

## Overgeared 1421

### Chapter 1421

It was after sending the intruders out of the castle.

“Was that the Sword Saint just now? No, it isn't Sword Saint Kraugel. I saw him directly in the human world. Then that person...”

Dantalion's faces muttered with serious expressions.

A castle built by eight brains that boasted the largest amount of accumulated knowledge, spanning thousands of years. The 'Indestructible Castle' that had hundreds of high-level barriers imprinted on it was sliced like tofu. Of course, the castle was still intact. Grid might've cut at the castle but the damaged part wasn't even one-thousandth of the total size of the castle. However, there was a possibility that the castle could be knocked down.

“Destroying a castle that is only possible for the dragons, the original gods and the Sword Saint? That's right. It has actually been proven. The hatchling couldn't scratch it but it was because the hatchling was too young. There might be a mistake in my calculations... Hmm, what nonsense. There is no error when I can see everything.”

Dantalion knew Grid. It was because they had been entangled several times, directly and indirectly. Still, he would've known Grid even if they hadn't been entangled. Grid's reputation was too high. In addition, the book in Dantalion's hands showed the future. Of course, this wasn't omnipotent. The scope of the future couldn't be determined.

“Those guys are camped outside the castle. I let them go. Why aren't they leaving? They are aiming at me. This is dangerous. Danger. Let's go to the human world right now, kill 666 people and open the book of the future. No, I can't leave now. I will lose my castle.”

Dantalion was agitated. He was the most powerful being who had the power of all the past legends but he wouldn't be able to win a battle against those camped outside the castle. He believed that he would have a chance of winning by using this Indestructible Castle as a shield and the knowledge he had accumulated for thousands of years. However, this story changed after Grid used a skill that was like the Sword Saint.

“Give up the castle. No. It is a castle built from thousands of years of study and 6.66 million humans as sacrifices. Why don't I ask Amoract for help? What? Do I want to commit suicide?”

Dantalion officially belonged to Amoract's faction but he didn't trust Amoract. Amoract was a blind fanatic of Yatan. Amoract would never forgive him the moment he scolded Yatan. The eight faces would argue with each other thanks to the power of conflict and he would die the most terrible death in the world as an offering to Yatan.

“Should I rely on Baal instead? It is better to die than to pester than guy.”

Dantalion sighed and looked out the window.

Grid had become a god with a human body.

The hatchling of the insane dragon, Beriache's son who was the strongest magic user, the master of Keen Insight, a fallen archangel, the incarnation of the seven malignant saints, the Demon Slayer, a farmer... except for one person, their status and skills were great.

Their present would surely be carved into the myths.

The eight faces of Dantalion were worried for a long time and murmured. ""They must be pursuing high ideals which is why so many great people have gathered together. That's right. It isn't just one purpose. It must be a difficult goal that they need to be together to achieve. They would want to borrow a demon's hand. There is no problem with a god and demon holding hands. There is already precedent.""

A smile flashed across Dantalion's faces as he thought about the 'invasion of Behen Archipelago' that was the joint venture between Hexetia and the great demons.

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'I didn't expect the skill to be interrupted in the middle.'

Grid who safely retreated from the black crystal castle was frustrated. He originally planned to destroy the castle so he immediately used a five fusion dance. Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. He didn't doubt that the dance of destruction done with the Falling Moon Sword would turn the black crystal castle into scorched earth.

He was mistaken. The moment he swung the first part of Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle, the Falling Moon Sword almost popped out of his hand. It was because the skill action was interrupted and it stopped triggering. The constraint of the Falling Moon Sword that meant it could only be wielded once every 10 minutes also applied to skills. The one time referred to here really meant only one action.

'Dammit, dammit...'

It seemed he now knew why it wasn't called the Scorched Earth Sword. The Falling Moon Sword didn't deserve the wonderful name of 'scorched earth.'

'In the first place, the moon night iron is a mineral with too many constraints.'

There was too much personality. It had taken more than half a month to strengthen. In fact, the blade of the Falling Moon Sword contained no Greed at all. Only the black handle under the blade was made of Greed. Nevertheless, the infinite durability meant the moon night iron was a great mineral... It was just a pity compared to Greed, which had harmony with any mineral.

'In the end, the potential of Greed is the best... I can probably only make the Scorched Earth Sword after Braham finishes forging the mineral.'

Gravurnium. When would it be finished? It felt like time was flowing too slowly when he eagerly desired it.

"....."

The messengers watched the depressed Grid silently. To be exact, they were watching the Falling Moon Sword in Grid's hand. Nefelina spoke first, "That sword is dangerous."

Grid nodded. "Yes, it is dangerous. It is incredibly dangerous."

It was a sword that risked its master's life. If he swung the Falling Moon Sword when fighting an enemy then he would open himself up to a counterattack. The activation of the fusion sword dance would be stopped and a gap would be revealed that could allow the enemy to cut off his head.

'It is my fault for not doing a proper performance test.'

Of course, he had tried it several times. However, it was just at the level of cutting something to test the power. He tested what could be cut and confirmed it really could cut anything. The enhanced moon night iron cut even things with infinite durability like Greed. To be exact, it caused a weakness that reduced the durability and then cut it... Regardless of the principle, it was likely to neutralize a dragon's absolute defense.

Nefelina's thoughts were the same. "I hope you can lend me that sword one day."

"Is it to get revenge on the evil dragon?"

"Yes."

"Of course I have to lend it to you." Grid nodded. In any case, Nefelina's revenge was a story for at least hundreds of years later. Grid would no longer exist in the world once she became an adult dragon. There were no problems even if he promised without much thought.

However, Nefelina didn't know his inner thoughts. From her standpoint, Grid was a god. She misunderstood that Grid would be alive when she became an adult. "If my revenge fails then it will trouble you... I will pay you back for lending me the sword."

"I'm afraid but what can I do? I've been watching you since you were an egg. You are my messenger. It is impossible to turn away from you."

"...Thank you."

[Affinity with your messenger 'Nefelina' has increased by 20.]

Nefelina was purely moved. Grid felt like he had been pricked but he just changed the subject. "Let's focus on the situation in front of us first. How can we kill Dantalion?"

Dantalion had opened a gate for Grid's party. It was the exit to the 24th Hell but Grid's party avoided the exit and returned to the entrance. They stood facing the black crystal castle again. They were determined to end the battle with Dantalion. The ultimate goal of this hell expedition was to grow. Leave the target alive and flee instead of killing him to grow? How funny.

In particular, Dantalion was a demon who had knowledge in all fields and left it as a record. Grid still vividly remembered the Dantalion's Knowledge Fragment that was acquired after killing Yatan's servant.

'The fragment gave Fighting Knowledge. It added one level to all combat skills and raised attack speed and evasion.'

It was really big compensation when thinking about it now. Just a fragment could exert that much power. How great would Dantalion's complete knowledge be?

'If we kill Dantalion then there is a high probability he will drop skill level ups that aren't limited by class.'

There was also the possibility of dropping the skills of former legends. Dantalion had accumulated knowledge about the previous legends and was actually able to implement some of their skills.

'I have to kill him.'

Grid felt a sense of mission. He felt a greed he never experienced before as he stared at the black crystal castle. However, this castle was the problem.

'It doesn't mean there is no way.'

If he put the entire castle in his vision and used the Undefeated King's swordsmanship then he could cut that huge castle in half.

'If I keep cutting, the black crystals will break apart.'

There was just one problem. The Falling Moon Sword could only be wielded once every 10 minutes. Dantalion would find out this fact.

'It will be tough in the future if he shares this information with other great demons.'

The great demons were violent but not ignorant. Apart from a small percentage of them, they had high intelligence and their level wasn't much different from that of humans. They had common sense. 'I have to create variables to win against them and the Falling Moon Sword is the best weapon to create variables.'

No matter how gorgeous Grid's party was, they would lose their firepower as they ventured deeper into hell. The ranking of the great demons would rise while Grid's party would receive stronger penalties. Of course, Grid, Yura and Sariel were the exceptions but three people weren't enough. The situation of suppressing great demons was almost at an end. At that time, the secret card of the Falling Moon Sword would be a great help.

'There are many tools to alleviate the penalties of hell. The problem is the performance but if I use them to create items, won't it be possible to amplify the power? In any case, the priority now is to bring Dantalion out of the castle...'

Then what means should he use?

Grid was struggling when Zikfrector opened his mouth. "Mercedes, can you analyze the black crystals with your Keen Insight?"

"There are too many distortions. if it stays in this state then I could analyze it in two hours, but the arts keep changing in real time or they're being added..."

"Yura, can you use the anti-magic power to repel the demonic energy in it for a while? Once there is no demonic energy, the magic arts will stop."

Anti-magic power. It was the resource of the Demon Slayer to resist demonic energy. It looked similar to divine power at first glance but it was a very different concept.

“It hasn’t been long since I’ve opened anti-magic power. It hasn’t reached the level where it can be used in actual combat yet.” Yura’s eyes were shaken. She was annoyed at herself for not playing the role of the Demon Slayer despite being the Demon Slayer.

Grid led the conversation before her negative thoughts could deepen. “Braham, is there any magic that can target a person and forcibly transport it?”

“By modifying the magic circle of Mass Teleport, it is possible to forcibly transfer a person even if they don’t accept it. However, creating the magic circle requires a lot of time to create and to trigger. The biggest problem is that the magic circle won’t start in that castle.”

He just spoke casually but it was really possible? Grid was once again amazed to discover how great Braham’s skills were. Then he quickly looked like he was eating shit. ‘What is the use of theory alone? It can’t be used when it is really needed.’

“Why are you looking like that again?” It happened the moment when Braham felt a strange displeasure and frowned.

“”I request a conversation with the Overgeared God.””

“.....!”

“.....!”

The firmly closed gate of the castle opened and Dantalion walked out.

““The god who despises hell has descended directly to hell. Is it to prepare for a great cause like Hexetia in the past? Seeing as the insane dragon’s hatchling is by your side, do you want to prepare for a battle against the evil dragon? No. You are with one of the seven malignant saints and Sariel. Are you trying to prepare for war against Asgard rather than the evil dragon? Beriache’s child is with you. You might’ve promised to restore his power as a direct descendant seeing the way the arrogant Braham is following you. Perhaps you visited hell to follow Beriache’s trail. What nonsense is this? Their purpose is clear with just the presence of the Demon Slayer. They simply want to destroy hell.””

The eight faces kept talking before Grid’s party could react.

Then a beautiful black-haired head faced Grid. ““Overgeared God. I don’t know your intentions but no matter what it is, I can help you. Let’s not stay here like this. I hope you will come back to the castle with me and tell me your purpose.””

Grid’s eyes were shining brilliantly. “Do you want to cooperate with me?”

““Yes, no matter your purpose, I will be on your side.””

Grid had powerful messengers that no gods had ever obtained. There were many paths he could walk and this strongly tempted Dantalion. He believed that if he could accompany Grid then he would accumulate profound knowledge through various experiences. For Dantalion, knowledge was power. The encounter with Grid was an opportunity that wouldn’t come twice.

“Then die.”

“.....?”

Dantalion's eight faces that were flushed with excitement scattered like petals. Blood shimmered in the old moonlight as black liquid seemed to spray.

## Chapter 1422

“.....?!”

The eight heads of Dantalion that were cut off had startled expressions. The 16 eyes that fell to the ground observed the situation from different directions. The Overgeared God, the hatchling, the great magician, the incarnation of the seven malignant saints, the archangel, the master of Keen Insight, the Demon Slayer, etc. Those who were qualified to rule an era, or the world, were rushing toward him like hungry and irrational beasts seeing prey.

'This... It is contrary to my expectations.'

Dantalion was smart. Based on the Overgeared God's messengers, he inferred the purpose of the Overgeared God. Beriache's revenge, the subjugation of the evil dragon, the war against Asgard...

Like the gods in the Genesis mythology, the Overgeared God was a person who carried many burdens on his shoulders. It was to fulfill the wishes of the messengers and make them fully subordinate to him.

'The Overgeared God is in a position where he must fight against hell. It is normal to covet my knowledge.'

So what was this situation? The Overgeared God seemed to be lacking common sense. It was very abnormal. The eight heads that fell to the hot floor where lava flowed opened their mouths at the same time. “Overgeared God. Do you really need to kill me? Why cut off my heads? Wouldn't it benefit you to cooperate with me rather than fight me?”

Grid wondered, “On what basis?”

“Is it really necessary for me to explain? My knowledge and strength will be a great help to you.”

“Not really.”

“Do you distrust me because I'm a great demon? I will become your messenger. Then can you trust me?”

“Not so much.” It was like talking to a dead body but Grid wasn't flustered. He knew from the beginning that a great demon wouldn't die just because his head was cut off. The Fire Dragon Sword was placed on Dantalion's body and flames appeared.

The eight heads sighed as they watched their body being engulfed in flames. “Stupid. Indeed... Just because you are a god doesn't mean you are intelligent. There are some indigenous people who can only howl like pigs.”

'This guy talks too much.'

Grid blatantly heard he wasn't smart and the agitated Grid used the five fusion sword dance. He destroyed Dantalion's heart and tore through all his viscera.

The shockwave fired from Nefelina's mouth and Braham's magic crushed Dantalion's flesh and bones. Zikfrector's runes prevented Dantalion's recovery and Sariel and Mercedes cut off Dantalion's limbs. Yura fired from the sky from the large bean tree planted by Piaro and her bullets successively penetrated and destroyed the eight heads on the ground. It was to block the regeneration of the heads. Dantalion was thoroughly isolated. No demons, demonkin or demonic creatures helped him. They stayed inside the black crystal castle and simply watched as their master was dying.

'Is there a concept of loyalty in hell?'

Most of them were forced to be loyal due to contracts so this was why more vigilance was needed. The great demon and their subordinates were bound together by a common destiny. If Dantalion died, the demons and demonkin who had a contract with Dantalion would die with him or their souls would degenerate. It meant that they shouldn't just be watching.

'It is strange.'

Grid's group felt a sense of strangeness but this wasn't a reason to stop attacking. The offensive continued and Dantalion desperately resisted. He replaced his lost vision with magic power, read and defended against attacks, and formed dozens of magic circles around his body to fight back.

Unlike Grid and Braham, who could use Magic Contemplation, and Nefelina, who was protected by her species' absolute defense even if it was incomplete, the rest of the magicians were injured little by little. However, the rate at which Dantalion died was much faster.

