

Overgeared 751

[Chapter 751](#)

『 Satisfy's opening ceremony held in Tokyo has the largest number of tourists in history. 』

『 The Tokyo Dome has heated up. The 1,500 participants from 50 countries have determination on their faces and the crowd is giving them an enthusiastic cheer. 』

『 The National Competition is significant. It's an opportunity for the players to gain wealth and honor at the same time. For the people of each country supporting them, it's a chance to get a big buff. 』

『 I wonder what countries and participants will play a big role this year. 』

『 I'm looking forward to the birth of a new star. 』

『 Won't it be hard for a new star to emerge because the existing top talents are so big? 』

『 Don't forget that the world is wide. I believe there are countless hermits who haven't been discovered. Ares and Agnus... People like them. 』

Satisfy could be described as a game enjoyed by the whole world and the size of the National Competition expanded every year. As a result, the attitude of the players became more serious. It was because the size of the compensation grew with the size of the competition.

The gold medal winner received an item equivalent to the legendary rank or a material equivalent to the myth rank. The silver medal winner would receive an item equivalent to the unique rating or a material equivalent to the legendary rating. Bronze medal winners were able to obtain items equivalent to the epic rating or a material equivalent to the unique rating.

At first glance, there seemed to be no merit to the bronze medal. But there were parts that shouldn't be overlooked. There was no explicit mention of 'no growth type items' in the compensation description. That's right. Becoming a medal winner meant that a person could get a growth type item with a minimum epic rating. Most growth items starting at the epic rating were able to grow to the legendary rating.

'I will surely win a medal!'

As Chris, the 1st ranked player on the unified rankings stood on the podium, the eyes of the participants from all over the world were blazing. Most of them were feeling nervous.

Grid, Kraugel, and Jishuka had won rewards equivalent to a gold medal from the Battlefield event a few days ago. The fact that these powerful people went one step further placed a great pressure on the others. They were nervous because the walls they had to cross had become even higher.

'In particular, Grid's item making is a problem.'

The use of high rated materials didn't necessarily mean that high rated items would be produced. The production result relied on probability.

But people perceived that Grid was an exception. They speculated that as a legendary blacksmith, he could produce myth rated items with legendary rated production materials. They were concerned that if Grid and the Overgeared members secured a large number of medals, the strength of the Overgeared Guild would rise exponentially.

Of course, it was a big misunderstanding.

'Should I get a finished product?'

Grid originally wanted the by-products of the sacred creatures. They were in the same class as the Red Phoenix Breath. Grid's goal was to create a second or third masterpiece like the Red Phoenix Bow and Enlightenment Sword.

However, it didn't mean a myth rated item would be created if he used a myth rated material. He wasn't able to produce any myth rated items when he used the by-products of Great Demon Belial to make items for the Overgeared members. If he was lucky then he made legendary rated items. If he was unlucky, there were times he made unique rated items.

It meant Grid could fail.

'On the other hand, if I can get a legendary growth type item then I will surely acquire a myth rated item.'

After the opening ceremony was over.

Jishuka approached Grid, who was still trying to decide on the compensation. Her reddish hair and golden skin was absolutely charming under the sunshine.

"I will ask for a Red Phoenix Breath. Grid, I hope you will make a good item that has synergy with the Red Phoenix Bow."

"I can't unconditionally create a myth rated item using the Red Phoenix Breath. Is that okay?"

"I believe in you."

"..."

Grid's heart thumped. Jishuka's beautiful face wasn't the only reason. The absolute trust she gave Grid filled his heart. Thanks to her, Grid also gained courage.

"Okay... I will get the Blue Dragon Breath."

Then.

"Once I win two more medals, I will get the White Tiger's Breath and the Black Tortoise's Breath. Jishuka, I'll cheer you on as well."

"Yes... I'll always be cheering for you. Thank you."

Jishuka's smile became more beautiful. Grid's presence itself was a great strength for her. Had she ever been so dependent on someone since being born? She was happy. She willingly wanted to stay with Grid.

