

## Overgeared 261

### Chapter 261

Piario was a legendary farmer? How absurd. No, this was almost the level of paranoia. It was a development that wouldn't be found even in third-rate web novels all over the world.

'Piario dreamed of being a sword saint, so why would he be a farmer?'

The reason that Piario increased the chances of a good harvest was...

'He probably learned a technique while farming as a hobby.'

It was a reasonable guess. Piario was a very versatile person, so it wasn't impossible.

'I just had an absurd delusion.'

He was afraid that Jude was laughing at him. Grid smiled before regaining his calm. Then he looked at Piario and Asmophel. They needed time alone.

"Let's leave here."

Grid said and the Overgeared members followed him. Damian was with them. Piario and Asmophel started to have a long conversation once they were left alone.

On this day, both of them vowed. Duke Grid who relieved their misunderstanding and helped them see the true object of their revenge. They pledged eternal loyalty to the one who saved them from hell.

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The road to the castle. The stunning landscape of the significantly developed Reidan captured Grid's attention.

'It's definitely more than the old Reidan now.'

But it was far less than Winston. The size was more than twice the sum of those two cities, but the overall facilities were less. The problem was that the population was small from the beginning. The best administrator, Rabbit, was active, but the speed of development was slow because there was no manpower.

"Lael, are there plans to deal with the population crisis?"

"As you did before, we plan to secure and migrate the minorities that are being persecuted everywhere in the empire."

Just like the case with the UI Clan. But there was a clear limit to this method. The Overgeared members would suffer too much. In addition, it was unlikely that the empire would keep allowing it.

"Is there a natural way to increase the population?"

"That..."

Grid didn't know it yet, but Reidan became famous thanks to the invasion of the seven guilds. Many people were showing interest in Reidan. Lael was sure that at this moment, many users would be

trying to move to Reidan. But the problem was that the barrier of entry was too high. It was unknown how many of them would reach Reidan.

"You shouldn't think too hastily. First, complete the mine development and connect the roads. Then the deployment of troops will be easier and the number of monsters will gradually decrease... We can only wait until then."

"What is the speed of progress for the mine development?"

"There aren't enough skilled workers. In particular, securing miners is difficult. It seems like it will take more time than planned."

"Miners..."

It would be ideal if Minor acted as a miner, but the search for pavranium came first. Right now, it was too early to stick Minor in the mines.

'I shouldn't worry too much. By the way, why hasn't there been news from Minor?'

Minor was on a mission to find all the labyrinths in the west. Grid was worried that he had run across monsters and was in a crisis. No, that clever boy wouldn't be caught so easily.

'I shouldn't worry.'

Grid changed topics. "Then Lauel, do other guilds already have a knights division?"

"Knights division? I don't think there would be a lot? If the guild creates a specific organization and call it a knights division, then it will become a knights division. Well, it's easy to mass produce."

It seemed he didn't know there was a separate system called a knights division.

'Then I am the first master of a true knights division?'

It was probably the case. It wasn't easy to obtain named NPCs.

'The first knights division...'

In Satisfy, the meaning of 'first' was very big. It was an achievement that would often give special benefits.

'What benefits will I receive?'

Grid's heart started to become restless again. But this wasn't a problem. In order to prevent the suffering and frustration that he felt in the past, he always maintained the proper tension.

"I'm glad you have returned safely."

"Duke Grid! Welcome!"

The entrance of the castle. Grid was greeted by Administrator Rabbit and Jude, who had been informed of his arrival in advance. Grid observed them with the Great Lord's Sword and smiled.

'They have also developed.'

Rabbit had gained a lot of intelligence and political power, while Jude had gained a lot of strength and stamina. It showed how faithfully they had taken on their roles.

“You went through many hardships while I was gone.”

Grid patted their shoulders. Administrator Rabbit bowed humbly, while the pleased Jude snorted like a bull. They accompanied Grid into the castle. The 1,000 nervous soldiers saluted in unison.

“Kingdom’s hero! Reidan’s sun! We greet the great Duke Grid!”

“Attention!”

The shouts shook the castle. Grid observed them as he walked past.

‘They aren’t inferior when compared with the empire’s soldiers.’

It was a tremendous growth rate. It was evidence that Jude’s ignorant training method was having a great effect. It was the power of the ‘I have no Idea (SS)’ skill. He had no thoughts. Jude’s ability to raise the soldiers made Grid smile.

The eyes of a man closely watching him shone. It was Damian.

‘This is the time!’

Since Grid arrived in Reidan. Damian had been waiting for the right timing to say hello and he finally grabbed the chance. Grid seemed to be in a good mood right now!

“Grid! It has been a long time!”

Damian went forward and greeted him. He was nervous, but tried not to show it to Grid. He went down on one knee and bowed.

Grid asked, “Who are you?”

“Heok.” It was an unexpected response. “Y-You don’t remember me?”

Damian felt like crying. Grid looked at the disappointed person in front of him. From Grid’s standpoint, Damian was nothing more than an extra in the pope raid. It was also a long time ago.

Damian reminded himself of this and formally introduced himself. “I am Damian, a paladin of the Rebecca Church and the Goddess’ Agent. Around one year and two months ago in Satisfy time, I buffed Grid while you raided Pope Drevigo.”

“Ah.”

Now Grid remembered Damian. The otaku paladin. He hadn’t known it at the time, but looking back now, Damian’s buffing ability was remarkable.

“I remember. Then why are you here?”

Did he perhaps want to join the Overgeared Guild? Grid was filled with big expectations when Damian suddenly cried out.

“Please save Isabel-chan!”

“Isabel?”

Who was that again?

‘Ah, I remember.’ One of Rebecca’s Daughters. She had blonde hair and used an exceptional spear. ‘Did something happen to her?’

No, why was this person asking for help from Grid?

‘Ah right.’

A chill went down Grid’s spine. He remembered what he did.

‘Lifael’s Spear.’

It was a special weapon for Rebecca’s Daughters that Pagma had sealed. He had released the seal. Then he neglected to return.

‘Dammit.’

Isabel was dying because of him. Grid became uncomfortable as he identified the situation. He felt guilty about putting someone’s life at risk, and he was also worried that Damian would claim compensation for the damages.

‘I have no money.’

Damian begged the nervous Grid again. “I will give you all my assets! So please... Please save Isabel-chan!”

“Eh?”

Grid thought Damian would claim compensation for damages, but he was actually rewarding Grid? And it was money?

‘A pushover?’

At that time, Lael sent a whisper to Grid.

-Damian is a pope candidate. How about helping him? If he becomes a pope, Reidan will be able to form a friendship with the mighty forces of the Rebecca Church. The profit from it can’t be converted into money.

‘Pope candidate...’

In fact, Grid intended to help Damian from the beginning. More than anything else, he felt sorry towards Isabel. In addition...

‘Lifael’s Spear.’

A divine item. It was a great opportunity to observe it in detail.

‘Finally.’

It would be possible to create divine items. A weapon above Failure. No, maybe an item that exceeded Pagma's works would be born. A smile appeared on Grid's face.

"How much?"

"Huh?"

Damian panicked at Grid's sudden question. Grid explained to the bewildered Damian. "How much will you give me in return for sealing Lifael's Spear? How much?"

Grid had to take everything he could. This wasn't a shameless greed. It was foolish to miss the opportunity to obtain something, unless he was a pushover.

'I have already been a pushover in the past.'

Damian said carefully, "I have currently prepared 530,000 gold..."

It was the amount he prepared as a deposit.

"Hrmm."

How much was that in Korean money?

'636 million won...'

Grid calculated it in his head. Damian felt anxious when Grid showed no reaction and hurriedly said.

"If I dispose of my mansion, I can get an additional 1.2 million gold!"

"Mansion?"

"Yes! It is a small mansion where I live in Tokyo, Japan!"

'He will sell his house in reality just for an NPC?'

In the past, Grid would've laughed at Damian. But not anymore. Irene, Khan, Piaro. Grid experienced the love of NPCs so he felt more affinity towards Damian.

'He isn't a bad person.'

He was a pushover. That wasn't all. Damian was a pope candidate. The possibility that Damian could become a pope should be kept in mind.

'I have to think about future relationship rather than be greedy for money now.'

If he did this favor for Damian, it would be a great help to Grid in the future.

"I will accept just 530,000 gold."

"Heok?"

Damian was well aware of what a greedy person Grid was. He was completely determined to save Isabel-chan and had been expecting to spend a huge amount of money. He was even prepared to sell his organs if he had to. But it was a misunderstanding. Grid wasn't that evil. Rather, he was a generous person.

“Thank you! I really appreciate it!”

Grid was willing to help him! Damian was so thrilled that he started crying. Grid, who was willing to spare Isabel-chan from suffering pain, looked like an angel to Damian in this moment. On the other hand, Grid was excited.

‘This is an opportunity to observe a divine weapon.’

He felt like he found a bundle of money on the way to picking up his lottery winnings.

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After accepting Damian’s request, Grid received administrative reports from Rabbit and the Overgeared Guild. It couldn’t be helped. It was the least he had to do as the lord. As a result, one hour passed.

‘I’m tired.’

The fatigue accumulated over his five week quest was too high. The problem was the lack of sleep.

"Grid, are you departing for the Vatican?"

Outside the meeting room. Damian came up to him and asked. His eyes shone brightly and Grid waved his hands at him.

"I have to rest first. I will contact you later, so head to the Vatican first."

“Yep.”

Frankly, Damian wanted Grid to go to the Vatican right now. His heart hurt when he thought of Isabel, who was suffering at this moment. But he couldn’t rush Grid and obediently stepped back. He had been waiting a few months, so couldn’t he wait a day or two?

He bowed politely to Grid who logged out. Then Grid headed straight to bed.

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Since the National Competition.

10 months of Satisfy time had passed and Yura had dedicated herself to only one quest.

[Path of Penance]

Difficulty Level: SS

Meet the First Servant unharmed.

Quest Clear Rewards: ???

It was a quest that didn’t give her any clues. During the quest, Yura had to face countless adversities. She had experienced frustration several times. But she didn’t give up. If she was a person to give up easily, then she wouldn’t have become 5th in the unified rankings. Her tenacity and obsession exceeded the category of ordinary people.

‘I finally found it.’

The dirt and blood didn't cause Yura's beauty to fade. She was still beautiful at the end of the long struggle, when she finally reached her destination. It was hard to find one flaw with her beautiful white skin and ebony hair.

Step step.

Deep in the cave. Yura climbed onto the altar in the middle of the cave. There was a pure white flame on the altar.

[Lovely child, you have reached this place with your weak human body.]

Was this the voice of an angel? A very sweet and beautiful voice came from the flame. Yura's eyes trembled. Her long eyelashes quivered.

'My guess was right.'

Everything about Yatan's First Servant was veiled. He wasn't a human. The evidence? The white flame in front of her. The identity of this flame was the soul of a demon.

[You are entitled to receive my, Amoract's, power.]

The demon of conflict, Amoract. One of the 33 great demons was Yatan's First Servant.

Demon, demonic views, religion founded by a demon. That was the Yatan Church. There were many hints.

The aim of the Yatan Church was to bring the 33 great demons to the earth. Yatan's servants included the demonkin Balak and others. Legend said that the 33 great demons were creatures of God Yatan.

Combining all these features, it wasn't a religion that existed for humans. It was obvious that the Yatan Church was the enemy of humanity.

[Child, I will give you infinite power.]

Amoract enticed her.

[I will help you break away from that weak human body.]

Then a notification window popped up in front of Yura.