Dantalion started with his head cut off from a surprise attack and he consumed too much magic power. He couldn't hold on and lost all his health. A huge contribution was Yura's sniper shots where she didn't have to worry about being counterattacked.

It happened the moment when Dantalion's body started to disperse into ashes.

[Time is regressing due to Dantalion's power.]

".....?!"

Grid and Yura were shocked to see the system message. Grid's messengers grasped the situation a step later and clicked their tongue. The ash was being returned to Dantalion's body. His cut off limbs were restored and the big and small wounds healed. The eight heads that were destroyed and disappeared from Yura's sniper fire reappeared. They flew back to his throat.

It was like watching a video being played in reverse. Soon, the fully recovered Dantalion stepped back. It wasn't until he returned to the location where he first appeared that Grid's party noticed it. Their location was also moved to the place where they had been standing a few minutes ago.

'Is it back tracking?'

Should he try his weapon? The passage of time normalized as Grid was seriously considering it.

""For me, the future is history.""

Some people called it 'Dantalion's Book' while Dantalion himself called it the 'Book of the Future.' The book that Dantalion carried showed the future in exchange for some type of sacrifice. It wasn't

omnipotent because it couldn't specify the scope of the future but there was one fraudulent function. It was the ability to make the present turn into the possibility of 'what will happen in the future.' He easily turned back time.

Of course, there were restrictions on this. It was impossible to choose when to turn back time. Even Dantalion considered it a great fortune that he could return to the point when the body was fine. If he was unlucky, the time regression might've gone to the point where his heads were cut off and the meaning of backtracking would've disappeared.

'Besides, it costs a lot.'

Dantalion felt great pain. Among his eight heads, the heads of the young man and woman turned black and soon scattered as ash. In doing so, he permanently lost a significant amount of knowledge. Tsk. Dantalion clicked his tongue and quickly turned around. He intended to flee back to his castle. Just then, a silver sword light flew toward Dantalion's neck.

"What the hell is 'the future is history'?" Grid came close and asked in an irritated voice.

Dantalion smacked his lips. 'It is Shunpo.'

This was the greatness of a god who rose through the process of transcendence.

'This person isn't an ordinary god. The moment he overcomes all the trials, his ranking will rise to the king of the gods.'

Dantalion once again activated the Book of the Future. The surprised Grid pulled out the Blessed Weapon Enhancement Stones. It wasn't an ancient enhancement scroll but an enhancement stone.

[You have enhanced the +4 Blade Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires.]

[The enhancement has failed and the enhancement value has decreased.]

Time went back once again.

'This!'

Dantalion had four heads left and his expression distorted. It was a situation where he had left his castle and it was just before his neck was cut. He could see Grid standing 10 meters away. Why was Grid's expression even more distorted than his?

Dantalion shouted, ""Think about the benefits of having me as a messenger!""

"Don't talk to me because I'm in a bad mood now."

Grid sighed as he checked his weapon. Fortunately, it was restored to +4 by the time backtracking but he didn't feel good.

'It failed too naturally... By the way, it is clear that Dantalion's time regression ability is definitely great.'

It wasn't backtracking his own time but the time of the world itself. Grid was certain that all the players currently connected were experiencing the time regression.

'The reason why he didn't use this ability in the human world is because the penalty is too big.'



The act of raiding the human world was a type of game for great demons. None of them would be foolish enough to suffer damages while enjoying a game. In that sense, the great demons who came to play and had their souls destroyed after meeting Ruby were idiots.

'Two heads are the price in exchange for turning time back once... He can't lose all his heads so there is only one chance left for him in the future. Shunpo.'

Once again, Grid held the Falling Moon Sword. It was because time had gone back to before Grid swung the Falling Moon Sword. That's right. The time regression didn't apply only to Dantalion. Countless conditions were needed for the time regression to be advantageous to Dantalion alone and this was obviously an area of luck.

""Shit!"" Dantalion lost his composure. He wanted to use Teleport to return to the castle but he felt Braham's gaze and pulled out his sword. Braham's ability to control and counter magic in real time was the fundamental reason for Dantalion's weakening.

".....!" Grid's eyes widened as he was about to wield the Falling Moon Sword. It was due to what he felt from Dantalion who was holding the sword. Dantalion's upper body leaned back and there was a sound like iron being scratched. Some things unknowingly surfaced in Grid's mind. He was reminded of the information that Dantalion used the Sword Saint's swordsmanship when attacking the human world. The form of the swordsmanship that Biban used swept through his mind. He remembered the moments when he fought with Kraugel, sometimes as an enemy and sometimes as an ally.

Grid's body moved reflexively. He forcefully twisted his muscles, put away the Falling Moon Sword and activated White Tiger's Posture. Simultaneously, Dantalion's sword appeared like lightning and cut at Grid's upper body. It was a sword technique that must win in a battle of sword against sword. It was the Sword Saint's absurd move that unconditionally avoided the opponent's sword while hitting the opponent with his own sword. This blow collided with Grid's armor, causing sparks.

[You have suffered 43,508 damage.]

[The effect of Doran's Ring has been activated.]

This was truly a great demon. Dantalion couldn't destroy the armor made of Greed and Grid's use of the White Tiger's Posture greatly increased his defense, but he still dealt so much damage. Dantalion didn't miss this chance. He continuously used the Matchless Heart Technique that was the symbol of the Sword Saint and suppressed Grid.

Grid wanted him to be deeply absorbed in the situation so he waited for when Dantalion got a bit deeper. It was just that Dantalion's mental strength was higher than he imagined. He suppressed his killing intent toward Grid who drove him this far and maintained the right 'line.' He moved forward and retreated, restraining himself from going too far when attacking Grid.

Meanwhile, Braham and Zikrefector's magic and Yura's sniping covered Grid. However, Dantalion was implementing super sensitivity as well. He evaded the pouring bullets with minimal movements and deflected Nefelina's shockwave with Sword Curtain. Still, he couldn't completely absorb the impact and was shaken.

'Now!' Grid removed the White Tiger's Posture and hit back. Then blood gushed from Grid's neck. Dantalion avoided Grid's sword and fought back by aiming for the small gap between his armor and his helmet.

'This bastard is really the Sword Saint.'

The frowning Grid was tense. He knew that the next attack would come but Dantalion's self-control was beyond imagination. He ignored the chance to cause serious damage to Grid and retreated to broaden his vision. It was as expected. The shield flying from behind Grid was captured in Dantalion's vision. Mercedes' shield that was blocked by Dantalion's sword rose in the air and collided with the God Hands.

"....."

"....."

It was something that no one could deny. At this moment, Dantalion was reenacting and was almost identical to the Sword Saint.

""You... It would've been better to accept my suggestion. Regret today's misjudgment for the rest of your life."" Did he judge that it was over? Dantalion placed the sword in his scabbard and lowered his upper body deeply. It was obvious to anyone that it was a posture for drawing the sword.

"Your Majesty!" Piaro felt Grid's crisis and ran over while shouting. Braham and Zikfrector wrapped defense magic around Grid. Nefelina gathered her Breath. The agitated Sariel showed signs of going berserk and Yura awas forced to prepare Hell Regulation. Only two people were different. Grid, who was the target of the attack and Mercedes who followed him weren't worried about Grid's safety. The thing they had in common was that they had experienced the Matchless Heart Technique. It was also directly through Biban, the founder of the Matchless Heart Technique.

The sword was pulled out of the sheath. The sharp sword light that seemed to cut at Grid's neck was stopped and sword energy released. Dantalion's body started to fly backwards at a tremendous speed, and he reached the gate of the castle in an instant. He used the sword energy to escape.

Dantalion was making a pleased smile only for his eyes to widen. It was because Grid was approaching right in front of him. He pursued as if he had expected Dantalion to run away. 'How?'

Dantalion's neck was cut again.

Grid put away the Falling Moon Sword after the strike and combined the Fire Dragon Sword and Enlightenment Sword. "You are too weak to be my messenger."

Hopefully, either Leraje or Marie Rose would become his messenger. Grid wasn't obsessed with Dantalion. Knowledge? The knowledge of Braham, Sticks, Nefelina and Zikfrector was enough. They couldn't see the future but they were intellectuals who explored the truth in their respective fields. In the first place, the future was a concept that could change at any time. For Grid, it was better to seize Dantalion's power than to use Dantalion as a subordinate. He was convinced that he and the messengers could use the power much better.

""Persistent guy!""

Dantalion burst out angrily and once again backtracked time. Thousands of demonkin and demonic creatures poured out of his castle. The result was naturally terrible. The timing of Dantalion's time regression was for after they came out of the castle. The number of demonkin and demonic creatures was meaningless. The level 400 monsters were destroyed by the messengers' wide-area magic. In particular, Sariel's activity was very dazzling. Sariel, who was about to go berserk due to Grid's crisis, stabilized her mind and released her power.

Dantalion sat down with only two heads remaining and murmured to himself. ""Luck... If luck had come...""

"They are pathetic last words." Grid ridiculed. If he was in Dantalion's position then he would've poured out curses like a waterfall.

[Dantalion's Knowledge Essence has been acquired.]

[The 25th great demon 'Dantalion' has been defeated.]

[Dantalion's Knowledge Essence x4 have been acquired.]

[Dantalion's Damaged Book has been acquired.]

[Dantalion's Sword has been acquired.]

[Dantalion's Staff has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen by 3.]

### **Chapter 1423**

'It is really rich for a named person who can roll back the server.'

Grid first distributed the stat points. He discarded the habit of saving his stat points after making the Falling Moon Sword. The 260 points previously saved had already been invested in strength and agility.

'Put it in agility.'

He gained three levels which was 54 points total. 6 of them were automatically distributed to strength due to Magic Swordsman of the Epics and 25 were automatically distributed to intelligence due to the influence of Duke of Wisdom. Grid had to maintain the golden ratio of strength and agility so he naturally cared about agility. The remaining points were all placed in stamina. The best stat for Grid was stamina because it enhanced various survival numbers.

'Um... I want to test other stat combinations.'

The golden ratio that was now commonly known was a 1:1 ratio of strength and agility. The effect was only present when strength and agility were above 2,000 or intelligence and stamina were above 800. Therefore, people speculated that there were more golden ratios based on this.

'Maybe three or four stats together can form a golden ratio.'

Of course, this was a story of when hidden conditions were met. Various effects would occur depending on the proportion of stats that reached a certain value.

'It would be nice if a stats reset was possible.'

Grid's four basic stats of strength, agility, intelligence, and stamina were very high. If he could reset these stats, then it would be possible to reveal the hidden golden ratios through various distribution experiments. Was it impossible to reset his stats? Then the unknown golden ratios would only benefit lucky people.

'Someone might've already found a golden ratio that I don't know about... Can't they release the stats reset item instead of useless cash items?'

Grid trembled as he thought of the paid items that could be purchased after joining the Yatan Church. The S.A Group that discriminated against religions on the pretext of balance was abominable. Then his mood soon improved. He was happy when seeing the items that Dantalion had dropped.

'First of all, there is Dantalion's sword and staff.'

Dantalion had also dropped a sword and staff when he died in the human world. The performance was excellent so he had given them to Mercedes and Braham.

'I just felt like they were lacking by 2%.'

Grid brought up the details of Dantalion's staff and sword. It was great. It was a perfect compatibility with the sword and staff that dropped in the human world.

'It is a top tier item.'

Considering the utilization, it was even comparable to Grid's new sword. The basic stats didn't fall short of the new sword and the ability to transform was a big advantage. The sword could become gauntlets and the staff could transform into circlets, both of which had additional functions. For the gauntlets, defense increased in proportion to the attack power and ejection was possible. It was like a rocket punch. It automatically returned and all enemies in its path were attacked. The circlet maintained a mana shield in proportional to intelligence and passively boosted skill damage.

'Is this the circlet that Dantalion used? First of all, I will give it to my messengers to use. Then after we go back to Reinhardt, I will break it down.'

This would increase his understanding. So far, the item transformation skill was only for Greed. Now he might be able to produce items with the transformation function as a default option.

'It would be fun to transform Talsha.'

It was cool when thinking of Talsha's reaction who would freak out at the change in form. That guy had been naughty recently. Grid smiled with satisfaction and checked the next item.

[Dantalion's Knowledge Essence]

[Rating: Legendary]

Knowledge that contains the skills or magic information of the former legends.

You can acquire a random skill or magic from a former legend.

\* Can only be used once per person.

★ Skills or magic already possessed won't appear.]

'This is crazy.'

The surprised Grid's eyes shook because the item was that great. The moment this old scroll was opened, an ordinary normal class player might learn Pagma's blacksmithing skills. He expected Dantalion to drop this item but he hadn't expected that four of them would drop.

'I thought it wouldn't be great because four of them dropped.'

He thought the ability to acquire the skills of a past legend would come from Dantalion's Damaged Book. This was much more generous than he expected. The corners of Grid's mouth kept rising into a smile. The phrase that no skills or magic he already had would appear made him particularly pleased. In fact, he had been worried that Pagma's skill would appear out of the former legend's skills. He experienced many bad things so he had the habit of always assuming the worst case scenario.

'The S.A Group finally has a conscience.'

Grid confirmed the information of the last item.

[Dantalion's Damaged Book]

[Rating: Legendary (Transcendent)]

A book that describes all the knowledge that Dantalion built up over thousands of years. The combination of knowledge sometimes brings the miracle of reading the future.

Currently, 80% of the content is damaged.

All skill levels will increase by 1 when acquired. Doesn't apply to skills that have already achieved master level.

\* Can only be used once per person.

★ The Time Regression skill can be activated.]

"Gasp." Grid sucked in a breath. All his skills leveled up. The rewards he dreamed about really came out. They were rewards with a value worthy of all the top 10 rewards Grid had earned so far. There was even a guide saying it could only be 'used once per person.' It was as if it was saying that Dantalion had several books.

'Does this mean that Dantalion will drop the same rewards later when he respawns?'

It was super amazing. In addition, Time Regression was also available.

'Time Regression... An operator level permission...'

Time Regression caused the time of the server to roll back. Strictly speaking, it was more than an operator's authority. If he failed while enhancing an item, he could roll back time and succeed. If he repeated this, he would be able to achieve the ultimate enhancement of all items.

Grid was very excited as he confirmed the information of Time Regression.

[Time Regression]

[It can only be used once.

Time will rewind, returning to anywhere from five seconds to three minutes ago. The exact time can't be specified and all the knowledge of Dantalion destroyed during the use will disappear. At this time, the 'all skills level up' effect of Dantalion's Damaged Book will be removed.]

