

Overgeared 581

Chapter 581

Gobble up all the stakes of a kingdom alone? Grid's expression wasn't very good.

"What? Are you asking me to be a dictator? What right do I have when everyone has suffered so much?"

Grid's reaction made Lael smile.

"Dictator... It would be nice if you could become a dictator and rule the kingdom well. For example, the Saharan Empire. This is a different world from reality. Due to the nature of these times, there wouldn't be opposition if you were a dictator.

"...Unfortunately, I don't think I can rule a country well."

Grid knew his abilities. He didn't have any political power. He was convinced that the country would soon perish if he ruled it according to his rule. This meant his 72 billion won would disappear. It was horrible just imagining it.

Lael laughed at the frowning Grid. "I'm not urging you to be a dictator. You should give your subordinates the proper authority. But I want you to be the firm center that can't be displaced."

If a large number of guild members shared the stakes in the kingdom, Grid's influence would become smaller. Lael wanted to prevent the worst from happening.

"Isn't there a saying in South Korea that too many cooks will spoil the broth?" I don't want such a thing to happen."

"A large number of cooks will spoil the broth..."

There was such a saying in his country? Grid admired the American Lael and nodded.

"I see. I understand."

Yes, it really made sense. He was convinced that it would be ideal to provide the funding for the kingdom alone. But there was one problem.

"How can I raise 60 million gold?"

Grid's current assets exceeded 20 billion won. It was a level that could provide for him for the rest of his life, but it was lacking compared to the 72 billion won he needed. Lael shrugged at the troubled Grid.

"Think about it yourself. It isn't that hard."

Lael highly valued Grid. He didn't doubt that Grid was the most valuable person in the world. But Grid didn't realize this himself. It was a hundred times better than those who didn't fear the world, but it was questionable if Grid could express his big vessel.

Lael wanted Grid to value himself more. Grid looked at the silent Lael and had a thought.

"Should I get a sponsor?" What if he got a large investment from a real-world company active in Satisfy? "I can ask them for an investment in return for placing advertisement signs on every main street in the cities. How about it?"

"Well... That's the common way."

It wasn't bad. It was clear that the world would be paying a lot of attention to the first country set up by a player. In particular, there were many players and a high floating population would occur. From the viewpoint of the companies, they wouldn't lose money investing in the kingdom. But it wasn't the answer that Lauel wanted.

Grid saw Lauel's bad expression and asked. "Is there a better way?"

"Of course."

"What is it?" Lauel grinned at Grid's confused expression. The wicked smile was similar to Grid's. His resemblance to Grid kept increasing. "Labor."

"...?"

"Do labor. Stay in the smithy and constantly make items. Then you will be able to raise funds much sooner than anticipated."

"..."

"If you set the customer base as mainly the Overgeared members, you can make a big contribution to the power of your allies and increase your skill level and stats."

"..."

No, dammit. He thought he finally overcame poverty and became rich. Now he had to do labor again? Grid's expression distorted, but Lauel didn't shrink back at all.

"You shouldn't lose your beginnings. Do labor."

"..."

"Labor... I have to do labor..."

He was on the verge of becoming a king, yet he had to do hard labor again? It was uncomfortable. Of course, Grid knew it. His root was a blacksmith. It was right to do the work of a blacksmith. But he couldn't imagine how long he would have to work to earn at least 50 billion won.

'It's easy for Lauel to say.'

It took Grid two years to build his current assets. He earned some money by selling items, but most of it was revenue from broadcasts. How many years would it take to earn 50 billion won from just making items?

"Do you have a moment?"

The bustling Reinhardt. As the Overgeared members and soldiers helped the people, a man came over to the frustrated Grid. Sword Saint Kraugel.

Grid smiled when he saw Kraugel. "I'm sorry that I thanked you so late. You saved my colleagues... In particular, Piaro was in great danger. Thank you for helping with the raid."

Kraugel shook his head. "No, if I hadn't come in the first place, then the Overgeared members could've retreated safely. They missed the opportunity to retreat while waiting for me and were in danger because of it. I'm the one who is sorry."

"...It's unusual."

Kraugel was always the best. He was called the sky above the sky and was an absolute person revered around the world. But he wasn't arrogant. He was always respectful to Grid.

'Someday, I want to be like you.'

Kraugel didn't know Grid's mind.

He asked Grid. "I was convinced when I saw you use the same skill twice in a row against Belial. Did you gain God's Command?"

"...!"

Grid was startled. In addition to domain and ruling power, it was classified as one of the three major offensive passives. Kraugel knew the existence of Grid's skill beforehand?

"How do you know about God's Command?"

"I have also progressed in the 7 malignant episodes. I have gained knowledge about the three offensive passives, the three defensive passives, and the corrupt passive."

"Eh? 7 malignant episodes? What is that?"

"..."

Kraugel's eyes cramped. He was speechless for a moment before asking.

"Don't tell me you obtained God's Command without going through the seven malignant episodes?"

"So? What is the 7 malignant episodes?"

"..."

Kraugel thought it was absurd. Grid had obtained God's Command as a result of coincidences and unpredictable events overlapping.

'...It's said that a hero is created by the times, not by themselves.'

It would be correct to say that this era chose Grid as a hero. This truly was his rival.

Kraugel felt admiration and trepidation. He barely managed to control his expression as he briefly explained.

"The 7 malignant episodes is an old story about seven wicked people chosen by the gods who became corrupted. As you progress through the episodes, you will gain clues about the strongest passive skills that those seven people possessed. I haven't gotten the skill I was aiming for because it's too tricky... I'm certain that Agnus and Ares have acquired the skill they desired by now."

"Agnus... Ares..."

Grid's eyes sharpened. He heard how great Agnus and Ares were every time someone spoke about them.

"Everyone appreciates Agnus and Ares. Are they strong enough to make you conscious of them?"

Kraugel was Grid's only rival. Grid unconsciously thought this, so he couldn't help having a strange rivalry with Agnus and Ares. Kraugel didn't know his mind and nodded.

"I think their potential won't be suppressed by you. I would advise you not to associate with them if you have any choice."

"Why?"

Was Kraugel worried Grid would be beaten by them? Kraugel explained to the frustrated Grid.

"Agnus is completely warped. If he learns more about you, he's likely to become highly obsessed with you."

Agnus was an unhappy person. Like Grid, he lived the worst life before encountering Satisfy. Grid overcame his adverse fate by pioneering a positive direction in life. On the other hand, Agnus was still obsessed with the past and exploited his power.

"You can see him as an evil spirit. He will never understand you. He will thoroughly deny you, who walks a completely different path."

"..."

"On the other hand, Ares is a person with no shadow. He is a sun like you are now. Due to this, he's strong. He has drawn many strong people to his side. If you become hostile to him..."

Kraugel was convinced that even the Overgeared Guild would find it difficult. But he didn't speak these thoughts. He thought it would pierce Grid's pride.

"...Well, this is just my advice. The choice is yours."

He had wasted too much time. It was time to eat with his mother.

Grid stopped Kraugel who was trying to leave. He stared at Kraugel with eyes as deep as a lake and asked.

"I will ask bluntly. Are Agnus and Ares stronger than you?"

"For now."

"This means that in the end, you will become the best again?"

"...I will make that happen."

"Then I understand. Kraugel, I will only look at you. Agnus? Ares? Nonsense. I don't care about them. So put aside your worries. If you have a hard time, then you can contact your older brother at any time."

"Older brother?"

"Me."

"You're crazy. I'm two years older than you."

Kraugel responded before leaving.

Like the wind, Kraugel left without any fuss. Like the sea, Grid stayed in place.

Both of them cheered each other on in their hearts. Later on, he would be the best.

Jishuka, the impressive beauty with provocative eyes. She was convinced by Lauel's plan to make Grid pay the 60 million gold alone.

"It's a good idea. There might be a seed of discord someday if you share the stakes with the guild members.

The problem was that Grid didn't have 60 million gold. However, this was easily solved by Jishuka.

"Isn't it sufficient if I pay 60 million gold for the Red Phoenix Bow? Right?"

"Cough! Cough!"

Lauel hadn't confirmed the details of the Red Phoenix Bow yet. What item would have its value set at 60 million gold?

Jishuka laughed at the suffering Lauel.

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"No, what item is worth 60 million gold? Isn't the pricing too high?"

It was unrealistic that the Red Phoenix Bow would be worth 60 million gold, even if it was a first-rate legendary item. It was a matter of common sense. Think about it. A kingdom could be built with 60 million gold. The fact that an item was 60 million gold meant the value was equivalent to a country. Wasn't this a huge exaggeration?

'The items made by Grid are great, but it's hard to compare them to the value of a country. They are more comparable to cities.'

Yes, Lauel also praised Grid. He saw the value of Grid's items and thought the best ones were equivalent to a city. It was believed that people who were covered with Grid's items could display a value on a national level. However, Lauel couldn't recognize that a single item as being worth a kingdom.

"Jishuka, I know you want to pay more than necessary to help Grid, but..."

Lael had been away from Jishuka in the war. He couldn't obtain all the information in real time and didn't know the true details of the Red Phoenix Bow.

"Don't exaggerate, no matter how much you like Grid."

"See it for yourself."

Jishuka shared the information of the Red Phoenix Bow with Lael, who never imagined that it would be a myth rated item. At the same time, Lael closed his mouth.

"...????"

Lael's eyes started to roll around. He looked like an unnatural doll as he confirmed the information of the Red Phoenix Bow.

"...Heok."

Lael only had question marks and he suddenly took a breath. He lost his soul thanks to the unrealistic stats of the myth rated Red Phoenix Bow and Jishuka asked him.

"How is it? Isn't 60 million gold good?"

"Huh? What?" Lael regained his spirit. "If you buy such a monstrous item for only 60 million gold, you have no conscience!"

It was a huge transformation. Jishuka laughed at Lael, who called her a thief, and shrugged.

"I don't intend to be a thief. 60 million gold is just a down payment. The rest will be paid off for the rest of my life."

Jishuka. A high ranker popular throughout the world for her beauty, charisma, and excellent gaming skills. One of the wealthiest young people in South America, she fell into a debt in front of Grid. This was the power of items.

Lael's body trembled.

"The true value of Grid..."

The uniqueness of his class couldn't be fully measured, even with Lael's infinite insight. Lael couldn't even count how many times he had been surprised now. Lael was touched to tears. He watched the sunset and uttered improvised words.

"Ahh, Grid is a descended god and I'm a feeble angel in front of him..."

Lael started laughing. The Overgeared members around him watched him.

"Did he lose his mind after the kingdom is set up?"

"I guess so."

"He will wield the most power after the king, right? Is it okay for him to be so crazy?"

"It will work out somehow. He has done well so far. Is there any reason for us to worry now?"

"Stop talking and go stop Nyangmong."

The wild cats and dogs started gathering in the central square of Reinhardt due to the whistle Nyangmong was blowing. People were scared, so they had to stop him.

In addition, there was other work.

"On the way, can you tell Jude to get dressed? I heard a complaint about his nakedness from the walls repair site."

