiple functions'. It was an advantage and a disadvantage. Her creations generally had high potential, but they were poorly rated because their current level was rough.

'The expectations when the potential fully blossomed would've been indescribably high...'

Hundreds of years later, how far would her works have grown? Did an item succeed in finding the right master and achieving the ideal form she pursued?

'Ah...?'

Grid was thinking things over and over when he realized that he was excited. He was excited to learn about the hidden history. How wide was the world of Satisfy? Grid was once again able to feel this reality through Empress Maribel's presence. The thought that even at this moment, a second Maribel or Pagma was being born somewhere on the continent caused his heart to pound and he was filled with the desire to work harder.

An ordinary person would've felt wary and stressed by the idea of competitors, but Grid was the opposite. His vessel had already grown large enough.

"The development of the empress served as an example for all the dwarves in Talima and Talima enjoyed an unprecedented boom. At that time, Trauka was wandering around to catch a thief and people were able to move freely to and from Talima. Talima's weapons started to spread across the continent. Our days were happy."

"It was a short happiness."

"Yes, it was as short as a spring day. Those days passed and Talima lived a hard winter that lasted until now."

Pelot's eyes became as red as his hair. He seemed to be holding back the tears that wanted to emerge. Then he barely managed to open his mouth, "We... we will never forget it. The nightmare of the day when the empress, who was still young like a girl, suddenly passed away. I will never forget it even if I die."

"Suddenly?"

The words made him anxious. Empress Maribel looked young in the memory he saw. She wasn't old enough to die of a natural death. Yet she suddenly died...?

'Don't tell me?' A chill went down Grid's spine as he recalled the scene of Pagma sticking a knife in Braham's back. 'No, it is impossible. Pagma couldn't have killed her.'

Pagma had the history of stabbing and killing Braham, taking away his life force. However, it was a special case that could happen because the fact that 'Braham was a demonkin' was applied. Yes, Pagma had some justification for killing Braham. On the other hand, Empress Maribel was a dwarf. She was far from the evil demons who could threaten humanity one day and she was a valuable figure when it came to the development of humanity. It was unlikely that Pagma would've murdered her to take her soul...

"Pagma! Talima collapsed the day when Pagma killed the empress and seized her soul!"

"...!!"

Grid's mind was blank. The naive smile of Empress Maribel and Pagma's warm gaze directed at her in the memory passed through his mind.

Pelot knelt down and grabbed Grid's pants. "Please... please liberate the soul of the empress!"

"It is a request!"

"Please!"

Pelot's plea was the signal. Hundreds of dwarves knelt down and bowed to Grid.

"We will give you sufficient rewards! I will be by your side and teach you how to communicate with your work, even if I have to use the rest of my life!"

Ttring~

The quest was updated.

[Different Path from Pagma]

[Class Quest

Pelot and all the dwarf blacksmiths are begging you.

Release the soul of Empress Maribel that is currently dwelling in Greed.

Quest Clear Conditions: Go to the dwarf palace and liberate the soul of the empress.

Quest Clear Results: The loss of the ego in pavranium.

Quest Clear Rewards: The Advanced Ego Item Making skill will be acquired.]

[Advanced Ego Item Making]

[Type: Passive

When making an item, there is a chance to interact with the item to awaken the soul of the item.]

“.....!”

Grid was able to tell the precise difference between the ‘Granting an Ego’ skill and ‘Ego’ concept. In fact, he had noticed from the very beginning. Granting an Ego was to hammer an ‘existing soul’ into the item while the dwarves’ ego items mean waking up the soul of the item.

The ego item that Grid once produced by chance belonged to the latter. There was less of a burden, compared to Granting an Ego, where someone’s soul was sacrificed. To be honest, it was difficult to discern which one had a better performance. It was natural since he had never seen a high rated ego item.

“You are different from Pagma and will be able to communicate with your works!”

“.....”

Grid was cautious. He remained silent as he thought about it without answering. It was natural to be cautious because he noticed that Greed could be lost. Surprisingly, his worries were short-lived. “I understand.”

The soul of the empress who had left regret in tens of thousands of dwarves...

Was it necessary to keep it? No, it wasn’t. He felt uncomfortable and didn’t want to keep it around. He would engrave the ego he wanted on the second pavranium. Repeating the work until he engraved a better ego might lead to a better mineral than Greed.

‘I want to have my own mineral, not Pagma’s mineral...’

Grid made a decision and urged the flustered Pelot. “I will liberate the soul of the empress.”

“A-Are you serious?”

“I have no intention of tricking Talima.”

“Thank you...! Once again, thank you!”

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The cheers of the dwarves shattered the silence that had hovered over Talima for many years. The dwarves' expressions were bright like they were celebrating a festival after hundreds of years.

[Affinity with dwarf craftsman 'Pelot' has risen to the maximum.]

[Affinity with the dwarves of Talima has increased to 80.]

[You can get a discount up to 80% when purchasing items in Talima.]

[Talima's merchants will buy the items you sell at a price higher than the market price.]

'Good.'

Grid had a pleased expression on his face as they arrived at the dwarf palace. He was guided by Pelot to the VIP room and soon met the dwarf king, who rushed inside in a hurry.

“Mother! Mother!”

“.....”

The sight of a dwarf king running with a hairy chest and wide open arms wasn't very pleasant. Grid saw him hug the God Hands and recalled that the king would've only been a young boy when Pagma stayed in Talima. Then he was convinced. 'Pagma didn't kill the empress.'

At the very least, Pagma was a person who knew and understood the pain of others. This meant that he wasn't a psychopath or sociopath.

'Probably...'

There had to be a hidden story. Grid wanted to believe it.

“Then let's start the liberation of the soul.”

Grid saw that the dwarf king was crying while hugging the God Hands and thought that it wasn't the time to exchange polite greetings. It happened the moment Grid made a judgment and glanced at Pelot...

The God Hands hit the dwarf king and raised their middle finger.

“.....”

“.....”

“.....”

Silence filled the palace and Grid was once again convinced.

'The empress really wasn't murdered by Pagma.'

Empress Maribel was likely to be the same as Pope Chreshler, who willingly dwelled in the coffin to embrace Marie Rose.

## [Chapter 1262](#)

“.....”

Pavranium made judgments and moved on its own. Even so, Grid always believed that the pavranium had no emotions. All the judgments and actions of the pavranium was based on its instinct to be of service to its master. It was a type of system so pavranium was treated as a machine.

However, his thoughts changed at this moment. The God Hands' action of pushing away the dwarf king hugging it and raising their middle finger had a clear emotion.

'They might've often pointed or raised their middle finger at the enemy, but...'

This provocative action was intentional, not coincidental. The God Hands approached Grid and hovered around him. It spun faster and more fiercely around Grid. It felt like they wanted to leave this place.

“M-Mom... no, Mother.” Tears filled the dwarf king's eyes as he was pushed back by the God Hands. The crown fell from his head due to the impact of the fall and he seemed reluctant to believe the current situation.

“Me... have you forgotten me?” The dwarf king's question dispersed in the air. There naturally wasn't an answer. The God Hands couldn't speak. The dwarf king glared at Grid, who was afraid to move due to the bad atmosphere. For Grid who wanted to communicate with the dwarves, this hostility was unwelcome.

“You are the rumored Grid? You are Pagma's Descendant and received the recognition of the blacksmithing god?”

“Correct. I am also king of the Overgeared Kingdom.”

It was a polite introduction because they were both kings. However, the dwarf king just cried out with a runny nose, “I don't care about your identity!”

Charles, the dwarf king with his sparkling golden name, shouted, “Release my mother right now! Only then will you be able to survive this place!”

Pagma was the demon who killed Empress Maribel and trapped her soul in a mineral. He was the greatest enemy of Talima. For Charles, Pagma was the enemy of his mother. The dwarves outside Talima might admire the capabilities of Pagma's Descendant, who was acknowledged by the blacksmithing god, but the situation in Talima was completely different. He hated Pagma's Descendant more than Fire Dragon Trauka.

Charles' cry was a signal. The dwarf warriors armed with hatchets entered through the doors of the great hall and swarmed. They were wearing golden armor and looked as glamorous as any other royal guards. The unusual thing was that they used axes as a weapon. They were somewhat less ordinary than royal guards armed with swords, but they were more threatening. The beard and ferocious appearance made people think of mountain bandits.

'I can't guess the level.'

Dwarf warriors were rare. Due to the nature of the dwarves who worshipped labor over strength, the total population that were warriors was said to be less than 1%. There were almost no records of the dwarf warriors because they didn't act outside. They only defended the dwarf palace.

Well, there was no need to be vigilant anyway. Grid had no intention of fighting. Grid was already planning to liberate the empress' soul. Grid had a great ambition to communicate with the dwarves and learn various skills to pass on to the Overgeared Kingdom's blacksmiths. From his perspective, there was no reason to cling to the empress' soul.

'It is uncomfortable to use it in the first place.'

Grid had thought the ego in the God Hands was a magically created system. Then it turned out to be someone's soul... it was a burden and he didn't want it to be with him. He planned to give the God Hands a new ego. It was by harnessing the power of the ego crafting method taught by the dwarves.

"I'll give it back," Grid answered softly and gestured to the God Hands. Then the God Hands slowly approached Dwarf King Charles.

Charles was flustered. "You will give back my mother's soul?"

"It was what I intended from the beginning. My purpose is to become friends with Talima so let's just say this is the price."

"Ohh...!" Charles' eyes filled with tears again. He was thrilled that his mother would be able to end the suffering of having her soul stuck to the cursed mineral. He stretched out his arms to hug the God Hands. Then the God Hands flicked his forehead. Charles' head fell back severely from the power of the God Hands that had inherited some of Grid's stats. It was a shocking sight considering that a dwarf's neck was twice as thick as a human's neck.

"....."

"....."

The royal palace fell silent again. The first person to break the silence was Charles. His forehead was red as he shouted at Grid, "You! You deceived me! You aren't just Pagma's Descendant! You are the same as Pagma!"

"....."

Grid didn't speak carelessly. It would just be taken as an excuse if he defended himself in the current situation.

"What are you doing? He is a traitor who tried to fool me and use the empress' soul as a hostage! He is like Pagma, trampling on the longing of a son for his mother! Catch him right now and bestow the justice of Talima!"

In the end, it wasn't a situation that could be resolved with talking. It was a misleading situation even for Grid.

'In this case...'



A question and answer dance was the best choice. He couldn't tolerate it silently. First, he had to dominate the other party before leading the conversation. Grid made a decision and pulled out his weapon.

The Enlightenment Sword was drawn from its sheath and it absorbed all the radiance of the gold from the palace. They might be warriors, but they were still dwarves. The dwarf warriors recognized the value of the Enlightenment Sword with their innate discerning eyes and made expressions of shock and admiration.

This only lasted for a moment. It was embarrassing if the first attack hit them.

Grid's surprise attack was blocked by a dwarf warrior's axe. The axe of the big warrior seemed like it could split the moon in half, and it showed excellent defense.

'It is a great response... I thought they were dull, but they are very agile.'

Grid admired the warrior's ability to block his attack. Then he recovered the sword that had deflected off the axe and countered.

"Ugh!"

The axe wielding soldier was stabbed in the waist and groaned.

[The target has received 13,300 damage.]

'The defense is also high.'

Grid was amazed to see that the dwarf warrior's health gauge was barely reduced despite being stabbed by the Enlightenment Sword. This was truly Talima. The level of armor worn by the dwarf warriors was very high. It seemed to be unique rated at the minimum and Grid found it hard to subdue them with only basic attacks. He started the sword dance in earnest.