"...So we have to get married."

"Huh? What? I couldn't hear because it's so noisy."

"Ah, no. It's okay if you didn't hear me. I was talking to myself."

Jishuka's face turned red. She was more nervous when facing Grid in reality, unlike Satisfy.

"Grid." Another beauty arrived as there was a friendly atmosphere between the two people. Unlike Jishuka, who was as bright as the sun, Yura was like the moon. "The events that other players hope to participate in had been released."

Yura's cold eyes examined Jishuka. She didn't like Jishuka, who was always dressed in cleavage revealing clothing.

"Everybody is waiting in the waiting room. Let's go."

The participants had three hours to change after seeing the hopes of others. It was necessary to have a meeting to confirm the hopes of other players so that better results could be created. Jishuka's bit her lip as she saw Yura grab Grid's wrist. She kept her smile but there was clear hostility in her eyes.

"Ah, it's good to be on the same team."

"It's better than living in distant lands."

"If your relationship is good just because you live in the same country, shouldn't you be nervous? My Korean immigration project is currently in progress."

"I'm wondering if you can easily move to another country when you have a large amount of debt. Surely you aren't dreaming of being an illegal citizen?"

"Uh...! I will get a gold medal in this National Competition and get rid of my debt!"

"I don't know. We will probably be competing in the same events."

"Are you going to interfere? Bah, okay! Feel free to come! I'll see how great you are after coming back from hell!"

"Will you be able to breathe?"

Pajik!

Paiijjik!

Once Jishuka's hot gaze met Yura's cool eyes, the air froze and it was like electric currents were flowing. Grid looked puzzled as he stood between two girls who showed hostility to each other.

'Why are they like this?'

Grid didn't know what the men around him were feeling right now.

This year there were a total of 27 events. There was no rule that a country had to participate in all events. The players from each country had to win medals by participating in their own event or events with relatively low competition. The reason why the S.A. Group revealed the hopes of other players was to create more diverse strategies and variables.

Thanks to this, the players had a headache. Were the players actually participating in these events or were they lying? The players held a meeting to discuss the various possibilities.

"Grid, what are you going to participate in?"

The South Korean team's waiting room.

The players' eyes were focused on Grid. It was natural to give the right to decide to the person with the highest winning rate.

"Um..."

Grid's worries increased as he looked at the events the US team wanted to participate in. It was due to Kraugel's desired events.

"PvP is natural but what is saint sword drawing?"

Saint sword drawing had been a steady event in the National Competition for three years. But it was classified as a relatively minor event. The event was complex and slow, making it less popular.

"Isn't this a game where the brain needs to be used extensively?"

That's right. Participants in the saint sword drawing event had to first check the story of the saint sword. Then they would follow the hidden hints in the story to figure out what the saint sword wanted. Then in order to become a person that the saint sword wanted, various types of quests were carried out. There were combat-oriented quests as well as puzzle quests. It wasn't an event that people with shallow knowledge could participate in. It was an event that wasn't suitable for Grid at all.

"Is Kraugel really going to participate in this?"

These were just the 'desired' events. Grid was convinced that Kraugel wouldn't actually participate in the saint sword drawing event.

"Why is this guy giving a fake...? Um, what type of event will Kraugel participate in?"

Grid wanted to compete in both events with Kraugel. It wasn't just because of Damian's press conference. He had a bigger desire after losing in PvP last year. Last year, Kraugel took a gold medal for him so Grid wanted to take two gold medals from Kraugel. He was trying to predict Kraugel's events when Yura and Peak Sword told him.

"Kraugel is a clever person. There are few people better suited for saint sword drawing."

"Kraugel's current level is low and he can't exert his full combat power, so saint sword drawing is perfect from Kraugel's perspective. He can cover his lacking combat power with intelligence."

"...Kraugel is smart?"

"Of course. Think of his actions when he was the first ranked player. They were extraordinary."