“.....”

Then it was like this. It was a meaningless skill. Not only could it only be used once but he would lose a lot of benefits the moment it was used.

'The person who created this skill... are they abnormal?' He could only interpret it as a sadistic hobby considering the person wasted data by making a skill that wouldn't even be used.

Tsk tsk. Grid clicked his tongue and looked back at the group. Most of them were satisfied because they had leveled up. Yura was especially thrilled. She got rewarded every time she cleansed hell. It seemed she got something big this time.

'I can feel that her anti-magic power has become stronger.'

Grid's insight detected the change in Yura. Her magic power was described as the only jade color in Satisfy and now it had become darker.

'Anti-magic power is a force specialized in countering demonic energy.' It might seem similar to divine power but the properties and effects were quite different. The power would gradually be discovered.

Grid grinned and confirmed the contribution of the group. The contribution rankings for the raid were as followed: 1st place was Grid, 2nd was Braham, 3rd was Mercedes, 4th was Nefelina, 5th was Sariel, 6th was Yura, 7th was Zikfrector, and 8th was Piaro.

The reason Grid got the highest ranking was due to the additional contribution of forcing Dantalion out of the castle. It was also easy to understand why Braham was second. If it wasn't for Braham's magic controlling him, Dantalion would've been twice as strong.

'It is surprising that Mercedes is ranked higher than Nefelina...'

The best damage dealer in this battle was Nefelina. She was a hatchling and couldn't use Breath at will, but she breathed out powerful shock waves and separated Dantalion's bones and flesh several times. On the other hand, Mercedes's sword didn't reach Dantalion several times. Her role in the battle was close to a supporter. The way she fought in the battle was by helping Grid link attacks more easily while blocking Dantalion's long-ranged attacks that kept Nefelina's shockwaves in check.

'Ah.' Grid replayed the battle and realized what happened. Every time the Falling Moon Sword cut Dantalion's throat and every time he used the five fusion sword dance, Dantalion's movements seemed to have become subtly dull.

'Mercedes used Gravity Field to assist me.'

Mercedes was a treasure. Grid felt a deeper trust and liking toward Mercedes. Then he looked at Piaro and felt sorry. Piaro's complexion was dark. He seemed skeptical that he had the lowest contributions. It was a particular shock that he was lower than Zikfrector, who gave up dealing damage from beginning to end and solely focused on blocking Dantalion's recovery.

'Piaro's stats are lower compared to the other messengers...'

Piaro was 100% pure human and he wasn't born with a special power like Mercedes. The most important thing people always forgot was that he was a farmer. It was a non-combat class. It was natural that his abilities were lower compared to the other messengers.

'In addition, this fight was particularly disadvantageous toward Piaro.'

The 25th Hell had lava running through the ground. Most seeds burned and disappeared before they even sprouted. The same was true for Rapid Growth. In addition, after confirming that Dantalion was good at long-ranged attacks, Piaro focused on protecting Yura's personal safety. Unlike Mercedes, who was only loyal to and dedicated to Grid, Piaro tended to look at Grid's surroundings.

'Considering this, it is true that Piaro's strength has declined. He needs a buff.'

Originally, Grid intended to divide the compensation according to the order of achievements. Yet at this moment, he changed his mind and decided to give priority to Piaro. The reason behind the change in his thoughts was the peculiarities of the messengers.

Braham, Nefelina and Sariel. First of all, these three wouldn't be interested in the skills of a former legend.

'They won't learn it even if it was given.'

It was natural. Braham was a magician. The efficiency was low if he learned skills other than magic. What was the use if he learned the Sword Saint's swordsmanship? Swinging the sword with low strength and agility wouldn't produce any power. In addition, Braham didn't have the Sword Mastery skill. Meanwhile, Nefelina was a dragon. Human techniques were useless from her perspective. As she grew, she would naturally gain dragon magic and skills. Their power transcended the skills of the former legends.

'Sariel's case is similar. There is an archangel's inherent skills and there is no reason to be obsessed with human skills.'

Grid thought about it before saying, "Yura and I will own two knowledge essences. The remaining two will be divided after a discussion between Mercedes, Piaro, and Zikfrector."

The startled Yura waved her hand. "Don't worry about me. It is much more efficient for the other messengers to learn it. The reason I was able to contribute so much in the first place was purely thanks to Piaro's help."

Zikfrector opened his mouth before Grid could respond. "You don't need to concede anything. I don't need the knowledge essence."

"Eh? You don't need it?"

This body is nothing more than my incarnation. It is Zikfrector who is the incarnation of Zik of the seven malignant saints, not Zik of the seven malignant saints. In the end, it is just a consumable to be used up. It is too luxurious for it to learn the skills of a former legend.”

“Ah...” Grid was convinced and Yura couldn’t raise any more objections.

Grid, Yura, Mercedes, and Piaro. These four people were decided as the owners of the knowledge essences. Of course, the owner of Dantalion’s Damaged Book was Grid. Grid said he decided fairly based on contribution but he would’ve insisted on having it if he was lower in the rankings. In any case, the messengers would’ve offered it to him without making any claims.

“First of all, we should enter the castle.”

The completion of a conquest was the triumphant entry. The loot obtained by Grid naturally included the black crystal castle.

“.....”

Under the guidance of Mercedes, Grid approached the castle and frowned. It was because the gates were firmly closed and the elevated bridge didn’t descend.

Nefelina shrugged. “It seems that it won’t recognize its new master.”

Piario felt resentment. “I will plant a bean tree right now to cross the walls.”

“.....”

Wasn’t this too much? He was a king so he should spread out the dragon wings... It happened when Grid was feeling distressed.

Step.Yura stepped in front of Grid. A brilliant jade light stretched out around the black crystal castle and covered all of the 25th Hell. It was the purification ritual of the Demon Slayer that worked on a hell that lost its master.

The elevated bridge descended and the gate was opened. The black crystals that made up the gates and walls were all clear. The demonic energy imprinted on them were purified and only the pure magic arts remained.

A wide smile spread on Grid’s face. “This deserves to be the new headquarters of the hell branch.”

## **Chapter 1424**

[The +8 Songstress’ Sword is shining brilliantly.]

[You have succeeded in the enhancement and acquired the +9 Songstress’ Sword.]

“...It came out!!!” Cage cheered when he opened his eyes and confirmed the result. The gamble where he bet all his assets succeeded. The difficult moments passed like a lantern and tears flowed.

‘I would’ve quit the game if this failed... There is no law against anyone dying.’

Cage was a person with no luck. No matter how hard he tried and challenged things, the result was always the worst. He suffered a setback every time. This time was the same as well. He participated in a



raid as the main damage dealer and after all the hardships he suffered, he rolled the number '1' on the dice. The boss dropped the item he wanted but he lost the right to bid on the item itself. He was too angry to dismiss it as bad luck as usual. It was bad luck if it happened once or twice. So why was it only him every time?

Cage was unable to restrain his anger and lost his mind. He used all the gold he had saved by living with cheap potions and bought a large number of enhancement stones from the exchange. He looked forward to seeing the market value rise some day and started to enhance all the rare rated items he collected in his warehouse. The result was terrible. His enhancement stones just flew away. It was a perfect development for him to lose his sense of reason.

He really did lose his sense of reason. By the time he came to his senses, he had damaged all the equipment he had been using. None of the items' enhancement levels were left and they had dropped to their base values. The only thing that was fine was his weapon. It was a unique rated weapon purchased using a loan.

He screamed. +8 came out. The price of the item increased by four times due to one enhancement level. Did he want to stop? After thinking about it and hesitating dozens of times, he finally came to the conclusion that he couldn't stop here. It was too insufficient to recover the damage. Then he screamed again.

+9 came out. The price of the item had increased by eight times. He had been playing Satisfy for five years and this was the first time he was really making money. It was a large amount of money, not a small one.

"Haha!Hahahahat!"

He would finally walk on the flower road! Cage was shedding tears of joy when a notification window rose in front of him.

[Time has regressed.]

".....?" Cage's laughter abruptly stopped. The shining +9 Songstress' Sword started to lose its light. Cage rubbed his eyes. The Songstress' Sword was returning to +7.

"W-What is this shit aaaaaaack!!"

Screams occurred from all over the city. There were dozens of people in this small city who had similar experiences to Cage.

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"...We are asking for an explanation and compensation." The haggard-faced man read the last sentence of the statement. In front of hundreds of reporters, he dared to declare that he would sue the S.A Group and he felt his legs trembling. He was so nervous and afraid that his head was spinning and he felt nauseous. However, he was elected as the representative of the 'Backtracking Victims Group'. He couldn't back down. Determination filled his heart and he gazed at hundreds of cameras with a firm expression.

In response to his courage, the S.A Group immediately announced its position. In summary: this was a phenomenon that occurred during the normal game process. There was no compensation.

“This is the tyranny of a big business!”

The Backtracking Victims Group strongly condemned the attitude of the S.A Group. People sympathized with the victims but it was only at the level of sympathy. There was no idea of helping the victims. As the S.A Group stated, the backtracking was a phenomenon that occurred during the normal game process. It happened in the process of Grid and the Overgeared Guild raiding Dantalion. There was no legal basis for the S.A Group to compensate those affected.

...In addition, many people benefited from the phenomenon. Only the victims were pitiful.

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‘I’m embarrassed.’ Grid temporarily logged out and coughed. He was uncomfortable to see the news that tens of thousands of people suffered big or small losses due to the time regression.

‘I feel it all the time but the S.A Group has no blood and no tears.’

He understood why they didn’t give compensation. Dantalion’s time regression was a normal game system as the S.A Group claimed. Still, couldn’t they give the victims a word of comfort? It might be fake but they wouldn’t have felt so upset if the S.A Group had soothed the hearts of the victims. Grid thought about it before shaking his head.

‘I can also understand the S.A Group’s position.’

There would be people who took advantage of it as long as the S.A Group showed the slightest weakness. If the S.A Group comforted the victims, it was likely there was a group that interpreted it as an apology and that the S.A Group admitted their mistake. In addition, the sparks would splash on Grid. Regardless of whether it was right or wrong, the S.A Group’s response of leaving no room for the victims was a good thing for Grid.

‘There is no point in thinking about it anymore. Fortunately, none of the guild members are victims.’

Grid moved to the great hall.

“Braham isn’t here yet?”

It was a beautiful castle made up of clear crystals that only appeared in fairy tales. As it turned out, the owner of the castle of the 25th Hell called the Indestructible Castle was changed from Dantalion to Yura. However, the person sitting on the throne was Grid. Yura gave up the top seat.

“I’m here now.”

“You should’ve come faster.” Grid reprimanded Braham, who entered late. He was a bit annoyed that the usage of the knowledge essence was delayed due to Braham.

“There are a total of 193 magic arts imprinted on this castle. Three of them combine with their own power to create new ones in real time. How can you have no inspiration when this living and breathing art is in front of you?” This was why Braham was away for two days. Braham was fascinated by the

Indestructible Castle. He had lived for hundreds of years but even he felt awed by the results of Dantalion's thousands of years of knowledge.

"I have to understand to be interested." Grid answered before turning to Mercedes, Piaro and Yura. "Have you prepared your hearts?"

"Yes."

Dantalion's Knowledge Essence would grant a random power of a former legend. There were also non-combat skills. The characteristic of non-combat skills was to raise growth potential so it couldn't be called a failure but... Mercedes, Piaro, and Yura wanted combat skills. They were different from Grid who already had many combat skills, the Undefeated King's swordsmanship, and Braham's magic. Their combat skills were limited. To be honest, they were nervous. They were afraid of using the essence and getting an unwanted skill. They were pleased by Braham's selfish demand to not use the essence until he came back from looking around the castle.

"Let's get started quickly," Braham urged them. He was interested in what skills Grid and the messengers would gain.

Grid clicked his tongue. 'This is why he has no friends.'

Braham had spent two days exploring the Indestructible Castle. The reason he asked Grid and the messengers to stand by and not use the essences was purely for his own enjoyment. He even prepared snacks for himself as he prepared to see what skills Grid and the messengers would acquire and enjoy their reactions. Even so, Grid couldn't hate Braham. Braham hadn't just been playing for two days. He analyzed the magic engraved in each crystal and the result was a significant increase in his intelligence. This time it was their turn. It was time to become stronger and please their colleagues...

"Why are you delaying here?" Nefelina sat next to Braham, chewed on bacon, and urged them as well. Her expression was very excited like she was watching a movie.

Grid glared at them and told the group, "Let's begin."

"Yes."

The four people pulled out Dantalion's Knowledge Essence. It was a dark blue bead that seemed to contain the universe. The four people exchanged looks, gulped, and simultaneously placed their hands on the bead. The magic power that poured out from the beads surrounded the four people.

At this moment, Grid was emptying his mind. 'I hope the Undefeated King's swordsmanship will come out but there is no such possibility.'

Undefeated King Madra was special among the legends. He was born with the greatest talent but the range of his activities was too limited and his life was too short. It was Grid's judgement that the Undefeated King's swordsmanship wouldn't be in Dantalion's knowledge.

'In this situation, the first thing to aim for is Muller's swordsmanship.'

It was the Sword Saint's swordsmanship that created results that didn't make sense the moment a sword was held in the hand. It was good to learn the Matchless Swordsmanship. But...

'...Let's not feel expectations.'

Grid knew this pattern. There was a high probability that Kruger's tailoring technique or Gis' mining technique would come out. The more intensely he wished for something, the worse the result would be.

".....!"

Grid was trying to clear his mind when he felt the knowledge flowing in his head. Then his eyes widened.

[100,000 Army Swordsmanship has been acquired.]

The Undeclared King's swordsmanship was obtained. The excitement that climbed up Grid's spine subsided coldly. 100,000 Army Swordsmanship. A sword technique composed of 100,000 Army Blockade Sword and 100,000 Army Massacre Sword. Grid had already acquired it.

'This damn thing?' Grid's pupils shook violently. The worst development had appeared. Rather than Kruger's tailoring technique or Gis' mining technique, it was the 100,000 Army Swordsmanship that he already had...

".....!"

Grid's deepening thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a remarkable notification window that emerged in his vision.

[The influx of new knowledge has completed the 100,000 Army Swordsmanship you have learned.]

[The degraded 100,000 Army Swordsmanship has been upgraded to the original.]

Amazing! Super amazing! Grid's mouth dropped open and he was drooling when he suddenly heard Piaro's scream. "Y-Your Majesty! The Matchless Swordsmanship...! I got the Matchless Swordsmanship!"

