

Overgeared 171

Chapter 171

Yura controlled her base with Dark Storm and continued by using magic that combined two attributes.

"Dark Lightning."

Pachik!Pachichik!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

This was the level of a natural disaster. Dark clouds formed in the sky and lightning poured all over the place. The forest burned and the ground crumbled. An excited commentator shouted as he watched the series of exploding targets.

『 38, 39, 40...! 45! 46! The South Korean team! 46 points! It's an unmatched speed! 』

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The spectators were baffled by the unrealistic sight, but they finally woke up from their silence. It was such a huge shout that it seemed like the earth shaking would be transmitted to North Korea.

Jishuka shook her head.

"It's like looking at Neberius. That magic power and casting speed is already beyond the level of a player. As the Eighth Servant, she's like a boss monster."

Samuel was nervous. "The other teams are going to attack Yura. Shouldn't we join as well? If you add support with your shooting, won't Yura be defeated?"

Jishuka scoffed. "It's a stupid thing to do."

Kkirik.

Jishuka's bow aimed for the sky. A dazzling quick fire was unfolded.

Pa pa pa pa pak!

The small targets flying at a speed of 40m per second were pierced by arrows at once. The focus moved from Yura to Jishuka. The crowd screamed with delight. The continuously fired arrows exploded the targets. It was truly the majesty of an expert archer.

『 The Brazil team, 13 points! 14 points! 15 points! They are continuing to raise the score while the other teams are focusing on Yura! Ah! As soon as I spoke, the US team, the French team, the Chinese team and the Japanese team have started to quickly score points. 』

Someone needed to contain Yura. But there was no need for it to be their team. This was the wise decision made by some countries, including the United States, France and Brazil. The teams acting to stop Yura were trash. They would become the scapegoats.

"Dammit!" A member of the Spanish national team, Med, cursed while rushing towards Yura with other teams. The other teams were sucking honey while they had to control Yura? The scores weren't climbing quickly, but it was still burdensome.

'Would it be better for us to focus on the targets now?'

The representatives were troubled, but it was too late to return. They couldn't step back now. In the end, eight teams, including the Spanish team, continued to assault Yura.

Pepeng!Peng!

The dark magic bombardment continued. Yura's ability to control her magic power to attack the players and deal with the targets was indeed first-rate. The crowd and players' mouths were wide open, while the commentators were drooling while praising her.

But she wasn't the only special one. All the people participating in the National Competition were influential people who represented their country. In particular, the top rankers had a high participation rate in events that emphasized individual combat ability like target processing and PvP.

There was only one person below the top 80 of the unified rankings. It was Jishuka's partner, Samuel.

Kwa kwang!Kwang!

The players used powerful defense skills or the features of the land to neutralize Yura's magic as much as possible, and quickly narrowed the distance to her. Yura was somewhat surprised.

'They're more talented than I thought.'

If her fast paced operation failed, it would inevitably drag into a long battle. Yura had no hope when she was alone.

'In the end... Should I give up?'

Yura had been interviewed by foreign media as a representative of South Korea.

The foreign interviewers always said that she was the 'only hope of a declining South Korea.' Was it possible for another talented person like Yura to be born in South Korea? There were also questions about whether she was secretly supported by the South Korean government and S.A. Group.

Yura didn't like the foreigners who disregarded the country that she was born and grew up in. It was almost like instinct. She never thought that her patriotism was special, but it was unacceptable for foreigners to treat her country like this. She wanted to make them look at South Korea again through this National Competition. But it was too much for her alone.

A man fell down in front of her while she was making a gloomy expression. He appeared splendidly from the tree tops. It was Regas, the British representative.

"What are 16 men and women doing against one woman?"

"Hah, don't be stupid."

Regas' partner, Natasha had a headache.

Med gritted his teeth, "Regas! Do you still not understand the situation? If you help Yura, then South Korea will receive a gold medal! Leave your cheap justice aside for a moment!"

"Cheap justice?" Regas' usually mild face stiffened. "Why are you treating my martial path cheaply?"

One month ago, Regas finally surpassed Jishuka and reached 12th on the unified rankings. He had the nickname of Taekwon Master at an early age, and he flew like a butterfly.

Pak!Papat!Pa pa pa pat!

"Kuk!"

The kick combo of a former Taekwondo gold medalist hit Med. The brilliant attack pierced him like an awl. The Koreans in the audience cheered.

"Taekwondo!"

"Indeed, Regas! Show them the dignity of Taekwondo!"

Regas was a famous British person, and he appeared with perfect timing to save Yura, looking as beautiful as a main character from a movie. Not just the Korean and British audiences, the spectators from other countries started to support him.

Med's group was well aware of how good Regas was. However, Med wasn't a villain. He was just doing what he had to.

'I can hold on.'

Med was a 33rd ranked monk, so he didn't fall easily to Regas' powerful and brutal attacks. He stood firm and shouted to his companions, "Leave this guy to me and get Yura! Hurry and finish up here, then we need to keep the United States and France in check!"

The eight teams had no choice but to join hands, and they had 15 members if Med was excluded. Regas was worried that Yura would be hit by them and used a lightning aura.

Chaaeng!

The golden aura knocked down Med's iron body.

"Keeok!"

Med coughed up blood and fell down.

Kwajak!

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have suffered 10,900 damage.]

"T-This guy...!"

Med hurriedly took a potion and fought back. However, Regas naturally turned to avoid the attack and kicked.

Chaaeng!

The kick enhanced by lightning hit Med's face.

[You have suffered 4,800 damage.]

It was over. There was a flurry of strikes.

Jjejejeok!

[You have suffered 4,350 damage.]

"Force Palm."

Peeng!

[You have suffered 9,200 damage.]

"...!"

Med couldn't even moan as he coughed up blood. Then he tumbled down the hill to avoid Yura's magic bombardment.

"Damn bastard...!"

Unlike the paladins, a monk didn't serve any of the three main religions. He served a local god, Boris, whose name was very weak compared to the three great religions who had temples scattered all over the continent. Due to that, Med had to go to a crumbling village in a corner of the continent to change into a monk. He even had to visit that temple every time he wanted to learn new skills.

That wasn't the only downside to being a monk. Unlike the paladins, they couldn't wear heavy armor. They also couldn't use swordsmanship. The only defense they wore were clothes made of cloth. The only weapon they could use was a club, which had weak attack power and slow attack speed.

Therefore, it was hard to raise a monk. It was a class that most users avoided.

"Reverse Origin."

[Your health has been fully restored.]

[Your damaged body has been reversed to its original state.]

[You will suffer a continuous decline in health. This effect won't stop until your health is at the minimum.]

"Origin Opportunity."

[You can temporarily redistribute your stats. Please set them.]

"Invest my intelligence, indomitable, persistence and luck points into agility."

[Intelligence, indomitable, persistence and luck have fallen to 1 point. Your agility stat is now at 2,137 points.]

A monk was a religious class, but the concept was different from a paladin or priest. They were pilgrims who walked the path of suffering. They always had to sacrifice something in order to obtain something. The rewards were great, depending on what they gave up.

"Ohhhhhh!"

The 1st ranked monk, Med, climbed the hill and was clearly different than before. The world watched one of the few monk users.

Peeok!

The power of his club aimed at the Taekwon Master.

Ku tang tang tang!

Regas fell and hurriedly raised his body. He spoke with amazement, "You, isn't your recovery quite fast?"

"If a martial artist trains their martial arts, a monk trains their body. I have patiently built it up, so it won't fall so easily. I will never fall down."

It was shameful to attack a woman with a lot of people?

'Don't make me laugh.'

This was a battlefield. It was unreasonable and hypocritical to look at the opponent's situation when fighting.

'I am a Spanish representative and have received the expectations of my people.'

Countries got fired up even over an unpopular event, let alone Satisfy that one third of the world's population enjoyed. The sense of weight on him was different. As long as he was the representative, he had to do his best.

Med was filled with a fighting spirit as he attacked Regas. He knew that his opponent was stronger than him, but he didn't want to show weakness when representing his country. He struggled with Regas while the remaining 15 people intensively attacked Yura.

'This is annoying.'

Regas' partner Natasha was different. She didn't help Yura because she wasn't the type of person to forget her duty. She settled in a safe place and started concentrating on destroying the targets.

Yura faced 15 enemies alone. Her relaxed expression had long been lost.

It was an obvious story but the tickets for the National Competition had been sold out several months ago. However, Youngwoo entered the Olympic Stadium without hesitation.

"You can't enter if you can't prove your identity."

The guarded blocked Youngwoo's way.

"Do you mean this?"

Youngwoo pulled out the ID card he received in the mail a few days ago. Then the path opened. He was able to easily enter the corridor to the participants' waiting rooms and he headed straight to the Brazilian waiting room.

But Jishuka wasn't there. She appeared on a large monitor in the waiting room.

'Is it the target processing?'

Youngwoo's expression slowly distorted as he looked at the monitor. He realized that Yura was alone.

'Foolish girl.'

It was annoying. Was she trying to make him look bad?

'Why did you put a person who didn't want to participate on the list? A persistent and selfish woman. Ah, look at this.'

Youngwoo sat down in a gap between the Brazilian players. Nobody cared about him. Everybody was busy watching the monitor.

『 Player Yura is in a crisis! The representatives of eight countries have started to focus their attacks on her. 』

『 The 15 people are strong. At least six of the users are in the top 30 rankings. It is frustrating. South Korea's only hope is crashing down. 』

『 Ahh...! They struggled against Yura's overwhelming ability, but now she is allowing some attacks...! 』

『 A magician's defense and health is very low. Once they allow an attack, they will collapse rapidly. This must hurt. Yura was the person most likely to win a medal in the target processing... As many people have predicted, it seems that South Korea won't be able to make any achievements in the national competition. 』

『 This is the reality of South Korea. They are trying to regain their past reputation as powerhouses in the game, but it's just an illusion. 』

『 As soon as I spoke, Player Yura has allowed another attack. Now she's reaching her limit. It's over when she collapses. 』

Youngwoo's expression gradually stiffened as he looked at the monitor. On the other hand, the Brazilian players were laughing while watching.

'Annoying.'

He didn't like it. Was it because he experienced years of being crushed by the strong while alone, without a friend? Recently, Youngwoo had felt the desire to help when he saw the weak being trampled on by the strong.

At this moment, the weak existences were Yura and South Korea.

It was confusing. In his childhood, he didn't understand the heroes who unconditionally helped others and he empathized with realistic villains. But now he felt a sense of heterogeneity in himself.

'Didn't I promise that I would live as a solitary self-centred person when I succeeded? Then why is this happening now? Huh? Shin Youngwoo.'

When he was going through tough times. Other people didn't help him. Rather, they turned away and felt disgusted by him. But now that other people needed his help? He didn't have a reason to do so.

"Ah, I don't know."

He didn't know why, but he couldn't stay still. He eventually got up. Then he rationalized to himself.

'Won't I gain money if I win a medal in the National Competition? It was 200 million won for one gold medal?'

That wasn't all. The Korean government had promised special benefits to the players if the team came at least in third place.

'Yes, it's because of that.'

That was why he was going out. It wasn't because he was a hero. He didn't feel sorry for Yura who was facing the enemies all alone. He wasn't the type. Then what? Did he dislike seeing the foreigners laughing at South Korea?

No. It was for his own self-interest.

That thought eased his mind.

Chapter 172

Talent could be grown.

Study, exercise, work. They would be able to reach first place in any field if they tried hard enough.

But it was different in Satisfy. There were many geniuses among the two billion users. If they crossed tens of thousands of mountains, there were still thousands of mountains remaining. After crossing those thousands of mountains, there were dozens of mountains blocking them again.

Among the many mountains, the highest mountain was Yura. She was immovable in her 5th place on the unified rankings.

Kwa kwang!

Pepepeng!

'She truly is a monster.'

Bubat was a member of the Turkish national team and 25th on the unified rankings. He combined bold judgments and powerful CC to be called Satisfy's best initiator. The battlefield was always favorable to his allies when he was fighting in the lead.

However, that didn't work in front of Yura.

Peng!

'Damn, it's perfect timing without any errors. Is she a human? She isn't a computer?'

The rare hidden class, Crusher. Just like its name, the Crusher class was designed to shatter formations. He used the 'Unconditional' skill to rush within 3m of the target and used CC combos to instantly destroy the enemy. But Yura's calm and clever responses made the Crusher's advantages ineffective.

'There is a 0.5 second gap between approaching and the CC combo. She properly counters at the right timing, making my posture collapse and my techniques not work properly.'

It wasn't even a 1-on-1 situation. Yura alone was dealing with 15 people. She perfectly poured out magic towards 14 people while keeping the CC in check.

'If this is the 5th place, then what are the freaks above her?'

Kwa kwang!Kwa kwa kwang!

"Kuak!"

"Crazy!"

Was attack called the best defense? Yura still hadn't used defense magic once. She used curse magic to neutralize the tankers and damage dealers, then attacked them. Her ability to suppress the enemy attacks by just attacking was overwhelming.

'Too strong. Isn't this at the level of a boss monster?'

'Unless we use CC on her, this will turn into a war of attrition. We need to create the perfect opportunity for Bubat.'

The defenders did their best to expose a loophole in Yura. Due to their resistance to magic, the curse magic wasn't perfect, but they still suffered some damage. Therefore, this wasn't an easy task.

Yura's strength wasn't her curse magic or powerful attack spells. It was her analysis, prediction and choices. She analyzed the enemy's behavioral patterns and predicted how to deal with their attacks. Then she used magic that was difficult to deal with. She forced two or three choices on their opponent, making them feel confused about what would be their best action.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

『 This is truly amazing...! This is the dignity of the 5th ranked user! 』

The experts from all over the world, including the commentator. In addition, the spectators and viewers were shocked beyond admiration. It was because Yura's power was so unrealistic that she managed to last five minutes against the top rankers representing eight countries.

"But now she has reached her limit."

It was the moment that Zibal in the US waiting room had been waiting for.

Seokeok!

“...Uh!”

Yura started to allow attacks. Her concentration didn't drop. It was because her magic power was at its limit.

'She is weakened!'

The curse magic that restrained the rankers was loosened. Yura's mana was on the verge of being depleted, so she couldn't afford to use new curses. Thanks to that, the tankers burst through the magical bombardment with their solid bodies.

“This is the end!”

“Hiyaaack!”

The swords, spears, axes and shields aimed at Yura.