"..."

No, then he was really going to participate in the saint sword drawing event? Grid asked cautiously, "What if I participated here?"

"...Don't do it."

"..."

Maybe this year's revenge could only be done in PvP. Grid felt both regret and relief. In fact, there was no guarantee that he could win against Kraugel.

'Then let's go to an event where I will unconditionally win a gold medal.'

What event was it? Of course...

"Then I shall participate in PvP and blacksmithing."

People might laugh at him participating in the blacksmithing event. They would say he was blatantly avoiding Kraugel.

'Well, they can mock me all they want.'

Those people would mock him no matter what he did. The determined Grid watched Yura's choices. Then he was surprised. It was because Yura chose the target processing and saint sword drawing event. Target processing was a major event that was famous for having as many strong players as PvP. In addition, didn't she see that Kraugel would participate in the saint sword drawing event? Why did she want to take the risk?

Yura explained to the confused Grid and players.

"We have to compete against those who are likely to win gold medals in order to boost South Korea's ranking."

He understood her heart.

"But what about the odds? Yura, you are one of our greatest powers. The blow will be big if you miss out on gold medals. Don't fight a losing battle... Oof! Oof!"

Grid blocked Peak Sword's mouth. Then he smiled at Yura's unwavering eyes.

"Have you become really strong in hell?" She could even match Kraugel. "I'll trust you and cheer you on."

Grid had never seen Yura bluff. He didn't doubt her confidence.

"Thank you. I will return your faith."

Yura replied with a smile. She looked so beautiful that Grid blushed.

Then Eat Spicy Jokbal spoke up, "Me and my friends will participate in two team events."

“Ohh, that’s good!”

Peak Sword barely tore away from Grid and cried out enthusiastically. He was full of expectations for Dungeon Master Eat Spicy Jokbal’s power in the team events. The world might expect South Korea’s overall ranking to be at the bottom this year but Peak Sword thought differently.

‘South Korea will get the top position this year!’

There was a person filled with hopeful expectations.

“I’ll try to get at least one bronze medal.”

It was beast master Toon who had been guarding Grid’s side since coming to South Korea last year.

“Puhahaha! Hooray South Korea!”

Peak Sword was dancing with excitement. He didn’t even know what events he was participating in.

[Chapter 752](#)

『 The two billion Satisfy players all over the world! It is the 3rd National Competition that you have been waiting for long for! Finally! Start!!! We will now watch the first event! 』

“Waaaaaaaaah!”

The event that was the prelude to the 3rd National Competition was the saint sword drawing. The public originally wasn’t interested in saint sword drawing, but this year was different. It was because there were many people waiting for the National Competition which was held three months later than usual. In addition, Sword Saint Kraugel’s name was on the list of participants.

-We can see Kraugel on the opening day! This is completely exciting!

-The opening is with God Kraugel...He’s the main character.. ㅎㅎ

-Isn’t it a game where the person who draws out the saint sword first is the winner? Since he’s a Sword Saint, he will surely be picked by the saint sword. Will Kraugel win as soon he starts?

-Ey, that doesn’t matter. Otherwise it wouldn’t be a match.

Saint sword drawing was based on the famous Arthurian legend, the sword stuck in the rock. It had the simple rule in which the person who pulled the sword out of the rock first would win. But the process wasn’t easy. In order to draw the saint sword, certain conditions had to be met. The participants had to break through the missions with strength, intelligence, and competence. It was very difficult for the participants because they had to be proficient in both literary and martial arts, and the public’s interest wasn’t easy to attract. It was inevitably less popular than other stimulating events.

Due to that, few people participated in saint sword drawing. In the 2nd National Competition, this event was reduced to anonymous rankers. However, this year Sword Saint Kraugel and Demon Slayer Yura would participate in saint sword drawing. People’s expectations were heightened.

“It will be thrilling to watch the saint sword drawing!”