"What?!" Grid came to his senses. Piaro, who dreamed of becoming the Sword Saint but could never reach his goal, had now acquired the Sword Saint's technique. What was this luck?

Grid's trembling gaze turned to Mercedes and Yura. He felt anxious. He feared that his and Piaro's good luck would make them upset. Yet to his surprise, they also had large smiles on their faces. It was a rare day when luck came all at once. It felt like the Backtracking Victims Group had become sacrifices for their good luck.

"Hahaha!" Grid couldn't endure it and burst out laughing. He was so excited that his shoulders shook like he was dancing.

Sariel saw this scene, took out a harp and started playing it. Playing instruments and singing were the basic skills of archangels. A beautiful, heavenly harmony rang through the middle of hell. It was crazy.

[All the rulers of hell have detected the presence of an angel.]

[The rulers of the deep hells are expressing their interest.]

The deep hells. It was referring to the single digit hells.

"....." The eyes of Grid and the messengers turned to Sariel.

Sariel faced them with innocent eyes and pouted before belatedly sweating. Just then, a heavy blow struck the Indestructible Castle.

## Chapter 1425

The castle shook along with the roar. Their bodies tilted to the left and right and their vision became dizzy, but Grid responded calmly.

“Stay away from the windows! It is Barbatos’ sniping!”

It was the intervention of the 8th great demon. The situation was serious. It was a relief because he was better than any of the other great demons. Among the rulers of the deep hells i.e. among the single digit demons, Barbatos was the weakest. In addition, Grid had already fought Barbatos once. He knew how to deal with Barbatos. “Braham, Decoy is useless. He isn’t a sniper that relies on his senses. He is one who sees with his eyes and shoots the targets.”

“How primitive.”

“We have to find the ‘eyes’ that are providing him with the vision... gasp!”

Once again, a huge shock hit the castle. The startled Grid crawled under the table. He had descended from the throne the moment the attack began. It was impossible to sit still while Barbatos was sniping. That was just committing suicide. Just like humans could only hold their breath in an earthquake, Grid also temporarily hid his body. He had to be as careful as possible before Barbatos’ eyes were found.

“.....?” Grid was crawling on the floor beside Piaro when he suddenly noticed that something felt off. He couldn’t see the faces of any of the group apart from Piaro. Only their feet and calves were seen. It was because everyone else was still standing. The only people crawling like cockroaches were himself and Piaro.

Yura glimpsed the panicked Grid and sent him a whisper.

-This castle is covered with so many protective arts that it can’t be destroyed by anything other than a dragon’s Breath. Among the great demons, only Baal and Amorract can do it.

-Maybe it was originally like that but aren’t they down right now? The composition has changed so hasn’t the defense decreased?

-No...I should’ve told you in advance. I’m sorry.

Grid knew that the Indestructible Castle was terrifyingly sturdy. Hadn’t he experienced it himself? However, it was impossible to determine how much damage it could bear. It was because he didn’t have the knowledge to measure the function and power of the magic arts. It was the same for Piaro. Grid and Piaro were in a very unfavorable position compared to Yura who could read the detailed information of the Indestructible Castle, Mercedes who could see it with her Keen Insight, and the other messengers with advanced knowledge.

“Hmm...” Grid slowly got up as if nothing had happened. “What is the possibility of Barbatos’ eyes penetrating the castle?”

“Nothing can come into the castle without permission of the lord.”

Grid admired it. The Indestructible Castle. At first, he wondered if Dantalion had the chunni disease when he saw this exaggerated name. Now it turned out that it really was the Indestructible Castle.

"I can't feel relieved. Barbatos' power is to snipe whatever is visible. This castle has too many windows."

Barbatos' sniping was unaffected by obstacles. It was pointless even hiding behind walls. His sniping omitted the process of breaking the wall and struck the target on the other side. No matter how strong a person, they would be shot the moment they were caught in his vision.

"This is the reason why I was crawling." Grid straightened his shoulders. He shook off his shame by using reasonable grounds to excuse his unsightly behavior of crawling on the ground.

The discouraged Piaro also became dignified. "Exactly. However, there is no need to worry. The windows of this castle are magically coated. It is impossible to look in from the outside."

"It is... coated?"

Dantalion must've valued his privacy but he also seemed conscious of Barbatos' power.

'Did Dantalion have a bad relationship with Barbatos? Is it to the extent of being vigilant? No, he wasn't wary of just Barbatos. He was wary of all great demons except himself.'

Grid couldn't overlook the fact that the great demons were competing with each other.

'Dantalion didn't want to die so he asked to be my messenger... It is natural for him to make a safe nest.'

Dantalion's death occurred only after he lost six heads. Every time he lost a head, his knowledge was lost. Perhaps Dantalion didn't want to lose the knowledge he had accumulated over thousands of years. He was obsessed with survival. He didn't aim for a higher ranking and instead forever sought safety in the 25th Hell.

'The complete acquisition of this castle... it is a huge profit.'

Perhaps the reward from the Dantalion raid with the biggest value was the Indestructible Castle. Grid was thinking seriously when Braham asked Yura a question. "Is there any way to be freer from the oppression of hell?"

Grid's messengers had lost 40% of their abilities the moment they entered the 25th Hell. This was even after they reduced the penalty by drinking the tea and taking the medicine from the incubus to purify the energy.

"It can improve after obtaining the tuila's eggs in the 24th Hell."

"Tuila? I am unfamiliar with it."

"It is a monster that inhabits the sulfur waterfall that is rare in hell. It is said that if you ingest the tuila's eggs raw, it will purify the demonic energy and death energy invading your body as much as possible."

They had to move to the 24th Hell anyway. In the first place, Grid's purpose was to purify all the hells in their 20s. No matter how cozy the Indestructible Castle, they couldn't stay here for the rest of their lives. The problem was Barbatos. The sniping that struck the castle without a break seemed to be taunting Grid's party hiding in the castle as cowards. It was very uncomfortable psychologically and physically.

There were deafening explosions and the castle continued to shake, causing motion sickness.

‘Annoying guy.’

He was the worst guy based on the first impression. Grid felt severe hostility toward Barbatos and it was the same for the other messengers. The reason Braham wanted to get rid of the penalty was because he wanted to go out and tear Barbatos to death immediately.

‘If the penalties aren’t neutralized then there is no chance of winning.’

In any case, this was the 8th ranked great demon. Barbatos was likely to be stronger than Grid thought. Even Nefelina didn’t act hastily.

“I can’t sense him.” Nefelina finally spoke after a moment of silence. It seemed she tried to grasp Barbatos’ location only to fail.

Grid advised her. “You don’t have to look for strong energy. Barbatos is sniping from an invisible distance so it is unlikely for him to come here directly. An inconspicuous familiar might be his eyes so look for a weakling.”

“Hmm...” Nefelina looked somewhat disbelieving as she closed her eyes and focused. 20 minutes later, she opened her eyes. “There are a few small demonic creatures roaming around the castle and one of them is suspicious.”

“That’s him.”

Braham immediately raised his magic power. The moment Nefelina told him the coordinates, Braham disappeared using Teleport and then returned in two seconds. “I took care of it.”

“Braham!”

Braham’s white top was stained with red blood. He had been hit by Barbatos while killing his familiar. It was shocking. Braham’s surprise attack took place in just one second. Barbatos’ ability to capture Braham’s appearance and to snipe him in a moment...

“You were careless based on the way you didn’t use a shield.” Nefelina frowned. Triple casting by simultaneously using Teleport and attack magic while maintaining the shield. Nefelina knew that it wasn’t a very difficult thing for Braham. It was amusing and disappointing that Braham allowed a counterattack. Nefelina actually acknowledged Braham’s skills in her heart.

Braham snorted. “Of course, I used a shield.”

There was no need to say it pierced through. Grid and the messengers naturally understood it. Their expressions were serious as they realized how strong Barbatos was. Then Braham urged them. “We should move quickly while the sniper can’t shoot.”

Their position was found due to Sariel’s aria. If they stayed here, enemies would keep swarming and they were bound to be isolated. Grid’s party went to the 24th Hell to secure the tuila’s eggs.

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[100,000 Army Massacre Sword]

[It is a single blow.

All enemies in view will receive damage that is equal to 6,000% of your physical attack power. Each time a target dies, the damage applied to the next target increases by 100%. There is no limit on the increase.

Skill Resource Consumption: 20,000 mana, 300 sword energy.

Skill Cooldown Time: 10 minutes]

[100,000 Army Blockade Sword]

[It is a single blow.

Deals 200% attack damage to all visible enemies and gives the 'blockage' effect for eight seconds. Blocked targets can't move and their skills or magic will be sealed off. Additional damage will be dealt when using the 200,000 Army Swordsmanship on the blocked targets.

Skill Resource Consumption: 20,000 mana, 300 sword energy.

Skill Cooldown Time: 30 minutes.]

The power of the original 100,000 Army Swordsmanship transcended Grid's imagination. He always believed that the 100,000 Army Swordsmanship adjusted by Biban had a power close to the original but the actual situation was completely different. Even the Sword Saint couldn't draw out the real power of 100,000 Army Swordsmanship. Sure enough, it was a swordsmanship made by Undefeated King Madra, a 'genius who will never be born again.'

'The attack power coefficient is doubled and the additional effects are greatly enhanced.'

In particular, the development of the 100,000 Army Massacre Sword was very dazzling. The range changed from being able to distinguish between enemies and allies and to 'in view.' As it was well-known, skills based on 'field of view' had a higher utilization and were rare.

"...It is like shooting a Breath!"

It was Nefelina who appreciated it the most. The 100,000 Army Massacre Sword used with the Fire Dragon Sword. The majestic flames that burned and destroyed all enemies in their path were purely powerful. Of course, it didn't achieve the full power of a Breath but it was still vaguely reminiscent of it.

Braham evaluated it with a rare stiff expression. "If Madra survived then it would've been humans, not the gods, who dominated the world."

It was in the same vein as Hayate's shocking statement that Madra would've sealed all the dragons if he was alive.

Grid felt a thrill. He felt proud that the swordsmanship made by the most talented person in this world view was at least partly reproduced by himself.

'The downside is that the sword energy consumption is too big...'

It was shameless to talk about the consumption of resources after seeing this power. The consumption might be twice as great but the power was convincing. The Fire Dragon Sword once again released fire



and the dozens of tuilas hiding behind the sulfur waterfall turned to ashes. The demonic creatures judged as elites of the 24th Hell were destroyed in one blow without showing their inherent defense and survivability.

Besides, it wasn't only Grid who was powerful. First of all, Piaro was stronger than before. Just as Grid obtained the Undefeated King's swordsmanship, 100,000 Army Swordsmanship, Piaro only obtained the Matchless Swordsmanship, but the effect was huge. The Free Swordsmanship and Free Farming style evolved under the influence of the Matchless Swordsmanship. In addition, the evolved technique had a synergistic effect with the Matchless Heart Technique and the power was increased. Now it was impossible to judge that Piaro was 'weak compared to other messengers.'

The development of Yura was also dazzling.

She got Lantier's body technique, 'Hundred Rings', so she was better at 'using her body' overall. Hundred Rings connected constant movements like a ring and it had a very good compatibility with the Demon Slayer's characteristic of changing weapons in real time. This allowed her to do combat at 'all distances.' The fact that she had to play melee, medium and long range combat was both a strength and a weakness, but now it had been completely sublimated into an advantage.

The problem was Mercedes. She revealed that she had learned the skills of Miner Gis but there was no real change. Why did she look so happy about it? Grid felt uneasy.

'Did she learn a mining skill? I'm happy if she is able to help me obtain minerals but... That's not it, right?'

He didn't think so, but he couldn't help becoming more anxious. Just then, rocks fell from the sky. Each rock was as big as a house and there were many of them, smashing the shield that Braham spread out like an umbrella.

"Avoid it!" Nefelina shouted after using the shockwaves to blow away some of the rocks. Grid's party immediately scattered everywhere. Only one person. Mercedes was the only one who stood still.

One hand was holding a pickaxe. It was a pickaxe that Grid had given her. He didn't want to give it to her because he felt uneasy. However, she had learned the technique of the legendary miner and asked for it as a gift in commemoration, so he couldn't help giving it to her.

The pickaxe hit the ground. Then the rocks from the sky covered Mercedes.

"Mercede...s?" Grid screamed only for his mouth to drop open. It was because Mercedes' health on the party window remained at MAX.

Ttaang, taang, taang...

The sound of the pickaxe hitting the rock made Grid recall an old memory. The death knight of the legendary miner Gis who appeared in the Behen Archipelago. He was invincible during mining...

The skill that Mercedes learned was indeed a mining technique. Grid didn't know whether to be disappointed or pleased.

In the midst of the turmoil.

“I’m flustered because there are a lot more of you than I thought. Still, it is enough to reduce the number.” The 24th great demon, Nebiros appeared while laughing at the human who was crushed to death without being able to respond to the pile of rocks. “Shudder at my strength. I will kill you.”

Nebiros had the power to control minerals and plants. The moment he started to use magic power, the mountains and land moved and all types of minerals and plants hit Grid’s party. He specialized in big attacks that would destroy one million troops in no time. Unfortunately, Piaro dominated the land using Field Reclamation and the plants entered Piaro’s control. In addition, the minerals were hit by Grid’s hammer, causing the shape to change and they lost their power. For Nebiros, he met enemies with a very bad compatibility.

“A blacksmith? A farmer? How?”

Nebiros overlooked the fact that there was also a miner here.

Mercedes popped out from the pile of rocks once she glimpsed an opportunity with Keen Insight and attacked Nebiros. Nebiros completely lost any chance of victory. He had relatively high combat power as the 24th great demon, but he was killed in a relatively futile manner.

The 23rd and 22nd great demons they met afterwards also weren’t opponents of Grid’s party. They weren’t as good as Dantalion who was considered a named monster among the great demons. On the other hand, Grid’s party became stronger due to Dantalion and they ate the tuila’s eggs, reducing the penalties of hell by a further 10%.

## **Chapter 1426**

The chain explosions of different shapes and colors gradually disappeared. It was a terrible proof of slaughter but it was beautiful. The eyes of the executives staring at the screen were red.

The red that stretched out like a wave devoured the other explosions and slowly filled the screen. The 100,000 Army Massacre Sword, the Blockade Sword, and Fated to Perish. It was a sight created by 100,000 Army Swordsmanship being reproduced with the Fire Dragon Sword.