"There are complaints that Vantner is threatening to make anyone who doesn't surrender bald. Shouldn't we stop him first?"

"Eh, what? We're so busy. Where did Regas disappear to?"

"He has applied for a duel with Piaro."

"What? In this situation? Why did you just watch when you could stop it?"

"...?"

"Okay, okay."

"It's sensitive."

'There is no one normal except for me,' every member of Overgeared thought.

"Yes, let's not lose sight of my foundations."

Grid looked at the back of the distant Kraugel.

'I am still weak.'

He had been too excited after the Belial raid. He had relaxed like he was already the strongest. But what was the reality? Belial was the 32nd demon. It meant there were 31 monsters stronger than her. Not only that. There was vampire duke Marie Rose and enemies all over the continent. Grid didn't have just one or two mountains to cross.

In this situation, he forgot his duty as a blacksmith? Crazy. Grid had to bear it in mind at all times. The fact that he was a blacksmith. He would work in the smithy, raise his stats, make good items, and become overgeared. There was always something to do.

'Labor isn't something to be avoided. It's my foundation.'

This wouldn't change even if he became a king.

So.

"Let's start production."

Grid suppressed the excitement from winning the war and succeeding in the great demon raid. Was he moving towards a gorgeous and ornate palace? No, it was a smithy.

'As Lauel said, let's stay in the smithy for a while. My role hasn't changed, even if I become a king.'

Grid's heart burned with motivation! A man and a woman approached him as he was pulling out a hammer for production.

"Hello."

It was Pope Damian of the Rebecca Church.

"Hello."

The beauty with platinum hair was a Rebecca's Daughter, Isabel. Grid was full of gratitude for them who ran to help Overgeared.

"It has been a while. I'm glad..."

Grid smiled brightly before his face distorted. Isabel's pale complexion was the cause.

'The impact of White Transformation...'

Isabel. A woman who was raised in the church with a weapon. Grid felt saddened when he saw her take up Lifael's Spear in order to protect the world. Unlike other people, she couldn't enjoy her youth. She struggled while exhausting her vitality.

"Looking around Reinhardt, there's only one Rebecca Temple. It's big enough and the location is good. Out of personal greed, I want to build two more temples here. The more temples there are, the more priests and paladins that can be placed here. How about it? Will you allow me?"

Damian watched Grid and made a suggestion.

Grid couldn't refuse.

"I'm very thankful. But is it okay? No matter how big Reinhardt is, I don't think the Vatican will allow three temples in one city. Strictly speaking, isn't it a waste of personnel from the Rebecca Church's position?"

"Huhut, there is no need to worry. Due to succeeding in the great demon raid, my position in the church has become solid. The Vatican also has a good impression of Grid and Overgeared for raiding the great demon. There won't be a big backlash if I increase the number of temples in Reinhardt."

"It's happy news."

As healers in Satisfy, the value of Rebecca's priests were tremendous. It was an extraordinary privilege to be able to raise priests simultaneously at three temples. Grid imagined it. A healing vending machine... No, a healers division of Overgeared!

'It is wise.'

If the vampire city expedition team consisted of Overgeared members + healers, they would become an immortal corps.

'I have to make the soldiers' armor as strong as possible!'

Grid asked Damian. "The Rebecca Church will pay for the construction of the temples right?"

"Huh?"

Damian was very embarrassed. He didn't expect to be asked this question!

"The kings or lords across the continent want to have a Rebecca temple. Not only do they provide the cost of building the temple themselves, they even send a gift of gratitude to the church."

In other words, the Rebecca Church's response wouldn't be good if Grid asked them to take on the cost of building the temple. Grid was asking them to take on the cost of building three temples in one city? It was likely to cause a backlash among the senior priests. But there was nothing wrong with Grid's logic.

"Doesn't the Rebecca Church own the temples built in the city? I am providing the land for the temple for free. Isn't it right that the Vatican pays for the construction cost?"

"...I will try to push it."

His position raised by the Belial raid might fall down again. Damian was mourning while Grid started to closely observe Isabel. Isabel's white face gradually heated up.

"Why are you staring at me?"

It was shortly after White Transformation was used. Isabel knew that she currently looked unhealthy. Therefore, Grid's gaze was burdensome.

Grid gazed at her steadily and grabbed her wrist.

"Ah..."

Isabel's eyes widened and she shook like a rabbit. An unknown pleasure spread throughout her body as Grid suggested.

"Can you leave Lifael's Spear to me?"

Grid's blacksmithing ability had greatly improved while making the myth rated item. In addition, Grid had a perfect understanding of Lifael's Spear. At the time of the pope election episode in the past, he raised his understanding of Lifael's Spear to 100%.

"Let me look at Lifael's Spear. I will make it powerful without putting a burden on the user."

Grid was confident. Now that he made a myth rated item and upgraded his blacksmithing skill, Grid was convinced that he could reconstruct Lifael's Spear more completely.

"I hope that you and Damian will no longer suffer."

They were already special friends. He wanted to help those who already helped him a few times. He wanted them to be happy together for a long time. Grid conveyed his heart to Damian and Isabel. Isabel was thankful to Grid, while the sensitive Damian was already crying.

"Grid-sama!!"

“What would you like to do?”

The Overgeared members and soldiers running around Reinhardt. They were full of energy as they tried to restore the damage caused by the war. Just watching it would make a person feel good. Chris watched the scene quietly and spoke to his Seven Captains.

"What do you want to do?"

“...”

“Tell me honestly.”

Once Chris asked again, the oldest of the Seven Captains, Zirkan, came forward. He was Chris’ swordsmanship teacher and was once first ranked on the swordsman ranking, despite being nearly 70 years old. He had strong loyalty to Chris and was the person Chris most trusted in the Giant Guild.

"Let’s enter Overgeared.”

“Why?”

“I believe that you would know it best. Grid has done great things and it’s better to join him than compete with him. If you’re with him, I believe you can accomplish a breakthrough.”

Chris didn’t deny it.

"His vessel is large enough to hold my vessel.”

Chris decided to forsake the noble title of Eternal, which was now meaningless. The moment King Aslan died, his guild window showed a hidden quest called ‘Anti-Grid Nobles Alliance.’

"We will go hunting.”

Chris pledged to give Grid the heads of the Eternal nobles as a gift to join Overgeared.

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Grid was able to build up knowledge with his experience of making the myth rated Red Phoenix Bow. In order to make myth rated items, special materials containing a god’s power were required. For example, the Red Phoenix Breath.

‘Lifael’s Spear will contain a material associated with Goddess Rebecca.’

Grid hadn’t seen it in the past, but he believed he could now that his blacksmithing ability rose sharply.

‘Once I figure out and understand the material of Lifael’s Spear, I will be able to remodel it.’

The confident Grid started to disassemble Lifael’s Spear. He removed the decorative fleece hanging from the front part of the spear, then separated all the parts of the spears in order. It was quick and delicate without damaging any of the connecting parts.

The blacksmiths of Reinhardt were impressed by the sight.

‘It’s like a hand touching the skin of a woman. Extraordinarily delicate.’

'But it's quick with no mistakes.'

'Truly Pagma's Descendent... It isn't an exaggeration that he's one of the best blacksmiths in existence.'

'I don't think any dwarf blacksmiths are a match for him unless they are a dwarf lord.'

The blacksmiths watching Grid were fascinated. As their new king who was the supreme authority in this field, they had high expectations. The new kingdom would surely be a world of blacksmiths. The blacksmiths were delighted as they imagined it.

'Maybe I will have an opportunity to learn from him directly?'

'Will he hold a blacksmithing competition?'

'Reinhardt will be the shrine of blacksmiths.'

The blacksmith's expectations were heightened as the atmosphere of the smithy increased. But Grid wasn't affected. He continued his work without losing focus, as if he was in a world alone.

Damian and Isabel watched him silently. The divine artifact of the Rebecca Church. Grid broke it down into several pieces and even melted it in the fire, but they weren't nervous at all. It was because they believed in Grid. Unfortunately, their belief wasn't paid back as Grid's expression gradually changed.

'I don't know.'

He had completely disassembled Lifael's Spear. Grid was troubled as he looked at the materials he melted without any loss. He couldn't find the aura of Goddess Rebecca from any of the materials.

'It's the same as what I saw before. The spear is made of pure adamantium. It's the same for the secondary part of the spear.'

Did the goddess' blessing dwell in the adamantium itself? He used the Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal on every part of the spear and then the adamantium itself but...

'It's just plain adamantium.'

The goddess' blessing didn't dwell anywhere in Lifael's Spear.

'What on earth is going on? Can there be a myth rated weapon that doesn't use any divine material?'

Grid was confused. As he was feeling puzzled, he suddenly thought of a hypothesis.

'This... Is it a weapon made by a god?'

This could be the reason why Lifael's Spear was a myth-rated weapon, despite not using the materials of a god. Was it because a god made the weapon?

'If a blacksmith god exists, wouldn't they make a myth rated weapon?'

It was the worst. If this hypothesis was true, Grid wouldn't be able to reconstruct Lifael's Spear. It was virtually impossible to reconstruct a myth rated weapon with pure ability if he couldn't rely on the materials. Just like how he couldn't create a myth rated Red Phoenix Bow without the Red Phoenix Breath.

'Shit.'

Was it impossible to give Isabel freedom? He wanted to deny it.

Grid asked Damian and Isabel, "Do you know who made this spear?"

"I don't know."

"I have no idea."

"Do you know anything about the birth of the spear?"

"Yes. There was a legend that a long time ago, the first pope was given the divine artifacts by Goddess Rebecca."

"Goddess Rebecca directly..."

Legends weren't always fanciful. Maybe it was the true history.

It was just like the legends of Pagma and Braham.

'The weapon that Goddess Rebecca handed down directly. This means it was born in the divine realm... It also means that a god probably created it.'

It wasn't the 'aura' of a god but the 'technology' of a god. It wasn't something that he could remodel.

"..."

Grid bowed. He felt guilty for raising Isabel and Damian's hopes. He was angry at his own incompetence. He could still push ahead with the reconstruction. But it was dangerous. He could destroy the functionality of Lifael's Spear. In the end, Grid chose to give up. Lifael's Spear was disassembled. He first restored the appearance of the spear completely before attaching the decorative fleece hanging near the front part of the spear.

It was a fluffy white bundle that reminded him of a dandelion flower.

'Eh?'

Grid stopped as he was hanging it onto the spear. Then he realized he overlooked one fact.

'...Is this fluffy thing part of the spear?'

The white fluff had been present since the first time he saw Lifael's Spear. So far, he treated it as a simple ornament that Isabel hung on it...

'That isn't the case.'

Would Isabel hang a personal ornament on the divine artifact that Goddess Rebecca gave her? The chances were very slim now that he thought about it. For Isabel, Goddess Rebecca was a noble and sacred being. She wouldn't do something like that. She wouldn't dirty the divine artifact that she had been given.

"Isabel, you didn't hang up this fluffy ornament right? Was it originally on the spear?"

“Yes, that’s right.”

He determined the right answer. Grid laughed as the darkness on his face blew away. Then he used a skill.