“By the way. Kraugel is a Sword Saint and well suited to saint sword drawing, but why is Yura participating? Can’t she play separate events?”

“Hrmm... Is it because it’s reliable to secure a medal based on the low competition? Just one medal will be invaluable to South Korea, who will be ranked at the bottom.”

“It’s a big blow to her that hell running was abolished due to equality issues.”

"She picked out saint sword drawing but ended up meeting Kraugel. She has no luck. I’m sorry for her.”

One of the best players in the Great Demon Belial raid was Yura. However, it was speculated that her abilities were only powerful against a great demon. It was true. Until a few months ago.

Bruton Island, the stage for saint sword drawing, was largely divided into three sections.

First, there was the safety zone. It was impossible to PvP in the safety zone. Players couldn’t attack each other in here. The ‘sword in the rock’ was placed in the center of the safety zone.

Secondly, there was the route zone. PvP was possible, but you would be classified as a criminal when attacking a player and could be attacked by guardians. It was a neutral zone where players could be killed. There were villages where NPCs gave clues and shrines which increased resource recovery. There were a total of nine village on Bruton Island and the distance between villages was around three kilometers. The location of the shrines weren’t marked on the mini-map.

Finally, there was the chaotic zone. It was a chaotic zone where PvP was allowed without any restrictions. Apart from the safety zone and route zone, all of Bruton Island was considered a chaotic zone. Players in the chaotic zone had to pay attention at all times, since it was filled with many types of monsters, including named bosses.

{ A sword isn’t important. }

“...?”

The center of Bruton Island. The 42 people participating in saint sword drawing fell into confusion at the beginning. A sword was stuck at a right angle in the sparkling marble. The sentence ‘a sword isn’t important’ floating at the bottom of the saint sword made it difficult for them. No, why was the verse decorating the sword denying the necessity of a sword?

‘This isn’t right?’

The participants’ minds went blank but not all of them.

‘Does it mean it wants a master who doesn’t rely on it?’

‘Does it mean to not become stronger by holding the sword, but to be an inherently strong master?’

Kraugel and Yura immediately knew the meaning of the sentence.

Supak!

The two people moved at the same time. What did it mean to prove they were 'strong?' It was simple. Combat. Kraugel and Yura judged this and moved out of the safe zone towards the chaotic zone. In the process, they faced each other.

Surung!

Kraugel discovered Yura entering the forest opposite him and wielded his weapon. It was a silver weapon made from the bones of a dragon, White Fang.

'She's dangerous.'

Yura had been one of the 10 strongest players in the world for a long time. Kraugel acknowledged her skills and was naturally wary. He knew it could be a disaster if he didn't get rid of her in the beginning.

Supak!

Just before Yura hid in a shady forest. Kraugel used White Light Steps and aimed at her. He used the refraction of the sunlight to enter a stealth state.

"Ah! Yura!"

The crowd cried out. The crowd was sure that the beautiful woman would be eliminated at the beginning of the event.

"Kraugel is a bloodless person with no tears!"

"That cruel side is good! Win Kraugel!"

Some people criticized Kraugel for trying to kill his biggest contender while others cheered him on. The premise behind both was common. Yura would die soon. That's right. The crowd expected that Kraugel would easily beat Yura. Kraugel's PvP ability was superior and his footwork was quick because he added stealth. Yura didn't notice Kraugel's approach and would suffer a critical injury. Most of the Korean representatives monitoring the game from the waiting room had the same idea.

"There are very few people who can handle Kraugel's power. It's the end the moment she allowed him access."

Peak Sword bit his nails. He prayed that Yura would see Kraugel's approach and pull out her gun. The only way for her to survive was to block Kraugel's approach in advance. He thought there was no other answer. But Grid was different.

'Will you show me?'

Grid still believed in her. The confidence expressed by his dear colleague.

'Have strength!'

Yura had been stuck in hell for several months. She must've grown. Now she had to prove the value of her efforts. If she failed to prove it, she would be more shocked than anyone else.