[The quest 'Path of Penance (SS)' has been cleared.]

[If you accept Amoract's magic power, you will be changed from human to half demonkin. Demonkin can evolve into demons.]

[Will you accept Amoract's magic power?]

'I'm being given a choice?'

She could choose if she wanted the compensation or not. It was unheard of for the quest to leave it up to the user. What did this suggest? Yura's brain was activated. Based on the information and experience that she had accumulated over the years, her high intelligence quickly analyzed the situation.

Yura found the answer.

"I'll refuse."

Amoract's soul was shocked. It shook at the unexpected choice.

[Child, why? Why are you refusing my power?]

"..."

[Child, do you intend to betray God Yatan?]

After becoming a black magician and joining the Yatan Church. Yura had committed many wrongdoings. This was the fate of a black magician. The quests given to black magicians always required causing conflict or harming people.

Did she feel guilty? It was uncomfortable, but it was a level that she could endure. Satisfy was essentially a game. It was different from reality. She had a clear distinction between good and evil, and she wasn't evil. Yura just faithfully played her role as a user who chose the path of evil. The result was that she became Yatan's Servant.

But now she felt irritated. Was she belatedly feeling guilty? No. There was a reason.

"Yes, I intend to betray you. If I accept your strength and remain God Yatan's Servant forever, I will eventually become the enemy of that man."

[Man? Who are you talking about?]

"Grid." Yura's clear eyes pierced into Amoract's soul. "The Yatan Servants' Slaughterer."

[What?]

Not long ago, Yura received the news that Grid killed Dark Bus, making it a total of three Yatan Servants. It had been a long time since the Yatan Church designed Grid as an enemy. Yura didn't want to support the Yatan Church anymore. But she couldn't leave the Yatan Church. It was a foolish act, since she would lose everything she obtained so far.

Now the situation changed. Why did a choice exist for a SS-grade quest reward? It was easy to guess. If she refused the compensation, she could get a corresponding 'hidden reward.'

"Yatan's Servant, I will quit. In fact, I didn't like Yatan from the beginning."

She just chose a black magician because it seemed interesting. If she knew that she had to unconditionally serve God Yatan, she wouldn't have become a black magician in the first place.

[Disgraceful girl!]

Amoract's warm and gently voice changed to something terrible. The momentum alone seemed like it could kill Yura. But Yura didn't shrink back. She was well aware that it wasn't possible for Amoract to appear on the earth at this time.

Ttiring.

[You have refused Amoract's magic power.]



[You have been deprived of your position as Yatan's Servant.]

[You are expelled from the Yatan Church.]

[You have lost your black magic power.]

[The Yatan Church will be forever hostile to you.]

[The legendary class, Demon Slayer, has been obtained.]

[Your level has dropped.]

[You are now level 1.]

"Oh my."

She had expected to get a legendary class. However, she had no idea that she would drop to level one. The list of newly acquired skills appeared in front of the surprised Yura.

On this day.

Yura's name disappeared from the list of rankers. Of course it was a big topic. All types of speculation occurred across the world.

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He woke up at 4:30 in the morning. He had slept for 13 hours. Youngwoo exited his room with a blank expression, where his parents greeted him.

"Son! Why is it so hard to see you when we live in the same house?"

"It has been 10 days."

Youngwoo's parents were farmers who grew crops and sold them at their vegetable store. They went to work early in the morning and came home late at night. On the other hand, Youngwoo spend most of his day in the capsule. In particular, he had been playing for an exceptionally long time during the past 12 days because of the quest. It couldn't be helped that it was hard for the three people to see each other.

"I heard Youngwoo's story on the news a few days ago. I know that you are busy doing big things, but don't overdo it."

"Take care of your health. I'm concerned because you haven't been exercising recently. If you get sick, we won't be the only ones who will feel sad."

'A big deal... The nation...'

Youngwoo was treated as a hero after raising the status of South Korea in the National Competition. To be honest, he still hadn't adapted to it. It was too big of a gap from when he was taunted as a game obsessed loser.

'I have become successful in my field.'

It felt good. He was very proud of it, especially when he saw how proud his parents were of him. Youngwoo was stretching while listening to their words, when he suddenly wondered.

"I appeared on the news?"

"Yes, there was something about how the seven or eight guilds invaded your city?"

"Huh?"

"Youngwoo, you and your colleagues repelled them without any damage?"

"Huh?"

"Asura? Ashur? Some unbelievably great earl helped you?"

"Eh?"

"The experts who appear on TV praise our son every day. Ohoho."

"..."

Youngwoo was confused as soon as he woke up. He couldn't understand anything the two people were saying.

'Roughly speaking... An alliance of seven guilds tried to invade Reidan and it seems like they were defeated by Earl Ashur.'

Why didn't he know about this?

'That Lauel.'

The 'little thing' he talked about was referring to this incident.

'It was trivial.'

Youngwoo laughed. He was able to guess why the Overgeared Guild didn't report this incident to him.

'There was no damage, so it wasn't important.'

They didn't want to disturb his quest. Then when he returned from completing the quest, he was too tired to stay connected for long. He could feel that his companions' thoughts towards him were growing.

'I reap what I sow.'

In the past, Shin Youngwoo was filled with poison and only concerned about himself. At that time, he was always alone. He didn't respect anyone. He didn't care for others. But not anymore. After he succeeded, he could afford to care for others, and as a result, he was respected. Now he could call them 'friends.' These were truly happy days.

"Hasn't it been a while?"

He finished eating breakfast with his parents. Then Sehee greeted him as she came out of the bath. Her sister had become prettier in the short time they hadn't seen each other.

"You have grown..." Youngwoo said as he looked at her from head to toe, causing Sehee to blush.

"Where are you looking like a pervert?"

“Pervert?”

Why should he be called a pervert when he was just confirming his sister’s growth? Sehee threw a white sweatshirt towards the bewildered Youngwoo.

"Now that you have some time to relax, shouldn't you go exercising?"

"Is that so?"

In the last 12 days, he hadn’t moved his body except when he was doing some light stretches and push-ups.

It was frustrating, so Youngwoo was pleased that his sister offered to go running with him. He went out after a long time and ran excitedly. Youngwoo’s body and spirit felt refreshed from the clean air entering his lungs.

Then they returned home. A man was waiting at their house for Youngwoo..

“It’s the first time that we’ve met in reality.”

Peak Mine... No, Peak Sword.

Chapter 263

“It’s the first time that we’ve met in reality.”

Youngwoo returned home after jogging with Sehee. Youngwoo encountered a man in his mid-30’s in a nice suit.

“Peak Sword?”

He gave off a stronger feeling in the game, but it was definitely Peak Sword. He was a South Korean who always asked foreigners ‘Do you know?’

“Hahaha! It’s an honor that God Grid recognized me.”

"It isn't unusual."

In fact, Youngwoo had a close relationship with Peak Sword. A friendship formed after they raided Hell Gao in Cork Island Dungeon together, as well as the Sakura Guild. Youngwoo didn’t feel uncomfortable despite Peak Sword visiting without any notice. Rather, there was a pleasant feeling. But he was confused.

“I heard you’re usually jogging around this time, so I came to find you in the morning. I was afraid that I wouldn’t be able to meet you, but luckily, I got the timing right.

Peak Sword extended a card.

[Korean Patriotic Association]

President Kang Daehan.

Kang Daehan. It was Peak Sword’s real name.

"Korean Patriotic Association? What is that?"

"Our task is to spread South Korea to the world. For example, if we encounter a foreigner..."

"I understand."

He didn't want to hear a more detailed explanation. He could guess it was something absurd just from the description.

"For reference, my sibling's name is Minguk." (TL: South Korea pronounced in Korean is Daehan Minguk.)

Daehan and Minguk. It was clear that Peak Sword's unique patriotism came from his parents.

"It's a cool name."

"Right? But my sibling hates the name."

"Why?"

"She's a girl."

"A girl is called Kang Minguk?"

"Yes."

"...I would hate it as well."

"Yes, I am the same. But she can't change her name. If the name of Minguk disappears, the meaning of my name won't be shown. In the first place, does it make sense to change the names our parents give us?"

"Indeed."

Then...

'Why are we having such a pointless conversation?'

He was dragged into Peak Sword's pace. Peak Sword seemed to have a lot of talent as an insurance salesman. Youngwoo raised his awareness and asked.

"Why did you come to find me?"

"That..." Peak Sword was about to explain when he suddenly saw Sehee. He greeted Sehee with a heavy 90 degree bow. "It is an honor to meet God Grid's sister and Saintess Ruby. This brother and sister are truly the treasure of South Korea."

Sehee turned red. She was embarrassed by the excessive formality and praise.

"Oppa, I will enter first. Talk to each other."

She hurried into the house while Peak Sword looked after her with a warm expression.

"She is pretty and polite. My sister Minguk is also pretty."

"..."

"Well, won't do we go drink coffee and have a talk?"

Youngwoo was thirsty after jogging so he nodded.

"Yes."

The two men found a nearby cafe.

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The end of June. Thanks to the university students who had already finished their final exams, the Tomorrow Cafe had a few empty seats.

Rattle.

"Welcome."

The employee said as the door opened. Some of the guests reflexively gazed towards the entrance and were shocked.

"Peak Sword?"

"Wow, it really is Peak Sword."

Peak Sword, the other South Korean ranker apart from Yura. He was a top star of Korea.

Snap snap!

People started taking photos of Peak Sword with their phones.

Rattle.

Another guest entered the cafe after Peak Sword. Youngwoo.

"G-God Grid!"

"Wow! Grid! We live in the same neighborhood, but this is the first time I've seen him in real life!"

"Kyaak! Youngwoo-ssi is so cool!"

"What is Noe doing?"

The attention of the people instantly concentrated on Youngwoo. Youngwoo was the trend right now. It was enough to make Peak Sword seem like a third-rate celebrity. Peak Sword watched Youngwoo proudly before giving his order to the employee.

"Cappu...chino."

His voice was shaking. He appeared to be sad. Youngwoo ignored the people and ordered a banana shake. The two people were seated at a table in the corner. Finally, Peak Sword cut to the chase.

"I want to merge the Silver Knights Guild into the Overgeared Guild."

“Huh?”

“We want to become members of Overgeared.”

The scale of the Silver Knights Guild was huge. There were more than 200 guild members and they were the owners of Cork Island, famous for their gold mines and sightseeing spots, so they were well funded. It was enough to put their name on the list of top 50 guilds. This great guild wanted to be merged into Overgeared. It didn't make sense.

Youngwoo questioned it. “The Silver Knights Guild is enjoying great glory, so why you you want to enter the Overgeared Guild?”

Peak Sword replied honestly. “Our guild's growth is up to here. There is nobody in the guild with a unique talent, and Cork Island has a geographical limit as an island. It's difficult to expand our forces, and we will eventually be left behind.”

Then they would be culled.

“In addition, I want to add strength to the team that you are leading, the pride of South Korea. I want to build the strongest guild together and raise the status of South Korea.”

Peak Sword never dreamed that Youngwoo would refuse the offer. Who would refuse the chance to devour a huge guild? But Youngwoo showed a surprisingly cold reaction. The reason was simple.

“You seem to have misunderstood something. I didn't establish Overgeared for my country. The only reason I made Overgeared is so that my colleagues and I can earn money and live better.”

That's right. Youngwoo was completely different from Peak Sword. He had an entirely different nature.

“Increasing South Korea's status? Don't even dream of joining my guild if it is for such a reason. The Overgeared members and I don't care about that. Don't you know that Overgeared is a multinational guild?”