“Legendary Blacksmith’s Appraisal.”

The target was the fluff.

Ttiring~

[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.]

[Fluffy Bundle]

An ornament hanging on Lifael’s Spear.

A pretty white fluff.

Weight: 0

[!!!!!!!!!!]

[You have discovered a hidden feature in the item!]

[The information about the target item has been updated.]

[Goddess’ Fluffy Hair]

Fine hair belonging to Rebecca, goddess of light.

It has long fallen away from the goddess, but still contains a strong divine power.

It destroys evil and humans can’t bear this divine power.

Depending on the use, it might become a drug or a poison.

Weight: 0

“Wow...”

This cotton-like bundle was the goddess’ hair?

‘Now it looks like fur.’

He took a closer look at the thin bundle of hair. Every strand was thin and transparent. Goddess Rebecca’s appearance popped into Grid’s mind.

‘She is a great beauty when looking at the statues and portraits... It’s true that beauties have soft and downy hair.’

In any case, it wasn’t important.

Grid finished thinking and said to Damian and Isabel.

"Believe in me."

A terrible spear that required the user's vitality to use. Grid was determined to change this spear into an item worthy of the goddess of light. In order to do that, he needed someone's help. It was Saintess Ruby.

-Sehee, what are you doing?

-I'm comforting the families of those sacrificed to summon the great demon.

A Saintess had an obligation to do good deed every day. If she didn't do this, she would be deprived of her qualifications as a Saintess. Sehee was always volunteering inside the game.

-I will share my location so please come and help me. I need your strength.

Ruby acquired a special reward for destroying the great demon's soul in the raid. Grid had very big hopes for her.

"This is Reidan."

"Agricultural has developed to this unbelievable extent in a desert city? Everywhere is green."

"Bah, it's thanks to that crazy farmer."

Blood Carnival. Known as the worst PK group, they had a grudge against Grid and Overgeared. In particular, the White and Black sisters had a great hatred for Grid. Not only did the invasion of Siren fail because of Grid, Black even lost the best accessory, the Ring of Absurdity, thanks to him.

They were looking for a chance to get revenge on Grid and watched the war between Overgeared and the Eternal Kingdom. They gathered all their intelligence and realized that Reidan was almost completely empty of Overgeared members.

Reidan. It was the home of Overgeared, and Grid's wife Irene was believed to be staying here. White, who was on the same grade as Grid and Kraugel, smiled.

"I will take away everything Grid has."

Unlike her sister White, who was a brilliant beauty, the skinny and gloomy Black nodded.

"Yes, we will make him feel a much bigger pain than what we felt."

The intelligence network of the Blood Carnival was the best. Due to their nature, quick information gathering was essential. Blood Carnival had a lot of forces that they traded information with every day. Thanks to that, Black and White were currently aware of Reidan's strength.

'The top powers of Overgeared, including the mad farmer, are scattered all over the battlefields.'

'Reidan only has 1,000 soldiers around level 100 guarding it.'

There was no existence that could stop the two of them. The White and Black sisters had faith in their skills. They wouldn't have been so humiliated by Grid and the Overgeared members during the Siren invasion if they had been together.

"Grid...! I will make you shed blood and tears!"

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The desert shook as Black and White started to run. Reidan, or to be precise, Irene, would soon face a crisis.

Chapter 584

"What? The king has been killed?"

[King Aslan's death has become known and the navy is in turmoil!]

[The power of Eternal's navy has gone down. Skills and spells are no longer available.]

[Eternal's navy has retreated!]

"Pant... Pant..."

Cork Island. Peak Sword struggled against the navy with the help of Soldier, who he met during his mining activities. They had been in a big crisis after half the island was taken by the navy, so Peak Sword sighed with relief.

"Lael... God Grid. You did it."

The ending of the war was much faster than planned. Thanks to that, they could keep Cork Island. Against what everyone thought, they protected Cork Island with their Korean hands.

"Waaahhhhhhh!"

"We did it! We did it!!"

The Silver Knights and the soldiers of Cork Island shed tears of joy. Their bodies and minds were exhausted from the war that lasted several days, but they enjoyed the pleasure of this moment. Peak Sword praised them.

"Everyone has suffered. You all fought well like God Grid."

It was time to go back to Grid.

"Let's go to God Grid. We will bless our master who will soon come to the throne."

Grid would once again improve the reputation of South Korea. As the president of the Korean Patriotic Society, Peak Sword was more proud than anyone else.

'I'm happy to be able to serve God Grid.'

A smile appeared on Peak Sword's face. It was a comforting smile that made the person who saw it feel warm. Unfortunately, the smile didn't last long. A shadow suddenly appeared behind Peak Sword. The ID above the shadow that emerged from the ground was Tarma.

An assassin of the dark gamers group, Blood Carnival! He whispered in a voice filled with spite after being horribly humiliated by Grid in the National Competition and the Siren invasion.

“The world has many giants. Do you think that Satisfy is a world just for Overgeared?”

“You...!”

Peak Sword turned his head while placing a hand on his sheath.

Puok!

“...!”

Tarma’s yellow dagger stabbed Peak Sword’s heart.

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

Tarma was strong. Grid acknowledged his skills despite easily winning over him. It would be dangerous if Tarma could hunt in an environment where he could attempt an assassination. It was virtually impossible for Peak Sword to defend against the surprise attack after suffering from the war. In particular, Peak Sword revealed a large gap while enjoying the victory.

“Ugh...!”

Puok!Puk.Puk puk!

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have died.]

[33.1% experience has been lost.]

[Your level has dropped.]

[10 of your most recently invested points will be lost.]

[The item Peak Sword’s Sheath has dropped.]

The yellow dagger continuously pierced Peak Sword who turned to grey. It occurred in an instant.

“Peak Sword!”

The members of Overgeared belatedly became aware of the situation and fell into chaos. A smile appeared on Tarma’s face.

“Devastate Cork Island. Trample on everything and remove all traces of Overgeared!”

He would deny everything they had built! The moment that Tarma shouted loudly.

Pak!

Pa pa pa pa pak!

The assassins, who had infiltrated the island while Overgeared were concentrating on the war against the navy, started to run to the city in the middle of the island. The Overgeared tried to stop them, but

Tarma couldn't be stopped by them. The Silver Knights members of Overgeared didn't yet have the skills to deal with high rankers and were completely fooled by Tarma.

"Overgeared! I will plague you for the rest of my life!"

There were at least two billion users in Satisfy. The intertwining interest and rampant causes didn't make it easy. There was always something to lose. This logic pressed on Grid and Overgeared.

"Kuk! Kukukuk! Kuhahahahahat!"

The fortified city of Borneo.

Katz burst out laughing on the walls. The Gauss users lost sight of their goal due to being blinded by money. They felt joyous every time Seuron screamed.

"...Really amazing."

Yes, it was great to watch the power of money. It would never betray him. It always brought him new fun. This was the world.

"Money is the best."

Only a rich person could say such words! The Gauss troops under the wall made demands.

"Seuron is dead!"

"Now give us the promised reward!"

"I hit Seuron 10 times!"

"I put a hole in Seuron!"

Money! Money! Money!

The users on the ground reached out to Katz. They were worried Katz would forget his words and wanted the reward quickly. Katz looked warmly at those who became puppets before money.

"Okay. I will give you the reward I promised."

"Ohh!"

He would keep his honor as the son of Japan's greatest conglomerate. The Gauss players' eyes shone in anticipation of the promised reward. Katz gave them an email address.

"This is my secretary's email address. Send the video of your attack on Seuron and your account number. The promised amount will arrive immediately after it is confirmed."

"...?"

The hundreds and thousands of Gauss users froze in an instant. They were confused when Katz asked for the video. Katz gave them a baffled look.

"What's with this reaction? Is there anything wrong with my demands?"

No, nothing was wrong. Katz had an obligation to clearly know who had hit Seuron and how many times they did it. A recorded video was definite proof. He had an obligation to check their videos to give them the promised reward. Most of the Gauss players had overlooked this.

Someone shouted loudly.

"There's a limit to the capsule memory! Anyone who would record a video of the battlefield is crazy!"

"That's right! How can we record a video on a battlefield where thousands of people are struggling and all types of skill effects are overflowing? The video will be too big to be stored in the capsule!"

"Hah?"

Katz frowned.

"What's your point? Do you want me to individually check and remember each person who hit Seuron and how many times they did it?"

"T-That...!"

The Gauss users realized it simultaneously. It was impossible for them to receive compensation from the beginning.

"T...This wicked Japanese person!"

"Dammit! It would've turned out this way from the beginning!"

"You just used us!"

The Gauss users showed their hatred in unison. The Overgeared soldiers gulped as there were signs the war would start again. But Katz didn't shrink back. He just made a surprised expression.

"I can't understand why you are blaming me. If you used the diamond capsule of the Comet Group in the first place, then you wouldn't be lacking video recording capacity."

"...?"

"You can't record a video because you used a cheap capsule. Then isn't it your fault that you can't submit the evidence for the reward? Why blame others, when you should be lamenting your own lacking power?"

"..."

That's right. Katz had no intention of deceiving the Gauss users. He planned to give them the promised rewards. His pride was so high that he could pay this much money to ordinary people. Katz just didn't understand the position of ordinary people.

"No matter how I think about it, I don't understand. Why aren't you using a diamond capsule? Didn't Grid advertise it in the National Competition? It's better to use this capsule."

"..."

How could a commoner use a capsule that was worth 1.32 million won?

“Damn rich people...”

“A bad person.”

The Gauss users no longer had the heart to argue with Katz. The commander of the Gauss army cried out.

“Retreat! Full retreat!”

The news of King Aslan’s death was transmitted to the Gauss Kingdom. Since Reinhardt was occupied, it was unknown when Overgeared would send reinforcements here. Thus, the Gauss army was forced to retreat. Katz shrugged as he watched the Gauss army retreating.

“Anyway, the mission is complete.”

Borneo. It was protected with only 2,000 troops. This was a result that Lael didn’t expect due to the power of money.

Money was the best. Katz once again realized it. Therefore, he thought that Grid’s items that couldn’t be bought with money were greater.

The spacious fields of Reidan.

Today, the farmers were working. The farmers maintained the attitude taught by Piaro and kept farming. Their origin varied. There were the people from Reidan, the minority that Piaro brought from the Altes Mountains (in fact, they were Prince Ren’s people), and the players who visited Reidan and were caught by Piaro. Unlike ordinary farmers, they had tempered bodies and unusual eyes.

“Huh? What’s that?”

The farmers wielding their farming equipment concentrated their attention on one spot simultaneously. Beyond this green orchard, a sandstorm was approaching from the desert. An artificial sand storm. It was like hundreds of horses were moving. The eyes of the farmers changed sharply.

"Be alert."

Most of them were soldiers who had been on a battlefield. They had to keep their fields and cities. The farmers raised their alertness at the approach of unidentified people, while the sandstorm came closer.

“I can’t believe a city is in the middle of the desert.”

"How can there be such vast fields?"

