

Overgeared 1301

[Chapter 1301](#)

The disappearance of the red sword meant that Haejin's heart had collapsed. She believed that this was a fake world and dreamed of a reversal in the real world. The moment she realized this dream couldn't be achieved, she fell into despair and lost her will. It was obvious that she would fall into ruin even when she returned to reality.

'Hopeless.'

The yangbans wearing the gat. [1]

Chiyou saw from the beginning that the yangbans who were still in the stage of being raised by the Five Seniors and were bound by the rules couldn't handle this human. The moment he felt the Red Phoenix's Ninth Heart from the human, he remembered the news of Hangeol being killed and worked out the puzzle. Yes, the result was decided from the beginning.

The reason Chiyou held expectations for a while was Haejin's rapid growth. A powerful will that engraved her own image into the mental world of the Martial God. Haejin must've seen a fragment of the Heart Sword. The Heart Sword was one of the clues to become a God Killer.

However, her Heart Sword was broken before it was even forged. She lacked the skills to handle a human who had already killed a few yangbans. The result wouldn't have been guaranteed even if the two of them met three years later or five years later.

"Next."

Where was the end of this power? The person who used fierce swordsmanship in addition to the sword dances Chiyou taught to Pagma provoked the remaining yangbans. It was interesting.

"....."

"....."

The yangbans who always shouted that humans were filthy and reprehensible by just making eye contact were silent. They didn't dare say anything to the human they looked down on. Of course, this didn't mean that their willpower had been broken, or they lost their desire to fight.

The yangbans had no doubts that they would become gods. It was because their self-esteem was the best in the world. It was impossible for them to shrink back easily. They just recognized Grid as a nemesis.

"That Haejin, she prepared the table well."

A yangban, Saesol, moved lightly and stood on the deck. He smiled as he faced Grid.

"You are bluffing."

Did this human have anything else to show? This wasn't true. Zik's apostle had already used too many skills. She tried her best. It was reasonable to assume that she had very few secret techniques left.

Besides, the techniques consumed her heart, body, and skill. Recovery time was needed in order to reuse the techniques so Zik's apostle would be full of gaps.

'I just need to pay attention to the sword technique that cut the dragon in the first trial.'

It was very intimidating. Some might think it would be safer to come out third. However, wouldn't it be futile if he postponed his turn and missed his prey?

"That damn Saesol, he is usually the fastest at a time like this."

The other yangbans had the same thought as Saesol. It was just that Saesol took the turn so they could only click their tongues. Saesol wrapped the Blue Dragon's Breath around his body and lightning scattered as his already light body became even lighter. He suddenly narrowed the distance to Grid. He pulled out his sword through the gap in his fluttering dupo and the sharp sword light stretched out. The sword light carved at Grid's position.

Saesol naturally imagined the blood that would soon come soaring out. However, an abnormality occurred. Grid wasn't injured. It was the result of activating the White Tiger's Posture to increase his defense to the limit the moment Saesol used the Blue Dragon's Breath. Haejin's attack power had been ridiculously strong, but it was hard for the other yangbans to deal a fatal wound to Grid, who was wearing myth rated armor.

'Huh, she is like a rock.'

How did Haejin turn such a person into rags? Saesol was flustered, but he didn't express it. He calmly recovered the soft sword, rotated, and stabbed. It was a blow that aimed for the fine gap between the chest armor and shoulder armor that Zik's apostle was wearing.

Then the thorn that suddenly protruded from Grid's shoulder guards pierced Saesol's body. It was just that the thorn was a passive skill that had the effect of 'reflecting 60% of the damage received.' Grid wasn't damaged in the first place so the thorn couldn't do much damage to Saesol. Saesol's soft sword stretched out without hesitation and pierced Grid. It was a surprisingly precise swordsmanship.

Nevertheless, Grid didn't raise a single eyebrow. It was the strength of White Tiger's Posture that was still maintained. Grid suffered less than 10,000 damage despite his weak point being attacked. After a few more attacks, Saesol backed off and couldn't hide his flustered state.

"You... are you truly a human?"

There would be serious injuries even when fighting other yangbans unless the White Tiger's Breath was used. Yet this human was completely neutralizing his attack power?

".....?!"

Saesol was repeatedly stabbed by the thorns that protruded from the human's shoulder guards and stepped back with a stiff expression. It was because the energy exuded by the human has changed from before. The serene momentum shook the atmosphere and it was like seeing the Five Seniors. It was the wavelength of Divinity. Grid decided that he had to save his stamina to deal with the dozens of yangbans still remaining, and had no intention of prolonging the fight.

'Divinity, Item Combination.'

The Enlightenment Sword leapt out of Grid's inventory and integrated with the Fire Dragon Sword.

-Kukukuk. This guy is actually decent!

The ego of the Fire Dragon Sword was excited. It realized that it was more complete. The sword could feel its own change so it was impossible for the yangbans not to know.

'W-What is that wicked thing?'

A long sword swirling with red-black flames—the combination of the two swords showed a power that exceeded even Grid's expectations.

"Link."

".....!"

".....!"

"Hoh..."

The dozens of sword energies were released with no time difference and tore the atmosphere to pieces. The explosion caused by the spreading flames was literally a disaster. Half of the ship was gone. Saesol struggled to survive and barely saved his life thanks to the White Tiger's Breath.

There was just one problem.

In essence, the White Tiger's Breath was a power that prevented fatal injuries while recovering health and healing injuries at the same time. However, Saesol's wounds didn't recover at all. The cause was the thorns. The curse of the 'stabbed target can't be healed for up to three seconds' grabbed at Saesol's ankle.

Tremble tremble. Saesol shut his mouth and trembled like a quaking aspen. The feeling of powerlessness and despair that he felt for the first time in his life brought him fear.

'A fight isn't possible.'

Saesol's trembling gaze was fixed on Grid's sword. It was a sword that burned with the momentum to destroy the world. Could he really withstand that? Unfortunately, it was impossible.

Step.

Grid took one step forward.

"I-I lost!" Saesol took four steps back. He stood on the edge of the collapsed deck and called out again, "I lost!"

Grid's gaze no longer turned to Saesol. He hurried to meet the next opponent during the time when Item Combination was still maintained.

"Next."

Grid still had a lot of power to show.

There were the skills of the Four Gods, including White Tiger's Posture Engulfed in Flames which didn't share the cooldown time of White Tiger's Posture. Then there were the five fusion sword dances, the power of the great demons in the rune, Braham's magic, the God Hands, and the skills attached to his items.

Grid had the confidence to kill a few more yangbans as long as his stamina could support it. However, the yangbans didn't come out. The yangbans had lost their arrogant expressions and instead of someone coming out by himself or herself, they were instead busy trying to push others forward.

The power of Item Combination was too great. The moment any technology reached the peak, it would emit a sense of deterrence that was difficult to approach. Grid's items were just like this.

Jingle.

"Is there no other challenger?" Chiyou asked but no one answered.

One stupid yangban tried to maintain his self-esteem in this situation.

"I forgot for a moment that she is Zik's apostle and mistook her for a normal human. If you give me another chance to face her next time, then I'm sure...!"

The yelling yangban closed his mouth. It was because Chiyou's always expressionless face was distorted like a demon.

"Ah... Uwahh..."

The wrath of the Martial God was more terrifying than the wrath of any other god. The yangban instinctively sensed destruction and closed his mouth. The other yangbans around him were soaked in cold sweat. Luckily, Chiyou just stood still. He didn't punish the yangban. Nevertheless, the yangbans didn't feel at ease. It was because they experienced a shock greater than death.

"Don't misunderstand."

Jingle.

"This person is an ordinary human, not Zik's apostle."

".....!?"

".....!?"

The evidence was sufficient. The human who acquired Taren's power couldn't be Zik's apostle. However, it was impossible for Taren to have an apostle when he was sealed in the Abyss. This human wasn't strengthened by the seven evils. Rather, she was a superior existence by herself...

The eyes of the yangbans changed. It was an expression that resembled Haejin and Saesol, who had been defeated in battle. A notification window popped up in Grid's field of view.

[The Five Seniors are watching you standing aloft in Chiyou's mental world.]

[The yangbans are afraid of you.]

[The reputation of your wife, 'Irene,' has reached the maximum in the Hwan Kingdom.]

[The yangbans don't want to be hostile to your wife. The weak will be in awe of Irene and the strong will respect Irene.]

[The Five Seniors have a great interest in your wife.]

[Your wife, 'Irene,' has acquired the title of 'Hwan Kingdom's Attendant.']

"...Nice."

There were only two notifications about Dante when he gained divinity. It was so short that Grid still remembered it clearly.

['Pungsa' has caught a glimpse of you as you stand over Hangeol's corpse.]

[★ Note ★ Your knight Dante has formed a hostile relationship with the Hwan Kingdom.]

That was all. Even so, Dante gained the deity stat and was rejuvenated. On the other hand, Irene became an Attendant of the Hwan Kingdom. She attracted the interest of the Five Seniors and was revered by the nobles. It was obvious that she would build up a tremendous amount of the Deity stat and Grid felt like he would fly away with happiness. Chiyou's voice entered his ears as he was trying to calm down his beating heart.

-I will remember you just as much.

".....!"

Following these profound words, Grid's vision turned dark. Then once he woke up again...

"Are you back?"

The grandmaster was there. At the entrance to the Hwan Kingdom...

The peach tree scenery was no different from before Grid left to participate in Chiyou's Test. It was still sunset. Surprisingly, not much time had passed. It felt like he had a dream. Grid stood blankly and suddenly made eye contact with the yangbans. The yangbans who had despised Grid before the test now gave a slight nod.

"...They have learned it properly."

".....??"

These arrogant guys suddenly changed their attitude?

'What happened?'

The puzzled Zibal and Neo Red Knights were amazed. It was because the particularly arrogant Haejin was smiling with blank eyes and she looked like a madman.

'...It is better not to know.'

The Neo Red Knights recalled how the Overgeared Queen killed Susan and stopped paying attention.

[You are the first player to pass 'Chiyou's Test.']

A new notification window flashed in Grid's vision.

[You are ranked number one.]

[Chapter 1302](#)

The yangbans—they were born as half-gods and their one and only sole purpose was to become a god. The yangbans numbered in the hundreds, but the number of vacant seats to become a god was only seven.

Chiyou's Test was the first process to be qualified to become a god. All of the yangbans' aspirations depended on Chiyou's Test. It was just that only one person passed Chiyou's Test that was held for the first time in decades, and the person who passed it was a human.

'I didn't expect it to turn out like this.'

The yangbans who lost the opportunity to become gods after being defeated by the human they despised were silent. Of course, there wasn't a single yangban who made a fuss because they were dissatisfied with the results. How could they protest when they stepped down because they knew they couldn't win?

'...I would've fought to the end if I hadn't experienced the test 400 years ago.'

The reason why the yangbans withdrew wasn't because they were cowards. They gave up neatly because they knew it was meaningless to hit the 'wall that won't collapse.'

Mir—a being who was at the verge of being a god from the moment he was born and the sole person who passed the Chiyou's Test which he participated in, 400 years ago. Hundreds of yangbans challenged Mir, but all of them were destroyed. In the end, Mir was the only one standing. They thought it was an unprecedented record that would never be matched or broken.

[You are the first player to pass 'Chiyou's Test.']

[You are ranked number one.]

Yet it was matched by a human.

Pride and prejudice disappeared from the eyes of the yangbans looking at the silver-haired woman.

'We can't ignore humans in the future.'

A weak creature who lived for less than 100 years, they had thin skin, soft flesh, and were easy to break. They were creatures who had intelligence, mastered skills, and built up their combat force, only to die suddenly one day. Therefore, the yangbans hadn't thought deeply about humans. It was just like humans raising chickens to gain eggs. They managed humans just to obtain divinity. Occasionally, they would see a human who became a daoist immortal or transcendent and they would feel offended, disgusted, or unpleasant.

However, their thoughts changed at this moment. It might just be one out of millions of people, but it was difficult to ignore human beings since they knew that someone with the potential to surpass a yangban was born.

'In any case, we need the help of humans to build up divinity. It might be better to get along with humans...'

It was at this time that the yangbans' perception changed slowly.

'It isn't telling me who 2nd to 7th place is?'

Grid felt a bit disappointed. He wanted to know in advance the seven people who passed Chiyou's Test with high grades, but the system was too unfriendly. It was regrettable that only Grid's placing was shown.

'I need to know in advance to cut off the bud. Tsk.'

The difference in skill between the yangbans who didn't pass the test in the top 7 and the yangbans who passed the test in the top 7 was huge. Haejin? She was great, but she was a joke when compared to Garam.

'...Well, I will enjoy it for now.'

Duguen.Duguen.Duguen...

Grid's heart rate gradually accelerated. Chiyou's Test—Grid was very proud that he won first place on the stage for the half-gods who dreamed of becoming a god. The rewards weren't important. It was important to note that he hit the yangbans' pride and protected the dignity of the humans that they ignored.

'This doesn't mean that I expect no compensation at all.'

He couldn't be cheated. Grid was concerned, but only slightly. The rewards for accomplishing an 'achievement that players can't achieve' were always huge.

[Being the first player to pass Chiyou's Test, your deity stat will increase.]

[Your divinity level has reached five and you are qualified to become a half-god.]

".....?!"

There was only one way to raise divinity—building up the deity stat. Every time he accumulated 10 deity points, his divinity level would increase by one. It meant it was a very difficult process.

The first condition that Grid needed to accumulate deity was to create a myth rated item. In order to make myth rated items, corresponding 'materials' were needed. It was difficult to obtain such materials unless he killed a great demon or resurrected a god. Furthermore, his deity stat only rose by one when making three myth rated items. There was no promise that he could reach 10 deity points just through making items.

'Writing the epics can earn me deity points, but...'

The probability of activating an epic was as low as the probability of making a myth rated item. Furthermore, writing an epic didn't mean his deity stat will rise unconditionally. It seemed to be affected by the environment at the time of writing the epic. Additionally, there were great achievements such as

resurrecting a god or being praised by a special entity or group. It was just that this type of situation wasn't common. In other words, the difficulty of raising the deity stat was extremely high.