Director Yoon Sangmin blankly watched the screen where hundreds of smashed demons drowned in their own blood and expressed concern. “The Undefeated King’s swordsmanship... it is too strong.”

At this very moment, the two billion players were steadily growing. The attack power that knocked down monsters with one strike, the defense power that was like a mountain, the speed that deceived cognitive abilities, and the ability to cast high difficulty magic. They were no longer exclusive to Grid.

The players’ constant enthusiasm discovered a number of hidden classes and the normal class players who experienced the fourth class advancement were on par with the hidden classes. Players who gained the ultimate attack skills with an attack power coefficient of over 200% came onto the stage one after another and the raid times of infamous boss monsters were becoming shorter every day. The numerous records built by Grid that seemed to be immortal started to be broken one by one.

Of course, this didn’t mean they were players who could fight against Grid. However, external factors such as the evolution of classes and titles and the emergence of new items meant the average growth rate of players was gradually accelerating. The ‘balance’ that the S.A Group was obsessed with was slowly occurring.

At this time, Grid acquired the original 100,000 Army Swordsmanship. Was Director Yoon Sangmin worried that the gap between Grid and the other players, which was starting to grow smaller, would widen once again?

“Don’t you know how special the Undefeated King is? Could the board tolerate the poor design of a great demon dropping the Undefeated King’s swordsmanship?”

Yoon Sangmin reprimanded the development team who designed the great demon Dantalion. However, the development team was under the personal management and supervision of Chairman Lim Cheolho. The chief designer Jacob didn’t even blink at Director Yoon Sangmin’s threat.

“Dantalion is one of the few beings close to the truth. The operations director doesn’t seem to know much about Dantalion.”

“I know that Dantalion has been obsessed with knowledge for thousands of years. Still, do you think the logic is right that he would’ve acquired the best swordsmanship in the worldview simply because he accumulated a lot of knowledge? If that is the logic then all the strong people in Satisfy would be scholars.”

“Dantalion’s knowledge is the realm of a power. How can it be compared to a scholar? Even Dantalion didn’t personally recreate the Undefeated King’s swordsmanship. He just understood it theoretically and placed it in his knowledge.”

“Then Grid happened to get it? Hah.”

“.....”

It was a well-known fact in the industry that Yoon Sangmin was a longtime fan of Grid. Now he was sighing at the current situation. At this point, the chief designer Jacob also had to shut up. He also realized that the situation wasn’t very good.

“The probability of 100,000 Army Swordsmanship dropping from the knowledge essence is only 4.2%... We can only say that Grid was too lucky...”

“Why did such a gimmick exist in the first place? The value of Dantalion dropping the skills of the former legends is enough. Did you have to use the Undefeated King’s swordsmanship as bait?”

“Dantalion is proficient in the skills of the former legends so we had to include the Undefeated King’s swordsmanship. The rule of the development team is that we must keep the setting no matter what variables it might cause. This is the truth that runs through Satisfy. If we don’t follow the setting or make errors, the immersion of the players will be broken and Satisfy will just become a game.”

“What about the problem with variables?”

“We have to believe that the players will bear it and overcome it on their own. This is one of the factors that guarantees freedom.”

“Is this the position of the development team?” Yoon Sangmin’s gaze turned toward Chairman Lim Cheolho. Chairman Lim Cheolho was silent. It confirmed Director Yoon Sangmin’s interpretation.

Yoon Sangmin sighed. "The operating team can't tolerate it. Chief Designer Jacob is always talking about the setting. Isn't Madra's setting that the more it is passed down, the more it becomes a myth?"

The 100,000 Army Swordsmanship skill was myth rated. If someone could see Grid's status window, the 100,000 Army Swordsmanship wouldn't be marked with SS or a question that meant a variable. It would be unreadable.

"Thanks to Magic Swordsman of the Epics, Grid who has become a god gained additional myth rated skills that have nothing to do with his class. That... It will have an unparalleled impact on Grid when Pagma's Successor gets the skills of other legends."

It was a natural flow for a player to become a god. The warrior who saved the world against the great demons would be hailed as a hero. What would they call a great player who defended humanity many times if not a god? Morpheus predicted that a player like Grid would appear one day. Thus, the myth classes were set from the beginning. Myths were more powerful than legends. If a player had the powers of two myths then they would feel omnipotent.

"Director Yoon, what are you so worried about? Are you nervous that other players won't be able to keep up with Grid? Why worry about it now?"

The other executives listening in silence clicked their tongues. They didn't agree with Director Yoon Sangmin at all.

"Wouldn't it have made more sense to talk about the gap between Grid and the players long before this?"

To be exact, it was after Grid got Magic Swordsman of the Epics. The competitors of myth classes were assumed to be transcendents, not players. It was absurd to discuss the gap with other players at this time when God Grid grew Magic Swordsman of the Epics to just before the myth level.

"Yes, I'm aware of that. It is a fact recognized by a large number of players. The thing I'm worried about is the possibility of Grid changing and going bad."

Yoon Sangmin became a fan of Grid because most of his choices and actions were correct. Grid had a bad mouth, was greedy, and had many complaints, but he was still a very moral person. He possessed the best power and force in the West Continent but he never wielded his power recklessly and poorly. Considering the hundreds or thousands of kings in real world history who wielded their power, Grid was almost a saintly, noble person.

However, the Undefeated King's swordsmanship was too powerful. It was hard for Grid to keep his original intentions when he could kill thousands or tens of thousands of people simply by swinging his sword. Director Yoon Sangmin speculated that Grid becoming intoxicated by power and being corrupted was close to 100%.

"I will ask one thing." Chairman Lim Cheolho, who had been quiet throughout the meeting, opened his mouth for the first time. "Does the operations director have the right to deprive a player of the ability they have just acquired?"

"...No. However, I think we should sanction the swordsmanship of the Undefeated King even if we need to build a new policy. I'm convinced this is the right thing for the future of Satisfy."

“The S.A Group hasn’t accepted the appeal of any group or individual. No matter the judgment of the operations group or the board, we’ve never made any updates. All the trends have been given to Morpheus and the players. What will happen if companies try to intervene in Satisfy after we change our policy? Director Yoon, can you handle being responsible for everything your decision creates?”

“T-That... I was too short-sighted...”

Director Yoon Sangmin backed down. He blushed when he realized he spoke unreasonable nonsense because he was too agitated. Chairman Lim Cheolho and the executives shook their heads and once again turned their gazes back to the screen. The explosions of various forms and colors were still ongoing.

This was the result of Grid and his messengers’ destructive march. All the hells in the 20s, except for the Dog’s Mouth, were captured by the Overgeared Guild in just one week.

“As expected...”

Lim Cheolho smiled happily. He had watched Grid for a long time and trusted Grid, but he was worried at this time. He fully agreed with Director Yoon Sangmin’s concerns. Still, he knew that the lifespan of Satisfy would drop dramatically the moment the company intervened.

Even if Grid became a terrible tyrant drunk on this new power, the best thing the company could do was watch. He believed there was nothing wrong even if Grid became a tyrant. It was because Morpheus would respond to the emergence of a new evil. Someone else would take over Grid’s role.

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It happened when the S.A Group was flipped over because of the emergence of one skill.

‘It is cool.’

Grid had a free and easy feeling as he appreciated it. Omnipotent? He didn’t feel this at all. The experience of destroying a monster with one or two blows wasn’t unique to Grid. It happened more than once or twice. It might be different if the destructive power of 100,000 Army Swordsmanship was proportional to the amount of damage inflicted, not the physical attack power. However, it didn’t have the effect of Falling Moon Sword so Grid didn’t feel dramatically stronger.

He definitely thought it was strong when he saw it causing great damage to the great demons but... He was already too strong to be intoxicated with this much power.

[You have entered the 20th Hell.]

“Um...”

Grid was tense once they reached their final destination. There was a large river reminiscent of the Styx and lightning flashed in the dark sky. The screams of souls were mixed in with the sharp wind. The 20th Hell presented the scenery of hell that most people commonly thought of. There was also a cave that rose in the center with five tributaries swirling around it. It was larger than a normal castle and resembled the skull of a dog with its mouth open.

“Is that the castle?” It was a question that naturally emerged because the cave was very difficult to access. It was like a fortress.

Yura nodded in response. “Probably. I heard that the 20th Hell is called Dog’s Mouth. Now I know the reason.”

The red-skinned demon Glant. He didn’t become a great demon but he was an excellent adviser. Grid recalled the demon who put on an apron to clean the Indestructible Castle and asked his messengers, “How about the penalties? Did it become worse?”

“It feels like my strength and stamina have fallen below half. My movements have become very dull and my thinking isn’t smooth either,” Piaro replied honestly.

The other messengers didn’t raise any objections so the situation was almost the same.

‘A penalty of more than 50%...’

This was despite using all the means and methods to reduce penalties... He once again realized how excellent the title ‘Recognition of the 9th Great Demon’ that he obtained from Hell Gao was.

‘Once we finish this expedition and go back, I will have to instruct the messengers to raid Hell Gao.’

The title ‘Recognition of the 9th Great Demon’ activated the hell reputation system and it was speculated to be obtained by doing the Hell Gao raid twice after killing a number of great demons.

‘Mercedes will get it in the next raid but it will take a long time for the other messengers to get it... Until then, I will be stuck in the smithy for a while.’

The byproducts obtained by killing the great demons were great. In particular, there were many gems so it seemed that most of his accessories could be replaced with new ones although they wouldn’t be as good as the Ring of Absurdity.

‘It isn’t possible with Elizabeth’s current skills, even if she has the help of Braham and alchemy.’

He didn’t mean to disregard Elizabeth’s skills but the talent of great magician Pauld was that excellent. Braham had given up several times when it came to the production of artifacts.

In the forefront, Grid started moving. The messengers might’ve received more penalties after entering the 20th Hell but there was no tension. They considered that the power of the 21st great demon was similar to that of Dantalion and they determined that the 20th great demon would be similar as well. They didn’t want to stay in one place for too long. The moment their location was discovered, Barbatos was likely to track them down.

‘It is a strangely peaceful place.’

Not a single demonic creature appeared as they reached the river surrounding the fortress. Although it was hard to describe it as quiet when the screams of the souls were constantly heard...

“Yura.” Grid extended his hand to Yura. She understood what it meant and blushed slightly as she grabbed Grid’s hand. Grid held Yura in his arms. Yura was wearing armor but her physique was so good that she easily fit in Grid’s arms.

“Let’s go.” Grid gave a signal and opened his dragon wings. Braham, Nefelina and Zikfrector floated using magic while Mercedes and Sariel spread out their wings. Piaro planted and sprouted beans in the ground and he also rose up. It wasn’t as good as Braham who floated using gravity magic. The party started to cross the river.

Grrr...

The growl of a beast echoed and the hot heat made their skin warm. The source of the heat was inside the cave called the Dog’s Mouth. The whole group scattered reflexively.

Flames shot out from the cave. The flames were reminiscent of a dragon’s Breath and the light of the flames was like when the Fire Dragon Sword used 100,000 Army Swordsmanship. The speed was so fast that it was hard for the messengers to avoid it with their reduced stats.

Grid relied on his transcendent ability and used 200,000 Army Crushing Sword to get rid of the flames. The sword energy flew to the location where the flames emerged and caused an explosion. A cloud of dust rose and a giant dog came out of it. It was a three-headed cerberus, but it was 100 times larger than any cerberus seen so far. The even more eye-catching thing was the great demon on its back. He wore black armor and his red eyes looked at Grid’s party.

“You are all trivial trash apart from one person.”

Could it be due to the penalties? The assessment of the messengers was very low.

“Hoh... It is the most ridiculous barking I’ve ever heard in my life.” Braham frowned at the words and laughed in an absurd manner. He immediately cast magic but the oppression of hell slowed the flow of mana. The flames that the cerberus fired reached him before his magic was cast. The flames came simultaneously from three heads. The power and range was so outstanding that it couldn’t be compared with the initial flames.

‘This rotten thing.’

It seemed hard to protect all the messengers. He could only pray that they endured it well. It happened the moment when Grid hugged Yura tighter and tried to deflect some of the flames using Revolve.

“It is still too early for you.” A middle-aged man wearing a fedora appeared with his back to the approaching flames and flicked his fingers. Grid saw that the name above his head was ‘Marbas’ before his vision darkened.

[The person of power in hell has expelled you from hell.]

“.....”

Grid’s party was returned to the human world.

## **Chapter 1427**

“He is greater than the rumors.”

Marbas—it was a name that was often mentioned when discussing hell. It was said he had the power to change the order of the great demons. In many ways, Grid thought it was an exaggerated reputation.

The order of great demons was determined by strength. They fought and won, and their ranking increased as they won. It wasn't something that could be forced by the power of others. This was what Grid thought.

Now it was definitely ambiguous. Marbas expelled Grid's party from hell as if declaring that hell was his home. It was a force that dismissed the dignity of a god. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say it was the peak of power.

"That guy is Yatan's agent?" If not, it doesn't make sense for him to treat hell as his home.

Yura agreed with Grid's speculation, "Yatan's agent is known to be Amoract, but... after seeing Marbas, I think Yatan might have multiple agents."

Marbas' power had always been attributed to his ability to breed demonkin and demonic creatures, but this seemed to be fundamentally wrong. It was clear he had strong backing.

Nefelina took one more bite of food and praised Marbas' skills, "Regardless of his force, his magic abilities are great. I didn't feel any fluctuations in mana until he appeared in front of us so his magic casting speed is more than my perception."

She might be a hatching who was just born and had high pride as the blood of the insane dragon, but she didn't disparage others without basis. She was fully aware and convinced that there were many people in the world who were stronger than herself, just as she expressed deep gratitude to Grid for protecting her from the tower members.

"Then why did Marbas help us?"

"....."

No one could answer this fundamental question.

Grid changed the question, "What was the level of the cerberus and black knight?"

Marbas had said that the 20th Hell was still too early for them. Grid was also vaguely aware of it. Every time the cerberus fired flames, the world of transcendence was activated and the messengers couldn't easily respond. Yet this was just the pet of the 20th Great Demon. The 20th Great Demon, who wore full body black armor and had a red glow—he was likely to be stronger than the cerberus.

"The cerberus is a mythical creature that represents hell along with the hydra. It is a very powerful and fierce beast that even the gods of the sky are afraid of. It won't be able to win easily even if we overcome the oppression of hell." This was Zikfrector's answer.