'They were released from the curse magic too early. Their methods of dealing with my magic is also good. They are strong.'

Yura expressed her displeasure and used defense magic for the first time.

“Diamond Shield.”

Jjeejeeong!

The weakness of the black magicians was that they had less defense spells than other magicians.

Yura was level 291 and close to her third advancement, but she used a defense magic that she obtained at level 230. Yes, it was the diamond shield that she learned on the day she first met Grid at the Yatan Temple.

And the damage that the diamond shield could absorb wasn't great.

Jjejeok!Jjejeok!

'Victory!'

They were convinced after seeing cracks in the shield. Then Yura pulled out an orb.

“Divine Punishment.”

[Divine Punishment]

Summons a lightning bolt that deals 15,000~23,000 damage within 10 metres.

Range of Damage: 3m radius around the target.

The dark spells stored in the orb could be used without any casting time. In addition, the target of the magic wasn't the tankers. It was the damage dealers in the rear.

Kwajajajak!

Obvious limitations existed for skills with a fixed damage. They weren't effective against people with high health. Once time passed and the level of the users became higher, this Divine Punishment skill was likely to become obsolete.

But it was still useful in the present time. The damage dealers in the mid 200s only had around 15,000 health.

"Kuaaaaak!"

She ignored the threat from the tankers and dealt with the damage dealers? The four damage dealers didn't have time to use defensive or evasive skills as they screamed and turned into grey light.

"Ray!"

"Dammit! Vas was struck!"

Once their partners were logged out, the angry tankers poured their attack skills onto Yura.

Jjejeong!

Seokeok!

The newly deployed diamond shield was shattered and scratches started to appear on Yura's white skin.

Puk!Puuok!

Her slender body was pierced with sharp iron.

Stagger.

The commentators sighed as the treasure of South Korea was about to collapse.

『 Ahh...! They struggled against Yura's overwhelming ability, but now she is allowing some attacks...! 』

『 A magician's defense and health are very low. Once they allow an attack, they will collapse rapidly. This must hurt. Yura was the person most likely to win a medal in the target processing... As many people have predicted, it seems that South Korea won't be able to make any achievements in the national competition. 』

The Korean audiences were outraged.

"Do it in moderation! Don't mess up Yura's pretty face!"

"You damn bastards! Why are you bothering a girl who is fighting alone?"

"Dog-like bastards! I will remember your IDs. Let's see if we meet in the field later! I will sacrifice my life to get revenge for the goddess!"

Crash!

Yura allowed an attack and collapsed. In the end, she fell to one knee.

"Ah...!"

“Serves you right!”

The Korean audiences gasped while the foreign audiences cheered.

Jebeok jebeok.

A young Asian man was admitted to the stadium under the guidance of staff members. He was heading in the direction of the capsule room.

“Huh? What’s going on?”

“Who is that person?”

There was sudden confusion. The commentator belatedly spread the news.

『 That person’s ID is Grid. He is a member of the South Korean national team and scheduled to be Yura’s partner in the target processing match. He was unavoidably delayed and arrived late.』

The Korean audiences booed.

"Grid? It is the first time I’ve heard that name."

"Ah... What is this? This scum that I’ve never heard of has arrived at the last minute? Is this a comedy?"

"That bastard is going to appear now? Yura is suffering because of him!"

There was also backlash from the foreign audience.

“What? How can he participate midway?”

"It is against the rules!"

The commentator explained.

『 According to the organizers, there is no rule that prohibits participating while the event is going on. So it seems that the Korean team member’s belated admission isn’t a problem. 』

The experts from various international media outlets frowned.

『 For a player to participate in the middle of a match... 』

『 I know that the National Competition’s Organizational Committee is made up of Korean government personnel and executives of the S.A. Group. Their lack of professionalism is showing. 』

『 This is the first year the National Competition is held so there are a lot of loopholes. Well, won’t it improve gradually? There is a story that the organizational committee is restructuring with experts. 』

『 ...The bottom line is that the Korean team member is going to participate. How will this change the situation? 』

『 What will change? Yura is already at her limit. The man called ‘Grid’ who is joining late isn’t even on the list of 1,000 top ranker players. The fate of the Korean team won’t change. At this rate, they will be eliminated. 』

The odds of an unknown player participating in the target processing match filled with only players in the top 80 was close to zero. That's why no one was expecting anything from Grid. On the other hand, the players from eight countries surrounding Yura and were trying to deal the final blow.

"Forcing my player to logout...! It's over for our country now! I will kill you myself!"

"This..."

Regas tried to stop them but it was impossible. Med was suddenly more agile than Faker and persistently pursued him, not allowing Regas to escape.

Pepeok!

Med attacked Regas with a club while glaring sharply.

"You ruined everything. If it wasn't for you, Yura would've been easily managed and we wouldn't have wasted so much time."

Looking at the scoreboard, the US, France, Brazil, China and Japan all exceeded 50 points. South Korea had 78 points, but sooner or later Yura would die. She wasn't the problem. But the players from other countries were still going strong. It was impossible to cover that 50 point gap.

"Die!"

Yura was attacked by several weapons, while the club aimed at Regas. Regas could break through the crisis on his own. He could give up his flesh and bones. He counterattacked right after being hit by the club.

On the other hand, Yura was helpless. Her mana was depleted and a weapon was just about to stab into her neck.

"No!"

"Yura!"

It was the end of South Korea's sole hope. The Korean spectators and viewers screamed. On the other hand, the foreign audiences cheered.

"South Korea should exit here! It's obvious!"

The millions of people watching the competition didn't doubt that Yura would die. Ah, except for one person.

Chaeeeeeng!

Seven golden blades fell from the sky. They accurately deflected the weapons about to hit Yura.

"...What?!"

The rankers who were prevented from taking Yura's life were astonished. Who had interfered? They felt doubt and raised their heads in the direction that the blades came from. The cameras also followed them.

The blue sky was caught in the relay being sent to the whole world. That's right. It was just the sky.

"No one?"

Surely the blades came from there?

『 What is this? 』

The rankers, commentators and experts. As the spectators and viewers were feeling puzzled...

"The villain has appeared."

A young man called 'Grid' appeared behind the rankers who were staring at the sky.

"Heok?"

"When?"

It was an unexpected situation. A man's voice was heard where there was nothing?

'Is it a person with Faker level stealth?'

If so, the person must be a powerhouse. The rankers felt an eerier sensation and turned around. But it was too late. The dark greatsword was already being swung.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

"Kuak!"

The strongest representatives of each country were taken out with a single blow. The people supporting the eight countries were in great shock. Grid knew better than anyone else how shock could turn to despair and warned them.

"Be fully prepared. You will experience the same thing from now on."

Ttaak!

Grid snapped his fingers. Then the seven blades protecting Yura flew into the sky and started attacking the targets flying at 40m per second.

Pepepeng!

The fragments of the exploded targets filled the screen. The stopped score of the Korean team started again, while Grid took off his Hooded Zip Up while the enemies were gazing at the golden blades. He wore brilliant armor that was red, gold and black.

"The one-sided game, start."

Was this a devil? An arrogant black-haired man in the sky. His mouth wasn't the problem.

'It is serious.'

They lost four damage dealers to Yura. Now eight of the remaining eleven players from eight countries were unable to move.

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The Korean spectators cheered in unison. There was no one who frowned at Grid now. They were thrilled by Grid's spectacular appearance.

Chapter 173

Talent, skills, appearance, wealth, and background. Yura was born with everything. Nothing was lacking. That's why people thought she lived without ever experiencing a single trial. But that was a misconception.

They didn't know all the trails she went through and the effort she made. In fact, Yura had suffered numerous trials and had many frustrating experiences. She tried to withstand the trials and failed. But she was able to mature because she didn't give in to her frustration.

It was a process that took place in both reality and Satisfy. It was how she could become 5th ranked and a star that people were envious of.

'I can learn from today's failure and grow even more.'

There was a flash and weapons aimed at her organs. She closed her eyes and accepted death. Then...

Chaeeeeeng!

Something flew from the sky.

'This..'

Yura opened her eyes and saw seven beautiful blades. Then a familiar voice was heard.

"The villain has appeared."

A powerful and confident voice. That voice was weak just a few months ago. Would anyone believe her if she said that?

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The black-haired man wielded his greatsword and proudly showed off his overwhelming strength. The person was Grid! It was the moment when the person who once made Yura very frustrated appeared.

'You came. You decided to accept my compulsion.'

Due to her innate talent, she lived a life of solitude. She didn't have the experience of relying on someone. Ever since her parents died, she was completely isolated. She had a heart of steel because she had to face the world alone.

But at this moment. Yura's solid heart melted like snow before sunlight.

"...Thank you."

Yura smiled as she blushed for the first time. Her smile was more brilliant than ever.

Tira Island.

The world's attention was focused on the small island that was the stage for the target processing match.

'A brilliant debut.'

It was the honest impression of Turkey's representative, Bubat. The young man called Grid appeared and saved Yura just before her death, blowing the rankers away. Then he used the unidentified golden blades to destroy the targets.

The appearance was dramatic enough to seem like the main character of a movie. Right now, the outside world would be in an uproar. It was obvious that the ID Grid would occupy the number one spot on the Internet real time searches of each country.

There was a common question that everyone in the world had.

"Who are you?" Bubat asked on behalf of the world.

Grid replied sarcastically, "Isn't it obvious after I saved Yura? South Korea's representative."

Bubat frowned at the words.

'He doesn't feel any tension despite being surrounded by renowned rankers. He is an arrogant person.'

Grid was certainly a private ranker.

'A person who hides behind a curtain and doesn't know the enormity of the world, he believes he is the best frog in the well... I have met many people like you.'

The private rankers all had one thing in common. It was that they didn't know the reality of the world. They mocked the rankers who competed on stage with courage and honor, not realizing it was just an illusion. Bubat had experience humbling such people.

'You should always be vigilant.'

Sneak sneak.

Bubat fixed his gaze on Grid and moved a few steps with skillful footwork. He narrowed the distance to 3m and used a skill.

"Bull Headbutt!"

Bull Headbutt was the Crusher's unique skill and had a higher concept than Blink magic. He leapt through space itself, so he could approach the target no matter what obstacles were in his way.

Kung!

Bubat emerged in front of Grid and used a skill at the same time. He bent his waist. Then his hard forehead hit Grid. Yura countered Bubat using precise timing, but Grid didn't have the same control as Yura. He allowed the attack.

[You have dealt 1,730 damage to the target.]

[The target will become rigid for 0.3 seconds.]

[The target has resisted.]

'Resisted?'

Bubat was confused but linked his CC skills out of habit.

"Star Wish!"

Kwang!

Bubat's one-handed hammer hit Grid's temple. There was the special effect of stars floating above Grid's head.

[You have dealt 2,280 damage to the target.]

[The target will be stunned for 2.5 seconds.]

He did it properly. This was the power of a Crusher, who could neutralize the enemy.

"Well done Bubat!"

The 10 remaining representatives moved in unison. They were intent on killing Grid.

'It doesn't matter who you are!'

'I'll make your face distort with pain!'

They would force Grid to exit, making his spectacular emergence be in vain. He would go back to hiding behind his curtain as usual, like all private rankers. The rankers ridiculed Grid and prepared to attack him.

"Danger!"

Bubat hurriedly exclaimed. It was due to the incredible notification window that appeared in front of him.

[The target has resisted.]

He saw many people who could reduce the duration of CCs using stats, skills or item effects. Therefore, he didn't think much of it when he saw that Grid resisted Bull Headbutt's 0.3 second rigid state. But to be perfectly resistant to a 2.5 second CC?

'Is he immune to CC?'

If so, it was a total scam. A chill went down Bubat's spine. However, the other rankers were confident. They couldn't imagine that Grid was immune to CC and ignored Bubat's warnings, swinging their weapons as hard as possible.

Pahat!

Syuok!

The onslaught revealed their weakness, because they didn't expect a counterattack.

Pisik.

Grid laughed and moved lightly.

Sukakak!

First of all, he would leave Bubat for later.

“What...?”

Grid evaded the attacks and advanced while counterattacking.

Seokeok!

Puok!

“Keook!”

“Ugh!”

It was undeniable that Grid’s control skills were lacking compared to a ranker. However, he had experience raiding powerful bosses and he had grown slightly beyond the category of ordinary people. It meant he couldn’t fail to counterattack against the enemies who weren’t vigilant and exposed their weak points.

“What is this... Ugh!”

Grid, who shouldn’t be able to move, had neatly avoided their attacks and counterattacked. Thus, the rankers were caught off guard and wounded. They hurriedly took a health potion while shock filled their eyes.

[You have suffered 6,230 damage.]

[You have suffered 6,100 damage.]

[You have suffered 6,450 damage.]

Putting aside his immunity to CC, his flat damage was this much?

“What is this guy...?”

If a ranker received damage from a damage dealer with a level in the mid-200s, they would suffer around 3,000 damage. Yet this was more than 6,000 damage? In addition, this was the damage without using a skill?

“You..! What is your identity?”

Grid was different from the usual private rankers that they met. He was a monster like Yura. The South Korean team was hiding another bigshot like Yura? The rankers became tense. At this moment, someone saw the golden blades destroying the targets by themselves and belatedly recalled something.

“That reminds me, those golden blades... Don’t they look like the golden discs used by Pagma’s Descendant at the Bairan battle?”

“...Heok?”

“It can't be...”

The rankers frowned. At the same time, the commentators were making the same guess.

『 The seven golden blades are moving by themselves! The actions, material and color are similar to the golden discs used by Pagma's Descendant! 』

『 We should pay attention to that black greatsword! That greatsword has an orange color around it like the sunset, so I failed to recognize it at first. But look closely! It is the greatsword that Pagma's Descendant threw to Toon in the Bairan Battle! 』

“Come to think of it...”

“Then perhaps...?”

“That man called Grid...”

Was he Pagma's Descendant? The millions of viewers around the world, including the rankers and audience members all wondered the same thing. On the other hand, Grid was frowning.

‘They only lost one-fifth of their health, despite being hit by Dainsleif? They are truly top rankers.’

[+8 Dainsleif (Reproduction)]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 500/500 Attack Power: 703~991 Attack Speed: -8% (-2)%

* Additional damage equal to 10% of the target's current defense will be dealt.

* The greater the number of enemies, the greater the damage.

(Additional 15 (+3) damage per enemy)

* The skill ‘Golden Flash’ will be generated.