"Restraint."

".....!"

The dwarf warriors were taking a formation after realizing Grid was a formidable opponent. This soon collapsed after Grid used Restraint. Grid dug into the center of them and caused a wave of sword energy.

"Wave."

"Aaaack!"

The dwarf warriors were hit by the sword energy and stepped back. They screamed in pain but as Grid expected, there were no serious injuries.

'Amazing.'

It might be a single sword dance, but how many royal guards could resist Grid's current attack? Even the empire's royal guards would spit out blood if hit by Wave. The dwarves didn't shed a single drop of

blood when hit by Wave. Their body itself was very strong, and combined with their items, they boasted a defense that was beyond the average level.

'Their attack power is also good...'

Grid dodged the dwarves' counterattack and once again admired the axe that was stuck deep in the ground. It felt like he would experience awful pain the moment he allowed an attack.

Talima—their great potential was the reason why this city-state was able to survive tenaciously among the powers of the continent.

"Get out of the way. Step aside!"

New warriors emerged. They seemed to have come running after hearing the uproar, but there was one particularly conspicuous figure. Antrino—his black beard was tied, and he was wearing red armor unlike the other warriors. The reason he seemed more brilliant than everyone else was because his name was golden.

"Pagma's Descendant? Look at him moving like a butterfly!"

He knew Pagma's Swordsmanship well. The pressure around Antrino was terrible as he scoffed at the characteristics of the sword dance. Grid confronted the attack of the dwarf holding two axes larger than his own head.

".....!"

Grid's eyes shook. His arm muscles spasmed as he held the Enlightenment Sword. He was being pushed back in strength. Grid's arm was paralyzed after he failed to defend himself and lost a bit of health.

"You are better than that slender Pagma!"

Antrino was amazed by the sight of Grid gritting his teeth and standing in place. However, he was very familiar with fighting using innate strength. The axe in his other hand swung without hesitation and aimed at Grid's paralyzed arm. A God Hand flew over and blocked Antrino's axe.

However, the God Hand was also unable to cope with Antrino's attack power and became stiff. Antrino didn't miss this chance. He swung his short leg and kicked Grid's abdomen. Then his two axes descended at the same time.

Grid was trying to dodge it only to stop.

"Stop! Stop it!"

It was because the lion-maned Pelot stepped forward. He stepped into the battle to protect Grid. He stood there glaring at Antrino before shouting at King Charles, "Don't be rude to the distinguished guest! I am the one who guided Grid to the royal palace! Grid really wants to liberate the empress' soul!"

The king shouted back, "He is the one who played a trick and had the empress flick me!"

"It is clear to anyone that it was the will of the empress... Hum hum, in any case, believe in me once. Please allow Grid to enter Pandemonium!"

The ability of the dwarf's royal family to interact with their work was unmatched. Most of the works they created had egos and the type of egos was as diverse as human personalities. Sometimes it meant that evil spirits were born. Pandemonium was the place where those failed works were sealed. In this place, there was a sleeping being who could liberate the empress' soul.

Antrino snorted. "Even if Sir Pelot's words are true, this person can't enter Pandemonium. Don't you know? The door to Pandemonium is the heaviest in the world. Even I can't open it with my strength. How can he enter Pandemonium?"

'You must prove your qualifications in order to enter Pandemonium.'

The person who wanted to enter had to open the door themselves. The dwarf royal family can easily open the door with their bloodline, but for outsiders to open the door of Pandemonium, they have to prove that their ability doesn't lose to anyone. In other words, it is the process of proving your qualification not to be swayed by the evil spirits sealed in Pandemonium.

The king opened his mouth, "Sir Antrino is right. He isn't eligible to enter Pandemonium. If he truly wants the liberation of the empress, he will have to hand it over to me."

"Don't you have to check if I am eligible or not?"

Grid heard the words and stepped forward. The God Hands were rejecting King Charles so Grid had no choice. He had to open the door of Pandemonium himself. After all, his rune now contained the power of Eccentric Duke Saleos.

### [Chapter 1263](#)

"Kukuk...! Kuahahahat!"

Superhuman Strength Loyal Subject—it would be a very unfamiliar title to the humans of this time. However, just 300 years ago, the prestige of Superhuman Strength Loyal Subject Antrino was great.

With a head to body ratio of 1:4, Antrino showed great power within his well-proportioned body and was the strongest warrior that supported the dwarf race. It was only due to him that the wealth of the dwarves could be preserved. He appeared in the 'Unfinished Biography' that was about Muller's last years as the subject of the sentence 'Every sword I hit him with was broken so I was in trouble.' In terms of strength alone, Antrino was comparable to the legends of the previous generation.

He was still energetic and boasted dark hair. From his perspective, Grid was just a little boy. He was better than Pagma, but he was still lacking compared to the other legends that Antrino had met.

'No, it is hard to say he is better than Pagma.'

Pagma might be evil, but he showed great power by combining several sword dances. Meanwhile, Grid had a strong body and high strength, but he couldn't use the fusion sword dances. He might be ahead of Pagma in strength, but his overall ability was lower in terms of technical aspect.

Antrino burst out laughing at the courage of this child who hadn't even completed his heart, body, and technique. "Your qualifications have already been confirmed. You can't overcome my strength and even my strength can't open the door of Pandemonium. You will never be able to enter Pandemonium."

“Is it necessary for me to make fun of your tongue? Don’t you know that you should look at the tall and short things? Ah, you don’t know because you’ve never been tall.”

His words came out naturally. Grid’s provocative look and tone caught Antrino’s attention.

“You are fearless. Perhaps you... the person who is Pagma’s Descendant doesn’t know me?”

“I might be Pagma’s Descendant, but I only inherited his technique. I have no way of knowing what happened between you and Pagma.”

“Kukuk, this is why you’re so arrogant.”

Antrino shrugged and took out a book. It was a familiar book for Grid—the dictionary of minerals, something naturally acquired after changing to the blacksmith class. Players couldn’t share or give it to others, but it seemed different for NPCs.

Antrino opened up the dictionary of minerals. The minerals information he accumulated throughout his life meant his book was twice as thick as Grid’s book. Antrino was a warrior, yet he accumulated so much information on minerals...

‘Does he have a miner or blacksmith as a second class?’

Grid never considered a second class to be a domain specific to players. It was natural. Wasn’t Pagma a legendary blacksmith and Baal’s Contractor? Grid guessed that many named NPCs had two or more classes and it was true.

[You have acquired new mineral information.]

[You have acquired new mineral information.]

[You have acquired new...]

[You have acquired...]

.....

...

Was it benefiting through any means? In return for a glimpse at Antrino’s dictionary of minerals, Grid managed to achieve a collection twice as large as before. Originally, more than half of the pages in his book were blank. Now they were almost full, with only less than 10% of it being blank.

However, Antrino had no idea about what was happening. “You are a legendary blacksmith, so your knowledge of minerals must be more profound than mine. You naturally know about the regi stone.”

‘Don’t you know the power of the years I’ve accumulated?’

Grid was overrated by Antrino and felt embarrassed. Even so, he didn’t express it and read the information of the regi stone from one of the many newly added minerals information from a little while ago.

[Regi Stone]

[It is the heaviest stone in the world. A strong adult male is limited to holding a fingernail-sized regi stone.]

'It is a mineral with little value.'

Weight was directly related to hardness. This meant the density was high.

A piece the size of a fingernail was at least 60 to 80 kilograms... it would be ineffective to make something using the regi stone. The shape wouldn't change no matter how hard a person beat it with a hammer.

'I think it would take me a few months to smelt this.'

It would take craftsmen years, no, perhaps even decades. Antrino's voice rang in Grid's ears as he was lost in thought. Grid felt it the first time he met this person, but Antrino was really loud. "The door of Pandemonium is made of regi stone."

"....."

"How is it? Do you realize now that you can't open it?"

"Hmm..."

Certainly, even if the size of the door was limited to 'only one dwarf can pass through,' it would still weigh thousands of tons, and it would be impossible to open with physical strength. It was a completely different test compared to the door of Radwolf's workshop made using the Moon Night Iron.

He might be nervous, but Grid's expression was calm. "Just because you can't open it doesn't mean I can't open it."

"You are crazy to the end."

Antrino showed a tired expression and asked King Charles, "Your Majesty, do you mind if I guide him to Pandemonium?"

In order to liberate the empress' soul in the God Hands, Grid had to take action himself—Antrino thought it was reasonable, considering the empress' personality that he remembered. However, King Charles would probably deny it. It was as expected. "I can do it myself. Is it necessary to entrust this simple work to outsiders? I don't know why he is so stubborn about handing over the empress to me."

"It seems that he is a person who needs to be humiliated."

"Hmm..." King Charles' expression softened somewhat. The word 'humiliated' seduced him. King Charles made a big smile and shouted, "Summon all the people before Pandemonium! All the people of Talima must accept the royal command!"

"Attention!"

The warriors saluted and scattered in all directions. Antrino shook his head after reading King Charles' intentions and the lion-maned Pelot grabbed his forehead.

'It's not that I don't understand the king's feelings...'

A person related to the enemy of his mother. It was natural to want to lead him to hell. However, wasn't it a bit intolerant as the leader of a race to use the entire nation for personal revenge? It was as the empress had evaluated before her death—Charles' vessel was small. She hoped that her child, who was younger than 100 years old, could grow up well. Of course, it was only by transcending death that he could qualify as a king. Among the 111 princes and princesses, only two or three could transcend death.

"Let's go to Pandemonium."

King Charles led the way with Grid.

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'Indeed.'

The entrance of Pandemonium was located deep in the royal palace and it closely resembled Grid's expectations. It was the size that one dwarf could barely pass through. It seemed only possible for Grid if he bent over.

"Then I'm going."

There was a huge crowd. There was no reason to delay time when he wanted to see Pagma's Descendant disgraced. King Charles looked around at the crowd filling the entrance of Pandemonium and shouted, "The descendant of Pagma, the enemy of our race, said that he will enter Pandemonium. We will watch it."

"Boooooo!"

There were boos from all over the place. Most of the dwarves suspected and disliked Grid, except for the ones who met Grid. It was natural since he was the successor of a deep-rooted grudge.

'Damn Pagma.'

He respected Pagma, but he resented Pagma's actions that made things worse every time. In the midst of the unpleasant jeering, Grid clicked his tongue and placed his hand on the entrance of Pandemonium. He felt a tremendous weight. He was certain that this door wouldn't move even if he pushed with all his strength.

"Sigh."

Grid took a breath and the dwarves, including King Charles, laughed. They felt like they had eaten something good when seeing the descendant of their enemy being overwhelmed by the door.

"It is funny that Pagma's Descendant is trying to open a door that can't be opened without royal lineage."

"He is just like Pagma. He can't understand what he is facing. Spit. It is unlucky."

"Hurry... I want to quickly see his despairing expression."

The expectations of the dwarves were heightened. Grid stood in the middle of the enemy and opened up the Rune of Gluttony.

‘Open, Rune of Gluttony.’

In such a situation, he could only bring out one trump card. Grid hesitated as he was trying to unleash the newly gained power of Saleos. The four God Hands were floating in front of Grid—the hands were constantly moving and Grid noticed they were warning him not to enter Pandemonium.

King Charles was furious. “You unscrupulous person...! My mom... you are trying to get rid of the crisis by using my mother!”

How old was he that he was still clinging to his mother? It was even worse than the young Lord. Grid shook his head and deliberately ordered, “Stay out of the way.”

“.....”

The God Hands rotating around him stopped moving immediately. They wanted to stay still, but they couldn’t overcome Grid’s glare and moved to the side. Grid pulled the power out of the rune.