Grid couldn't deny it. He experienced that the cerberus he met so far were completely different from the cerberus of the 20th Hell.

"The Black Knight... I don't know. Our seven good people didn't experience hell, so I only know bits and pieces of it."

"I know." Sariel raised her hand when she heard this. Her blonde hair was shiny and her seductive collarbone was revealed. Sariel wore only a thin piece of cloth on her body and a lot of her skin was exposed. The curves of her body were revealed when she moved. Of course, Grid had no interest. It was



because in Grid's eyes, Sariel had a neutral gender. It was hard to recognize her as one way or another—whether as a male or a female—when she kept changing her appearance between a man and a woman.

“One of the targets I was trained to be most vigilant about in case of a war between heaven and hell is Black Knight Eligos. I heard he is one of the strongest in all of hell. I wasn't expecting him to be guarding the 20th Hell... I was surprised as well.”

“One of the strongest in all of hell?” Grid frowned. It was a response like he wasn't convinced. It was natural. Eligos was the ruler of the 20th Hell. He might be named, but there should still be limits. It was hard to admit that he was no different from a single digit great demon.

Sariel added an explanation, “Black is a color that symbolizes wickedness and evil. From the moment that black was used to describe Eligos, it proves that he is a special being among great demons.”

Grid murmured, “Um... If that is true, then the conquest of the 20th Hell should be postponed until after all of us completely overcome hell's punishment.”

“Is there a way?” Braham's question in response was unfavorable. As a vampire i.e. a demonkin, he knew how hard it was for non-demonkin to be liberated from the oppression of demonic energy. From Braham's point of view, the only ones who could overcome the oppression of demonic energy among Grid's messengers were himself and Nefelina.

Grid laughed in this heavy atmosphere. “There is naturally a method. There is a huge pushover.”

Hell Gao. The 9th ranked great demon who periodically invaded the human world because he wanted to regain the body sealed by Muller or because he wanted to erase the mistakes of being repeatedly defeated by humanity. He was a single digit great demon who was still a famous name in hell. Just being acknowledged by him helped improve Grid's reputation in hell and erased hell's penalty.

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Under Grid's guidance, the Hell Gao raid teams were overhauled. Hell Gao appeared along with seven fire stones. Grid had to lead the team directly in order to raid him, but Grid was excluded from the list. Grid's vacancy was filled by Braham, Nefelina, Mercedes, Piaro, Sariel, and Zikfrector. It was a gorgeous selection of members.

“Isn't it better for us to be removed from the group at this level?”

Once the number of fire stones increased, Hell Gao's emergence cycle was slower than before. It was exactly once every 45 days. The 10 meritorious retainers who had been supporting Grid expressed their disapproval. They believed they would be a small help when they were with Grid, but now it was hard to have that belief.

If the messengers joined forces, Hell Gao could be easily eliminated. Was there any reason for them to join the raid team? It wasn't just a waste of manpower. The problem was that they would get a share of the rewards. The items would enter the treasury, but experience was different. The difference was based on contribution, but it was shared between all the raid team members. The 10 meritorious retainers believed it wouldn't be helpful to share the experience.

Grid understood their thoughts. "I know it is much better for you to hunt personally rather than spending time on the Hell Gao raid. Still, I hope you will participate for the sake of the guild's development. There is a title you will get from raiding the great demon a certain number of times and you should obtain it."

They were words full of consideration. Anyone who heard it would think that it was the 10 meritorious retainers suffering losses.

"Grid..."

The Overgeared members were warmed by Grid's gentleness, but this became a dagger for Jishuka. She wanted to give up her feelings for Grid and to hate Grid. However, it wasn't possible when witnessing things such as this over and over again. Jishuka bit her red lips and left the meeting room first.

Grid looked after her with a sad expression and Yura was also depressed. She was as ignorant about love as Grid and Jishuka, but that didn't mean she was blind. She noticed the atmosphere between them and realized something had happened.

At first, she was happy. She was happy when thinking of the fact that Grid, who was conflicted between her and Jishuka, finally made up his mind and chose her. Then that joy... it only lasted a few days. She had no choice but to admire Jishuka as a woman. She felt guilty when she saw the always bright Jishuka being depressed and in pain. It was also hard to see Grid suffering from his choice.

In fact, Grid seemed to hesitate. The number of dates between Grid and Yura had increased significantly recently, but their relationship hadn't deepened. Maybe... the one that Grid should've chosen was Jishuka, not her.

Jishuka was someone who came to South Korea to be with Grid. Could Yura do that in her position? Yura had confessed to Grid in front of people around the world and placed shackles on him. It was hard to imagine a cowardly person like her would've acted as courageous as Jishuka.

'The person who should be by Grid...' Yura thought about Grid smiling happily at Jishuka's actions despite being embarrassed. The person who suited Grid who was passive in love was Jishuka, not Yura. Yura already knew this.

'But...' She didn't want to leave yet. She wanted to be with Grid, at least for the moment when Grid needed her for the hell expedition.

'Please understand this last greed.' Yura apologized as she looked at the back of the departing Jishuka.

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There were a total of 31 items such as bones, leathers, and horns with diverse attributes and different shapes. There were also four peak quality gems and 39 highest quality gems. There were five bloodstones and 22 obsidians.

One week in reality. This was the list of materials secured during the week-long expedition in hell. These were just the crafting materials among the loot. Among the items, there were nine legendary rated ones and he gained a huge 43 enhancement stones. There were also the former legend's skills and the skill level rise from Dantalion.

Hell. An uncharted land that no one dared to invade except for Yura. The area with one of the highest difficulties in existence and a place ordinary players couldn't access was recognized as a treasure trove by Grid.

'I heard the respawn time of the great demons who die in hell is at least one month to three months... It is regrettable.'

The problem wasn't the respawn interval. It was that the resurrected great demons were weaker and had a lower drop rate than before they died. For example, if Dantalion was resurrected, then he would be resurrected with only two heads. Then as the years passed, he would accumulate knowledge and grow more heads. This meant the chances of dropping the knowledge essences were reduced.

'Even if the drop rate is lower, I can still get a lot... Is there a way to shorten the respawn interval?'

He wanted Dantalion to resurrect faster and kill him more often...

It was a truly devilish idea, even from the perspective of a great demon.

"Oh my, aren't you a frequent visitor these days?" Elizabeth was pleased when Grid entered her workshop. Looking at the pile of work, she was probably richer than her uncle by now. Grid smiled and handed Elizabeth a bag full of jewels.

"What is this?" Elizabeth wondered.

"Open it."

"Heeek..." Elizabeth was shocked. The gems used to create the national treasures were the highest quality. The gems had great potential, were beautiful, and were just as rare. Meanwhile, these were peak quality jewels. Elizabeth was an artisan and it was her first time seeing peak quality jewels.

"This... I heard that the probability of producing them is only 0.5% with a master level alchemy facility..."

The highest quality gems needed to be used as a material. In order to artificially make peak quality gems, highest quality gems were needed. Additionally, the quality of the gems used as materials would be degraded if the production was a failure. The production probability of 0.5% meant it was virtually impossible to make. It couldn't even be attempted until the alchemy facility was master level.

Grid explained, "The great demons often dropped it."

"Wow..." Elizabeth also received news of Grid's expedition to hell every day. The moment she turned on the TV, she received news reports about the great demons that were killed. The popular searches on the Internet were also filled with the names of the great demons, so she couldn't help knowing. "The ranking of Yura unni also went up significantly. Hell is good in many ways."

"Yes, it is a land of milk and honey."

Perhaps people would misunderstand hell. Many who mistook hell as a land of opportunity would challenge it by any means.

...They were going to feel despair, but Grid didn't know about this. "How about it? Can you make some useful accessories from it?"

“Um... It is worth looking forward to the things made from peak quality gems. It might be impossible to make the Ring of Absurdity, but I’m confident I can make something with better results than Doran’s Ring.”

It was overlooked since Grid used it from the beginning, but Doran’s Ring was a very good artifact compared to the rating. How many items in the world were better than an artifact that instantly restored half of the damage suffered, increased attributes resistance, and relieving poisoning and curses? The weakness was that the defense wasn’t high due to the limitations of the unique rating, but Grid still liked to use Doran’s Ring.

“Okay, then please do so.”

“What form or options do you want?”

“I’ll leave it purely to your inspiration. Please make something as good as possible no matter how much time it takes.” Grid entrusted it to her and immediately left the workshop. It might seem impolite to leave after making this vague request, but Grid knew Elizabeth’s personality. She resembled him. Just as he wanted to run to the smithy right now, she would want to go and work on the jewels.

“Leader!”

“Eh?” Grid was heading to the smithy district when he stopped. He looked back and could see Elizabeth gasping for breath. It seemed she ran with all her strength to chase him here. “If you have something to say, then just send a whisper. Why...”

“I think it is better to look directly at your face and say it.”

“.....”

It was an expression of determination. Grid showed a kind smile when he noticed that Elizabeth had made an important decision. “What is it? Don’t feel burdened and tell me.”

“That...” Elizabeth couldn’t easily open her mouth. Grid waited silently. He was afraid she would be hurt by moving carriages so he approached her side and protected her. “That...”

Elizabeth hesitated a long time before gulping and summoning up her courage. “Is it okay to smash all the gems?”

“...Huh?” This was unexpected.

Elizabeth explained to the flustered Grid, “In fact, I had a strange encounter a while ago. This person commissioned me to create the parts necessary for a magic power mechanism. The magic power mechanism he was trying to create would clearly have the best performance I have ever seen. If you give permission... I want to make it...”

“Is there a design?”

“I made a number of speculations while making the parts. So probably... Of course, there is a good chance I will waste all the gems.”

“Even the peak quality ones?”

“Yes... I can’t guarantee I can do it even with the peak quality gems... Ah, I will understand if you don’t give permission. I know how shameless I am to be asking you this right now.”

“Try it.”

“Huh?”

“If you think it is right, then do it. I will try my best to cooperate, so don’t be too burdened.”

Grid spread his wings only after joining the Tzedakah Guild. His colleagues believed in him and gave him expensive materials. This was how he got the chance to experience both success and failure. The experiences of that time created the Grid of today. Now it was Grid’s turn to create a second or third Grid.

“Thank you, Leader!” Elizabeth was so pleased that she jumped up and hugged Grid hard. The roots of the Overgeared Guild were becoming stronger.

## **Chapter 1428**

“You finally got the hang of it.” Pauld smiled. It was a clear smile that matched the little boy’s face but looking closely, it was creepy. There were no emotions in the large eyes. Light didn’t shine in it and it showed no moods, so it didn’t match the smile on his face. It was impossible for a corpse to have true emotions. The smile was nothing but an act to realize his soul.

Agnus used to believe that the deceased was the second return of Luna. Now he saw Pauld’s empty smile and nodded. “I’ve definitely adapted.”

Every time Agnus’ deceased moved, dozens of bizarre devices in his body rotated with a slight sound. It was just abstract magic power for someone else, but it was a process of absorbing resources like mana or aura from the outside and then filtering them into power. The materialized power was launched from the deceased’s heart. It was made by Pauld and was a magic organ that shouldn’t exist.

Just then, there was the terrible noise of bones breaking in the deceased’s body like a doll being pulled by a thread. The joints that twisted in the reverse direction moved like tentacles. An ordinary human being would definitely be affected by the shock.

However, Agnus’ deceased was literally a corpse. It just moved and it naturally didn’t feel pain. The deceased didn’t care about the broken Achilles tendon and kicked off from the ground. The acceleration was so fast that even Agnus missed some of it despite having transcendent vision from the Baal’s Contractor class growing to legendary rated, 2,500 points in agility, and the correction from various titles.

‘It is more than I expected.’

Agnus was convinced by the appearance of the deceased, who learned how to use the magic organ in exchange for the body turning into rags. The moment he created a deceased with a body sturdy enough to withstand the output of the magic organ, the number of targets he needed to fear would be significantly reduced.

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“You are much more persistent than I thought.”

Mir, the owner of the Blue Dragon Dao. He was called the strongest yangban, but he had never been proud due to this identity. A yangban? He was just a soldier born and trained to get revenge for the expelled gods. Even if he built up divinity and became a god, his natural destiny wouldn't change. After all, he existed under Hanul and would disappear after fighting for Hanul's sake. This was why—

“Every time I see you being cut, stabbed, killed, and resurrected, only to point your sword at me again, it... It makes me feel the compulsion to learn from your mindset.”

Mir dreamed about becoming the martial god. He didn't have a grandiose intention like wanting to get rid of Hanul's shackles. He just wanted to establish a 'me,' not a created half-god or a created god. This was why he was obsessed with martial arts. Throughout his life, he honed everything in the category of talent including the body of a half-god, power, and lifespan. He didn't stop trying hard unlike the other yangbans.

Yet it was only recently that he realized something. He learned from the man in front of him that what he always thought was hard work was nothing more than relying on his natural talent.

“Gasp... gasp... gasp...”The eternal snow created by the blue dragon's curse was dyed red and the body of the man lying on it was full of wounds. The man was dying, just like a week ago, a fortnight ago, and a month ago. However, the time it took to reach the result of death was different every time. Half a month ago compared to a month ago, and even today compared with a week ago, the man persisted for a longer and longer time before falling.

A drop of blood dripped down a finger onto the snow. It was Mir's blood. There was a faint wound on his left shoulder. Every time the man persisted for a longer time, the wounds on Mir's body increased. It wasn't deep, but Mir was alert.

The man slowly closing his eyes on the red snow was the present day Sword Saint, Kraugel. Mir felt anxious that Kraugel might soon leave a wound that couldn't be erased.

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[Your level has decreased.]

It was already a decrease of three levels. Unlike the average person, Kraugel gained 15 stat points every time he leveled up, so the loss was quite significant. It was enough to feel his weakened strength. Even so, Kraugel's heart was very relaxed despite the weight of the sword in his hand.

'It increased by four this time.'

Kraugel checked his super sensitivity stat and smiled lightly. The super sensitivity that changed from a skill to a stat after becoming the Sword Saint was special among the hidden stats. It was the strongest combat-related stat exclusive to the Sword Saint. The only downside was that raising it was very difficult.

Kraugel's super sensitivity stat was less than 40 before he came to Kaya, but now it was 67 points. It was thanks to fighting the yangbans, especially Mir, during his stay in Kaya. The more he reacted to Mir's attacks, the more Kraugel's super sensitivity grew rapidly.

