

Overgeared 1431

Chapter 1431

There was a mountain of work to do. He hadn't known when Sariel would go berserk, so he rushed through the hell expedition and neglected blacksmithing.

"Sigh."

It had been two weeks since he was stuck in the smithy. Grid temporarily suspended the production of the Backbone Sword and focused on what could be handled in the short term. He took care of the commission of the members and created or modified items for the messengers. It was a necessary procedure to compensate for their strengths and weaknesses identified in hell.

The Backbone Sword... it wasn't something that could be made in a few days. Due to the nature of the bone material, the work had to be done as carefully as possible. Metal required being melted in heat several times to harden, then melted again and hardened while being tempered thousands to tens of thousands of times. However, the difficulty was very high because bones burned rather than melted. It was impossible to smelt and temper bones unless their craftsman blacksmithing technique was at master level.

"It seems like it is almost all done."

He worked hard for half a month. The members' requests were completed and the messengers' items were neatly maintained. Grid was about to start production of the Backbone Sword when he suddenly felt uneasy. He didn't remember making Jishuka's item? Grid belatedly realized and reviewed the list of commissions but he didn't find Jishuka's request on it.

'Did she not make a request because she was too uncomfortable...?'

Jishuka refused to become Povia's Successor and started to walk her own archery path. Then she grew explosively, unlike people's concerns. It wasn't even unexpected that she won two gold medals in this year's National Competition. The arrows fired by the Bow Saint were endless and there were many different types of sniping. Thus, no high ranker could respond to her attacks. Eventually, Jishuka returned with the gold medal rewards and placed them in the guild warehouse, but she didn't leave a request to make something from the rewards. It was noticeable that she was avoiding anything related to Grid.

Grid was bound to be agitated. He was anxious that he would lose her as a colleague. 'If Jishuka disappears, then I...'

Jishuka was one of the 'origins' of Grid. Without the trust and support of Jishuka and the Tzedakah Guild, Grid would've lived a completely different life. He could've become a second Agnus. The reason Grid loathed Agnus was because he read the potential for himself to be the same as Agnus.

'...It must be sad and painful..'

Grid was depressed when he thought about the possibility of Jishuka leaving. Just imagining the sense of loss he had never experienced before sent a frightening chill down his spine.

'First... I will make a new item for you.'

Currently, Jishuka's armament was the same as Faker's. He understood, analyzed, and improved Kruger's pants that were given to Faker in the past and completed a Grid's cloth armor set. In fact, Grid's cloth armor set was barely an upgraded version of Kruger's pants. The performance was better, but it was a result of using 'enhanced materials' that increased the 'conditions of use.' Grid's tailoring technique couldn't even touch Kruger's toes just yet.

'Still, there is a good chance this will be an old story.

Due to Dantalion's Damaged Book, Grid's Tailoring skill had been upgraded to advanced level 8. He would reach the advanced master level in one year minimum and two years at the most. The rewards gained at that time would be six levels and the opening of the Craftsman Tailoring skill. Then it would be a complete fusion of blacksmithing and tailoring techniques...

Considering that Grid's blacksmithing technique reached beyond legendary to the myth level after he used Open Potential, Grid's tailoring technique might only be craftsman level, but it was more likely to display a legendary performance.

'It is possible to upgrade Jishuka's equipment with my current skills. Weapons will naturally make things better.'

The Red Phoenix Bow was old. Of course, it was a myth rated weapon so the overall options were excellent enough to be used for the 'rest of your life,' but the attack power value was low. This was a story from Grid's perspective, but in any case, the current Grid was confident of making a bow better than the Red Phoenix Bow.

'By now, the original version of the Red Phoenix Bow isn't an overwhelmingly outstanding item. The Red Phoenix Bow transcends the original, but there is a limit to it.'

There were all types of recipes accumulated in Grid's head. The Overgeared members operating throughout the continent were still acquiring new production recipes at this moment and giving them to Grid.

Grid currently had a total of 192 'bow' recipes. Based on his vast knowledge and experience, it wasn't difficult for him to make a better bow than the Red Phoenix Bow. If it was impossible with Grid's power alone, there were ways to get the help of the system by using Item Creation. It was for a colleague who had become a legendary class. No, it wouldn't be a waste to use Item Creation for Jishuka. The weapon called the bow had a high utilization.

'If I make it, it will be useful not just for Jishuka, but for people who will grow one day.'

Mercedes could also use it well from now on.

"The new bow's features..."

Grid decided to temporarily exclude any attributes. The ability to amplify Jishuka's fire attribute was fully built into the Red Phoenix Bow. Originally, the bow was a weapon less influenced by attributes. It was natural. The bow was just a tool for firing arrows. Attributes could be granted to arrows so it was better in terms of utilization to have no attributes. Looking at the 'resources' called the Breaking Evil Arrow that Jishuka obtained as the Bow Saint, the power was reduced due to the influence of the fire energy in the Red Phoenix Bow.

Grid didn't know if Jishuka had noticed it, but it was better to use ordinary bows than the Red Phoenix Bow when firing poisonous arrows or the Breaking Evil Arrows.

'Materials that amplify while embracing various attributes are mithril or orichalcum...'

Both mithril and orichalcum were wonderful metals, but they weren't sufficient to be materials for a myth rated weapon. Grid determined it was better to invest in adamantium. Adamantium was a metal from Asgard and it contained the advantages of all the minerals on the ground. Of course, the level was low compared with the divine stone produced by Hexetia, but Hexetia was now in prison and he was a long way from gaining the divine stone.

Grid was thinking, but he didn't stop moving his hands. He adjusted his firepower in the furnace and heated up Obora's spine. He took it out at the right time and tried to forge weld it. Smelting and strengthening bones was near impossible in common sense, but Satisfy was less affected by common sense. Moreover, the techniques of a legend completely overturned common sense.

[Your dexterity has increased by 1.]

"Oh?"

The higher the skill lower and the higher the total amount of stats, the lower the chances of a stat being increased due to production. It was a device designed to prevent the infinite rise in stats for non-combat classes. For Grid who felt that the stats gain from the Tailoring skill was gradually decreasing, the rise of just one point in dexterity was precious.

'It is a difficult task to forge weld the bones, so the stat-related penalty is relieved?'

The forge welding was a neat success. It was also at a great level compared to a fortnight ago. It seemed he had increased his overall senses by delaying things for half a month.

'It is good the way things are going.'

Grid judged that based on the difficulty of the Backbone Sword, it would be rated higher than legendary. He might have to consume 'Item Upgrade' which would increase the target item's rating to the maximum legendary rating. However, Grid had a hunch that things would be good.

At this time, Peak Sword visited the smithy. Grid was in a good mood and was able to concentrate on listening to the story of Guseha and the Heart of the Frost Queen. Then he embraced it in a positive manner.

[The player 'Shift' has transferred the Heart Of the Frost Queen.]

"I'll take care of it."

"Thank you, Grid. I can rest assured thanks to you."

The deal was successful. The Heart of the Frost Queen—the directionality might be bizarre, but it was a high value item, so it was damage resistant. It would be a legendary rated elixir if a rating had to be assigned to it, so it was natural to have damage protection. Wouldn't it be funny if a legendary elixir

couldn't be taken because it was damaged? The main content of the transaction was that Grid would keep it until Guseha found out how to destroy it.

There were only a few conditions attached.

First, Guseha would unconditionally accept the requests from any Overgeared members to create a skin. Second, if Grid lost the Heart of the Frost Queen, then Guseha wouldn't hold him accountable. However, Grid had to disclose the situation where he lost the item to Guseha in a video and Guseha had to be convinced. Third, if Grid found out how to use the Heart of the Frost Queen properly, then Guseha would sell the Heart of the Frost Queen to Grid. At that time, Grid must pay a reasonable amount.

They were so favorable to Grid that it might seem to be an unfair contract at first glance, but Guseha had no complaints. The Heart of the Frost Queen was no different from a time bomb.

Guseha was the one who turned the bomb over to Grid. The dangers that Guseha originally would've experienced would be aimed at Grid in the future. Instead of asking for a separate reward, Grid only asked for a reward within the range that Guseha would accept which were requests to make skins. Additionally, it wouldn't be done for free. It was decided that all the materials required to make the skins would be provided by the Overgeared members.

What about the possibility of Grid losing the Heart of the Frost Queen? Guseha naturally had to accept it. It was as Peak Sword said—Grid wasn't invincible.

Finally, the condition of 'If Grid finds out how to use the Heart of the Frost Queen properly, then Guseha will sell it to Grid' was welcome from Guseha's standpoint. Who wouldn't be happy to be given money and have his troubles solved by having the heart being used up?

"Guseha... you are the same as when I see you on TV."

The reason why Guseha could maintain his top position for 20 years wasn't just due to his beautiful appearance and ability. It was also because he had done countless good deeds. Sometimes when he saw articles or interviews with Guseha, Grid thought he was a person with strong beliefs and this was actually the case.

If Grid had been in Guseha's position, then he would've returned the bomb while blaming the prince of Hemilton. It was only natural to ask for reasonable reparations. No, maybe he would take advantage of it to make a deal with the guys who wanted this item.

Meanwhile, the moment the Heart of the Frost Queen became his, Guseha tried to take responsibility until the end. He kept his faith rather than taking the easy way or coveting wealth by making a deal with the wicked. Grid thought that the reason why Satisfy had prospered so far was due to the efforts of these great people.

"I really admire you," Grid confessed with a smile and Guseha's ears turned slightly red.

"If I had experienced this in real life, then I would've given it up immediately. I'm just trying hard because this is Satisfy. What admiration? I am embarrassed."

"It is in reality and in Satisfy."

".....?"

“If you are threatened again in the future, please rely on us.”

‘Hah.’

The Overgeared Guild—as the leader of the world’s leading organization, Grid’s pride was enormous. It would be rather difficult without pride because most of the Overgeared members, who had splendid talents, were active in many fields in reality.

Guseha faced Grid and felt all the anxiety in his heart being washed away. “These words alone are reassuring and delightful. I will also try to help Grid and the Overgeared Guild in my own way.”

Guseha left with these sincere departing words. Judging by Peak Sword and Lael rushing out, it seemed he would have a lot of work to do in the meantime.

The left behind Grid smiled happily. He was glad to have gotten to know a good person.

‘Faker and Lael will investigate those looking for the heart... first of all, I’ll check if it is possible to modify it.’

Grid briefly laid down the hammer and started to study the Heart of the Frost Queen.

Chapter 1432

[This is an invalid target for the skill designation.]

The Heart of the Frost Queen was an elixir. As the name suggested, it was literally a medicine. All of the blacksmithing skills such as smelting, transformation, modification, and disassembly couldn’t be applied.

‘It is natural. A blacksmith isn’t a pharmacist.’

He tried it just in case, but he felt like a thief.

“Mercedes, bring me Nefelina.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

Mercedes set off immediately from where she had been guarding Grid’s side. She returned in just five minutes with Nefelina. Considering the distance between the smithy and the castle, it was a speed that made people think Shunpo was used.

‘Using Gravity Formation?’

The skill, Gravity Formation, that Mercedes learned, could change gravity in a small area. Grid had fought in hell with her aid and witnessed her rapidly slowing down or speeding up the enemy’s actions. Based on Mercedes’ prowess, he thought it would be possible for her to use Gravity Formation to speed up her movement.

Nefelina grumbled as she took off her sleeping mask, “I was just about to fall asleep. What is this impoliteness?”

“During the day?”

“I am a child. Don’t I need quality sleep to grow faster?”

“Really? Sorry, I lacked consideration.”

“I am feeling skeptical these days. The incarnation of one of the seven evils, who came later than me, is recovering from the Curse of Sloth thanks to you. Meanwhile, I can’t eat to my heart’s content. Now you have to get in the way of my nap? It feels like I’m the only one who gets treated badly.”

“If it wasn’t for His Majesty’s grace, you were destined to already be dead or sold to a black magician’s tower and suffer as an experiment. You might not be grateful to His Majesty for saving your life, but you are too shameless to complain about it.”

“I don’t like this arrogant woman either...”

“It isn’t because I am particularly caring for Zikfrector that he is recovering from his curse. It should be that the characteristic of the Blood King is affecting him. Well, I’ll persuade Administrator Rabbit to give you one extra cow every day. Is this a bit more comforting?”

“Five.”

“Yes, I’ll deliver it.” He said so, but this small request probably wouldn’t work. Even one was something she should be grateful for. It was a situation where his finances were at stake due to consuming too much money on the hell expedition. If he sold the items the great demons dropped, then he would’ve earned ten or hundreds of times the amount he spent, but there could be no external sales due to Grid’s policy of focusing on internal investment. Of course, recently, he had been feeling the need to strengthen not just the Overgeared Guild and Overgeared Kingdom, but the entire human race... still, it was too early to sell it outside.

“Look at this.” Grid reached out the Heart of the Frost Queen to Nefelina, who was happy without knowing what was going on.