‘Power of Not Knowing Defeat.’

[Power of Not Knowing Defeat]

[Gain a strength beyond your potential.

You must win in a fight of strength.

If the next action after using this power is affected by strength, it will unconditionally get positive results.

However, it can’t win against the top three great demons, dragons, absolutes, and gods.

Cooldown Time: 12 hours.

Skill Resources Consumed: None]

Grid’s large hand touched the door of Pandemonium. The weight of the regi stone passed through Grid’s fingertips. Grid felt a huge gravity. It felt like he was rejected by the world the moment he pushed the door to Pandemonium.

“Hahahat! This person is really challenging it!”

“Boo! Booooo!”

In the midst of the dwarves’ booing, Grid pushed the door open.

“.....!”

“.....!”

“.....”

All the dwarves, including King Charles, Antrino, and the lion-maned Pelot, had their mouths drop open. They were so surprised that it seemed like their eyeballs would pop out. Grid smiled at them. “Isn’t it easy?”

He wanted to add 'you can't even do this?' but Grid drew a line since he needed to get along with the dwarves. Grid taunted the entire dwarf race and then sniped at King Charles, "If it wasn't for the empress' lineage, wouldn't you be an incompetent person who couldn't even do this? The empress dismissed you for a reason."

Had Pandemonium ever been shown to outsiders since it was created? Not even once. Pandemonium was a place that only the dwarf royal family had the right to enter. At this moment, Grid was denying the dwarf royal family. The eyes of the dwarves looking at him became strange.

In particular, Antrino had a big smile on his face. His eyes were filled with admiration rather than anger.

#### [Chapter 1264](#)

Many may have noticed—the dwarven racial traits weren't about strength and dexterity, but was instead an obsession that transcended death. It was the true power of the dwarves and the driving force behind the connection with their works. The desire for their works to be immortal masterpieces inspired them to inject their soul into their works.

This was why the ego gears were the symbol of integrity. The ego gear, that only dreamed of being the best, was upright like a tall tree and led its master on the right path. At one time, the world sanctified the ego gears and their masters. Then the world soon found out—the fact that the wicked battle gears, classified as the so-called 'Demonic Gears,' also possessed egos.

".....!"

Grid was shocked. It was due to the screams of beasts that came from the deep passage after the entrance of Pandemonium was opened. It sounded creepy, sharp, and wicked. He would rather hear the screams of the great demons.

'...Is it the sound of the wind?'

It happened as Grid was double-checking that it was the wind echoing in the darkness...

"The personalities of the egos were different just as humans were all different," Antrino spoke as he watched Grid with interest.

His hand touching his complicated braided beard was as delicate and beautiful as the hands of other dwarf craftsmen. In this world, it felt like the saying 'slender and delicate hands' existed only for the dwarves.

"What is the mood of the creator when smelting the minerals? Depending on the purpose of the creator when tempering the mineral, upright and righteous egos, or malicious and murderous egos, can be born. We call the latter demonic gears and have sealed them here in Pandemonium."

"....."

Grid was reminded of the Thorn of Deep Grievance. Originally, the Thorn of Deep Grievance was just an ordinary flamberge. Then after being abandoned by its maker, Grid, and left alone to one side of the smithy, it gradually harbored a grudge against Grid. Ibellin's blood, filled with anger and shame, awakened the ego. The ego was filled with a grudge toward Grid and was very ferocious. The demonic gears sealed in Pandemonium would have their own story, just like the thorn.



The dwarf warriors slowly surrounded Grid. They were reluctant to expose Pandemonium, which could be called their shame, to an outsider. Surprisingly, it was King Charles who snapped at them. "Out of the way!"

King Charles' bloodshot eyes were burning. His snow-white beard looked like it would melt. "A promise is a promise! Since he has opened the door of Pandemonium, let him enter and exit Pandemonium!"

This wasn't a favor. King Charles was plotting a reversal.

"Now, Pagma's Descendant."

"What?"

"I have given you access to Pandemonium because you have promised to liberate the soul of the empress. However, if you do other things without liberating the soul of the empress, then I will properly punish you. Furthermore, regardless of your success or failure, I will be sure to take back the soul of the empress."

'I kept my promise. You must keep your promise.'

King Charles sent him such a message and Grid lost his way to go back on his words. If Grid couldn't liberate the soul of the empress, then not only would his life be in danger, an exchange with Talima would become unlikely.

'He's pretty smart.'

Like the other dwarves, King Charles had a capricious personality that didn't observe the situation around him. However, his head worked in important moments. It was a style that would be very tiring if he left as an enemy.

'...Instead, it is reassuring to be on the same side.'

There was a small smile on Grid's face. In any case, the water has already been spilled. His relationship with Talima had become twisted from the moment the dwarf empress' soul dwelled in the God Hands. However, there was now an opportunity to recover the water. It wasn't necessary to regard the current situation negatively.

"Okay, but you'll need to make one promise."

"What?"

"If I liberate the empress' soul, then apologize for all your rudeness so far."

"...Understood," King Charles replied.

He also knew Grid's identity. A blacksmith whose skill was acknowledged by God Hexetia...

King Charles had clearly heard of Grid's reputation, which made it all the way here even when they were isolated by Fire Dragon Trauka. It was right to apologize if Grid really liberated the empress' soul and proved that he was different from Pagma.

'By the way, will the predator of Pandemonium really help him?'

It was a monster thrown to the very end of Pandemonium—a predator that devoured all other egos and cultivated negativity. It was a clever existence who wouldn't touch the empress' soul which was an ego it couldn't digest. It was only the royal lineage that could force it to bring out the empress' soul.

'It is a pity, but you have a duty to take on Pagma's karma. Fall into hell instead of Pagma. Your death and resurrection will relieve my fellow kin's grief.'

King Charles glanced at Pelot and Pelot explained it to Grid, "You will see a total of 10 rooms if you walk along the corridor of Pandemonium. Thousands of battle gears in every room will tempt you in various ways. Please ignore them and only look ahead. The presence at the end of the corridor will liberate the empress' soul."

It was easy. The problem was that it wasn't something that people could easily do.

The basic passive of the dwarves was to ignore the words that entered their ears so they didn't fall for the temptation of the battle gears. However, humans are easily swayed. Even the least greedy one wouldn't be able to easily overcome all the temptations suggested by the thousands of egos.

'I just pray that he'll be caught by one that isn't as vicious.'

Pelot had a strong fondness for Grid and wanted to believe in him. He hoped that Grid would liberate the empress' soul. Therefore, he gave Grid a chance, but honestly, he had no expectations of the outcome

Grid noticed Pelot's saddened attitude and realized that Pandemonium was a place that couldn't be underestimated. He took a deep breath. He bent down and entered Pandemonium as thousands of dwarves watched.

\*\*\*

[You are the first player to enter Pandemonium.]

[The first discovery reward has increased fire resistance by 50% during the Pandemonium entry period.]

[The first discovery reward has increased mental resistance by 50% during the Pandemonium entry period.]

[The 'Item Weight Deletion Ticket (1 hour)' has been acquired as the first discovery reward.]

It was a weird compensation reward. It was very shabby compared to the usual initial compensation. However, Grid wasn't shaken.

'There must be a reason for it.'

It was as expected.

[The heat of the lava boiling underground has started to burn your skin.]

Did he walk for around 30 minutes? He didn't know when he started feeling it, but heat washed over him. However, for the legendary blacksmith, Grid, this level of heat was just like a beginner's sauna. Additionally...

-Hey! You there! Don't you want to know the island where the treasure of the Rams Pirates are buried?

"I have a lot of money."

-Give me magic power! I will teach you the best magic!

"Are you better at magic than Braham?"

-Don't you want to seduce the opposite sex by hanging me around your neck?

"I'm married."

Grid didn't fall for the temptation of the ego items trapped in each room. The level of temptation presented by the ego items was too low for him. It was no wonder since Grid had wealth, power, and connections.

'I don't even need the mental resistance buff.'

Honestly, he had been very nervous, but it didn't seem to be anything big. Grid continued walking forward peacefully until he passed by the door of the 10th room. Here, he encountered a complication—one of the thousands of voices coming from the 10th room stopped Grid.

[email protected])\*#[email protected]!

It was a language that was completely incomprehensible, but it was somehow familiar.

'What does this mean?'

Grid focused his mind. He ignored the thousands of other miscellaneous voices and listened to the strange language. He remembered where he had heard this bizarre language. Grid's eyes widened. The diary of someone who was alone. It reminded him of the Undefeated King's Diary. That's right—the language resembled that of Madra's, who had spent hundreds of years alone and lost human speech.

'How can this be?'

It was a time when Madra was forced to become a death knight and went crazy. Grid had interpreted the contents of Madra's diary as a type of scream. Finally, he forgot human words and screamed from the pain that dominated his mind. Now he realized it was a language. The language of something other than human.

A rusty iron door—Grid was excited by the thought that the hint in the diary would no longer be undecipherable and tried to open the door. However, the locked iron door wouldn't open. All types of ridicule was heard from the other egos.

-This person is someone who can't even open the door?

-You see, didn't I tell you that the dwarves have a big stride?

-The one who came after so long is a useless guy.

In the midst of the constant ridicule, Grid pulled out a key. It was the Master Key.

Clink!

The old lock—the lock that seemed like it would never open because the keyhole was severely damaged—opened with a cheerful sound.

-Ehhhhh! I believed in you!

-Kiyaaaah! Grab me, human! I'll give you the power to escape from here!

The battle gears locked up in the 10th room were rowdy with excitement. They eagerly welcomed the intruder's visit. They treated the intruder as a host and were full of the expectation to escape from here.

“.....”

Grid was still focusing his attention and it wasn't long before he found the source of the language he heard—a pure white orb.

-(%![email protected]~!

“.....”

The closer he got, the clearer it became. The orb's cry closely resembled that of the Undefeated King in his diary. This was the language. The confident Grid reached out and held the orb in his hand.

[Orb Made from Galgunos' Bones' has been picked.]

[email protected]\$#@\$!

[The Orb Made from Galgunos' Bones is laughing. The only one who can control it is Galgunos.]

[The Orb Made from Galgunos' Bones will curse you.]

[You have resisted.]

[The class effect of Pagma's Descendant has allowed you to equip the Orb Made from Galgunos' Bones.]

[Ownership of the Orb Made from Galgunos' Bones has been acquired.]

[email protected]#\$?!]

[The dwarves' brand is stamped on the Orb Made from Galgunos' Bones. The brand effect has maximized the weight gauge of the orb. All speeds are drastically reduced. You can no longer carry any more items.]

“As expected, the rest are all useless.”

Grid had passed all 10 rooms and, apart from this orb, there were no other items that attracted his interest. Grid took the Item Weight Deletion Ticket and used it without hesitation.

'I will take it to Sticks.'

Sticks was a great sage. He was blessed with knowledge and would be able to analyze and master the language through a conversation with this orb. Grid had no doubts and walked out of the 10th room with light steps. After a long walk, he finally reached the final place of Pandemonium.

He could see a cliff flowing with lava in front of him. Beneath the cliff was a tightly chained up helmet. It was a helmet that covered the entire face. It didn't melt in the lava, but instead it was smiling with its mouthpiece.

-Hahat! Hahahat! The empress' soul was brought by a human? This is another comedy!

### [Chapter 1265](#)

A knight's face armor represented integrity, while the goat horns symbolized the devil. The helmet in the lava waterfall was in the shape of a bird with goat horns attached to the knight's helmet.

'It has a terrible stench.'

Grid was curious about the creator. As Grid observed the helmet, the helmet was also aware of the situation.