The sandstorm wasn’t caused by hundreds of horses. Surprisingly, they were two women. There was a white-haired woman with a sensual body and a black-haired woman with a dismal atmosphere.

The Black and White sisters.

The farmers holding farming equipment were looking at them but they didn’t care. They didn’t pay any attention at all. They just thought of the farmers as ordinary villagers. They would’ve been wary if the

crazy farmer who appeared in Siren was in Reidan, but they received information that the crazy farmer was in Reinhardt. The Black and White sisters were overflowing with confidence.

“Let’s go.”

White ignored the farmers and walked ahead, followed by Black.

Step, step.

The two women walked across the fields. They carefully observed the walls of Reidan.

‘There are only a few guards.’

‘It’s deadly quiet.’

This was really amazing timing for a surprise attack. The base of Overgeared was empty. They would completely devastate the work of Overgeared and get rid of Grid’s precious wife. White and Black established the perfect revenge plan.

“...?”

Hesitation.

Black and White were moving with a smile when they stopped. Then they looked around with sharp eyes. They sensed a strange atmosphere.

Suuk.

Sususuk.

The farmers scattered throughout the fields. Every farmer holding a dirt covered farming tool in their hands was approaching quietly but quickly. As the distance got closer, they took off their clothes, revealing armor or robes. They put away their farming equipment and armed themselves with spears or blades.

White and Black shook.

“A trap...!”

Their surprise attack was predicted and planned for? Grid’s foresight was mysterious!

“This isn’t normal...!”

White acknowledged Grid while taking a battle posture.

At the same time, in Reidan.

“Young lord, it is time to visit the field.”

They were the Rebecca’s Daughters candidates. In addition to their natural talent, the 200 young girls became elites through training.

“Ohh.”

Lord’s cheeks swelled up like a balloon.

It was fun to play assassins from Kasim, interesting to recreate the sword techniques learned from Uncle Kraugel, fun to train the divine power awakened thanks to Damian, and it was interesting to study with Sticks. However, he had no interest in field work.

Whenever he farmed in the postures taught by Piaro, the muscles of his body were sore.

"I want to go to the smithy."

Most of his study topics were fun, but the best thing was to raise his proficiency in blacksmithing. Indeed, Lord was Grid's son. He had an aptitude with blacksmithing. Lord grumbled but the girls were determined.

"No. There's a fixed time for all your study topics."

"That's right. There will be a much bigger effect if you study according to the timetable that Sticks set."

"Che."

Lord's cheeks became more puffed up. He looked sulky. Whenever this happened, he would be hugged or given a knee as a pillow. Lord looked so cute that the girls wanted to hold Lord in their arms.

"Stop grumbling." A voice was heard from the darkness. "You will soon be a prince. From now on, you have to maintain your dignity. Go to the rice fields."

It was Kasim, king of shadows. In the end.

"Waaaaaaah~~!"

Lord screamed as he was caught by the girls and carried to the fields. A young child who was having a hard day with his early education. Before he knew it, the four year old who was the best genius of the West Continent was going to be revealed.

It was the precursor of a new historical wave.

Chapter 585

'Grid...!'

Their attack was anticipated ahead of time and a trap was laid? It was even in the rice fields!

'Bullshit!'

Unless it was a particular season, the fields wouldn't be a target. The crops that hadn't grown significantly made the fields completely open, meaning it was hard to lay a trap or ambush. Therefore, the sisters were caught off guard. They never expected there would be a trap on the fields.

'Soldiers and guild members are disguised as farmers!'

It was surprising that soldiers were disguised as farmers and waiting for them. They sacrificed their time to carry out the orders of Grid. They had to stay in the fields without doing any work. It showed Overgeared's loyalty to Grid.

'He did it properly.'

White was convinced. Grid was an absolute ruler and genius before he was a blacksmith, overgeared person, or high ranker. It was dubious but now she was certain. It wasn't a coincidence that Blood Carnival collided with Overgeared in Siren!

'Since then, we have been dancing on Grid's hand!'

It was clear from the beginning that Grid had been plotting against Blood Carnival and then made plans to keep Blood Carnival in check. Indeed, an amazing man.

Males. A simple-minded existence that only cared about appearance. The day had come when she would acknowledge such a disgusting presence? Her pride was bruised as she looked at her little sister Black.

"Don't shrink back. No one is a match for us. We will shatter Reidan as planned."

It wasn't a bluff. White's confidence was still perfect. She had never been defeated in battle when she joined forces with her sister, Black.

"Yes, Sister. Let's fight."

They couldn't be hit by Grid again. They were still furious at the Ring of Absurdity being taken away. Black's grudge against Grid was unbearably large.

'Grid, I will take all your precious things.'

Black swallowed down the poison in his heart. The ability of an Illusionist had the ability to turn illusions into reality.

Susuk.

Sususuk.

The fields where the farmers of Reidan were working...

Hwaruruk!

It changed into a sea of fire. The illusion building ability of an Illusionist, which many people assumed with a legendary class, was no different from reality.

"Kuaaaaak!"

The farmers suffered burn damage from the fire that suddenly appeared.

"Ugh! W-What is this?"

The fields that gave peace and a feeling of rest to them was covered with flames? The angry farmers became confused and in the midst of their struggle, Black created a clone of herself. She made a beauty with a sensual body and brought it into reality. Then she equipped the clone with magic items and hid in the rear. It was the emergence of a fire magician that specialized in mass destruction.

"Fire Spear!"

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The strength of a user that even Euphemina found difficult to handle swept away the farmers of Reidan. The number of spells used was very low compared to when she had the Ring of Absurdity, but the opponents were too weak for her to feel any regret.

The storm of flames turned dozens of farmers into ashes.

“As expected from my sister!”

White smiled widely as she saw Black’s activities. The fat she burned while running to Reidan was slowly recovering. White chewed on a large piece of meat to speed up her fat recovery and became fat again. Then she swung her fists at the farmers.

Kwaaaang!

“Keok!”

The farmers White thought of as Overgeared members were actually users. In other words, the users caught by Piaro and acted as farmers were in great shock. The users were powerful enough to break through the desert and reach Reidan. They were at least level 200. But they were like specks of dust in front of the unidentified women.

‘What are their identities?’

‘How strong are they?’

A shield blocked White’s fist and the holder was thrown back 80 meters. White leapt towards the tanker whose shield was distorted. She used her bloated belly to attack.

Peeeeeeong!

"Hup...!"

The farmer crushed by White’s belly rolled around and was swallowed up by flames. Silence fell as the user turned to grey. The Black and White sisters. The absolute strength of the unofficial rankers overwhelmed Reidan’s farmers and filled them with despair.

“Shit... Why do we have to suffer like this?”

The users started to lament. They didn’t have a relationship with Overgeared, so why should they sacrifice themselves to protect Reidan? They grumbled about the situation. They were reprimanded by other users.

"Don’t forget everything you have received from Piaro’s hidden quests. You should at least reciprocate."

"Isn’t your pride hurt when you see the fields being ruined?"

"Think of the Reidan residents who bring us snacks every day. We can’t let those monsters kill them."

“...Indeed.”

The grumbling users felt a sense of solidarity. Who were they? People caught by a mad farmer and forced to become serfs? That was just the outer appearance. They were reborn as farmers. The farming

they learned from Piaro wasn't ordinary farming. Their physical abilities and skills with their weapons had greatly increased. Now was the time to prove their power.

"Let's fight together!"

"Think about Piaro's teachings! Remember the action when wielding the hand plow!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

"...!"

White's eyes became larger. She was confused that the moral of the enemies didn't decrease at all.

'Ridiculous people!'

Their courage was doubled, instead of feeling despair and frustration?

Kwaduduk!

"This is funny!"

White would rather die than be ignored. In particular, she couldn't tolerate men making fun of her. White was filled with anger and burned the fat she accumulated.

Chiik.

Chiiiiik!

A haze of heat rose from White's body and White became thinner and more beautiful. At the same time.

Peeng!

White's fist contained the burned fat as energy and attacked the farmers. It was a fist that was several times smaller than before, but the power and speed were much higher.

Kwajajajak!

"Kuock!"

"Ack!"

The farmers fell one by one as White swung her fist. It was a sharp and destructive blow that pierced their armor. The players stiffened at White's true skills and White made a satisfied expression.

"Yes, my strength deserves reverence. It isn't something for you to make fun of."

She might've been defeated by the farmer called Piaro but she was the strongest user. Kraugel? How funny. Her skills were several times higher. Basically, women were better than men! Then the voice of a child entered White's ears.

"Who is that sister?"

"Huh?"

A childlike voice was heard in the middle of a fight? White was confused and turned her eyes in the direction of the voice. Then she couldn't help smiling.

'Cute!'

'Too cute!'

There was a young boy with black hair, deep blue eyes, and white skin. The boy approaching the fields was very cute despite being male. His cheeks were soft and his eyes shone like jewels.

"What? Why is a kid in a place like this?"

White and Black had been neglected and discriminated against by men because of their appearance and body. They hated men very much, but they couldn't hate a child. They were afraid of the child being hurt and stopped attacking the farmer.

"Young Nobleman Lord~~~~"

"Why are you running away alone?"

"..."

There were 200 beautiful girls. They rushed to the young child named Lord and clung to him like they were his lovers. The faces of White and Black distorted in a frightening manner.

"A person this young is already flirting!"

"A man shouldn't do this! All men are wolves! Wolves!"

They didn't want to see it. They could see what type of man he would become once he grew older. But so what? It was worrisome to hurt a child, even if he was a NPC...

'Eh?'

'Wait?'

White and Black shivered before they belatedly realized something. The title attached to Lord.

'Young nobleman?'

That boy.

"Don't tell me... Are you Grid's child?"

Satisfy was a virtual reality game where marriage and childbirth between a player and user was possible. Lord nodded at the question, showing a ridiculous thinking ability.

"Yes, the most wonderful Duke Grid is my father."

"...!"

White and Black were filled with joy. They were happy about finding Grid's hidden treasure.

'Kill him!'

'I like this! I will make tears fall from Grid's eyes!'

Black and White looked at each other and smiled.

"So I will punish these sisters."

Lord had a cold expression that didn't fit his age and pulled something out. It was a dagger. It was as sharp as a real knife. It wasn't something that should be held by a child.

'Why is a child carrying such a scary thing?'

White and Black's question was soon resolved.

"Why do you want to hurt my father's people? You have done something bad and need to be punished."

Papat!

At that moment, Lord's daggers were thrown at the ankles of White and Black. It was the manifestation of Lantier's Methods that Lord had learned. Lord was only level 40 due to the age level limit. However, the power of a legendary skill couldn't be ignored.

"Avoid it!"

Black and White saw the power of the dagger and hurriedly moved. No, they tried to move. Suddenly, shadows rose from the ground like living creatures and grabbed their ankles. It was the shadow method passed directly from Kasim, king of shadows.

"This monster!"

White and Black no longer saw Lord as a cute little boy. He was a monster in the shape of a child.

Pahat!

They barely managed to shake off the shadow and was about to launch a counterattack when a light flashed. It was Holy Light. A divine magic spell that only applied to evil beings. It didn't do any damage to White and Black, but that wasn't Lord's intention. It temporarily obstructed their vision.