Nefelina’s big eyes that glowed like lanterns elongated like a reptile. She was using her dragon’s eyes. It meant she had become serious. “This... it has a huge amount of yin energy.”

“This is the Heart of the Frost Queen. Can you eat and digest it?”

“It is possible for anyone to eat and digest it, but they won’t be able to control the leaking yin energy. The moment I eat this, everything in Reinhardt will freeze.”

“Aren’t you blessed by the elements? Then why can’t you control it?”

“The yin in this heart isn’t a simple element, but close to evil thoughts. It is safe to call it an artificial curse made unconsciously. It shouldn’t be consumed by anyone other than a lunatic who wants to reign alone in a frozen world.”

“Is there any way to eat it somehow...? If there was a legendary pharmacist, could they change the ingredients to alleviate the side effects?”

“There has never been such a brilliant pharmacist in history. In the first place, didn’t I say it was more like a mass of curse rather than a medicine? Tsk tsk, the one who is a god is clinging to this power.”

“So there is no way.”

Certainly, the power of the Heart of the Frost Queen was too strong. It was a balance collapse item that Satisfy hated. The person would become stronger the moment it was eaten so the setting of isolation would remain unchanged for the sake of balance.

'The red phoenix's heart is also unresponsive. It is unfortunate but it can't be helped.'

Grid gave up and placed the heart in his inventory. He had to take up this baggage, but he didn't regret it. He should avoid this uncontrollable force going to anyone which would increase unnecessary risks.

'I'm glad it wasn't a villain who raided the Frost Queen.'

Kujarak, the African leopard—to be honest, he wasn't in the range of Grid's interest. He didn't attend events like the National Competition and he usually moved alone on the periphery. There was no contact at all so far and there was a high probability there would be no contact in the future. Yet at this point, Kujarak was bound to be interesting. Based on the Heart of the Frost Queen, it was highly likely that the Frost Queen was a boss monster in the same class as a super named boss monster.

'He broke through Heraris' vicious snow and raided the super named boss monster... his reputation of being able to threaten Kraugel is convincing.'

Grid wanted to meet him someday. It was rare that meeting with a strong person would cause a loss.

Grid resumed the work that he had paused for a while.

"Please make this mark appear in my right eye every time I use a skill. Make it so faint that it is hard to notice unless one focuses."

Guseha had used his skin production skills relatively correctly. He healed people who suffered from disabilities and wounds all their lives, and healed their mental illness. Of course, they weren't good deeds without any conditions. He received a reasonable price for them.

"Dark red flames should burn on my left hand and arm. However, they should respond to the keyword 'black flame dragon.'"

Guseha was different from Saintess Ruby. He had no intention of showing the charity and power of the Saintess. There were a lot of experiences of simply being driven by money. If players offered a lot of money to be beautiful or cool, then he would produce skins that fit their taste without saying anything. In doing so, he realized that the standard of 'cool' was very subjective. He confirmed that there were many different tastes in the world.

"Once I raise my hand like this and cover half of my face, I want the background to be dark and for there to be thunder and lightning. Is it possible?"

"If I smile softly, my hair and collar should move as if there is a breeze."

"Every time I express the words 'past life,' a meaningful aura should appear... how about black angel wings floating behind my back for a while before disappearing?"

“Every time I look up at the sky, say ‘cough cough’ like this or say ‘Hoo, this is good,’ then blood should flow from my mouth. If someone sees it, then they will naturally think of a beautiful person who can’t live long. That is the concept.”

...But this was very severe. He felt dizzy every time Lauel added another demand. He couldn’t understand why the interest was like this. He believed he already learned that people’s desires and tastes were quite diverse, but that belief was broken today.

The saddest thing was that he had the ability to fulfill most of Lauel’s requirements. The things he long believed were ‘useless functions’ started to show off their presence as if they existed just for Lauel. He even wondered if the Skin Maker was a class born to match Lauel’s bizarre taste.

“Among the requirements, the only one beyond my power is the thunderstorm, but the rest is possible. Instead, it requires a lot of materials. The things that come to mind right now are Helda’s dye, dokkaebi fire, wyvern lungs, Furios’ grudge, moonlight glass...”

Lauel eagerly wrote down the list of materials needed to create the skin. He was happy at first that his ideals could be realized, but then his expression gradually darkened. It was because there were so many ingredients that were hard to get. There were some rare materials that were hard to get his hands on even with the help of his subordinates.

“Hoo, it is a series of trials... the world is too harsh to me. Perhaps this is karma from my past life.” Lauel smiled bitterly and stared up at the sky. How wonderful would it be if at this time, blood dripped from his mouth and wings faintly appeared behind his back before disappearing? Once his thoughts reached this point, Lauel’s dying motivation was rekindled. “Sir Heder, lead all the knights and get these materials right away.”

“Yes, my lord.”

“...Um.”

Guseha stared blankly at Lauel summoning the knights and giving them orders before turning his gaze to Vantner. Destructive Tank Vantner—he was famous as the 1st ranked guardian knight and was one of the first to run over the moment he heard about the cooperation between the Overgeared Guild and Guseha.

“Tell me what hairstyle you want. I will implement it right away.” Guseha didn’t bother asking for Vantner’s request. He recalled some of the common wishes of bald clients and took out popular wigs. They were wigs that looked like real hair. They were made of special materials and were items in high demand by middle-aged nobles.

“If you are a man, then it is a mohawk...” Vantner was answering with a bright look when he suddenly came back to his senses and shouted, “I! I’m not bald in reality!”

The reason he was bald was because he customized his appearance to be bald...

Vantner always insisted on this. If he wore a wig now, then it was just admitting that he was bald in reality.

“I beg your pardon. So what do you want?”

“...Leonardo DiCaprio.”

“.....?”

“Don’t you know the name of this legendary great actor?”

“I know...”

“Leonardo DiCaprio. I want to live with the face of Leonardo in his early 20s.”

The ideal type didn’t only apply to the opposite sex. The psychology of admiring and wanting to resemble the same sex was a universal desire that everyone had experienced at least once.

Guseha saw Vantner’s heart and nodded. “I understand. I can match the body shape, right?”

“I don’t want that. Leonardo was very skinny in his 20s. I want to leave my body as it is and just change my face.”

“It won’t be balanced.”

“It’s fine. After all, it is the best as long as you have a good face.”

“I understand.”

It was an easy request. It was simple to make a skin mask and there were many references for the legendary star’s face. Besides, Vantner refused to wear a wig. There was no need to go to the trouble of doing the hair. The next day...

“Puhahahat!”

The rugged, bald Leonardo with a hairy chest made the Overgeared members burst out laughing.

“.....”

Blond. Where did you put Leonardo’s blond hair?

Vantner barely swallowed down these words and silently took off the skin mask. Since then, Guseha stayed in Reinhardt for a long time. It was because the Overgeared members came to him without a break to make requests.

Unexpectedly, he wasn’t tired. Rather, it was more fun than he expected. Thanks to the Overgeared members being able to somehow obtain materials that were difficult for ordinary people to get, he was able to carry out difficult production requests that he had never experienced before. Therefore, his skill experience rose sharply.

Chapter 1433

The director of Inferno, Latvihi—a bitter smile spread on the handsome face with impressive deep eyes.

“I have to give up.”

Snot rolled down from his nose. It was the effect of the ‘runny nose every time you speak’ skin mask. The runny nose looked very funny with a serious expression, but Latvihi didn’t mind. He was the heir of a

large company and his ego was strong. In the virtual reality world, a little runny nose didn't reduce his value. He could show this appearance if he wanted.

"This is compensation for the failed commission." Knight paid six times the down payment without a word. He boasted the highest fees in the mercenary industry so the penalty for a failed request was very large. Even so, he didn't have any regrets. The chances of succeeding in the request went down to zero the moment the Heart of the Frost Queen entered Grid's grip.

"Both you and I feel sorry. Sniff."

"It is my fault for thinking too late about the possibility of Guseha being Shift."

Things would be different if he had detected the Skin Maker's identity a few days earlier. The reason for the failure was that he only realized Guseha's suspiciousness when Guseha entered Reinhardt.

"You are too humble. I admire you for figuring out Guseha's identity with only meager information. I have confirmed that your reputation isn't a bluff, Knight. Sniff. I want to make more requests to you in the future. I hope you don't refuse."

The snot that hung from the runny nose...

Knight tried not to be conscious of his client's runny nose and nodded. "I owe you for this failed request, so I will pay you back. You can ask me to do anything as long as it doesn't involve the Overgeared Kingdom. Then I'm going..."

The hidden class 'Death God' was close to an assassination class, but Knight's imposing gait as he left was reminiscent of a knight like his ID. He was a talented man who had been at the top for many years and he was a friend liked by many.

'In Grid's case, it was very different from the family's discerning eye.'

Latvihi was thinking about the time when Pagma's Successor first appeared when he reeled. He blew his nose before greeting the next guest. It was the black magician, Purgis. He was one of the Yatan Servants after Rose suddenly disappeared one day.

Currently, there were three players who were the Yatan Servants. This meant that players could be deeply involved in the operation of the Yatan Church. The situation where players led the operations of the Yatan Church was helped by the system. For example, they benefited from the cash items. The Yatan Church was no longer closed off. The family judged that the current Yatan Church was a good place to invest in.

"Is it true that you will lease land for us to build temples?" Purgis shook hands with Latvihi and asked with an uneasy expression. He seemed suspicious. It was natural to have doubts.

The Yatan Church was the enemy of the public. It had always been the target of other forces. Even if the temples were built in as secret a place as possible and the identity disguised, most temples would be discovered and destroyed within months or years. The larger the temple and the longer it remained, the more benefits that were gained. The Yatan Church only received material damage before it could receive any benefits.

The biggest cause was the existence of most lands having owners. The lords thoroughly managed and supervised their territory. They regularly searched their territory for the shadows of the Yatan Church. This was the will of each kingdom's government. No matter how lazy or incompetent the lord, they wouldn't be able to turn a blind eye to the king's order to search for and destroy the Yatan Church.

The Yatan Church was an object of vigilance and disgust. The temples that the Yatan Church had managed to keep for more than 10 years were less than 10 and even those were built on land without owners. However, temples couldn't only be built on land without owners. It meant there were fewer people there. It was hard to gather the faithful or to receive offerings. There wasn't much value.

Then they received a proposal that was tempting. It was a proposal to provide territory to build and operate a Yatan Church. It was even a proposal from Inferno, a global company.

"Why does your company want to sponsor our church? To be honest, I think it is just a trap."

Latvihi answered, "Companies see profits and act. Sniff. We just judged that the Yatan Church could make us money."

"Money... do you want to use our church to enter the underworld?"

"Haha, Inferno is an honest and hardworking company. We don't want a dirty connection from the Yatan Church. We want customers. They are hundreds of millions of customers."

Latvihi laid out a map of the West Continent. There were 17 marks on the map that his runny nose dripped on.

"There are 16 small and medium sized cities and one large city. We will help you build temples in these places. Sniff. Of course, it should be disguised so it isn't a Yatan temple on the surface, but this is something you have always done. It should be easy, right?"

"....."

17 places? Inferno owned 17 territories? Wasn't this on a national scale?

'I've heard rumors about companies nurturing or sponsoring rankers, but is it possible to expand their forces to this extent?' Purgis felt like he had been struck by lightning. He was surprised because he didn't know that there was a bigger force behind Inferno.

"Rent and taxes must be paid regularly and the 'offerings' must be obtained from outside the territory. Additionally, all equipment and consumables supplied to the believers will be purchased from merchant groups designated by us. If the Yatan Church follows these conditions, then the lords of the 17 cities will condone all the activities of the Yatan Church and protect them from external surveillance."

"Are there any other conditions? For example, we shouldn't perform great demon summoning ceremonies."

"We have no intention of intervening in the doctrines or policies of the Yatan Church. We only hope that the Yatan Church will grow its power safely and become a bigger customer. Now, please read this."

Latvihi pushed over a thick contract. It was a contract without any toxic clauses and was full of welcome conditions for the Yatan Church. To be honest, it was doubtful if Inferno could even benefit from this.

Purgis' body trembled with excitement. "I will discuss it with the other servants and give you an answer. It won't be too late."

"I am looking forward to a positive answer."

The answer arrived the next day. The deal between the Yatan Church and Inferno was naturally struck.

Latvihi reported it to his family and showed a relieved expression, "Yes, the Yatan Church has accepted it. This means that Amoract isn't directly involved in the operations of the church. Yes, yes. The Heart of the Frost Queen... I think it is better that it is in the hands of Grid. Yes, I will keep in mind that the meteor is approaching. Everything is for Earth."

"Good." Grid carefully considered it before deciding not to waste Item Creation. The requirements for Jishuka's new bow were focused on no attributes and speed. He could make something good enough using the existing recipes. Item Creation was just a luxury from the moment he excluded effects like granting attributes, the hit rate, or range correction.

'It is great.'