-That's right. Are you Pagma's Descendant? Do you want to ask me to liberate the empress' soul?

"That's right."

Sure enough, it wasn't wrong. It was a helmet, so it had a good mind. The strangely convinced Grid made a bold demand, "Liberate the soul of the empress." The God Hands hovering around Grid slowly flew toward the lava waterfall. The name of the helmet was 'Talima's Shame.'

-Kukuk, it wasn't a comedy or a drama, but a tragedy. It has been split up. Sure enough, you truly are Pagma's Descendant.

"Split up?"

-I'm talking about the empress' soul.

The red light from Talima's Shame's swept over the four God Hands followed by Grid's equipment in turn. Each item that received the attention of Talima's Shame had something in common. It was an item made out of Greed, which contained pavranium.

"Ah!"

Grid understood. Originally, the soul of the empress inhabited the mineral called pavranium. However, pavranium was split apart several times and repeatedly reborn in a new form. Could the empress' soul be safe during the process? It wasn't possible. Even Braham had suffered from the aftermath of his soul's damage.

'The empress' soul wouldn't have been complete from the beginning.'

By the time Grid started collecting pavranium, the pavranium had already been torn apart into dozens of pieces. The empress' soul had been broken the first time she met Grid. It was the moment when it was revealed why communication with the soul of the empress (pavranium) wasn't smooth.

"...What is the current state of the empress' soul?"

-She is just a rag. What else? She is an idiot with only her instincts left.

"....."

Guilt struck Grid. However, Grid hadn't known about the empress' soul. He hadn't intended to harm her. Grid tried to shake off his guilt and continued asking questions.

"Is there any way to heal the soul?"

-She will ascend if you liberate her soul. Is there any need to heal it?

"Ascend?"

-A soul that has lost its body will be recovered to heaven or hell. It is the same for us, who use the battle gears as our body.

"What if the soul refuses to ascend?"

-Hahat, voluntarily refusing to ascend is only possible for monsters.

He was glad. In any case, the empress' soul would rise to heaven as long as she freed the soul. The relieved Grid prompted Talima's Shame. "Then free her."

-Do you seriously mean it? Won't your battle gears be reduced to ordinary scrap iron the moment the empress' soul is free?

This didn't mean that the item's functionality would deteriorate. It would become an ordinary item that was unable to make judgments or act for itself. Grid was naturally aware of it.

"I will just inject a new ego."

In any case, he would learn how to make an ego the moment he safely completed the quest. From then on, a separate ego would be infused into the items made with Greed. The weapons would have a more aggressive ego while armor would have a more cautious ego. It wouldn't be any worse than it was now.

-A new ego? Kukuk, have you found a new toy to replace the empress' soul?

"It isn't like that. I'm different from Pagma."

He had no intention of confining someone's soul to objects...

It was why Grid was reluctant to use the Granting an Ego skill and kept away from it. Talima's Shame stared at the determined will in his eyes. He shook the chains that bound him.

-Hahat! Pagma's Descendant is denying him! How interesting! Well, it isn't a bad choice. Only someone second rate would force souls into battle gears.

The conversation was good. The nervous Grid sighed with relief once Talima's Shame showed a cooperative attitude. Then his expression soon stiffened.

-By the way. Why should I help you?

The chains binding Talima's Shame were longer than expected. They seemed to be 50 meters long as the helmet flew through the lava waterfall toward Grid on the cliff. However, it couldn't get further than that. Talima's Shame stopped just before the tip of Grid's nose and whispered grimly.

-Didn't you leave one door open when you came here?

The chains that had been stretched to their full extent contracted. Talima's Shame was pulled back to the lava waterfall and shouted.

-I will control your body and escape this place!Kukuk!Kuhahahat!

Grid had forgotten—all the battle gears trapped in Pandemonium were called evil existences and he couldn't trust them. It was impossible to control them apart from oppressing them with force.

".....!"

Grid was flustered by the change in the attitude of Talima's Shame and looked back in a startled manner. There was a loud roar and he could see as many as 2,000 battle gears passing through the corridor toward him. They were the items from the 10th room. Various weapons, armor, and accessories rushed toward Grid.

"Dammit."

Nothing was ever easy. Grid frowned and brought the God Hands to his side. Then he summoned Noe, Randy, and the Overgeared Skeletons.

"Focus on the weapons."

"Nyong."

"Yes!"

Clack clack!Clack clack clack!

All the opponents were ego items. They used their skills and magic even without a wearer. It was the same as the God Hands using weapons and shooting Magic Missiles.

"Che!"

Grid's body gradually developed wounds due to the bombardment of battle gears. However, the situation wasn't too bad. It was thanks to the outstanding performance of the armor with the weapon breaker characteristic. Most of the weapons that attacked Grid failed to deal great damage to him. They were broken in reverse, fell into the lava, and melted.

Randy's performance was also great. Randy's level had risen significantly in the Chaos Mountains and now had 50% of Grid's stats. His attack power exceeded high rankers and he quickly damaged the durability of the weapons.

Talima's Shame watched the situation and shouted.

-I am the dwarf's wish!The pinnacle of all battle gear!! command the soulless puppets to retreat!

".....?!"

Grid and Randy were amazed. The equipment they were wearing were being removed.

'Is it a wide range disarming skill?'

Grid went beyond dismay and felt admiration at the power of Talima's Shame. Armor, footwear, gloves, boots, cloaks, and all sorts of accessories were forcing themselves on Grid's body. The purpose of the ego items was simple. It was to move Grid's body according to their will. In other words, it was to dominate him.

Just then, the chains binding Talima's Shame started breaking. It was the result of the ego swords cutting off the chains.

-Kukuk!Kuhahaha!I will finally escape from this tiring prison!

Talima's Shame shame accelerated after getting away from the lava. It flew toward the head of Grid, who was struggling for control of his body. Talima's Shame was placed over Grid's head. The giant horns reminiscent of a goat emitted a red glow.

-Now your body and mind are mine...?

After hundreds of years of waiting, it finally got a human body. Talima's Shame laughed happily only to suddenly stop. It couldn't laugh any longer.

-W-What is this?

It felt like its body wasn't its body. Talima's Shame was puzzled by the sensation it felt for the first time in its life and struggled. However, it was useless. It couldn't move. The other ego items on Grid's body were already the same. Notification windows were being updated in Grid's field of view.

[The class effect of Pagma's Descendant has allowed you to equip the Armor of Destruction.]

[The class effect of Pagma's Descendant has allowed you to equip the Gaiters of Disillusionment.]

[The class effect of Pagma's Descendant has allowed you to equip the Quattro Gloves.]

[The class effect of Pagma's Descendant has allowed you to equip the Concave Ring.]

[The class effect of Pagma's Descendant has allowed you to equip...]

[The class effect of Pagma's Descendant...]

.....

...

[The class effect of Pagma's Descendant has allowed you to equip the Talima's Shame.]

"...What are you doing?"

-T-This is crazy!

The dwarves were arrogant. They believed their works were the best. There were no doubts and their desire to prove it was very strong. Making the best work—tt wasn't an exaggeration to say that this was the aspiration of all dwarves, and it was the same for the dwarf royal family.

'Works should be created by one person.' They broke the dwarves' unwritten rule and passed down their works. At first, it was a sword—two generations devoted their lives and a masterpiece was born.



Next was the shield—three generations devoted their lives and a masterpiece was born. After that was the helmet—five generations devoted their lives to create the world’s greatest masterpiece and a monster was born.

It was the result of too many people’s ideas and greed. The result of the work completed by five generations was ugly. The royal family regarded it as a shame and sealed it in Pandemonium. At this moment, the seal was released. It was based on Grid’s class characteristic to be able to wear all items unconditionally.

-Take it off! Take me off now!!

It was being dominated by a human when it was supposed to dominate them? Talima’s Shame struggled but it was useless.

“Liberate the soul of the empress.”

-Y-You! Do you think I’ll listen to you?

“It is useless.”

Talima’s Shame was now on Grid’s head. It was meaningless no matter how much Talima’s Shame refused. Grid used the unique skill attached to Talima’s Shame.

“Soul Control.”

The power to control the soul—the skill created by the dwarf rulers’ desires pulled out the soul pieces of the empress from the God Hands and Greed. Fragments of light appeared and started to merge together. Grid showed a bitter smile as it soon took the shape of a cute dwarf girl who told him, “I’m grateful.”

It was time to say goodbye.

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‘It should be over by now.’

It was before Trauka built a lair near Talima. The dwarves believed that Pandemonium was the most dangerous place in the world. The heat of the lava, the temptations of the egos, and the existence of the monsters called Talima’s Shame. Those who entered Pandemonium would just be killed unless they were part of the dwarf royal family who had the ability to suppress egos.

King Charles believed that Grid would’ve died in Pandemonium after two hours of silence. “I’ll move to the seal array.”

The seal—it was a space that temporarily bound the bodies and souls of the dead in Pandemonium. King Charles and the dwarves moved to a place that resembled the players’ resurrection point. They were waiting for Grid’s body to appear.

Pelot’s expression darkened and Antrino shook his head. No one doubted Grid’s death. However, it was a bit strange.

“.....?”

“.....?”

One hour, two hours, three hours... even after half a day, Grid's body didn't show up. As night fell, the flustered King Charles had an incredulous look on his face.

“Did the seal fail to take effect?”

Or was he still alive? No, it was impossible.

‘Then is the seal broken?’

This couldn't be the case. The seal was the essence of magic engineering.

“What...”

The dwarves were falling into turmoil when a noise was heard from the entrance of Pandemonium. It was a loud sound that made them feel like a great mountain had collapsed. It was the sound of the entrance to Pandemonium being opened.

“.....!”

He came back alive? Did he really liberate the soul of the empress?

‘What tricks did he use?’

How could he persuade the monsters of Pandemonium?

The dazed King Charles forgot his dignity and ran to Pandemonium. Then he witnessed something along with the people who followed him. It was Grid with a monster on his head.

“Gasp... Gasp... It is heavy.”

Pelot and Antrino ran to Grid who collapsed with no strength in his legs.

### [Chapter 1266](#)

“Are you okay? Gasp!”

“....!?”

Pelot and Antrino were stunned as they rushed to support Grid. They realized that Grid's equipment had changed from head to toe. They were too slow to notice before they were flustered.

“These are...”

They were the evil existences in Pandemonium—the blacksmiths' failures, their shame that they didn't want to reveal. The red-faced Pelot reflexively shifted his gaze while the warrior Antrino had a different attitude. He closely examined Grid's equipment and stared into Grid's eyes as he asked, “What is 9 x 9?”

“Eh? What?”

“It is as expected. Your body and mind are lost.”

There was no time for Grid to say anything. Talima's Shame, not Grid, cried out to Antrino who was raising his axe.

-How ridiculous is this damn dwarf fucker looking down on me! If I had dominated this man's mind, then I would've been able to do the multiplication!

"I also know the answer. I just didn't say it." Grid was just flustered by the sudden question.

Antrino stared pitifully at Grid who was explaining the situation. The offended Grid frowned and he could hear the laugh of Talima's Shame. The laugh cost it a lot. Grid took off Talima's Shame to reveal a sweat-soaked face and threw the helmet to the ground. Then he shook his hair. Sweat poured down like rain over Talima's Shame.

Talima's Shame was in a daze for a while before shaking its horns menacingly.

-This daring fellow!

The reason why Talima's Shame was held by Grid was because it was completely controlled. However, it was convinced that it would be freed sooner or later. What human in the world would wear a helmet all day long? As expected, the opportunity came quickly. Talima's Shame was convinced it had been freed because Grid removed it and rose in a triumphant manner.