"Ugh!"

Due to the intense light, White and Black reflexively closed their eyes while Lord rushed towards them. It was the secret technique that Kraugel used during his time as a white swordsman.

"Storm Sword."

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

"...!"

The eyes of the farmers watching the battle, as well as Black and White, twitched.

Chapter 586

'What in the world is that kid?'

Lord was a child around five years old. However, his language skills were better than his age, so he must be a pretty smart kid. Yes, this was the first impression. The reality? He was a monster who couldn't just be called smart. He was a threat pretending to be a kid, who knew shadow skills, divine magic, and swordsmanship. In addition, this wasn't the usual swordsmanship. The spectacular skill effect showed that it was at least a unique rated swordsmanship.

'This monster...!'

Toddle.

Dadadadada!

Lord narrowed the distance by moving his short legs. A storm of energy emerged from his blade and aimed at White and Black. It felt as though they were looking at Kraugel's swordsmanship. White judged that it was difficult to avoid it completely and made a different choice. Magicians had low health and low defense, so they used shields. On the other hand, White increased her defense and attacked.

'How strong can a little kid be?'

In the first place, Lord's weapon was just a little baby sword. White judged that the attack would be weak, despite the splendid skill effects. She believed she would overwhelm him in a face-to-face confrontation. But the result...

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

[The sharp Storm Sword has decreased your defense!]

[The level of the target who attacked you is unreasonably low. Most of the damage has been neutralized.]

[You have suffered 2,880 damage.]

'What?'

White could change her stats based on her amount of body fat. Her basic defense was very high. As a top ranker, she had a variety of titles and even a unique rune. She had a great deal of pride in her ranking ability. However, she lost close to 3,000 health when hit by the sword of a five year old boy.

Of course, it wasn't a big blow for White to lose 3,000 health when her total health exceeded 60,000. But when looking at the notification window, the difference between Lord and White was at least 200 levels. Taking into account the level difference, it wouldn't be strange if the boy only dealt damage in the hundreds.

White was able to deduce an amazing fact.

'This monster kid, isn't the level of his skills and the stats ridiculously high compared to his level?'

There was something even more shocking.

'He even avoided my attack?'

At this moment, White doubted her eyes. Lord attacked without any delay while using excellent footwork. It resembled White Light Steps. This was the footwork that represented Kraugel in his White Swordsman days. White's fist had only hit the air.

"Kid! What's your identity!?"

The kid's iron sword looked trivial. But the sword was clearly powerful. Grid must've made it. Yes, the kid called Lord was overgeared. She was convinced up to here. But how could he use shadow techniques that only a master of shadows could acquire, and what was with the divine magic? And what about the swordsmanship and footwork that showed traces of Kraugel?

"How can he use such a splendid technique when he doesn't even have his first class yet?"

The silent Black shouted angrily. An assumption crossed her mind.

'Isn't this kid a secret weapon that Grid is intentionally raising?'

She received information that Damian and Kraugel were at the scene of the great demon raid. Based on this fact, Damian and Kraugel were obviously good friends of Grid. Did the three of them cooperate to raise a human weapon?

'The unlimited potential of named NPCs... It's theoretically possible to learn the best skills quickly if they're trained from when they are a baby.'

The most powerful human weapon would be created!

'Grid, you fearsome bastard!'

This was a game, but he was cruel for raising his own flesh and blood as a weapon. He might not shed even a drop of blood. Indeed, compared to women who had beautiful material instincts, the existence of a male was nothing but a piece of garbage.

"Yes... You're a truly miserable child. You have a trash parent and were raised as a weapon before you could even grow up."

White showed compassion towards Lord. It was unfamiliar to Lord, who had always been raised with envious or pretty eyes. Lord made a confused sound.

"Trash?"

"..."

The little boy who didn't even understand that word. It was true that Grid and Kraugel were great for raising such a skilled child, but it was also disgusting. White hated Grid and Kraugel as she aimed her fist at Lord.

"You're destined to live an unhappy life. I'd rather kill you."

Kuduk!

Kudududuk!

A thick vein of blood started to swell on White's fist. The muscles of her thin arms started growing. She turned fat into muscles.

"Peerless Mountain Seizing Strength!"

Peeng!

A power that could seize mountains and cover the world. White opened her real power.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Peerless Mountain Seizing Strength was amazing, as White's stats increased and she would deal additional damage with every punch. Black scattered the flames she created with her illusions and divided the fields in two.

Kurururung!

"Oh."

Lord fell backwards at the wave of energy. His stamina and mana were at their limits due to the skills he previously used. Lord's resources were depleted because he hadn't yet fully grown.

"From here on, we will be your opponent!"

"Lord should rest!"

The 200 girls watching the struggle between Lord and White finally moved. They equipped swords, spears, or shields to protect Lord. White thought it was ridiculous.

"It is a group of kids?"

They would fall in one blow! White was confident.

"Let's join forces!"

"Yes!"

Kaaang!

Hadn't they been training every day? The 200 girls skillfully blocked White's attack. 50 girls armed with shields blocked White's punch and her movements, while those armed with swords and spears attacked White.

'My punch was blocked?'

How could girls in their teens be so organized? White was confused. But she couldn't help feeling calm compared to when she was facing the five year old child. White didn't show any gaps as she moved quickly to avoid the attacks and counterattacked.

Kwajak!

Jjejeong!Jjeejeeong!

"Kyaak!"

The Rebecca's Daughters candidates. After hard training at the Rebecca Church's secret temple, they were educated by Piaro and became very strong. They demonstrated a high growth rate as semi-named NPCs and already exceeded the average level of 200.

But White was one of the best players. The Rebecca's Daughters candidates weren't her match yet. This was despite the numerical advantage.

"Sisters...!"

Lord cried out when he saw them fall down bleeding. He learned from his mother that he should cherish women. He learned from his father to protect all those precious to him.

"Don't harass my sisters!"

Lord shouted as he barely managed to get up. The boy had the desire to kill for the first time in his life.

At that moment.

"An assassin showing killing intent. Didn't I repeatedly tell you that you should keep your composure in a desperate situation?"

A loud voice was heard from Lord's shadow. It was Kasim's voice.

"Master!"

Lord, who had been trying to attack White, regained his composure in a flash. He shut his mouth and endured as Kasim asked him.

"What choice should you make now that you're about to lose your precious ones?"

Lord answered without hesitation. "I should ask for Master's help!"

"Correct."

Stupid stubbornness wasn't needed. This choice was reasonable. In particular, Lord was in a position of power. The power he could wield wasn't just an individual's power.

Kasim was satisfied with the answer. Sharp eyes could be seen under black robes.

"Kyaack!"

Pepeng!

Pepepepeng!

The girls couldn't withstand White's attacks and fell, only to be hit by Black's magic bombardment. White planned to instantly neutralize the girls. She would use a large-scale killing technique that required consuming a certain amount of visceral fat.

"I can't keep you alive to help Grid's future."

White smiled as she leapt high in the sky and inflated her fat. She was already familiar with slaughtering. She planned to smash all the girls in the range of her fist. But her plan couldn't be realized.

“What?”

White paled as she fell towards the ground with a bloated belly. Hundreds of black darts were created from shadows all over the ground and rushed towards her?

“Ugh...!”

It couldn't be compared to the shadows used by Lord. The confused White hurriedly returned her belly to its original state and avoided the darts. It was impossible to avoid all the darts due to the sheer number, but she was relatively safe due to the shield magic used by Black.

“What bastard...?”

Black urgently shouted towards White, who was searching the ground to find the caster of the shadow technique.

“Sister! Above you!”

“...!!!”

White heard Black's cry and raised her head. The shadow darts that were avoided. They changed to the form of a spear in the air and then fell again.

‘This is nonsense!’

It was already amazing to create hundreds of shadow darts at one time, and now the shape was changed? The attack trajectory was even reset.

‘This is impossible!’

The utilization of these shadows was different from what White knew. It was almost at the level of a scam.

‘Is it a bugged user?’

The confused White hurriedly dropped to the ground and tried to shield her body using the Rebecca's Daughters candidates. But it was wishful thinking. The shadow spear was like a guided missile. They repeatedly moved around the bodies and aimed at White.

“Sister!”

A counter had to be found quickly. Black reconstructed her clone in order to save White from the shadow spears. Due to the battle, the shattered fields were turned into a complete plains area, making it impossible for the shadow user to hide. Then White and Black saw the appearance of an unknown man. It was a tall man in deep robes.

“You!”

White and Black didn't hesitate after finding the target. They ignored the bombardment of shadow spears and attacked the robed man. But their attacks didn't hurt the man. It was because the summoned shadow soldiers completely protected the man.

"How dirty...!"

The shadow control ability was fast and perfect. It was strange. White knew only one person in the world who could handle shadows like this.

"Eh?"

White suddenly stiffened like a stone statue. It was because of the robed man's identity.

"D-Don't tell me..."

An assassin that could control all shadows in the world. Due to this great power, he earned the nickname of 'king.' Immediately after that.

"King of Shadows!"

"Kasim!!"

Why? Why was the famous King of Shadows in Reidan? The confused White's eyes were shaking like crazy.

Suuk.

Then Kasim appeared behind Black. He used the shadows to cross the distance in a flash.

Puok!

Kasim's blade stabbed Black's heart.

"Cough!"

Black made a pained expression as blood and tears poured down, but White didn't shake at all. It was because Black's true body had already infiltrated Reidan safely.

Chapter 587

Swaaaaah.

Kasim and White's eyes met as Black turned to grey. It was difficult for White to understand.

King of Shadows, Kasim. Why did the continent's strongest assassin serve Grid? She felt at a loss.

'Does he have any weaknesses?'

White was curious, but had no chance to resolve the question. It was because Kasim flew towards her.

Kakakang!

"Ugh...!"

It was like she was surrounded by hundreds of enemies. Kasim's ability to use the shadows that existed everywhere was a scam.

"...!"

White blocked the shadow knife that flew at her and then her eyes widened. Kasim moved through the shadows behind her and stabbed his knife.

'Too much!'

Chaaeng!

At the same time, White swung her fist as hard as possible at the knife. It was an exciting counterattack that failed to reach Kasim. Kasim once again moved through the shadows to avoid the attack. However, White didn't feel regret. It was sufficient that she managed to open up the distance. White gained a little bit of safety and chewed on a piece of meat. It was in order to accumulate fat.

'What is with Reidan?'

There were still monsters, despite the main force of Overgeared being away. The power of Overgeared might be more than she imagined.

'Che, I need to hold Kasim's feet until Black succeeds in assassinating Irene.'

Could she hold on? He was a named NPC who created a lot of stories throughout the continent. White's attitude was very careful as she calculated the odds of victory.

'I was level 230 when rumors of the shadow assassin started spreading.'

It meant Kasim had his third advancement class when she was still at her second advancement. White was currently level 370. Considering the experience required to level up and the growth rate of named NPCs, Kasim's level was likely to be in the mid-400s. It was fortunate that the level difference wasn't over 100.