Grid thought it would take at least one year to reach level 5 in divinity. The period had been significantly shortened.

'A half-god!'

The evolution that he dreamed about. During the Vatican rescue episode, he gave up on becoming a half-god because of several penalties. However, this time was different. It was an opportunity that was obtained purely using his own strength, regardless of the seven malignant saints.

Grid's heart thumped like it was going to burst. He tried to immediately answer 'yes' to the notification window asking [Do you want to evolve into a half-god?] only to suddenly stop. It was because he glimpsed the disappointment in Chiyou's face watching him.

'What?'

So far, Chiyou had been strangely favorable to him. The gentle gaze resembled that of his parents. Why did he suddenly feel disappointed?

"Do you have something to say?"

Grid hadn't reached this place for nothing. He might not be able to read other people, but Grid could understand a NPC's heart.

Chiyou raised his head, but sidestepped answering the question about evolving into a half-god. "It isn't something for me to say."

'What is this timing?'

Grid's face distorted. He was frustrated because Chiyou didn't speak despite knowing something important.

'...Wait.'

Chiyou's expression had stiffened from the time he achieved level five in divinity, in other words, the time he got the half-god qualification.

'Is he reluctant for me to become a half-god?'

Why? Was it because he didn't want a human to be a god? No, that wasn't Chiyou's personality. Chiyou was born from human beings so he cherished humans. It was why in the past, Chiyou appeared and helped Pagma.

'Don't tell me?'

Grid thought about it. The 'transcendent status' that came from being a transcendent. The reason Grid was classified as a transcendent was because he exceeded human limits. However, the moment Grid became a half-god, he would become ordinary among half-gods. The reference point was shifted from a human to a half-god, and the distance to 'transcendence' became further.

“Will I lose my transcendence if I become a half-god?”

‘Becoming a half-god?’

This was a question that couldn’t be asked from the perspective of a third party. The wide-eyed Zibal was confused, but Chiyou quickly understood it. “That’s right.”

“.....!” Grid felt dizzy. It felt like he had been hit in the back of his head.

The grandmaster spoke as Grid was feeling hesitant, “A half-god is better than a transcendent.”

He could say this because he was the grandmaster. His body sealed in the Abyss was a half-god, while the one standing in front of Grid was a transcendent. The grandmaster had experienced both being a half-god and a transcendent, so he knew the abilities of a half-god were superior to that of a transcendent.

“Just...” The grandmaster grasped Grid’s hand and raised it up as he continued, “A transcendent’s potential is greater.”

“.....”

The grandmaster word’s that a half-god was better than a transcendent comforted Grid. Then the latter words made him confused. A half-god was the springboard to becoming a god. If the first class advancement was a half-god then the second class advancement was a god. Yet the potential of a transcendent was better than a half-god?

“It is because it is a transcendent, not a god, that can kill a god.”

“.....!!”

God Killer—one of the final evolutionary forms of a transcendent.

The grandmaster dreamed about getting revenge on the gods and he honestly confessed his feelings, “I want you to be human.”

Meanwhile, Chiyou was silent. Chiyou had always dreamed of being killed and wanted Grid to remain a transcendent rather than becoming a half-god. Even so, he had no intention of intervening in the fate of one person due to his own individual desires. Chiyou had no cause unlike the grandmaster who wanted to resurrect the seven good people and lead the world in the right direction.

“.....”

Grid was silent. His face at sunset was as dark as the clouds.

The grandmaster, Chiyou, and the yangbans held their breaths. Just then, Zibal opened his mouth, “A god... can’t you become one as a human?”

“.....!”

Zibal’s perspective was different from everyone here. It was because he was a player. He experienced firsthand how difficult it was to be a supreme player.

“I don’t know anything, but... do you want to become a god? Then can’t you kill a god and become a god?”

Grid was currently disguised as Irene. Just like the grandmaster recognized Grid, Zibal was also aware of Grid’s identity. After Chiyou’s Test, Irene’s speech and actions were very similar to Grid. That’s right—in critical moments, Grid forgot that he had to act as Irene. He might’ve lost vigilance because he achieved his purpose of gaining divinity for Irene.

“You...”

Grid was flustered when he noticed the change in Zibal’s tone and attitude toward him. However, Zibal ignored it. He just said what he wanted to say, “You should be able to do it?”

“.....”

“You are the supreme one.”

“.....!”

How many people in the world could reach and maintain the peak of two billion players? There was only one person, Grid. Therefore, he was the supreme one. Putting aside his likes or dislikes, Zibal believed in Grid’s strength. Even the grandmaster and Chiyou appreciated Grid more than expected.

In the end...

“...I have decided.”

[Do you want to evolve into a half-god?]

Grid was asked about his future fate and responded with confidence, “It’s fine, I won’t do it.”

Grid didn’t miss the essence. The main reason he declared himself a god through the epics was to stop the yangbans and Five Seniors, not to enjoy any benefits. His purpose wasn’t to be a god himself. It was to be a God Killer. Then at some point, he had forgotten this fact.

The notification window responded.

[You have refused to be a half-god.]

[The reward for achieving level five in divinity will be changed.]

[Your transcendent status has increased significantly.]

[In the future, you will see a world different from others.]

“Welcome.”

The rarely smiling grandmaster couldn’t help launching an attack. His punches and kicks were like a flash in Zibal’s eyes. However, Grid managed to respond to the grandmaster’s attack. The nose that should’ve been crushed ended up as a cut cheek and the original situation where his knee should’ve been shattered was used for a counterattack.

The world as seen by a transcendent—the world that he indirectly experienced during the confrontation between Chreshler and Pagma was now opened up to Grid.

[There are no attacks that you won't recognize.]

[In the future, you can resist critical hits without exposing your weaknesses.]

True transcendence—only a few dozen people had reached it in this game's worldview, and Grid set foot in this absolute level.

[Chapter 1303](#)

The two men's battle stopped only after Grid's hand blocked the grandmaster's elbow that fell at a sharp angle. All sorts of shockwaves occurred belatedly. At the same time, the shockwaves shook people and the peach trees.

"W-What?"

Zibal and the Neo Red Knights looked like they had seen a ghost and stepped back. They were surprised to discover that Grid and the grandmaster who disappeared had actually exchanged blows.

"Gulp." The yangbans gulped. They tried to keep calm and maintain their dignity, but they were astonished.

The person who was more surprised than anyone else was Grid. "Gasp...Gasp... T-This..."

Grid hadn't forgotten the fierce battle between Chreshler and Pagma. Chreshler had exercised infinite divine power with his faith. His skill in summoning hundreds of spears of light simultaneously and firing them in dozens or hundreds of different orbits was a great power and a miracle. Pagma's body would be pierced and he would die instantly. At least, it would be like that if it was Grid.

However, Pagma completed two fused sword dances. The hundreds of light spears were accurately captured using his absurd dynamic vision. He set everything as a 'target' for Flower and returned the massive bombardment to Chreshler intact. It happened in the blink of an eye.

A world where time had stopped. Grid had indirectly experienced the world 'in the eyes of a transcendent' through Chreshler and Pagma, who shared dozens of blows before the debris caused by the explosion was affected by gravity. Then he realized how shabby he himself was. Then today...

"Gasp... Gasp..."

Grid himself entered the world of a transcendent. It was only for a moment and his breathing was completely rough afterwards, but he was very happy and excited. Betrayal and infighting, opposition and war, high ranking great demons and dragons, unrevealed transcendents and heavenly gods...

He felt freed from all the concepts he had subconsciously feared. Grid was clearly aware that he had become a being that transcended all concepts in the world.

"Hat...! Hahahat! Hahahahat!"

He hadn't felt this much accomplishment when making his first legendary item. Chiyou approached the extremely happy Grid and handed him a small wooden box. "You deserve to receive this."

[The 'Martial God's Secret Technique' has been acquired as a first place reward.]

"This...!"

"Mir had received it!"

The yangbans were in great turmoil. It was because Mir was the only one who had been given a secret technique by Chiyou. The second protagonist of the secret technique was a human. Something unimaginable had happened.

'The secret technique of the martial god...'

Grid was one of the few people familiar with the secret techniques of the martial god. A skill book created by the martial god. Once used, a skill of a random rating was acquired. It wasn't a common skill, regardless of whether the rating was low or high. Most of the skills of the martial god boasted excellent power or utility. Of course, the martial god mentioned here was Zeratul. However, Chiyou was the martial god who handed him the secret technique...

'Sure enough, Chiyou...'

Martial God Chiyou in the east and Martial God Zeratul in the west. Who was the stronger martial god? Whose secret technique was better? The curious Grid opened the wooden box and tried to appraise the Martial God's Secret Technique.

'Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal.'

[You have failed to observe the targeted item.]

"Keuk?!"

Grid felt severe pain from his eyes and groaned.

'What?'

There were occasionally some items that he failed in appraising. However, this was the first time that an appraisal failure resulted in pain. It felt like he was being punished for doing something he shouldn't have done. The grandmaster sent a voice transmission to Grid, whose eyes were bloodshot and filled with panic.

-It is taboo to touch the one god.

'One god?'

Was it another concept of the absolute god? Grid couldn't understand and whispered a question, "Can I interpret it as being on the same level as an absolute god?"

-I think it is a similar status. However, you are mistaken about something. There isn't only one absolute.

That's right—the absolute gods were Rebecca, Yatan, and Hanul. However, regarding this logic, there were two martial gods. The expression 'one god' wasn't appropriate.

"Aren't there two martial gods?"

-There is one martial god.

“.....?”

-Zeratul is just a copy of Chiyou.

“.....!!”

-Unlike Zeratul, who comes from Rebecca and can't rebel against Rebecca's power, Martial God Chiyou is unique and the only one.No one in the world can interfere with him.

“No... I don't understand.”

Grid was vaguely aware of it. Chiyou was a remarkable existence born from human aspirations unlike other gods. However, he was unique?

“Aren't the Four Auspicious Beasts also real gods derived from human aspirations? How could Chiyou be the only one when there are the Four Auspicious Beasts?”

-It is absurd to compare Chiyou to the Four Auspicious Beasts.The Four Auspicious Beasts are gods that originated from the 'humans of the east' while Chiyou is a god who comes from 'all of humanity.'

“???”

-All human beings, without dividing between the west and the east, the past and the present, are eager for strength.The Four Auspicious Beasts were born to defend the land of the east. How can they be compared to Chiyou, who is the gathering of all the martial power that humans wished for?

“.....!”

A memory flashed in the mind of the startled Grid.

“If your pledge is true, escape the eyes of the Five Seniors and leave for the western land.Then return with the qualifications of a God Killer.”

These were the words Chiyou had told Pagma in the distant past. Even today, Chiyou was obsessed with god killers.

“Born from the heart's desire of all humanity... does that mean Chiyou can never be forgotten?”

-Yes, Chiyou is immortal.He will never perish unless humanity perishes.However, humanity can never perish.The moment that Yatan or someone else destroys the world, Rebecca will immediately recreate a new world and humanity.Then Chiyou will once again be created by them.

“.....”

-Humans are the only thing that can destroy Chiyou.It is only by proving that 'human power is greater than the power of a god' that he can be denied and destroyed.This is why Chiyou is obsessed with the absolutes and the yangbans.

“Aren't the yangbans half-gods and not humans?”

-No, not necessarily.Half of the blood flowing in the yangbans is divine, while the other half is human.

“.....!”

The yangbans were not only half-gods, but they were half-god and half-human?

“They are half-human, yet they despise humans?”

-They don't know the truth. Yangbans are born with Hanul's will. How can they know the world? From my perspective, the motif of the yangbans is like the seven good people...

“...Stop, just stop.”

Grid blocked both ears. He didn't want to know much. Listening to the complicated stories made him feel uncomfortable.

‘The bottom line is that Chiyou is amazing.’

There was no need to think deeply about the yangbans. They were unconditionally enemies. There was only one thing he should be feeling right now. Just be happy. A reward given by the strongest being in the world. Its value will be immeasurable.

[Martial God's Secret Technique]

[Type: Skill Book

?????

Weight: 10]

‘...There are only question marks.’

It was a fact that it was a skill book. There was a very high chance of acquiring a high level skill. Grid stopped before using the Martial God's Secret Technique.

‘I don't know, but I should try it once...’

He checked the status of his Open Potential skill. Fortunately, it was available. Chiyou's Test was categorized as an instance dungeon and the cooldown had been reset.

‘Open Potential.’

[Please specify the skill to increase the rating.]

‘Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal.’

[The potential of Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal has been opened and the skill ‘Blacksmith's Appraisal Comparable to a God’ has been activated.]

‘That's it!’

It was a success as he hoped. Grid once again challenged appraising the secret technique.

[You have failed to observe the targeted item.]

‘Kuek, I really can't see it.’

It was unfortunate even though he expected it. Grid covered his pained eyes with his hands. It happened while Zibal and the yangbans looked at the pained Grid with surprise.

"It is a blank secret technique, so there is no need to look at it so hard." It was Chiyou's advice. The secret technique was blank?

"Blank...? There is no content?"

"Yes."

"How can it be a secret technique if there are no contents?"

Grid was frustrated. Of course, it was only internally. In front of Chiyou, Grid was infinitely polite and humble.

"This was made to fill up your deficiencies. The gaps will be naturally filled up by the secret technique."

"....."

Grid thought over Chiyou's words and nodded quietly. He noticed the identity of the secret technique and had no hesitation.

['Martial God's Secret Technique' has been acquired.]

[Contemplate your own combat power.]

[Due to enlightenment, Grid's Swordsmanship is strengthened.]

[The skill information of 'Transcend' has changed.]

[It isn't an imaginary transcendent being, but a sword dance that fully expresses yourself.]

[The skill information of 'Link' has changed.]

[It isn't a butterfly's wings flapping, but a sword dance that exudes the momentum of an absolute, stretching out like the sun.]