Honestly, it was a waste. Youngwoo wanted to close his eyes and swallow up the Silver Knights Guild. However, if he allowed them to join while still thinking this foolishness, it could cause a crack in his guild in the future.

He had now broadened his view. It was one of the virtues infused in him by Lael.

‘Above all, I like this guy.’

If he had no affection for Peak Sword, he might've merged the guild without hesitation. Then once he took full advantage, he would've discarded them. This was also the specialty of Lael and Rabbit. But Youngwoo liked Peak Sword. He didn't want their relationship to be broken.

Peak Sword was embarrassed after reading this.

“Thank you for speaking honestly. My thoughts were too selfish.”

“I'm thankful that you understand.”

A waitress brought over the drinks they ordered. She brought the drinks directly because she wanted to see Youngwoo close up.

'He is okay.' He had sharp eyes and an impressive physique. It was hard to call him handsome at first sight, but he became more charming the more she looked. 'He is constructing a 10 billion won building?'

Her life would be easy if she caught this man. These were the thoughts revolving around the waitress' head. She tried to get his attention, but Youngwoo wasn't interested. His lack of experience with popularity was the cause. Youngwoo couldn't grasp the meaning of the gaze that the female sent him. It might've been different if the employee had a D cup.

Youngwoo drank his banana shake. Peak Sword waited for the waitress to withdraw before speaking again.

"I still want to merge the Silver Knights Guild into the Overgeared Guild."

What? Youngwoo frowned as Peak Sword repeated his words. Peak Sword bowed his head. "I am also a ranker. I want a better environment. I want to belong to the best guild and play in a better environment. It is the same for everyone else in the Silver Knights Guild."

Overgeared Guild. The synergy between the legendary blacksmith and top talents was sure to explode, resulting in the strongest force in the future. Peak Sword's personal greed made him want to join. This decision was solidified after he actually met Youngwoo. From his point of view, Youngwoo was a good person.

"More than anything, I want to be with you. I still can't forget that Hell Gao raid. It was the most enjoyable day of my gaming life."

"Hrmm." Youngwoo remembered the swordsman who mined the fire stones and gave a strange smile. "Are you mining these days?"

During the Hell Gao raid, Peak Sword awakened to the fun of mining. He felt an addictive pleasure every time he obtained a fire stone.

"I often enjoy it. When hunting in the dungeon, I will mine while waiting for my health to recover. It's much better than just sitting down and resting. I have fun, earn money, and my stats go up."

"What's the level of your mining skill?"

"Beginner level 9. I will master the beginner level soon."

"Hoh."

Youngwoo thought Peak Sword had some talent when watching him mine the fire stones, but his growth was faster than expected. It would be good to get more miners.

"Aren't there a lot of mines on Cork Island? Miners as well?"

"Of course. Most of the residents of Cork Island are in the mining business. In addition, there are a few miners in the guild."

Youngwoo's smile widened further.

“Okay. I will accept the Silver Knights Guild.”

“Really?”

Peak Sword’s pleasure couldn’t be described. Youngwoo added a condition. “However, you must promise not to force the other guild members to love South Korea.”

Youngwoo was also Korean. It was a rotten country in many ways, but he still loved South Korea. However, he didn’t want to force the guild members to feel the same way.

Peak Sword agreed. “I understand.”

With this, it was finished. Youngwoo finished the banana shake and rose from his seat.

“Let’s go. I need to connect to Satisfy and share this guild merger with Lauel.”

“Yes!”

Peak Sword cried out jubilantly. Did he abandon his patriotism to join Overgeared? No. Not at all. He knew. Even if he didn’t taken any actions for South Korea, as long as Koreans belonged to the Overgeared Guild, the status of South Korea would naturally increase. There were many benefits to joining Overgeared.

“Hey.”

Youngwoo left the cafe with Peak Sword. Peak Sword called out to a foreign couple passing by. He pointed to Youngwoo and asked.

“Do you know Grid?”

“...”

Youngwoo was embarrassed. Peak Sword was paying attention to his actions, but there seemed to be a limit. He was worried that the Overgeared members wouldn’t be able to adapt for a while.

‘Well, those parts will be handled by Lauel.’

It was fortunate that he had Lauel. Youngwoo said goodbye to Peak Sword and went home. Then he entered his capsule.

“Login.”

There was a mountain of work to do. After accepting Piaro and Asmophel, he had to create a knights division. After that, he had to observe and seal Lifael’s Spear, acquire the design for a myth rated item, and save Isabel.

‘I also need to make more of the Grid set.’

Youngwoo’s vision darkened as he planned many things.

Chapter 264

{Welcome.}



{You came!}

{Are you rested?}

The Overgeared members welcomed Grid when he connected. Grid looked at the guild members list and questioned.

{Where and what are Pon and Regas doing?}

They were connected, but their location was marked as 'unknown.' This was the first time.

{They have been like that for a fortnight already. I can't get in touch with them, so it seems like they're trapped in an unusual dungeon.}

{Should we organize a search party?}

{Search party? Grid, are you worried about those two?}

{There's no need to worry about them. Look at their levels. It went up by one in just a fortnight.}

{I think they found a huge hunting ground}

{We don't need to worry about those monsters. It's a waste of emotions.}

'Really?' Pon and Regas were level 307. It was two levels higher than Faker. It was a rapid growth, considering there had only been a one level difference between them. 'Where did they discover such a great hunting ground?'

From level 299, the amount of experience needed to gain one level increased exponentially. But they were level 306 and gained one level in just a fortnight... The stunned Grid recovered his mind. Then he delivered the news.

{By the way, the Silver Knights Guild will merge into the Overgeared Guild.}

{The Silver Knights Guild? What about Peak Sword?}

Currently, the members of Overgeared were rapidly raising their level and causing an upheaval in the rankings. The existing rankers dropped at least 5 spots, 20 if it was severe. They were stolen by the Overgeared members.

On the other hand, Peak Sword rose in the rankings. 15th on the unified rankings. It was in the absence of the best hunting ground called Reidan. This meant that his level of skill was the same as Pon and Regas.

The Overgeared members were interested.

{Hey, Peak Sword will become our companion? Isn't this encouraging?}

{Peak Sword is the master of drawing a sword. I watched his war video against the Sakura Guild one year ago.}

{I also saw that video. Peak Sword was so great at that time. A Sakura Guild member died every time he drew the sword.}

{Did you see that lump of pride, Yoshimura, run away?}

'...Is Peak Sword that great?'

Grid liked Peak Sword. He liked and respected Peak Sword's personality. However, he didn't acknowledge Peak Sword's combat ability. At the time of the Hell Gao raid, Peak Sword had just been a miner and wasn't helpful in combat.

'He helped once when I was in danger.'

Peak Sword had grabbed Hell Gao's attention. Thanks to that, Grod could get one fire stone unharmed. That's it. After that, Peak Sword didn't play any offensive role.

'Well, at that time, Peak Sword was only a second class.'

The abilities of a 2nd advancement class couldn't afford to take on Hell Gao. Now Peak Sword would have a third advancement class and be much stronger than he was in the past.

{But why is the Silver Knights Guild trying to merge with us?}

{The Silver Knights Guild rules Cork Island. The scale of their guild is huge and they have tremendous financial power. So why the merger?}

Grid explained to the puzzled Overgeared members. After listening to the story, the Overgeared members recalled what they knew about Peak Sword and were convinced.

{Ah, that makes sense if it's Peak Sword.}

{It isn't strange if he builds a religion to Grid.}

{Lael, the matter of the guild merger...}

{Leave it to me.}

Lael was very happy. Piaro, Asmophel, Rabbit, and the Silver Knights Guild... It was amazing that Grid was constantly rallying the best powers. Grid truly was great.

"They seem to like it."

The guild chat window was in a frenzy. Everyone was excited because the Silver Knights Guild would merge with them.

The Overgeared Guild was in a difficult situation. The Overgeared Guild had too little manpower. They might be the top rankers, but including Grid, there were only 28 people in the guild. It was hard to include two of them (Ruby and Sexy Schoolgirl), as they didn't play often. In this situation, absorbing the Silver Knights Guild was huge.

Then Piaro and Asmophel approached Grid.

"Duke Grid."

Piaro. A man who respected Grid but didn't yield to him. He bowed towards Grid. It was the same for Asmophel.

"Give us an opportunity to serve you."

Finally, the moment had come. Grid smiled widely.

"It's my pleasure."

The sunshine through the window shone on Grid's face. It was a bright and dignified face. Piaro recalled the day he first met Grid in Kesan Canyon. Grid had been a dark and depressed young man. He was really ugly.

'But his potential is excellent.'

Piaro never realized that Grid would grow to this point.

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The great hall was wide without any decorations, and it reflected Reidan's financial condition. In short, it was pitiful. Piaro and Asmophel vowed allegiance to Grid in this place as the Overgeared members watched.

Grid experienced a new system.

[You have accepted Piaro as a subordinate. The effect of Reidan's barracks will increase by 30%. The probability of a good harvest will increase by 100%.]

[You have accepted Asmophel as a subordinate. The effect of Reidan's techniques research institute will increase by 30%.]

[You have people who are qualified to lead a knights division. Would you like to establish a knights division?]

There was no reason to hesitate.

"Form a knights division."

[Appoint a leader for the knights division that will be created.]

-List of people who can be appointed as leader of a knights division-

[Piaro]

Piaro can lead a total of 50 knights.

Piaro's knights will have their physical attack power increased by 10%, attack speed by 3% and movement speed by 5%.

The effect is permanent as long as the person belongs to the knights division.

Knights Division's Passive Skills: Increased Health Regeneration (High), Decreased Stamina Consumption (Medium).

[Asmophel]

Asmophel can lead a total of 35 knights.

Asmophel's knights will have a 5% increase in physical attack power and magic power. Skill cooldown time will be reduced by 8%.

The effect is permanent as long as the person belongs to the knights division.

Knights Division's Passive Skills: Increased Mana Regeneration (Medium), Decreased Stamina Consumption (Low)

It seemed that classes that depended on skills were better suited to Asmophel's knights division.

'Huge buffs.'

Only admiration emerged. Grid formed two knights divisions.

"Piaro and Asmophel."

[Piaro and Asmophel's knights divisions have been created.]

[Please name the knights division.]

"1st Overgeared Knights Division. 2nd Overgeared Knights Division."

"Wait! Wait a minute!" Lael hurried out from where he had been watching nervously. Then he trembled as he begged. "Please! Please give it a fantastic name!"

"Um..."

Was it too shabby to divide it by one and two? Grid felt some remorse after seeing Lael's tears. Therefore, Grid renamed it.

"Overgeared Knights Division. Overgeared Magic Knights Division."

"..."

Lael was at a loss for words. He couldn't help resenting Grid's naming sense. But when he thought about it, hadn't the boat already sailed after the guild was called Overgeared? Given the name of the guild, Overgeared Knights Division and Overgeared Magic Knights Division wasn't so bad.

'It doesn't feel good.'

Was his taste increasingly becoming like Grid? It was like a nightmare for Lael. A notification window appeared in front of Grid.

[Congratulations! You have become the first owner of a knights division!]

['Ruler's Cloak' has been acquired.]

A bright red cloak. There was the golden insignia of a dragon on the shoulder. It was a gorgeous and elegant cloak that caught everyone's eyes.

[Ruler's Cloak]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: None

\* Skills 'Charge Command,' 'Military Command,' and 'Ruler's Voice' will be generated.