In return, he suffered a total of eight deaths from Mir alone, losing a significant amount of experience and a few items. Still, it was worth it to Kraugel. He had already fallen to level 1, so he was acclimated to the concept of losing levels. He could just obtain more items. His bank balance was recovering since his mother overcame her illness...

Of course, the White Tiger Sword was placed in his warehouse. Even Kraugel would have to worry about bankruptcy if he dropped the White Tiger Sword.

“Welcome.”

“Please open Warehouse 378.”

It was a small town. It was a town built in the desert, as if to prove why Kaya was called the kingdom of sand. Kraugel designated this place that was completely different from the snow-covered capital as the resurrection point and stopped by the warehouse immediately after his resurrection to find the White Tiger Sword. He chewed on jerky and moved to the hunting site.

It was necessary to be prepared for death when fighting Mir again. Before then, he had to build up as much experience as he could.

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Obora, the new master of the 22nd Hell, was one of Berith’s devoted retainers. The impact was very weak compared to Berith, who could deceive the system with the power of lies, but the overall combat power was quite excellent. The snake-like lower body bent geometrically and attacked at totally unexpected angles, and the force of the tail was heavy enough to stiffen the God Hands. Additionally, his scales were hard and resilient. He was challenging in many ways. Even if the messengers were under a severe penalty, the fact that the raid time took more than two hours meant Obora was strong.

‘Maybe that is why he dropped something nice.’

The appendage dropped by Obora was a ‘spine.’ It consisted of seven cervical vertebrae, 20 thoracic vertebrae, and four lumbar vertebrae. Once extended, the length reached three meters. However, it was possible to combine each one and it could shrink down to one meter.

It was one of the reasons why it was hard to deal with Obora. Obora’s snake-like tail took various forms and its length changed, so it was hard to read and deal with the attacks. If he didn’t have his transcendent senses, then Grid would’ve suffered serious injuries like the other messengers.

‘I want to use this as a new sword material.’

It was a sword that swung like a whip and could change its length. The more the enemies read and responded to the trajectory of the sword, the more likely they were to fall into an ant hell.

However, there were many shortcomings with it as a new sword material. There was cartilage in every bone joint of Obora’s spine, so it was virtually impossible to smelt it like a mineral. Of course, it was the cartilage of a great demon, so it was flexible but hard as steel. Nevertheless, it was likely to be damaged as soon as it was put in the furnace.

‘If I ignore it and smelt it, the spine itself will become harder. However, if the cartilage is damaged then it will lose the unique function of the spine.’

It couldn't be swung as a whip or to shrink and expand. It would just be a long, whole bone.

'If I make it into a sword, the durability and attack power will be far below the level of a sword. Um, what if I separate all the bone joints and reconnect them with links instead of cartilage? No, it is better to rebuild the bone joints with Greed.'

Grid considered it for a long time before concluding that it was impossible to replicate Obora's spine with other metals. Of course, he could replicate the form, but it was impossible for the ability of a blacksmith to completely preserve or reproduce biological functions.

"Ah!" Grid suddenly came up with a good idea. There was a method borrowing the power of the system. Use the pure Obora's spine to make a sword first and get the 'Spine Sword Blueprint.' Then use Greed as the material to make another Spine Sword!

'...Ah, damn. It is impossible.'

It was naturally impossible. The blueprint would specify that Obora's spine be part of the essential materials. Grid was troubled for a long time before summoning the manager of Reidan's alchemy facility.

The manager ran over through the warp gate the moment he received the call and greeted Grid while placing his palms together, "Did you call, Your Majesty?"

The manager was a craftsman alchemist and a named NPC. However, he spent so much money that he couldn't act confidently in front of Grid.

"I want to make parts out of Greed that function exactly like this spine, but it isn't possible with my techniques alone. Can I borrow the power of alchemy?"

"That... With all due respect, it is impossible."

"No, why can't you do it? Isn't the ultimate purpose of alchemy to make miracles? It is just one spine. I don't think it can even be considered a miracle."

"The science of alchemy itself has been ostracized due to ancient alchemists who dreamed of eternal life or creation committing many inhumane behaviors. The name is the famous Philosopher's Stone. The alchemists who longed for the Philosopher's Stone were even more cruel than the Yatan Church followers who worship evil gods and demons."

The TMI started...

"All nations and species on the continent defined alchemy as heresy and expelled the alchemists from the continent. Thousands of years later, alchemists tried their best to recover their lost rights. Part of the efforts included disposing of all materials related to the Philosopher's Stone. Creating or replicating a part of life, which includes the parts of a creature, belongs to those discarded materials."

"So the conclusion is that you can't even reproduce a spine?"

"...I'm sorry. I am ashamed."

"Sigh, it's fine. Go back first."



“I’m sorry. I’m sorry, Your Majesty. Please call me again at any time if you need me.”

‘Why? You didn’t even help when I called...’ Grid was pretty callous toward the alchemy manager. In Grid’s eyes, this person was just a money-eating hippopotamus. This didn’t mean he doubted the manager. He just didn’t like the study of alchemy itself.

“.....!!” Some time after the manager left. Grid was deeply sighing and thinking about working on something else when he received a shock. It was because he suddenly came up with a brilliant idea.

‘It isn’t a big problem, right?’

The moment Obora’s spine was used to create a sword, it would be judged as an item. Grid had the Item Transformation skill. If he changed Greed into the Spine Sword then he could temporarily make up for the lack of attack power and durability. It was a ‘time based divine sword’ founded using the principle of the Blood Sword.

‘If it is impossible to make a divine sword, then I will make it temporarily become a divine sword.’ Yes, let’s make it first.’

Grid pulled out Obora’s spine that had been in the inventory for a while, placed it on the anvil, and used Open Potential on his blacksmithing technique. The production of the Spine Sword was immediately launched. Well, the word spine was a bit cruel. It was a good idea to give it a name like the Backbone Sword.

## **Chapter 1429**

Just a few years ago, the position of players was far inferior to that of NPCs. The days when Grid was helpless against the dukes of the empire proved this fact. Most of the people in power in each kingdom were NPCs and the players were just employees who moved according to their will. Players had very little power and experience to surpass the power and system accumulated in hundreds of years of history.

In the first place, they didn’t feel the need to go beyond it. The vast majority of players wanted to be part of the already existing society and thought this was enough. However, a handful of players were deeply dissatisfied. They couldn’t tolerate serving or relying on NPCs and hoped to become the main subjects of society.

Over the years, the world finally started to change. The system that was centered around the Saharan Empire collapsed due to Grid and Basara. The kingdoms liberated from the oppression of the empire strengthened their business and armaments and offered players all types of benefits and opportunities. As meritorious players became nobles of various kingdoms and owned territory, the status of players was developing day by day.

More players were enjoying the ‘lord system’ which used to be the home of just a few high rankers. The aftermath was serious. They were opposed to the existing system, saying they didn’t want to serve NPCs who were just artificial intelligence. They didn’t guarantee the human rights of NPCs. They ruthlessly exercised the power they finally gained. It was a basic thing to raise the tax rate to the maximum, exploit human resources at will, or take handsome women or men as concubines.

Every land ruled by players was full of misery and it was hard to watch.

“This is how refugees are created. It is natural for them to enter the Overgeared Kingdom and Valhalla.”

Lion—he was one of the ‘five wealthy merchants’ who surpassed the fallen king Kir in the rankings. He was lacking when compared to Muto, who remained overwhelming number one thanks to the full support of the Overgeared Kingdom, but he still accumulated financial resources at an amazing speed.

“Hahaha... I instructed the soldiers to seal the castle doors... those bad guys. The jerks didn’t even protect the gates but instead ran away with the people...” High smiled with embarrassment and scratched the back of his head.

Lion was amazed that a fool who had lost half his territory’s population after becoming lord for half a year could laugh. However, he didn’t express his feelings. His emotions weren’t cheap enough to be used on a moron.

“This is the price I promised. Take this and transfer over all rights to the territory.”

“Gulp. I’m not responsible for any problems that happen afterwards, right?” High looked at the amount of money with greedy eyes and confirmed it again.

This was a small territory that could accommodate up to 6,000 people. High was granted this land by the king as a recognition of his service as a nobleman of the Arc Kingdom. All the rights of the land belonged to him, but no one knew what type of future trouble would be waiting if it was sold to a third party or a merchant from another kingdom. To be honest, the king might try to take the land away.

“Correct. From the moment the deal is struck, you are free from all responsibilities.”

There was no need to take responsibility for any problems that might occur...

Lion handed over a contract roughly stating this along with the payment and urged hastily, “Sign it quickly.”

“U-Understood.”

High had a grasp of himself. He might’ve used all types of dirty means to become a lord, but he didn’t have the ability to gather talents or manage a territory. His willpower wasn’t strong enough to resist the hedonistic temptation of power. Thus, he coldly signed the contract. It wasn’t a bad deal for him because he would receive a lot of money for passing on the land that started costing him a lot of money.

[You have purchased the rights to the ‘Bichio’ territory.]

[You have become the lord of Bichio.]

[The Craftsman Trading skill has increased to level 3.]

[It is rumored that the king of the Arc Kingdom has become alert to you. A summons might arrive sooner or later.]

The king’s vigilance? It was just a formal procedure. It would be better than regretting leaving this land to the garbage who destroyed the precious population. The king might ask for proper sincerity and monitor him openly for a while, but Lion was well prepared. Now Lion wasn’t the one who had to worry about his life...

“Huhuhu.”

It was the garbage in front of him who happily sold his land at will. He never imagined that he would be chased and hunted by the Arc Kingdom forever.

‘It is good that there are many things on sale due to garbage like this.’

Lion only smiled after High left. Similar things were happening all over the continent. A huge amount of money was being spent by merchants to buy broken territories.

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“There is no romance, no romance.”

Satisfy had a number of effects on people’s real lives. One of them was the new and flexible use of space. Now when it was time to meet someone, people lay down in capsules without getting ready to go out. It was also very common for singers to perform in Satisfy. The same was true for Guseha’s 20th anniversary concert.

Regas heard the grumbling Peak Sword and looked like he didn’t understand. “Is there anything unsatisfactory? Both the visual and sound effects are the same as reality. You can still feel the enthusiasm of the people.”

“However, we aren’t seeing the real Guseha.”

“Isn’t Guseha’s customization famous for looking like his real self?”

“Sigh, it is like a monster born from modern society. Stop talking, stop talking. Eh? Kimchi pie specialty store? Is it a new fusion dish? Let’s go and see it.”

“Didn’t you eat three hours ago?”

“Why does that matter? You won’t gain weight eating in games anyway.”

“Haha, you are the monster born from modern society.”

Guseha’s 20th anniversary concert was being held in Reinhardt, the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom. Reinhardt’s opera house was so large and beautiful that it was increasingly being rented as a stage by famous stars. Lauel’s foresight shone in these small areas. It was rumored that Grid, who hadn’t wanted to invest so much money in creating cultural activities, was fond of the opera house these days.

“Deli...cious!”

A fusion that mixed kimchi with British recipe. Peak Sword felt admiration after taking a careful bite of the kimchi pie. The flavor of the kimchi juice spread throughout his mouth as he chewed on crispy layers of pie. It was also pleasant to see the change in texture as the crispy pie became soft as it was soaked by the kimchi juice. It was a dish where foreign flavors and the flavor of home co-existed.

Regas had a somewhat subtle expression. “I think it would be better to add beef than pork. I don’t like the texture of fat.”

“Kimchi is best matched with pork belly.”

“It does well with beef and lamb...”

“Kimchi is a great food so it goes well with anything. Um?”

Peak Sword was licking the kimchi juice with his tongue when he suddenly cocked his head. It was because the man ordering kimchi pie at the counter was very familiar. It was a strange thing. It was obviously their first time meeting but he felt like he was seeing a person he had known a long time.

“I can feel your hot gaze. It turned out to be Peak Sword and Regas. It is an honor to meet two of the Overgeared Kingdom’s 10 meritorious retainers. I’m going to buy a lottery ticket today.” The man with the pie in his hand smiled and greeted them. It was a cool smile as refreshing as a carbonated drink.

The unknown player. There was a high probability they had a low level. However, Regas didn’t judge people based on level or reputation. He greeted this person politely with a smile.

On the other hand, the reluctant looking Peak Sword had his mouth shut. He watched silently as Regas and the man had a casual conversation until they separated.

“Then I’m going now.”

Was it because he was embarrassed by the speechless Peak Sword? The moment the man left, Regas pointed out Peak Sword’s impolite behavior. “Why did you stare at an innocent person like that?”

“...Guseha.”

“Huh?”

“The person just now, it was Guseha.”

“Was there poison in the pie?”

“No, really! I’ve been a fan of Guseha since middle school. Do you think I can’t recognize him? I don’t know how he concealed his unique stride and other habits but he can’t hide the special shape of the muscles around his eyebrows when he smiles!”

“.....”

Regas retreated stealthily. Regas boasted a strong mentality and physical strength but he felt particularly tired whenever he was with Peak Sword.

Peak Sword shouted at him, “Don’t you know? Skin Maker! Guseha knows the Skin Maker!”

“.....!” Regas’ eyes widened. The Skin Maker was someone who changed the outer appearance of items and players in exchange for large amounts of money. He had recently become a more difficult person to meet and could only be found through special routes. Rumor had it that a third generation chaebol with a bad personality chased the Skin Maker because he was made to look like a beggar. It was just a rumor.

“Chase Guseha!”

“Ah, yes!”

Peak Sword and Regas used their skills to find the man from a moment ago.

It was a basic law of the Overgeared Kingdom that combat-related skills were banned in the cities but the authority of the 10 meritorious retainers was above the law. Moreover, it was backed up by their skills.

Thousands of people filled the street but the two men smoothly moved through it without a single collision. The two people's ability to completely control their bodies while using dash skills that temporarily amplified their movement speed was no different from a superpower in the eyes of ordinary people.

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-Brother Seha!Where are you now?

The manager kept sending him whispers. It was crazy to be caught in Satisfy as well. Guseha shook his head and answered.

-I've come all the way here. Why can't I take a look at the Overgeared God Temple and Khan's statue?

-What about the concert interview?The reporters are waiting!

-I'm not giving the interview~

-No, Brother.This isn't just a concert, it is the 20th anniversary concert.Today isn't good...fans will be wanting an interview with you.

-It isn't the fans. This is what the reporters want.I communicate with my fans every day on social media.So I will see you tomorrow.

-Brother!

[The target has been blocked.]