[The skill information of 'Kill' has changed.]

[The sword dance of punishment will be performed.]

[The skill information of 'Wave' has changed.]

.....

[The skill information of 'Pinnacle' has changed.]

.....

[The skill information of 'Restraint' has changed.]

.....

[The skill information of 'Flower' has changed.]

.....

[The skill information of 'Drop' has changed.]

.....

[The skill information of 'Revolve' has changed.]

.....

[The new sword dance 'Sky' has been learnt.]

[The 'heart' is strengthened by enlightenment.]

[The 'Meditation' skill is always active.]

['Formless Will' can be handled more skillfully.]

[When using Request to Stand With Me, the summoning request isn't issued if the target is in combat.]

[Gained enlightenment and integrated the mastery skills.]

[Weapons Mastery and Magic Mastery are merged into Grid's Combat Techniques and the level is based on the skill with the higher growth.]

[Enlightenment is gained and the advanced light elemental is liberated.]

[The advanced light elemental wants to stay with you.]

[The advanced light elemental will stand guard by your side and will judge and act on its own in the future.]

"Ah."

This was the taste of playing a game. The thrilled Grid turned red.

The time to leave the Hwan Kingdom was approaching.

A week has passed since the event started! I've already received a few submissions for the fanart portion but no fanfic yet. Are you working on your submissions?

[Chapter 1304](#)

[Grid's Swordsmanship Lv. 2]

[Swordsmanship containing the narratives of Overgeared King Grid. The enlightenment gained through the secret technique has made it even more powerful.]

Swordsmanship and magic are united, increasing physical attack power by 60%, magic attack power by 30%, critical hit probability by 70%, and critical hit attack power by 110%. All values will triple when using cooperative skills with a person you have a bond with.

* This effect is only fully applied when a sword type weapon is equipped.

* Physical attack power isn't applied when a staff or orb is equipped.

- * Damage proportional to the willpower stat will be dealt if a weapon isn't equipped.
- * Can be used without the footwork. However, the power of the sword dance will increase with every step taken. (Each additional stride will increase the damage of the sword dance by 50%, 100%, 200%, and 400%)
- * The number of fusion sword dances that can be created is ten. (7/10)
- * Every time the skill level rises, the number of fusion sword dances that can be created will increase.
- * You can also create a five fusion sword dance. However, the number of five fusion sword dances created is proportional to the level of divinity.
- ★ Whenever a sword dance is used, one of Braham's enhanced spells will be revealed.
- ★ The spells that are expressed are limited to basic spells and each sword dance has a different spell.
- ★ In the case of a fusion sword dance, several spells are overlapped.
- ★ Mana is consumed so you can activate/deactivate it.

Currently activated.]

[Transcend Lv. 2]

[Express yourself completely.

During the time when the sword dance is maintained, all attack power will double. Basic attacks are converted to long range attacks and magic casting speed and range are greatly increased. The probability of triggering Skin of Transcendence and Shunpo will also become 100%.

Skill Sword Energy Cost: 200

Skill Duration: 1 minute.

Skill Cooldown Time: 30 minutes.

★ Braham's Detect Force is activated when Transcend is deployed. The accuracy of all attacks and magic spells are increased significantly.

Mana Consumption: 2,500]

[Link Lv. 2]

[A sword dance that exudes the momentum of an absolute, stretching out like the sun.

Inflicts 350% physical attack power to all enemies in sight and attacks the designated target with 1,000% physical attack power a total of 20 times. Every time the designated target defends against an attack, internal damage will be inflicted and they will be weakened.

* Takes one second to cast.

* This skill isn't affected by attack speed.

* Internal wounds can't be inflicted on targets that are resistant to abnormal statuses.

Skill Sword Energy Cost: 50

Skill Cooldown Time: 2 minutes.

★Braham's Wind Cutter will be released when Link is deployed. One Wind Cutter blade is created for every second hit. The damage of each Wind Cutter blade is fixed at 7,000. There is a low probability of Wind Cutter cutting the target. The probability of the cut is affected by Wind Cutter's hit location and the target's defense. This effect applies only to the specified target.

Mana Consumption: 2,000]

[Kill Lv. 2]

[The sword dance of punishment is performed.

Deals 2,000% of your physical attack power to a single target. Once hit, the target will be given the 'bleeding' and 'despair' effects and the 'Disarm' effect will be temporarily applied. If the target's status is low, there is a normal probability of instantaneous death.

* Disarm: The item effect won't apply for one second. However, this corresponds to the item worn on the area hit by the attack.

* The bleeding, despair, and instant death effects won't apply to targets that can resist abnormal statuses.

Skill Sword Energy Cost: 100

Skill cooldown time: 10 minutes.

★Braham's Detect Force is activated when Kill is deployed. The hit rate of Kill will greatly increase.

Mana Consumption: 1,000]

[Wave Lv. 2]

[It causes a tsunami of sword energy that stirs up the heavens and earth.

Pulls all enemies in a radius of 10 meters to your side, dealing 400% physical attack power and slowing down all speeds by 70%. It also has a high probability of causing them to 'lose balance.'

* A target that resists abnormal statuses will only have a 30% reduction in movement speed.

* If a target blocks it, the 'violent shockwave' effect will occur and the defense effect is ignored.

* There is a high probability of causing flying objects to fall and deals more damage when falling.

Skill Sword Energy Cost: 100

Skill cooldown time: 2 minutes.

★ Braham's Shield will wrap around the caster's body when Wave is deployed. The Braham-style shield will absorb 20,000 basic damage and absorb additional damage equal to the user's intelligence value. During the time when the shield is maintained, the caster's defense is increased by 500.

Mana Consumption: 800]

[Pinnacle Lv. 2]

[Reproduces the attack of the Martial God, Chiyou.

Deals 2,500% of your physical attack power to a single target. This skill will ignore 70% of the target's defense and unconditionally cause a critical hit.

* The critical hit effect won't apply to targets that can resist abnormal statuses.

Skill Sword Energy Cost: 80

Skill Cooldown Time: 10 minutes.

★ Braham's Weapon Enchant will activate when Pinnacle is deployed. The weapon's attack power will increase by 60%. This effect will disappear with the end of the sword dance.]

[Restraint Lv. 2]

[Dominate the surroundings with the solemn and stirring sword dance.

Nobody can approach you for 5 seconds. Low status targets had a high probability of falling into fear.

The targets in the fear state will have their defense reduced and won't be able to move.

* A target that resists abnormal statuses has a low probability of being stopped for 0.1 to 0.3 seconds.

* Not applicable to the undead.

Skill Cooldown Time: 5 minutes.

★ Braham's Grease is activated when Restraint is deployed. The range of Grease is the same as Restraint and the deployment time is equal to the duration of Restraint. Since the friction coefficient of the ground in contact with Great will disappear, the target must slip. However, this effect is limited to when the target is standing on the ground.

Mana Consumption: 2,000]

[Flower Lv. 2]

[A sword dance depicting fallen petals that show fleetingness.

During the sword dance, all enemies (or skills) visible in your field of view are recognized as 'targets' and a 'mark' is left.

Launches a sword energy that deals 80% physical attack power + 30% magic attack power to 'marked' targets.

* Two sword energies will be produced per mark.

* Every time the target is hit, an additional mark will be left. A maximum of six marks can be stacked up.

* The duration of the mark is 11 seconds and this duration is updated every time a new mark is left within these 11 seconds.

*If the target is a skill, there is a normal probability of it being offset.

Skill Sword Energy Cost: 60

Skill cooldown time: 2 minutes.

★Braham's Lightning will occur when Flower is deployed. A target branded with the mark will have a low probability of being electrocuted and receiving 5,000 damage. During the electric shock, their body will be paralyzed.

Mana Consumption: 1,000]

[Drop Lv. 2]

[A sword dance that is reminiscent of the sky.

Declare to the world the fallen authority of the sky and prove your greatness.

Inflicts 80% physical attack power to all enemies within a 10 meters radius and there is a 60% of ignoring the enemy's status resistance to inflict the 'collapse' condition. [1] Deals an additional 600% damage to all divine beings.

Enters the 'Transcend' state for three seconds after it is used and doesn't share Transcend's cooldown time.

* There is a high probability of causing flying objects to fall and deals more damage when falling.

Skill Sword Energy Cost: 80

Skill Cooldown Time: 5 minutes.

★ Braham's Fire will be released when Drop is deployed. Flames will spread within the range of Drop and deal 5,000 damage and three seconds of burn damage.

Mana Consumption: 1,000]

[Revolve Lv. 2]

[A storm that swallows up everything is contained in the tip of the sword.

During the casting, it will return all attacks with 120% of the power. Targets hit by the counterattack will expose their weak points and take more damage the next time they are hit.

*Lasts for three seconds and can be deactivated to use other skills during this time.

Skill Sword Energy Cost: 50

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 minute and 30 seconds.

★ Braham's Shield will wrap around the caster's body when deploying Revolve.

Mana Consumption: 800]

[Sky Lv. MAX]

[Perform a sword dance that announces the birth of a new sky.

Divinity will automatically activate and the Transcend state will be entered. Then every sword dance learned will be aimed at a designated target. At this time, Divinity and the sword dances aren't affected by the cooldown time.

* If the designated target is a god, dragon or great demon, their combat-related stats will decrease every time a sword dance hits.

* Each time the target is hit with one sword dance, the power of the next sword dance will slightly increase.

★You will gain the attention of the gods when using this skill.

Skill Sword Energy Cost: 50% of the maximum sword energy

Skill Cooldown Time: 12 hours.]

“.....”

Sword Saint Biban had denied the sword dances. He evaluated that a sword dance based on a particular ritual, not combat, couldn't be better than swordsmanship. Wouldn't this change his mind?

Grid's heart started beating faster as he demonstrated the new sword dance toward empty air. As Grid grew, his developed Grid's Swordsmanship gained a form comparable to any swordsmanship. It was while keeping the essence of the sword dances.

'One day, it will be like the Undefeated King's swordsmanship...'

It would be a sword dance that no one could touch. Grid smiled as he confirmed that creating the five fusion sword dances was possible.

Jingle.

“There were many things lacking so it filled in more spaces.” Chiyou's voice was heard along with the sound of bells, but it gradually faded. “Your potential is great because you haven't hid or turned away from your own shortcomings.”

Jingle...

The vision of Grid and the grandmaster's group dimmed. The reason they visited the Hwan Kingdom was to meet with the Five Seniors and their business was over. Chiyou had no intention of holding onto the guests.

'It is difficult because the Five Seniors are greedy.'

“.....”

At the huge peach tree forest...

Zibal returned to the human world and looked up at the sky blankly. ‘We were there just a moment ago...’

The heavens high in the sky. It was the place where the gods worshipped by countless humans lived. There, Zibal had been constantly overwhelmed. He watched the conversation between the gods like an unnamed extra. He thought it was natural. What type of influence could a player exert at a gathering of the world’s protagonists?

Zibal considered it a great benefit and blessing just witnessing an episode that was central to the worldview. He believed that the information obtained today would serve as the foundation for an important quest that would occur in the future and was satisfied.

On the other hand, that woman... no, Grid, was different. He was a protagonist even in the world of the gods. It meant that the quality and quantity of the episodes that Grid had intervened in far exceeded Zibal’s level.

‘I still have a long way to go. It is really far away.’

Imperial Prince Edan and Grandmaster Zikrefector—Zibal had also served as a leading role in large-scale episodes. The amount of information and influence that an average player obtained by experiencing and clearing difficult quests and episodes were truly powerful. He was confident that he was comparable to Grid in terms of being able to intervene in a story. However, this wasn’t the case at all. The gap with Grid was larger than expected.

‘...I have a reason to try harder.’

A smile spread on Zibal’s face. He was one of the best rankers who burned with more motivation in the face of frustration.

Grid woke up from the aftermath of the events and asked Zibal, “By the way, how did you figure out who I am?”

“Isn’t it natural to notice?”

“Is it natural? Even Hanul didn’t figure out my original identity...”

“It isn’t that he didn’t know,” the grandmaster interjected. He had returned to his usual relaxed form and seemed to find it bothersome to talk for long. “He just didn’t feel the need to make the distinction because it is trivial to know who you are. From Hanul’s point of view, it doesn’t matter if you are Grid or someone else. You are still the same human being.”

“.....”

“Well... it will be different after Chiyou’s Test.”

The grandmaster eventually sat down. He fell asleep and the Neo Red Knights seemed familiar with this situation as they supported him and leaned him against a tree.

Zibal scratched his head with a sad expression and suggested to Grid, "We are going back to the West Continent. We have found a passage that can move freely between continents that other people haven't discovered yet. It is very important information, but... do you want to come with us?"

It was referring to the Abyss. Intercontinental movement through the Abyss was fast and convenient compared to other previous known methods of movement. There was a disadvantage that it was full of dungeon boss monsters, but it could be tolerated if they thought about how it was part of their growth.

Grid shook his head. "No, thank you, but it isn't needed."

Zibal's intentions were clearly visible. He wanted an item in exchange for information. Grid had realized that Zibal was a decent person from the time of Edan's rebellion and he thought it was okay to sell one item to Zibal, but it was still premature.

'He needs to increase his favorable impression if he wants to pay for it.'

"Eh? Y-Yes..."

Grid refused this type of high level information? Zibal was flustered by Grid's refusal. He didn't know who easily Grid could move between continents. The gap between the two of them was much larger than Zibal thought.

'Was Piaro successful?'

After saying goodbye to the grandmaster's group, Grid activated Transcend and freely used Shunpo to travel to Xing. He was still a bit confused that he had gone through so much on the East Continent when he had only come to gain the white phosphorus wood and learn how to grow the golden walnuts.

[Chapter 1305](#)

There were wailing walls in every area. It was a field that couldn't be handled by the average level of players active in that area. Winston's Chaos Mountains was an example of such a wailing wall. Now...

"Beautiful, it is beautiful."