It is a cloak that symbolized the monarch who is qualified to rule over an army.

Weight: 33

[Charge Command]

Grants the 'Charge' skill to your soldiers.

When the soldiers advance in the direction of the enemies, movement speed and damage will increase by 200%, depending on the distance.

Skill Cooldown Time: 5 minutes.

Nothing will be consumed by the skill.

[Military Command]

You can change the direction of the marching soldiers immediately.

Skill Cooldown Time: 3 minutes.

Nothing will be consumed by the skill.

[Ruler's Voice (Passive)]

You can deliver a clear voice to soldiers at any location.

'These are skills to be used in a war.'

They were simple but effective skills. Considering that most of Satisfy's users were ordinary people who hadn't commanded an army before, the value of this item was astronomical.

Grid was in the army, so he could recognize the value of the cloak.

'Sure and swift commands will make an army stronger. Unfortunately...'

There were no separate features. It would've been better if it had the option of raising defense, resistance or stats. He used the Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal skill, but there were no hidden functions. Maybe if he used the Legendary Blacksmith's Disassembly skill?

'Maybe there is something.'

Grid wasn't perfect yet. It was still only Pagma's Descendant. It was difficult to see himself as a true legend. If he mastered the skills of a legendary blacksmith or completed a quest...

'At that time, my current self will be no comparison. Maybe I will learn modification skills.'

If he wanted that day to come, he should play the game harder. Grid made up his mind and put the Ruler's Cloak in his inventory. Then he spoke to those who were gathered in the great hall.

"Each of you should join the knights division and then continue with your missions. Lael should coordinate with Rabbit to give Piaro and Asmophel separate areas. Ah, and please handle the guild merger."

“...Yes.”

‘I will take care of it. Believe in me,’ he wanted to answer.

But he somehow wasn’t feeling motivated today. It might be due to the ‘Overgeared Magic Knights Division’ floating in his status window.

“Sob sob.”

Lael could only cry. At that time, Grid approached Piaro and asked an absurd question.

"Piaro, can I join your knights division?"

He wanted the buff. Unfortunately, the lord couldn’t join the knights division.

“...That isn’t possible.”

"..."

Grid wanted to cry like Lael.

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Grid left the rest in Lael’s hands. Huroi joined him as he left.

"I will accompany you, My Lord.”

The red drake was waiting for Grid in the garden. Huroi was to be Grid’s driver. They were ready to go to the Vatican.

‘In any case, this is great.’

Huroi was the colleague who followed Grid before anyone else, so he was a special existence for Grid. Grid got on the drake with a willing heart and confirmed Huroi’s level.

‘290.’

Ssik.

There was a meaningful smile on his face. Huroi couldn’t help feeling curious as he saw it.

‘What is he thinking about?’

Grid asked the puzzled Huroi. “You heard about what happened between me and Damian?”

"Yes, I was impressed after hearing that you raided Pope Drevigo alone.”

“The Rebecca people know me well. Right?”

"Of course. They all praise My Lord. Just...”

There was one point. Damian was fighting the other candidates to become pope. Maybe those candidates would be hostile to Grid. Saving Isabel meant being Damian’s guardian. Huroi got an eerie feeling.

'Perhaps?'

The pope candidates who were hostile to Lord Grid...

"Why aren't you starting? Aren't we going to the Vatican?"

"..."

It was certain. His lord was ready to provoke a bloodbath in the Vatican.

Chapter 265

A golden ceiling and white exterior walls. Three big and ornate buildings like palaces were situated on the hills of Rolling. They were in harmony with the forest and landscape. There was a small waterfall behind each building. A golden statue of Rebecca rose in the center.

It was the center of the Rebecca Church, the most important religion on the continent. This was the Vatican.

"Isabel-chan!"

Damian returned to the Vatican and sought out Isabel. It was to check her status.

"..."

Isabel's health hadn't improved. No, it was worse. She seemed to have completely lost her hearing and vision. There was no reaction when he called from right beside her.

"Cough! Cough!"

She coughed up blood. The crumbly platinum hair was pulled off with a single touch, and the skin was pulled tightly over her skull. Isabel sat on a shabby bed like a doll without a soul.

Damian's eyes crumbled at the sight.

"Dammit... Why is this room always cold...?"

"You came."

A priest with a faint presence approached. His emotionless eyes gave off an ominous feeling but unlike his appearance, he could be trusted.

It was Cassus. He had been taking care of Isabel when Damian wasn't present.

"The mission to destroy the Yatan Church found in the west of the empire... I thought you would finish it in 40 days and come back."

It was a week later than expected. Goddess' Agent, Damian. Maybe his skills didn't meet everyone's expectations?

Damian explained to the concerned Cassus. "I accomplished my mission more than a month ago. I was delaying my stay in the Eternal Kingdom."

More than a month ago? He spent only a few days destroying one of the Yatan Church's temples? Cassus felt thrilled.

"But why the Eternal Kingdom...?"

"I met Grid."

"Grid!"

The only person able to seal Lifael's Spear. In the past, he saved the Rebecca Church by bringing down the corrupt Pope Drevigo.

"He's coming here now." Just as he did in the past, he would save Isabel. She would regain her beautiful smile. "I will start competing with Pascal in that gap."

There was 42 days left until the pope election. Damian thought this was sufficient. Thanks to the class effect of Goddess' Agent, many members of the church believed in and followed him.

'I will base the campaign on them, defeat Pascal, and become the pope.'

Pascal from the Judar church was the number one candidate. He was politically strong and experienced. He also had the honor of being 5th Pope Franz's direct descendant. His father was even an earl of the Saharan Empire.

'But he's corrupt.' He wanted to use the Rebecca Church to strengthen his family's power. 'If he becomes the pope, the Rebecca Church will walk a worse path than when Drevigo was in charge.'

Many members of the church already knew this truth. Those members would choose Damian for the future of the church.

An innocent Damian believed so.

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The elders assembly.

They were the agency that acted on behalf of the empty vacant pope position. It consisted of 23 of the highest ranking elders.

They summoned Damian and ordered. "There's a report that the Yatan followers are active in the Gauss Kingdom. Goddess' Agent, Damian. Immediately go to the Gauss Kingdom, then search and destroy the Yatan Temple."

"There are 42 days left until the pope election. I am a pope candidate. You want me to leave during such an important period in the campaign?"

Damian was 30 years old. He lived his life in his own way so he lacked social experience. He wasn't accustomed with such irrational practices.

The elders laughed at his naive self. "You can't do your duties because of the election? You're confessing your own incompetence."

"This is a task you should do as a dutiful son... Tsk, how pathetic."



“You shouldn’t cause trouble with your work just because you are registered as a pope candidate. Why don’t you just resign your candidacy?”

“Or Isabel will do the work.”

Being ignored, mocked, provoked and looking at him with contempt. It was obvious that the elders assembly were hostile towards Damian.

‘They are fully with Pascal. But this is still too much.’

Damian was honestly shocked. He was afraid since they opposed him so plainly.

‘I was thinking too easily.’

Damian was doing Isabel’s missions to save her. On the other hand, the elders assembly were trying to get rid of Isabel. They wanted Isabel to die so they could find a new master for Lifael’s Spear.

‘In this situation...’

He needed to neglect the campaign for Isabel’s mission? If Isabel performed this task, then she would die. He couldn’t allow it.

Damian wanted to become a pope for Rebecca’s Daughters. He couldn’t throw Isabel away just because of the election.

“...I understand. I will go to the Gauss Kingdom immediately.”

He was desperate. This mission included searching for the temple. It was doubtful if he could find the Yatan Church before the pope election day.

‘In the first place, this temple might not even exist.’

It was an obvious trap. But he had no choice. It was impossible to disobey the command if he wanted to protect Isabel.

‘Isabel needs to survive until Grid arrives and seals Lifael’s Spear.’

Four days. From Reidan to the Vatican, that was how long it took running nonstop. Grid had sent a whisper yesterday that he was leaving Reidan, so Isabel needed to survive three more days.

‘Please.’

Step step.

Damian left the assembly room with powerless steps. He inwardly begged.

‘Please save Isabel-chan, Grid.’

By the time he got back, Isabel’s health would be restored. He would be able to see her smile.

Creak.

The gigantic door of the room opened by itself. It seemed to be urging Damian to leave. The moment that Damian was about to walk out the door.

"Don't go."

"...!"

A voice he wanted to hear was heard from outside the door. Damian's gaze moved upwards from the floor.

"Isabel-chan..."

She held Lifael's Spear in her hand and blocked the door. She was standing straight on her own. Her eyes were also clear.

This was the power of White Transformation. The transcendental divine power was restoring her broken body.

Of course, this was only temporary. Now that the spear was in her hand, Isabel would be in greater pain than before. No, she would die.

"Why...? Why? Why are you here?"

Three days. She could've lived if she waited three days.

"So why...?"

As Damian felt frustration and despair, Isabel smiled.

"Thank you again, Damian." She had dimly heard his cry. She knew that he struggled alone for them. "You must become the pope."

It must happen. If Pascal became the pope, there would be more miserable children like her.

"Don't you know this? Damian, you can't miss the opportunity to become pope because of me."

"..."

Damian was well aware of this. If he didn't want the second or third Isabel to be born, he must become the pope. Now was the time for Isabel to sacrifice herself.

'But I don't want you to die.'

Damian was confused.

Isabel stroked his head as he hesitated.

"I will go to the Gauss Kingdom. In the meantime, you should become the pope. Please succeed for Rin, Luna, and my successor. Be sure to protect those children."

She stroked his hair. It was a bony hand. But it was warm. Tears formed in Damian's eyes as he felt Isabel's hand.

Then a man laughed at him. "Someone who wants to become pope is shedding tears in front of others?"

It was Pascal. He touched his thin mustache and ridiculed Damian.

"You truly don't have the dignity of a pope. It will be a disgrace to the church if this crybaby becomes the pope. Isn't that right, Elders?"

"That's right."

"Damian is a small bowl."

"The pope must be Pascal."

The 23 elders chimed in to support Pascal. They mocked Damian. Then Isabel glared at them.

"Daring to disparage the Goddess' Agent, isn't this no different from blasphemy?"

"Your attitude is bad. Isabel, the Yatan Church is your enemy, not us."

Pascal approached Isabel who was holding Lifael's Spear.

"Know your subject. You have forgotten your position. You are Goddess Rebecca's daughter only because you can handle the divine artifact of our church. You are only a tool. A weapon of war to fight for the goddess and our church."

Pascal's eyes were as cold as ice as he faced Isabel. It didn't seem like the eyes of a person.

"Just like this spear, you are a weapon of slaughter. Don't think and don't talk. Do you understand?"

"Shut up!"

Damian exclaimed. He wanted to beat up Pascal right away. But if he did that, he would be immediately kicked out of the church. It would ruin everything.

Damian clenched his fists as Pascal looked at him.

"Rebecca's Daughter, who you love so much, is being abused in front of you. But you are swallowing your anger? You are just a coward who can only shout."

"Put away that cheap provocation."

"...!"

Damian, Isabel and Pascal. The eyes of everyone present widened.

"You are having a lot of fun after grabbing the weapon point. Is it fun to harass people?"

180 cm tall with a solid body. Black hair and sharp eyes. The eyes and voice that were filled with confidence.

Pagma's Descendant, Grid. He was walking from the other end of the hall.

"Multiple people are bullying one person? Huh?"

"W-Why are you here?"

Pascal and the elders were disturbed by the emergence of an unexpected person. Isabel was stunned.