The weapon was strengthened to +8.

Compared to the +0 weapon, the base attack power increased by 56% and the option effects increased by 20%.

Currently, Dainsleif perceived 11 people as enemies. This meant that the +8 Dainsleif had an attack power of 901~1, (damage proportional to the opponent's defense). This alone was enough for it to be a great weapon, so Grid had judged that it wasn't necessary to bring out Failure.

‘I really can't ignore the rankers.’

Grid opened his inventory. Then he put Dainsleif away and pulled out Failure.

[+9 Failure]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 1,090/1,090

Attack Power: 1,768~3,682 Defense: 80 (+24)

* Agility +50 (+15)

* There is a low probability of blocking the enemy's attacks.

* There is a certain probability of activating the '5 Joint Attacks' skill.

* There is a high probability of activating the 'Cutting' skill.

* The skill 'Bisect' will be generated.

* There will be a fear effect if the enemy is more than 20 (-6) levels lower than the user.

* Attack power +20% (+6) in dark places.

A +9 item was on a different dimension from a +8 item. Compared to the +0 weapon, the base attack power increased by 70% and the option effects increased by 30%. In addition, Failure was a weapon that was fundamentally more powerful than Dainsleif. The absolute majesty of the +9 Failure couldn't be compared with the +8 Dainsleif.

'In the first place, I am participating in the National Competition...'

Grid himself was well aware that it was impossible to conceal his identity anymore. So what if he let the world know?

'I will have a glamorous debut.'

He was reluctant to be a celebrity because it was annoying in many ways. But on the contrary, if he could endure it, then he would be able to obtain a lot of benefits. He would become more popular with women. Or he would become more popular with women.

'I will become more popular with women!'

After the incident with Ahyoung, he had a distrust of women and couldn't think of dating immediately. However, he wasn't celibate. Who knew what would happen? He might meet his fate if he got many female fans.

"Huhuhu...!"

He smiled. But from the enemy's point of view, Grid's smile was very wicked. "Pagma's Swordsmanship...!"

"P-Pagma...!"

"It's real!"

The rankers started frantically thinking. The legendary class, Pagma's Descendant. The person who made the whole world shake was a Korean? And what was that white light around the greatsword?

'+9 sword...!'

“Transcended Link.”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

It was the first appearance of Pagma’s Descendant after the Bairan battle. This was much more powerful compared to the bombardment he fired at Neberius during the Bairan battle.

[You have suffered 18,050 damage.]

[You have suffered 19,900 damage.]

[You have suffered 18,410 damage.]

“Kuaaaaak!”

The rankers were hurt due to the battle with Yura, and their health wasn’t full despite taking potions. They couldn’t cope with the blue and white bombardment and started to turn into a grey light.

Some people who calmly deployed their defense skills survived, but there was only a handful of them. There were only four people left. Except for them, seven rankers were logged out with one skill.

‘A wide area skill has this much damage?’

‘Why didn’t he get affected by the CC?’

The four survivors were confused by the aftermath of the absurd attack. On the other hand, Grid didn’t stay still.

“Quick Movements!”

He pulled out the Ideal Dagger and used its skills, then he chased after the survivors. Then he swapped again to the +9 Failure and used Blacksmith’s Rage, raising his attack power and attack speed. A large storm raged from the greatsword.

Jjejeong!Jjang!Jjejejeok!

[The durability of Zilron’s Sword has decreased by 32.]

[The durability of Ragel’s Shield has decreased by 19.]

[The durability of the Tuhon Armor has decreased by 9.]

Puk!Peok!Sakak!

[You have suffered 9,820 damage.]

[You have suffered 12,030 damage.]

[You have suffered 10,550 damage.]

“Ugh! What is this...?”

“Every time I defend, my item durability...!”

“Dammit! Isn’t this crazy? Kuhak!”

Was this really a player's attack power? It was comparable to a boss monster. Yura was strong in magic, but they couldn't endure this bastard's strength. Then what about the attack speed? It was unbelievably fast for a greatsword.

Seokeok!

"Kuaaaaak!"

It was impossible for only four people to cope with Grid. Somehow they counterattacked, but their damage wasn't as high as Grid's. His defense was at the level of a tanker and they couldn't deal any fatal damage.

"You!"

Bubat had persistent health and continued to use CC, blocking Grid's path several times. But Grid was immune to CC, making it useless. A Crusher's worst counter was Pagma's Descendant.

'How absurd...!'

A legendary class was different. It didn't matter about the lack of control. He was just strong. Furthermore, the items he was armed with were too good.

"This is a fraudulent character... Cough!"

"Kuak!"

In the end, the four survivors, including Bubbat, died and were logged out.

"This place is all cleaned up."

Grid defeated 11 rankers that represented their country. He recovered his health by drinking potions and extended his sight to the entire island.

"..."

On one side, Regas and Med were having a confrontation. Natasha left Regas alone and was absorbed in aiming at the targets. Jishuka and Samuel who represented Brazil were in the forest. The US, French, Chinese and Japanese representatives were busy keeping each other in check.

All those who met Grid's eyes shrank back. Jishuka and Regas weren't an exception. Right now, they were Grid's enemies. They all stayed silent and couldn't act carelessly, causing Grid to shrug.

"Well, there is no need to fight."

Pepeng!Peng!

In the sky above. Even at this moment, the seven golden blades were moving on their own to destroy the targets. South Korea's points were now at 110. On the other hand, the average score of the other teams was only 70 points.

This status quo just needed to be maintained, and it was clear that South Korea would win.

『 ... 』

The commentators were overwhelmed at the majesty of the legendary class and couldn't say anything.

"..."

The hundreds of thousands of spectators were silent with astonishment. The Olympic main stadium was as calm as dead rats.

"..."

Even the millions of people watching via TV or the Internet had lost their souls. Had there ever been such a quiet day since the human race started breeding on Earth? Many people were feeling doubt.

"Indeed, you truly are Pagma's Descendant."

Yura smiled. She was still beautiful despite being wounded. She couldn't raise her slender body, so Grid approached her.

"Don't exaggerate and stand up. Isn't it funny that a woman like you has fallen down?"

"Please help me." Yura asked and held out a hand.

"Che."

Grid clicked his tongue and grabbed her hand. It was clearly caught on camera. Then...

"W... Waaahhhhhhhh!"

"Grid! Grid! Grid!"

"Yura! Yura! Yura!"

The Korean audience members started to cheer on the two people. South Korea, a country ignored for being weak in Satisfy. This man and woman were about to end that long disgrace.

On this day. A true legend began.

Chapter 174

"Bad person." Jishuka muttered.

Deep in the forest. She had struggled with Samuel, the weakest of the participants in the target processing match, and her anger finally exploded.

"He ignored my whisper, only to come for another girl?"

The day of the opening ceremony. Jishuka had logged onto Satisfy in South Korea and whispered to Grid to find out his location. But Grid continued to ignore her whispers. At the time, Jishuka had tried to understand. He must be busy.

But what was this? He didn't seem too busy to rescue another woman.

'Did he ignore my whispers because he wasn't interested in me? He didn't want to meet up with me, so he ignored it?'

She had thousands of fan clubs all over the world. Hundreds of millions of men wanted her. She had been courted by the best men, such as handsome actors, oil tycoons, and successful intellectuals. But now she was being ignored.

Jishuaka's pride was crushed as she was holding a Special Jaffa Arrow! It was broken in half. She ignored it and asked Samuel, "Who is prettier between me and Yura?"

The people of the world enjoyed comparing Jishuka and Yura. It was their hobby to evaluate who was more beautiful. It wasn't just their appearance. They were often compared in all respects because they were international stars and top rankers of Satisfy. Even the payment they received for their TV appearances or photo shoots was the same.

Jishuka recognized Yura as her rival. However, she was confident that she was superior to Yura. But she seemed to be defeated when it came to the man she was interested in. She never knew that Grid and Yura were so close.

'A person who would rather make items rushed to participate in the National Competition... Is Yura a special presence to him?'

Samuel looked at her and responded honestly.

"Jishuka, you are much sexier. Your qualities are definitely better. Objectively, I think that you are more beautiful? But I personally prefer elegant women, so Yura seems more beautiful to me. In addition, Yura is Asian, right? She has calm eyes, no freckles, and a mysterious charm in many ways. Hehe, she is a goddess."

"Shut up."

Puok!

[The effect of the Special Jaffa arrow is activated, meaning the enemy's defense is completely ignored.]

[The Special Jaffa Arrow has poisoned the enemy.]

"Keok!"

Samuel shuddered in pain as the arrow stabbed his thigh. Then Jishuka pulled back her bowstring.

"I am angry."

Papapat!

Her quick fire was unfolded. The targets flying between the trees and bushes exploded without being able to escape Jishuka's arrows.

"I am becoming heated up!"

Pepepeng!

The Brazilian team's score keep increasing thanks to her furious firing. The commentator shouted.

『 Brazil 72... 73 points! Truly an expert archer! The Brazilian representative, Jishuka's arrows ignore all obstacles and are wiping out the targets in a flash! Ah! As soon as I spoke, the Chinese team and Japanese team have started attacking Jishuka! 』

“Wahhhh!”

The audience's attention that was focused on Pagma's Descendant finally returned to the battlefield. They once again began to cheer for the players of their country. On the other hand, the United States representative, Hurent, was looking at the scoreboard with a perplexed expression.

"Um~ what is this?"

South Korea - 113 points.

United States- 77 points.

Brazil - 73 points.

Canada - 71 points.

France - 69 points.

China - 62 points.

Japan - 61 points.

United Kingdom - 49 points.

Spain - 0 points.

It was the Korean team's solo play.

He had almost caught up with the Korean team's score when Yura was attacked by the representatives of eight countries, but the sudden appearance of Pagma's Descendant made his efforts useless.

‘Destroying 11 top rankers alone and controlling the blades to handle the targets...’

During the Bairan battle, he had been ‘passable.’

“Really, isn't it a foul to introduce a legendary class at this time?”

Hurent made a frightened expression on the outside, but his eyes were calm. He scratched his grey hair and his middle-aged brain started to spin quickly. The situation had changed due to a single influence. How should he deal with it?

He worried about it before calling out his partner's name.

“Lael.”

“Yes.”

The young silver-haired man, who was watching Grid, replied with an expressionless face.

Hurent asked him, “Those golden blades, can you handle them?”

"..."

Laue's gaze headed back towards the sky where Grid was. He briefly observed the seven blades that were moving around 1.5 times faster than the target and explained.

"Sniping is possible if I can get within 30m of them. However, if those blades are made of the same material as the golden discs that appeared during the Bairan battle, they won't be destroyed."

Hurent nodded.

"Okay. Then we will give up on the gold medal."

The United States was the world's strongest power.

As representatives of the United States, Hurent and Laue were great. As the number two person on the US team, Hurent was 8th on the unified rankings and had a hidden class. Meanwhile, Laue was one of the Ten Rookies. They originally aimed to win, but they changed their target without faltering.

"Pagma's Descendant and Yura. It might be possible with just one of them, but it is folly to become enemies with both of them at the same time. Let's leave both of them alone and focus on our own fight."

They would aim for the silver medal. Hurent made the decision and decided to defeat his rivals.

"First of all, our first target should be the Canadian team."

The United States, France, Brazil, China and Japan were the five teams in the forest. They were busy keeping each other in check. The British team were near the Korean team, but their score was slowly rising because Natasha was handling the targets alone. The Spanish team? Med was the only survivor and he was confronting Regas. His score was also zero, so there was no need to worry about him.

On the other hand, the Canadian team was an eyesore.

They were hidden halfway up a mountain and were persistently handling the targets. Thanks to their exquisite position, their speed of points acquisition was fast and no one was disturbing them. They were the obvious choice.

"..."

The French representatives and Chinese representatives on the right and left looked over here with frightened eyes. Hurent laughed at them and spoke, "Three minutes. Just hold on for three minutes without me."

Laue's face distorted. "Hold on alone for three minutes? Won't the other teams focus their attacks on me the moment you leave my side? I won't even be able to last two minutes."

"No, you can hold on. If not, just endure for 2 minutes and 50 seconds. I will come back in that time."

"Shouldn't we go together?"

"No. Then the Canadian team can cooperate with other teams to isolate us. Then I am going~"

Hurent spoke one-sidedly before jumping high in a manner that didn't fit his large size. Like a martial artist, he ran along the trees and reached the mountain in a minute.

"Have you come to be killed?"

The Canadian representative ridiculed Hurent. There were two of them, while Hurent was alone. Lauel was left alone and was being attacked by the representatives of other countries. This was the end for the US.

"You're foolish, Hurent."

After the Korean team that had Pagma's Descendant and Yura, the United States had the next best power. Now the Canadian team had an opportunity to defeat the United States. Hurent might be ranked 8th, but they were also in the top 30 rankings. The two of them believed they could defeat Hurent if they worked together.

'Hurent isn't a monster like Yura and Pagma's Descendant. If he was a monster like them, he would've already smashed the other teams alone.'

The Canadian representatives thought so. But in fact, Hurent was a monster. He was one of the seven rankers that Yura analyzed to be stronger than her.

"I have to hurry."

Hwaruruk!

A red aura like fire blazed on both of Hurent's hands.

"Eh?"

It was different from their information? Hurent had a rare hidden class called 'Aura Master,' and didn't he originally deal with blue aura? As they felt confused and wary, Hurent gave them new information.

"Among the hidden classes, 'growth' types exist. My Aura Master was a rare class when I first acquired it, but now it's been promoted to an epic class. My aura has become stronger."

"Bullshit!"

This was the first time they heard of growth type classes. The Canadian team thought it was a bluff and attacked. The aura around both of Hurent's hands formed swords.

"I will let you learn the glory of a future legendary class."

Hurent spoke sincerely and swung his two aura blades.

Chaaeng!Chaaeng!

The Canadian representatives struggled. They exchanged a few blows with Hurent. But Hurent's swordsmanship was much better. The Canadian representatives started to be injured. Hurent's aura blades completely ignored their defenses, so they suffered a 100% fixed damage.

The Canadian representatives were shocked by their injuries, while Hurent's aura blades moved like a whip.

Puuok!

"Kuk... Kuak!"

"From this angle, how...?"

A Canadian representative was pierced in the heart and was stunned after suffering massive damage. Their survival was already in Hurent's hands.