Grid cheered on Yura.

'I will repay your faith.'

Maybe it was a coincidence or faith. Yura was reminded of her promise to Grid. Then.

Supak!

The fight went different than what everyone expected. The moment that Kraugel approached Yura.

“Hell Leap.”

Yura responded like she knew he was here. Her body was surrounded by a red light as she used the skill and disappeared without a trace.

‘Stealth?’

It was impossible for a person to disappear unless it was a teleport magic. In addition, teleport type magic belonged entirely to magicians. Based on this, Kraugel judged that Yura’s disappearance in front of him was simply a gimmick. He didn’t panic and just kept up the trajectory of the sword.

It was at the point where Yura had been standing. Kraugel expected Yura to bleed and reveal herself again.

But.

Wuuong.

“...?!”

There wasn’t the sensation of cutting anything. White Fang left a faint afterglow in the air and Kraugel raised his eyebrows. At the same time.

Suruk.

A small black hole was created behind Kraugel. There were no precursors and no sound, so Kraugel couldn’t notice it. Then Yura emerged from the black hole.

“?!”

After hearing the sound of a collar rustling, Kraugel sensed the change and reflexively swung White Fang back.

Puk!

Kraugel wasn’t a monster. Unlike what people thought, he didn’t have eyes in the back of his head. The White Fang that he swung back didn’t hit Yura. The problem was that his super super Sensitivity detected Yura too late. On the other hand, Yura precisely pierced Kraugel’s back.

“...!!!”

"!!!!"

『!!!!』

The players, the crowd watching the game, the commentators and the viewers were shocked, their mouths dropping open. Above all, the one who was most surprised was Kraugel himself. He was caught. It wasn’t the same as when he fought Lauel and Pon on Battlefield.

This was Satisfy. Here, Kraugel was a complete presence. He was the sky above the sky. An absolute person. Now he lost to a person in a frontal confrontation. It was the first time he'd experienced this.

Hwiririk!

While Kraugel was feeling confused, Yura reclaimed her sword and spun. It was an elegant movement like a swan.

Swaeeeeek!

The sword with a centrifugal force pierced Kraugel. It was steadfast swordsmanship based on her experience in hell.

Kaang!

Kraugel barely managed to defend.

Now that he was face to face with Yura, his super sensitivity passive was active. He used White Fang to fend off Yura's attack and showed his strength. The new acquired 'Weapon Swallowing' of a Sword Saint caused White Fang to interlock with Yura's sword. Due to this, Yura's upper body leaned forward and her face neared Kraugel's. The distance between the two of them was so close that it wouldn't be strange if their lips touched.

"Ohhhhhh!"

"It is Kraugel instead of Grid!"

The crowd was excited at the beautiful sight. However, the atmosphere between Kraugel and Yura was cold. Their faces were expressionless as they whispered to each other.

"I didn't know I would be subjected to this type of defeat by someone other than Grid."

"Don't take him for granted. Youngwoo-ssi is the only one special to me."

"Hah...?"

Tatang!

Yura lost her balance due to Kraugel's sword swallowing. People judged that Kraugel would win. After allowing a counterattack from Yura, they thought Kraugel would overpower her. However, that wasn't it. Yura's left hand held a gun and she pulled the trigger. The speed at which her bullet flew was slightly faster than Kraugel's sword.

"Kuk...!"

Kraugel couldn't escape from the bullets shot at close range. Blood flowed from his forehead and his eyes reddened. He could see Yura with his blurred vision. She held a sword in one hand and a gun in the other. She obtained the Demon Slayer 'Use Both Hands' passive when she reached level 300.

"...Interesting."

Kraugel allowed two attacks in a row and was surrounded by a blue sword energy. Now he recognized Yura as a 'competitor.' She was on the same level as Grid. But he couldn't compete with Yura's power.

“Hell Leap.”