"Grid!"

Damian smiled widely. Grid's appearance was exquisite timing and he patted Damian's shoulders.

"You endured well."

Grid arrived at the Vatican much faster than expected thanks to Huroi's drake. He declared to the frowning Pascal and elders.

"From now on, I am behind Damian."

"...Behind?"

Pascal couldn't properly understand Grid's words. Huroi translated it for him. "As of this time, I, Duke Grid of the Eternal Kingdom, am the guardian of Damian, the Goddess' Agent."

Orator Huroi's voice was filled with charisma. It pierced through the spacious building and made Pascal and the elders feel sick.

Grid declared, "Don't bother him. Or you will be scolded by me."

"If you ridicule pope candidate Damian again, you will be punished accordingly."

"Do you have any complaints? Then bring it on, you masses of experience. I'm in a different position from Damian, so I can deal with you as I like."

"..."

It was hard to wrap their heads around it. Even Huroi was speechless as silence filled the room.

Chapter 266

'It's baffling.'

Grid. He was a very special person for the Rebecca Church. The hero who saved their church by punishing the corrupt Pope Drevigo.

Most of the members praised Grid's feat. A big wave was unavoidable if he claimed to be Damian's guardian. Numerous members were likely to support Damian.

'That Damian, he was preparing for his loss.'

It was a deadly move. The elders never imagined that such a foolish guy would call someone big like Grid to help him.

'It's a crisis.'

The election wasn't the only method that Grid could help Damian. By sealing Lifael's Spear, it was possible to remove Damian's weakness.

'Ah, this is a quandary.'

Unlike the elders, Pascal's face was relaxed. He had experience with Grid, and could turn this crisis into an opportunity.

'Grid isn't a hero.'

The reason why Grid defeated Drevigo. It wasn't for the Rebecca Church, but for Grid himself. Pascal knew the truth.

'He said he killed Drevigo because he needed to bless the odd mineral called pavranium.'

Grid was selfish and violent. At the time that the pavranium received God Judar's blessing, Pascal had peeked at Grid's nature.

'The more selfish a person is, the easier it is to handle them.'

Why was Grid claiming to be Damian's guardian? It was because there was something good in it for him.

Ssik.

Pascal smiled widely.

'Grid, I can give more to you than Damian.'

Wealth, power, and beauty. He would give Grid everything he wanted.

'So leave Damian and come to me.'

If he could get Grid on his side, he could unseal all three divine artifacts as well as win the election. It was a great opportunity to become pope with the strongest Rebecca's Daughters. Pascal had this thought and broke the uncomfortable silence. "Hey hey! Who is this? The savior of the Rebecca Church! Hero among heroes! If it isn't Grid!"

Pascal exclaimed while smiling as brightly as possible. He praised Grid with exaggerated words and shook hands with him.

"I'm so glad to see you again."

Grid was confused.

'This guy, he can smile instead of feeling angry after my blatant provocation?'

It was an unexpected response.

'He was like this in the past.'

Grid had taken the Holy Light set that Pascal wanted. But rather than being hostile to Grid, Pascal welcomed him.

He thanked Grid for punishing Drevigo, held a banquet and gave God Judar's blessing without any conditions. He was someone to watch out for. Pascal was someone reluctant to make strong enemies.

'I have to provoke him some more.'

Grid thought this and responded to the handshake.

"Nice to see you as well."

Pascal's spirit rose at Grid's response.

'It's like this. I don't know about the other elders, but he shouldn't be rude to me.'

Grid should also be aware of it. The fact that Pascal would be more helpful than Damian. Pascal was filled with confidence and quickly led the situation.

"You're a duke of the Eternal Kingdom? You're truly a hero. Your outstanding abilities have been recognized. Now, let's move the location. I will prepare a reunion celebration banquet, so let's talk to each other after a long time."

Damian paled as he watched the situation.

'Grid and Pascal knew each other?'

It was serious. Pascal was extremely rich. Grid could be tempted by money. As Damian was worrying, Pascal nailed in the final wedge.

"Sir Grid, I will prepare many gifts for you today."

"Hoh, gifts. I am looking forward to it."

Grid started to show interest. Damian was frustrated, while Pascal showed a deep smile. It was at that moment.

"But Pascal, I'm a duke, right?"

Kwack!

Grid gripped the hand he was shaking with more strength. Pascal's face rapidly twisted.

'What is this...?'

It was an incredible grip. Pascal started to feel pain in his hands. He struggled, but Grid didn't let go.

"You aren't a pope yet. A pope candidate is asking for a handshake instead of politely greeting me? You seem to be making fun of me, Pascal. Was it a lie when you praised me as a hero?"

'You're just the duke of a small kingdom!'

Pascal was a noble of the Saharan Empire. He recognized all nations apart from the empire as small, and thought they were barbaric. He was a nationalist who believed that only the empire should be blessed by Goddess Rebecca. For Pascal, there was no humiliation worse than being treated like this by a noble of a small kingdom.

"What is this violence? Heok?"

Pascal yelled, then became filled with consternation the moment he met Grid's eyes.

'You...!'

He was unable to read the emotions or measure the depth in Grid's eyes. He didn't know the intentions, but Grid had such profound eyes. Grid's eyes were showing a clear meaning. A provocation. 'Bring it on Pascal. I want to destroy you.' Grid's eyes were clearly saying that.

'A beast!'

The moment that Pascal was feeling agitated, someone fell from the ceiling. A knight wearing red armor. His name was Kamiyan. The 30th knight of the Red Knights, the emperor gave him to Pascal in the hope that Pascal would become the pope.

"Let go."

Kamiyan warned with his sword at Grid's neck. Grid snorted.

"What if I don't want to?"

"I will cut off your hand."

Kamiyan showed no hesitation. His sword moved towards the hand that was holding Pascal's.

Pascal shouted, "Stop!"

Kamiyan's sword stopped just above Grid's wrist. Grid's eyes narrowed from where he had been able to summon Failure from the inventory.

'Too bad.'

Pascal barely managed to escape from Grid's hand.

"Sir Grid, I will close my eyes to your rudeness today."

"You don't have to? I told you already. If you have a complaint then come forward. Bring it on."

"..."

Anger boiled inside Pascal's heart.

He was the son of a Saharan noble, who had gained a high status after joining the Rebecca Church. This was the first time that he had been treated like this. Pascal couldn't be rational or prudent anymore. In his heart, he wanted to tell Kamiyan to immediately hit Grid's neck. But he had to endure it. He needed Grid's strength to release the seals on the three divine artifacts.

"I hope that we can laugh with each other when we meet again soon. I will always have a gift for you."

Pascal withdrew with a red face. Kamiyan and the elders followed him. Grid's face was filled with regret as he looked at them.

'His endurance is great.'

Grid couldn't attack senior NPC priests first. As long as they weren't abandoned by the goddess like Drevigo, they were always protected by the goddess. If he attacked them first, the goddess would curse him.

[Goddess' Curse]

The unlucky stat will be generated.

The unlucky stat was vague since it wasn't a status condition. Grid was reluctant to be cursed by the goddess. That's why he tried to provoke Pascal, but eventually failed.

'Well, don't be nervous and just wait.'

From Pascal's point of view, Grid was an eyesore. He would eventually attack Grid.

After Pascal and the elders left.

Isabel, who had remained silent the whole time, approached Grid.

"It has been a long time."

It was a dissatisfied voice. It seemed like she had something to complain about.

'I hate you.'

Isabel was plagued with terrible pain because of Grid. This situation happened because Grid forgot to seal Lifael's Spear.

"I'm sorry." Grid sincerely apologized.

Isabel gritted her teeth at the sight of him. "Why are you sorry? Are you apologizing for unsealing Lifael's Spear? Don't make me laugh. I was able to save my friends thanks to you releasing the seal. Thanks to you, the entire church was saved. So don't apologize."

She was grateful.

'Then why is she angry?'

Tears filled Isabel's eyes while Grid was puzzled.

"You always do this. Why do you only show up when I'm in a desperate crisis? Like a prince on a white horse."

Isabel had a crush on Grid. Her emotions were stimulated because she was saved just before falling to hell. But Grid had already ignored her once. It would be the same this time as well.

"You won't accept me anyway, so why are you acting like this...?" Isabel whispered as she bowed her head. Her words didn't reach Grid. The problem was that her voice was too small.

'Her condition is strange. Indeed, she must be in a lot of pain.'

Grid watched Isabel. Her beautiful platinum hair was now close to grey and it wasn't even shiny. Her lustrous red lips were pale and her skinny body looked like a mummy. There was a bigger problem.

'Her breasts have decreased in size.'

It was the effect of losing weight. Her original B cup breasts were now an A cup. It was really a pity.

"W-Where are you looking? Pervert!" Isabel covered her chest with her arms and shouted.

"What is there to look at?"

"What is there to look at? What does that mean?"

"Do I need to explain?"



"That's okay!"

It had been a really long time since Isabel had been so energetic. Damian watched her and Grid and smiled.

'Isabel-chan, you have always missed Grid.'

He hoped her heart would be communicated to Grid. He truly was cheering her on. Damian wasn't a rival for Grid.

'It's natural for the heroine to be connected with the hero.'

He was just an extra. He was too incompetent, so he was satisfied just watching Rebecca's Daughters from the side. Huroi approached Damian and whispered. "Don't worry. She doesn't fit My Lord's taste."

"..."

The beautiful Isabel-chan didn't suit Grid's taste? It was upsetting. Damian was making a subtle expression when Grid urged him.

"How long are we going to stand here? Guide me to a suitable place."

It was time to figure out how to create and seal Lifael's Spear.

Chapter 267

"Beautiful and benevolent Goddess Rebecca, give your light to this weak and foolish servant who can't move without it. I will use your light to save the weak and punish the wicked."

The first prayer room. Pascal was praying in a place that originally only the pope could use. It was to shake off his anger about Grid and regain his senses.

"...May the whole world be bathed in the warm light."

After a long time, his prayers finished. Pascal made a refreshed expression and got up from his seat. His anger was cleansed and he was now calm.

'It isn't simply riches or power that the current Grid is coveting now.'

If it was, Grid wouldn't have been able to shake off his temptation.

'It seems like there is a special link between him and Damian.' This was an unexpected variable. 'But eternal friendship doesn't exist. Even blood and flesh will kill each other in front of greed.'

The only concept that didn't change in this world was faith.

Ssik.

Pascal commanded with a smile, "Open the warehouse."

"Yes!"

Pascal's loyal followers that he brought from the Judar Church moved immediately.

Creak.

The secret warehouse door behind the statue opened and glittering gold poured out. There were treasures and gold piled up in the warehouse. Pascal used the secret warehouse that Drevigo had made during his days as the pope.

'Grid, how much will make you satisfied?'

Pascal's men started to gather up the gold coins. These gold coins would be used to obtain Grid.

'I will offer more if it's still lacking. If that is not enough, I will give even more. In the end, you will be caught by my hands.'

Kamiyan watched Pascal and asked. "That person called Grid, isn't it better to just kill him?"

"He is the only one who can unseal the three divine artifacts of our church. He can't die."

"What if you can't obtain him?"

"Haha, that won't happen. He's very greedy. He will surely accept my heart."

"..."

Pascal was confident, but Kamiyan was unsure.

'He's a wild beast. He can never be tamed.'

Kamiyan had noticed it when he aimed his sword at Grid's wrist. Grid didn't blink once. He was prepared to give his hand to strike Kamiyan's neck. Honestly, it gave Kamiyan goose bumps.