"Your abilities are good, but... Somehow, the recent rankers are too weak in PvP. Is it because they are only focused on levelling up? You don't know how to fight~"

Hurent was unable to conceal his relaxed expression as he logged out the Canadian rankers. He checked the time while taking a potion and hit his forehead.

"Damn, it has already been over three minutes."

Hurent operated aura around his lower half, allowing him to move at a tremendous speed and to quickly reach Lauel. Then he laughed. Lauel, who he thought would already be dead, was relatively fine?

"No wonder he's called the strongest rookie."

Lauel glared sharply while Hurent was admiring him.

"It took you 4 minutes and 9 seconds."

"Sorry, sorry~ The enemies were further than I thought."

The apologetic Hurent attacked the French and Chinese representatives who had attacked Lauel. At that moment, an arrow flew towards his heart.

Puok!

Hurent avoided it hitting his heart with breathtaking reflexes and expressed his disapproval. He pulled out the arrow and said, "I wanted to avoid a melee because of that woman."

An archer was vulnerable in a one-on-one match. But it was a scary class when hidden behind allies. In the first place, Jishuka was an outstanding talent.

"Well, she was my second goal. Cover me Lauel."

Hurent leapt in the direction of the Brazilian team.

'We can't beat the US team if Jishuka is killed.'

The other teams judged simultaneously and blocked him. But there was one problem.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Hurent dispersed aura around him. Then they transformed into aura spears and pierced the bodies of the enemies.

"Kuk...! 'Aura, is this its true power?'

'This is the strength of a top 10 ranker...!'

Surprises kept appearing.

Zibal, Chris, Bondre and Yura. Then there was Pagma's Descendant and Hurent.

They showed strength that transcended common sense in this National Competition. Even if all participants were rankers, the level was different. It was to a point where they felt insignificant.

Hurent pierced through the disgruntled representatives and reached the Brazilian team. Samuel blocked his way, but Samuel was the weakest one here. He couldn't beat Hurent.

"Eek!"

Samuel was struck and fell down. Hurent had been hit with arrows several times, but he ignored them and narrowed the distance to Jishuka instantly.

"Isn't this quite hard?" Hurent explained to the sweaty Jishuka. "It's possible to operate my aura defensively. Anyway, it's great. This is the first time I've become a hedgehog."

"Why don't you experience your body being cut in half?"

"...!"

An unexpected voice was heard above his head? Hurent freaked out and moved.

Kwang!

The greatsword hit the place where he had been standing.

Jjejeok!Jjejeok!

The ground shook like an earthquake had occurred. Grid descended.

Hurent noticed his mistake.

"That's right. Didn't Pagma's Descendant belong to the Tzedakah Guild? Ah, I tried to touch someone I shouldn't have."

"You saw it right away."

He might've never expressed it, but the Tzedakah Guild was very precious to Grid. They noticed his value more quickly than anyone else, and they were people who respected and cared about him.

He originally built a relationship with them because of money, but not anymore. This was a relationship built up over half a year. They helped him in many ways. Grid might laugh at some of them, but to him, they were his only friends.

How could he not protect his friends when he had enough strength? It was no different from his past friends who ignored him when he was in pain.

'Yes, I will never do so.'

At this moment, he realized why he wanted to enter the competition despite having to reveal his identity.

Sururuk.

Grid's eyes changed.

The arrogance cleared from his eyes. The reasons he used to convince himself about why he participated in this competition was just a means to conceal his confusion, because he couldn't understand his own psychology. At this moment, his eyes were shining deeply and gently.

Hurent witnessed the change in real time and was amazed.

'It feels like he has become another person.'

On the other hand, Jishuka's eyes were shining from next to Grid.

'W-What? Why is he so good looking today?'

Jishuka was always confident and didn't pay attention to men. Her eyes couldn't leave Grid.

Grid moved her behind him and declared, "Watch me."

"Ye... Huh?"

Duguen!

Jishuka looked at Grid's wide back and turned red. And right now, this situation was being broadcasted around the world.

"Damn! This isn't a drama!"

"Boo! Boo-!"

The men around the world started to boo together. Pagma's Descendant, Yura, wasn't enough for him? He was aiming for Jishuka as well? Wasn't he a very bad person?

"Damn bastard!"

"Rotten guy!"

One man was gobbling up the hearts of two of the world's most beautiful women. There was a lot of swearing around the world.

At the same time.

A young man in his 30's was watching the competition on TV and stood up. Then towards the Grid on TV... Clap.Clap. A standing ovation.

"Plant flags all around you. Bravo...!"

This man had posters of Rebecca's Daughters all over his house. Thanks to Grid, the pope was killed and he became the first to receive a unique hidden class. He was cheering for Grid from a distance.

Chapter 175

When he was a highschool student. Lee Junho only believed in his fist, and tormented children weaker than him. Mental and physical abuse were basic, and he also extorted money. In school, he was the king.

No one could resist and had to obey him. One of the tormented was Shin Youngwoo. He would shiver when frightened and would become grumpy if his pride was trampled on. Youngwoo was the same, even after going to university and the military.

Lee Junho mocked him every time they met at the alumni meeting. But what was this? The person who appeared at this year's reunion was significantly different. He was economically successful and confident.

On the other hand, Lee Junho hadn't changed from his school days. He couldn't abandon his gangster mentality and couldn't adapt to society. He was in his late 20's and could only find part time jobs.

Lee Junho became ashamed of himself. He got off the throne he was sitting on and faced reality.

'I need to change, like Youngwoo.'

Lee Junho was determined. Like Youngwoo, he tried to overcome his past self in order to achieve a new and successful life.

First of all, he abandoned his futile pride. He worked hard to find jobs at gas stations, convenience stores, PC Cafes and construction sites. He didn't boast. He didn't spend much money. He saved one penny, two pennies, and eventually realized something.

How wasteful was it to rob others of money with violence? He also realized it every time he was ignored by the customers for being a part-time worker. He believed that the act of ignoring the weak was a sin that shouldn't be forgiven.

'...I'm sorry, Shin Youngwoo.'

On his way back home after his part time job. Lee Junho was smoking in a smoking booth and apologized to Youngwoo in his mind. There was a bitter smile on his face.

"If I could have an opportunity to apologize to you, I will never show up in front of you again."

The Satisfy National Competition was relayed on billboards on skyscrapers. He was able to see Youngwoo's appearance there. Now he was a person in a completely different world.

Many people stopped along the way and looked up at Youngwoo on the billboard. Among the crowd was Youngwoo's sister, Sehee.

"Cool."

Yerim was with Sehee and sincerely admired him. She was completely fascinated by Youngwoo, who appeared to save Yura and overwhelm the foreign teams.

"He is capable, strong and overflowing with confidence. Your brother is really the best man."

"The game and reality are different. I admire my brother, but he isn't the best man."

Sehee tried to return Yerim to reality, but it was useless.

"Aren't you aware that Satisfy isn't a simple game? Satisfy is already another reality. He is the best man in that reality."

Yerim knew it more accurately than Sehee. She had a more mature appearance than her age and proclaimed with a giggle, "I will surely have your brother."

Gulp.

The men starting around them were attracted to Yerim and lost their souls. There was the sound of gulping here and there. Several men who looked like gangsters were already approaching. Sehee glared at them and asserted to Yerim.

"You don't fit Oppa's taste."

"Huh?" Yerim's eyes widened. She looked at Sehee's sulky expression and laughed. "Sorry, sorry. Sehee, I forgot how much you love your brother. I'm sorry for making you jealous."

"I'm not just saying this. You really don't fit Oppa's taste."

"Ye~? What man would dislike me?"

Yerim was considered the best queen of South Korea's high school system along with Sehee, so her self-esteem was very high. Sehee explained the reason for her confident words.

"Oppa likes busty girls."

Yerim tilted her head to one side.

"Aren't I pretty big?"

"You need to at least have a D cup."

On the billboard, Youngwoo was saving Jishuka from Hurent. It was natural to save Yura because she was a Korean, but wasn't Jishuka a representative of another country? Why did he save her? Yerim confirmed Jishuka's large chest and pouted.

"Really, that's his taste?"

"He's a dog in rut."

Sehee was furious. She was annoyed to see that woman hanging onto her brother.

"I'm going."

In the end, Sehee turned away from the electronic billboard and moved towards the library. Yerim wanted to see more of the broadcast, but was forced to follow Sehee. Then she thought.

'I'm not even 20 years old yet, so should I try for a D cup?'

She was seriously considering it.

Hurent gazed at Jishuka and Grid.

He took a health potion and an antidote before speaking.

"This isn't a common antidote... The poison arrows are quite awful."

He checked the scoreboard.

'Korea has 131 points, the US has 82 points, Brazil has 73 points, the United Kingdom has 60 points and Spain has 0.'

Now there were only five countries left. Spain was ruled out. The Spanish team's Med was on the verge of being logged out by Regas. Hurent understood the battlefield and sent a whisper to Lauel in the rear.

-Get out of battle and focus on handling the targets. We have given up on the gold medal, but we need to take the silver medal.

--Isn't the damage pretty big? Can you afford to go against Pagma's Descendant in that state?

The seven golden blades were still moving by themselves and destroying the targets. Hurent confirmed the scene and smiled darkly.

-Why not?

Ttadak.

Hurent looked at Grid.

"Since the situation is like this, shall I enjoy it a little?"

It was an obvious provocation! The confident Grid wasn't going to fall for that provocation.

"Stop fooling around."

The 1st ranked Kraugel. The 2nd ranked Zibal. The 3rd ranked Chris. The 7th ranked Agnus. The 8th ranked Hurent. The 11th ranked Bondre. Finally, the 14th ranked Hao. Yura had called them the seven people stronger than her.

Grid distinctly remembered it. However, he wasn't nervous at all, despite Hurent being one of them. He was someone who raided the strongest boss monsters alone! He was confident that he could beat high rankers with his stats, skills and items.

"Jishuka, leave him to me and concentrate on the targets. Don't you want the silver medal?"

"Yes...! Thank you!"

Jishuka thanked Grid and disappeared into the forest with Samuel. Once Grid was alone with Hurent, he immediately unfolded his sword dance.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship!"

The moment Grid moved two steps.

Puok!

A 5m long red blade emerged from Hurent's fingertip and pierced Grid's chest.

[You have suffered 4,600 damage.]

'Eh?'

Hurent attacked with timing that couldn't be coped with, because Grid was busy with his sword dance. The damage was considerable.

'I suffered that much damage despite my legendary armor set?'

Or was it the default damage of aura? Grid was confused but his best skill was already being used.

"Kill!"

Kuoooooh!

The giant blue greatsword filled with hatred roared as it headed for Hurent.

Kwarururung!

The trees in the area vibrated due to the overwhelming waves of energy coming from it. Grid had planned to blow Hurent away. However...

Hurent moved sideways at the correct timing and avoided Kill. Then he moved back to Grid and aimed his aura blades at the gap exposed by the greatsword swing.

[You have suffered 4,600 damage.]

[You have suffered 4,600 damage.]

'It's constant damage. Aura, does it ignore defense and deal a fixed damage?'

Grid frowned as he belatedly understood. The energy of Kill pierced empty air and faded. Hurent clicked his tongue. "In order to hit with a non-targeted skill, you first have to restrain your opponent's movements. If that isn't possible, you should predict their movements. Isn't that part of the basics?"

Grid took a potion to restore his health and asked, "Are you attempting to teach me right now?"

"Teach? Hahat! Nonsense. Is there any reason to do that type of favor for you? I'm simply disappointed. You have the strongest class and this is the extent of your skills~? Don't you have any combat experience?"

Grid snapped at him.

"Of course I have combat experience...! You can't imagine how many bosses I've raided alone so far!"

Hurent chuckled.

"Is your combat experience limited to boss raids? Kukuk, of course, bosses are strong. But don't they just fight with strength or with a fixed pattern? They don't fight cleverly. Yes, just like you. Can't you see that the difference in our combat experience is too big?"

"Talking nonsense just because you avoided my skill once."

The heated Grid moved his sword like butterflies dancing. This time, he was going to hit Hurent's cheeky face. But Pagma's Swordsmanship had a weakness. In order to activate the skill, the name must be said. This took a minimum of 0.8 to 2 seconds before the skill was activated.

Obviously, some people would feel that this was a short amount of time. In fact, none of the players, monsters and bosses Grid met had touched him during this time. But didn't Yura counter in 0.5 seconds when facing a Crusher? Furthermore, Hurent was much better than her.

Teook!

The moment that Grid took the first step of his sword dance.

Puuok!

[You have suffered 4,600 damage.]

[You have suffered 4,600 damage.]

Hurent hit Grid twice during that time. At the same time, he escaped to the rear, opening up a distance.

"Kuk!"

Grid checked the distance and decided it was impossible, cancelling his activation of Link.

'It stinks.'

He admitted that Hurent was strong. It was accepted compared to the bosses he had faced so far. The aura's fixed damage and ability to freely transform its shape was quite annoying, but the vulnerable part was that he couldn't use a skill.

Certainly, Grid had experience fighting. However, he perceived it after two skills became useless.

"Are you going to use a skill haphazardly again? Do you have no learning ability?"

Hurent sighed as if Grid was pathetic. In the end, Grid rushed to him.

"Okay! I can just swing my sword instead of using skills. Then will you be able to avoid it? Eh?
Blacksmith's Rage!"

Jjejeong!

The +9 Failure clashed with the aura blades.

'Strong.'

Hurent confirmed that his aura shook like a fire in front of wind and clicked his tongue. He tried to open a distance with Grid, but his basic movement speed wasn't enough.

Jjejeong!Jjang!

Grid persistently stuck to Hurent and swung his sword. Hurent barely managed to defend and confirmed that the cooldown of his Escape skill was over.

"Escape."

Peeng!

This close-range distance skill was something that all warrior classes possessed. Hurent managed to get 5m away from Grid and shifted some of his aura to his lower half.

[Attack power is reduced by 30%.]

[Movement speed has increased by 30%.]

'Faster?'

Grid was no longer able to narrow down the distance to Hurent, who was running away like a coward. In the end, he swapped out to the Ideal Dagger, used Quick Movements and shouted at Hurent.

"Let's finish this game."

Pepepepeok!

Hurent leaped towards where there were a lot of targets and released his aura all around him. There was an explosion and the US team's score quickly updated.

『 The United States has 109 points! Really amazing! After logging out the representatives from France, China and Japan, Hurent destroyed 16 targets in a single strike while running from Pagma's Descendant! 』

"What are you trying to do?"