Yura judged that it was disadvantageous to face a Sword Saint head on and immediately disappeared. Her movements that disappeared into a black hole and reappearing in another place couldn't be pursued by Kraugel's super sensitivity. It was like she leapt into space itself. The moment she entered the hole, she was completely removed from his senses. There was no precursor to the creation of the black hole.

“...Demon Slayer.”

Kraugel muttered as he gazed at the back of the distant Yura. His feelings were similar to when he first faced Grid. And...

“Waaaaaaaaah!”

“Yura! Yura!! Yura!!!”

“Ah!! My goddess has finally returned!!”

Yura, who had been wandering after becoming a legendary class, regained her old reputation. It was a splendid return.

[Chapter 753](#)

Duk.

A black object fell and dirtied the marble floor. It was the chocolate pudding that Grid was eating.

“...”

The South Korean team's waiting room. Grid had lost his soul. He didn't even notice that the expensive pudding he normally didn't buy had fallen to the ground.

“God Grid? Hey, God Grid!”

Peak Sword noticed Grid's unusual state. He grabbed Grid's shoulder and randomly shook it. He couldn't help feeling worried. Among the many snacks available in the waiting room, Grid had only picked the most expensive chocolate pudding. He had already eaten six consecutive ones!

“Hey! I told you! I told you it was dangerous if you consumed so much sugar at once! But you...! You just said that freebies are good...! Hey! God Grid!! Wake up! Look into my eyes!”

‘...It's different from the image I imagined.’

The representatives' images of Overgeared King Grid and Peak Sword was very big. In particular, Grid and Peak Sword were heroes and idols to the young rankers participating on the Korean team this year. They imagined a noble image. However, reality was the exact opposite of their imagination. They seemed like neighborhood idiots.

But why weren't they disappointed? Grid and Peak Sword had no authority? Well, it was better to be friendly and comfortable.

“It's okay. I was just thinking about something else.”

In the turmoil, Grid belatedly regained his mind and focused on the screen again. He watched Yura hunt monsters and gather the 'proof of strength.'

"Really... Really strong."

In fact, he hadn't expressed it, but Grid had been worried about Yura. She had been in the top position. How hard would it be for her to be in a slump for more than a year after becoming a Demon Slayer?

"Demon Slayer..."

A conditional class that exerted exceptional power in certain conditions. It was a good fit for ordinary people like Grid. However, it was poison for a versatile person like Yura. It was a poison that regulated Yura's talents, who could act in various fields. Grid worried that Yura had been regretting her choice.

'...I would certainly regret it.'

But she didn't. She walked alone without relying on anyone. Then she descended to hell. This was the result. Yura succeeded in returning as a dominant power in the National Competition.

"Good work."

Grid was someone who always tried. He knew how much Yura had done for this moment. Thus, he was in awe.

"God Grid..."

Peak Sword handed a tissue to Grid with a solemn expression. There was no handkerchief.

"Wipe your mouth..."

[The crystal skeleton has been defeated.]

[All the Proofs of Strength have been gathered. Visit Andrew Village and meet the chief. He will give you the second version of the 'Saint Sword's Song.']

'I shouldn't overlap with Kraugel.'

Had Kraugel already collected all the proofs? Or was he still at the collecting stage? According to Yura's calculations, it was naturally the former.

'I might meet Kraugel if I go directly to the village.'

She didn't want to admit it, but even if they were both legendary classes, Sword Saint Kraugel's combat ability was much better. The pressure that Yura felt when she was hit a while ago was considerable. If Yura had pulled the gun a bit later then she was likely to be hit. Kraugel's strength was beyond what she had expected.

'If only Hell Leap was a bit more stable...'

It was the trump card that Yura acquired by clearing a hidden Demon Slayer quest. Unfortunately, it was difficult to use. It was a skill that temporarily moved the user's body 'somewhere' in hell. No one could

guarantee where the caster would fall. In the worst case, she could fall where a great demon was or directly onto hell fire.