There was a satisfied smile on Grid's face as he pulled the bowstring several times. It was a bow that was judged as legendary rated even though it didn't use high quality materials such as the breaths because it didn't require an attribute attached. The pure attack power reached the limit at the cost of abandoning additional effects such as hit rate correction.

'The Bow Saint's arrows will hit 100 out of 100 times anyway.'

Of course, it depended on the target, but... in the first place, the concept of hit rate was meaningless for a target that couldn't be hit with a Bow Saint's skills. Avoiding the arrows of the Bow Saint meant they were already in the realm of transcendence or an opponent with a power.

The pulling of the string gradually increased. Considering the time it took to load an arrow, it was at a level where two arrows per second were fired. Of course, this was Grid's standard. Jishuka could shoot two or three times as many arrows. The downside was that the distance was short because it was a short bow. However, Jishuka had the Red Phoenix Bow. She could use the Red Phoenix Bow for long-ranged shooting.

'I'll make another no attributes longbow when good materials come in later.'

He searched the exchange as well as the guild's warehouse, but there were no materials he liked. The demand for weapons called bows was so high that it was a common phenomenon.

-Jishuka.

Grid gathered up his courage and sent a whisper to Jishuka.

-Yes?What is it?

Fortunately, Jishuka's voice was as bright as it used to be. The deeply relieved Grid shared the description of the newly created bow.

-I made a new one. Use it as a secondary weapon.

-Wow, what is this? It has more attack power than the Red Phoenix Bow? There is also quick firing?

-Isn't this what you need now?

-Yes! Thank you! How much is it?

-It is a gift so just use it. It didn't cost me money because it was made using materials from the guild warehouse anyway.

-Yes~ I understand. I will repay you next time.

"I'm glad she is more energetic than I thought."

She was like the sun. Was this how plants felt after photosynthesis? Grid felt good after hearing Jishuka's bright voice for the first time in ages and paused in his hammering. Obora's spine lay on the anvil. The shape was quite sharp thanks to Grid forge welding and forging it in his spare time. It was getting to the point where it could be called a sword.'

'It would be great if this has a unique rating.'

Then he could use Item Upgrade to make it legendary rated. It was enough if the Backbone Sword's rating was legendary. The Backbone Sword was a phantom sword. It was intended to deceive rather than directly kill the enemy so it was fine for it to have a slightly lower attack power. If transformed into Greed then the attack power would be covered to a certain extent.

'I have to give up on my greed.'

There was a high possibility of uncontrollable situations if he repeatedly tried the forge welding in an attempt to get a higher rating and attack power. It was because a possibility of failure existed in all the processes of smelting the bones, forge welding them and forging them. Grid's blacksmithing technique was virtually a myth rating and there was almost no possibility of failure, but the more he did the forge welding, the more Grid's insight and dexterity sent him warnings.

'Every time I succeed in forge welding, the probability of failure for the next one increases. It is dangerous.'

Grid secretly checked the bone powder piled up around the anvil. The next two smelts were the limit for Obora's spine being forged without damaging it. It was better not to exceed four forge welds. Grid didn't pay attention to his concentration. He naturally entered the state of self-transcendence. The Blacksmith's Breath came from his mouth and his fatigued muscles stopped cramping in response to Blacksmith's Patience.

A concentration that wouldn't shake even if the world was destroyed took over his body.

Ttaang-!

A clear hammering sound filled the smithy and extended to the outside. Mercedes, who was guarding the entrance, could tell that His Majesty's hard work was finally over.

[Overgeared God Grid's divine object has appeared.]

[The myth of the Overgeared God is strengthened.]

[All stats of the Overgeared God Church's believers will permanently increase by 10 and the penalties incurred when wearing items will be slightly reduced.]

Objects that symbolized a god were rare. Just look at Rebecca's divine objects which included Raphael's Spear and the others of the three artifacts, the First Holy Sword, and the Source of Light that it was said she handled personally. However, it wasn't long after Grid became a god and he was increasing the number of divine objects at a frightening pace. For the Overgeared God Church members, it was a blessing and a miracle, while it was a scam in the eyes of outsiders.

-Is there still no Overgeared God Church coin to milk the cash cows? ⇐ ⇐

-Why don't you believe in the Overgeared God? Why don't we believe in the Overgeared God?

-Only God Grid.

On the Internet, the joys and sorrows of those who belonged to the Overgeared God Church and those who didn't belong to it were mixed.

Chapter 1434

[A myth rated item is produced, permanently increasing all stats by 30!]

[Reputation throughout the continent will rise by 1,000.]

[The faith of the Overgeared God Church followers and all the blacksmiths in the world has deepened.]

".....!" Grid awakened from his submerged consciousness and screamed soundlessly. The muscles throughout his body were strained and both wrists were swollen. He reflexively wanted to drink a potion, but his shoulders wouldn't rise.

'An experience like this... it is my first time in years.'

Once he fell into a trance, the sensation that kept his body safe—pain—was removed. He was obsessed with the results in front of him until his stamina was consumed and he couldn't even move his fingers. The level 300 Grid suffered from extreme fatigue every time he experienced the self-transcendence state. Then it became fine after entering level 400. His physical fitness was so good that he finished the item before becoming exhausted.

Now he was in this shape. He even suffered fractures to both hands. Just how hard did he swing his hammer? This was the first time this had happened.

'I think I hammered it at an angle that strained my muscles and bones.'

In other words, the difficulty of the Backbone Sword was very high. It wasn't possible to use ordinary methods to join Obora's spine together without damaging it.

"Later, flames might burst out making an item..."

Was there a blacksmith who exploded the smithy and lost his life every time he made an item? No one would believe it.

Grid summoned Overgeared Corn and shook his hands to warm them up. The fractures were recovering in real time. Grid's recovery power wasn't much different from a boss monster. Overgeared Corn licked Grid's cheek and flared his nostrils. He was angry that he had to lick a dirty man's cheek instead of a beautiful maiden's. This was a separate instinct from liking. Overgeared Corn had some faith in Grid, but physiologically loathed him.

Overgeared Corn's blew air from his mouth even more fiercely. His eyes were about to be turned inside out. Based on the bubbles, he was about to vomit. The wings started to flap due to agitation and the Backbone Sword on the anvil shook. The 30 joints moved. It was a small and subtle movement, but it was enough to prove the possibilities of the Backbone Sword to Grid.

The Backbone Sword started to appear in Grid's head. Countless changes—the Backbone Sword that shook due to Overgeared Corn showed its infinite potential with just one move.

"....."

Grid's heart rate accelerated. An object of admiration that he wasn't sure he would reach no matter how strong he was. It was because he imagined himself showing some of Sword Saint Kraugel's swordsmanship, even if forced (through items).

'Kraugel will be surprised.'

Motions made possible only with natural senses—Kraugel's swordsmanship that was based on unimaginable movements went beyond the concept of technique. It was strange and beautiful. There were many martial artists who became famous while honing their martial arts who would call Kraugel's swordsmanship an art.

Now Grid could imitate that art. The Backbone Sword was telling him that it would surely be like that. Confidence was instilled in Grid with just one move.

-Cheeky newcomer.

Was it jealous of the way Grid interacted with the Backbone Sword? The Fire Dragon Sword opened its mouth after a long time and its voice was cold. If it had a tongue, then it would've clicked it.

"It is your younger sibling, so be nice to it."

-Our sources are different? How can you call it my younger sibling?

The Fire Dragon Sword was made from the fire stone and Greed. The Backbone Sword also used Greed, but it was only the handle part. The Fire Dragon Sword seemed to feel that the Backbone Sword, made from the spine of a great demon, was very low level.

'It wasn't this cold toward the Falling Moon Sword...'

Could it only acknowledge the moon night iron, not Greed? Grid held the Backbone Sword and brought up its details.

[Formless Sword]

[Rating: Myth]

Durability: 1,100/1,100 Attack Power: 2,790

★ Changes form for every attack.

★ Every time the form changes, the evasion of the attack target will decrease greatly and weaknesses will be exposed.

★ For a general attack, two consecutive strikes must occur unconditionally.

-Connect a stab with a cutting attack.

-Connect a cut with a stabbing attack.

★ Once five combos are achieved, it will cause the target of each combo to receive an abnormal status. There is a very low probability of a 'blind spot attack.'

★ Once 12 combos are achieved, a 'blind spot attack' will occur with every attack.

A sword containing the ideals of Overgeared God Grid.

It is made from the spine of the 22nd Great Demon, Obora. 30 joints are retained, allowing for countless changes in the form and length. It is called 'formless' because the original appearance isn't known.

* The nature of the bone blade means it is likely to be damaged. Every time an attack hits, the durability is decreased.

Weight: 900

Conditions of Use: Grid]

'It is formless because it is obviously made from Obora's spine, but it is hard to tell what it is.'

Indeed, the other person wouldn't be able to know. Grid frowned at the name and swung the Formless Sword. The length of the Formless Sword increased as it targeted the place where Grid's gaze was directed. The maximum length was three meters. It was longer than a spear.

"Hmm." Grid curled up his lips like it was interesting and retrieved the Formless Sword. The sword that was pulled back to one meter stretched back out again like a whip. This... Grid was also likely to have reacted one step late to it. At the very least, he had to activate the world of transcendence to react to it. That was how anomalous it was.

'Crazy.'

In fact, it was necessary to have careful control due to the transformation of the form. It was a groundless fear. It was easy if it was used as a whip. The lack of a guard helped to control the distance more freely.

'The low attack power can be covered by the combos.'

Durability issues could be resolved with his repair skills. If it was combined with the blind spot attack at the right timing, then it would have a very strong effect.

'It is more than I expected.'

He was convinced about why it was judged as a myth rating. The interested Grid swung the Formless Sword without a break. Every swing, the Formless Sword bent like a whip, stretched out like a spear, sharpened like a knife, or repeatedly moved in diagonals or circles. The scene of it freely wandering through the gaps in items in the smithy was like a small dragon.

-It is more like an earthworm than a dragon.

“Haha.” No matter how noisy the Fire Dragon Sword, the smile on Grid’s face widened. After a few minutes of excited swinging, he noticed that the dexterity stat was moving the movements of the Formless Sword shine even more.

‘I’m so happy.’

The cycle of adding a new sword was gradually becoming shorter. It felt like he was getting stronger.

‘Once I rescue Hexetia one day...’

He would use Hexetia’s help to make the Formless Sword with Greed. Of course, the Greed he would use at that time would be its upgraded form, Gravurnium.

‘Then I will overturn Heaven and hell.’

There was no ending in MMORPGs. Even if the story of the world was finished, the world would remain and the future story would be created by the players themselves. Grid hoped the day would come soon. After exterminating all the beings who threatened what he had achieved, he wanted to enjoy peace and the world in a relaxed manner.

Grid’s dream of running a small smithy after retirement remained. He would do only what he wanted to do, listen to what he wanted to hear, and look at what he wanted to see. Sometimes, he would feel rewarded by helping newbies.

‘Hmm...’ He imagined the faces of the newbies who would be shocked to buy items he made without knowing who he was. Grid smiled and left the smithy.

“You’ve worked hard.” Mercedes and dozens of royal guards opened the way and held a military ceremony. He wondered why everyone was gathered. The crowd around him was no joke. It seemed the players who saw the world message about the Overgeared God’s divine object rushed to watch him.

“Brother Grid is handsome!”

“Please show the personal information so I can post it on social media!”

“God Grid, I’m dying!!”

There were people cheering. They really wanted to see the divine object, but Grid just smiled and waved. To be honest, he wanted to show off the Formless Sword. However, the characteristics of the Formless Sword meant it was necessary to keep it a secret weapon as much as possible.

‘If it was Vantner, then he would’ve boasted without thinking about it.’

Sometimes, Grid envied Vantner.

“We found out who hired Knight to find the Heart of the Frost Queen.”

Was it a nightmare?

“Lion is 3rd on the merchant rankings. He is one of the divine merchants of the business world called one of the Five Great Merchants and he is based in the south.”

Or was he seeing things wrong? The back of Lauel’s hand that was covering half his face was surrounded by black flames...

Grid stared blankly and opened his mouth with difficulty, “...Black fire dragon?”

“Huhu, Your Majesty recognizes it. It is karma from my past life that I can never shake off.”

“.....”

What were these wings...

A chill went down Grid’s spine when he learned that the power of the skin maker was beyond imagination. It was obvious that Lauel’s chuuni disease, which had barely been healing, had become worse than before. Grid decided to think positively. ‘This is how Lauel enjoys the game. My eyes and ears are going to rot, but... let’s understand it.’

“Getting back to the point, there is a very good chance there is another force behind Lion. Considering the value of the Heart of the Frost Queen, the commission fee required by Knight should be quite high. It isn’t an amount that Lion can afford as an individual. Even if he is one of the Five Great Merchants, his financial resources are still far from enough compared to Kir in his prime. Cough, cough.”

“Lauel!” Grid was startled because Lauel suddenly coughed up blood. Poison? Shouldn’t Lauel be pretty resistant to poison due to the blessing of the poison master?