Grid wanted to help Jishuka and Regas. He wanted their countries to win the silver and bronze medals. Therefore, he chased after Hurent to stop him. Thanks to his high persistence, Grid's stamina remained steady while Hurent gradually became exhausted.

'I thought he invested most of his stats into strength, then some into agility and stamina. But now I see that his stats are high overall. Indeed, a blacksmith can increase their stats dramatically through the production of items.'

Over time, Hurent could grasp more about Grid. But his breathing was becoming labored and he was slowing down.

'I almost caught up!'

Grid's eyes sparkled. This was the end. He would soon catch that annoying guy.

Grid was filled with pleasure, but there was a problem.

『 South Korean team-! 150 points! Victoryyyy! 』

"What...?"

Grid noticed his mistake. He forgot about the presence of Yura and the pavranium. He didn't tell Yura that he wanted to beat the US team, and he didn't recall the target destruction order that he gave to the pavranium. Yura and the pavranium kept destroying the targets while he pursued Hurent, eventually leading to this.

"Bye-bye~?"

Hurent laughed, as he had predicted this situation from the beginning. Grid was forced to log out. It was a rule that the team who achieved the quota could no longer remain on the battlefield.

After that.

The United States were the next to reach 150 points after South Korea and achieved the silver medal. Britain and Brazil was left behind to compete for third place, and Britain eventually became the winner.

Jishuka's ability to destroy targets was much better than Natasha, but her partner was the problem. Samuel was too lacking and couldn't protect Jishuka from Regas. In the end, hundreds of thousands of spectators watched as the Korean, United States, and United Kingdom team got on the podium.

"It was enjoyable, newbie."

"Dammit...!"

A funny scene was produced. Grid won the gold medal and was scowling from the top of the podium, while Hurent received the silver medal next to him and was laughing loudly. Looking at the atmosphere of the two men, it was like the US had won.

Chapter 176

"Is there a reason you didn't use your ranged skill called Transcended Link? Isn't it a skill optimized to catch Hurent when he's running away?"

It was Yura's question.

They were heading back to the waiting room after the awards ceremony. Youngwoo was humming happily. No one would've believed that he had been angry during the awards ceremony.

[The target processing match, South Korean's unexpected win! The whole nation is enthusiastic! Praise Pagma's Descendant!]

[The owner of the first legendary class is Korean? Shin Youngwoo, who is he?]

[The brilliant appearance of the man called Grid! A strong impact! Women's hearts are thumping!]

[<Column> Will Grid be able to regain South Korea's reputation as a gaming powerhouse?]

[The whole world is watching Korea and Pagma's Descendant! Entering the National Competition, it isn't a dream!]

[Grid helped Jishuka, the Brazilian representative. What is the meaning of this action? Are the two people lovers?]

Indeed, Satisfy's influence was amazing. He became a global star in a manner of minutes. Shin Youngwoo read the Internet articles on his phone. He was completely excited, so he answered honestly.

"Transcended Link? I wanted to use it. But the cooldown time wasn't over, so I didn't."

"I thought so."

It took exactly 14 minutes and 47 seconds for the Korean team to score 150 points after Youngwoo entered the competition and used Transcended Link. Based on that, Yura could figure out that the cooldown time of Transcended Link was at least 15 minutes.

'Youngwoo-ssi didn't use several of the skills he showed in the Bairan battle. Pagma's Swordsmanship is strong, but its weakness is that it needs a sword dance to be invoked and has a long cooldown time.'

Yura had analyzed Pagma's Descendant dozens of times since the Bairan battle.

Pagma's Descendant. In other words, she was able to grasp the functions and power of the four skills that Youngwoo used during the Bairan battle, which were Transcended Link, Link, Kill and Wave.

And the conclusion she came to was that it was 'insufficient.' It wasn't a matter of talent, such as good or bad control. Pagma's Descendant was a class that was basically a blacksmith, so the combat skills were poor. The weaknesses were also clear. Despite being a legendary class, the fighting power seemed to be less than the epic classes.

'He has the strongest passive skill of 'Status Immune' and has the advantage of making legendary items.'

However, he couldn't stand up to the best players. It was the limit of a production class. Pagma's Descendant might be able to generate tremendous economic value, but it was relatively unimpressive in combat.

This was the analysis of Yura and other experts. However, they were mistaken. Pagma was the best blacksmith and swordsman.

In fact, Youngwoo had several skills that hadn't been shown to the public. They were Restraint, Transcend and Linked Kill. If Youngwoo used either Restraint or Transcend, he would've been able to easily overpower Hurent.

Restraint limited movements for three seconds, and it was possible to deal a fatal wound during that time. Or he could destroy Hurent with the overwhelming firepower of Transcend.

That wasn't all. In the past, Youngwoo acquired the title of Apostle of Justice and learned the Unbreakable Justice skill. The mana consumption was burdensome and it was more efficient to use Pagma's Swordsmanship, so he had sealed it for a long time.

Youngwoo's intelligence stat had steadily grown to 643 after four months of producing hundreds of items, including Failure. He would gain 200 more intelligence if he wore Malacus' Cloak. A level 200 user would gain 6 mana per one point in intelligence.

Now Youngwoo was in a position to be able to use Unbreakable Justice easily with Pagma's Swordsmanship. Unbreakable Justice was an immediate use skill, unlike Pagma's Swordsmanship. Youngwoo could've used Unbreakable Justice against Hurent.

That wasn't the end. There was the Wind Blast and Wind of Justice attached to the Ideal Dagger, and Golden Flash attached to Dainsleif. Among them, Golden Flash was the only skill that dealt damage proportional to his magic power, so it was good at penetrating the enemy.

In other words, Youngwoo's power was much more than what people grasped. Then why hadn't Youngwoo used them? He saved his skills despite being humiliated by Hurent? The reason was simple. He didn't want to expose his power.

'If it wasn't for the pavranium, I would've eventually forced Hurent to logout. It was a disappointing result, because I stupidly overlooked the pavranium.'

The National Competition wasn't over yet. Today was only the second day. The Korean team was lacking and very reliant on Youngwoo. But Youngwoo was going to participate in the PvP event.

That's right. He was prepared to unveil his real skills in the PvP event. Every time he met a new enemy, he would be able to demonstrate a more powerful appearance by introducing a new skill. He would be able to become a star by being a hot topic.

'I'll get you back sooner or later, Hurent. I will make you suffer the embarrassment I felt.'

Control? It was nothing in front of the trinity of skills, stats and items. Aura Master? A hidden growth type class?

'I am a legendary class from the beginning.'

He was participating in the National Competition now. He would win a gold medal in his three events! Youngwoo thought like that.

"Grid!"

"Pagma's Descendant has come!"

In front of the Korean team's waiting room. Hundreds of reporters were gathered. The domestic and foreign reporters were all only paying attention to Youngwoo.

"Oh my."

She was being ignored. Yura was always treated the best wherever she went, so this was a strange experience for her. Was her pride hurt? Not at all. Yura was excited too.

'Be calm.'

There was a lot of people. In particular, dealing with the press was very tiring. Thanks to Youngwoo, she was able to be freed from them, so she should stick to him in the future. On the other hand, Youngwoo was surrounded by reporters.

"When did you become Pagma's Descendant?"

"Please tell us the process of becoming Pagma's Descendant."

"What was your reason for hiding your identity in the meantime?"

"You aren't registered in the rankings, so what level are you?"

"The current 1st ranked Kraugel is level 297. Have you already achieved level 300?"

"Can you disclose the information of your items? In particular, many people are wondering about the blue greatsword."

"What are those golden blades?"

"Why weren't you seen when you first entered the National Competition? Was it a skill? Or did you create an invisibility cloak, like many experts speculated?"

"What exactly is your relationship with Jishuka?"

"What school did you go to? Your age? Where do you live? Your family?"

"Are you married?"

"What type of animal do you like?"

"What is your favorite food?"

It started from questions that pierced to the core to absurd questions. The languages of different countries surrounded him.

'This is crazy.'

Youngwoo was confused because this was the first time he was experiencing it. In the end, Yura interfered. She said in English.

"First of all, give Youngwoo-ssi time to wear an interpreter."

"Ah..."

The reporters briefly fell silent. Yura belatedly received an interpreting device from a staff member and persuaded Youngwoo.

"You've revealed yourself, so it's good to be interviewed. Answer as much as you want, but don't be stupid. Keep as much privacy as possible while satisfying the reporters. If the reporters aren't satisfied, you will be stuck with their persistent stalking."

"Yes."

Youngwoo had vowed to become a star from the moment he decided to participate in the National Competition. Youngwoo took a deep breath and agreed.

"Sigh... I understand. I'm nervous because I'm unfamiliar with interviews, but I will do it because it's a gateway I must go through."

"Huhut."

This man, sometimes he made nice expressions. Yura smiled and handed the interpreter to Youngwoo. Then finally, Youngwoo met the reporters.

"Hello."

But he was surprised from the first question.

"It looks like you have a special relationship with Yura. Are you perhaps lovers?"

"Then what about Jishuka?"

"..."

Weren't these questions supposed to be from third-rate magazines that dealt with celebrity scandals? Youngwoo thought the question was ridiculous and fell silent.

Yura skillfully answered on his behalf. "We are close, but we aren't lovers. It is a relationship where we share the purpose of gaining good achievements for South Korea in the National Competition. His relationship with Jishuka is similar. Youngwoo-ssi is part of the Tzedakah Guild."

"I see."

Yura's words didn't show any interest in Youngwoo. The reporters no longer doubted the relationship between the three people. Then they started asking other questions.

"40 days ago in real time, there was a phrase that suggested the first legendary class emerged in Satisfy. Was that the moment you became Pagma's Descendant?"

No. Youngwoo became Pagma's Descendant eight months ago. 40 days ago was when he produced his fifth legendary item and was truly recognized as Pagma's Descendant. But Youngwoo didn't tell the truth. There was no need to.

"That's correct."

"What's your current level?"

"I don't want to reveal it."

"What are those golden discs and blades that move by themselves? Don't they boast tremendous durability and mobility?"

"..."

He also didn't want to reveal this. But the reporters would become more persistent if he was too uncooperative. Yura's advice about moderately satisfying the reporters went around in Youngwoo's head.

"You can think of it as a private item for Pagma's Descendant."

"Private item?"

"Is it an item that exists to supplement the somewhat lacking combat power of Pagma's Descendant?"

Youngwoo glared at the reporter who said 'lacking combat power.' An American reporter didn't miss this look and threw a provocative question.

"You were one-sidedly hit by the US representative, Hurent. Experts from all over the world have doubts about the combat capabilities of Pagma's Descendant. Pagma's Descendant is the greatest blacksmith and swordsman, but did you inherit all his skills as a descendant?"

"I was one-sidedly hit?" Youngwoo scoffed and stared straight at the American reporter who asked the question. Then he said something shocking. "That's correct. I have yet to fully inherit Pagma's power. My class change quest still isn't finished yet."

"...!"

Yura standing beside Youngwoo and the reporters all looked amazed.

"You haven't finished the class quest yet?"

"This is the incomplete state...!"

Yet he still won against many rankers and obtained the gold medal in the target processing event?

"I'm only a child compared to the legendary Pagma, but that is only when compared to Pagma."
Youngwoo made a prideful expression and declared in front of the reporters. "Hurent? If he participates in PvP, I will log him out in 30 seconds."

"Heok!"

He was going to log out Hurent in 30 seconds, one of the best rankers, and 8th on the unified rankings! It was a huge scoop.

"...Write it down."

Shin Youngwoo made a ridiculous declaration without a single tense look. Yura's heart jumped from beside him.

Chapter 177

"Hurent? If he participates in PvP, I will log him out in 30 seconds."

It was a shocking declaration. There was only the sound of breathing everywhere.

'Are you making fun of the United States?'

The United States' power was superior to all the countries that competed in the National Competition. It wasn't uncommon for people to think that the United States would win the overall competition.

Hurent was the number two user in the US team. Yet Hurent was going to be logged out in only 30 seconds? Youngwoo's remark was dangerous enough to stimulate the entire American population.

'This will unconditionally be a front page headline!'

Amazing. A scoop above all other scoops. The reporters' eyes shone. In particular, the Korean reporters were thrilled. How excited would Koreans become when they heard Youngwoo's remark? They couldn't even fathom it.

On the other hand, the American reporters were uncomfortable.

"The experts have analyzed that Hurent is better than you. Don't you think you are acting too proudly? It seems to be an exaggeration."

"You declared it publicly, but what if you can't log out Hurent in 30 seconds? Then you will be be disgraced globally. Can you afford the mockery and criticism from the public?"

"The world will become disappointed that the first legendary class is a simple braggart. Do you have any intention of withdrawing your remark?"

There was no question if this was a question or a threat. Youngwoo drove home his point to the American reporters who were subtly threatening him.

"I am better than you think."

Originally, Youngwoo was a below average player. He took a leave of absence from school and played Satisfy as soon as it was released, but he fell behind others instead of getting ahead. Then he fell to hell when he performed Earl Ashur's quest to find Pagma's Rare Book. He wasted several months on the quest, and kept dying and losing his possessions.

Thanks to his unyielding spirit, he barely managed to become Pagma's Descendant, but his personality and lack of talent were problems. He was unable to properly handle the fraudulent class and wasted several months.

But it changed after the Malacus raid. After building a relationship with the Tzedakah Guild and going through all types of incidents, Youngwoo gradually changed. He surely grew. Now at this moment. Youngwoo was confident that he was the best player.

"Please don't overlook the fact that I am a legend."

He was proud about overcoming the trials that accompanied his pathetic nature and lacking talent. He expressed this pride without any shame.

"I am the best. Control? You shouldn't judge and ignore people because of that."

Gulp.

The reporters swallowed their dry saliva. The hundreds of reporters were convinced at this moment.

'He's a star.'

Not all of Satisfy's talents were stars. Only a handful of people who had something special that would stimulate and make the public enthusiastic could become a star. From that perspective, Youngwoo was a true star.

He was the first legendary class and had a pride that matched it. The uncompromising words might make someone feel uncomfortable, but it would give others excitement. He would be a hot topic whenever he opened his mouth, regardless of whether it was positive or negative.

The excited reporters continued to question him.

"A successor to Pagma's techniques and will has emerged. He's the only one in the world that can create legendary items.' That phrase appeared in Satisfy. As the phrase suggests, can you create legendary items?"

"That's right."

"Ohh...!"