'A level difference of 60 or so can be overcome by the titles and rune effect. It would be a different story if Kasim achieved his fourth advancement class, but it's hard to say if he has.'

The obvious problem was Kasim's shadows. A shadow assassin had a great deal of defense and utility, unlike a normal assassin. They didn't have any obvious weaknesses. White was merely a martial artist and had a lot of difficulty dealing with Kasim. But there was one hopeful fact.

'A shadow assassin has weak attack power.'

A normal assassin had a high attack power and a weak body, while a shadow assassin was very stable, but had a low attack power. Black was easily killed by Kasim because of her class characteristics and her clone was a magician.

'It's possible to hold on until Black assassinates Irene.'

White thought of this and reduced her muscle mass while increasing her fat. It was to raise her defense in exchange for lowering her attack power and agility.

Pepeng!

Pepepepeng!

White didn't collapse despite the constant onslaught from Kasim. She gritted her teeth and persisted. Kasim confirmed that the shadow dagger didn't kill White and clicked his tongue.

'Too weak. The attack power is halved.'

There was no panacea in the world. White didn't know it, but Kasim had a weakness. His skills consumed too much mana. In other words, Kasim wasn't weak just when it came to attack power. He was also weak in combat duration. It wasn't good to have a long fight with White.

But Kasim didn't rush. No, to be precise, he couldn't be in a hurry. It was because he detected the muscles hidden deep in White's flesh.

'A strong woman. She will attack the moment I show a moment of weakness.'

He needed to be careful. In the first place, there was no need to be hasty. This was his lord's territory. Everyone was an ally except for White in front of him. Kasim controlled his heart and arranged his mana. Then he started to slowly pressure White. He couldn't know that White was happy with his choice.

'Kasim, it's easier to buy time because of your wariness.'

White barely refrained from laughing. She had no doubt that good news would arrive from Black and the ideal results would be obtained.

On the other hand, Lord was watching Kasim's movements. He wanted to learn from his master's fighting and become stronger. Why? He realized he needed strength to defend his precious people. Lord's eyes shone like lanterns as he watched Kasim fight. The profile of the young child was watched by the farmers of Reidan.

'This is Grid's son...'

'Is this a super grade NPC? Isn't he enormously gifted?'

'Right... If he's already a monster, I can't imagine how great he will be afterwards.'

'...Should we stick with him?'

'Eh? There are too many talents in Overgeared and we won't stand up.'

'Let's not join Overgeared. We should just serve Lord. Look at the future. If we serve Lord, who will become a big character later on, won't we be famous as well?'

'Oh, that's a good idea?'

The supreme continental talent that captivated even a user's mind. They would become Lord's support in the future. They would emerge in the world and build up an independent power. It was the birth of the special Overgeared unit.

[The summoned illusion has been damaged and has vanished.]

[20% experience has been lost.]

"Che."

The performance of the Illusionist that made illusions real was so great it could be called OP. Of course, there were also penalties. A small amount of experience was consumed every time an illusion was made and a large amount of experience was lost when it was destroyed by the enemy. In addition, the ability of the Illusionist fell significantly. It was a class with an obvious limit to levelling.

'I can't dream about reaching level 400.'

Black checked her experience gauge that had fallen sharply. She had currently succeeded in entering Reidan. Most of the troops were deployed elsewhere, leaving Reidan empty and with poor security. It was very difficult for the guards to find Black, who had an illusion around her.

'Where is Irene's bedroom?'

Black was frustrated as she moved through the castle as secretly as possible. She was worried about how long her sister White could last against the monster called Kasim.

'Eh?'

Black was trying to find Irene quickly when her face turned red. It was because she found a silver-haired woman in the garden of the outdoor terrace.

"...Really pretty."

The silver-haired woman was so beautiful that Black was shocked. The woman didn't raise her head from the beautiful garden full of flowers. Her name was Irene. She was the innocent beauty who was the first love of many players until she became Grid's wife.

'What a bright smile.'

A beautiful woman like her would have a different life from Black. She was always loved and enjoyed happiness.

'There are no shadows in her heart.'

Swaaah.

Wind blew through Black's hair as she stood on the terrace and looked down at Irene. Black's thin face filled with hatred.

'Does it make sense that a NPC will be happier than me?'

Kwaduduk!

Black had been abandoned at an orphanage with her sister White. She had never been loved by anyone from the moment she was born. She had been the subject of mockery and pity. Thus, she hated Irene. She couldn't accept such a radiant existence. She felt a sense of deprivation when she saw those who were full of happiness. She wanted to take away the happiness they felt.

"I'll kill her."

Kill. Kill. Kill. Black's eyes were filled with madness as she looked at Irene. She laughed like a madman as she imagined herself with shiny silver hair. It was the precursor to Illusion Manifestation.

At that moment.

"Don't infect her with your misery."

Black heard the voice of a stranger. It was a male voice. It was filled with a chill that seemed to penetrate into her bones.

"W-Who?"

Black was surprised and turned to look at the dark corridor.

Step.Step.

Footsteps came closer from the direction the voice was heard. After a moment. Black confirmed the identity of the man who appeared from the darkness.

"F-Faker? You should be in Reinhardt!"

The evaluation for Faker was very high. Despite being a normal class user, he had a clear reputation. Of course, the White and Black sisters also appreciated Faker. His control skills and ability to perfectly utilize his class characteristics were reminiscent of Kraugel.

Strictly speaking, it was an inferior version of Kraugel. If Kraugel's stats were evaluated as S grade, Faker's stats were A+. Faker was well aware of this difference. He was a top ranker, but he wasn't one of the best rankers. He believed it was a problem of talent that couldn't be overcome with effort.

But Faker now abandoned that belief. He realized it during the Belial raid. If he didn't have a bigger greed, he would keep being a non-existent person.

"Black. A sun grade player."

The same grade as Grid and Kraugel. Fighting spirit filled Faker's eyes as he gazed at Black.

"I will break my limits by beating you."

He would climb up the cliff and eventually crush the sky beside him. He had to take a leaf from Grid's book. He couldn't give up. Thus, he declared.

"I will also reach for the sky."

Chwaruruk!

Faker's robe moved, attracting Black's attention for a moment. Faker didn't miss this opening. He immediately threw a dagger while narrowing the distance with Black.

Chaaeng!

'Fast!'

Black hurriedly summoned a warrior-type clone and gulped as she blocked Faker's attack. Unlike the famous high rankers, Faker had a normal class, but his attack was surprisingly powerful.

'This is nonsense! What's with these stats?'

Faker had a lot of time while protecting his colleagues backs at the hunting ground. He did his best in his position. Standing in the shadows, he swung his sword a few thousand times in order to make sure this time wasn't in vain.

Chaaeng!

Chaeeeeeng!

Silver light shone in the darkness as Black's clone went on the defensive.

Rebirth. A legend about a normal class was being written.

Chapter 588

'Just like a flying squirrel!'

An assassin's counter class was a defensive warrior. It was a balanced warrior who could tie up the assassin's fast feet with a determined charge, reduce the assassin's strength with a high defense, and tear the assassin's weak body with appropriate attack power.

Black was convinced. Her warrior clone would be able to easily overpower Faker. However, reality wasn't that easy. Faker's impressive movements took full advantage of his class characteristics and control skills. It was too hard to hit him.

Wuuong.

Wuuong!

The sword wielded by Black's clone only swiped through empty air.

Peeng!

The warrior's dash that immediately narrowed the distance to the target and suppressed them was also useless. Faker was able to see the timing and point of arrival of the dash by looking at the warrior's preparatory movements before he used it. The warrior couldn't catch Faker because it was avoided beforehand.

'Another Kraugel?'

It was reminiscent to the movements of Kraugel, who wasn't overpowered despite fighting one versus two against Black and her sister. Black made a decision.

'First of all, the location is the problem.'

Reidan Castle's 3rd floor hallway. The dark and narrow space was like a prison for a warrior. The sword couldn't be wielded properly, halving the power and speed. The accuracy rate also dropped, as she failed to keep track of the assassin's fast movements in the darkness. It was due to the narrowness of the place that Faker could read the orbit of the charge.

On the other hand, Faker was like a fish who met water. He kicked off the walls and ceiling of the hallway, maximizing his speed and doubling the dazzling nature of his movements. He dominated this space. It was virtually impossible for the warrior's dull attacks to hit him.

'This can't continue.'

Black made a decision and ran towards the terrace. While her clone tied up Faker's feet, she planned to run to the garden to capture Irene and neutralize Faker. She overlooked one thing. This place was the middle of enemy territory.

"You can't go to my lady's side."

"Death to all invaders."

Pak!

Pa pa pa pat!

"What?"

Black was standing on the terrace railings, only to become surprised and lost her balance. She fell off the railing. 13 assassins suddenly popped out around her. They were assassins wearing robes with a silver dragon embroidered on them. There was a separate Overgeared assassins group? There was no information about it.

Black gritted her teeth.

"Who are all of you?"

What was the most stupid thing in the world? It was asking assassins questions. Assassins were secretive and reticent. Never try to talk with an assassin. But the assassins with the silver dragon embroidered robes were far from reticent.

"If you're curious about our identity, we will introduce ourselves."

"We are the Silver Dragon assassins, raised by Prince Ren to help him succeed the throne. The Daluka's Methods that we learnt were incredibly strong. We are the best assassins of Eternal."

"This isn't the end. Recently, we became even stronger. Since serving Duke Grid, we have been trained directly by Kasim, king of shadows."

"Now we are-"

"The overwhelming Silver Dragons-"

"The Overgeared Shadows group."

"We are loyalists who will devote ten of our lives to Overgeared."

"..."

Who was this explanation for? It was as if characters who appeared after a long time were appealing themselves to the readers.

Syuok!

Syu syu syu syu syuk!

The swords of the Silver Dragons flocked towards Black who was making an absurd expression. Indeed, they were terrible assassins. Their weapons moved quickly towards her weak points.

“Ugh!”

Although her level was much lower than White, Black was still level 330. But it wasn't easy to endure the attacks from the Overgeared Shadows, whose levels were in the mid-200s. It was the fatal weakness of an Illusionist.

‘Cooperative attacks are too demanding.’

After being attacked successively by the Overgeared Shadows, Black suffered damage that couldn't be ignored and made a choice. She made another illusion in exchange for a loss of experience.

Sururuk.

Dark smoke spread out from Black and it soon became a human form. It was Black's new clone. This time, it was a paladin. It had excellent tanking, healing, and buffing ability.

“Hee~ Brothers, will you have fun with me?”

It was a beautiful and cheerful clone, unlike the real Black. She smiled as she equipped a square shield and one-handed sword.

Jjeejeeong!

“...!”

The Overgeared Shadows were baffled at the new Black. The weight of the shield carried by Black's new clone was hard to bear with their daggers. Then stumbled and Black pushed them towards the corridor. Then the paladin used support magic on the warrior dealing with Faker.

"Round Heal."

Swaaaaah!

A round green circle was created on the ground underneath the warrior who had been ravaged by Faker's knife. It was Round Heal which restored the health of the target standing in the specified place.