At the center of the East Continent was a reservoir that surrounded a huge peach tree forest. It was a place that contained the passage to Heaven and didn't easily allow people to approach, so it was called a wailing wall. It was also the worst one in the East Continent.

'Should I fight?'

The moment Grid left the forest, he encountered an immortal ghost and he rolled up the ends of his skirt. He knew it would be a tough fight, so he eliminated anything that would get in the way of his movements.

Immortal ghosts—they dreamed of becoming daoist immortals, but failed and fell. They were beings who lost their bodies and lives due to their failure and moved around as spirits. The grandmaster predicted that the reason why they inhabited the reservoir was purely the Five Seniors' intention. It didn't matter if they were daoist immortals or immortal ghosts. They were all just servants for the Five Seniors. They were chosen as a type of guard dog.

“T-The smell of flesh is very good.”

The reason they failed and became an immortal ghost was due to their ugly natures. Additionally, the spirits were driven by instinct and obsession, not reason. It meant they were all wicked. The immortal ghosts were those who showed their ugly faces without any pretenses.

“Y-You are the best among the 266 women I have eaten! Ahh! Ahhh!! I-I want to eat! Eat you right now!”

They were strong because only instincts remained. The immortal ghost deployed all the skills and swordsmanship it had honed during its life so its combat power was explosive. Even the grandmaster had pulled out Saharan’s Sword when three or more immortal ghosts appeared.

“.....”

Before visiting the Hwan Kingdom and experiencing Chiyou’s Test, Grid couldn’t fight against the immortal ghost and had to rely on the grandmaster. Grid and the grandmaster’s group were able to cross through the reservoir and reach the peach tree forest thanks to the grandmaster’s protection. However, now...

“Flower Revolve.”

Grid met an immortal ghost alone and chose to fight back without avoiding it. It was like an old painter who cut off his ears seeing an explosion of starlight and moonlight. Dozens of sword energies appeared around Grid and the world swirled. This vortex sucked up the dozens of sword energies from the immortal ghost and eliminated them.

“.....?”

Since only instincts remained, it was faithful to emotions. The flustered immortal ghost cocked its head when all the sword energies meant to hunt the human disappeared. At the same time, the momentary silence ended. The sword energies swallowed up by the vortex were returned to the immortal ghost.

It contained more destructive power and curses than before as it swept through the reservoir and flooded at the immortal ghost. The immortal ghost had launched all types of techniques at Grid and it took him only two seconds to return them with Flower Revolve. The immortal ghost quickly took out a talisman, but it couldn’t handle the counterattack. The time was too short.

“Kuoh!”

Plop!

The immortal ghost couldn’t bear the impact and floated back before falling into the reservoir. There was a great ripple as the immortal ghost sank to the bottom of the reservoir until it calmed down again. The immortal ghost wasn’t dead. The ghost submerged at the bottom of the reservoir jumped up instantly and appeared on the surface of the water. It was amazing that it could ignore the pressure of the water.

“S-Shit!”

The dark ghost emerged in the air and its swaying body was like a candle in front of the wind. Spirits were immune to physical attacks and were somewhat vulnerable to daoism. It was even its own daoism.

“Hurts! It hurts!”

The immortal ghost’s eyes were red. It recalled the pain of its former life when it failed to ascend and rushed angrily at Grid through the water. It was someone who wanted to become a sword immortal among the daoist immortals. The immortal ghost’s swordsmanship was more threatening than its daoism. Thunderbolts were created every time its sword was swung and the sky was soon covered with clouds due to the linked actions. The immortal ghost’s swordsmanship was powerful, but unreadable.

‘This is it.’

It was the swordsmanship that confused the grandmaster for a while. Grid had abandoned his spirit of challenge when he saw the swordsmanship that injured the grandmaster’s shoulder. He judged there would be no benefits if he struggled to fight these ghosts who were as powerful as yangbans, yet were classified as monsters, not bosses or NPCs.

However, this wasn’t the case anymore. The immortal ghost he had been reluctant to face now seemed like suitable prey.

“Restraint.”

“.....!”

The immortal ghost’s sword cutting at Grid’s body stopped like it was a lie. It didn’t show any signs of slowing down, perhaps because it had once aimed at becoming a daoist immortal. Even so, it was amazed by the pressure Grid gave off and briefly stiffened.

The stiffness lasted only 0.2 seconds, but this was enough. The immortal ghost’s swordsmanship was interrupted. The roaring thunderbolts and the clouds scattered and disappeared. The safe Grid linked the next sword dance in a relaxed manner.

“Wave.”

The storm-like sword energy stirred up the world. The immortal ghost’s body tilted and then it was dragged in front of Grid. It was super close. It wasn’t in the range of a sword. The sword couldn’t be swung properly at this distance.

The immortal ghost instinctively felt the danger of being hit by this sword energy and stepped back, but it was meaningless. It might be immune to the ‘all speeds are reduced’ buff and the loss of balance, but it couldn’t be free from the debuff that ‘slowed movement speed by 30%.’

Grid’s sword that moved forward was much faster than the immortal ghost’s speed of retreating.

“Pinnacle.”

It was an instant skill. This sword that reproduced the attack of the Martial God, Chiyou, was close to perfection. No matter the distance, the trajectory or circumstances, it instantly activated and cut the target.

[The target has received 1,095,000 damage.]

"!?" The immortal ghost's red eyes shook as its chest was cut. A ghost was immune to physical attacks. Originally, only the fake body was cut and there was no damage to the soul. This was the feeling of pain to the soul. Grid confirmed the pain of the panicked immortal ghost and murmured, "It is useful."

[Grid's Combat Techniques (Intermediate) Lv. 7]

[When equipped with weapons, physical attack power and magic attack power are increased by 25% and the hit rate of all attacks is increased by 7%. Additionally, magic casting time is reduced by 7%.

★You can choose to increase physical attack power or magic attack power.

★If you choose to increase physical attack power, then the magic attack power increase effect, hit rate increase effect, and casting shortening effect are deactivated. Meanwhile, physical attack power is increased by an additional 15%.

★If you choose to increase magic attack power, then the physical attack power increase effect, hit rate increase effect, and casting shortening effect are deactivated. Meanwhile, magic attack power is increased by an additional 15%.

*Current Status: Increase magic attack power.]

The most important effect of the Fire Dragon Sword was that it could convert physical attack power to fire attribute magic attack power. Grid used the power of the Fire Dragon Sword to replace physical attack power with magic attack power and was more like a magician than a swordsman.

The Pinnacle sword dance might only have physical attack power, but Grid inflicted quite a bit of damage on the immortal ghost with pure magic attack power. He also succeeded in lowering the defense of the immortal ghost with the additional effect of Pinnacle.

Of course, this was a linked blow.

"Flower."

Grid's only sword dance with magic attack power.

[The target has received 3.170,500 damage.]

They were beautiful petals that showed more power than Pinnacle. There was a decline in defense and the mark that allowed sword energy to bombard it. The immortal ghost lost its momentum and pulled out a talisman. It was a blue talisman. It was used for running away when disadvantaged. The grandmaster hadn't known the purpose of the talisman and had let an immortal ghost escape.

However, Grid was able to discover the use of the talisman thanks to the grandmaster and he couldn't miss the immortal ghost. "Transcended Link Flower."

".....!"

The immortal ghost couldn't respond. It was because Shunpo was activated the moment Transcended Link Flower was used. Grid created the petals of sword energy while taking control of the immortal ghost's rear.

“Transcendent, you...!”

“Alarm, Magic Missile.”

The flashes of light pierced the dark soul again and again and again. The soul abandoned the fake body and tried to flee, but it was swallowed up by Storm of the Fire God used by Grid and was completely destroyed.

“...Should I stay here a few more days?”

Grid had judged that it wasn't worth hunting the immortal ghosts because they were classified as normal monsters despite being as strong as yangbans. He needed too much effort to hunt one, but wouldn't receive a lot of experience in return. He thought that the profit compared to the expenditure wasn't worth it. He thought it would be much more beneficial to fight the yangbans and gain the breaths of the Four Auspicious Beasts than to fight the immortal ghosts.

However, his thoughts changed at this moment. Grid had become stronger and the immortal ghosts were no longer burdensome opponents.

“Let's stay a few more days.”

In the end, Grid made up his mind to embark on a fierce hunt before returning. The immortal ghosts rarely dropped items, but they were so strong and special that they gave a lot of experience. He gained a huge 2.1% experience from just killing one...

The smile on Grid's face never disappeared as he stayed at this place that was called the wailing wall by others.

‘I'm so excited.’

For the first time in ages, he was immersed in hunting. The high experience meant he could train the Overgeared Skeletons, Noe, and Randy at the same time. Therefore, he could only feel happy.

‘I didn't know so much time had passed.’

He stayed in the reservoir for three days. It turned out to be hard to find the immortal ghosts. Due to the setting of ‘those who failed to become daoist immortals,’ the number was small and the respawn rate was terrible.

“I should hurry back before Piaro worries.”

He didn't want to leave because there was no more prey to hunt. It was because he was worried about Piaro. Grid expressed his feelings to Noe and climbed onto Overgeared Corn's back. All his ‘Transcend’ related skills were on cooldown and he had consumed a lot of stamina. Rather than relying on the uncertain Shunpo when weary, it was much better to use Overgeared Corn as a ride.

“Let's go.”

Hihing!

Overgeared Corn replied energetically. His eyes were curved like crescent moons. Grid, in the form of Irene, brightened his heart.

“Ah, that’s right. I don’t need this anymore.”

[Berith’s Skin Mask has been taken off.]

Hihing!

Overgeared Corn suddenly lost energy and cried out, but Grid ignored it.

“Ahh! What can I do?”

The Xing King had been unable to sleep for three days. The Overgeared Queen should’ve returned in four days at the latest. The Xing King was worried because there had been no news from her. He wondered if she had been abused by the wicked yangbans and bad thoughts kept popping up. It was natural to worry about the well-being of his benefactor.

“Gather the soldiers right away.”

In the end, the Xing king couldn’t bear it. A tremendous 10,000 soldiers. All the soldiers of the capital were assigned to search for the Overgeared Queen. He intended to find her as soon as possible because the Overgeared Queen could be in a situation where she was severely injured. The soldiers had just received orders to begin their journey when a voice was heard.

“Her Majesty hasn’t returned yet?” Piaro returned to the royal palace after being stuck in the walnut forest for over a week. Prior to being a farmer, he was the great general of the Overgeared Kingdom.

The Xing King and his officials nervously expected the great general to be angry, but unexpectedly, Piaro was calm.

“I’m looking forward to it.” Rather, Piaro was happy. He was smiling so brightly when there was no news of his queen?

‘Is it a false loyalty?’

The Xing King was having doubts when Piaro spoke meaningful words, “Her Majesty will have become stronger.”

“.....?”

The Overgeared Queen left for a short visit to the Hwan Kingdom. She hadn’t left for training purposes. Yet she would become stronger?

It happened when the confused Xing King was shaking his head...

Clang!

The teacup in Piaro’s hand shattered.

“.....?”

The surprised Xing King looked at Piaro's hand and his large hand shook. What happened?

Chill.

The Xing King was having doubts when he felt it. He was able to clearly sense the strong since he had seen the yangbans from his childhood. This terrifying energy was gradually getting closer to the great hall.

'W-Who is it? Who is this monster?'

A monster reminiscent to Garam among the yangbans. The probability of a being with such terrifying energy being human was extremely low.

'Don't tell me?'

Had the black tortoise's protection weakened? Would this kingdom be invaded by the yangbans again? The Xing King was terrified and frustrated.

"I greet My Liege!" Just then, Piaro rose from his seat and bowed to the entrance of the great hall. The person who entered was...

"It has been a while, Piaro."

It was Overgeared King Grid whom the Xing King had only seen a portrait of. The Xing king was thrilled to see he boasted a far more powerful presence than the Overgeared Queen, who he had thought was the real power of the Overgeared Kingdom. He had seen many people who were worse than the rumors, but it was the first time he saw a person who was more than the rumors.

[Chapter 1306](#)

The black tortoise was resurrected and the false myths were removed. The people rejoiced and prayed, and then the god said that he had received help from a human—the Overgeared King, who punished the fake gods that deceived the people and polluted the land.

'...I thought it was an exaggeration.'

The king of a nation and a warrior—one of the Xing King's identities was that of a warrior, and the senses he polished for decades were extremely sharp and delicate. Moreover, he witnessed the yangbans since childhood and it was safe to say his ability to sense the strong was at a transcendent level. For example, him...

'It wasn't an exaggeration. This person... no, he is real.'

He shook the moment he saw Grid. A human being who harmed the yangbans who ruled humanity with natural strength and force...

The Xing King discovered that such an unbelievable achievement was actually the truth. "The Overgeared King."

Step.

The Xing King came down from the throne and approached Grid. He bowed deeply under the attention of his officials and warriors who served him as the supreme one. "It is the highest honor. An infinite honor."

".....!"

There was a commotion among the officials. The appearance of the golden robe embroidered with the black tortoise being dragged on the ground and crumpled was a sight that the people of Xing couldn't imagine.

"Since Your Majesty resurrected God Black Tortoise, peace and stability was restored to Xing."

No matter if they were a king over 10,000 people or a king over tens of millions of people, they should be equal. Once thinking of their subjects, they shouldn't regard another king as an elder. The Xing King believed so. He might've received great grace from the Overgeared King, but he had no intention of bending down. He didn't want to undermine the pride of the people and he would repay grace with grace.

However, his mind changed the moment he actually met the Overgeared King. They were both kings, but they had a different status. Bowing down to this person wasn't an act that would shame the people. He didn't need to feel guilty to the people. This was just pure respect. It was because this was their savior.

"Raise your head."

The Xing King didn't know it, but Grid had spent several days with him in the form of Irene, and Grid got a grasp of the Xing King's personality and essence. He was a man of reason who knew the right path to follow and didn't forget grace. He strove to be a proud king to the people. Yet such a person was bowing in front of everyone?