"Truly a legendary blacksmith!"

"How likely is it that a legendary item would be produced?"

"It isn't high right?"

"What is the difference between your legendary items and the legendary items that can be acquired from raids?"

"Do all your equipped items have a legendary rating?"

"It's predicted that many top guilds will invite you. Have you ever thought about leaving the Tzedakah Guild?"

"What is your stealth? Or did you create an invisibility cloak like many experts speculated?"

The interview lasted more than 30 minutes. But the reporters' questions never seemed to end. On the other hand, Youngwoo was a beginner at interviews and reached the limit of his concentration.

'This is crazy.'

In the first place, Youngwoo wasn't a clever person. Until now, he had been able to lead the interview with full confidence, but he couldn't grasp the point of the current questions. Yura noticed his difficulty and restrained the reporters.

"The interview ends here."

"Isn't there time to spare until the next event? Can't you cooperate a bit more?"

"No. It will end here."

Yura had a definite personality. Her decision was final. The reporters were well aware of her nature and retreated. They were already satisfied with the scoops that they got.

"Sigh... That wasn't an easy task."

After the reporters left.

Youngwoo finally let out a deep breath.

Yura encouraged him, "You did well."

Her ebony hair flicked back as she smiled beautifully, making her seem like a refreshing tonic. Youngwoo felt like all his fatigue was released just looking at her.

"Thank you. I was able to do well thanks to you."

"Rather, I should be the one thanking you. Thanks to you coming today, I was able to win a gold medal."

Youngwoo had clearly stated his intention to not participate in the National Competition. Nevertheless, the Korean government and Yura arbitrarily put him on the list. It would've been very unpleasant for Youngwoo.

To be honest, Yura knew that Youngwoo wouldn't participate in the competition. She was grateful that he appeared at an unexpected moment and got good results. On the other hand, she was sorry.

"...Aren't you angry at me?" Yura carefully asked Youngwoo.

"I was mad that you got me involved as you pleased."

"..."

Yura bowed her head. Then Youngwoo spoke to her with a soft expression.

"But in the end, it was me who decided to participate in the National Competition."

That's right. He made the decision himself.

"I don't blame you. And I unexpectedly like this stage. I really like the situation right now. Ah~ it's enjoyable."

"I'm glad." Yura smiled.

She looked at Youngwoo with clear affection. Unfortunately, Youngwoo failed to notice this fact. On the other hand, articles about Youngwoo were being spread all over the world.

[Shocking news! Pagma's Descendant isn't complete yet!]

[The golden discs and blades are Pagma's Descendant's exclusive items! Will future legendary classes also have exclusive items?]

[The owner of the first legendary class, Shin Youngwoo. In reality, he's just an ordinary youth.]

[Yura and Jishuka? It's a simple friendship.]

[Pagma's Descendant can make legendary rated items.]

[(Column) The economic influence that Pagma's Descendant can exercise is astronomical. Grid will become the richest.]

[Grid has no intention of leaving the Tzedakah Guild.]

[Can Grid really produce an invisibility cloak?]

[Grid, 'Hurent? I'm not complete yet, but I can log out the 8th place person on the unified rankings in 30 seconds.']

[The Americans are angry at Grid's arrogant remark!]

[There is a festive atmosphere in Korea.]

The Korean team's waiting room.

"Hahaha! Grid is doing well in interviews!"

The Korean players treated Youngwoo like a hero.

"I felt relieved after seeing all the American reporters close their mouths!"

"I'm looking at the reactions from overseas sites right now, and it isn't a joke! There is an uproar and foreigners are envious of South Korea."

"I never imagined that the first legendary class would be a Korean! My heart beat wildly the moment you came!"

"Grid is the light of hope for South Korea! I'm proud!"

"Huhuhut...! Korea's light of hope... It's a good saying."

In the midst of the excited players, Youngwoo's nose rose into the sky.

Currently, the real time search terms of the Internal portal sites included 'Grid,' 'Grid's interview,' Grid's class quest,' 'Shin Youngwoo,' 'Pagma's Descendant,' 'legendary items,' '30 second logout,' 'invisibility cloak,' golden blades' and so on.

It was the same for TV. Most of the broadcasting stations around the world repeatedly showed how Youngwoo actively destroyed the targets.

"Eh...?"

The Shin's vegetable store. Youngwoo's parents were stunned when they turned on the TV for the first time. Why was their son on TV?

"...What's this?"

Youngwoo's parents thought it was a dream. The news anchors and experts were praising their son as one of Korea's heroes.

-News!Did you see the news?Aren't you really proud of your son?

-Youngwoo's mother always boasted about her son, but isn't her son a really good person?!'m so envious~ so happy~

Their phones rang endlessly. Alumni who they hadn't talked to in more than 10 years called. They all spoke about how Youngwoo was a treasure of Korea. Youngwoo's parents' hearts filled up.

On the other hand, there were people who visited Youngwoo in the Korean team's waiting room and produced a friendly atmosphere. They were Jishuka, Regas and Pon.

Youngwoo lost his soul.

'Is that a person?'

Jishuka's body ratio in real life was too unrealistic.

She didn't wear heels, but she looked larger than life. In particular, her legs were very long. Youngwoo was approximately 10cm taller than her, but the length of her legs seemed longer. Her face was also very small. Her body ratio was like the model of the famous artwork X, which had been lauded as a 'work of art from God.'

'Pretty.'

Her eyes and lustrous red lips stimulated male instincts. Her bright coppery skin and voluptuous body proved why she was regarded as one of the sexiest beauties in the world.

"Grid!"

Jishuka ran to him, who was standing at a loss for words.

"I wanted to see you!"

It was the moment when a South American woman's aggressiveness was revealed.

“W-Wait...”

Youngwoo had already experienced being hugged by Jishuka several times. He was even a married man. But that was in Satisfy. In reality, he was a virgin who never once dated anyone. The world’s sexiest woman was hugging him, so he couldn’t cope with the stimulation and got a nosebleed.

“Haha, Grid looks the same in reality and in Satisfy.”

“Yes. It’s different from a certain person.”

Regas and Pon smiled. On the other hand, the Korean players were blinded with jealousy.

‘Yura acted like his manager during the interview and now Jishuka...?’

‘He said there was no relationship between them in the interview... No matter how I look at it, isn’t this special?’

‘Monopolizing two goddesses...! Even if he’s Grid, it’s hard to forgive...!’

On the other hand, Yura’s gaze was cold as she looked at Jishuka hugging Youngwoo. Jishuka met her eyes and stuck her tongue out. Yura’s thin eyebrows narrowed together.

Pachichik!

Sparks flew as the two women’s gazes crossed.

The waiting room of the United States team.

“Hahahahat! Hurent is going to be logged out in only 30 seconds?”

The 2nd ranked Zibal laughed pleasantly. He scoffed at Grid. “He still doesn’t understand, despite his weakness being revealed in the target processing event. That dumb guy.”

He wasn’t just incompetent, but stupid as well. Indeed, he was so stupid that the highly acclaimed legendary class was dimmed.

“Hurent, thoroughly smash him in PvP. Embarrass him publicly.”

Lauel frowned at Zibal. “Honestly, is he a person to poke fun at? In the target processing event, he didn’t use the golden blades as weapons. If he does, the likelihood of Hurent winning in a one-on-one match will decrease.”

“Our rookie is saying so?”

Zibal smiled like he was cute and shifted his gaze to Hurent. Then Hurent giggled while reading an adult magazine.

“Don’t worry ~ Lauel. I also have power that I haven’t shown.”

His battle method that utilized the use of aura was extraordinary. Given Grid’s sense of control that he displayed in the target processing, it was hard for Hurent to imagine that he would be defeated, even considering the added bonus of the golden blades.

“Pagma’s Descendant is clearly a superior class. But Grid is incompetent. He won’t be able to beat me. This is fa~te.”

Grid might’ve succeeded in raids due to the performance of his items, but a match against a human was different. Control was the most important part. Hurent really recognized that Grid was inferior to him.

After a few moments.

Hurent held a press conference because of the media’s enthusiastic request for him to respond to the ‘30 seconds logout’ statement.

“Yes~ I am too mature to respond to my opponent’s statement about logging me out in 30 seconds... I won’t say anything. But let’s make this as clear as possible ~ that newbie will fall to his knees in front of me.”

There was a clapping sound. Due to Hurent’s press conference and Grid’s interview, the atmosphere of the National Competition became heated up.

Three days later.

The world’s attention was focused on the PvP event that would be held on the last day of the National Competition. Grid and Hurent, who would be the one who got the stigma of being a braggart?

The various illegal gambling facilities and sites hurriedly started the betting. And the Tzedakah Guild didn’t miss this opportunity.

"I will bet everything on Grid."

In the target processing, Hurent had escaped from Grid. Due to that, people analyzed that Hurent was better than Grid. Therefore, the betting odds of Grid winning was raised to 3.2 times. The Tzedakah Guild knew Grid’s real power, so this was a golden opportunity for them.

“The fact that we are going to gamble, don’t let it enter Grid’s ears. The moment he tells us to believe in him, we will all go bankrupt...” “Y-Yes...”

As expected of their smart chief. The guild members fell silent with admiration at Toban’s sharp warning.

Chapter 178

The National Competition’s second day.

After the target processing, the siege and treasure hunt were held in succession. Nothing strange happened. Youngwoo didn’t play a further role in the South Korean team. He didn’t participate in the siege or treasure hunt, so South Korea was naturally one of the weakest out of the 17 countries participating.

But honestly, it was surprising. Yura participated in the siege. Youngwoo hoped that South Korea would get a good record in the siege, but the result was disastrous.

“I’m sorry.”

The Korean team's waiting room. The Korean players apologized to Yura after coming back from the game. They were embarrassed by their inability to help the team. A few young teenagers on the team had tears in their eyes. Everyone felt frustrated and humiliated after being defeated by the foreign players in the game.

But what could they do? This was reality. The rankers of the Korean team were in the 800~1000s, while the rankers of other teams were in the top 200. The power gap was too great. Yura alone was unable to cover this difference.

"We held onto Yura's ankle."

"I...! If only I was a little bit stronger...!"

The players couldn't lift their heads.

Yura encouraged them, "You don't have to blame yourself. You did your best, as people have witnessed. None of you are to blame."

The beautiful and kind Yura seemed like an angel to the players. Youngwoo looked at her smile and felt furious.

'Those Yankee scum.'

The US were angry after receiving a silver medal in the target processing because of Youngwoo. As if they wanted to pay back their grudge, they persistently attacked the Korean castle at the start of the siege.

South Korea had a weak overall power and couldn't endure the American offensive. Yura struggled, but the other players couldn't properly assist her. The walls quickly fell apart and the Korean players were logged out.

It was okay up to here. The world of war was heartless. It was natural for the strong to defeat others.

But an American player showed excessive behavior. It was someone with the ID of 'Primal.' He survived towards the end of Yura's resistance and tore the Korean flag that had been flying from the castle. Ripping the official flag of another country?

It was terrible. The backlash generated was very large. Even his fellow Americans refused to forgive the actions of Primal. Zibal apologized as the US representative, but that couldn't stop the criticism of public opinion. In the end, Primal was asked to take responsibility and was deprived of his qualifications. He was unable to participate in the National Competition anymore.

But the anger of the Koreans had already reached the extreme. Primal was a problem, but there were also some American players who laughed while watching Primal's behavior. A small number of Koreans hated the entire US team.

Youngwoo was the same. He had served in the army and was a reservist, so seeing the flag being ripped was a great shock to him.

"That shitty guy."

That Primal, if Youngwoo met him someday in Satisfy, then he would make Primal pay. The US team? He would pay back the disgrace and despair felt by the Korean team in today's siege.

He gritted his teeth while pledging, and then Yura approached him.

"That's it for today's schedule. I will go back now."

"You, are you okay?"

Yura fought harder than anyone else. But there was a limit to what she could do alone, and she eventually lost. She should be the most disappointed.

Yura laughed at Youngwoo's anxious question. "It would be a lie if I say that I'm okay. But I'm not frustrated. I will grow even more from today's defeat."

Yura was already looking ahead. Next year and the year after that, she would make sure there was a different result in the National Competition. She made a pledge.

'She truly is the 5th ranked user.'

Youngwoo was amazed. There was a group waiting for the two people as they left the waiting room. They were Jishuka, Regas and Pon.

"Please show us around Korea."

The three people's eyes shone like lanterns. They were full of excitement to have Youngwoo accompany them.

"Please guide me to a Taekwondo theme park."

"No, what nonsense are you saying? Of course, we should visit a place with a lot of beauties. Let's go to the hottest club."

"Please play among yourselves. I'll just enjoy my time with Grid alone."

"..."

Youngwoo was troubled. He had no friends and no experience with dating. Therefore, he didn't know any good places to recommend to foreigners visiting South Korea for the first time. He finally made a decision.

"Let's eat a meal first."

"I agree!"

"I will contact a restaurant." Yura naturally intruded. Youngwoo, Jishuka and the rest of the group rode her limousine to the restaurant she recommended.

"Why is this woman going with us?"

Youngwoo didn't want to lose his mind to Jishuka, so he thought it was better for Yura to join them.

"An interpreter is required."

"..."

That's right. Youngwoo didn't speak English, so he couldn't communicate with Jishuka. If he didn't get any help from Yura, who was fluent in eight languages, he wouldn't be able to communicate properly.

"An interpreting device is inconvenient. Isn't it also good to build up a relationship with Yura?"

"Don't forget that the Yatan Church is our main enemy."

"It will be easier to deal with the Yatan Church if she cooperates. Think positively."

"Hrmm..."

Yura was able to join the party with Youngwoo's continued persuasion. Then she made a series of incorrect translations at the table.

"Grid, do you know? The reason I participated in this National Competition was because I wanted to see you."

"Jishuka said that she joined the National Competition for the honor of her country."

"South Korea seems better to live in than Brazil. I would love to live here."

"Jishuka said that she doesn't like South Korea. She doesn't want to come back here."

"...Hey, this wily girl. You are properly interpreting what I'm saying, right?"

"It is hard to translate the whines of a pig."

"Damn Yatan servant...!"

"..."

Youngwoo was sitting between Jishuka and Yura in the restaurant. Then the two people suddenly started arguing in English. He tried to get help from Regas and Pon, who always helped him in Satisfy but...

"Delicious!" Regas was busy tasting all the Korean dishes on the table.