“Eh..!”

The warm healing light wrapped around the warrior clone, whose face became rosy. It happened at the same time.

Puook!

A silver taichi pierced the heart of the clone. It was a scene similar to the fangs of a beast biting its prey's neck. The strength was amazing.

[The summoned illusion has been damaged and has vanished.]

[20% experience has been lost.]

[Your level has dropped.]

[10 of your most recently invested points will be lost.]

"What?"

The first clone died while she was dealing with the assassins here?

"What is this?"

How could Faker's attacks be so overwhelming, when he had a normal class? Black couldn't comprehend Faker's power, which was twice as strong as she estimated. She thought he must've used a petty trick.

Step.

Faker entered the range of Round Heal with a calm expression, recovered his health, and replied.

"The power of items."

Was there a need for a long description? One of the means Faker chose to overcome the limitations of a normal class was items, which was natural as a member of Overgeared. Faker had always made best use of the items available from Grid. In particular, he became several times stronger since obtaining Kruger's Pants.

He might not be an opponent for Belial, but that wasn't because Faker was incompetent. There was an insurmountable level difference and Faker was also too busy protecting his colleagues that he failed to demonstrate his skills. Then what about now? Faker was able to freely jump higher than Black.

Pahat!

It was the increased agility and jumping ability attached to Kruger's Pants. The items made by former legends and current legends helped Faker's stats. Faker moved quickly using his agility and jumping abilities and was above Black's head in an instant.

Black felt her own death.

[Your party member Black has died.]

"W-What?"

White doubted the notification window that appeared in front of her. Reidan was currently empty of Overgeared members. Who in Reidan could hurt Black?

"How? What is this?"

Everything went wrong the moment they stepped in the fields. The process and results were different from what she expected. This was the curse of the fields. White was reminded of the crazy farmer who killed her in Siren. Her forehead seemed to throb and she grabbed it.

"I can't go back like this."

Grid and Overgeared had a debt that must be paid back. She couldn't go back empty-handed after going all the way to Reidan and the sacrifice of her sister Black.

"You...!"

White looked at Lord in the distance. Grid's son was Overgeared's secret weapon. What if she killed the child raised by Grid and Kraugel? This would be true revenge.

"Kik! Kilkik! Hahahahahat!"

Her guilt was stimulated because she sacrificed her sister Black, who always suffered from severe stress due to difficult levelling. She laughed like she was insane and her body shook. She quickly burned her fat to turn it into muscles and approached Lord. She shot off using the instantaneous increase in acceleration.

"Young Nobleman Lord!"

"Avoid it!"

The 200 beautiful girls hurriedly rushed to protect Lord. However, White's speed was at the maximum due to reducing her body fat as much as possible. She approached Lord much faster than the girls and smiled at him.

"Blame your father if you want. You're going to die due to him!"

White stared at Lord with killing intent. Her killing intent was too harsh for a child. A common child Lord's age would've cried or fainted. But Lord was going to be a legend. He wasn't easily affected by abnormal states. Tears filled Lord's eyes but he endured it as he stared straight at White.

"No! I don't blame Father! My father is the best person in the world!"

How many times had his father been with Lord since he was born? It was small enough that Lord could count it. Yes, sometimes he felt lonely and sad. He wanted to be with his father like other children. He wanted to follow his father around and learn many things like the gardener's son. Lord wondered how good it would be if his father was always with him.

But he never expressed his lonely heart to his father. Why? He knew that his father was always away for his family and people. Lord didn't want to burden his father. His father was great. The mother who cared for him was great, and the father who suffered alone outside the family was also great.

Despite Lord's father not being present to protect him right now, Lord didn't blame him. He loved and respected his father forever.

"T-This little kid!"

Where did the faith in his eyes come from? It was strange. White felt an unpleasant feeling and punched out. It was a fist that had the power to break Lord's head with a single blow. But she couldn't hurt Lord.

"Greed."

White thought that Kasim couldn't hurt her, but this was a big mistake. Kasim could kill White whenever he wanted.

Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa! Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa!

“H-Heok!”

It was the manifestation of ‘Greed,’ a technique that drew all the shadows to one point and swallowed everything around it. It was Kasim’s unique skill that he created by combining Daluka’s Methods and Lantier’s Methods.

After a moment.

Clang.

All that remained in the place where White had been standing was a sparkling necklace.

Chapter 589

‘She’s much stronger than I expected.’

The moment White was killed. Kasim gasped for breath. He was frightened because White had shown a persistent vitality, even when restrained by Greed. Kasim was worried. As Grid grew, his enemies also grew. Kasim was worried that Grid would someday suffer greatly.

‘I’m particularly worried about the solo number knights.’

The Red Knights of the Saharan Empire were by far the strongest armed forces on the continent. In particular, the solo number knights were evaluated as having the power to shatter a castle in one night. But their evaluation was wrong. Before meeting Grid, Kasim had spied on the empire in order to get revenge and discovered the truth.

Solo number knights. In particular, the power of the 1~7th knights were strong enough to overthrow a kingdom. In the first place, they were people chosen as substitutes for Piaro. Their natural talents and training environment were different from ordinary knights. They could be regarded as Piaro class.

Even Kasim, the king of shadows, was a weak presence in front of them.

‘The empire is an insurmountable mountain.’

Grid needed to grow faster and stronger. Kasim believed it. Grid would someday surpass the mountain that was the empire. No, he would completely destroy it. This wasn’t a vague belief, but a conviction based on Grid’s potential. Until that day, Kasim’s role was to protect everything belonging to Grid. It was to help Grid grow in comfort.

‘In order to do that, I need to be stronger.’

The difficulty was really high, but it seemed time to challenge the fourth advancement class that he’d been putting off.

“Huh? What’s that?”

While Kasim was locked in thought. Lord was looking at the necklace White dropped with interest.

Kasim laughed and explained, "Loot will occasionally drop after defeating enemies or monsters. It’s compensation for the winner.”

“Heh...”

Lord’s eyes lit up. Kasim willingly handed the necklace that White dropped to Lord.

“This artifact reduces the rate of skill deployment. It’s a rare treasure that would be seen as precious in the empire. Please keep it carefully and use it for your convenience.”

Lord refused.

“N-No! Master is the one who fought those bad sisters! Not Lord, but Master!”

“You aren’t acting as a cute kid.” Kasim felt both admiration and regret that Lord was growing up much faster than his peers. “Please receive this. It’s a reward since you always study so hard.”

“Uh! I’m so happy.”

This child was so pure. Kasim felt guilty when he saw Lord’s happy tears.

‘I’ll have to give him more gifts so he can get used to it.’

In retrospect, Lord never even received a birthday cake. It was inevitable since Grid was always absent. How big was his father’s vacancy? Kasim pledged to become a teacher that would fill this vacancy and smiled.

“I will give Father this necklace. I hope this necklace will always protect my father.”

“You...you are very special.”

If the Nero clan hadn’t been destroyed by the empire... Would he had lived a normal life and become a father of someone like Lord?

‘Now that I think about it...’

There was too much blood on his hands. He dealt despair to countless people and didn’t deserve to dream of happiness. Kasim bowed his head with a dark expression. Lord grabbed his rough hand and placed it on his cheek.

“Warm.”

“...”

[Saintess Ruby has obtained extraordinary rewards in exchange for annihilating the soul of the great demon!]

[The Saintess class has grown to the unique rating. All skill levels will increase by two. Two new skills will be acquired when you reach level 300.]

[The Saintess’ private weapon, the Wooden Staff, has grown to the unique rating. The enhancement value is reset.]

[The title ‘Denial’ has been acquired.]

[Denial]

Your divine power isn't obtained from believing in the gods. It is a unique power that is built up because of the people's worship.

In this world created by the gods, only you can deny god.

* When fighting creatures made by gods (great demons, divine creatures, demigods, etc), all your stats will rise and your skill power will rise. You can give them eternal rest.

* Your heals won't overlap with the heals of priests of other religions. When targeting the same person with a heal, only your heal is applied.

This was the content of the special reward obtained after the success of Saintess Ruby in the great demon raid. It was very encouraging that her class rating grew, but there was some ambiguity about the title effect. Ruby had a low understanding of the game and asked her brother Grid about it.

"This title is a good thing, right?"

"Umm... Increasing a Saintess' stats and their rare offensive skills... But it's better than nothing. The rise in healing ability will increase the survival rate of raids."

Grid felt it was lacking for a special reward obtained by destroying a great demon. In particular, the penalty was bad. Ruby's heals would no longer overlap with the heals of other priests. It was unfortunate, since Overgeared's future plans involved a large-scale Rebecca Church presence.

'I need to abandon my plan to make Sehee head of the healer group.'

This was just a few hours ago. Grid couldn't see the true value of the 'Denial' title. However, his thoughts changed after he came up with a plan to reconstruct Lifael's Spear.

'Can I use Sehee's power to suppress the divine power of Goddess Rebecca?'

The problem was that Goddess Rebecca's power was too strong. It was enough to eat at the user's health. If the strong divine power could be denied by Sehee, the power of White Transformation would be halved and it would protect the user.

'I will try it.'

The determined Grid immediately invited Sehee.

"A success!"

"Good!"

It was as Grid expected.

Once Sehee purified the goddess' hair, the powerful divine power was greatly weakened.

[Goddess' Fluffy Hair]

Fine hair belonging to Rebecca, goddess of light.

It contains a divine power that can't be tolerated by humans, but the power has been halved by the Saintess.

Weight: 0

'As the divine power is weakened, the strength of Lifael's Spear will also weaken.'

This was a problem Grid needed to overcome with techniques.

"Sigh."

Grid took a deep breath and focused his spirit. He thought of all the items he had produced since becoming Pagma's Descendant.

'The skills and experience that I've accumulated isn't light. Now I'm able to transform Lifael's Spear into a more powerful and ideal form.'

Flash!

Grid raised his concentration like a sharp knife. He was confident that he could pull this off and had a desire to help Isabel. He pulled out the white phosphorus wood. He finally started the full-scale production. Isabel's heart pounded as she watched him.

'He's especially cool and manly when standing in front of a furnace.'

"..."

Isabel was looking at Grid like she was a shy woman. Damian's expression darkened as he saw it. Isabel's sweet heart, which couldn't forget her first love, was both lovely and bitter. When would she look at him?

'Maybe that day will never come...'

He resigned himself to it. Damian smiled bitterly and dropped his head, only to become surprised. It was because Isabel suddenly grabbed his hand.

"I-Isabel-chan..?"

The trembling and warm Isabel's hands made Damian's heart beat faster. Isabel blushed and spoke to the dumbfounded Damian.

"If... If Grid manages to free me from White Transformation."

"...?"

"At that time, I want to accept Your Holiness' heart."

"Isabel...chan..."

In fact, Isabel had thought of Damian as a man with no care or consideration. He didn't care about the other person's position and kept expressing himself recklessly. This was an old story. Isabel came to know that despite Damian easily expressing his affection, the weight of his affection wasn't light.