-Stupid human who doesn't even know the answer to 9 x 9! You freed me without using any means to restrain me! Kuhat! Kuhahat! You are truly a fool! You will receive the death penalty! I will make you pay the price for throwing me, a god who is the pinnacle of all battle gear, to the dirt!

'A myth rated ego item is truly different.'

The arrogance smashed that of ordinary named NPCs. Talima's Shame was a growth-type item that had accumulated nutrients for hundreds of years and reached the highest level. Grid was very fond of this fellow who ruled Pandemonium. It had a higher artificial intelligence than Iyarugt, who had the best intelligence among the ego items he knew, and it was good because it had the best performance. Grid had no doubt that Talima's Shame would fill the vacancy of the empress.

-Die for me!!

"You still don't understand who I am."

A player had the concept of 'ownership.' Talima's Shame had become Grid's property the moment it was placed on Grid's head. This meant that Talima's Shame couldn't escape Grid unless Grid gave up ownership on his own or he died and the probability of the system was activated to make him drop it.

"Go in."

It had been 10 years since he started handling the God Hands. Naturally, Grid was the best at handling ego items.

-...!?

Talima's Shame was sucked into Grid's inventory as it was about to poke Grid with its horns. Grid handled the noisy fellow without touching it and thought it over.

'It seems it needs some education.'

It was more violent than Iyarugt used to be. Tempering, melting, disassembling, assembling...

It was necessary to correct the item's personality by having a physical conversation.

'I have to change its name before that.'

What was Talima's Shame? Talima's Shame...

The name was really hard. It would be convenient to call it Talsha [1] for short.

King Charles approached as Grid was making a plan for the future. Talima's Shame was the disgrace of the royal family. King Charles had the duty to bury Talima's Shame forever. It was his responsibility to keep Talima's Shame from the world. However, at this moment, King Charles didn't care about Talima's Shame. His concern for his mother's safety made him turn away from his duty.

"My mother... what happened to the empress?"

"She ascended."

"Really... I see..."

King Charles was deeply moved. His eyes became warmer when he thought of his mother's happy appearance as she was liberated from the pain. He asked, "How was her face?"

"She was pretty. She looked to be in her teens."

"...? No, I'm talking about her expression."

"Ah... Her expression was good."

"Did she leave any words behind?"

Grid replied, "She regretted that she couldn't touch Braham's face."

"....."

King Charles' head was blank for a moment. He hadn't expected her to ask about her child's safety, but he didn't know the reason for the irrelevant name. Then he soon noticed that Braham was 'that Braham' and touched his forehead.

"She is still the same."

Was her personality unchanged even after suffering a terrible end due to Pagma's appearance? Originally, the dwarves were known for their aesthetics, but his mother's aesthetics were beyond the norm. As a child, King Charles had resented his mother. He hated Pagma, who blinded his mother and tried to poison her. Now, it was different. Perhaps his mother was the most like a dwarf. He had such a thought.

'I can't respect her.'

King Charles smiled bitterly and arranged things. He stared straight at Grid and said, "I misunderstood you."

King Charles' hostility toward Grid was a very normal reaction. It was the descendant of Pagma who bound his mother's soul to a mineral. It was natural to be vigilant, suspicious, and disgusted. To be

honest, King Charles believed that Grid had other motives. He thought that Grid was using the empress' soul as an attempt to plunder Pandemonium. He believed that the descendant of the evil Pagma would do such a thing.

Nevertheless, King Charles allowed Grid to enter Pandemonium because he thought there was no possibility that Grid would survive. Yet Grid came back alive. Additionally, he freed the empress' soul as promised. He was honest and competent.

"Overgeared King Grid."

It didn't matter how his robes swept over the ground.

"I'm sorry, and thank you." King Charles knew that all the people of Talima were watching. Despite this, King Charles bowed deeply to Grid. "Please forgive me for my disrespect."

He fulfilled his promise.

Grid wanted to say something, but then he shut his mouth. He stared at King Charles for a moment, and then nodded with a sigh. "I will accept your apology. Let's get along well in the future."

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The existence of the empress, whose soul was bound, was a deep regret for the dwarves. Today, her soul was liberated and King Charles designated it as an anniversary. The dwarves celebrated with joy. In the future, Grid's name would resonate in Talima every year on this day.

"I'll show you how to interact with items as promised."

The lion-maned Pelot invited Grid to his smithy. The interesting thing was that King Charles and Antrino also accompanied him.

[The class quest 'Different Path from Pagma' has been cleared.]

[Advanced Ego Item Making skill has been acquired as the quest clear reward.]

[★This is a blacksmithing technique that Pagma has never acquired ★]

[You are walking on a different path from Pagma and the Granting an Ego has been shaken by the consequences.]

[In the future, the contents of the skill might change if you use the Granting an Ego skill.]

[Your blacksmithing skills have surpassed the legendary blacksmith Pagma.]

The reason why it emphasized the legendary blacksmith Pagma was probably because he wasn't as good as Baal's Contractor Pagma yet?

'I'm curious.'

It was the Pagma who fought fiercely with the transcendent Chreshler, before contracting with Baal. It was unknown how strong Pagma became once he gained Baal's strength and boosted all his stats.

'Is it more than Muller?'

He must've been one level higher than Braham and Madra. Braham admitted that he was worse than Pagma, and Madra had died before his talent had blossomed.

"Hmm..."

Grid shook off his thoughts and confirmed the information of the new skill.

[Advanced Ego Item Making Lv. 1]

[Type: Passive.

When making an item, there is a certain probability to awaken the soul of the item when interacting with them.]

It seemed different from Panmir's ego technique. The reason Panmir could give a weak ego to a crafted item was because he had learned the skill from a dwarf blacksmith. In other words, his blacksmithing technique had changed to that of a dwarf's and the ego state was naturally learned.

On the other hand, Grid was able to give an ego while maintaining his own blacksmithing skill. From a general point of view, it was difficult to judge which was better. Of course, from Grid's position, the latter was good. His skills were beyond that of the dwarves. There was no need to say it since he was acknowledged by the blacksmithing god Hexetia.

"The evil spirits from Pandemonium."

Grid's hands were itchy. He wanted to quickly see the performance of the new skill. He was thinking about renting a smithy when King Charles told him, "You like it, so please take it."

The reason the evil spirits were sealed was because he was concerned about the chaos that would occur once they were released into the world. Grid showed full control over them so there was nothing wrong.

"I will gladly give it to you as a token of apology and a symbol of the exchange between Talima and the Overgeared Kingdom."

Of course, Grid was thinking about taking it even if King Charles hadn't said this. He was worried that King Charles would ask him to return it. Fortunately, it worked out.

Grid hesitated for a moment. "This one looks pretty special. Is it okay?"

He was talking about Talima's Shame.

"I'm grateful to you for taking it."

Grid had complete control over Talima's Shame. If Grid used Talima's Shame, then one day, Talima's Shame could turn into Talima's Pride. King Charles told him this and Grid felt more relaxed.

Then a world message rose.

[The Overgeared Kingdom and Talima have signed an alliance.]

"I hope you will teach my blacksmiths who come to Talima in the future."

"We will also help teach you."

It was an alliance he originally thought would be easy to form. There were many unexpected things, but he was glad. Grid said goodbye to King Charles and Antrino before borrowing Pelot's smithy. First of all, he was going to make new God Hands.

'As much as possible.'

He didn't necessarily need to have only four God Hands.

### [Chapter 1267](#)

Talima's agriculture had been completely mechanized. A variety of machines such as artificial elementals and golems took over the entire process of turning over the fields, planting seeds, and harvesting them. It wasn't a system created because the dwarves were lazy. Rather, it was the opposite. The dwarves entrusted livelihood-related areas such as agriculture to machines so they could be faithful to their main job.

It was obvious just by looking at the industrial situation. The dwarves had unparalleled technology, but they only focused on their craftsmanship. At the same time, they produced five or more artificial elementals and golems, and hundreds of weapons every week. This showed that their working hours were unmatched.

In fact, the people who visited Talima always said they were a restless race. The dwarves were real workaholics who used an anvil as a table, only had a short break for meals, and used the rest of their time on labor. However, they went on strike today. Every one of them stopped working and ran to the streets to surround Pelot's smithy. Even the festivities to celebrate the liberation of the empress' soul was finished in 30 minutes. The person who captivated the workaholics was Grid.

Gulp.

Ttang!

The meal served during the dwarves' break... Grid swallowed the bread soaked in water in one second and concentrated on hammering. The flames in his furnace were never extinguished. The smelting was delicate and the quenching exquisite. His hammering reached the peak as he continued to create new works. It was a work that imitated Grid's hand itself. At first glance, it seemed to belong to a humanoid golem, but it was different. The final form of Grid's work was originally designed to be his hand.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

In order to increase his rapport with his work, Grid followed Pelot's advice about how manual work was the best and carefully created two God Hands per day. He would've insisted on manual work even if he hadn't received Pelot's advice. The God Hands required representing dozens of joints and it was extremely difficult to produce the God Hands. It couldn't be made properly when entrusted to auto production.

"Shit!" Grid swore harshly as he was concentrating. It was the first time he did so in ages. He had made a total of 10 God Hands and not a single ego appeared, so he had to be annoyed. He wanted to throw his hammer, but he couldn't do it because he was a blacksmith deep to his bones.

'Isn't this too much? Isn't it normal for an ego to appear at least once?'

Advanced Ego Item Making said there was a 'certain probability' of producing an ego. A 'certain probability' meant approximately 10-30%. Of course, if someone was unlucky then it would be less than 10%. However, on average, it was 20%. Now Grid suffered the worst situation. All 10 items failed. The five day struggle was completely meaningless. There couldn't be such nonsense.

'I wouldn't have been mentally exhausted like this if I had failed when making weapons or armor.'

There were no big problems if there wasn't an ego in his armor and weapons. The equipment used by Grid currently weren't ego items. Based on the value of the items alone, the ego was only a secondary effect. However, the God Hands were different. The God Hands that couldn't move on their own were just hand models and had no value. Even if it was legendary rated, what was the worth if it was just a strange decoration?

'These damn S.A jerks...'

This was a skill he had just learned. Rather than increasing his chances of success using his privileges, it was more like lowering his chances of success.

'I'll let you see how effective it is. Tsk.'

Empress Maribel foolishly drank a glass of poisonous wine from a strange guest she invited to her love room and bid farewell to the world. He was honestly relieved when he freed her soul, that had lived a long life. However, he missed her after only five days.

Of course, this didn't mean he regretted it. The soul of the empress would only be an epic rating if he had to measure the level of the ego. She had the characteristic of being absolutely obedient to her master, but her calculating ability decreased a lot because she became an idiot after getting hurt. Complex commands couldn't be executed immediately, and Grid could only control four God Hands.

The ego making technique that would replace the empress' soul was clearly of more value. It was just that Grid's bad luck acted as a variable.

"Hah..."

Grid's sigh deepened. He never had a single success while making 10 God Hands. The worst situation that ever happened dealt him a big blow. He wanted to log out and stay away from the game for a few days. He would eventually overcome his frustration even if he made 100 God Hands and failed. It was just unpleasant that he had to overcome it in the first place.

'If it is going to be like this, it will be more efficient to infuse an ego that does specific actions.'

Grid couldn't control his anger and finally sat down while covering his face. The dwarves watched him and sighed with regret. Even the best blacksmith who created such great minerals and beautiful works had to face trials... The dwarves' eyes were dark because they felt the road was still long and rough. They sympathized with Grid's frustration.