Lauel waved his hand as Grid pulled out an antidote. “Genius is short-lived. It isn’t a problem that can be solved with medicine.”

“Crazy... this guy...” Grid frowned with disgust when he realized that Lauel’s blood was a concept.

Regardless, Lauel continued his explanation. The key was that there was a huge force behind the Lion merchant group. It was highly likely that they were the same force that sponsored various groups such as the revolutionary group. Grid heard this and expressed his doubts, “The probability that they are the same force is high? I’m not convinced?”

The groups listed by Lauel—the groups supposedly supported by the same force had no contact or common ground. Even the tendencies were different. There were terrorists, politicians, religious groups, and demon worshippers.

“Isn’t it a law that investment should have a purpose?” Grid wondered. There was no purpose at all. It felt like they were just randomly scattering money.

“Ah... Is it to deepen the war by investing in various opposing groups?”

War could be a business for someone. Therefore, Grid was deeply wary of the unidentified force. Yet unexpectedly, Lauel interpreted it differently.

“Based on the surface, your guess is reasonable, but... my opinion is a bit different. I think it is intended to deter war. It is like taming hungry predators with livestock.”

The reason why the revolutionaries who had been hunting hidden classes calmed down recently was because the complaints had faded. Lauel monitored them and saw that their equipment had upgraded several times more than before and thanks to this, they lost interest in the revolution and focused on hunting and raiding.

It could be seen from this that the revolution of the revolutionaries was just a shell. The force that supported the revolutionaries didn't instigate the revolutionaries. It meant that they might have supported the revolution, but they didn't force it. Thus, the revolutionaries ended up like this.

“It is like they are investing in potential players and wanting them to grow... this is my opinion.”

“What is this... daddy long legs?”

“It is an appropriate analogy. Of course, I'm not certain about this. Faker is still suspicious and plans to investigate thoroughly in the future, so we will keep an eye on it. Cough, cough.”

“.....” Grid became tired quickly when he saw Lauel coughing up blood again.

Grid left Mercedes with the messengers who were preparing for the Hell Gao expedition and moved to the East Continent. It was time to check if Blue Tiger, the clan of the old gods, and the people of the old gods were doing well. There was something Grid didn't know. It was that Lauel was rapidly gaining affinity with the evil eyes king after gaining the skin mask.

“Grid!” Fortunately, Blue Tiger was doing well. She also said she was dating Tosun.

Today, Grid's mind was confused in many ways.

Chapter 1435

“Now, eat it. I mixed honey with garlic seasoning.”

“Delicious.”

“.....”

A tiger enjoyed the carrot salad made by a rabbit.

Grid had no intention of tackling the fact that a rabbit was cooking. Tosun was special among the people of the old gods. The Twelve Zodiacs—they were the subjects who personally served the old gods. Tosun had intelligence, was bipedal, and knew how to handle tools. The physique was similar to that of humans. What was the big deal about cooking?

He was also convinced by the sight of a tiger eating carrots. It was because Blue Tiger was the child of the white tiger. Yes, a half-god. She was more than twice as big as an ordinary tiger, but she didn't insist on eating meat. However, Grid was confused. He naturally couldn't accept the appearance of Tosun and Blue Tiger, both who were openly engaging in affection.

Even if Tosun wasn't a normal rabbit and Blue Tiger wasn't an ordinary tiger, weren't they still a rabbit and tiger? No, they had already come too far to discuss the issue of species. Blue Tiger was a half-god. The problem of species couldn't be solved even if Blue Tiger dated a tiger, not a rabbit.

There was a simpler problem.

"At least get the gender right. Can't you turn into a man?"

Grid took a bite of the carrot salad served by Tosun and finally pointed out the problem. Blue Tiger had become human to sit at the table and talk to Grid face to face and she was a slim beauty. Tosun was also a female...

Blue Tiger explained with a bitter smile, "It isn't a good thing to be born a child of god. We are lonely and easily exposed to danger. I can't give birth to a child."

Grid had Pagma's memory and recalled Blue Tiger being treated as a dog by the yangbans, so he had a vague understanding of Blue Tiger's mood.

"Platonic love..."

"Kiss."

"...No."

Just because they had the same gender didn't mean they couldn't have a physical connection. Grid seemed to hear the voice of a minority group asking him to respect diversity when he saw Tosun and Blue Tiger kissing. Then he picked up another carrot.

'No matter what, it is good as long as they are happy.'

Grid smiled and quietly looked around the surroundings. The forest that had been turned into ruins by the yangban, Garam. The territory of the old god that made him think of the word 'destruction' had been completely recovered. Tosun and Blue Tiger worked together to restore the land and their feelings toward each other developed in the process of suffering.

Grid was thinking about it when Blue Tiger poked the forearm of Grid who was drinking cold tea. "It used to be just hard as steel. Now it is more elastic."

"Is it like the muscles of a tiger?"

"Aheung."

Grid's body as he built up transcendence and divinity had experienced a dazzling development. The muscles that gained elasticity and durability easily added strength to the evolved skeleton. He was able to explode powerful forces in an instant and the range of motion of his body had increased. It was comparable to a predator.

'It is amazing to think about how these muscles were messed up.'

Grid was reminded of the side effects of making the Formless Sword when Blue Tiger asked Grid a question with a smile, "Did you come from the west just to see us?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Hung hung heh."

"What? Why are you laughing?"

"Huhuhu, you mean that you missed us. I'm glad. Sure enough, the god of virtue is very gentle."

"I'm not the god of virtue now..." He had never been the god of virtue in the first place. Tosun was the only one who called him that. He was called the god of virtue for the first time in ages so the name Overgeared God, which he liked, felt even more wonderful.

"Benefactor! You came, ong!"

"God of virtue, om!"

"Moooooo!!"

Kyeongja, Banguli, Black Cow, etc. The Twelve Zodiacs who lost their god and became ghosts of the forgotten land. They were saved by Grid and came running belatedly after hearing the news that he came

"I missed you!"

"I'm so happy you came again!"

"Moooooo!!"

"W-Wait! Calm down!"

Grid screamed as he was pushed to the ground by the sudden attack of the Twelve Zodiacs. He was smiling with delight when he saw that the clothes and armor of the Twelve Zodiacs were covered in dirt and sweat. He got a glimpse of how hard they must've lived. Still, this smell was a bit...

Grid barely escaped from the Twelve Zodiacs, who were persistently rubbing their bodies against him, and rolled up his sleeves.

"I'm going to make you some new clothes while I'm here."

"We'll help you!"

"I'll prepare alcohol and food."

"Moooooo!!"

Grid had a realization among the chattering Twelve Zodiacs members. Their smiles and the fact that they had found their lives. He felt great.

Snore.Grrrr.

Deep in the night. The Twelve Zodiacs and people of the old gods were drunk and fell deeply asleep. Perhaps he didn't want to wake them up, so he used a subtle light to illuminate his field of view. The

shining light. It was the light emitted by the light elemental that judged and acted on its own to help Grid. The 10 God Hands held Mjolnir and swords as they broke rocks and branches on the path, cutting them and helping Grid move them easily.

“.....”

Inside the forest, Grid stood in front of the lake shining with moonlight and savored the word ‘peace.’ The Hwan Kingdom, the expelled gods, hell and the great demons, and the gods from Asgard—the more he savored the value of peace, the more he felt the flood of enemies threatening the peace.

Thinking about it a few times, it was good to see the ending quickly. Mir’s presence emerged in the mind of the confident Grid. Mir, the owner of the Blue Dragon Dao—he was the existence that Hanul designed to face against the archangels. He was a strong man with a strength that rivaled the great demons.

Grid felt the need to fight him. Could he break through the lightning that he couldn’t respond to properly a few months ago to reach Mir and hurt him? Additionally, could he do it without Kraugel’s help?

‘I don’t need to kill him, but I have to pose a threat.’

Mir was the most important figure in the present time. It was only by defeating Mir that the white tiger and blue dragon would be liberated, and the forgotten myths of the East Continent completely recovered. He was very powerful and was suitable to be used as a ‘standard.’ It was just as Garam was once his measure of strength.

‘I can break through the 20th Hell once I reach a level where I can threaten Mir.’

How huge was the existence of the Black Knight guarding Dog’s Mouth? Grid didn’t notice it when standing face to face. It was only when he took a step away and looked back objectively that he could truly feel the Black Knight’s size. Even if the messengers raided Hell Gao and eliminated the penalty in hell, he couldn’t expect them to overpower the Black Knight. The assistance of the myth rated cerberus couldn’t be underestimated and it played an important role. Once they fought, Sariel would certainly go berserk, so Sariel had to be excluded from the combat power.

‘My role is important.’

He needed to fight Mir and check his skills. It had to be Mir. Grid was making this judgment and asked the person coming from behind him, “Is there any way to break the Magpie Bridge?”

The Kaya Kingdom and Pa Kingdom were connected by the Magpie Bridge. Both were under Mir’s influence. Destroying the Magpie Bridge was the most fundamental solution to the situation in the East Continent.

“The Magpie Bridge... it is a bridge built at the expense of tens of thousands of crows and magpies. The concept of breaking the phenomenon caused by unified souls isn’t common.”

The one who was coming was Blue Tiger. One step, another step. As she approached, she gradually changed from a human to a tiger.

“You still haven’t given up on liberating God White Tiger and God Blue Dragon? Aheung... I think it is right to give up. It is hard to say this... Kaya was cursed by God Blue Dragon and was covered with ice, so many people died and disappeared. Meanwhile, the Pa Kingdom has always been a small kingdom. Few people will be saved even if you liberate the two gods.”

“.....”

“Grid, this continent is virtually at peace thanks to your resurrection of God Red Phoenix and God Black Tortoise. This is what I think... Aheung...”

“How is it peace when you are trapped in fear for the rest of your life?” The people of the Cho Kingdom and the Xing Kingdom couldn’t step out of their kingdoms. The moment they left the protection of the red phoenix and black tortoise, they would be captured by the Hwan Kingdom and taken to Kaya or Pa. They once again forgot the old gods they had regained and turned into puppets praising the false myths of the yangbans. “Additionally, you want to see your father.”

“Grid...” Blue Tiger’s large eyes were wet.

Grid tapped her forehead with the ‘King’ character engraved on it. “I just want to do what I can. Then in the future, you can do what you want. That will do.”

It was a terrible arrogance to believe that personal power could never be destroyed. As long as Satisfy didn’t have an ending, there would surely be an era ‘without Grid.’ Grid wasn’t too worried or thoroughly trying to prepare for that time, but he had a wish that his actions today would have a positive impact on the future.

Who knew? Sooner or later, the Overgeared members would get married in reality, have children, and their children would get in touch with Satisfy. Existences like Blue Tiger would become their solid backing. Of course, he didn’t necessarily want a reward for helping people. He was aiming for his actions to lead to a virtuous circle.

Grid opened his mouth, “I want to leave this with you for the time being.”

“This...?”

“It is the Heart of the Frost Queen. I have a place I need to go to. It will be embarrassing if I lose it there. Please protect it for a few hours.”

There was a high probability of dying if he fought Mir. It was crazy to go with the Heart of the Frost Queen to meet Mir. Blue Tiger and the Twelve Zodiacs had the power to protect the Heart of the Frost Queen. They had regained some of their myths and had become incredibly strong over the past few years. This was also a place out of reach of the influence of the Hwan Kingdom.

“Aheung... This is somehow... it resembles the curse of God Blue Dragon.”

“Yes, but there isn’t a connection. The Frost Queen is the ruler of an isolated land in the West Continent. There would be no contact with the East Continent.”

“Yes...”

“Then I’m going.” Grid left the forest. The moment he left the protection of the old gods, he felt a sticky gaze, but it was only for a moment. The ‘ponds’ of the Hwan Kingdom that monitored the ground couldn’t follow Grid’s rapid and secretive movements unless a god was watching it. Of course, chores like surveillance were taken care of by the yangbans.

Grid was able to enter Kaya safely without any interference. Just then—

[The powerful sword of the Sword Saint has separated the world!!!]

“.....!”

Grid’s vision tilted at an angle. The desert he stepped on collapsed and sand fell like a waterfall down the dark underground.

[The earth god Garion has exerted his power. Everything split in half is restored.]

“.....”

The sight he saw just now was like a dream. The desert that had shook like crazy and collapsed was restored again. Grid burst out laughing at the following world message.

[Sword Saint ‘Kraugel’ has killed a half-god.]

‘Is he still doing this here?’

If Kraugel had stayed and fought in Kaya since that time...

Aside from the level, it was highly likely that the White Tiger Sword had grown to almost a myth rating. He might’ve built up divinity after killing a half-god several times. Grid’s tension that was taut every time he thought about the strong enemies he would have to face in the future relaxed. He even felt relieved. That’s right. Kraugel was one of the people Grid trusted and depended on most. The yearning he had for the sky above the sky that would never fade away...

Tang tang tang!

“.....?”