"Why don't you take off your apron and embrace me?" Pon was awkwardly hitting on the employees in English.

"...Are these really the people I know?"

Youngwoo felt a sense of distance from Regas and Pon. Both seemed so different from Satisfy that he felt confused. The chaos grew over time.

"G~r~i~d!"

"Youngwoo."

Yura and Jishuka became drunk while they were arguing. It was a tremendous burden for Youngwoo to take care of two drunk girls alone. He wanted to ask Pon and Regas for help, but Pon had left with a woman, while Regas found a Taekwondo dojo and challenged the owner to a spar.

Buzz buzz.

“Wow, amazing. Isn’t that Jishuka and Yura?”

“Oh my, look! Grid! Grid!”

“Wow... What are the three of them doing?”

The people on the street gathered around Youngwoo. They took lots of photos.

‘Ah, this, really...’

Jishuka and Yura were drunk and sticking like gum to Youngwoo. If this continued, there might be a misunderstanding and Youngwoo might be dragged to the police station. This was his first experience with drunk girls, so Youngwoo imagined the worst. Then he hurriedly caught a passing taxi.

“Where do you want to go?”

Youngwoo spoke flatly to the driver. “My house.”

“...The address.”

Youngwoo left in the taxi with the two women. This action caused all types of misunderstandings.

A few minutes later.

The reports from the witnesses caused speculative stories to be written on the Internet.

[(Photo News) The drunk Yura and Jishuka took a taxi with Grid.]

[According to witness statements, Yura and Jishuka were on the verge of fainting.]

[What is the destination of the three people?]

[(Scene Coverage) I am currently at OO Hotel where Jishuka is staying. It is almost dawn and she hasn’t returned yet.]

[What is Grid doing now?]

“Oh my, who are these girls?”

Youngwoo’s parents had been watching his son’s appearance on TV all day. They were pleasantly surprised when Youngwoo brought young women home. Their son, who never brought friends home, now brought two beauties at once?

“Hum hum.”

Youngwoo’s father felt embarrassed and went into his room after clearing his throat. Then his mother paid serious attention to Youngwoo, “Son, are you prepared for this? I don’t think South Korea is open enough to welcome two daughter-in-laws at once.”

Youngwoo’s face flushed with embarrassment.

“No, Mother’s words are true. But isn’t this a misunderstanding? If I was going to do that, would I have brought them home? Wouldn’t I go to another place?”

“Hohoho, yes, yes. I’ll bring a blanket so lay them down in your room. Youngwoo, you sleep in the living room today.”

Youngwoo’s mother entered her room to get a quilt. In the meantime, Youngwoo was taking off his shoes and he looked up Yura and Jishuka’s skirts. It wasn’t intended, but instinctive behavior.

"The low~est."

"..."

Sehee came out of her room at that time and looked at him with contempt. Youngwoo felt like crying as he lost his dignity in front of his sister.

The National Competition’s third day.

The production events were held. The crowd cheered as production rankers in various fields such as blacksmiths, tailors and alchemists appeared.

“Eh?”

“There’s no Grid?”

The crowd checked their faces and started to sulk. Grid was a legendary blacksmith, so they naturally thought he would participate in the production events. They were excited at the thought of possibly seeing a legendary item be created.

But Grid didn’t attend.

"Is he forfeiting because of last night’s scandal?"

"Thanks to that, the other blacksmiths have a chance."

"By now, Grid must be with Jishuka and Yura..."

“Ah! My desire for murder is boiling!”

It was rife with all types of speculations. But Youngwoo didn’t avoid the production events because he was conscious of people’s eyes. It wasn’t because of Yura and Jishuka. It was because a person was limited to participating in three events.

Youngwoo wanted to participate in events that would have a huge dominance on the National Competition. These were the events:

“PvP and pet marathon.”

The two events held on the fifth day weren’t a team event, but a solo exhibition. Hopefully, one country could win six medals. Experts speculated that the US would earn a large number of medals on that day and consolidate their first place ranking.

Youngwoo wouldn’t allow it.

"Don't celebrate too early."

He would hit them properly. Youngwoo decided and got up from his seat. Then he opened his door as usual to play Satisfy and was shocked. He witnessed the appearance of Yura and Jishuka sleeping next to each other on his bed.

"Pfft!!"

Youngwoo had a nosebleed at the sight of the two beauties. They came back late last night. He didn't know what to do, but then Yura and Jishuka woke up.

After that.

Youngwoo's house was crowded. Yura and Jishuka were very friendly after meeting Youngwoo's parents.

"Let me help you prepare the meal, Mother."

"Oh my, thank you. Huh...? Why are you washing eggs and rice with detergent?"

"Father~ I'll give you a massage."

"Oh my, thank you. Thanks to my son... Heok! M-My back...!"

Yura was polite and Jishuka was bright. Both of them had a problem of being too enthusiastic, but they appealed to Youngwoo parents' affection well enough.

"..."

Youngwoo felt like he was sitting on a thorn cushion. It was because Sehee kept on shooting glares at him.

"Sightseeing? Ah, yes. We haven't gone anywhere for a long time, so let's make it a family trip."

"So, how great is our Youngwoo? He's a hero on TV, a hero in a game I don't know about ~ I don't know."

Two days passed.

It was the 5th and final day of the National Competition. The PvP was scheduled to be in the morning and the pet marathon in the afternoon.

"Let's go."

"Okay."

"Yes!"

Yura and Jishuka had stayed at Youngwoo's house for two days. Youngwoo arrived at the stadium to enthusiastic cheers and curses.

Chapter 179

Players were aware of other players.

Hurent was aware that there were six people stronger than him. Those six were the 1st ranked Kraugel, 2nd ranked Zibal, 3rd ranked Chris, 7th ranked Agnus, 11th ranked Bondre, and 14th ranked Hao. Except for them, there were no players who could beat Hurent in Satisfy.

'And I will soon go beyond those six people.'

He was the only one. This was his goal. He would eventually get the results he intended.

Class: Aura Master.

* Weapons are meaningless.

* You can control 'Aura.'

* The minimum qualifications to become a sword saint have been achieved.

Title - Sword Saint Candidate - Stage 1 (Transcendent)

* All stats will become 1.3 times greater.

* Quickly detect the target's weakness.

* There is a high probability of predicting the target's movements.

* 'Super Sensitivity' will be opened.

[Aura]

Rating: Epic (Red)

A type of energy that can be controlled. Aura is infinite and always present.

The shape, size and characteristics will depend on the caster's inclination.

The color of the aura will change according to the rating.

The higher the rating, the higher the effectiveness of the aura.

The higher the rating, the greater the size of the aura.

* Aura can't be separated from the caster.

* You can raise the aura rating through training.

[Super Sensitivity Lv. 1 (36.4%)]

All senses will become transcended.

Lv. 1 - Telepathy: You can predict 100% of all your target's behavior within 10m.

* This effect will last for six seconds and will continue for two seconds after the effect has ended.

Skill Mana consumption: All of your current mana.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.

Grid?

'You aren't my opponent.'

He was able to see all of his target's movements, despite only being at a beginner level. Pagma?

'How stupid.'

According to legend, Pagma was the strongest swordsman. But that was only when Muller was absent. Pagma was named the strongest swordsman after Muller's death. Wasn't Pagma a blacksmith in the first place? How could a blacksmith who swung his sword as a hobby compare to a sword saint?

'Pagma's Descendant is insignificant compared to a sword saint.'

Suuk.

Hurent manifested aura at his fingertips. Then he released it at a huge tree exactly 5m ahead of him.

Seokeok!

The giant tree was cut as soon as the aura touched it. It dealt 4,600 fixed damage, could be released up to 5m, and the shape could freely transform. He also had 'Super Sensitivity,' which allowed him to sense the enemy's movements. It could be said that this was his strongest skill.

Aura Master.

The weakness was that he didn't have powerful attack skills, but that weakness could be overcome by raising his aura rating. No matter how he looked at it, Aura Master was a perfect combat class. It wasn't possible to compare it to Pagma's Descendant.

"30 seconds...? Hahat~!"

Grid was arrogant just because he had the first legendary class. Hurent laughed as he recalled Grid's 30 second logout remark.

"Newbie."

Grid didn't know. He couldn't understand his subject.

"Prepare to be embarrassed~"

The whole world would be paying attention to the PvP competition held in a while. Hurent was determined to shatter Grid in front of the millions of people watching. Legend? He wouldn't even give Grid a chance.

Grid was nothing. At this moment, Hurent was only wary of Chris and Bondre, who were on the list of PvP participants.

'I will go beyond those two people today.'

Hurent wasn't even looking at Grid.

He just had a friendly co-worker relationship with Yura and Jishuka right? Where did he go with the drunken women two days ago?

The reporters flocked like vultures and bombarded Youngwoo with questions. Youngwoo barely managed to escape them and sighed as he reached the waiting room.

"Wow, why are they so terrible? I thought I was going to die."

It wasn't a joke. Among the reporters, the male ones looked like they wanted to commit murder. Yura and Jishuka. They cursed and hated Youngwoo for having a scandal with both of them.

Yura handed a tournament table to the pale Youngwoo.

"There are a total of 32 PvP participants. The matches were drawn through a fair lottery."

"The number of participants is surprisingly small."

"It's because individuals are limited to three events. The players prioritize events where they can get gold medals, so the 32 players participating in the PvP are all renowned top rankers."

"Yes." Youngwoo looked at the table. Then he found his ID and was surprised. "Is this really true?"

Yura replied with a worried expression.

"Honestly, I'm really surprised. It's a match between you and Hurent in the round of 32. It's also the opening match. Who would've imagined?"

The big match of the PvP was the confrontation between Grid and Hurent. People around the world were only paying attention to the confrontation between the two. They wondered how big the match would be.

The public became boisterous. The round with 32 participants. It seemed like a miracle that the confrontation between Grid and Hurent was the opening match. The confrontation was now right around the corner.

Who would be the winner? Grid, who said he would logout his opponent in 30 seconds? Or would he be disgraced? Most Koreans wanted Grid to win, while the foreigners were predicting Grid's defeat. The amount bet on the match was astronomical, and the dividend rate for Grid was really high.

"Hurent! Hurent! Hurent!!"

"Grid! Grid!"

"Hurent! Hurent! Hurent!!"

The atmosphere of the stadium was remarkable. The voices cheering for Hurent were way louder than those cheering for Grid. Some people in the crowd were even booing Grid. Yura was worried that Grid's morale would be lowered by the one-sided cheering. But Youngwoo wasn't upset at all.

『 The PvP competition will be held in 20 minutes. All participants should go to the capsule room. 』

The sound of the guide was heard. Youngwoo got up from his seat and reassured Yura.

"First of all, I don't have much experience with people cheering me on." Conversely, he was familiar with mockery. "The cheering atmosphere has no effect on me. Hurent? I will shatter him in 30 seconds and win the gold medal."

Two days ago, Yura had been worried after seeing Hurent's one sided treatment of Grid. She thought the walls of the world were too high for Youngwoo. But not anymore. She just trusted him.

"Take care."

The most beautiful smile was aimed at Youngwoo.

Pearl Island.

In the past, it was an island used by the knight academy of the Bonkost Principality. The giant island that once flourished had now become deserted and desolate. The glory of the past couldn't be found in the 'Lion's Castle' standing at the center of the island.

All the facilities, including the walls, were destroyed, and the garden devastated. There seemed to be ghosts hiding behind the broken windows of the castle. The long forgotten place shrouded in spectacular views was shown on the massive screens set up in Olympic Station.

That's right. This was the stage of the duel.

『 The PvP tournament is heating up the last day of the National Competition! 』

"Waaaaahhhh!"

The hundreds of thousands of spectators cheered as the commentator shouted. It wasn't just them. The viewers all over the world were excited as well. Who was the strongest person in the world? How brilliant was their control and skills?

Kraugel and Zibal might not be participating, but there would surely be plenty to see.

-It came!Chicken and beer!

-Two chickens.If 32 people are participating, one chicken won't be enough.

-If each match is 10 minutes, the PvP will last at least a few hours.I have to binge drink today. ㄹ

-It's nonsense.Grid will be knocked out in 30 seconds.The match will finish before the chicken arrives.

○ ㄱ ㄹ ○ ㅁ ㅁ ㅁ ㄱ

- ○ ○ ○ Grid is scheduled to win.

- Wow ㄹ ㄹ Do you really mean that?You believe Grid's bluff? ;;

-He will logout Hurent in 30 seconds?Crazy ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ He was defeated by Hurent in the target processing. ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ

-Guys.If you are South Korean, then you should support our fellow Korean.Cheer for Grid-nim.

-That's right.I am anti-Grid because of the matter with Yura and Jishuka.But love is a separate, personal matter.

-Aye!Don't forget that Grid-nim gave our country a gold medal.I am very thankful.

-No, what —_—^ a gold medal doesn't matter.What good is it for us if he wins a gold medal?Why should we be thankful? —_—=

-= = I shudder every time I see Grid being called a hero on TV.How is he a hero just because he won one gold medal? = =

-Isn't it natural to praise athletes who win a gold medal for their country?Would you say such things about Olympic athletes?

-Well anyway, Grid doesn't matter.In a few minutes, he'll be logged out by Hurent.

-You scum...I bet 4 million won on Grid...My whole fortune...Now I'm dying of tension.I might shit out blood in the morning...

-Oh my god ;; you bet on Grid? = = = =

-Wow = = 4 million won on Grid? = = = Isn't Hurent certain to win? = = = You're just throwing your money into the trash.

-But the dividend rate is 3.2. If Grid wins, that 4 million won will triple.

-That only matters if he wins...

Even on the Korean internet sites, there weren't many people who thought Grid would win. Surprisingly, many netizens thought that Grid would be the first to be eliminated.

And.

『 The players are entering! 』

The broken Lion Castle. In a desolate garden, a black-haired Asian man and brown-haired Westerner appeared. It was the moment when Grid and Hurent met, after attracting worldwide attention for the last three days.

As hundreds of millions of people watched, they finally clashed.

『 Now I will announce the opening of the PvP match! It has started! 』

"Waaahhhhhhh!"

The shouts of the crowd were vividly transmitted through the TV.

『 Will Grid win as the Korean people wish? 』

The commentator relayed in a loud voice. Youngwoo's family gulped in front of the TV. They were earnestly praying for their son and brother to win.

And Youngwoo. No, Grid started his sword dance.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship."

"Oh my~ you are using your slow paced skill again?"