'It isn't a skill that develops after fighting once or twice. His momentum was overwhelming. Perhaps I would've had to fight properly. His power might be praised by the church, but it will be painful in many ways if he becomes an enemy.'

The emperor had commanded Kamiyan. Pascal must become pope. Kamiyan faithfully carried out the emperor's commands, so he couldn't neglect any dangers.

"Come out."

Kamiyan moved to avoid Pascal's eyes and summoned an assassin from the emperor. An assassin of the emperor, the assassin called 'Crow.' There was a flashing light in the darkness and the shadow asked Kamiyan.

"You saw that guy called Grid, right? Can you assassinate him?"

"Is that a question that needs to be asked? I can even kill a mouse."

It wasn't a lie. Crow had the ability to assassinate enemy knights. One day, the strongest assassins Doran and Kasim disappeared, so Crow was now the strongest assassin in existence.

"Good answer. Kill Grid as soon as possible."

"Look forward to tomorrow morning. He will be hung on Goddess Rebecca's statue."

Crow immediately disappeared.

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Grid frowned as he was guided into Isabel's room.

"What is this?"

It was a small room where the only furniture was a shabby bed. A chill that would make the bones ache dominated the inside of the room.

"There isn't even a fireplace? It will be freezing in the middle of winter."

He touched the grey wall and stone powder fell down.

"Hey, you will catch pneumonia."

Grid shook off the dust and turned to Isabel.

"It's still like this?"

"..."

Rebecca's Daughters had also suffered under Drevigo. Despite being the strong force, they didn't rebel against the leaders of the church and endured this unfair treatment.

It was frustrating when he thought about it, but what could he do? The church raised Rebecca's Daughters as a weapon and they were taught only obedience. This deep brainwashing was like a shackle.

It was the church's fault, not theirs. On the surface, the church expressed peace and charity, but there was no charity. From what Grid could see, the Rebecca Church was no different from the Yatan Church.

'Bad people.'

Grid's expression distorted as he thought about how Pascal and the elders treated Damian and Isabel.

The words that the assassin Shay had spoken popped up.

'The Yatan Church is the one that stands for pure evil. They believe that evil is the right way. But the people from the Rebecca Church commit atrocities, even though they realize they have to do good deeds. The front and back are different, so they are far sneakier and more dangerous than the Yatan Church.'

This wasn't the case with the Rebecca Church in the past. But Drevigo ruined everything.

'He caused the rot.'

The current leaders of the Rebecca Church were those affected by Drevigo. Most of them had already tasted the sweet fruit he offered them and realized they felt joy in harassing others.

Could they let go of this pleasure?

No. The evidence was that they were following Pascal without trying to overcome his temptations. Pruning was required.

'Damian should be pope.'

He might be an otaku, but Damian was a pure person. The Rebecca Church would change if he became the pope.

'First of all, Pascal can't become pope.'

Pascal was from the empire. He was the son of the powerful Earl Chirita of the empire. If Pascal became the pope, the empire would be able to utilize the Rebecca Church freely. Lauel was convinced that the empire would become much stronger than it was now. Grid agreed.

'Someday I will become hostile to the empire when I become king, so they shouldn't become stronger than they are now.'

Grid silently thought for a moment before opening his mouth.

"Damian, you should start your campaign right now. Make sure you thoroughly advertise that I am your guardian. Huroi will help you."

"Yes!"

The first ranked orator, Huroi. His words had the power to capture people's ears and hearts. He would surely be a great strength to Damian.

"In the meantime, I will seal Lifael's Spear."

Grid sat on Isabel's bed. Then he observed Lifael's Spear in her hand.

"Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal."

[The blacksmith who became a legend can appraise items with an excellent discerning eye. If a hidden feature exists in the target item, it will be found.]

[Lifael's Spear]

Rating: Myth

Durability: 1,500/1,500

Attack Power: :1,330~1,890

\* Divine Power +3,000

\* All stats +200.

\* 300% increase in health recovery.

\* Fixed damage of +5,000 on each attack.

\* There is a high probability of activating the 'Light Wheel' skill.

\* There is a high probability of activating the 'Shield of Light' skill.

\* There is a high probability of activating the 'Light of Guidance' skill.

\* The skill 'White Transformation' will always be invoked.

\* Attack power +50% against those with dark magic power.

It is one of the three divine artifacts of the Rebecca Church.

It contains a tremendous divine power that human beings can't afford to handle, placing a heavy burden on the user's mind and body.

Since Rebecca's Daughters became short-lived after being unable to cope with the power of this weapon, 5th Pope Franz asked Pagma to seal its power.

However, Pagma's Descendant appeared in the days of 13th Pope Drevigo and released the seal on the weapon.

Conditions of Use: Rebecca's Daughter.

Weight: 400

[You have already uncovered the hidden feature of the item.]

'In order to reseal this...'

He needed to understand the structure of the item. Then he could figure out how to make it. In order to do so, the process of disassembly and assembly, as well as observation, were essential.

After becoming Pagma's Descendant, Grid had often disassembled and assembled items. He was confident that he could quickly grasp the structure of Lifael's Spear. That's why he thought this task would be easy.

'But the reality is different.'

Things became difficult. Isabel was the problem. Her health was far more serious than expected. If she let go of Lifael's Spear, she would die immediately. It meant that he couldn't disassemble Lifael's Spear.

'I have to do it with observation.'

He couldn't guarantee how long it would take. But one thing was clear.

"Isabel, I will be sure to save you."

Isabel was a precious person. She was a person he shared memories with and was loved by somebody. Damian thought of her the same way Grid thought of Irene.

'I won't allow you to die.'

Grid started to observe Lifael's Spear. He carefully looked at the features several times. Was it possible to raise the understanding of an item to 100% just by looking at it? It was impossible at this time. It was out of reach with Grid's current abilities. But Grid believed in his imperfection.

'I have abilities that haven't blossomed yet.'

Originally, if he completed the class quests, then he would gain abilities. These abilities were drawn out of him.

'I can do it.'

Grid's class quest couldn't proceed at the moment. It had already been more than a year since he received it.

'The developers aren't brainless or manipulative.'

It was clear that they would've prepared some way to awaken his power in the case of an incomplete class quest.

The answer was likely to be hidden in Lifael's Spear. What was the reason for Grid unsealing Lifael's Spear? The system. In the past, the system arrow led Grid to unseal Lifael's Spear. That led to this present situation. It was a clear arrangement.

'An arrangement that will allow my skills to blossom.'

Grid's eyes sharpened as he observed Lifael's Spear. His concentration started to rise to the extreme. The willpower and spirit he trained over many experiences was in effect.

'Grid...'

Isabel's mind calmed as she sat opposite Grid. Somehow, she seemed to hear the voice of Goddess Rebecca.

'Believe in him.'

\*\*\*

A serene dawn.

Crow appeared in the shadows of the window and looked at Grid.

'It's already been 8 hours.'

Grid was sitting in a small room. He had been examining Lifael's Spear for 8 hours already. His mind was solely focused on Lifael's Spear. It meant he was full of holes.

'Rebecca's Daughter has fallen asleep. This will be an easier assassination than I expected.'

Crow landed underneath a tree. Then he entered the building that contained Grid. He didn't make the slightest noise during all of this.

"..."

Crow moved stealthily down the hall. Even the sensitive rats didn't detect his presence. But something was looking at him from the shadows.

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But something was looking at him from the shadows.

Noe.

Twitch, twitch. Twitch, twitch.

His small, chubby butt shook from side to side. The short paws were completely pressed against the floor. The best demonic beast of hell was moving secretly to catch his prey.

'This is a scientific, beautiful and perfectly designed hunting posture! Nyang!'

"..."

Crow was unable to perceive Noe's presence in the darkness. He was a good assassin, but it wasn't at the level of sensing the best demonic beast of hell.

Suuk.

Crow climbed towards the landing of the third floor. The third floor was where Isabel's room was located.

'Soon.'

Crow imagined it. Stabbing Grid with his dagger. It was at that moment.

"Kyong!"

Noe jumped towards Crow. The sharp and small fangs gleamed in the darkness.

"...!"

Crow was confused. He never thought the day would come when he was surprised by a cat.

'I didn't notice a cat following me?'

It was the biggest shame and embarrassment he'd experienced since he was born. But it was only for a moment. He quickly regained his composure. Crow was a professional. He had survived many crises and assassinated 89 humans. In the process, he realized something. It was that he must remain calm under any circumstances. Crow's experience meant he didn't make a fuss about the surprise appearance of a cat.

Paang!

Crow blocked the cat's paw swiping at him with his dagger. Then Crow hesitated as he was about to counterattack.

Snap.

He couldn't properly move his wrist after the blow.

'Why is this cat so strong?'

This wasn't a normal cat. Crow noticed Noe's peculiarities. There were small horns on the forehead and short wings on the back. A high class demonic beast.

'How is this demonic beast here?'

This place was the Vatican. The Vatican was filled with divine power. Monsters couldn't come near the Vatican. A monster that took one step inside the Vatican would die from the divine power.

That was the problem. Currently, Noe couldn't exercise his skills properly.

'It's serious.'

Noe's master had ordered. Be prepared for any enemy while Master was concentrating. If an enemy invades, don't hesitate to hurry to Grid and tell him the news. But the problem was...

'I unconsciously moved.'

Noe recognized himself as a rational being, but reality was different. Noe was still young and faithful to his instincts. When a dark man showed up and moved quietly through the darkness, he instinctively attacked. It was unintentionally done and the current situation was the result.

Noe was affected. He couldn't gather any strength in his body. The divine power of the Rebecca Church's Vatican was terrible. But how could the best demonic beast of hell lose to a human?

"Nyaang!"

Noe once again swung his paws.

Chukak.

Sharp claws tore at Crow's ears. Crow felt a chill as he barely managed to escape a deadly blow.

'Fast...! A high class demonic beast!'

The cat was clearly a demonic beast. It might not look like it, but it must be a huge monster. Maybe it had the skills of an intermediate level demonkin. If not, it wouldn't have been able to move inside the Vatican that was filled with divine power.

'I need to take it seriously.'

The reason why a demonic beast was here didn't matter. It was just one more target to kill.

Clink.

Crow, who had been fighting with only one dagger, pulled out a short sword. A dagger in his right hand and a short sword in his left hand. His attitude changed after he grabbed another weapon. It was the appearance of the famous Crow.

"Kiyong!"

'No strength.'

Crow defended against Noe's scratches with his short sword. He drew his short sword in a diagonal line. Then he stabbed with his dagger. A light wound appeared on Noe's chest. The sword was cut slightly and the dagger was avoided.

Crow's expression twisted.

'It avoided it?'

Noe bared his fangs.



“Nyaang!”

Jjeong!Jjeeeeong!

“Kuk.”

Noe’s claws became faster and stronger. Crow found it difficult to avoid, and he tried to defend by crossing his short sword and dagger. Then he realized Noe’s real power.

‘A senior demonkin!’

Was this possible? Weren’t demonic beasts originally subordinates of the demonkin? Crow was shocked and pulled out the trump card he had been saving. The walls, the floor and the shadows on the ceiling started to shake. A shadow technique was activated.

Noe’s eyes widened with surprise at the strange sensation, while Crow smiled with satisfaction.

“Go to hell.”

Crow was convinced of his victory and opened his mouth for the first time. At the same time, the shadows on all four sides moved and changed their shape into that of a thorn.

Pa pa pa pat!

Six thorns flew from different orbits and pierced Noe’s body. Noe determined it was dangerous and used Fluidization.