Grid was lost in the memory of Kraugel in the past only for his expression to stiffen. It was because a man with blood all over his body flew from somewhere and rolled around several times before stopping at Grid’s foot. It was Kraugel...

"K-Kraugel?"

“...You recognized the wrong person.”

Chapter 1436

The relationship between Kraugel and the yangbans slowly reversed. Now, Kraugel wasn’t the prey busy escaping. He was a seasoned predator who held his breath as he watched the yangbans searching the desert and canyons for him before ambushing them in reverse. Of course, it wasn’t easy to kill the yangbans.

The problem was that even if his surprise attack succeeded, it took quite a while to deal enough damage to 'kill.' The yangbans were half-gods. Every single one of them was named. They had tens of times more health and higher stats than Kraugel, so it was impossible for them to die easily.

Breathtaking situations had occurred several times over the past year where the yangban had run away before Kraugel could kill them, or the yangban was rescued by his colleagues and Kraugel barely survived by fleeing. Still, it wasn't always the same. There were often lucky days.

Today was that type of day. His super sensitivity stat was especially effective today after it had risen by four in return for being killed by Mir a few days ago. In this case, was it because they didn't have the ability to learn beyond their arrogance, or was it because Kraugel launched a surprise attack on one of the three yangbans who were searching the canyon and the weakness and critical hits burst out in a row?

Kraugel had been planning to retreat after moderately increasing the experience of the White Tiger Sword, but he changed his mind. He poured out skills to link the combo even after seeing the other yangbans running at the screams. His calculations were perfect.

"Groan!"

Every yangban was strong. However, there were only seven yangbans who had built up their divinity. Apart from them, the rest of the yangbans couldn't handle Kraugel one-on-one. After a series of frantic cuts, the yangban that was hit by the Space Sword turned to gray ash.

[The half-god has been defeated.]

[Once again, you've made a remarkable achievement.]

[You have become the protagonist of the 'Humiliation at Kaya' myth.]

[In the future, when fighting against half-gods or gods, all stats will increase by 10% and the power of your sword techniques will increase by an additional 20%.]

[You understand the concepts of 'legend,' 'transcendence,' and 'status,' and you are in the harmonious 'heart, body, and skill' state.]

[The transcendence that has been suppressed due to a lack of opportunity is blossoming.]

[.....!]

[.....!!]

[!!!]

"Gasp...Gasp...?"

It was a series of amazing rewards. Despite the urgent situation, the thrilled Kraugel became flustered. It was due to the notification windows that only repeated the exclamation points. An error? It couldn't be...

Crash! Kraugel moved his sword to the side and the yangban's formless will collided with the blade and dispersed. The yangbans who arrived at the scene shouted. "Kraugel!"

The name Kraugel was now clearly imprinted on the yangbans. The one with the power of the former Sword Saint whom Mir acknowledged but who never showed a single one of the matchless skills—he was insignificant prey, the same human being.

The incarnation of talent who seemed a match for ten thousand enemies, he transcended humans without the matchless skills, murdering half-gods with his sword. He wasn't in the common sense... Pungsa and Usa had personally pointed out that he was 'dangerous.'

Today, another colleague was killed. They didn't intend to mourn the death of a colleague. However, they were aware and alert to the fact that they could die. This man must be eliminated. Even if he was a legend that didn't die due to the power of the oral traditions that were immortalized, he would eventually weaken and disappear if he was killed again and again.

The yangbans attacked Kraugel fiercely. They put down their honor and self-esteem and did their best to cooperate. Kraugel had just killed a yangban and most of his skills were on cooldown, so it was hard for him to find the opportunity to counterattack. He saved his life by using thorough defense tactics such as blocking attacks, avoiding attacks, and buying time with grappling techniques.

"A person called the Sword Saint is using the sword as a decoration!"

The yangban mocked Kraugel who ran away instead of staying to fight. Their faces were red, but the provocation didn't work. Kraugel was silent as he observed the sensations in his body.

'I need a bit more time to adjust.'

His body had changed. To be exact, his stats had changed. It was the aftermath of his stats rising and gaining new passive skills as the protagonist of a myth and a transcendent. It was a pretty abrupt change from Kraugel's position when he believed that the super sensitivity stat was the superior concept of a transcendent's senses. Additionally, the system was strange. Rather than listing the newly acquired abilities and skills, only the exclamation marks were still being used.

Kraugel needed time to identify and adapt to the changes. He wanted to accurately control himself rather than blindly leaving his body to his strength and speed while wielding the sword. This was the only way he could win.

"You are like a rat!"

The faces of the yangbans turned redder. It was enough to question if they would die of a brain hemorrhage. Kraugel used Sword Curtain to block the sharp wind. Then he turned his chin and used the sheath to guard against the sword before using jajinmori.

The yangban let out a weak groan as his body flew far away. The reason his expression distorted wasn't due to the pain. His one-edged sword—he was robbed of his weapon. It was impossible for yangbans to have the awareness of warriors, but he understood how humiliating it was to be deprived of his weapon.

['Snatch the Sword' has succeeded and you've successfully got your hands on the 'Yangban's Zhanmadao'.] [1]

In response to the movement of the rotating sheath, the sword that flew into the air fell precisely into Kraugel's hand. The duration of Snatch the Sword was five seconds. It would fall from his hand after five seconds. This was never a short time given that he could interfere with enemies trying to retrieve the weapons. In an ordinary battle, the entire battle would've been overturned.

However, the opponent was a yangban. It made no difference if the yangbans had weapons or not. Weren't they proficient in all martial arts? No. Rather, it was because the depth of all the martial arts was shallow. The yangbans were powerful only due to their innate physical ability and the power of the four gods, not because of their skills. Of course, there were exceptions like Mir.

"Youuuu!" The yangban who had his weapon robbed came rushing with the aura of the blue dragon. The lightning disturbed the desert sand and caused a storm. Meanwhile, the other yangban acted covertly. He appeared behind Kraugel without a sound and stabbed his sword. Kraugel defended against the attack of the yangban and swung the White Tiger Sword in his right hand.

Increased stats and new skills—he had finally accurately identified and adapted to the changes caused by these.

Kraugel's sword moved lightly. The movements were smaller than before, but he was more powerful than ever before.

"Ugh!" The dupo of the yangban who had his attack deflected and was counterattacked became covered in blood. Kraugel retrieved his sword and turned backwards. The blade of the yangban who approached with the energy of the blue dragon faced the transparent blade of the White Tiger Sword.

".....?!"

The eyes of the yangban widened as he thought he was going to smash Kraugel's sword and head. It was a sword with medium thickness, but it was as transparent as glass, making it look fragile. The yangban thought it would break easily, but not only did it stop the blue dragon's energy, it also damaged his skin, flesh, and bones...!

"Kuaaaaaack!" The yangban screamed as his hand was cut off.

It might be different if he was a yangban who had accumulated divinity, but it was the worst thing for the body to be damaged when the red phoenix had been unsealed. He was pulling up the feeble amount of red phoenix energy left to somehow try and regenerate the wound when his companion grabbed at the back of his neck. Thanks to him, Kraugel's sword just cut through air.

The yangban who saved his colleague spoke while increasing the power of his lightning, "It is more than I heard in the rumors."

They knew in advance that Kraugel's sword contained the energy of the white tiger, but they never heard it was this powerful. Wasn't it right to describe it as a divine object rather than a normal sword? Moreover, Kraugel's potential was more than imagined. Of course, the result wouldn't change. Kraugel had a limit. He did well for a while, but his weariness was high and his wounds noticeably increased.

"I'll finish it quickly."

The two yangbans simultaneously invoked the aura of the blue dragon and the white tiger. It was fairly burdensome for them who had failed to accumulate divinity. They weren't confident about controlling this explosive force. However, they knew that drawing things out wouldn't lead to good results. The passing of the sword and one-edged sword increased the wounds on Kraugel's body. Nevertheless, Kraugel's resistance was fierce. His sword skills finished their cooldown and he unleashed them one by one.

"Groan...!"

"Don't stop and push forward!"

The bleeding of the yangban who lost his hand was severe. The one-edged sword he wielded gradually became dull. He felt scared when he noticed that Kraugel's sword skills persistently seeking him out had become incomparably powerful. This fear turned into anger. Me. I am afraid of a human when I qualify to be a god?

"Ohhhhh!"

Clang!

".....!"

It was tricky to deal with opponents who were ready to die. Kraugel's momentum weakened as the man who lost his hand started attacking without caring about his body.

'It will be hard to survive.'

There was no choice but to aim for mutual destruction. The best thing he could do now was to take even one person with him to the underworld. Kraugel knew this and hesitated. His fear of dropping the White Tiger Sword shook him. He never thought he would be afraid of death because he didn't want to lose an item. Kraugel felt strange about himself and smiled bitterly.

His shoulder dropped as a sword pierced his chest. He squeezed the blade with his bare hands so that the enemy couldn't take it back. His hands weren't cut off due to this body that had 'Sword Immunity,' but the pain was vivid and blood flowed. As he released the blade and bent down, the sword stuck in his shoulder broke his collarbone, cut through, and soared into the air.

The immobilized sword suddenly soared upward and the flustered yangban lost his balance for a moment. Kraugel shoved the White Tiger Sword into his heart. The heavy one-edged sword that stabbed Kraugel's side made him dizzy, but he persisted.

"This...! This terrible guy!"

The yangban was stricken by the sight of Kraugel stabbing the sword in the heart of his colleague while one arm was cut by the sword and his intestines were pouring out due to the zhanmadao cutting his waist. In his eyes, Kraugel wasn't the Sword Saint, but a sword demon.

[A legend doesn't die easily.]

The notification window that only displayed exclamation points finally changed to a sentence. The content wasn't very welcome, but Kraugel didn't waver. He boldly accepted the coming death and

deployed his last sword energy. He heard a howling auditory hallucination from the 'Matchless Swordsmanship' that was kept in his inventory, but he turned away from it and aimed his sword technique at the heart of the yangban.

The yangban didn't die. He survived in a breathtaking manner. The damage was lacking. He wanted to take one with him, but he failed. Still, Kraugel didn't regret it. His body was damaged, so there was less strength at his fingertips. The reason for not killing the yangban wasn't because his swordsmanship was too weak.

Look. The system recognized it.

[No signs of the Matchless Swordsmanship have been found in any of your achievements since becoming a Sword Saint.]

[Nevertheless, you killed six half-gods and became the protagonist of a myth.]

[It has been judged that the skills you have been using and the sword techniques you have created have the potential to surpass the Matchless Swordsmanship. The rating of all the skills you have will be increased to legendary (transcendent).]

"Haha..." The bloody Kraugel let out a faint laugh.

"Crazy guy!" The yangbans hated it. One lost his hand and the other had a damaged heart. They got goosebumps that the man who was going to die soon in return for making them look like this was laughing.

Kraugel's body received the attacks of the yangbans and flew far away. A final notification window emerged in his vision as he lay weakly in the desert.

[The duration of immortality is over.]

'It is up to here.' Now all he could do was hope the White Tiger Sword was fine. He was quietly accepting death when a familiar voice entered his ears.

"K-Kraugel?"

Flinch!

Kraugel's body trembled. He looked up slowly, checked Grid's face, and turned his head away. "...You recognized the wrong person."

His moment of defeat was witnessed by Grid, not someone else. For Kraugel, it was more painful than dying.

"Who are you?!" The yangbans growled at Grid. They had half lost their sense of reason after suffering from all sorts of humiliation and being seriously injured. They couldn't afford to read Grid's energy so they didn't notice Grid's identity. They wouldn't have changed their attitude even if they recognized Grid. It was because new colleagues were starting to arrive at the scene.

Grid was confronted by five yangbans while throwing a potion to Kraugel. It was the very expensive potion made by Reidan's alchemy facility.

“I think it will be a bit intense alone?”

“I’ll help you.”

“What type of concept is that...”

“.....”

“Ack! This human...! Are you ignoring us?!”

These bastards hadn’t changed their lines. Grid clicked his tongue, pulled out the Formless Sword, and swung it. The sword stretched out like a whip and wrapped around a wounded yangban’s body. It tightened and sliced at the wounded yangban.

Chapter 1437

There were also four peak quality gems and 39 highest quality gems. They were gems where the value couldn’t be discussed using the common sense of ordinary people. The rare treasures that should’ve decorated the national treasures of the empire or the coffins of emperors were scattered around Elizabeth’s workshop. Broken things were a frequent occurrence and some even turned into powder. It was a sight that would’ve caused Administrator Rabbit to pass out if he witnessed it.

However, Elizabeth felt no guilt. Her face was only filled with joy. ‘This...! This can possibly succeed!’

There wouldn’t be a second chance.

The accessory commissioned by a suspicious, genius boy. The imaginary product that came to her mind in the process of making only seven parts was of incomparable value to the emperor’s coffin. This was just Elizabeth’s personal opinion, but... to be honest, she was scared. Now, at this moment, Elizabeth let go of all her fears. Her worry about what would happen if she caused damage to Grid disappeared.