Grid didn't want this. It was easy to understand when thinking of it from a different perspective. Would the members of the Overgeared Guild be happy to see Grid kneel to others? It would be hard to tolerate. The more people who believed that Grid was the best, the more people there were aiming at Grid. Grid knew this and hurried to raise the Xing King, but the king didn't look up.

"I am a sinner. Not only was I able to repay my benefactor's favor, but I also let you worry. I really can't raise my head."

"Worry?"

"The queen... the Overgeared Queen is missing."

"Ah." Grid's expression changed and he started sweating. He should've used Irene's face, but his thoughts were lacking, causing the Xing King to be in a dilemma.

'I made a mistake.'

Grid rebuked himself and coughed a few times. "My wife went home... Hum hum, she went back to our home kingdom."

“Is that true? Crossing the Red Sea was impossible until only a few years ago and it definitely isn’t easy...”

“One of my friends is a resourceful sage. Thanks to his help, intercontinental travel isn’t very difficult.”

“I see...”

Calling a servant a friend?

‘I think I know what type of person he is. I also have to imitate it.’

The Xing King smiled happily and never dreamt of the reality of the Overgeared King who used his friend as a movement vehicle.

‘Fortunately, Lord resembles Irene.’

After living in Irene’s form for a while, Grid returned to his real form and realized how important a person’s appearance was.

‘I don’t think the drinking capacity of most of them is one bottle...’

Every time Grid attended a party or dinner in Irene’s form, all of Xing’s officials would drink at least three bottles of wine. Yet at Grid’s welcoming party today, forget three bottles. Most of the officials couldn’t even drink one bottle. It was like they couldn’t drink. Even the king’s young sons distanced themselves like teenagers in the rebellious period. The guys who kept bothering Irene didn’t give Grid a single glance.

“In any case, her appearance is the best.”

“.....”

Grid shook his head and Piaro looked at him like it was absurd.

‘You don’t know why the princes of Xing and the officials are so nervous?’

Grid returned after a few days and had become an absolute powerhouse.

The previous Grid had shown a great presence as a ‘strong man who is a legend,’ but something was different now—he seemed like a being one couldn’t get close to, no, an untouchable existence, so much so that even Piaro’s feeling of ‘I want to compete and try out my skills’ was suppressed.

This feeling was similar to...

‘A god.’

No, this was too much even if he looked at his king with blinded eyes. Piaro shook his head with a smile. Then Grid asked him, “Did you find a way to grow the golden walnuts?”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

He would still be in the forest researching if he hadn’t found a way. Grid’s face brightened as Piaro told him the good news.

“In the future, our people will be able to eat the golden walnuts.”

The golden walnuts were a health food before they were an elixir. NPCs that constantly consumed the golden walnuts didn't only increase their stats. Their health and life expectancy also increased. Piaro honestly confessed to the genuinely pleased Grid, “The Overgeared Kingdom is too hot in the west and too cold in the north. The Yatan Church's headquarters was located in the far east so the land and air are polluted.”

The golden walnuts were sensitive to climate and soil so it was difficult to grow them in large quantities.

“The only place in the Overgeared Kingdom where the golden walnuts can be grown is Cokro[1] Island. Even on Cokro Island, it can't be grown near the dungeon where Hell Gao's heat remains. It can only be grown in limited areas.”

“How many trees can be planted?”

Grid asked and Piaro replied immediately. “500 trees.”

“It is still a long way to securing a large amount of golden walnuts...”

He saw it when visiting the golden walnut forest that the golden walnuts weren't grown easily. The number of golden walnuts that could be collected from 100 trees averaged to 10 a year. It was difficult to obtain the golden walnuts even in the Xing Kingdom, the origin of the golden walnuts. Grid tried not to show his disappointment and Piaro smiled at him.

“Don't worry too much. I will somehow change the environment in the east of the kingdom so we can plant more golden walnut trees.”

It didn't matter if it took years or even decades. His efforts were bound to come to fruition. Grid gained hope from Piaro's assertion and nodded.

“I feel reassured thanks to you. Okay, then let's go home.”

The purpose of visiting the East Continent was achieved. He secured the white phosphorus wood, the method of growing golden walnuts, and formed a blood alliance with Xing. The Xing King even said that he hoped that Grid would treat him as a brother.

‘I really gained a lot.’

In particular, he was lucky to have visited the Hwan Kingdom. Not only did he raise Irene's deity stat more easily than expected, he also became stronger. He gained a deeper understanding of the worldview and gained a strong ally in the grandmaster.

He wanted to see Irene quickly. He wanted to share his joy with Irene, who would be healthy and young.

The eager Grid left and the Xing King started to build a new shrine next to the one dedicated to the black tortoise.

Baal's Contractor—it was the highest level of combat class that inherited some of Pagma's Swordsmanship due to him being the previous Baal's Contractor. Additionally, it was the king of the dead with a dominance beyond that of necromancers'.

Hidden quests were directly supplied by Baal, the 1st great demon, one of the strongest beings in the world. This meant the growth potential was infinite. If Agnus' purpose was to be 'strong' in itself, then the player in the highest position would naturally be Agnus.

It had to be so. The role of Baal's Contractor was that of a pure villain. Baal's Contractor was alone against the world, so it was designed to slaughter hundreds or thousands of people alone. The growth rate was so fast that it was normal to be reborn before the Sword Saint's 'heart' had revealed its true potential. One of the events of the National Competition, the 'Demon King's Subjugation' was actually based on one of the aspects that Agnus should've shown on the main server.

"This is why Grid looks like Baal's Contractor."

The S.A Group sighed deeply when Grid visited the Hwan Kingdom and they saw his rapid growth. They weren't objecting to the fact that Grid had become stronger. They were dissatisfied that Agnus hadn't fully blossomed his class's potential while Grid transcended the limits of his class several times and became an unrivaled existence.

Agnus had actually lost to Jishuka. Agnus should've smashed the Cho Kingdom and Jishuka, yet he was defeated. This was a great shock to the S.A Group. At this rate, the intention behind creating the Baal's Contractor class would be lost. Thus, they were worried about the future of the game.

"Due to Agnus, several episodes weren't born and the Yatan Church is on the verge of destruction. The operations and development teams predict that the crisis will only be resolved if Baal accepts a new contractor."

"That would be best. Didn't Agnus turn down most of Baal's quests in the first place? That's why his assimilation rate is low and there isn't much power when possessing the body. I think Baal would also be dissatisfied with Agnus."

"...Yet surprisingly, Baal likes Agnus."

"He likes a disobedient person who doesn't listen?"

"It is because it is all a joke to Baal. He is having fun watching Agnus' choices and actions."

"What does that mean...? Then he won't pick a new Baal's Contractor?"

"At this moment, Baal doesn't want to."

"....."

The meeting room was filled with a sorrowful atmosphere. They were worried that if the 'legend attack strategy' recently discovered by some high rankers were known to the world, then Agnus would become a punching bag for others.

In the early days of Satisfy, Agnus was filled with pure malice and carried out reckless PK, igniting the resentment of many people. If Agnus really became a punching bag then Baal's Contractor might not be able to recover.

In the midst of the worries, Yoon Sangmin opened his mouth, "The reason Agnus hasn't grown is that first, he didn't communicate with Baal. Second, he wasn't obsessed with leveling. Third, he didn't avoid death. He played the game very roughly. That's it."

In particular, he used his deceased creation skill in such an absurd manner. Agnus wasn't interested in the game despite being a top ranked player.

"However, I think it will be different in the future."

Director Yoon Sangmin's mouth curved up in a smile as he brought up the holographic report that had just arrived from the head of the operations team. "There is a record that Agnus fled as soon as he confirmed that his health was getting dangerous during battle."

".....!!"

Anyone who felt danger of death during battle was bound to escape. Running away was the right answer. The penalty that occurred due to death was 'a loss of a huge amount of time.' Everyone was afraid of death because the experience they spent days accumulating was lost in a moment.

Agnus responded in the same way. This was great evidence that Agnus had decided to focus on the game.

"I'm sure he will start interacting with Baal soon. I'm already looking forward to the new deceased that Agnus will create."

He might be threatened by the strongest in an individual battle, but he was invincible in a war. This was Baal's Contractor. If Baal's Contractor had done his job well in the first place, the Yatan Church wouldn't be at risk of destruction. As long as Agnus was in good spirits, the balance would surely be maintained.

The faces of the S.A Group executives brightened.

On the other hand, Chairman Lim Cheolho, who had been silent throughout the meeting, still had a dark expression on his face.

'Now there is only one left.'

Sword Saint—it was a class that had a slow growth rate and relied heavily on Formless Will. It was the class that was most affected by talent because the player needed to create combat skills themselves. The difficulty of growth was very high, but the potential was the best. Therefore, Chairman Lim Cheolho had felt great joy and anticipation when Kraugel became the Sword Saint.

However, Kraugel's recent appearance shattered Chairman Lim Cheolho's expectations. There was no ranker who wasn't stubborn, but talking about 'my own swordsmanship' and ignoring the secret techniques of the former Sword Saints...

At this point, it wasn't stubbornness. It was ego.

'Even that Agnus has changed. Now it is time for you to give up your ego too.'

This was what Chairman Lim Cheolho wanted.

"....."

In the video, Kraugel once again didn't learn the new secret technique of Muller that he acquired. The executives seemed to expect it and didn't show any interest in Kraugel. Chairman Lim Cheolho sighed. However, even Chairman Lim Cheolho couldn't imagine it.

The fact that Kraugel's actions were scratching at Biban's pride.

[Chapter 1307](#)

Duguen!

'Irene!'

Duguen!

'Irene! Irene! Irene!'

Grid's heart was exploding as he ran to the palace. The image of Irene in a pure white wedding dress was fluttering before his eyes. He imagined how happy Irene would be to regain her youth and tears filled his eyes.

"Wife!"

He even used Shunpo because he wanted to quickly see Irene's smiling face. Grid arrived at the palace without the knights knowing it and opened the door to Irene's bedroom.

"Wife...?" Grid was baffled. Irene was sitting in front of the mirror with her head lowered. She seemed to be crying.

"Y-Your Majesty? You're back." Irene belatedly noticed Grid's arrival and rose from her seat in a startled manner. Her long silver hair was covering her small face.

Grid wondered, "Are you crying? What happened?"

Irene didn't raise her head to the end and Grid was filled with an unknown anxiety as he reached out to her. However, Irene avoided his touch.

"What is it? Why aren't you showing your face?"

Perhaps... had something gone wrong? All sorts of sinister thoughts struck Grid.

"I... I..." Irene's trembling voice was heard in the heavy air. She raised her head with difficulty and her face was just as young and beautiful as the day when she first met Grid. The small wrinkles around her eyes and mouth had disappeared without a trace and the slightly dry skin gradually became shiny. Only the eyes that were deep from the passage of time were the same.

It was fortunate. Fortunately, there was no problem. Rather, his wish was fulfilled. Grid was happy after feeling that he had lost 10 years. Then Irene's trembling voice penetrated him.

“My face changed like this one overnight. I... am I a monster?”

“.....!!”

Grid belatedly realized why Irene was terrified. The unexpected reaction caused Grid to hug Irene’s small body.

“You aren’t a monster or a freak. Rejuvenation is a blessing to rejoice about. Why are you worried?”

“...Your Majesty, do you know what happened?”

“That...”

Grid started to explain. First of all, he talked about the concept of divinity and proudly laid out the saga of how he tried to build up Irene’s divinity. Irene listened silently and her expression gradually darkened. Intense emotions were swirling around in her deep eyes.

“Wife?” Grid had thought Irene would be happy so he was flustered when she showed a different expression.

Irene’s tightly closed lips slowly opened, “How... how can you do this without saying anything to me...?”

“It was a surprise event in the hope that your joy would double...”

“Please leave.”

“Huh?”

“I want to be alone.”

“W-Wife?”

Irene didn’t do any special training. She might’ve gained divinity, but her physical abilities were only slightly better than ordinary people. However, Grid couldn’t remove her small hands. He was pushed out of the room and stared blankly at the firmly closed door.

“W-What is this?”

“Why are the two people who are so in love...”

“The queen is probably dissatisfied due to His Majesty’s frequent outings.”

Rumors started to circulate around the royal palace about the relationship between Grid and Irene. In the three days after Grid returned, Irene hadn’t gone out and they had separate meals. Therefore, there must be a problem between the two people.

“Your Majesty.”

“.....”

“Your Majesty!”

“Uh, yes?”

Like a soulless doll, Grid turned his head to the side as he ate. He could see Lael's glaring eyes.

"When did you arrive?"

"I have been standing beside you for a while. How long are you going to lose your soul?"

Grid never wasted time. Every day, he worked hard blacksmithing or hunting. Then he came back and took care of the king's duties while his stamina was recovering. He didn't even set aside time for meals unless he had an appointment with Irene or Lord. Such a man had wandered the palace without doing anything for three days. Not only did he stay away from the smithy and hunting grounds, he seemed to have erased from his memory the habit of making underwear.

"It is a pity that someone who knows better than anyone that time is more valuable than gold is wasting this time. Even Prince Lord is unable to concentrate on classes these days because he is worried about Your Majesty."

"Irene? Is Irene worried?"

"I couldn't meet her because she didn't give me permission... maybe she is worried?"

"Hah..."

"Stop sighing. The people are agitated."

"Why... why is Irene angry?"

Lael was the number one contributor for the current Overgeared Kingdom. He was considered one of the best geniuses in the world. Grid hoped that Lael could analyze and resolve the situation. However, Lael didn't know a woman's heart. He had a genius brain and a handsome appearance, but he devoted himself to Satisfy all day. There was no time for love and no opportunity to learn about the hearts of women. However, Lael was the author of the 'Female NPCs Strategy' and he was always confident.

"The reason why she is angry is simple."

He might've never been in a relationship, but there was nothing in the world that he didn't know...

Lael analyzed Irene's psychological state. "I heard Your Majesty played freely in the form of Queen Irene? From the perspective of the queen, would you feel good if the people of the East Continent remembers you as a violent, macho girl? Huh? You messed up the image of a noble person whose hobby is poetry and flower arrangements... Sigh."