In fact, 30 minutes ago, Yura used Hell Leap during her confrontation with Kraugel and fell right in front of the castle of the 15th great demon. She was caught by a red monster guarding the gates and even the legendary passive couldn't completely resist the 'absolute petrification.' The agility of her body fell significantly.

"Hah."

Yura couldn't help letting out a sigh. She lamented being weaker than Kraugel despite also being a legend. Her level was even higher. She had passed level 300 before the start of the National Competition, while Kraugel was still in the mid-200s. Even so, Yura had a low chance of winning in a frontal confrontation.

'...No, it's an excuse.'

Class wasn't the only important thing. The grim reality was proven when the normal class Kraugel had defeated Grid.

'Hurry.' Acting in front of Kraugel wasn't her first choice. She would miss the gold medal if she kept avoiding Kraugel. Then there would be no meaning in participating in the saint sword drawing. 'I can't avoid a fight with Kraugel.'

Yura realized the cold reality and ran to Andrew Village. She wished that Grid's support would bring her good luck.

"Ah, they met again."

"Yura is pitiful."

"Isn't it really dangerous this time?"

It was two and a half hours since saint sword drawing started. By the time most participants acquired the third verse of the Saint Sword's Song, Kraugel and Yura were on the last verse and encountered each other again. It was their sixth clash. No matter how much Yura was damaged, she kept chasing after Kraugel.

As the confrontations continued, Kraugel's side overwhelmed Yura. Kraugel's combat adaptability was unmatched. In the repeated battles, he grasped the unique characteristics of a Demon Slayer and reversed them completely to neutralize Yura. Now it was hard for Yura to resist. The only path she could choose was to retreat from Kraugel's swordsmanship. She didn't look back when she met Kraugel and used Hell Leap.

In the process...

"Heok! What?"

"Now she is summoning a demonkin?"

The people were startled at the sight of Yura. She disappeared with a red light and reappeared through a black hole with something on her shoulder. People naturally assumed it was a demonkin that she summoned. But the demonkin was biting her shoulder.

‘What?’

The commentators, crowd, and even Kraugel was confused at the situation. They couldn’t understand why Yura had ended up like this. But they noticed it within a few minutes.

‘No way, has she been going to hell every time she uses the skill?’

It had been like this from the beginning. When she disappeared and reappeared, Yura often seemed injured or affected by a status condition. It was obvious that the teleportation skill she used was different from normal instantaneous movements.

“Isn’t this skill too dangerous?”

Kraugel asked as if he knew everything. But Yura’s expression didn’t change at all.

“I don’t know what you mean.”

Sakak-!

Yura cut off the demonkin biting at her shoulder and pointed her gun at Kraugel. She had to open the distance and recover enough resources to make full use of Hell Leap. Kraugel read her intentions and tried to narrow the distance, but she was the sky above the sky for female users. She didn’t allow him to easily narrow the distance.

“Oh! Kraugel is a completely bad guy!”

Grid was extremely agitated. It was because Kraugel hunting Yura instead of proceeding with the quests was too hateful.

"Can't you share a gold medal and silver medal? Why are you acting like you want to eat everything?"

"It's because he acknowledges Yura's skills. There's a chance he might miss the gold medal if he spares her."

Like the other player, Eat Spicy Jokbal was concentrating on the game. Viola, the woman in a hanbok sitting next to him nodded as if she agreed.

"That lady, she's too strong."

It was obvious that Kraugel was one level higher. The problem was that so far, only Grid had managed to go against Kraugel. In people’s eyes, the difference in skills between the two people was minimal.

“But what the hell is that Hell Leap?”

“Yes. I thought it was simply a fraudulent movement skill, but now a monster has come out.”

Yura once again retreated. She escaped from Kraugel and lurked in the forest, escaping from a great crisis for now. Grid's throat became parched as he felt relief. He was just grabbing a soda when a security guard approached him.

"That... A guest has come."

"Guest? Who is it?"