Hurent clicked his tongue and attacked Grid in the gap exposed.

Syuok!

The golden blades flew to protect Grid, but Hurent's ability to control aura was very delicate. Hurent was already aware of the presence of the golden blades and responded calmly, accurately avoiding the wall formed by the blades to hit Grid.

[You have dealt 4,600 damage to the target.]

'Good, good.'

He would trample on Grid step by step. He knew the skills Grid possessed. The range of Kill, Link and Wave wasn't that far, so they wouldn't be a threat as long as he kept an appropriate distance.

The ranged skill Transcended Link was somewhat annoying, but it had a long cooldown time of at least 15 minutes. Hurent thought he would be able to withstand one bombardment if he focused his aura on defense.

However...

"Restraint."

"...?!"

It was a completely different skill that wasn't shown in Bairan or the target processing event. Hurent paled as he realized it. He was astonished to see the notification window in front of him.

[You have been overwhelmed by the enemy's spirit. Your actions are constrained for three seconds.]

'What is this...!?'

His body was stiff and hard to control properly. Grid approached from 5m away and his body instinctively retreated. However, he couldn't open up a distance. Grid took a few steps in the amount of time it took for Hurent to take one step back.

Two seconds. Grid narrowed the distance in an instant and unfolded a new sword dance. Hurent focused all his aura on defense.

[Your defense has increased by 150%.]

[A shield that will absorb 5,000 damage has been created.]

'I can endure it once...!'

Hurent's thoughts didn't last long.

"Kill."

Puok!

[You have absorbed 5,000 damage.]

[You have suffered 68,300 damage.]

[You have died.]

"...?"

On various Internet portal sites, the real time search queries were updated to '5 seconds.'

Chapter 180

The last day of the National Competition coincided with a national holiday.

9 a.m.

In spite of the early hour, chicken stores all over the country started to operate. The chicken store owners mobilized their whole family to fry the chickens.

Ddrrung!Ddrrung!

The makers didn't matter. The small neighbourhood chicken stores were flooded with orders for a while.

-Please bring me one chicken and three beers at 11 o'clock.

-I want to reserve two chickens for 11 o'clock.And I was busy during the last World Cup, so I will use all my coupons this time.

-One soju and beer.And one roasted chicken.Please!Before 11 o'clock!

-I want...What?You ran out of chicken and there's only salad left?That's okay!! I will order from another store!

After a while.

At 11 a.m., the PvP tournament that the world had been waiting for finally opened. The chicken stores made more than 10 times their normal revenue during the National Competition! They shouted at the delivery drivers they hired specifically for this day.

"Go deliver!"

Buoong!

Every city in the country. The foreign tourists who came to South Korea for the National Competition saw a remarkable sight. In many places, the roads were filled with bikes! The delivery drivers' bikes were equipped with a delivery crate and the chicken store sticker attached to them, making the foreigners stunned.

"Don't Koreans always eat rice?"

"It seems to have changed to chicken..."

"Koreans have good physiques despite eating a lot of meat."

And 11 o'clock.

『 The players are entering! 』

"Ohh! It has finally started!"

Family, friends or lovers. They all excitedly sat around a TV at their homes. Then the people who caused a hot topic over the past three days, Grid and Hurent appeared at the Lion's Castle.

"I hope that Grid will win."

"Honestly, considering the target processing, Grid seemed unlikely to win. But I hope he will do his best, even if he loses."

"That's right, so let's cheer him on."

"I don't care about the experts' analysis. I am expecting Grid, who has a legendary class, to win."

Ding dong~!

"The chicken has come!"

"Oh, right at 11 o'clock. They have no sense."

Houses with young families and mothers. Houses where friends gathered. Houses belonging to lovers.

『 Now I will announce the opening of the PvP match! It has started! 』

They ran to the porch as the commentator's words were heard from the TV. They received the chicken from the delivery men then dropped their chicken at the ridiculous sight they were greeted with when they came back inside.

『 H-Hurent has been logged out! 』

"...?"

The showdown between the legendary class and the 8th ranked user. How many people predicted that the winner would be Grid? In addition, how many believed that Grid would log out Hurent in 30 seconds as he declared? However...

『 5 seconds...! 』

"..."

『 In only 5 seconds! Grid has logged out the winning candidate, Hurent! 』

The baffled commentator shouted belatedly, and hundreds of millions of people responded to the reality.

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The cheering Korean crowd and viewers!

“I can’t believe it...!”

The shocked foreign crowd and viewers! The world was in chaos.

[(Breaking) Grid won in 5 seconds.]

[Pagma’s Descendant! The 8th ranked user was logged out in 5 seconds!]

[Grid, he fulfilled his 30 second promise!]

[The United States has received a big impact.]

[Will Grid earn yet another gold medal for South Korea?]

[The 5 second logout legend!]

5 seconds! 5 seconds! 5 seconds! The breaking news continued to highlight the 5 seconds. The Internet real time search terms were dominated by ‘5 seconds,’ ‘Grid,’ ‘Grid’s victory,’ ‘Grid is a scam,’ ‘Shin Youngwoo,’ ‘Korean’s possible gold medal.’

The netizens were the same.

-G...God Grid.

-God Grid!Forgive us who mocked and condemned you a few seconds ago !π0ππ

- Wow, what is this?It isn’t a bug?

-The 8th ranked user was killed ——;;

-Crazy...I really got goosebumps.

-My family’s sign ○0○

-○0○? What is that?

-The American community must be buzzing right now ㄹㄹㄹㄹㄹㄹ

-The Chinese forums are filled with words of envy. ㄹㄹ

-The Japanese community is bombarded with conspiracy theories that this is a bug ;;

-So exciting!That Yankee who tore the Korean flag must be shedding tears of blood. ㄹㄹㄹ Praise God Grid.

-3.2 times 4 million won. Congratulations πππ

-Actually, I bet 6 million won too ㄹㄹㄹ...πππ on Hurent...That bastard.

-I bet 3 million won on Hurent ;; ah, my salary.

-Koreans should've cheered on a Korean... ^^ I bet 15 million won on God Grid... from now on, I will only have confidence in God Grid...

-You are a gambler ㅋㅋ

-I also bet 300,000 won so this is a jackpot ㅎㅎ I've made enough to last me three months. ㅎㅎㅎ

The amount of tens, hundreds, thousands, millions of won were exchanged. It might be a very big amount to somebody. But it could be chewing gum for somebody else. For example, the owner of a big company, a successful freelancer or a Satisfy ranker. They gambled hundreds of million or billions of won. And there were many people who lost.

"I shouldn't have believed in those damn experts...!"

"Call my lawyer and prepare to sue."

A few of the rich people suffered losses that couldn't be ignored. On the other hand.

"Kuahahaha! Amazing! Amazing~!"

"Puhahaha! Grid! I love you!"

Someone's misfortune was another person's luck! The Tzedakah Guild, who'd already made billions of won from Satisfy, hit the jackpot. Those who believed in Grid's victory bet not only their existing assets, but loans from financial institutions as well.

The dividend was 3.2 times what they invested, so they became instant billionaires. Tens of billions of won were gained at once. They could buy yachts, private airplanes, travel with beautiful women, and enjoy the life of a movie star!

But they were Satisfy rankers. Satisfy was much more precious to them than reality.

"Hehe... I have to ask Grid to make me an item with this money."

"I will continue to invest in Grid until he makes me a legendary item."

The gaming fools planned to buy one or two buildings for their future, but they would invest the rest of their funds into Grid.

『 Not only is he a legendary class, he has one or two ultimate skills. That Kill skill is the ultimate skill of a legendary class. The power of that deadly blow can't be endured. 』

『 Of course, the power of his skill is great, but I'm more interested in that blue greatsword. Looking back at the target processing, didn't Grid use the blue greatsword to logout the rankers? It's clear that the blue greatsword has an excellent performance among legendary items. 』

『 I agree. It is the so called best weapon. It would be nice if Player Grid would reveal the details of the weapon. 』

The experts' analysis was correct. Even though it was a legendary item, the weapons created by Pagma's Descendant were of a different dimension.

The +9 Failure had an attack power of 1,768~3,682. It was already the best weapon at +0, so after being increased to +9 with a 70% increase in attack power, it was fully OP (overpowered).

Let's compare it to legendary weapons of the same level. The average attack power of a powerful two-handed weapon was around 1,000, so the maximum attack power of the +9 Failure was three times stronger than that. What if 1,800% of that attack power was added due to the level two Kill?

The users could never endure it. They would just die.

Grid was inwardly surprised. 'The boss monsters received hundreds of thousands of damage, but for Kill to only deal 68,000 damage to Hurent... He has a lot of defense. He wasn't just bragging.'

An Aura Master didn't need weapons. Thanks to that, Hurent was able to spend more money on armor compared to other users, and he had the highest ranked unique armor. Yet he died in one blow?

"Heok...!"

The logged out Hurent jumped out of the capsule. His complexion was pale, like a person who just had a nightmare. His whole body was sweaty.

'What on earth happened?'

Lael handed a towel to the confused Hurent.

"You lost."

"..."

"..."

Hurent couldn't believe it. He had no idea that he would lose to Grid. He gazed absentmindedly and recalled the fight. Then he smiled bitterly.

"Yes... Indeed, that's a legendary class."

His control had been helpless in front of that strength. What was that CC skill that completely restrained his body, despite maintaining a perfect distance of 5m? He wasn't able to control himself and received a linked skill.

He was crushed by strength. Yes, like a fly.

"Legendary skills..."

It was something he didn't have yet. He needed to strengthen the rating of his aura to legendary more quickly through training. Hurent felt motivated instead of frustrated. His expression was refreshed as he wiped at his sweat with the towel.

"Since I have become the loser, the reporters won't bother me for a while. I think I should abandon other activities and focus on hunting."

He would only become strong through training.

Lauel gave his personal opinion. "The problem is the blue shark-shaped greatsword that Grid is using. Its performance transcends imagination."

"Yes."

Hurent admitted it. No matter the skill rating, wasn't the damage too high? It was useless without a basic high attack power. Grid's weapon was certainly high class. But why did Lauel say that? Hurent was puzzled as he saw the Lauel looked determined.

"You... Perhaps, are you going to follow Grid?"

Lauel didn't deny it.

"That's correct."

He was sick of the title of rookie. He wanted to quickly jump to the top of the rankers. But he started too late. When he was level 1, the top rankers were already level 180. Talent alone couldn't cover that gap. In order to catch up with them...

"I have seen the power of items through this match."

Lauel was one of the 10 Rookies. Even now, Ibellin of the Tzedakah Guild has set Lauel as his rival.

"I will join the Tzedakah Guild."

"..."

2nd on the unified rankings, Zibal. He had the ambition to occupy all the territories of Satisfy and become Satisfy's ruler. But in order to do that, he needed the strongest players and at the moment, he was eyeing Lauel. He offered shocking treatment to Lauel when inviting him to the guild. However, Lauel was going to turn him down.

"Lauel, didn't the Snake Guild promise you millions of gold? Is it worth rejecting such an astronomical sum to follow Grid?"

Lauel nodded without hesitation. "Don't you now know better than anyone else? You can't ignore the fact that combat sense and control isn't special. The most important aspect of a game is items."

Millions of gold? What would he do with that? No matter how much money he had, he couldn't buy the strongest items. In Satisfy, Grid was the only one who could create the most powerful items. His power was necessary in order for Lauel to become a top ranked player. Basically, Lauel had a great liking towards Grid.

"Items rather than control... I'm envious of Grid, who made me realize the simplicity and greatness of it. I am fascinated by the strength that logged you out in just 5 seconds. I would like to play the game with him. How about you?"

"..."

Zibal also invited Hurent to join his guild. But Hurent had high pride as a sword saint candidate and was reluctant to go under someone else. Therefore, he hadn't responded to Zibal's invitation.

But now.

He experienced Grid's power directly and once he heard Lauel's words, he started to move. In order to become stronger, items were needed. In order to obtain those items...

'There is no answer except for Grid.'

But his pride didn't tolerate it.

"...I'm an Aura Master. The strongest items? They're useless in front of me." Later, his aura would become a legendary rating. "At that time, I will cut down Grid and his blue greatsword."

The next time they met, he would logout Grid before Grid could even use a skill. Hurent vowed. He left the stadium and headed straight to Incheon International Airport. He was ready to return to the US and pour all his efforts into building up his strength.

"Amazing."

The French representative, Bondre. The 11th ranked user considered Grid's skills. No, he marvelled at them. Logging out Hurent in just 5 seconds? He never even imagined it. But he didn't feel threatened.

"The Restraint and Transcended Link skills are somewhat burdensome."

Bondre's class was an ice mystic. What if he froze the entire ground with overwhelming magic power? Grid's sword dances wouldn't be able to be properly enacted. Pagma's Swordsmanship needed at least four steps to be activated.

Could that guy dance properly on frozen ground? It would be lucky if he didn't fall on his ass.

'Looking back at the Bairan battle, he has an artifact that can help him fly.'

What if Grid flew up to avoid the ice on the floor? Bondre would feel even more comfortable.

The PvP stage was an island. The atmosphere was filled with moisture. If he froze all that moisture, Grid would be trapped in the sky. The physical constraints of the ice webs meant they couldn't be broken with CC immunity.

'An island is the perfect stage for me. Grid, you can never beat me.'

[Absolute Zero Lv.2 (76.0%)]

Freezes the target and deals a fixed damage of 42,000.

Skill Mana consumption: 50% of your current mana.

Skill Casting Time: 7 seconds.

Skill Cooldown Time: 20 minutes.

It was the ultimate skill he learned from an S-grade magic book. Yura's Divine Punishment that she showed in the target processing looked miserable compared to this. The casting time was incredibly long, so he didn't have many opportunities to use it.

But it was different in a one-on-one duel. If he could completely restrain his opponent's actions, he could use it as a winning card. This was superior in terms of damage compared to Divine Punishment because it was a single target skill.

It was this Absolute Zero skill that made Yura and Hurent lose to Bondre.

'Assuming that Grid is level 290, his health must be... No, it isn't possible even when assuming the worst.'

Grid's health must be 35,000 or less.

"This time you will be the one to die in one blow. Kukukuk...!"

Bondre laughed with joy. He would meet with Grid in the round of 16. He would prove he was the strongest by completely overwhelming Grid, who logged Hurent out in five seconds.

Bondre was confident. Just like Hurent, a few minutes ago.