It was natural. She created part of a permanent mechanism that absorbed the mana of the atmosphere and changed it to energy. It was still very small and even if it was completed, there was the disadvantage that the size of the mechanism was too big...

Still, this alone was enough for her to glimpse the infinite possibilities. Elizabeth imagined the super large aircrafts that would cross the skies of the Overgeared Kingdom, the warships that would dominate the seas, and the birth of the magic machines that would pave the foundations of ruling the continent.

A notification window popped up in her shaking vision.

[You are approaching the creation of an ‘absurd artifact.’]

[You haven’t produced any results yet, but your name deserves to go down in history just for establishing the theory.]

[In recognition of the first achievement in hundreds of years since the great magician Pauld, your Artisan skill has risen to the master craftsman level.]

“.....!!”

Mastering the Artisan skill. This meant that the success rate of the permanent mechanisms under production would increase. However, the part to be pleased about now wasn't the immediate achievement, but the rise in potential. Achieving master level in the Artisan skill meant she was qualified to become a legend. She wasn't being hasty. The great blacksmith Khan had actually proved it.

"K-Kyaaak! Amazing... E-Eh?" Elizabeth was letting out cries of excitement when she felt something strange. It was the first achievement since Pauld? There was no way. She wasn't the one who established the theory of the permanent mechanism. It was the genius boy whom she met not long ago.

"...Don't tell me?" An eerie chill went down Elizabeth's spine.

On this day, the Overgeared Shadows was in a state of emergency. They had already set a considerable number of assassins to keep an eye on Inferno and now they were ordered to search for a lich who was believed to be Pauld.

"Change mission priority to tracking Pauld."

There was information that Pauld was resurrected as Agnus' lich. In the past, Kraugel had delivered this information through Grid. This meant that Agnus had acquired or was likely to gain the permanent mechanism. Faker and the Overgeared Shadows had to find it and destroy it.

The yangbans didn't realize it. No, they wouldn't have understood even if they perceived it. They just saw a crazy guy stabbing his sword into the air at nothing and wondered what he was doing. Then the sword that pierced the air greatly increased its length and wrapped itself around his body and the body of his colleague. It was only at the moment of joining that they went 'uh...?' and felt goosebumps on their skin.

Their understanding was too late. At this moment, the yangbans exposed to the inexplicable were no less than the ordinary people they hated. The cold weapon bent like a whip and wrapped around the bodies of the yangbans.

Kraugel wondered, 'Is this really a sword?'

Just then, the small blades of the Formless Sword twisted. The 30 joints moved in the reverse direction to change the angle of the blade. The blades that rose like saw blades or thorns tore and carved at the skin of the yangbans held by the Formless Sword.

[The yangban 'Saesak' has been killed.]

[The yangban 'Mulgyeol' has been killed.]

They were already critically injured by Kraugel. They turned to gray ash as they died and Grid and Kraugel simultaneously gained experience. Kraugel leveled up. His spirit also rose. After recovering from the special medicine Reidan's alchemy facility created, he suddenly felt like he was struck by lightning.

He linked together Thunderbolt and Frenzy Sword. They struck the bodies of the yangbans who were staring blankly at their colleagues who died in vain. The yangbans were one step late in recognizing the blood that flowed from their bodies. Kraugel was already standing behind them and stabbing his sword deep in the sand.

Heaven and Earth Rupture—the sword technique that was promoted to the legendary transcendent rating destroyed the ground and the sword energy that erupted from the cracks in the ground swept over the yangbans.

“Wow.” Grid exclaimed from among the yangbans. He was still holding the Formless Sword in his hand as he entered the midst of the enemies that Kraugel had gathered together. If he used the Undefeated King’s Swordsmanship with the Falling Moon Sword, then he could simply cut the necks of the yangbans, but Grid wanted a performance test of the Formless Sword. The Formless Sword twisted, stretched out, and reversed the 30 joints as it wrapped around the bodies of the yangbans.

The stormy sword inspired Kraugel. Kraugel’s talent overflowed at the sight of the inherently ‘impossible’ sword movements created by Grid’s sword toward the yangbans. Kraugel’s sword energy repeatedly rotated. It followed the path of the Formless Sword, intertwining but not disturbing as it gradually accelerated and cut at the yangbans.

His cooperative attack that showed his miraculous talent inspired Grid this time. Kraugel’s sword energy drew a diagonal line after turning. Then it repeated another turn and added acceleration. It was offering better sword paths for the Formless Sword.

Grid heard a type of auditory hallucination. The limits of his imagination were shattering.

“Keok!”

“Kuaack!”

Unlike the critically injured Saesak and Mulgyeol, the three yangbans who joined later were in good condition. Despite experiencing Kraugel’s Thunderbolt and Frenzy Sword, they immediately surrounded themselves with the energy of the white tiger and minimized the damage of Heaven and Earth Rupture. Until now, they had plenty of room to relax. This was until the man who killed Saesak and Mulgyeol with the strange sword appeared right next to them using Shunpo.

‘This guy, he is the rumored...!’

‘He passed Chiyou’s Test...!’

The yangbans were vigilant. They would be birdbrains if they let down their guard after seeing the devastating scene of their fellow yangbans dying. They were alert from the start. They raised their power from the time they allowed Kraugel’s surprise attack and started to resist with all their might when Grid broke in.

The problem was that Grid and Kraugel were stronger than rumored. Kraugel’s sword suddenly became complicated and difficult to respond to, while Grid’s sword, which was already complicated, became faster and harder to react to.

‘These guys... they are getting stronger in real time.’

The reason why the yangbans liked to use soft swords was because they were easy to use to kill. The lightness of the soft sword wasn’t a disadvantage for them, who had the power to unconditionally kill as soon as they hit the target. However, Mir had instructed them not to use the soft sword when fighting

Kraugel. The speed and irregularity of the soft sword, which took advantage of its lightness and elasticity didn't work against Kraugel, so they were instructed to use heavy weapons.

Mir was a special existence for the yangbans. He was like an idol. The only yangban who was Mir's opponent was Garam. It had been a long time since the aforementioned Garam died.

Therefore, the yangbans listened well to Mir's advice.

They prepared a heavy sword and zhanmadao to fight against Kraugel. It was just that Kraugel wasn't the only one who was here right now.

"Shit...!"

They kept being pushed in speed and the wounds on their bodies were increasing. The yangbans had no choice but to blame the heavy weapons. It didn't matter who went first, but they abandoned their weapons and released the soft sword they were wearing like a belt.

Their speed increased. They used the natural advantage of their body to create anomalies in their attacks. The yangbans were more focused than ever. It was just like when they were challenging Chiyou's Test. However, if focusing could produce the best results, then they would be gods, not half-gods.

".....?!"

Kraugel's sword suddenly became heavy. He abandoned the rotation of his sword and it fell down like a thunderbolt. Here, the elasticity of the soft sword exerted its power. It halved the strength of the White Tiger Sword and bounced it back. The yangban was dumbfounded. He almost lost 10 years of his life blocking this attack.

".....?"

The yangban was trying to attack Kraugel, who was being chased by a colleague after his attack was blocked, when his vision tilted. His neck was hot as he was slashed by Grid's whip-like sword.

"This damn..."

Kraugel, who was flexible in dealing with changes, and Grid, who stuck to his strategy despite changes—the two people with completely different personalities were so compatible. Their cooperation was like cog wheels that spun without rest. A huge cog that was bound to crush them the moment they were sucked in. Were they fellow soldiers who had crossed the line of life and death with each other all their lives?

The yangbans swallowed down their swear words and looked back on the day. Was there anything different than usual? It included minor things like finding something on their sleeves a bit late as they were getting dressed, or stepping on something dirty while walking down the street. Maybe their luck was especially bad today. Perhaps this was why they met two monsters beside each other.

It happened when the demotivated yangbans took a step back...

There was a cold that didn't suit the hot desert. The sand that was heated by the sun quickly froze, turning parts of the desert into ice sheets. A chill went down Grid and Kraugel's spines.

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

It was already there by the time the notification window appeared.

"Keuk...!" Grid twisted his waist with all his power. A flash of lightning brushed by Grid's hair and caused an explosion on one side of the desert. The explosion also occurred at the place where Kraugel stood. Did he get hit? The worried Grid was soon relieved. It was because Kraugel's harsh breathing was heard from beyond the dust.

A new voice was heard from the sky, "You have grown."

The man who was holding coldness and lightning in his hand like the tail of a dragon could clearly be seen floating there. The identity of the man whose white dopyo fluttered in the air was Mir. He was the one who made Grid a 'challenger,' and the last threshold of the Hwan Kingdom.

Chapter 1438

Mir's emergence changed the mood of the battlefield.

"Mir!" The frustrated yangbans regained their vitality.

Grid sympathized with them. Grid had met numerous yangbans, including Garam, and he knew the essence of the yangbans. They seemed to believe that Mir would save them, but they would die. They had humiliated the Hwan Kingdom, and they were a disgrace to the yangbans. The charges that Mir could place on them were overflowing. If it was Garam, then he would've killed them while swearing.

Grid sent a whisper, -There will be a commotion soon. Run away in that gap.

The purpose of Grid's visit to Kaya was to check his skills. Even if he knew he was going to die, he stepped back on this land to challenge Mir. Defeat was natural in the showdown, but it would be too much if he received Kraugel's help and both of them died.

"....." Kraugel didn't answer.

There also wasn't the commotion that Grid had mentioned. Mir didn't harm the yangbans. Rather, he defended them. "Overgeared God. God, as you know, we were made to act as angels. Unlike angels, we won't be reincarnated if we die. Our souls are trapped in hell and will suffer forever. Our god has lost the power to make hell tremble and the demons of hell don't respect us. Can't you take pity and spare them?"

"...Do you really need to ask this? Can't you stop it by killing us?"

"God, it is because if you decide to hurt my colleagues, I know I can't protect them." Mir had seen through Grid from the first day they met. His discerning eyes were truly outstanding. He could precisely see through Grid's current skills, who had grown rapidly in hell.

Grid got goosebumps, but he spoke firmly without showing it, "I want to stop the seeds of the yangbans."

It wasn't a bluff or a provocation. He was serious. The people who had a stronger power than humans, but despised humans. There was nothing to be gained by keeping them alive.

“I’m going to kill them and then I will die,” Grid’s eyes were cold as he declared.

The yangbans gulped and Mir looked sorry. “Is that so? I honestly want to change God’s mind with a better offer, but... I’m afraid I don’t have the authority. I will have to do my best to protect them while fighting.”

Mir’s right arm lost its shape and became blurred. He swung the Blue Dragon Dao. Grid’s transcendence was triggered. The moment Mir appeared, the God Hands that appeared and took out their shields blocked the lightning. They didn’t intend to block it. The lightning just luckily fell onto the path of the God Hands. It was fortunate that the trajectory of the God Hands was irregular.

Grid lifted his sword and blocked Mir, who was flying toward him. Noe, Randy, and the Overgeared Skeletons appeared like they had been waiting and struck Mir from the left and right sides. The Formless Sword that was interlocked with the Blue Dragon Dao twisted its joints. It climbed up the Blue Dragon Dao like a vine and grabbed the blade.

Just then, a rain of battle gear fell from the sky. Perhaps they were glad to receive the call after so long. The number of battle gears that responded to the summons was higher than usual. Nevertheless, it was all futile. The attacks of Noe, Randy, and the Overgeared Skeletons failed to penetrate the shroud of energy surrounding Mir and all their efforts were in vain.

The Blue Dragon Dao easily shook off the Formless Sword and the thousands of weapons that poured from the sky were either blocked by the thick barrier of earth created by Mir or swept away by waves of lightning. Most of the unique and higher rated weapons penetrated the earth wall and some even penetrated the waves of lightning, but they couldn’t hurt Mir’s body which was solid due to the White Tiger’s Posture.

‘The more I see him perfectly use the power of the four gods, the more fraudulent it seems.’

Mir had long acquired the power of the four gods and he wasn’t influenced by the release of the red phoenix and black tortoise. Additionally, the growth rate of the named NPCs transcended that of high rankers. Mir was a super named NPC who was dreaming of becoming a god. As Grid grew, he naturally grew as well. Of course, Grid’s growth rate was much more dominant.

“.....!”

Mir released the White Tiger’s Posture and was wielding the Blue Dragon Dao when his eyes widened. It was because Grid was holding a new sword in his left hand. He seemed to want to swing the two swords in an unnatural movement, but he lowered his waist. It was 300,000 Army Stealth Sword. The top dirty trick exerted its power.

‘I can’t believe I missed the sword for a moment. It is an amazing sword technique.’ Mir was purely impressed.

Grid smacked his lips together with regret. ‘It is shallow.’

Double wielding swords wouldn’t exert proper power unless Dual Wielding Mastery was learned to a high level. The weapon itself was treated as a secondary tool and the power was halved. The skill’s power also received a penalty. Thus, the stealth sword failed to exert its power. Even so, Grid knew that

without the use of the double swords to create a disturbance, the stealth sword wouldn't have reached Mir. The target of the stealth sword was limited to 'targets below a certain level.'