"That's it!" Grid gained great enlightenment and rose from his seat. He ignored the order to stay away and ran to Irene's palace, pulling out Berith's Skin Mask.

"I'll go back to the East Continent! I will travel to the East Continent with this beautiful image and spread the word of how feminine and lovely you are..."

The excited Grid abruptly shut his mouth. Irene's cold gaze made him realize that he had misunderstood the point.

“Sigh...”

Shin Youngwoo logged out and sighed. He felt depressed. His excitement of sharing happiness with Irene, who regained her youth, had changed to depression and frustration.

“I have no appetite...”

What had gone wrong? Youngwoo ignored the signals from his empty stomach as he changed his clothes and moved to the underground parking lot. He had an important schedule for today.

Yura’s grandfather—Youngwoo was invited to the birthday feast for Chairman Lee Jinmyung. He didn’t have time to enjoy the party, but he had to go because it had been set a month ago.

“Irene...”

He had wanted to see a smiling face. It was a pity that he couldn’t see it in the end. He felt sorry that he couldn’t comfort her because he didn’t know why she was angry.

“Ireeeeene!”

The moment Youngwoo entered the highway, he stepped on the accelerator strongly and his car Thirteen let out loud exhaust sounds. It seemed to be trying to comfort Youngwoo’s heart.

“I’ve heard the news. You look very depressed.”

Before attending the party, Youngwoo first met Yura and visited a department store in order to prepare a gift for Chairman Lee Jinmyung.

“Irene... Irene won’t come out from her palace.”

Youngwoo usually didn’t bring up Irene in front of Yura. At the very least, he showed a minimum of care, but today was an exception—he was so worried about Irene that he asked Yura for advice, “I’ve worked hard to build up Irene’s divinity and restore her youth. What is the problem? Why is she angry rather than rejoicing?”

Chairman Lee Jinmyung’s taste was surprisingly very common, thus Yura chose a tie pin from a domestic brand rather than a luxury brand, and while matching it against Youngwoo, she replied, “Miss Irene has been preparing her heart for a long time.”

“Preparing her heart?”

“She was ready to leave alone.”

“.....”

“She would’ve felt lonely and scared for a long time.”

Youngwoo vaguely knew this. Irene felt loneliness and fear every time she saw herself growing old alone. It was why he pushed for this. It was to not let her leave alone. It was with the hope that she would grow old with him.

“Miss Irene would’ve been sad, but she is strong. She vowed to show you a smile on the day she left alone.”

“.....”

“Yet that determination became useless when she regained her youthfulness. It came one day without any notice. Perhaps she is confused? She is happy, but she feels that she is a fool. She wishes you had consulted with her in advance.”

“Ah...” Youngwoo finally grasped the problem. He gritted his teeth as he realized he had been lacking in consideration.

They finished shopping and returned to the car. Then Yura reached out to him who had been rebuking himself. There was a piece of chocolate she bought a while ago in her thin, white hand. “Would you like one?”

“Yes...”

The worry that lasted for a few days disappeared with this care. Youngwoo accepted the chocolate and saw that in the rearview mirror, his forehead had wrinkles.

“.....!”

Just then, Yura grabbed Youngwoo’s hand and held it tightly. Her hand was warm and soft. Yura smiled at the flustered Youngwoo. “Irene’s confusion will end. She will soon understand and appreciate your heart and will be filled with happiness. So stop worrying and wait for her to clear her mind. Now, smile.”

“...Thank you.”

When did it start? Every time they rode a car together, Yura’s left hand was always holding his hand. Youngwoo finally regained his smile after several days.

Red Sage Haster—a person with a unique class, and one of the Five Miracles. He had never missed being first place in any game and his goal was naturally to become the supreme one. He dreamed that he would one day catch up with Grid...

“Okay, it is certain with this.”

“Cough!Cough!”

He was defeated in a battle with 10 normal class players. His dying face was crushed and the faces of the high rankers were filled with joy.

“The gap between players will be narrowed. Chairman Lim Cheolho’s words are true.”

The resistance to abnormal statuses wasn’t invincible. The proof was that Haster, who resisted several abnormal statuses like any unique class player, was currently under their feet. There was clearly a way to target the abnormal status resistance and they had identified it.

“The next prey is... Yura will be the most suitable.”

The high rankers laughed as Haster turned to gray ash. Their aim was the practice of justice. Their goal was to create a fair gaming society by successively defeating the minority who were lucky enough to gain hidden classes and reigned over them.

“Let’s shoot a video of hunting Yura and spread the legend attack strategy around the world. That is our duty.”

Games were made to be enjoyed. It was a law that everyone should be equal. They must not allow a small number of people to have privileges. Wasn’t the tyranny of the few whale gamers the reason why the former mobile gaming industry declined?

“We will lead Satisfy in the right direction.”

“For the majority!”

“For the majority!”

Three weeks down and approximately a month to go until the final submission date on the 15th November. There are multiple character fanart and fanfiction entries, but only one scene fanart so far. More entries can always be used or the prizes will go to waste!

[Chapter 1308](#)

The rating of someone’s class wasn’t a measure of their strength—this notion held true just a few years ago. There was no formula that someone with a hidden class was stronger than someone with a normal class. Kraugel had a normal class when he overpowered Grid in the 2nd National Competition, and he reigned with a normal class for years. Faker, who wiped out the Ice Flower Guild, also had a normal class.

Pon, Vantner, Regas, Peak Sword, and Zednos in the Overgeared Guild all had normal classes. Among the top 10 in the unified rankings, the only one with a hidden class was Agnus.

That’s right—originally, the most important concept in Satisfy was control, not class. Satisfy was the game that people confident in their control hoped for. However, the game had long since changed. Was it because Grid’s items had developed? No, this wasn’t the fundamental problem.

The reason that the gap between normal and hidden classes was difficult to overcome with control was due the diversity of abnormal statuses skills. Think of the early days of Satisfy—at most, people possessed two or three skills that caused abnormal statuses, and ‘stun’ was the most powerful one. Over time, there was the third class advancement and more hidden classes were obtained. The type and number of skills that caused abnormal statuses increased significantly. There were too many risks to be considered in battle.

In the early days, a ranker with a normal class didn’t have a problem in PvP because they just had to increase their stun resistance and fear resistance. However, now they had to pay attention to at least 10 different types of resistances. On the other hand, a ranker with a hidden class could resist some status abnormalities, while a ranker with a legendary class, the highest rated hidden class, could resist all status abnormalities and they had few factors to worry about.

A high ranker might’ve achieved their third class advancement and achieved explosive growth, narrowing the gap with those who had a hidden class in terms of stats, but their PvP performance was

on the decline. A ranker with a normal class had to invest money in status resistance while a ranker with a hidden class saved their money and invested it in other things. Therefore, it was natural for the rankers with a hidden class to take the lead.

In other words, it became a fucking game of abnormal statuses.

‘Now there is a chance.’

The high rankers with a normal class had completed their third class advancement and adapted perfectly to their new strengths. In the current world of abnormal status conditions, they weren’t easily incapacitated because they made sufficient preparations.

Then what about the ones with a hidden class? They had resisted abnormal statuses for months or even years, and naturally developed a bad habit. They allowed themselves to be hit by skills that caused abnormal statuses without being vigilant. They learned it was more efficient to destroy the target by quickly attacking, rather than paying attention to pointless attacks being thrown at them.

Halle smiled as he recalled the expressions they all showed when their resistance was neutralized.

‘These guys need to know. The reason they have reigned isn’t because they are great. It is just that the privileges they received were great.’

Halle distrusted the concept of effort. He hated humans who placed the word ‘effort’ in their mouths. Business, sports, studying, etc. The best people in each field didn’t reach their current position because of their effort, but instead it was because of their talent and luck. It was proof that effort wasn’t exclusive to the best.

Were there any high rankers who put in less effort than the old Kraugel or the current Grid? Of course not. All the high rankers worked hard in the same way. All the rankers reduced their eating and sleeping time, only focusing on the game. They also researched the game in their everyday life.

However, Halle was limited to being stuck at 54th place on the unified rankings, and there were many people who were worse than Halle. It meant the value of their effort was different. The value of someone’s effort was determined by their talent and luck.

These were Halle’s thoughts.

The high rankers were just lucky to have better talent than other people, and among them, those who changed to a hidden class just had better luck. The world who treated them as heroes was just ignorant and pitiful.

‘They don’t know these people are a plague draining the life of the game.’

Halle bet everything on Satisfy. The ruin of Satisfy was nothing more than the ruin of his own life.

‘I can’t let those who believe in innate luck ruin the balance that is controlling my life.’

Morale would gradually become worse due to the people with a hidden class. All players would soon feel the deprivation that only high rankers felt and from then on, Satisfy’s popularity would decline. Halle wanted to save Satisfy before that happened. He would fully target the players who had a hidden

class, and spread the word to the world. He would stop the small number of people with a hidden class from reigning.

A notification window popped up in front of Halle as he strengthened his motivation.

[You have entered the territory of the Overgeared Kingdom.]

[The heat of the desert has increased fatigue.]

At the same time, the coachman spoke. "This is Reidan."

"Yes, please work hard until the end."

"I will serve you well."

A carriage pulled by camels. It was a surprisingly good ride.

Halle turned his attention back to the window and one of his party members asked him, "Will Yura really come to Reidan?"

Yura was known to spend most of her time in hell. It was because the class called Demon Slayer exerted its real power in hell. In the human world, she was weaker than other legendary classes. For this reason, Yura became a target. Unlike Jishuka, who only became a legend recently, Yura was a better hunting target.

"She will definitely come because it is the day of Nyangmong's Festival."

Nyangmong, an ID that was created by mixing a cat's crying and a dog's barking, was an ID that would make people feel that a child could do better. However, no one in the world would laugh at Nyangmong. Pet Master—he had a unique class and he was one of the backbone of the Overgeared Kingdom. He was able to establish friendly relations with all types of wild animals and monsters so thousands of people in the Overgeared Kingdom could safely travel through the rivers and mountains for economic activities. Additionally, the Wyvern Group that the Overgeared Kingdom started to operate on a trial basis a few months ago was created by Nyangmong.

"The festival has been held twice a year since Nyangmong has become the representative of the lord."

The name of the festival was Nyangmong's Festival and it was a festival where hundreds of animals and monsters marched through the city. It was very popular around the world because it was spectacular to see animals and monsters together in a procession without distinguishing between herbivores and carnivores. The number of players visiting Reidan increased by 2000% during the festival and it could be inferred that the economic value was great.

"Nyangmong's Festival has become an important festival for the Overgeared Kingdom. They have to pay attention to the security, so Yura attends every festival."

"You mean that the legendary class Yura is used as an escort? That is a real luxury."

"Luxury? Is that true? In fact, Nyangmong's Festival is more of a military parade than a festival."

"Military parade?"

“It is a military parade that shows one hidden class player can exert influence over hundreds of animals and monsters, which can serve as an army. It is a much more important festival than what is known on the surface so it isn’t a luxury to attach Yura as an escort.”

“.....!”

“Hidden class... it is poison! It is a lump of cancer that must be cut out for the peace of the world!”

“For the majority!”

“For the majority!”

Halle’s associates realized that there were two targets today, not one.

“Oh my, you’re beautiful. I don’t know who your parents are, but they have given you so much love.”

Nyangmong had heart-shaped eyes as he touched and hugged the stray cats and dogs gathered for today’s event. It took him a lot of time to show affection to hundreds of animals one by one, but it wasn’t a problem. This was why he set the festival time to the afternoon in the first place!

“Our reliable worms and bull uncles have arrived.”

He stroked the back of the giant worms that rose from the ground and surprised the soldiers. Additionally, he took off the fedora he was wearing and placed it on a minotaur’s head.

“Hahaha, now you are a gentleman.”

Grrung!Grrung!

A light flashed in the red eyes of the minotaur wearing the hat and it snorted. It looked happy.

The knights looked dazed because they couldn’t adjust to the atmosphere. Nyangmong asked them, “Is the street control going well?”

“Yes! We have thoroughly deployed soldiers to ensure the safety of the people and tourists aren’t affected!”

“What about the arrangement of food and snacks?”

“Yes! All the streets are full of food so that the cats and dogs can eat anytime and anywhere!”

“You’ve worked hard. Always pay close attention to the animals... take responsibility for the safety of the animals and people.”

“Yes! Leave it to us! We will carry out the order in the name of Nyangmong!”

In fact, Reidan’s knights and soldiers had been confused. Nyangmong was appointed as the lord’s representative soon after Zednos was appointed the new lord. However, he was neither a military officer nor a civil officer. He was just an animal loving person who cherished the street cats that harassed the merchants and the wild dogs that made children pee. They wondered if it was okay for

such a person to become the lord's representative. They questioned the choice of Prime Minister Lael for the first time.

However, the current Reidan had made great strides. The street cats helped merchants transport fish and the wild dogs protected children from monsters. The giant worms who drove the soldiers into a desperate corner due to their ferociousness became docile and the guardians of the desert. Economic activity increased as people were able to move freely around territories.

The peak of it was Nyangmong's Festival. The people were happy as they greeted the tourists who flocked to the festivities held twice per year—once in spring, and another in autumn.

'The lord of Reidan has been great from generation to generation!'

Reidan was called the second capital of the Overgeared Kingdom and the pride of the people of Reidan was great. The genealogy that went from Grid to Chris, Zednos, and Nyangmong made the people's pride even stronger. Enthusiastic knights and soldiers scattered to their respective locations to fulfill their mission while Nyangmong took care of the animals until the time for the festival arrived.

"Now, kids, let's go for a walk."

He wanted to let the whole world know these kids' beautiful and adorable appearance. He wanted everyone in the world to love these kids. Nyangmong fully combed the fur of the cats and dogs and opened the gates of the lord's castle.

"Avoid... Keuk!"

Flop!

Just then, the soldiers guarding outside the gates coughed up blood and collapsed.