[Fluidization]

It was a skill that made it impossible for physical damage to impact his body. However, Noe couldn’t use it properly due to the influence of divine power. He couldn’t use Soul Ingestion at all. Unfortunately, Fluidization didn’t work and Noe received damage.

Puok!

"What, nyang?"

One of the six thorns penetrated Noe’s small body. Noe let out a pained scream and fell to the floor.

‘It is unfair, nyang.’

The biggest problem was that Noe couldn’t use the Soul Ingestion skill. Noe hated the Vatican.

Crow trampled on Noe’s protruding belly. Noe’s snout gaped open. Then a pained sound emerged. Crow laughed at him. "This is the end of the demonic beast."

Clink.

Crow aimed at Noe’s face with the short sword.

“Die.”

“It’s up to here.”

“...!”

Suddenly, a voice was heard. The surprised Crow hurriedly turned his head, but no one could see it. There were just darkness all over the place.

'A hallucination?'

He had no choice but to feel doubts. There were no signs of anyone. It was a stealth ability beyond human limits.

"Eh?"

Crow's eyes twitched as he felt something. He was losing control of the shadows.

Pahat!

The shadows rose like a wave. Crow tried to avoid it, but it was impossible. The speed of the shadows was too fast.

Kwack!

Crow's body was pressured by the shadows.

"Kuak!"

Crow turned pale as he was caught by the shadows and thrown into the air.

'The speed of the shadow control is ridiculously fast...!'

The shadow technique could evolve to this extent? He couldn't believe it. While Crow was feeling confusion, the shadows kept tightening around his body. Crow struggled but the pain just got worse. Who on earth could so easily overpower him? Crow's questions were deepening when a man appeared from the darkness.

"Y-You...!"

It was a man with black skin. His body was very dry and his arms were abnormally long. There was only one person who came to mind once all these things were summed up.

Crow screamed, "Kasim!"

Someone who could control shadows beyond mere attacking and defending. He was able to make soldiers from shadows. The assassin who led an army. His nickname...

"King of Shadows!"

Why was that monster here? Crow had more questions. But the answer that came to him was death. The shadows pressed on him more strongly and he couldn't even scream as he died. Kasim removed Crow's body so there were no traces left. The shadows swept over the area and even the bloodstains disappeared.

"The more I look, the cuter it is."

Kasim looked at Noe, who was unconscious, and disappeared into the shadows.

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Chirp!Tweet!

Birds made noises. Warm sunshine wrapped around his body.

“Nya.”

Noe woke up from his serene sleep. Then he looked to the left and right.

“Heok! What is going on? Kyak!”

When it was dawn. He had been fighting a savage human. Then he was hit by a lousy technique and got knocked out. Noe thought up to here and found it ridiculous. How could the best demonic beast of hell be beaten by a human?

“It’s a disgrace! Nyang!”

This was unacceptable, even if the location was the Vatican. Why should this great body, that could overcome humanity with its paws, suffer from such indignity? Noe trembled with anger and belatedly questioned it.

“Why am I alive? Nyang?”

If he was knocked out by a human, wouldn’t he be killed? Noe pondered it and concluded.

“It was a dream! Nyang!”

That’s right. What happened last night wasn’t real.

“Nyahahat! That is it! How can the best demonic beast of hell be beaten by a human? Nyahahat!”

Noe was sure of it.

In fact, he had no choice but to think that way. Otherwise, how could Noe explain why he was still alive? Due to his tremendous resilience, the wounds he had the day before were completely gone, so Noe’s thoughts were justified.

Ttiring~

Noe’s status changed from frustration to self-gratification. But Grid had no interest in Noe. He was too busy with Lifael’s Spear and didn’t see the pet window at all.

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‘I’m screwed.’

Grid was feeling nervous. He had observed Lifael’s Spear, but despite two days passing, he couldn’t figure out a way to seal it.

‘Was I thinking too easily?’ Had he let his recent victories get to him?

‘I can’t understand what’s connecting the parts of the spear.’

The bonding area was too clean. Grid wasn’t even sure what techniques were used.

‘It’s impossible to do this with forging alone. However, it isn’t one whole item...’

If he disassembled and assembled the spear, he could uncover the secrets behind how the two parts were joined. But he couldn't do that because of Isabel. Grid continued to observe the spear while logically grasping its structure.

The next day, an uninvited guest came. It was Pascal.

"I want to give you a present."

Pascal extended a box containing one million gold. It was almost twice as much as Damian's 530,000 gold. It was 1.2 billion won in cash.

[Would you like to receive Pascal's gift?]

[If you receive the gift, you must unconditionally accept one of Pascal's requests.]

"Are you kidding me? This is the extent of your gift? Get lost."

Grid wasn't simple enough to cling to simple profits anymore. He was always looking ahead. He wouldn't allow the empire to swallow the Rebecca Church just for one million gold.

Two more days passed. Grid drove away Pascal and decided to change his viewpoint while observing Lifael's Spear.

'Maybe the secret isn't in the technique but the materials?'

The main ingredient of Lifael's Spear was adamantium. Adamantium was a silver material but the color of the combined area was blue.

'No minerals were used other than adamantium. It seems like the adamantium is mixed with something else.'

There was clearly something.

'This... perhaps?'

At that moment, something passed through Grid's head.

Chapter 269

'This... perhaps?'

At that moment, something passed through Grid's head.

'Goddess' Essence!'

The Goddess' Essence was an unknown item dropped by Pope Drevigo. He had neglected it for over a year. Grid pulled it out of his inventory.

'It is unlikely that Drevigo would've dropped a useless item.'

Drevigo wasn't a typical boss. He was a person who had a big influence on Satisfy's story. The man who ruined Satisfy's first religion, the Rebecca Church. What was the probability that the liquid he dropped was simple water?

'None.'

The name alone made it sound special. Grid thought about it. The reason why he unsealed Lifael's Spear. The cause of Pascal's appearance. The cause of the elders sympathizing with Pascal's cause...

It was all due to Drevigo.

'It's highly likely that the item dropped by him is a solution to this.'

This was originally a game. The items that the final boss dropped were often clues to overcome despair.

"I shall check it."

Grid decided and opened the lid of the small glass bottle. Then he placed one drop of it on Lifael's Spear.

Tok.

The moment that Lifael's Spear made of adamantium and the Goddess' Essence met.

Swaaaah!

A bright blue light emerged and filled the small room.

"Ah!" Isabel exclaimed.

Grid gazed at the beautiful light before turning to her. A notification window popped up in front of Grid.

[The information about the Goddess' Essence has been updated.]

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Five days had passed with no news from Crow. Kamiyan was forced to admit it.

'Crow has died.'

At first, Kamiyan was dubious. Crow's assassination skills were the best. It was difficult to imagine that he failed in his assassination. But on the fifth day, it was obvious that Crow had failed.

'Stupid, you spoke such confident words.'

Anyway, things had become clear.

'Grid's strength is on the same level as me. There is no doubt.'

Even more.

'I have to be careful.'

Grid hadn't announced that there was an assassination attempt. It was like he had never received the assassination threat. It was a clear sign of his willingness to remain calm until he figured out who was behind it.

'I thought he was ridiculous when he treated Pascal and the elders in that way, but he's actually a fox.'

A tricky bastard. To be praised by members of the church while having individual power...

'Pascal's gift attempts are failing every day. It isn't good to drag this out longer.'

Kamiyan shifted his gaze out the window. Damian and Huroi were still campaigning today. They were a nuisance.

'Especially that person called Huroi...'

His speaking ability wasn't common. He quickly took control of the hearts of the church members. Some of the senior priests bought by Pascal now seemed to favor Damian. If Huroi called dog feces a drug, they would believe it.

'I will deal with it personally.'

In one week. The event that took place exactly 30 days before the pope election. The pope candidates would give speeches to the priests of the Rebecca Church scattered across the continent, as well as the nobles.

At that time, Earl Chirita of the Saharan Empire was going to attend. Pascal's father was different from Pascal. He got rid of any risks.

'I have to receive his support to hit Grid.'

He acknowledged that Grid's individual power was superior. However, Grid's total power wasn't good. It was a Rebecca's Daughter who might die today, Damian, and the orator Huroi. It would be easy to take care of him if Kamiyan joined forces with Earl Chirita.

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[Goddess' Essence]

A liquid that contains the divine power of Goddess Rebecca. It is simple liquid to the general public, but it is a poison to those who possess black magic power and a miracle drug to those who serve the goddess.

When mixed with minerals, it will maximize the viscosity of the minerals and improve the mineral's unique functions. In addition, it will inject divine power.

Weight: 0.1

'Maximizing the viscosity? Does it mean like clay? This would make it easier to shape the item.'

The secret of the spear combination was hidden here.

[Your understanding of Lifael's Spear will increase by 40%.]

[You have discovered the hidden secret of the item! A great achievement!]

[Insight has increased by 30.]

[Intelligence has increased by 30.]

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal skill has improved. When you observe an item, the understanding of it will increase.]

“Wow. Amazing.”

Grid was delighted. He was pleased that he had uncovered the purpose of the Goddess' Essence and the secret behind how the spear was joined. Now he also received bonuses.

‘Even more.’

Grid turned to stare at Isabel. Her complexion had noticeably improved. It was the healing effect caused by the ripple that occurred when the Goddess' Essence touched Lifael's Spear.

‘First, save Isabel.’

This was imperative. Isabel needed to be healthy to be separated from Lifael's Spear.

‘Then I can proceed with the disassembly and assembly process.’

The mission was clear. Grid rose from his spot. He handed the Goddess' Essence to Isabel, who admired it.

"Drink."

Isabel refused, “I-I don't want to.”

“Why?”

“I can't receive such a precious thing.”

“Aren't you at the crossroad of life and death? Just drink.”

"I don't want to."

"Why won't you drink it? Just drink a drop.”

There was 1 ml of Goddess' Essence. The volume of one drop of water was 1/20ml, so it meant there were 20 drops. Isabel's health improved because of just one drop resonating with Lifael's Spear. Isabel could be healed if she drank one drop directly.

Grid was confident. But Isabel was stubborn.

"I appreciate the courtesy, but I don't want to be beholden to you anymore.”

"No, isn't it just one drop?”

"I don't want to."

The last five days. Isabel had many conversations with Grid while they were alone. In the process, she discovered something. Grid was already married. She couldn't look at Grid in this way anymore. Isabel suppressed her feelings for Grid. In order to do so, she needed to draw a line. She didn't want to receive Grid's kindness anymore.

Grid shrugged as she bowed her head. “Isabel, aren't you misunderstanding me?”

“...?”

“The reason I helped you is because it benefits me. It isn’t unconditional goodness. So don’t be mistaken and drink it right now. I’m busy.”

Isabel was too embarrassed to refuse after Grid’s words.

“Come on.”

“...”

Isabel accepted the small glass bottle from Grid. Then she hesitantly raised it to her mouth. She was concerned that she would accidentally drink several drops.

‘She has become very timid.’

Originally, Isabel was a very willful girl. But she suffered thanks to Drevigo and Pascal. She was a tool, not a human, and was going to die... She had listened to those words for a while and couldn’t help changing. She truly was a poor kid.

Grid sighed and took the bottle from her. He placed a drop of liquid on his finger and raised it to Isabel’s mouth.

"Lick."

"Eh..."

Isabel’s face reddened. A man. Furthermore, the man wanted her to lick his finger. Her mind became complicated.

“Ah really, do I have to feed it to you directly?”

Grid shoved his finger into Isabel’s lips.