"Ugh!" Grid swallowed down a scream. It was because the Blue Dragon Dao dug into his chest armor before changing its trajectory and drawing a diagonal line, cutting deeply at his thigh. In addition to suffering over 20,000 damage, the wound was frozen and he received a physical abnormal condition. His movements slowed down.

Mir, who had overpowered Grid with just the power of the four gods when they fought the other day, was now thoroughly using the weapon effect of the Blue Dragon Dao.

'It is a harvest, a harvest.'

Mir acted sincerely to him from the beginning, yet Grid hurt him a little bit. It proved that he had grown tremendously compared to when they first met. However, Grid still wasn't satisfied. 'I will risk my life.'

He had to take one arm in order to earn something from this. Grid retrieved the Formless Sword and drew out a new sword. Cold moonlight rose from his fingertips. It was the appearance of the Falling Moon Sword.

"Drop." It wasn't a fancy skill with a high coefficient. Sometimes the simpler the skill, the greater the power.

It happened at this moment...

It was an instant use sword dance used at a super close distance. It was even a sword dance used with a 'must cut' sword. Grid was confident that this was a blow that not even the martial god could avoid, let alone Mir. In fact, Mir's expression changed for the first time. An arm fell off. It was Mir's arm. The unfortunate thing was that Grid's arm was also cut off.

'A XX counter...'

The situation was worse than he thought. Mir had fought back by giving up his left arm instead of his right arm that held the Blue Dragon Dao, while Grid was hit by the counterattack and lost his right arm holding the sword. Due to this, the Falling Moon Sword fell to the ground.

Grid had no weapon right now. Fortunately, the Fire Dragon Sword played an active role. The Fire Dragon Sword assisted Grid by moving itself along with the God Hands holding the shield. It quickly judged and blocked Mir's follow up attack on Grid. Then it used the rebound of the collision and settled into Grid's left hand.

Mir told him, "You have many amazing new things."

"Gasp, gasp... Don't you want to make losing your arm a medal?" Grid mocked Mir who was running the energy of the red phoenix to regenerate his arm. Mir's face still had the scar from where it had been cut by Grid a few months earlier.

"Please understand," Mir answered while lightly fending off Kraugel's surprise attack. "It is impossible to realize my wish with one arm, so I can't help it."

Grid yelled with surprise, "No, Kraugel! Why haven't you run away?!"

He tried his best and was about to come to terms with death. Then dammit, Kraugel entered the battle instead of fleeing. It meant they were both going to die. It didn't fit his purpose.

Kraugel stood at the forefront to buy time for Grid to recover and spoke nonchalantly, "I don't know retreat."

In fact, he had run away hundreds of times when he was alone here in Kaya, but... he didn't want to run away in front of Grid. Leave Grid behind and run away alone? He would rather die. This was more a matter of pride than efficiency or loyalty. Kraugel swallowed down his innermost thoughts and became determined to fight while Grid shouted at him.

Mir was intrigued by the comedy. "I felt it before, but your relationship is unusual. God, are you thinking of letting the Sword Saint become your messenger?"

"No, that isn't it." Grid and Kraugel answered at the same time.

"We are friends."

"We are competitors."

".....?"

They were different answers.

Mir kept smiling as he cocked his head.

"And."

Grid and Kraugel continued at the same time.

"We are rivals."

"We are friends."

"...Haha, I see."

'They are a good pair,' Mir thought before feeling regret. If only Garam had less greed or if Pagma wasn't so soft. Then wouldn't they have been saying this to him right now by his side?

"As a courtesy, I'll let the two of you go together."

Mir unleashed a lightning attack. An unprecedented powerful energy was unleashed and vibrated the frozen desert.

-Shouldn't you run away quickly now?

-Do you think I will leave the enemy in front of you and turn my back?

-No, we can't win anyway, so at least one person should live.

-Yes, we can't win.

Kraugel nodded and put his hand into his inventory. The thing he took out was an old booklet. It was a booklet that contained the 'Matchless Swordsmanship' studied by the previous Sword Saint.

-However, it isn't me who will survive. It is you, Grid.

He thought he had helped Grid a lot, but it was true that he received a greater grace. The White Tiger Sword in his hand was the proof.

"Kraugel?"

"If my sword skills didn't match the name of Sword Saint, I wondered what it would mean to be the Sword Saint."

[Overgeared God Grid is writing the 12th epic.]

"I was thinking about letting go of the position of Sword Saint."

[The beginning of the epic begins in the desert overlooking a city covered by perpetual snow.]

"Now that I have proven my qualifications, I can accept the teachings of the former generation."

[He witnessed a noble belief.]

Chapter 1439

[He witnessed a noble belief.]

[It was a belief that didn't break under the attention or advice of excessive greed, even when he received criticism and ridicule for being stupid.]

[It was sometimes poison.]

[The saint was slowly encroached by poison and wandered near the abyss.]

A person who was praised as the sky above the sky. His actions as the Sword Saint were far from people's expectations.

He stayed in Kirinus' hut during the height of his growth and turned away from the Sword Saint's Matchless Swordsmanship that he was able to secure. Then in the past year, he had an unreasonable struggle against the yangbans of Kaya and repeatedly died. It wasn't something that fit in with common sense. Those who knew Kraugel's recent life had no choice but to feel sorry or think he was crazy.

However, it was time for everyone to realize it. Kraugel's asceticism wasn't pointless. He was a man who was the sky above the sky. It was foolish arrogance to judge him by a single standard.

[However, the saint's beliefs remained unchanged. He cast doubt aside with the sword and the trials were slashed with a sword as he proved himself to be the Sword Saint.]

"....."

The Matchless Swordsmanship that had been shunned for a long time. Kraugel's expression was subtle as he finally faced it. The world messages that were rising. He noticed that Grid's epic was describing himself.

'...I'm embarrassed.' It was true that he had been wandering around the abyss, but for it to be publicly disclosed was a bit...

Grid felt sorry for Kraugel who was blushing with embarrassment. In fact, this wasn't something for Grid to feel sorry about. The epics described not only Grid's direct experiences, but his emotions and things he witnessed. Additionally, when witnessing and describing others, information that Grid didn't even know was often stated. It was good to recognize it as a secondary part of the system.

In conclusion, Grid didn't know that Kraugel had struggled enough to be told he was near the abyss. The contents of the epic weren't intended by Grid.

[He was enlightened through the saint.]

[The most reliable and dependable thing is the great power that is passed down.]

[He learned that being himself wasn't being wise.]

[A conviction that was unwavering in the face of everyone's denial.]

[He learned and embraced the beliefs of the noble saint.]

.....

...

[Overgeared God Grid has completed the 12th page of the epic.]

'I'm glad it isn't long.'

Grid's inner worry was relieved. For him, whose past or innermost thoughts had been exposed in the epics, the epic involving Kraugel was quite uncomfortable. It could've been rude to Kraugel or it could've revealed his feelings toward Kraugel? For example, the phrase 'he learned from the saint' could've had the word 'longing' added. It was true that he longed for and admired Kraugel. He didn't want to hide his heart, but the picture of him publicly confessing it to the party involved made him feel ashamed.

[The 12th page of the epic has been completed.]

[Your status has risen by one level as a reward for completing the epic.]

[Maximum health will increase by 5%.]

[There is a chance of reflecting status abnormalities.]

[The probability of reflecting status abnormalities already exists in your First King title.]

[The increase in status will relax the conditions of reflecting status abnormalities of the 'First King' title.]

[The passive skill 'Noble Belief' has been acquired.]

[Noble Belief]

[Passive

The more difficult the situation, the more you believe in your own power.

Every time a skill is on cooldown, one stat will rise slightly. The increase stat is randomly determined and the duration is proportional to the skill's cooldown time.]

'This is a jackpot.'

The consumption of skills meant weakness. It was natural for combat capability to weaken every time a skill was on cooldown. Noble Belief had the effect of breaking that logic to some extent. Stats unrelated to combat might rise, such as charm, political power, or dexterity, but Grid had dozens of skills. No matter how unlucky, he believed he would be able to see the benefits of Noble Belief.

'Besides, dexterity is pretty good. It will help with control of the Formless Sword.'

Grid awakened from his brief thoughts. It was because every time Kraugel wielded the White Tiger Sword, he created a storm of swords and the ice around them was cracking.

'...It isn't a joke.'

Kraugel had finally acquired the Matchless Swordsmanship and had proudly qualified as the Sword Saint. How much stronger had he become? Grid gulped with anticipation and Kraugel, who finished the inspection, silently took a new posture.

Mir opened his mouth from where he had been watching the situation with interest, "It is really amazing. Kraugel is the one who learned Matchless Swordsmanship, but the Overgeared God became stronger as well?"

'He was waiting for us.' Grid frowned. It took approximately eight seconds for the epic to be written and for Kraugel to learn the secret technique. It was a short time, but Mir could've swung his sword dozens of times in this period. Yet Mir didn't attack the two of them. He wasn't just watching blankly. He evacuated his colleagues and restored his severed arm completely.

On the other hand, Grid still had the loss of one arm. Certain conditions must be met to restore a severed body part and this was considered virtually impossible in combat.

'It will be tougher now.'

They had become stronger, but the situation was worse. Mir was freed from the burden of defending his colleagues while fighting and his momentum would rise to the maximum. Meanwhile, Grid lost an arm. Far from checking his power, he was more likely to die in vain.

-Kraugel, no matter how I think about it, you should fall back.

-Wasn't this story already over?

-.....

Noble Belief bullshit. He was a stubborn ass. This damn stubborn guy.

-Yes, do whatever you like.

In fact, Grid was very grateful. If he fought Mir alone, then he was likely to die before he could test his skills properly. If Kraugel fought alongside him, then he would have more leeway and be able to try more things.

'A friend and competitor...'

Mir was observing Grid and Kraugel closely. He had lost his reason to be impatient from the moment his colleagues fled. He could kill Grid and Kraugel as soon as he made up his mind to end this fight. For now, he wanted to watch this interesting situation a bit more.

Grid was a god. On the mental side, there would still be remnants of his human life, but he was someone worshipped by countless humans. Yet he was inspired by a mere human being and became stronger through enlightenment. Mir had just witnessed it himself.

'I'm glad.' A smile spread on Mir's face.

Why didn't he erase the scars caused by Muller and Grid? It was to not forget the painful moments. Mir recalled that day's battle every time he saw the scar on his body. He thought it was a way to grow stronger. He wasn't certain about this. The gods of the Hwan Kingdom had never shown themselves learning anything. It was an attitude that said a god was already flawless. Did he have to be arrogant like them to become a god? Was his way wrong?

This was a problem Mir had always been struggling with. Then at this moment, his worries were over. A human being that became a god—the moment he saw Overgeared God Grid learning from Kraugel, Mir confirmed that his method wasn't wrong.

To be honest, Mir respected Grid. He was walking ahead on the path that Mir aimed for, so it was natural to want to emulate him. However, Mir had no choice but to be hostile as long as Grid sought the liberation of the Four Auspicious Beasts. If even the seals of the blue dragon and white tiger were released, then the Hwan Kingdom would lose a lot. All the yangbans except for Mir would lose their strength against Asgard's angels. Then the gods of the Hwan Kingdom would have no foundation for their revenge against Asgard.

Mir had no interest in getting revenge on the gods. He didn't want a war that would kill his colleagues, but he couldn't go against Hanul's will. This was the destiny of those who were made by Hanul. The only way to escape this fate was to become a god equal to Hanul. Of course, Mir wanted to be the martial god even without such a grand reason.

His spirit was refreshed. The smile on Mir's face deepened.

Kraugel's sword that was sliding over the ice sheet was quite fast. Mir lifted the Blue Dragon Dao and blocked the attack. Then he turned his waist and kicked. Mir's foot penetrated the ice wall made along the Blue Dragon Dao's path and was inserted into Kraugel's solar plexus. It went in perfectly. Mir immediately swung his sword and thought Kraugel was going to die.

However, his sword didn't slit Kraugel's throat. The sword couldn't touch it because the body floated backwards.

'Did he stop it?'

Kraugel's sword that pushed at his foot made Mir feel admiration.

'I can't believe he retrieved the sword in such a short gap.'

He thought the sword techniques had become faster, but it seemed that the person had also become faster. Kraugel's sword made an illusion. As expected, it was a speed worthy of admiration. Defense or evasion was easily possible, but it was a bit tricky to see a timing to counterattack.

The Blue Dragon Dao stretched out like a fan and squeezed through the gap in the sword to aim at Kraugel's heart. Then the Blue Dragon Dao tilted. The reason was because the weight of the White Tiger Sword that struck it was considerable. It wasn't just the speed. The power also seemed doubled.

'This swordsmanship...'

It was fast and strong, but the balance of offense and defense was perfect. It meant full control without suppressing speed and power. This was the Matchless Swordsmanship. It was the swordsmanship that Muller had used to hurt Mir hundreds of years ago.