'An intruder?'

They were caught off guard. The intruders took advantage of the knights and soldiers being distributed throughout the city and found it easy to break into the castle. Nyangmong's expression stiffened as an unidentified person appeared in front of him.

"I don't see Yura. It seems long-term peace has made even the Overgeared Guild careless."

Nyangmong gulped and asked, "Who are you?"

The intruder replied, "Those who have gathered their will to pull down the minority for the majority. We are revolutionaries."

"Terrorists."

"...Aren't the giant worms and minotaurs participating in the procession? They can't protect you. Now die for the cause."

Halle kicked off from the ground and aimed a kick at Nyangmong's face. He would deal one hit first and then do a spinning back kick to hit the abdomen. However, Nyangmong unexpectedly avoided his attack despite Nyangmong himself being known for having no combat ability. It was also in a breathtaking manner.

'He isn't very fast, but what are these reflexes?'

Nyangmong stared at the surprised Halle.

"I am the butler of 13 cats. Do you think a surprise attack from you will work when I have been training and dealing with the attacks of masters coming at me in the dark every day?"

"You are really talking bullshit like a dog. It doesn't matter if you die early or late. You will still die."

Halle released a fierce pressure—it was the pressure of an Asura, the third advancement class that only three people had acquired since Regas, and a class whose difficulty to acquire was classified as atrocious.

"A-Avoid it!"

The frightened Nyangmong scattered the cats and dogs by throwing food everywhere.

"Lightning Fist."

Halle's fist shot forward like a beam of light and pierced Nyangmong's chest.

[Chapter 1309](#)

Lightning Fist was the hallmark of an Asura. It was just a straight punch, but it suppressed the other person's reaction because it was too fast. Since it was fast, it boasted a high hit rate and power. It was a very suitable skill to use to electrocute the target and make a combo. Yet—

".....?"

Nyangmong barely avoided it.

"Phew, it was scary."

The defense of the armor made of pairu cloth was broken as the armor was torn. Nyangmong saved his life by avoiding the full power of Lightning Fist with one step and sighed with relief. This entered Halle's eyes and he declared, "You are really born with good luck."

The characteristic of a monster tamer class was brainwashing monsters and using them as the monster tamer's limbs. His physical ability had to be weak because he invested his stat points in leadership and charm. The only reason Halle could come up with for how Nyangmong managed to avoid Lightning Fist, one of the killing moves of an Asura, was that it was pure luck.

'Genius.'

It was the innate luck born with those who had the devil's talent. Nyangmong got a hidden class with this talent, so his future was obvious. He would become strong and mighty, and would later become one of the minority who suppressed the majority.

"You are a plague on games."

Dark magic rose like a haze around Halle's glaring eyes. It was a mixture of lightning and demonic energy. It was the moment when an Asura opened his eyes. He spread out at all angles like lightning. Halle's hands and feet left an afterglow everywhere they moved and it looked like there were dozens of

them. It was like he was the ghost of ghosts. Every place his hands moved, walls were smashed and the atmosphere was torn apart. The entire area was destroyed in an instant.

However, his target stood still. Even if Nyangmong allowed big hits, he didn't allow the linked combo and managed to survive in a tattered manner.

'Even Nyangmong is at this level?'

Halle marveled at it. In the scenario he wrote this time, Nyangmong was just an extra. He was an opponent who could be overpower by pure skills without any need for the legend attack strategy.

Nyangmong's ranking was normal, and he had no stories told about him. He might have several famous anecdotes such as strengthening the cavalry of the Overgeared Kingdom, or suppressing monster aggression, but these things were far from combat.

Even so, he was a genius among geniuses who knew how to use 'prediction.' He predicted the attack one step in advance and minimized damage. It was purely talent that filled in the gaps in his physical abilities.

"Seeing ahead and avoiding it in advance. It is a talent that only a handful of high rankers have," Halle murmured.

"Talent? It isn't that big. It is just an ability I've gained from struggling."

"Struggling...? Hahahahat! You are actually going to talk about effort?!"

The act of wrapping up innate talent as effort was one of the most disgusting things in the world. Halle, who had risen like a flash of lightning, lowered his body. In Nyangmong's eyes, he seemed to have disappeared. Halle swung his leg sideways on the ground and struck Nyangmong's shin. Then he raised his hands and hit Nyangmong's back. Nyangmong's jaw was smashed next. Halle rotated and aimed a kick at Nyangmong's face. However, Nyangmong had already crossed his arms and blocked it within a single gap.

"You are really a genius..." Halle had been going to finish it this time, but he failed again.

As Halle frowned, Nyangmong lowered his arms and spoke, "Gasp... Gasp... Cats are beasts. They are ferocious predators who can't suppress the hunting instincts imprinted on their genes. Butlers who raise cats are attacked by cats several times a day."

".....?"

"There are tens of thousands of butlers injured or suffering from waist sprains every year trying to avoid the cats flying up to hang onto their thighs, the cats that approach unnoticed and stick out their bellies, or the cat lying on the cat tower and suddenly hitting them with a paw."

"Is this true?"

"It is true in my mind, and it is highly credible. A writer I know was injured when he fell asleep in the library and an encyclopedia dropped by a cat hit his forehead. His forehead and eyes were swollen and he couldn't meet his deadline that day."

“.....??”

“I have a lot of experiences as well. The first time I served a cat as a child, I gained injuries and the scars have remained on my body for decades, starting with spraining my ankle trying to avoid stepping on a cat that suddenly approached me.”

“What are you trying to say?”

“I had no choice but to try and survive. I desperately analyzed the instincts and behavior of the cats. It is to predict and block risks in advance.”

“.....!”

“Do you understand? I’m not a genius. The reason I’m able to last this long against a strong person like you is purely the result of hard work.”

At the same time, a hole pierced Halle’s shoulder. Halle reflexively drank a potion and hid behind a wall. He turned his gaze in the direction the bullet was fired from and saw a black-haired woman standing on a spire.

‘Yura!’

“I’m a bit late. Nyangmong, is the festival already over?”

“No, we haven’t even started yet.”

“I’m glad.”

Yura didn’t attend Nyangmong’s Festival because of escort duties or anything similar. It was just a private visit to see and heal from the procession of cute cats and dogs. Unfortunately, today’s festival overlapped with her grandfather’s birthday. She was glad that she wasn’t too late. Should she thank the attackers?

‘Well, I’m not thankful.’

Tatang!Tatang!Tatang!

Continuous fire. The magic bullets flew in a spirit and smashed a hole in the wall where Halle was hiding.

“Keuk!”

His trusty cover disappeared and Halle lost the chance to bandage his wounds. He immediately started running along the walls. It was a measure to counterattack the moment Yura lost his position when hiding behind the walls. However—

“...?”

Did she have the ability to see through things? Despite his concealment, Yura’s bullets continued to precisely aim at Halle.

‘There is a helper. Is it a pet?’

Halle noticed there was a third party acting as Yura's eyes and suddenly looked up. Then he was overwhelmed.

[Light Elemental King]

Was it modeled after a goddess? A beautiful, shining being looked down on him with a serene gaze.

'She pulled out the joker card from the beginning? Aren't there restrictions on the summoning?'

The elemental king was a being that dominated the elemental world. They were presumed to be in a restricted state due to signing a contract with a player, but it was basically an existence on the same level as a great demon. Halle believed there were some penalties that made them burdensome to be summoned. Now it didn't seem to be the case and Halle's anger boiled over.

'The strong monopolizes everything! Is this really right?!'

Did it make sense to have a structure that allowed those who were already dominating to swallow up the good things while not giving the ordinary people and the weak people a chance to catch up? Halle was frustrated by the incompetence of the management.

"Start!"

The members of the Revolutionaries, who had dispersed during Halle's fight with Nyangmong, instantly gathered together. They all prepared different spells and skills that they were aimed at Yura, who was on the spire. Most of them were techniques that focused on dealing abnormal statuses rather than damage.

Yura would take it for granted that she would ignore these abnormal statuses and wouldn't be wary of their attacks. Halle reconfirmed that the video recording mode was on and working properly. Then he jumped while ignoring the sword of light wielded by the elemental king.

Halle's right arm was cut off by the sword of light. Even so, he still had two legs and his left arm remaining. He used the footwork of an Asura to jump through the air several times, and as he blocked the incoming bullets with a lightning barrier, he shouted, "Now!"

All types of skills and spells poured toward Yura. In the dust raised by the explosion of the collapsed spire, Halle smiled as he imagined her flustered expression.

"Sleeping Angle!"

Sleeping Angle was a must-learn skill for an Asura at level 330. The heel kick caused the target to be stiff for a minimum of 0.5 seconds and a maximum of 2 seconds. For an Asura, 0.5 seconds was enough time to use as a springboard for 10, 20, or even 30 combos...

"?!"

Halle didn't know how many times he had been surprised today. His face distorted. All of the attacks linked to Sleeping Angle were blocked by something.

'She wasn't stunned?'

Yura emerged from the dust and spoke with an expressionless face, "I don't understand. What benefits will you get from touching the Overgeared Kingdom?"

Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom had already shown it several times. Those who inflicted harm on the Overgeared Kingdom couldn't live. Immortal was uprooted and annihilated. Veradin, the real leader of Immortal, had been evaluated as a promising player for the next generation, yet he disappeared without a trace after becoming the target of the Overgeared Guild.

Objectively, the Overgeared Guild was a really scary force. Dozens of people who could form a group alone were all serving with one heart under Grid. They gathered together and it could be confirmed that they were the strongest group in the world.

"That's right, you will have to quit the game if you go on like this," Nyangmong said with a sigh as he recovered after Yura's arrival.

Halle ignored Nyangmong. No, strictly speaking, he couldn't afford to worry about Nyangmong. He saw Yura's magic gun, which was used as a shield to stop his attack, was emitting smoke from the muzzle and he identified the situation.

"You fired a barrage of magic bullets to block the attacks?"

"Your eyes are pretty good."

"Why did you stop it? The attacks of my teammates shouldn't be a threat to you?"

"It is because they aren't threatening that I thought it was risky."

"You looked ahead. However, what if we deliberately induced you to predict this?"

"It is meaningless even if you can predict the future further than me." Yura's magic gun changed its form to that of a sword. "I have the power to turn all your ploys meaningless."

'She truly is strong.'

She was also well-versed in swordsmanship. It was unbelievable that she was originally a black magician. Was this the lucky power of talent? Halle barely escaped from a threatening stab and stepped back.

"Demon Slayer Yura... we thought you were the only legend we could hunt at this point, but it isn't the case."

"Isn't there Jishuka?"

This was the proud ice princess, right? Halle smiled at Yura who became angry for some reason. "It doesn't make sense to hunt someone whose level has just reset."

It was only by hunting the 'strongest' that the power of the legend attack strategy would be transmitted to the public. However, there were no easy things in the world. Halle sighed and took a fighting posture. He might've lost an arm, but the sharp aura he gave off was impressive. Regas should've been at this level half a year ago. Halle was a great talent and Yura naturally appreciated it.

"Let's fight happily if I'm going to die anyway."

Yura warned him, "Accepting death doesn't mean that the latter things will disappear. Today's event will surely enter Grid's ears and Grid won't forgive you."

Grid never forgave enemies who inflicted harm to his colleagues. It wasn't a metaphorical expression. He would really pursue them to hell and back.

Halle shrugged. "I know. I was prepared for it."

"It seems you don't have any nostalgia for Satisfy."

"No, it is because there is nostalgia that I am taking the risk. It is for the future of Satisfy."

"....."

It was a belief held by a person who carelessly harmed others. It was clear that he wouldn't listen to her words and would mark it as sophistry. Yura changed the form of the magic engineering bayonet back to a pistol. The opponent was a fighter. She planned to suppress his agility and dominate the battle using rapid firing.

Halle raised his lightning and demonic energy to the maximum, bent his knees, and took a dashing posture. He opened his mouth, "You might believe that the Overgeared Kingdom rules this world, but it isn't true."

It was clear that the Overgeared Kingdom was the strongest single force. It was also true that Grid was the strongest and that the Overgeared Kingdom was swallowing up the West Continent under the protection of the empire. However, the number of players was over two billion. It was terrible arrogance to believe that all of them were afraid of Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom.

"You should know that the large companies and families in the world have already organized private soldiers, right? You are the granddaughter of the Daejin Group, after all."

It was impossible that she didn't know. Existences who were commonly called the sword of the family—shortly after Satisfy opened, leading companies and families who smelled money had already nurtured private soldiers for their own interests. Yura knew that many of the renowned high rankers and unofficial rankers who were still unknown were actually soldiers raised by a company, family, or even country. It was because her grandfather was also raising such soldiers.

Halle opened his mouth. "Rothschild."

".....!"

"They have started moving."

Grid's cooperation with Talima had become the driving factor. It forced the Rothschild family to finally act when they hadn't responded very much to the Overgeared Kingdom forming an alliance with the empire. The legend attack strategy was revealed thanks to the hints they gave. Halle was thrilled that they reached out to support his revolution. "Our Revolutionaries is just one of their countless branches. The moment they act, the second Immortal incident won't happen. The solo play of the Overgeared Kingdom is over."

Halle and his colleagues were persistent. They acted like they had given up, but they were actually taking a formation. It was a tactic to maximize the power of the majority and Halle's combat strength naturally rose. However, at this moment, there was the sound of large wings flapping in the air and then an explosion.

The shocked Halle looked up and saw hundreds of wyverns firing Breaths.

"Kuaaack!"

"Keeoook!"

The revolutionaries started to die one by one. Halle himself suffered serious injuries because he couldn't escape from the continuous bombardment of Breaths.

Nyangmong stood on top of one of the wyverns in the gradually descending, spectacular 'Overgeared Wyvern Group,' and stared coldly at Halle. "We are the Overgeared Guild."

They were the strongest organization. No one could carelessly assess them using normal standards. Not even the Overgeared members dared to track the potential of the Overgeared Guild.

"No matter what tricks people play, we will fight and win."