“Hah...!”

Combined with the title effects, Grid’s dexterity was over 2,300. Isabel shivered as Grid’s finger entered his mouth. The sensations that she felt for the first time stirred her body and made her dizzy.

“Hah...!”

The thick and solid finger touched Isabel’s uvula...

Omitted.

After a moment.

“Hah... Hah...”

The drained Isabel collapsed on her bed. A warm blue light wrapped around her body. The Goddess’ Essence was immediately effective. Her platinum hair started to shine beautifully again, while her rough skin became transparent and smooth.

“Really pretty. Now if you can just recover your old figure.”



Isabel's face turned redder at Grid's compliment. She covered her face with both hands and gasped for breath, while Grid wondered.

'Her status is odd.'

Her health is recovering. But why did she look more tired?

Dok.Dok dok.

As Grid was feeling puzzled, a homing pigeon tapped on the window. It was a homing pigeon sent by Irene. Grid received the letter before taking Lifael's Spear.

"You said there was a smithy here? I will go to the smithy, so you rest here."

"Yes..."

Isabel's eyes were wet as she peeked at Grid through the gap in her fingers. It seemed like she was eager for something. Her eyes were enough to remind him of Irene in bed.

Gulp.

Grid involuntarily swallowed his dry saliva. It was to shake off his raunchy imagination.

'It seems that the process of restoring her health is quite pleasant.'

Grid thought and left the room.

"Nyang."

Noe was sunbathing on the windowsill in the corridor. Grid looked at the cat rolling around on his plump stomach like he was pathetic.

"Tsk tsk, I gave him a job, but he's just sleeping."

Grid wasn't aware that an assassin had come after him five days ago. It was a pity for Noe.

[White Transformation is activated.]

[You don't have any divine power. White Transformation has failed to be activated. Side effects will occur to your body.]

[You have resisted.]

The notification windows kept popping up.

Before heading to the smithy, Grid stopped in the garden and put down Lifael's Spear. Then he sat on a bench and opened the letter.

[I can feel the movements of the child in my belly. Every day is mysterious and fun. I want to share this happiness with you soon. Dear Husband, what do you want your child to be interested in when they grow up?]

[Answer your wife's question. This will affect the child's abilities after they are born.]

I want the child to be interested in martial arts. I want the child to be interested in magic. I want the child to be interested in learning. I want the child to be interested in theology. I want the child to be interested in techniques. I just want the child to be healthy.

'I don't like number four.'

Grid had a negative opinion of religion thanks to Drevigo and Pascal.

'I don't want number six either. The child might turn out like Jude.'

Among the remaining options, the most attractive one was...

'Techniques.'

Grid thought that his child would become the estate's labor force when they were older, and started to write his reply. He wrote that he loved Irene and then gave his answer.

'I will go to her once I finish my work here.'

Grid finished the letter and tied it to the leg of the homing pigeon.

Kwaduduk.

The homing pigeon flew towards the south west. It was the direction of Winston. As Grid was looking after the pigeon, someone approached.

Chapter 270

"Duke Grid! What are you doing outside today?"

It was Pascal, who was accompanied by his men. A person needed to bend in order to obtain anything big. Pascal was determined to obtain Grid and completely abandoned his pride. He placed his disgrace deep into his heart and acted politely to Grid. He also didn't forget to have a bright smile on his face.

"Huh...?"

Pascal instructed his men to drop the treasure chest. His eyes shone. It was because he found Lifael's Spear.

"T-This..."

The false smile that concealed his anger inside transformed into a real one.

'Isabel seems to have finally died.'

She was just like a cockroach. It would be more comfortable if she died.

'It feels like a 10 year blockage has finally been relieved.'

Rebecca's Daughters were meant to follow commands. They should be controlled. In that sense, Isabel, Rin, and Luna were truly troublesome. The former Pope Ruiz, who led the church to the light, and the former Pope Drevigo who corrupted the church. These girls served both popes, so they grew to a level where they could judge right and wrong. Rather than obeying orders unconditionally, they questioned it.

It was serious.

'They are tools.'

For Pascal, who planned to make the Rebecca Church a part of the Saharan Empire, the current Rebecca's Daughters were an eyesore. But now Isabel was dead, so his worries had disappeared. He would give Lifael's Spear to a new owner, then order Rin and Luna to be removed in turn.

'Finally, my world will come.'

He felt like he was flying with joy. Pascal's heart wanted to burst out. But he refrained after looking at Grid. Grid was looking at him with cold eyes. "A girl who had her life sucked out for Goddess Rebecca and the church has died. Why are you so happy?"

'Sucked out?'

Pascal's face distorted. He wanted to beat Grid up for using such words to diminish serving the noble goddess. But what about all his patience so far?

Pascal barely repressed his anger and opened his mouth. "As you have said, Isabel is a child who has served the goddess and the church for all of her life. That child is heading to the goddess' side... She can serve the goddess forever in the world of the gods and live happily ever after. I am happy and proud, so I can't help smiling at the thought."

'Bullshit.'

Grid couldn't stand the nonsense. Pascal handed him the treasure chest.

"I wish you would accept this today."

[Pascal wants to give you 1.8 million gold. Would you like to receive Pascal's gift?]

[If you receive the gift, you must unconditionally accept one of Pascal's requests.]

"Damian won't be pope anyway. What can he do if he wins the hearts of the congregation? There are only 100 senior priests with voting rights and at least 80% of them are already mine. Duke Grid, please look at the future and make a wise choice..."

"I don't want it." Grid interrupted Pascal's words. "I have no intention of holding hands with you, when just looking at your face makes me nauseous."

Grid hated Pascal. This was because Pascal resembled those who tormented him in the past. He couldn't erase the image of Pascal bullying Damian and Isabel in his mind. He would never hold hands with Pascal, even if he was given 100 million gold. In the first place, political issues were also intertwined.

"That's too bad."

The smile had disappeared from Pascal's face. His patience had reached its limit.

"Then is it fine to stop talking nicely? For the past few days, I have done my best to be friends with you, but you always mock my efforts and insult me. Don't you know the meaning of courtesy?"

"Why should I be polite to you? Don't you usually enjoy mocking and insulting your opponent?"

“Ack...!”

Grid’s attitude showed that he wouldn’t be persuaded. Pascal was nervous and spoke bluntly.

"Tell me what you want! I’m willing to give you whatever you want as long as you join my side! What would make you hold my hand?"

“You will give me anything?”

“Yes!”

"Hoh, isn’t this very tempting?"

There was finally a nibble. Pascal was delighted and prepared to listen to Grid’s requirements. Grid told him, "A thousand trillion."

“...?”

A thousand trillion? Was it the name of a treasure?

‘It is the first time I’ve heard of it?’

Grid spoke again to Pascal, who was struggling to understand.

"Give me one thousand trillion gold. Then I will be your true friend."

“This is crazy!”

He reflexively exclaimed. One thousand trillion gold was the empire’s treasury. No, it was an astronomical sum that would wipe out all the treasuries of the nations on the continent. Grid demanding such a ridiculous amount showed he wasn’t normal.

“What? Crazy? You said you would give my anything I want, but I’m crazy?”

“Ah, no. I became delirious due to my shock...”

Grid waved his hand at Pascal. He didn’t want to hear any excuses.

"The negotiations have collapsed. Then let’s each go our own way."

Grid reached for Lifael’s Spear. It was for the purpose of moving to the smithy. Then the silently watching Kamiyan aimed his sword at Grid’s neck.

“Leave Lifael’s Spear. How long is an outsider going to carry the item of the church?”

"..."

Grid’s eyes sank as he looked down at the shining blade.

“Second.”

“What?”

“This is the second time you’ve pointed a sword at my neck. I’m the duke of a kingdom.”

Kamiyan ridiculed him, "So what? Will you run to Wiesbaden, your king, and tell on me?"

The knight of another nation was disparaging his king. How heated would Grid become? Kamiyan deliberately tried to provoke Grid. Grid would lose his temper and be unable to use his skills properly. But his intentions came to naught. In the first place, Grid didn't have much loyalty to the king.

"It's good that you called my king's name as if he was the next door neighbor's dog."

Grid grabbed Lifael's Spear.

[White Transformation is activated.]

[You don't have any divine power. White Transformation has failed to be activated. Side effects will occur to your body.]

[You have resisted.]

"You can't afford to play with me."

The reason that Grid couldn't attack the elders and Pascal was due to the Goddess' Curse. On the other hand, what about Kamiyan? He wasn't a priest of the Rebecca Church.

There was no reason to hold back.

"Let's go."

Suuk.

Grid knew the strongest spearman, Pon. He had watched Pon fighting. In fact, they had sparred many times. Grid had developed an incomplete method of Pon's spear technique.

Chaaeng!

The spear moved in a diagonal manner, causing Kamiyan's sword to be deflected downwards.

"You!"

Kamiyan was surprised by the naturally flowing spear and stepped back. Grid extended his right leg back in this gap and stabbed the spear forward.

Peeeeeeong!

[Lifael's Spear's option effect is activated, causing the skill 'Light Wheel' to be generated.]

[Lifael's Spear's option effect is activated, dealing an additional 5,000 damage to the target.]

"Keook!"

Kamiyan couldn't believe it. Grid's stab suddenly shifted to a circle. It was an irregular attack that even those with 'Keen Senses' couldn't respond to.

"Cough! Cough!"

Kamiyan was hit in his waist by a heavy blow, causing him to fall down while coughing up blood.

'Such power...!'

Kamiyan was stunned. The pain was as if his bones were broken, while his internal organs felt like they were going to burst. This was the power of a myth rated weapon and skill.

"T-this is impossible..."

Pascal was astonished as he watched Kamiyan. Red Knight. One of the strongest knights on the continent fell down so easily? There was something even more surprising.

"H-How can you use Lifael's Spear?"

The Rebecca Church's three divine artifacts were available only to selected beings. They needed to have innate transcendent divine power. The person also needed to pray to Goddess Rebecca for at least nine years. Finally...

'They needed to be a woman!'

Pascal shouted.

"Y-You..." Grid remained impassive as Pascal turned pale blue. "Grid, you! Are you a woman?"

"..."

It was the most uncomfortable phrase Grid had heard since he was born. It wasn't even worth arguing about, so the 181cm tall and sturdy Grid tightened his grip on Lifael's Spear. He really meant to kill Kamiyan.

Pascal couldn't accept it and used Heal. Kamiyan was able to recover thanks to this and rose from his spot. There was fear on his face as he fixed his sword posture.

'I has been a long time since I've seen Heal.'

Heal in Satisfy was much better than in usual games. It was because too much had to be given up in order to become Rebecca's priests. There were very few users who chose to become a Rebecca priest.

'There are too many eyes watching.'

People were flocking to the garden. Grid believed that killing Kamiyan could adversely affect Damian's election, so he withdrew.

"I will leave it for today."

Kamiyan's eyes glared at he gazed after Grid who was leaving leisurely.

'Kill...! I will kill you Grid!'

The reason he was defeated today was due to his carelessness. He never dreamt that Grid could use a divine weapon.

'Damn bastard!'

The wound in his side was causing him severe pain. He felt nauseous. Kamiyan pledged that he would make Grid kneel in a week when Earl Chirita back.

“Then I am going.”

The smithy inside the Vatican. The weapons for paladins were produced here. Grid held the Legendary Blacksmith’s Hammer in his hand.

“Shall I begin?”

Ttang!Ttang!

Lifael’s Spear. The weapon that a god made was reinterpreted by human hands.