Chill.

Mir glimpsed Muller's shadow from Kraugel and was thrilled. He was delighted to think that Kraugel would one day grow up to be a good opponent. Yes, this was a story for later.

'It isn't enough yet.'

First, there was a fundamental problem. Mir had already experienced Muller's swordsmanship many times. Unless Kraugel's swordsmanship could surpass Muller, he was just dancing on Mir's palm. Mir saw Kraugel's movements and routes as he prevented a counterattack by using Sword Curtain and predicted clearly what type of sword technique Kraugel would use soon. It was a sword technique that came rushing in and just before reaching, it created three variables by holding the sword in reverse.

'Matchless Sword 8th style, Beheading.'

The conclusion of the variables was the sword aiming at the neck. He even remembered the name. If he ignored the tricks and defended his neck, or fought back the moment Kraugel held the sword in reverse, he could retaliate. Mir moved faster than Kraugel after making a decision, only for his eyes to widen.

"Splitting the Sky." It was because Kraugel used a sword technique other than Beheading. Mir was caught off guard and was stabbed while the sky behind him split apart.

Chapter 1440

Splitting the Sky was a sword technique made by Piaro during his time as a great swordsman. It was valuable due to the scarcity of counterattacks, but it was hard to say that the power itself was outstanding. Strictly speaking, it wasn't a skill that should be acquired by consuming one of the valuable sword technique creation slots. However, Kraugel created Piaro's Splitting the Sky.

The Sword Saint inherited your swordsmanship.

It was a tribute and support for the senior and teacher who once dreamed of becoming the Sword Saint. Some people might see it as meaningless. However, Kraugel was the man who was ranked 1st. There was no distinction between NPCs and players in his beliefs.

He respected Satisfy, this world itself. Therefore, he could make countless relationships and rise to his current position. It was a sword technique that created a flow of sword energy (or pure energy) and

twisted the flow. It was called Splitting the Sky because it seemed to split the sky with the sword energy and this technique struck Mir.

'Did he notice that Beheading was seen through? No, should I say he predicted it would be seen through?'

A sword with a similar posture to Beheading was used to induce certainty, controlling the battle by inducing variables...

Mir felt like he was a fish caught in a hook. He felt pure admiration for Kraugel's insight and wits. Yet what was the meaning of a sword technique that wasn't part of the Matchless Swordsmanship? He had experienced countless times that ordinary swordsmanship wouldn't seriously injure him...

".....!" Mir's eyes widened. It was because the Blue Dragon Dao that was entangled with the White Tiger Sword had stabbed him in the chest. It was with a powerful force. The current Splitting the Sky was different from the one in the past.

'It is deep.'

Mir had blood flow from his mouth as he placed the aura of the white tiger around his left arm and crossed it over the Blue Dragon Dao. His white dōpō fluttered loudly. Mir's body had floated upward in exchange for blocking the cooperative attack by Grid. Grid and Kraugel took off after him, scattering pure energy. Meanwhile, Mir's arm tore it all away with the energy of the white tiger.

Grid and Kraugel poured out their skills without sparing anything. They didn't intend to miss the opportunity that Kraugel had tried his best to create and they also aimed at the effect of Noble Belief. In particular, Kraugel actively used the Matchless Swordsmanship. It was unbelievable that he used the 13 skills that he had just learned for the first time in the right place. His sword was more delicate and sharp than ever. However, he failed to deal a significant hit since Splitting the Sky.

'This person said he had fought Muller.'

It was as expected. It was highly likely that Muller had revealed all the roots of the Matchless Swordsmanship.

Kraugel's thoughts continued in the midst of the fierce attacks and defenses. He soon judged that the Matchless Swordsmanship couldn't be used and changed the trajectory of the sword. The Matchless Swordsmanship turned into something unknown and Mir responded. Mir's palm hit Kraugel's chin. It was a technique that contained the same characteristics as the counter that Grid suffered.

[You can't regain your mental state.]

[Resistance has failed.]

".....!"

No matter how much his brain shook, he never thought he would be judged as physically confused. Kraugel realized Mir's status, staggered, and let his sword slip. He seemed to have let it slip while ignoring the confusion and trying to control his body.

“Kraugel!” Grid urgently used Shunpo, but he was a step late. By the time Grid’s position changed, the Blue Dragon Dao that Mir swung laterally had deeply cut Kraugel’s chest. Kraugel’s wound was frozen and electrocuted, but he was surprisingly quick and left his spot.

It was thanks to Poetry that Praises the Sword. The reason he could survive in this state and move in defiance of the freezing and electric shock was because he had shifted the damage he just suffered to his secondary weapon. In return, a unique rated sword shattered, but it was cheap compared to saving his life.

Grid performed the sword dances of Transcended Link Flower and Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle.

“Hmm.” Mir failed to kill Kraugel and was forced to back off. He thought about using Shunpo, but decided it was unreasonable due to the blue-black petals of sword energy blocking his view.

Grid confronted Mir, who burned the petals with lightning, and rebuked Kraugel while getting the God Hands to protect him, -How are you going to save my life if you die?

In fact, he knew this was an attitude without any conscience. The moment Kraugel’s Splitting the Sky hit Mir, Grid had a short moment to retreat. Yet Grid didn’t flee and attacked Mir alongside Kraugel. In other words, Grid kicked away the opportunity to live on his own.

Kraugel didn’t respond. He was extremely focused and didn’t notice the whisper sent by Grid.

“Overgeared God, I’m very happy at this moment, but my gods will soon...” Mir was speaking politely to Grid when he shut his mouth. It was because the White Tiger Sword was stuck in his heart. The sword didn’t slip from Kraugel’s hand. He deliberately let go of it.

The White Tiger Sword had grown with Kraugel and had the characteristics of ‘Heart Sword.’ In response to Kraugel’s will, it performed a sword technique on its own. It was only once, but the power and effect of the sword technique performed by the White Tiger Sword was consistent with Kraugel’s own. The White Tiger Sword fell like a meteor and stabbed Mir’s heart, descending as hard as it could, and separating Mir’s heart and ribs.

It was the moment when Kraugel, who had been focused and looking for an opportunity, succeeded in critically injuring Mir. He belatedly replied to Grid, -Let’s just die here together.

-Y-Yes...

Kraugel’s purpose had also changed from the moment he witnessed Grid turning away from retreating. It was from keeping Grid alive to fighting Mir with no regrets. In any case, this was Grid’s purpose and he had no choice but to match it. It was only when their purpose was consistent that their cooperation could be more detailed.

“...Kraugel.” Mir’s eyes were engulfed in the flames of the red phoenix. Kraugel was reflected in the black eyes that shone like stars. “Your name is also engraved on my soul.”

A soul that would last forever because it wouldn’t break—Kraugel’s name, engraved on it, would be immortal. It was like Muller’s name and Grid’s name.

The majestic flames of the red phoenix healed Mir’s wounds, but the scars weren’t erased. The long sword wound that extended from his heart to his waist—Mir engraved it without erasing it. Then he said

what he previously couldn't finish saying to Grid, "My gods will soon look at this place. So let's finish this fun."

Mir had exchanged exactly 89 attacks and defenses with the two people. In terms of time, it was a short offensive and defensive battle. However, it was enough time for his runaway colleagues to reach the Hwan Kingdom. The gods would gather at the pond. Their gaze would turn to the ground and they would scrutinize Grid.

A newly born god—they would be aware that he, who was regarded as a lowly indigenous god, actually had great potential and would condemn him to extinction. The present Grid couldn't handle the jealousy of the gods. The gods, who were pushed out in a power struggle, started a war and they dreamed of revenge far away from home even after losing the war. The envy and jealousy of those who lost everything were terrible.

There was no way they would welcome the birth of a god who might threaten them. Additionally, if this god was the one unsealing the Four Auspicious Beasts... they would harm Grid even at great cost. It was until all the myths that just blossomed were extinguished.

Mir's rush to end this fight was to protect Grid. From Grid's perspective, it was bullshit.

"I understand you saying that you are having fun."

He was also having fun. The last time they met, he had crossed the threshold of death due to the lightning shot every time Mir swung the Blue Dragon Dao. Now that lightning could be blocked, dodged, deflected, and counterattacked. The lightning shot by the Blue Dragon Dao no longer had much influence on the battle.

Grid was able to confirm his own growth with this fact alone and was insanely pleased and joyful.

"However, it is hard to tolerate you saying that you can end this fight at any time."

The Formless Sword stretched out vigorously. As Mir moved the Blue Dragon Dao, it curved and wrapped around his body. In a previous situation, Mir had used Shunpo here. Then he was tied up by Kraugel, who predicted where Mir would appear, and was hit by Grid's linked attack.

However, it was different this time. Mir was impaled by the Formless Sword. He pulled the blade of the Formless Sword bare-handed and dragged Grid right in front of him.

[You have suffered 25,050 damage.]

"Kuock!" Grid made a sound as his abdomen was pierced by the Blue Dragon Dao. He blamed himself for not being able to use White Tiger's Posture because it happened too quickly. Grid was kicked while trying to retrieve the Formless Sword. He fell to the ground after being cut by the Blue Dragon Dao and managed to hold back his scream this time. This time, he used White Tiger's Posture so it was quite bearable.

'I need to improve the speed at which I use White Tiger's Posture.'

Grid raised his body while correcting his vision and used Sky. Kraugel was on the defensive during the short time Grid had collapsed, so Grid needed to press Mir. The sword dance, Sky, was something that

Mir couldn't ignore. Sky was a sword dance that linked all the single sword dances that Grid had acquired sequentially and without delay.

Mir had maintained a health close to the maximum value despite being critically injured several times. His specs might be in the Baal-grade, but even he was pressured by the extremes of technique. Of course, if it was Baal then it wouldn't matter what attack Grid unleashed. He would wave his hand at it like he was swatting at a fly. However, Mir was fundamentally different from Baal.

He was the type of person who was obsessed with 'skill.' Unknowingly, his competitive spirit was raised and he tried to analyze Sky. Thanks to this, Grid achieved more than five combos and the 'blind spot attack' of the Formless Sword was activated.

Just then, Mir awakened from his fascination with the Sky sword dance. He was reminded that the eyes of the gods would touch here soon.

'I was too fascinated. I have to finish it quickly.'

The red phoenix, black tortoise, blue dragon, and white tiger. Mir unleashed the power of all Four Auspicious Beasts. Then the line went beyond the fullness of the health gauge and the color was changed. His health increased by at least twice as much as before. His speed and attack power also increased by that much.

[You have suffered 50,430 damage.]

[You have suffered 49,600 damage.]

He couldn't endure it even with the White Tiger's Posture. Grid avoided a cut by relying on transcendence, only to be caught by the neck and hit by a series of stabs. It happened all before he could take one breath.

[A legend doesn't die easily.]

Grid was stabbed one more time and immediately entered the immortal state. Mir still held onto Grid's neck and turned his attention to Kraugel this time. He quietly twisted his head to avoid the Space Sword that was about to split apart the world and cut off Kraugel's head, killing him.

It was at this time...

".....!" Mir's eyes widened. He had the illusion that he lost all sensation from his lower body. He soon confirmed that he wasn't mistaken. He saw in his tilting vision that his 'lower half' was staggering alone. Mir's face struck the ground and he coughed up a large amount of blood.

His body was cut in two by Grid. It was the first time he experienced something like this since he was born, so he stopped temporarily. Then the 'instinct' that had been suppressed by reason was expressed. Survival was instinct. The power of the Four Auspicious Beasts fused into one and took the shape of artificial angel wings. They spun and cut everything in the area. The targets naturally included Grid.

'Dammit, it is over.'

It was too hard to secure visibility to use Shunpo. The loss of one arm was too big. Throughout the battle, the balance of his attacks and defenses had collapsed. If he used and maintained Storm of the

Fire God, his arm couldn't regenerate. However, Storm of the Fire God could easily be countered by Mir, so he didn't even attempt it.

This was the problem. It was difficult to use the power of the four gods properly when fighting Mir.

'I can use it from now on.'

Grid activated Storm of the Fire God. There was nothing to fear because he was in the immortal state anyway. He linked the Blind Spot Attack with the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship. Then he recovered the Formless Sword that he had joined with the Falling Moon Sword and swapped to the Fire Dragon Sword.

He used Open Potential and started to pour out all the available fusion sword dances and the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship. He kept being cut by the artificial wings, but he ignored it. He swung his sword one more time. Even if he died, he shouldn't die meaninglessly. He had to measure Mir's defense and health in this completely unleashed state.

[You have died.]

At the end of his final struggle, Grid died.

"Um." The gods of the Hwan Kingdom arrived at the pond just in time.

"You said there was a problem... it is settled."

"It was a minor problem in the first place."

After checking the landscape on the ground, they nodded and went back to their places. They found only Mir in the desert covered in fire and ice. The gods of the Hwan Kingdom didn't even notice the scars engraved on the body that was standing in an imposing manner.