"Still, isn't his luck too bad?"

"I agree. He made 10 works, but couldn't succeed with the rapport even once..."



Grid had the advanced ego making technique. It was a skill that could only be acquired by dwarf craftsmen who accumulated hundreds of years of training. The dwarf craftsmen gained an average of three egos every time they made 10 weapons. The chances of failing 10 times in a row were so rare that it only occurred once every few years.

Meanwhile, Grid experienced this in just five days.

“Huh?”

“This?”

The dwarves clicking their tongues were excited. They retreated to the side as a black-haired dwarf opened the door to Pelot’s smithy. A transcendent—it was the dwarf’s strongest warrior, Antrino.

“I heard the news. It is unfortunate. Why don’t you try changing your mood?”

“Changing my mood?”

“Would you like to go to the Elliter Mine? Learn magic engineering skills? I’ll guide you.”

“Is it okay?”

“I said it before that it doesn’t matter if an outsider visits the Elliter Mine. The problem is the attitude of the magicians. Fortunately, they seem to welcome your visit.”

The reason it took five days to gain permission was because the magic engineering school ignored King Charles’ edict. They could stay in their studios for 10 days to a month once they started working, and they finally checked the edict sent five days ago.

“Hmm...” Grid didn’t stand up. Antrino thought Grid would be happy, so he was a bit disappointed when the reaction was lukewarm. However, he could understand Grid’s attitude. “Thank you, but I can’t right now. I can’t leave here until I make an ego.”

“I hope you’ll be successful this time.” Antrino sat down on one side of the smithy. Then he pulled out his favorite axe and started to sharpen it with a whetstone. The craftsmanship of the axe was excellent. It was much better than a decent human blacksmith. It was as expected for the dwarves.

‘Okay, let’s try it again.’

Grid values relationships. He was excited and thrilled every time he made new friends. Grid’s anger had softened slightly thanks to Antrino. He collected the 10 God Hands he had made so far. They would be used as materials for a new God Hand after being melted in the furnace.

This was when the blacksmiths outside went wild.

“Wait! Wait a moment!”

“Overgeared King! Show mercy to us!”

“...?”

Grid was bewildered when the dwarves clung to the door and shouted. Mercy? He cocked his head at the dwarves’ shout.

“Those works! Don’t discard them. Please sell them to us!”

“This...?” A miscellaneous item that wasn’t classified as equipment—Grid pointed to the 10 God Hands that couldn’t be used without egos and the dwarves nodded. Grid thought it was absurd. “Why do you want this? Are you going to use it as a decoration?”

“Of course! It is a work that mimics the hand of the legendary blacksmith acknowledged by God Hexetiia. Of course it should decorate the middle of the smithy to be worshipped like a god!”

“I intend to pray to that hand every day! I intend to hand it down through my family so please sell it to me!”

Grid and Pagma had different advantages. Pagma wasn’t a legendary blacksmith yet when he visited Talima. Meanwhile, Grid was already a mature legend. Even the old dwarves who weren’t interested in Pagma’s works were forced to be fascinated with Grid’s works.

Moreover, it was a work that was modeled after Grid’s own hands. It was a work that all art collectors in the world would covet. What collector wouldn’t covet a delicate and perfectly reproduced work of the legendary blacksmith’s hand? It was uncommon for there to be a work that combined this degree of artistry and workmanship.

‘Certainly...’

Grid felt better once he realized the value of the God Hands due to the dwarves. He was a bit comforted when he realized he hadn’t only suffered damage in the last five days.

“Make your offers.”

The auction began. Grid was hoping it would be a money maker, only to doubt his ears.

“I want to exchange it with an artificial spirit!”

“Just one? What person is like this? I will offer three artificial elementals! It took me 124 years to complete these three, but I think it is worth it!”

“I will offer five iron golems!”

“.....”

Grid had heard about it from Ke ong—creating artificial elementals required great effort, a long time, and a lot of money. However, the probability of the artificial spirit failing was more than 70%. He said it would be absolutely impossible to mass-produce artificial elementals with the power of only one or two dwarves.

Now the number of dwarves surrounding Grid was in the thousands. A moment ago, Grid had felt like he had fallen into hell. Now it was like he was swimming through the clouds.

‘I feel good!’

It was the time. Grid instinctively resumed work as the dwarves shouted. His enthusiasm burned like the fire in the furnace, and his movements were perfect enough for dwarf craftsmen to use as textbooks.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

Talima's time stopped. The dwarves remained in place until Grid finished, and the entire city was locked in silence. It was around the time when blue moonlight was falling on the smithy...

"Beautiful..." A wide smile was on Antrino's face as he sat and watched Grid like an old monk.

[The item has been completed.]

[The finished item has a very intense soul.]

-Master, I was impressed by your unwavering willpower. You won't be frustrated by any trials in front of you. In any despair, I will eliminate your enemies, and guard your side.

".....!"

Grid's face was filled with joy as he got the result he finally wanted. However, it was only for a moment. His expression quickly disappeared, and his face stiffened. He saw a result that exceeded his expectations, and was so surprised that he stopped thinking for a moment.

### [Chapter 1268](#)

There were three ways to make ego items.

First, utilize the Granting an Ego skill. This was the method that only Pagma and Grid could use. It gave the target item the desired soul so it was very quick and easy to get the result they wanted. However, Grid sealed this skill due to ethical issues. There was also a very big disadvantage that there was a limited number of uses.

Second, impart emotions to an item using specific actions. It was an extreme method such as insulting an item being crafted, etcetera, in order to stimulate the item, and infuse negative emotions. The success rate wasn't high. Currently, the few ego items distributed among players were mostly ego items made in this way. They had a low value compared to their high price.

The typical characteristics of an ego item was the ability to independently move, think, and communicate. An ego item created in this way had a very limited thinking ability due to the emotions they held. It was easy to see based on Thorn of Deep Grievance. Thorn of Deep Grievance wanted to harm its creator. However, that was it. They couldn't move independently. In fact, it was difficult to place them in the category of ego items.

[Production of the God Hand has been completed.]

Grid was convinced once he saw the finished product. The third and final method to make an ego item—the Ego Item Making skill. Only this dwarf skill was the ultimate way to make true ego items.

[God Hand]

[Rating: Legendary (Growth)]

Durability: Infinite

An artifact created out of 'Greed' by Grid, who is becoming a myth.

Since it is modeled after Grid's own hands, all items can be worn and used without restrictions. It can also act as a blacksmith.

Hexetia, the god of blacksmiths, is amazed by the phenomenal performance and covets it.

- \* 40% of the owner's pure strength and dexterity are applied.

- \* Can reproduce the owner's unique skills. However, the power of the skills are limited to 25%, and the owner's mana is consumed when using the skill.

On the other hand, skills belonging to equipped items can be fully displayed without consuming resources. Buff skills used will affect the owner.

- \* Has the Advanced Blacksmith's Craftsmanship skill.

- \* Has mastered Advanced Weapons Mastery and Shield Mastery.

.....

...

Etc, etc.]

There were only a few numerical differences according to the rating and the detailed view of the new God Hand wasn't much different from the old ones. However, there were clear differences in the areas related to the ego. The existing God Hands only had the extremely basic characteristics of 'judging and moving on their own.'

[★ An ego item.

The ego is impressed by the appearance of the owner who gave birth to it without giving up until the last moment. It has pledged absolute loyalty to you. The ego wants to be like you. The more trials you face, the more it will unleash its power.

- \* Movement speed will increase significantly as the owner's health decreases.

- \* In order to protect its master from danger, it will enter a state of valor and will temporarily increase its strength.

- \* Increases the effect of the buff skills used by its master by 20%.]

"...!!"

Self-reliant motor, thinking, and communication skills. Grid trembled as he looked at the God Hand, which received multiple effects based on its rapport with its master. Grid was thrilled. It was normal to be thrilled at the birth of the ultimate ego item which all players regarded as a fantasy.

Clap.Clap clap clap.

Grid was awakened from his thoughts when he heard someone clapping. He turned his head and saw the smiling Antrino.

“Excellent. Very good! What is more worthy of joy than a soul of integrity dwelling in your work? It is truly the best. You are the model of all blacksmiths, and the pride of Talima.”

This was the best work of the blacksmith acknowledged by God Hexetia. The reason he was able to create this work was Talima’s teachings. Grid’s achievements would be Talima’s pride.

“Waaaaahhhh!”

It was as expected. Talima’s blacksmiths were as delighted as Grid. Thousands of dwarves cheered and whistled. This made Grid’s smile brighten. Grid sensed that the relationship between Talima and the Overgeared Kingdom could be deeper than expected. Of course, this was on the premise that Trauka wasn’t present.

\*\*\*

“Ohh. Ohhh...”

Cradle—it was the large-scale research facility in Talima that produced and managed the artificial elementals and golems. Grid came here after hearing there was an experimental site testing the movement ability of the elementals and golems. Now he repeatedly let out sighs of admiration.

A pair of shining eyes was staring at the projected God Hand.

The movement of the God Hand was agile as it moved freely inside the complex experimental field, breaking through obstacles, and avoiding traps. The speed of observation and situational judgment was fast so the movement ability was more radiant. It accurately grasped the strengths and weaknesses, and most of the tricks that required a high level of intelligence were discovered.

Instead of losing speed by diverting from the rain of blades and falling into a mud pit, it relied on its solid durability and moved through the rain of blades, using the shortest route to get to the object in crisis. It took only 5 minutes and 47 seconds to rescue the object.

“Both the cognitive and motor skills were super high.” Velvet, the leader of Cradle, evaluated it. “It would be a genius in human terms. Any command will be performed perfectly. Even without a command, it will judge and act accordingly.”

There was no need to listen to this. Grid was already aware that the level of the new God Hand was far beyond the existing God Hands.

‘This was the right answer.’

There was no reason to cling to the empress’ soul.

The old God Hand fought with the master’s safety as the highest priority and was reliable when it came to defensive ability, However, its overall judgment was somewhat disappointing. In particular, the stronger the enemy, the less it could use its own judgment to threaten the opponent. Therefore, in many cases, Grid needed to convey detailed commands in real time, and this overloaded Grid’s thinking ability. It was the reason why the performance of the God Hands got worse as the battle became more intense, and the reason why Grid couldn’t increase the number of God Hands.

Now things had changed. The God Hands with the highest level of intelligence produced the best result, even if Grid didn't give orders. In the future, Grid would continue to produce new God Hands. By the end, he planned to use dozens or maybe hundreds of God Hands with the highest quality ego.

Of course, it was a goal that wouldn't be achieved for years. The ego wasn't easily made and the quality of the ego could be low.

'I'm sure there will be many times when I swear.'

Even so, he wouldn't give up. The material that made up the God Hands, Greed, was infinite. Additionally, Grid was a man with the tenacity to overcome any trial. The combination of Grid and Greed was the strongest. Grid was confident that he would achieve his goals.

'...Instead, I will have to postpone the construction of the flying fortress.'

It was a large project and there was no guarantee it would work from the beginning. It was hard to feel sorry based on the time frame.

"It is the elemental king?" Antrino, who guided Grid to Cradle, asked Velvet as he watched the performance with his arms folded, and Velvet nodded.

"Correct."

"It is truly amazing..."

Grid interjected. "An elemental king?"

"It isn't a real elemental king. It is referring to the four best artificial elementals. It is different from the embarrassments and Talima's Shame sealed in Pandemonium. These four artificial elementals became prominent in various fields and became the guardians of Talima. The hand you made is equivalent to them."

"Can I meet them?" Grid wondered.