'It is quiet now.'

The rest of the leftover kimchi pie. The taste was ambiguous, so Guseha had been wondering whether to throw it away or not. Eventually, he put it in his mouth while his vision captured Khan's statue. The blacksmith who became a legend shortly before his death. It was Grid's master...

Every player knew his story. The process of the destruction of Immortal was extremely loud.

'Please be happy in Heaven.'

Guseha approached the statue and expressed his brief condolences. He, a master representing one field in reality and Satisfy, admired Khan, who was a master as well. Even if the field was different, the tough process of becoming a master would've been similar.

Guseha's gaze headed toward the street lined with dozens of smithies. 'Grid must be somewhere over there.'

Of course, there was a much higher probability of Grid not being there. It was funny to expect him to be in the smithy everyday when he was probably busier than Guseha. Still, it was something that couldn't be known.

'If I have to pick someone who can take care of this item without any greed, I can only think of Grid. I want to see him once...'

He didn't know when he would be able to visit Reinhardt again. Guseha felt a sense of anticipation and moved to the smithy area.

His eyes were deep and his expression was complicated. It was such an elaborate expression that it was hard to believe he was wearing a skin mask.

"I finally found you, Skin Maker Guseha."

".....!" Guseha was startled as he walked into a deep alley. A man with a black cloth covering his face was blocking his way. "How do you know me?"

"You might be able to change your appearance but you can't change your soul. Guseha, I don't want to make things big in the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom. Please accept the transaction. My employer said that he will forgive all your mistakes during this period if you hand over the item to me."

"Is it because I made his face funny? It wasn't a mistake. It was on purpose."

"I'm just delivering the message."

"Um... Don't you know the danger of the thing your friend is after?"

"I'm not curious."

Behind the man who spoke firmly, the figure of a death god with a huge scythe appeared and disappeared. Then Guseha's soul gauge that was only visible to the man started to be consumed.

"You will die in five minutes. Your resurrection point is in the empire and my employer is waiting with his men. I think it would be good for you to accept the deal."

"Um... I can't log out when in battle. Do I have to kill you to get rid of this?"

"It will be lifted if you can get more than 10 meters away from me."

"Haha, it is possible?"

"It is impossible..."

The man's head suddenly tilted back as he was speaking. There was a flash of sword light that cut off the man's disheveled hair. It was the effect of drawing a sword at high speed.

"If you mess around more, next is the neck." A figure appeared behind Guseha. Peak Sword took back the drawn sword and placed it back in the sheath. Then he stared at the man who attacked Guseha.

"Who are you? Didn't you see the notice that fighting in Reinhardt will lead to imprisonment?"

"I have no... luck." The man clicked his tongue and jumped. It was extraordinary that he could jump into the roof of a four storey smithy in one go. It was just that Regas' physical ability was better than this.

"I need to inspect you, so I'll hit you once."

".....!"

The man was startled from the voice heard behind him and pulled out his weapon from his inventory. He protected his waist with a steel rod that looked like a spear handle. Regas' kick hit the steel rod. The man's body couldn't withstand the shock and flew through the exterior wall of the next building. He rolled around a few times before finally barely stopping. Regas chased straight away. Just then, a death god appeared and swung a scythe at Regas.

"Knight?"

Regas noticed the identity of the man and was flustered. Of course, he didn't stop his actions. He moved into the arms of the death god, blocked the scythe with the back of his hand, and used his fists. The death god's huge body was pierced by the fist and shook precariously.

Regas' eyes were shaking as well. It was because Knight completed his movement technique and left as Regas was temporarily confronting the death god. Peak Sword saw this and clicked his tongue. "Is it high power escape magic? Hidden classes are tricky in this way."

It was hard to respond when the skills weren't known.

Guseha came to the side of Peak Sword and Regas to soothe their regret. "Thank you for your help. I... I am the Skin Maker, Shift."

### **Chapter 1430**

Guseha was the Skin Maker himself? The flustered Peak Sword shut his mouth and Regas greeted him instead, "I never imagined that Guseha and Shift would be the same person. I wanted to see both of you if there was an opportunity. Now I get to meet both at once in this way! It is like fate! Hahaha!"

"...How do you know that I'm Guseha?"

Guseha was well aware that the Overgeared Kingdom's information network was great. It was right to be aware of the Overgeared Shadows' eyes and ears everywhere. However, Guseha's current appearance was a new work. It was a skin he was using for the first time today. It was impossible for the Overgeared Guild to know he was Guseha unless they were monitoring Guseha in real time.

Regas saw his wary stance and pointed toward Peak Sword. "This person is your big fan. He immediately recognized you when we met at the roadside stall just now. He noticed based on the angle that your eyebrows...? Haha."

"Hum hum." Peak Sword coughed. He was very embarrassed because an uncle was telling another uncle he admired that 'I am such an avid fan I can identify you by looking at your little habits.' Still, this embarrassment was just temporary. He was meeting the muse he had been looking forward to for 20 years and was frankly delighted. "Guseha, the king of ballads and the master of great classics is a brilliant star to me. It is a pleasure and honor to meet you, Hyung-nim. An autograph... if possible, please meet me in reality. Of course, this is when your time is free."

"Hahaha." Guseha read the sincerity in Peak Sword's nervously trembling voice and put away his vigilance. He gave a happy smile, shook hands with Peak Sword, and spoke, "I've been a fan since you were the master of the Silver Knights Guild, the only active Korean Guild. I was cheering for you from a distance but if I knew you were my fan, I would've cheered for you from a closer distance."

“Hyung-nim! My face value might be high but I am eight years younger than you! Please speak to me comfortably! Aren’t we both citizens of eastern countries with manners?”

“I’ll talk to you without honorifics if we become closer later.”

“I hope that day will come, Hyung-nim!” Peak Sword wrapped both his hands around Guseha’s hand and his eyes shone as brightly as a girl. It resembled his eyes when he looked at Grid.

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Guseha had been a top star for 20 years and he was skillful in how he conducted himself. He soothed the excited Peak Sword, solved things moderately, and naturally brought up the main point—Death God Knight. He explained how and why he was targeted by this mercenary. At the center of the story was something called ‘Heart of the Frost Queen.’

“Heart?”

The Frost Queen—she was the ruler of Heraris and people were familiar with her. It was just like the Frost Queen’s Breath that Grid had used to make Mumud’s Orb. There are various items collected in the Heraris area that had the name ‘Frost Queen’ attached to them and these items were widely used in various fields.

People couldn’t be unaware of the Frost Queen. For example, Lauel often referred to the Frost Queen when leading troops. The excited soldiers were told to cool off their heated blood by recalling the cold breath of the Frost Queen and the soldiers understood it.

However, the number of people to actually witness the Frost Queen was rare. In fact, it was more like ‘none.’ Still, the world was wide and there were many people, so it was impossible to jump to conclusions.

Heraris—it was a place where the white snowfields endlessly spread out and people lost their sense of direction. It was only a white, vast land. The moment they stepped in there, travelers despaired over the compass that became useless. They wandered for a long time before dying. Due to the cold that froze even the flow of mana, magic didn’t trigger so it was impossible to escape.

It was a famous story that Skunk, the adventurer who completed a map of the West Continent, had suffered 17 deaths in Heraris. Yet even such a Skunk didn’t meet the Frost Queen. Skunk succeeded in exploring the ‘area’ of Heraris, but he didn’t clear the dungeons that existed in this area. Dungeons in the Heraris region were too dangerous for Skunk to explore.

The Frost Queen was either somewhere in one of those uncharted dungeons or wandering in the snow, so it was difficult to meet her. Yet there was her heart? Didn’t this mean that someone had found the Frost Queen and killed her?

“It was in the Hemilton principality a year ago that I got the queen’s heart. I heard a rumor that the princess couldn’t come out of the castle due to a burn on her face that she obtained in her childhood. I visited her and treated her and the prince gave me this gift as thanks. Well, it is more accurate to say I ‘got rid’ of the wound rather than healing it.[1]”

“Hah...”



“Wow, listening to you, skin making is a skill with a very wide usage.”

The class rating of the Skin Maker was just rare rated. It had the unique ability to change the appearance of items and characters. There was sufficient demand for the ability, but there wasn't any big merit other than making money. People speculated that there would be definite limitations on the growth because it was a non-combat class. Regas and Peak Sword's thoughts were the same.

However, Guseha knew how to make good use of his ability. Rather than simply doing business with people who wanted to be 'cool,' he traveled all over the continent and helped those who desperately needed his power. He grew by gaining quests, preempting favorable information, and securing rare treasures. This was why people couldn't easily meet the Skin Maker. He didn't bother receiving a player's commission unless they paid a considerable amount of money. He was entitled to pick his customers.

“Hemilton... Hemilton. Didn't the prince participate in Lord's coming of age ceremony?”

"Yes, it is a nation founded by the third son of Saharan. It was the area where the African leopard was active in the past.”

“Kujarak? Did he raid the Frost Queen?”

Kujarak, a strong person from Africa—he didn't participate in official activities like the National Competition, but he was a famous high ranker. It was just like how people thought of Kraugel as 'one of the few people who can fight against Grid.' Following this idea, during the period of Kraugel's supremacy, Kujarak was evaluated as 'one of the few people who has a chance to win against Kraugel.'

He was a figure who received the expectations of people and exceeded them greatly. It was because he was a fighter with a rare style. His pure physical ability was overwhelming unlike Kraugel, who had natural senses and Hao, who had been honing his skills his whole life. This was important considering the characteristics of virtual reality games that were heavily influenced by physical ability. Therefore, Kujarak's superior physical ability was an excellent advantage compared to the people of South Korea, who were exceptionally weak in Satisfy. It was as if they were looking at a beast...

Whether it was the past or now, Kujarak's sightings would ignite the hearts of top rankers. One of the opponents that Regas wanted to fight most was Kujarak. Regas and Peak Sword judged that Kujarak might've raided the Frost Queen with his skills.

“Who knows? I didn't hear about the source of the heart. For someone like me, Kujarak is an otherworldly figure like the two of you. Therefore, I didn't think about Kujarak's name when I got the heart.” Guseha continued speaking, “Yet thinking about it now, it is likely to be associated with Kujarak. Those who have been eyeing at the Heart of the Frost Queen have long known that the Hemilton principality has been holding the heart. The reason why they didn't take the heart from the principality despite being about to afford Knight was probably because they were wary of Kujarak. Of course, it is said that the strength of the prince is also extraordinary...”

[The player 'Shift' has shared information on the Heart of the Frost Queen.]

[Heart of the Frost Queen]

[The last legacy or curse of the Frost Queen.]

Perfectly assimilates with the cold when taken. The attack power of the cold attribute will increase significantly. Every time cold damage is suffered, resources such as health and mana are recovered in proportion to the amount of damage. The lower the ambient temperature, the higher the ability level.

★ Some stats will be changed.

★ Items equipped are limited to the cold attribute items.

★ Skills or magic with attributes other than no attributes and the cold attribute can't be used.

★ The 'Ice Fog' skill is always applied.

★ The 'Ice Kingdom' skill is created.]

[Ice Fog]

[Deals 5,000 cold damage per second to all targets within a radius of five meters. Targets exposed to the fog for over six seconds will suffer from the 'freezing' abnormal condition and suffer 20,000 fixed damage per second. Lasts for at least four seconds up to 12 seconds. Can't be disabled.]

[Ice Kingdom]

[It is activated when staying in one area for more than a certain period of time. It freezes the world, creating a paradise of solitude.

However, it is limited to territories without an owner and is limited in area.]

"....." Peak Sword's expression crumpled like a piece of paper. He thought it would be a great item because it was a gift from the prince of Hemilton, but it was completely different from his imagination. It was an item that belonged to the elixir category. It must be taken to exert the effect, but it would always cause wide-area damage that was impossible to identify? It was a cursed object that brought only death. It was more like the class change book of a boss monster. "The person who gave this gift... are they a malicious person?"

"There is nothing bad. A thing doesn't have to be usable for the value to be high."

"That is true, but..."

The Heart of the Frost Queen was reminiscent of a diamond with a frozen surface. It was beautiful enough for cries of admiration to come out. It could be traded at a high price even as a simple decoration. Additionally, the types of humans were very diverse so there were those who didn't care about being alone. For whatever reason, anyone with a desire for power would covet such an object.

Guseha continued, "Knight's employer has been approaching me in the six months since I got the heart. He learned late that the heart was in my hands and came to me saying he wanted to buy it. Of course, I refused. It is common sense that an item like this is too dangerous."

"That's when the hunting began."

"Yes, I could change my appearance, so it was relatively easy to avoid the tracking, but... it is hard to run away forever and the transformation didn't work on Knight."

“Um... By the way, Hyung-nim, why are you carrying what your enemies are after in your inventory instead of leaving it in a warehouse? What would you do if you died and dropped it?” Peak Sword wondered.

“Don’t mention it. I left it in the warehouse once and the cold went out of control, causing all the items in the warehouse to be frozen. Then the bank ruled that I wasn’t allowed to store it in the warehouse.”

“What the... then it is fine to leave it in your inventory?”

“Yes, it is like it is trying to tempt me by making me always look at it.”

“It is a cursed thing.”

“That’s right. So I wanted to leave this with Grid. If it is Grid, then he won’t use it casually and it won’t be easily taken away by someone.”

The recent tyranny of the lords had led to an opportunity to shed light on Grid and Ares again. In particular, Grid had never wielded power recklessly despite having power comparable to the empress. Even the Chinese media, malicious to Grid, had started to call him a man of honor. Guseha trusted Grid.

"I guess, but... God Grid isn’t invincible. There are times when he dies. God Grid might not be able to protect the heart forever.”

“I’ll figure out a way to deal with the heart as soon as possible. I would be grateful if you could arrange for Grid to keep it until then.” Guseha bowed deeply. He felt sorry for asking such a difficult favor without notice.

Peak Sword thought about it before nodding. “The intention is good... let me explain the situation to God Grid.”

Guseha’s attitude of not wanting this power to fall into the wrong hands was truly wonderful. However, would Grid want to accept something that was so obviously troublesome? Peak Sword was worried but his worries were groundless.

“Of course, I will take it. It will be a pain if this falls into the hands of a guy like Agnus.” Grid readily accepted it, but he attached a condition—Guseha had to accept the Overgeared members’ request to create skins.

Lauel rejoiced.

1. I’ve googled over what the ruler of a principality could be called and got extremely confused the more I googled. However, I eventually decided to go with prince.