She watched what Damian did for her and how straight and confident he was when thinking of her. Isabel developed a great liking for Damian in the process of this realization. It was a love that went beyond her longing for Grid. The feeling she had for Damian was real love.

Nevertheless, she turned away from Damian's heart. Why? It was due to White Transformation. The health that was consumed by Lifael's Spear was always holding her back. She thought she would soon be dead and couldn't accept Damian's heart.

But now.

"Okay, should I begin?"

Ttang!Ttang!

There was a person sweating for her. Grid. He was someone who saved her many times from the moment they first met. If it was him, could he save her again this time?

Kkuok.

Isabel tightened her grip on Damian's hand. It was filled with a desire to not miss this opportunity.

'Please... Please help me.'

She also wanted to feel happiness like an ordinary person. Isabel's ardent prayer reached Grid.

[Rebecca's Daughter Isabel is deifying you. Her faith in you is even more powerful and desperate than her faith in Goddess Rebecca. This isn't a distorted faith. It is a natural phenomenon that Goddess Rebecca can understand. You have avoided Goddess Rebecca's wrath.]

[If you have experience in making myth rated items, you deserve to be deified.]

[The title Glimpsed the Myths has been updated.]

[Glimpsed the Myths]

The minimum qualification to raise your class rating to 'Myth.'

[The special stat 'Deity' is opened!]

[Deity]

A holy dignity that can't be tolerated.

Every time this stat gains 10 points, you can gain a new power. The power acquired will depend on your personality.

"..."

What was this? Grid was confused and stopped hammering. Then he saw Isabel and made a warm smile. Isabel and Damian's heads were leaning against each other as they held hands tightly, looking like natural and sweet old lovers.

'Damian's efforts have gained fruit.'

Grid knew how much Damian loved Isabel. In addition, Grid had married Irene and had a child. He was different from those who evaluated friendship or love between NPCs and users as a mere outlet. He really supported Damian and Isabel's love.

'If you give birth to a daughter later, send her to my Lord.'

Satisfy's roots. The roots of the bonds created by Grid were spreading widely. Chairman Lim Cheolho said, 'I hope Satisfy will develop into another world rather than a simple game.'

[★Hidden Quest★ 'For Isabel's Sake' has been acquired.]

Chapter 590

[For Isabel's Sake]

★ Hidden Quest ★

Isabel's mission to defend the Rebecca Church at the expense of her own life is harsh.

It is a fate that can't be denied by the will and power of a human. Even Pope Damian can't save her.

But you are different.

Perfectly reconstruct Lifael's Spear and prove it.

Your blacksmithing ability is a mighty force that can destroy fate.

Reveal the absolute techniques that can't be tolerated and become qualified to become a myth beyond a legend.

Quest Clear Conditions: Weaken the divine power of Lifael's Spear and ensure Isabel's safety. However, Lifael's Spear must be stronger than the existing spear.

Quest Clear Rewards: Deity stat +1.

'I need to build up my deity stat in the long run.'

Hidden quests were absolutely correct. They gave rewards that weren't possible with normal quests. The reward of the hidden quest was a point in the deity stat. This meant that the deity stat couldn't be raised in an ordinary manner. It was like the good luck stat. The titles Kingdom's Hero and Savior of the World gave points to all stats, but they didn't have an effect on deity.

'It's natural.'

He wasn't expecting much in the first place. It was rather strange if it was easy to raise a stat that can obtain a special power every 10 points.

'Well, whatever.'

There was another headache. He needed to suppress the divine power of Lifael's Spear, but make the performance more powerful than before? It was a shameless quest. Think about it. The main reason for the power of Lifael's Spear was its mighty divine power. It was logically impossible to increase the spear's power while weakening the divine power.

But.

'I have to do it.'

Grid grumbled as always, but he didn't think about giving up. There wasn't any limit on the quest duration and he wanted to acquire a point in the new stat. Above all, Grid wanted to give happiness to Isabel.

'This is for the future of both Damian and Isabel. Don't be in a rush. Do it slowly and carefully.'

"..."

Grid stood in front of the furnace and thought intently. It seemed like a deeply sorrowful look. An artist who wasn't satisfied, the stubborn craftsman. The so-called years of experience.

'It's nice to just stand here.'

'The atmosphere isn't a joke.'

'I want to be like him someday.'

The blacksmiths of Reinhardt envied Grid. It was natural for blacksmiths to respect legendary blacksmiths.

"Hrmm."

Grid kept thinking.

'It's tough to raise the performance of the spear itself. What if I change the structure of the spear to a shape that fits Isabel?'

It was likely that Lifael's Spear would be more powerful than before, as the options were dedicated to Isabel.

'...No, this is one of the three major artifacts of a religion. I don't think it can be dedicated to just one person. Think about it.'

Grid first took a normal approach. After considering the basic methods of raising the spear's power, he planned to reconstruct the spear. But it wasn't easy. After restraining the power of the goddess, it was virtually impossible to make Lifael's Spear stronger with ordinary methods.

'Wait.'

The sun had gone down and the moon rose. Grid's eyes sharpened as he stared at the furnace.

'What about a change in the materials?'

Adamantium was one of the best minerals. This was why Grid perceived the materials of Lifael's Spear to be perfect. He wasn't willing to add another material to Lifael's Spear, which consisted only of adamantium. But looking back, didn't he had materials equal to adamantium?

'Belial's bones and horns!'

Adamantium was a 'mineral' that naturally grew in the god realm. But it was like a lower-grade material when compared to the body of a great demon. A dark smile appeared on Grid's face.

'If I make the spear with Belial's bones, the power will be maximized.'

Why didn't he think of such a simple idea? Braham poured cold water on the cheering Grid.

'Will you mix the bones of a filthy demon with Goddess Rebecca? Kuk kuk, it's fun, but won't it hurt the Rebecca Church?'

"...Ah."

It was unacceptable to use the body parts of a depraved being for a divine weapon. Grid belatedly realized and got a headache.

'It isn't a simple matter.'

Braham gave advice to the disappointed Grid.

'Why don't you try magic?'

'...?'

'Attach magic to Lifael's Spear. If your goal is to increase the power of the spear, wouldn't it be simple and effective to use magic?'

Indeed, it was a simple answer. But it wasn't feasible.

"How can I do that?"

Three steps were required to create a magic item. First, it was to imprint the magic power recovery formula so that the item could produce magic power on its own. Second, mark the item with a magic spell. Thirdly, insert the magic spell on the engraved mark.

It seemed simple, but was a very difficult task. Even the so-called great magicians couldn't easily create magic items. It wasn't an area for Grid, who was a blacksmith. Braham spoke proudly to Grid.

'I will teach you how to make magic items.'

"Ah!!"

Grid was reminded of something. Who were the ones who created the strongest mineral pavranium? They were Braham and Pagma. The legendary great magician Braham was likely to know how to create magic battle gear. Grid's eyes lit up.

"You will really teach me? I can create magic battle gear?"

As long as Grid had the ability to make magic battle gear, the type of items he could make in the future would increase significantly. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the value was astronomical. Braham replied positively to Grid who had high expectations.

'The making of magic battle gear was something that Pagma could do. You can do it with your skills.'

"R-Really? Then why didn't you tell me about it sooner?"

'You have the potential to produce magic weapons because you destroyed Great Demon Belial and your intelligence increased from the reward. Until then, you were so ignorant that there was no hope.'

"..."

He praised the Savior of the World title. At that moment, a notification window appeared in front of Grid.

[One of Pagma's Descendant's hidden pieces 'Sealed Ability' has been acquired.]

[You can acquire 'Magic Battle Gear Production Method' by clearing the quest.]

[A new quest has been created.]

[Production Training]

Difficulty: SSS

The making of magic battle gear was originally just for magicians.

But in the past, the legendary blacksmith Pagma created his own unique method of making magic battle gear thanks to Braham's help.

You can also learn from Braham how to make magic battle gear.

Quest Clear Conditions: Achieve what Braham demands.

Quest Clear Reward: Magic Battle Gear Production Method Lv. 1.

"Braham, you..."

He did so much, only to be abandoned by Pagma later on. Grid felt compassion and then Braham spoke.

'Don't betray me.'

"..."

The impact of being betrayed by a friend was very huge on Braham. If Grid was in Braham's position, he wouldn't trust a human again. Nevertheless, Braham showed a steady trust in Grid. What was the reason? Grid couldn't help asking.

"Braham, why do you like me?"

Braham shouted angrily. 'W-What!? W-Who likes you?'

Braham denied it, but he felt favorable towards Grid and was a lot of help. Why? It was because Grid's nature was different from Pagma. Unlike Pagma, who betrayed his friends for his cause, Grid was a person who cherished every friend. Braham had been expelled from the world of vampires and his personality gradually changed over hundreds of years. He also wanted to be important to someone.

'Che.'

Why was his heart weakening? It was from the time when Mumud was his disciple. Braham was jealous of Mumud's talents, intercepted his achievements, and made up his mind to erase Mumud from the world. However, Braham couldn't kill Mumud. Later, Mumud was busy trying to cure his illness.

'...'

Mumud. The innocent smile of a man who was more lovable and naive than anyone else.

Grid prompted Braham. "What are you doing? Quickly teach me the Magic Battle Gear Production Method."

'Right. Start with learning how to forge metal with Magic Missile.'

"...?"

'Do it 10,000 times. You need to hit the metal with Magic Missile that number of times.'

"?????"

Couldn't it be a bit easier? Grid didn't understand why he had to suffer every time.

LaueI faced himself in front of a full-length mirror.

"LaueI, you know that you are perfect in every way."

His talent had already transcended the human realm and was enough to earn the jealousy of the gods. Ah, perhaps that was why?

"...I'm under a terrible curse."

It was a curse that his military talent was merely at this level.

"LaueI, you are not qualified to lead the army."

LaueI had a strategy to quickly end the war by targeting Reinhardt's weakness. It was a great strategy to make sure all the members of his team did their best, but LaueI felt that he was lacking.

'I can't cope with variables flexibly and can't handle a war that changes in real time. Someday, I will make a big mistake and cause the army to fall into a crisis.'

His role was the chief of staff, not a general. He needed a talented person who was cool and charismatic, while having excellent skills. Piaro and Asmophel? They were lacking. They were able to win battles, but weren't wise enough to win a war.

'Of course, it might be different if Asmophel grows further.'

Was there someone who could take over Asmophel's role until Asmophel's talent fully blossomed? LaueI's face was ugly as he thought for a long time.

"...N-No one?"

Overgeared Guild. He couldn't deny that they had the best talents, but most of these talents were biased towards individual force. Lael felt desperate.

"Kukuk... It can't be helped. I need to secure new talent from outside."

How? The method was obvious. Recently, the honor and authority of Overgeared was tremendous. At this moment, many people were working hard out of a desire to join Overgeared. Lael planned to use this.

"Toban, hold a large-scale tryout for Overgeared. Preach my will to the world right now. I will wait for those who will gain the honor of sharing my destiny."

"Ah... In other words, advertise a job availability around the world?"

"..."

There were no romantics in Overgeared. Lael was depressed.