Grid unknowingly used honorifics when talking to Antrino. All of the dwarves in Talima, including Velvet, treated Antrino with respect. This showed he was very old. Antrino's attitude was also favorable.

"The elemental kings are no longer in Talima."

"Huh? Why?"

The artificial elementals were so great that they were nicknamed elemental kings...

Grid was flustered and Antrino smiled bitterly. "They were given to the fire dragon as tribute. Right now, they should be busy cleaning the dragon's lair."

"....."

Why was Talima safe from Trauka? This was the moment when the reason was revealed. Grid trembled and asked a question that he had been wondering about for a long time, "Then why did Trauka build a nest here?"

The dwarves weren't crazy. It wasn't necessary to found a city near Trauka's lair. It meant the dwarves originally occupied the volcano and Trauka was the uninvited one.

Antrino shrugged. "Fire Dragon Trauka's original nest was destroyed in the fight against the insane dragon. Trauka used this chance to move to this place which contains the hottest lava flow in the world. As you've just heard, we have no choice but to live in servility."

Velvet sighed. "The hottest lava... it used to be like that."

Grid wondered, "It isn't like that now?"

"Yes, Trauka absorbs all the fire from the mountains and the heat of the lava weakened. Due to this, the castle's flames were reduced, and this caused various problems."

'The castle's flames? Ah.'

He had heard about it from Ke ong. There was a main furnace in Talima that melted any minerals and used them as energy, but it wasn't working properly.

"How about using this?"

Grid pulled out some firewood from his inventory and handed it to Velvet. It was white wood—the white phosphorus wood. What was the use of firewood when the heat of the lava itself had lowered? Velvet was puzzled and closely scrutinized the white phosphorus wood. "T-This is only in the east...? Where did you get this precious wood?"

"I got it from the East Continent."

"Hah! The outside world has changed a lot. It is a time when intercontinental exchange across the Red Sea was possible. This is probably our heart's desire..."

Velvet was expressing his admiration, but Antrino poured cold water on him. "How can that be? Grid must've traveled to the East Continent separately."

"Yes, that's right."

"Huhu, I heard that the yangbans are very strong, but they were robbed by you. It seems that they're not your opponents."

"There are many yangbans much stronger than me. Additionally, the white phosphorus wood is very common..."

Grid started a long story. He told the story of how he learned of the white phosphorus wood through the Red Phoenix Bow, and how he made an axe to cut it.

"...This is why I've saved quite a lot of white phosphorus wood."

Grid tried to end the story. However, Antrino and Velvet had been listening with intrigue and asked for more details. "What happened to the Red Phoenix Bow production game?"

"I won."

"Ohh, as expected of the blacksmith acknowledged by God Hexetia!"

“What about after you made the Red Phoenix Bow? Did the yangbans treat it as genuine?”

“Maybe not?”

“How can that be? Wasn’t it judged as a victory or defeat by the yangbans?”

“There were no yangbans present. Besides, I remember being involved with a wicked daoist after that...”

“Wicked daoist? Who was he?”

The dwarves were rumored to be very diligent. He was told that they only worked without any leisure. Now Antrino and Velvet were spreading out a mat to listen to Grid’s story. Grid asked them, “...Don’t the two of you have to work?”

“Aren’t I working now? It is my job to guide and escort you around Talima.”

“I’m in charge of managing Cradle, so my job is to be here in Cradle.”

“.....”

Was it like this? The strangely convinced Grid started to tell the long story again. He slowly talked about what happened in the East Continent. Then he toured all the facilities of Cradle and learned about the artificial elementals and golems. He signed an agreement to obtain artificial elementals on a periodical basis in exchange for providing the white phosphorus wood to Talima, and then he decided to go to the Elliter mine under Antrino’s guidance.

At this point, Velvet brought up interesting words while sending Grid away. “By the way, the ego rating for Talima’s Shame isn’t measurable.”

### [Chapter 1269](#)

The more intelligence a creature possessed, the more they resented iron bars. Grid seemed to vaguely understand why Talsha became the king of the evil spirits. ‘Did it want freedom?’

The Armor of Destruction, Gaiters of Disillusionment, and Quattro’s Gloves. The Reaper’s Boots, Concave Ring, Moon Necklace, Sepier’s Earrings, the Galgunos orb, and Talima’s Shame.

There were a total of nine items that Grid brought out from Pandemonium. Apart from the myth-rated Talsha, all of them were rated legendary (grown from a low level) or secret, but most of them had special stories.

The Armor of Destruction that constricted the wearer’s body and eventually crushed it—it was created by a dwarf craftsman who wanted to get revenge on the prince of the Saharan Empire who used his daughter as a plaything. The craftsman planned to bring this armor to the empire to destroy the imperial prince, but unfortunately, his plan failed.

The ego inherited the maker’s grudge and killing intent, and emitted it. Would the empire accept such an openly ferocious gift? The craftsman couldn’t send this vicious item to the empire. He locked it up in Pandemonium with tears in his eyes.

The Moon Necklace absorbed the cold moonlight and froze the wearer’s blood and bones—it was a work made by a dwarf craftsman who had been working alone for 100 years after losing her husband.



She was lonely and unable to sleep every night, so she made this necklace under the moonlight. She subconsciously wanted others to be as lonely as herself, and gave birth to this wicked ego.

The Moon Necklace seduced people with its beautiful appearance that everyone was obsessed with and created a huge wave. Before Fire Dragon Trauka had moved his lair, a great merchant visited Talima and was fascinated with the Moon Necklace with one glance. He joyfully bought the necklace and placed it on his beloved wife, who slowly froze to death in front of her husband's eyes. It was the terror of the Moon Necklace that froze from the bones and blood, not the skin. The dwarf craftsman smiled as she watched the merchant sobbing over his wife, and she was beheaded for shaming Talima's honor. The cursed necklace was sealed in Pandemonium.

In addition to this, there were the Gaiters of Disillusionment that made the wearer powerless, Quattro's Gloves that cut off one finger to turn it into four, the Reaper's Boots that pushed the wearer to death, the Concave Ring that reminded him of a long-tailed tit (from Grid's perspective), and Sepier's Earrings that whispered all types of tragedies. They all had their own stories that explained how they became wicked.

Additionally, it could be assumed that Galgunos' orb wasn't made in Talima since all the details apart from the stats were marked as 'unknown.' Thus, it was possible to assume that there was a hidden story.

On the other hand, Talsha was different. Its information was too brief. The circumstances in which it became wicked weren't described. However, it ran wild and was sealed in Pandemonium. It used its strength and will to become the king of the evil spirits.

[Talima's Shame]

[Rating: Myth

Durability: 3,600/3,600 (self-repair is possible)

\* Talima's Shame rejects human touch. The repair system isn't activated for this item.

Defense: 1~2,750

\* Talima's Shame can adjust the defense according to its own willpower. Be careful when using it.

★ Fire Resistance

\* Talima's Shame has endured the hottest lava falling on it for hundreds of years. Every fire on this earth won't damage this item. This doesn't mean it will protect the wearer from the flames. Don't be mistaken.

★ An ego item.

It believes that it is the king of all the battle gear in the world.

\* The skill 'King's Negation' is generated.

Suppresses any battle gear with no ego.

The equipment of any targets within a radius of 10 meters that aren't an ego item will be forcibly disarmed. It is up to 30 items.

Skill Resources Consumed: None

Skill Duration: 3 seconds.

Skill Cooldown Time: 7 minutes.

\* The skill 'King's Command' is generated.

Exerts force on ego items.

Can team up and assign specific actions to ego items within a radius of 100 meters. The commanding power remains with Talima's Shame, not the wearer.

Skill Resources Consumed: None

The force is maintained during the duration of the skill, and the duration depends on the level and personality of the target item.

Skill Cooldown Time: None

\* The skill 'King's Domination Lv. MAX' is generated.

Dominates the wearer's mind and controls the body.

During the time when King's Domination is maintained, the wearer's attack power and all speeds will increase by 20%. The wearer will also be immune to critical hits and attacks in weak spots. However, the wearer will die at the end of the domination.

Skill Resources Consumed: None

Skill Duration: Until the wearer dies.

Skill Cooldown Time: 24 hours.

A helmet made by five generations of the dwarf royal family. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that Talima's best blacksmithing skills are concentrated here.

The background of its birth alone makes it qualified to be a legend. It was reborn as a myth through the bad reputation acquired in Pandemonium.

Some wicked people are deifying Talima's Shame.

Conditions of Use: None

Weight: 230]

'It must've wanted to live its own life.'

The highly intelligent Talsha wouldn't have wanted to be owned by anyone. It caused an accident after longing for freedom, and was finally sealed in Pandemonium. Grid guessed this, but he didn't have much

sympathy for Talsha. It was a law that all things were meant to be used. It was a blessing to be used, and it should bring happiness.

I'll teach you."

The moment when Grid resolved to break the mental state of Talsha in his inventory, Antrino spoke, "This is the road that the artificial elementals have created and honed."

A volcano 5,000 meters above sea level—the flat ground was connected to the rough stone wall in the center. It was a path that led from the ground to the summit that was 5,000 meters above the ground. There was nothing wrong with calling it a road because it seemed easy for a carriage to use it.

"Indeed. Artificial elementals..."

Civil engineering required high techniques and labor. In particular, Grid knew that the more challenging the terrain, the more difficult the construction would be. He had learned this because in the years since the Overgeared Kingdom was founded, there had been hundreds of civil works led by Lauel.

"I had actually wondered if there was slavery in Talima."

Lauel's goal was to build roads to all major cities, but he overworked countless people. Of course, he rewarded them, but the moans of the exhausted workers rang out throughout the Overgeared Kingdom. A large amount of workers and excellent technical skills were required to make the tens of kilometer long flat road along such a sheer slope. He thought there would've been hundreds of people who had collapsed or died while building the roads.

However, all of this was done by the artificial elementals...

Grid, now with even greater expectations of the performance of the artificial elementals, started calculating things.

'The total number of artificial elementals that Cradle has agreed to exchange every year is 50 and the total number of artificial elementals exchanged for the God Hands is 52... how many months will I be stuck in the smithy?'

Not surprisingly, Talima appreciated the value of the God Hands a bit more than the white phosphorus wood. It was because it was created from the hand of the blacksmith acknowledged by the blacksmithing god and they felt very attracted to the Greed mineral. It was natural. Greed was the evolution of pavranium, which had even caught the blacksmithing god Hexetia's eyes. It could easily be evaluated as the best mineral on this earth. Only Grid could smelt the mineral, but the dwarves didn't care. It was a treasure to be collected, and they were satisfied with this.

Grid wondered if he should stay in Talima for a while to produce the God Hands, but he shook his head.

'There are limits to the dwarves' wealth.'

The production of artificial elementals wasn't an easy task. The number of artificial elementals produced by ordinary dwarves throughout their lives was between four to six. Their assets were limited, so he would soon face a situation where they wanted to pay for the God Hands, but couldn't be able to. The transactions with the dwarves should be done slowly and consistently.

‘Even the best things will decrease in value once released to the market all at once.’

He shouldn’t be so impatient to suck up the profit that he would make the God Hands worthless. First, Grid would make the Overgeared Kingdom a better place using the artificial elementals he obtained from Cradle.

The middle of the mountain path—the entrance of the mine, surrounded by darkness, awaited him.

“We’ve arrived. This is the Elliter Mine.”

The ether diamonds—it was a substance that sucked up light and magic power. The glasses made of the ether diamonds could even block the evil eye of the evil eyes king. Thanks to these glasses, the evil eyes king could see the world. He escaped the fate of being blind for the rest of his life, but the durability of the glasses wasn’t infinite. It couldn’t hold out against the evil eyes king’s mighty evil eye forever.