He ordered another bombardment of Breaths from the wyverns. At the same time...

"What can I do for you?"

Sword Saint Kraugel arrived in the East Continent and encountered a mysterious group. His super sensitivity gave him a rare warning and the black outer robe embroidered with the yellow dragon fluttered.

Red blood soaked the blue sky, just like the setting sun that shone on Reinhardt...

"My wife, can you forgive this selfish person's mistake?"

"How can you say it was a mistake? Your Majesty, please punish me for expressing my regret without understanding your grief."

"I am the one who should be punished! It's my fault for not consulting you first! I am the bad guy! Hurry and beat me with this flail!"

"Your Majesty..."

"Wife!"

Grid and Irene shared a hot hug. The short separation made their relationship more solid.

[Chapter 1310](#)

Kraugel had a deep relationship with Pangea. After all, he was the one who saved the people of Pangea who was suffering due to an evil daoist, and was hailed as the little hero. However, the Pangea he visited after a long time was unfamiliar to him. It was a town where all the familiar people and streets had disappeared. It was a result created by Grid. The old Pangea residents had moved to the Overgeared Kingdom and the new residents were full of vitality under the protection of the red phoenix.

“...It’s good.”

The atmosphere was incredibly positive. No matter where he looked, he could only see people smiling and this, in turn, made him smile. There were no more evil daoists or the tyranny of the yangbans. One day, he would like to make such achievements.

“Are you a traveler? How about soothing your hunger with a delicious meal?” a woman holding a basket of fresh vegetables and meat in her arms asked as she opened the door of the restaurant. Kraugel nodded because she looked conscientious, unlike a girl who solicited customers to a restaurant selling poisonous substances.

“It is a very handsome dopo.”

Kraugel soothed his insides with warm soup along with fried vegetables and meat on white rice.

“You aren’t an ordinary traveler, right?” The nice lady asked him questions. Her expression was somewhat mischievous as she examined Kraugel’s black overcoat that was embroidered with a yellow dragon. “Are you an inspector from the capital? Are you a secret royal inspector?”

He had been using this black overcoat for nearly three years already and it made him look shabby when he visited the Overgeared Kingdom, but it seemed to be the opposite here. It was a testament to the high level of the Overgeared Kingdom and also implied that the equipment of the people visiting Pangea wasn’t as good as Kraugel’s equipment. It was unexpected since he heard there were many rankers active on the East Continent these days.

‘It seems the top rankers aren’t necessarily passing through Pangea when they go to the East Continent.’

There were many ways to move across continents without crossing the Red Sea. Although it cost a lot and involved danger, many people liked it due to the shortened time. Kraugel replied, “I think that secret inspectors will avoid this place. The town is calm even without soldiers. Is it necessary for a secret inspector to come here?”

Kraugel was the one who had completed the most quests among players. It was because he collected information based on conversations with NPCs.

“Hoho, our town is really peaceful. However, there are still many outsiders, so we need to pay attention to public security. This is why there are many soldiers. Recently, there was a celebration in the capital so the number of soldiers decreased.”

‘There is no way that local troops were sent just because of a festival.’

It was clear that a change had occurred in the capital of the Cho Kingdom.

‘It is a good idea to stop by.’

Kraugel got new information from a short conversation. He emptied his bowl of rice and stood up. “I ate well.”

“Wait! Take the change.”

“It’s fine. Please buy that child a toy with the extra money.”

A little boy was squatting in front of the kitchen and waiting for his mother to finish work. Kraugel smiled at the little boy who was playing with pebbles and left the restaurant. He had to give a certain amount of sincerity after obtaining information. Kraugel had always been like this.

There was no shame on the path he had been walking. He hoped the path he walked on in the future would be the same.

“What can I do for you?” Kraugel left the town only to stop and look back. There were six residents wearing old robes. Kraugel had noticed them since leaving the restaurant, but he deliberately pretended not to know. It was because he didn’t want to make trouble inside the village. It was for the safety of the residents and taking into account his reputation in Pangea.

“Hand over Muller’s secret techniques.”

The residents revealed their business and surrounded Kraugel. Every time they moved, long shackles could be seen through the robe. All of them had their hands and feet bound in shackles. Kraugel noticed their identity and pulled out the White Tiger Sword.

“You chased me from the Ruins of the Martial God? Surprisingly, your range of activities is wide.”

“Hand over Muller’s secret techniques.”

The followers of the martial god. It was useless to talk to maniacs who only yearned for combat skills. Kraugel shrugged, pulled out a book that contained one of Muller’s secret techniques, and handed it to them.

“.....!”

The followers of the martial god had wide eyes as one of them snatched the book and immediately opened it. Then they fell into confusion. They couldn’t understand the secret technique.

“Is the level too high compared to the martial god’s secret techniques?”

Kraugel ambushed the followers whose attention was on the secret technique. He knocked down the leading follower with a sharp stab and leaned back to avoid the blows from the followers on the left and the right. Then he took a step and struck the chin of the follower holding Muller’s secret technique with his forehead. Muller’s secret technique book spun in the air and fell into Kraugel’s hand like it was returning to its rightful owner.

“Hand over Muller’s secret techniques!”

The red eyes of the followers flashed as they unfolded their footwork to surround Kraugel and launch a bombardment. Based on their skill level, they must’ve learned at least five secret techniques.

“I will give it to the martial god!”

‘This is indeed the work of Zeratul.’

The martial god followers couldn't interpret Muller's secret techniques. It was because the condition of use for it was 'Sword Saint.' The reason why the followers had been clinging to Muller's secret techniques since the ruins was due to Zeratul.

'A nasty guy.'

Muller had left a total of eight secret techniques and Kraugel had already obtained four of them. He learned more of Muller's story every time he obtained a secret technique so his knowledge of the worldview expanded. In the process, he glimpsed Zeratul's ugly nature.

Deception and domination through the display of martial skills. Additionally, the obsession with strength. The existence of the martial god was enough to make the yangbans seem pure.

Kraugel blocked the kick from the side with his sheath, lightly moved his wrist, and the sheath spun like a spinning top. The aftermath was great. The shackles tying the feet of the followers were tangled up with the sheath and the follower collapsed.

Kraugel aimed for the moment when the large figure blocked the view of the other followers and used Earth Dragon's Ascension. Only transcendents could respond to attacks coming from this angle. The follower groaned and stiffened as he was stabbed in the chin by the White Tiger's Sword. Then Kraugel struck his chest with Jajinmori, jumped up and used Meteor Sword.

It was overwhelming. If anyone who knew the martial god followers with five secret techniques could fight evenly with the dukes of the empire had seen this sight, their mouths would've dropped open. However, it was a regretful sight for anyone who knew the true value of a Sword Saint.

Originally, Sword Saint was a title that meant the strongest. It was absurd to be compared to a duke of the empire. The time of reigning with absolute force had changed. Kraugel hadn't reached the absolute position several years after becoming a Sword Saint, so his talent deserved to be questioned.

"However, I don't doubt your talent."

".....?"

It was shortly after the battle against the martial god followers who kept rising again like a self balancing doll. Kraugel slashed the neck of the last follower and stiffened when he heard the voice. Then he looked back.

"It has been a while, Biban."

The first Pioneer to visit the Tower of Wisdom was Kraugel. At a time when legendary classes were believed to only exist in history, Kraugel visited the Tower of Wisdom, met the tower members, and confirmed the existence of the legendary classes. It was Biban who brought a great thrill and inspiration to Kraugel at the time.

"Have you forgotten? I am no longer the Pioneer."

The Tower of Wisdom was reserved for the Pioneer. The members of the tower only interacted with the Pioneer. The Pioneer of this day had long become Grid. In fact, Kraugel had already informed Biban of this fact last year. Yet this person appeared in front of him again.

Biban was furious at the pitying gaze Kraugel sent him. "Don't treat me as a stupid old man. Today I am visiting you as a senior, not a tower member."

"You are speaking as Sword Saint Biban?" Kraugel quickly grasped the situation. "It must be hard for you to watch your stupid junior and remain silent."

"You understand it well. Why are you turning away from the secret techniques that are so hard to get?"

In the past, Muller learned and developed the secret techniques of Biban, enabling him to become the strongest Sword Saint in history. However, the later generation Sword Saint, Kraugel, was ignoring this essence.

"I can understand your heart. You want to leave behind 'Kraugel's sword' in history and prove that you are the best. However, your skills are still insufficient. There is room for improvement and Muller's secret techniques will make up for what you are lacking. You aren't going to be eaten by Muller's secret techniques. Absorb Muller's secret techniques and make them your own."

Biban acknowledged Kraugel's talent. It was why he felt even sadder that Kraugel was wasting time on this useless stubbornness.

"Look at the current Pioneer. He has accepted new power, overcome his shortcomings, and accumulated his transcendent status. Meanwhile, you aren't showing the potential of the Sword Saint, so you are lagging behind. You were even deprived of the position of Pioneer."

"Do I need to be in a hurry to get ahead?"

"Since ancient times, the Sword Saint has been the best existence. Of course, you have to hurry ahead."

"Sir Biban, are you stronger than Sir Hayate?"

"T-That..."

"In conclusion, I don't think I can become the strongest just because I got Muller's secret techniques."

There was no need to think about the tower members. He probably wouldn't even be able to rise above Grid.

"Of course. You've only obtained four secret techniques. However, if you use these four books as a foothold and seek stronger power then you will surely become the strongest one day."

"So Sir Biban acknowledges that I can't become the strongest even if I learn the secret techniques right now."

"H-Huh?"

"Then why are you urging me to learn the secret techniques so quickly?"

Biban's face had been red since he was compared to Hayate and now he finally raised his voice, "I am advising you that learning the secret techniques will help you grow? Why do you keep listening and using sophistry? Are you dissatisfied with me?"

"I just don't want Sir Biban to intervene in the path I've chosen for myself."

“Your path is wrong!”

“Why do you say it is wrong? On what basis are you convinced that the sword technique created by Sir Biban and developed by Muller is the supreme sword?”

“Are you denying the Matchless Heart Swordsmanship?!!” Biban’s shout echoed in all directions.

A sharp sword energy fluctuated through the twilight and there was even the illusion that it was bright daytime again. Kraugel accepted the pressure without avoiding it. Then he couldn’t ensure it anymore and confessed, “For me, Muller’s swordsmanship isn’t appropriate.”

“.....!”

Biban’s eyes widened. He looked shocked like he had been hit in the head with a hammer. He also belatedly realized it.

“I don’t have the Hero King’s fighting energy.”

Muller was the strongest swordsman of all time because he was the Sword Saint and the Hero King. The combination of sword energy and fighting energy maximized the power of swordsmanship, making him the strongest. However, Kraugel was different from Muller. It was impossible for him to fully reproduce Muller’s swordsmanship even if he learned the secret techniques.

Biban was in a daze for a while before laughing. “As expected, you also knew it. I naturally knew it. Hahaha.”

“.....”

“Still, does that mean you need to turn away from Muller’s secret techniques? You might not have fighting energy, but you have sword energy. Muller’s swordsmanship also comes from sword energy. I’m sure that if you learn Muller’s secret techniques and interpret it in your own way, you will get enough inspiration to create Kraugel’s Sword.”

“I know that, but I want to measure my limitations first. I think it is right to figure out how far I can go with my own strength before learning Muller’s secret techniques to fill in the deficiencies.”

“Umm.”

It sounded right. It was clear that if Kraugel checked his limits before relying on the power of others, he would be able to learn more. Biban nodded and laughed happily. “Why are you only saying this now? I would’ve fully understood your position if you told me earlier. I misunderstood you and thought you were ignoring the sword.”

“I believed you would fully understand even if I didn’t tell you.”

“I see. In fact, I actually didn’t get it wrong. I was aware of it from the beginning.”

“Sure enough.”

Biban pretended to be casual, but he didn’t know that Kraugel would never reach his limits. A player’s potential was too great. The better the player, the more potential they had.

'However, one day, I might learn Muller's secret techniques.'

Originally, Kraugel wasn't that stubborn. His flexible way of thinking meant he regarded spearman Kirinus as a teacher. In fact, he learned the secret technique dropped from one of the martial god followers that he just hunted. The first reason he turned away from Muller's secret techniques was the absence of fighting energy and the second reason was pride. He didn't like the formula of 'the Sword Saint is Muller.' Unlike Grid, Kraugel was a Sword Saint, not Muller's Descendant. He felt the need to prove himself.

He was thinking of giving up if he couldn't prove it in the end. However, he wanted to do his best until then. His first goal was to prove that he could be the strongest without Muller's swordsmanship.

'First of all, I should collect as many secret techniques as possible.'

Every time Muller's secret technique was obtained, he carried out new quests and episodes, extending Kraugels foundation. Just securing it was a huge help even if he didn't learn the secret techniques. Kraugel planned to collect all the secret techniques.

'Kaya.'

Kraugel turned to the east. It was Kaya, where the blue dragon was sealed, and the most challenging area in the East Continent. It was information he learned after acquiring Muller's fourth secret technique. He needed to prepare for a tough fight if he encountered yangbans during the process of searching for the secret techniques.

'Can I fight the yangbans and win?'

At this point, it wasn't possible. Still, as always, if he challenged it without giving up, then he would surely overcome it. It would certainly be the case even if it took months or years.

"Then I am going. I won't forget your encouragement today."

Kraugel was saying goodbye when Biban called out to him, "You won't reject this, right?"

Biban took off his coat. He seemed to care about Kraugel's old dupo.

"It is made by smelting dragon's scales with sword energy. It was made along with the third seat of the tower, but my craftsmanship was so crude that the degree of completion is poor. Still, I wore it anyway."

"...I'll thankfully accept it."

Kraugel bowed deeply and left. Biban's eyes were filled with deep regret as he watched Kraugel moving away. "I should've cleaned up the bathroom on the third floor before coming out..."

Damn it, he was so excited after hearing news of Kraugel that he came out of the world without thinking. Biban's vision darkened as he thought about being criticized by the second seat.