Grid felt the need to make glasses continuously for the king. He also planned to produce and distribute a set of ether armor that acted as an absolute counter to magic. This had been planned over two years ago. However, there was the obstacle of Fire Dragon Trauka and the hand of the 12th great demon. It was only now that the plan could be implemented.

“Be careful with your feet in the darkness.”

Grid didn’t ask a ridiculous question like why weren’t there any lights installed. Ether diamonds were minerals that absorbed light. It was pointless to install lights. It was why darkness filled the cave.

‘Good. It is better than I thought.’

Grid smiled as he walked behind Antrino and touched the wall. The only ether mine in the world—over the years, most of the ether diamond’s reserves should’ve been consumed, but it was surprisingly still rich. Antrino clearly read Grid’s thoughts and revealed the situation. “As you know, it is hard to smelt ether diamonds. Talima has virtually given up on the use of ether diamonds since the firepower of the castle’s flames were weakened by Trauka.”

“I see.”

Grid wouldn’t have easily smelted it without the white phosphorus wood. The ether diamond was a tricky mineral. Grid said, “Sooner or later, the castle’s flames will regain its firepower and the mine will be revitalized.”

“You said you would provide us with the white phosphorus wood, but... honestly, I’m not certain. It is doubtful if the exchange between the two kingdoms will be smooth in the future because Trauka might return tomorrow. Additionally, the use of ether diamonds isn’t very high in the first place.”

“Don’t worry about the exchange. If Talima’s side unblocks the movement magic, then we will be able to use Teleport.”

“Does the Fire Dragon look like a pushover? The moment you try to teleport in, you will be blocked by his barrier, and be eaten.”

‘Braham’s Teleport won’t work? Gasp!’

The gap between a dragon and a previous generation legend was still hard to gauge. Grid shook his head and abruptly flopped down to the ground.

At the end of the mine—an eye stared at Grid through the gap revealed in the darkness. A giant, bull-like pupil—Grid felt a real horror that wasn't a condition caused by the system.

### [Chapter 1270](#)

The 12th Great Demon Sitri—his hand advanced through the mountains, crushed houses, and instilled great fear in humanity. How huge was it? The hand was just a 'part' of something. The sight of it breaking down cities and a kingdom was shocking. The moment they thought of the 'entire' body, the destruction of the world came to mind.

Grid had also felt fear. The scene that he witnessed later on TV was so amazing that he was overwhelmed by the past that had already happened. Sitri's hand was that great. Now did he hear a sound akin to a mountain being hit by a tsunami? The sound of this breathing was awful.

'This guy...'

The eye spun around like a vortex. It was huge and red, and Grid immediately noticed its identity. It was Sitri's eye. A being from another world was staring at this world.

'Do I have to fight this guy as well?'

Grid felt fear when staring at Sitri's hand because he imagined a future where he had to fight Sitri. Great demons were the enemies of humanity and the Overgeared Kingdom belonged to humanity. It was his destiny to fight them.

'This big guy...'

He measured it based on the size of the hand and the eye and found it wasn't comparable to Radwolf's magic machines. Sitri's main body seemed comparable to a dragon. A supergiant creature that threatened all things with his mass alone. He was exceptionally special considering that all the great demons Grid met so far had been similar to humans.

'His nickname is also Demon God... is he a special existence in hell?'

A great demon's status was lower than that of a god. Of course, the power of the higher ranked demons might be stronger than some intermediate ranked gods. However, a god had many powers. They might not be able to fight directly against a great demon and win, but they could appoint a warrior to attack the demon and use their power to help the warrior grow. Even the 1st Great Demon, Baal, the child of Evil God Yatan, didn't dare to place 'god' in front of his name.

However, Sitri was called Demon God despite being a great demon. This was also despite his relatively low ranking.

'What the hell is he?'

Well, his identity didn't matter right now. Grid stood up and tidied up his clothing. His expression was very solemn.

Antrino behaved like an elderly man. “Ah, I’m sorry. I was distracted for a moment. Where did our conversation get up to?”

‘I didn’t see your ugly appearance because I was lost in thought. I didn’t see you fall to the ground with a small scream.’

Antrino’s attitude contained careful consideration. The grateful and embarrassed Grid stared at Sitri’s eye that was peeking at this world. He was obviously looking this way. However, his eye was so big that it was difficult to tell what he was seeing. He could be looking at Grid or he might be unaware of Grid.

Grid asked, “Is that the eye of the 12th great demon?”

“That’s right. He’s been making trouble with his hand for years, and now he is staring with his eye. I want to chop that eye with my axe right now.”

“If it was me, I would’ve taken an axe to it the first day I saw it.”

“Do you think I haven’t done that?”

Antrino immediately pulled out his axe. In fact, he was a man who was faster to act than to speak. He wasn’t a talkative person in the first place. The reason why he was Grid’s guide was purely out of respect. The strongest warrior who defended Talima—the pillar of the country served Grid directly, treating Grid as a VIP and consolidating Grid’s position.

The axe left Antrino’s hand and spun as it flew. Both the speed and accuracy were excellent. There was enough power in it to threaten Grid’s defenses. However, Sitri’s eye was unharmed. It was because there was an invisible barrier over the gap to hell.

The axe was blocked by a barrier and slid down helplessly. Antrino reached out a hand to recover it. It was a truly amazing sight. The axe was pulled toward Antrino’s hand like it had a string attached to it. At first glance, it looked like he moved the object through empty air using energy. Even so, this was Talima. This was the performance of an ego item.

‘It was noticeable from the beginning.’

Grid activated Pagma’s Eyes and observed Antrino’s axe—a legendary item with a top-rated ego created by Empress Maribel, the battle axe she made during her lifetime was praised as a legend during its time together with the best warrior named Antrino.

‘As expected.’

Grid was once again convinced—heroes and items were inseparable. In the first place, it was normal for humans to use tools and it was right to crave better tools. So why was relying on items criticized in games? Grid questioned the misconception that ruled the world just a few years ago and said, “The two worlds are disconnected.”

Antrino nodded. “That is correct. It is normal.”

Earth and hell were separate dimensions. Originally, it was impossible to come and go at will. However, Sitri’s hand invaded here. Even before the Yatan Church had come here and opened the

interdimensional seal, Sitri's hand had jumped out of the crack and snatched the mine. Grid was reminded of it and asked, "Then how could Sitri's hand exert physical force on the ground?"

Antrino shrugged and drew a line with his feet. "We don't know at all. I stopped caring after making sure his hand could only reach up to here."

"....."

A great demon's hand popped out, and he didn't care? Antrino laughed when Grid made an absurd expression. "It wasn't a valuable mine anyway... don't you know it as well? Us dwarves originally aren't interested in things like this."

"A great demon appeared, but you don't care..."

"Hum hum, in fact, we believed in the Fire Dragon. In any case, this is the territory of the Fire Dragon. We decided it wasn't necessary to fight Sitri."

They were relieved thanks to the support of the Fire Dragon.

In the end, a person could never understand the world. The kind dwarf in front of Grid had waved an axe at him just a few days ago. Grid shook his head and woke up from his thoughts.

Antrino's next words were interesting. "I didn't expect that guy to enter this world by cutting off his hand."

"Did he cut off his hand? It wasn't originally separated from him?"

Antrino touched the line he had just drawn. "Yes. His forearm was so thick that he couldn't pass through the gap."

"So he saw the other demons coming through the gap created by the Yatan Church and hurriedly cut his hand.. isn't this a really scary obsession?"

That's right—Grid wondered if he had any grudges in this world.

'In any case, it is a foregone conclusion that I have to eventually fight him.'

He needed to be stronger. However, a player's stats were limited, so having items was the top priority. Grid asked Antrino for his understanding, "Is it okay if I dig up some ether diamonds?"

"Of course. I will agree to any request from the benefactor who liberated the empress' soul. Take it to your heart's content."

Unfortunately, it was very difficult to mine the ether diamonds. It was because the gemstones were so hard and deeply-rooted that it inevitably took a long time. Even the most skilled miners barely gained three or four a day. It would be much harder for blacksmiths who were unaccustomed to mining.

"I'll call the miners, so wait. I don't know how many people will come..."

Most dwarves dreamed of becoming blacksmiths. The number of dwarves with occupations other than blacksmiths was limited and it was the same for miners. The miners of Talima were naturally busy every day. In order to meet the orders of the blacksmiths who outnumbered them greatly, it wasn't sufficient

to have 10 clones. Additionally, there were all types of mines in Talima so the miners were scattered all over. It wasn't easy to bring them up here.

Nevertheless, Antrino believed in himself and Grid. He thought there would be a few miners willing to come to repay Grid for his kindness.

'It is shameless, but I have to make this request.'

It was the moment when Antrino summoned Cradle's masterpiece, 'Duras,' to deliver a note to the miners...

He saw Grid pick up a pickaxe and started mining. Antrino soon imagined Grid crying out with pain...

Clang! Clang! Claang!

"...?"

Grid's pickaxe never stopped and the ether diamond ore, deeply rooted in the stone wall, started to reveal itself. It was a truly amazing sight.

"H-How? Did you inherit Kis' technique?"

A legendary blacksmith and legendary miner—it was indeed an ideal dual class. He didn't have to rely on others and could gain all the minerals in the world. Then he would be able to use the minerals to make everything in the world.

'There is a reason he was acknowledged by God Hexetia.'

Grid shook his head at the admiring Antrino. "No, it is just the power of being overgeared."

The options of the pickaxe Grid used increased his mining speed and probability of mining successfully by 300%. It also increased the chances of obtaining the best quality mineral by 200%. Finally, it reduced stamina consumption during mining. It was a legendary rated pickaxe that was born after steadily researching and producing pickaxes for Peak Sword.

"Over...geared."

Antrino understood the meaning of being overgeared through context and developed a dream. A warrior. They were now useless in the isolated Talima. On the other hand, miners were different. Miners were always necessary and lacking. They were one of the most useful jobs in Talima. Antrino dreamed of a second life. "Perhaps... can you give me a chance to become a miner?"

"...Huh?"

On this day, Grid made a new pickaxe on the spot and dug up the minerals together with Talima's strongest warrior, Antrino. Antrino had high stats as a named NPC and he was never exhausted. Thanks to this, Grid was able to secure a number of ether diamonds above his target in just one day.

For some reason, the sound of Sitri's breathing became smaller and he slipped away from the gap. Then he disappeared completely beyond the darkness. He seemed to be flustered. It seemed he noticed that he had become a folding screen.



'Indifference is evil for those who want an audience.'

Grid wanted to sprinkle salt to ward off evil but, he just picked up the sacks full of ether diamonds. "I'll go back first. I'll discuss with my friend a method to break through Trauka's barrier and how to go back and forth from Talima."

"Huhu, is your friend a legendary magician? It won't be easy even if he is a legendary magician... your disappointment will be bigger if your expectations are high. I recommend that you clear your mind properly."

It was the advice of the experienced. Talima had long abandoned any ideas of exchanges with the outside world. They had adapted to an isolated life.

"I will come back with good news," Grid told Antrino.

"Huhut. I will try to become a great miner until then. I'll save as many minerals as I can for when you need them."

Fire Dragon Trauka might return today. It was also unknown when he would go away again. It might be a hundred years or even a thousand years later. They might never be able to reunite with Grid. As a result, Antrino made a sentimental promise. It was the mistake of a lifetime.

"I won't forget that promise. Then I'll see you again soon."

Why did Antrino suddenly become a miner? Grid was doubtful, but in any case, he was grateful. There was a light from a return scroll and Grid left.