Who would come to the South Korean team while the National Competition event was going on? The security guard replied to the confused Grid.

"Panmir of the US team."

"...?"

The first ranked blacksmith since Satisfy opened. He was the person who made Grid participate in the blacksmithing event in last year's National Competition.

'Is he coming to ask me to participate this year?'

After thinking about last year's incident, Grid laughed and left the waiting room. Panmir was an opponent difficult to ignore. Grid respected his position but didn't fear him. Grid was familiar with Panmir's craftsmanship. He understood the sense of deprivation Panmir felt because Grid was a legendary blacksmith. Panmir was an opponent Grid had to be careful of in many ways.

"It has been a while."

Grid discovered Panmir in the hallway and spoke first. Panmir had more grey hair than last year. But his solid body and strong eyes didn't make him look old. He looked like Khan would've 15 years younger.

"I'll speak bluntly." Panmir responded to Grid's greeting and immediately got to the subject. "This year, I will beat you."

"..."

No, this was the only reason why he came? It was disturbing his day with this silly thing. Grid couldn't hide his displeasure and frowned. Panmir added, "Even if I win, it doesn't necessary mean I'm better than you. Your craftsmanship and perseverance in manually making each item is naturally better than me. Nevertheless, there's a reason I can say that I will beat you."

Panmir stopped speaking and pulled out a thin booklet. It was the book that described the rules for the blacksmithing event.

"It's due to the manipulation of the organizers."

From this year on, the rules of the blacksmithing event changed. Last year, all participants made the 'same item' with the 'same design.' But this year, the participants could make the item they wanted with any design. The most important change was the victory criteria.

Unlike last year, where the 'comprehensive value' was judged based on the item's ability, this year's blacksmith event only looked at the 'rating' of the item. The criteria was changed so that those who produced unconditionally high rated items would receive good evaluations. Growth type items were no

exception. It didn't matter if the item could grow to the legendary rating. If it was a normal rating when it was finished, the gold medal would be lost.

Panmir spoke with straightforward eyes.

"Haven't you already noticed? The reason why the rules and evaluation criteria for the blacksmithing event changed this year was to keep you in check."

Even if items of the same rank were produced, Grid's items would have higher average stats. If the criteria for evaluating items were just stats, the winner of the blacksmithing event would be Grid.

This was why the organizers changed the evaluation criteria for items.

"Changing the rules to keep a certain player in check... In your position, I would feel that it's unfair."

"What do you want to say?"

"I want to tell you not to take it personally if you lose to me in this event. You aren't worse than me. You were just defeated by the organizers."

"..."

What type of confidence was this? The biggest problem was that Panmir was speaking with good intentions. Grid was forced to shut up because he was too embarrassed to reply.

Panmir smiled bitterly at him.

"I achieved level 280 and completed three hidden quests. Now I have a 0.01% chance of producing legendary rated items. In addition, my items will be at least epic rated... I can make crazily fraudulent items. So prepare your heart. Then I'm going."

After a while, Panmir left and Grid was left alone scratching his head.

"The conclusion is that you are worried about me?"

He knew for a long time that Panmir was a person with excellent craftsmanship. But Grid didn't know Panmir was such a gracious and sensitive person.

'I'm sorry...'

Grid wouldn't show mercy to Panmir. At present, Panmir could never imagine that Grid was holding back a surprise card.

[Chapter 754](#)

The stronger the predator, the more prideful they were. They weren't cautious when hunting small rabbits. Patience and strength were the basics. It was important to do their best when competing with the same beast.

Clink!

The second half of saint sword drawing. Kraugel was doing his best to stop Yura. He was very wary of her since she was also qualified to draw the saint sword.

'There's a slight difference in movement speed due to the difference in basic stats. I need to deal with her before entering the safety zone.'

Kraugel hadn't achieved level 300 before entering the National Competition. His stats failed to reach the third awakening and were generally lacking. He needed to be tenacious to make up for this. Kraugel placed his hands on the sheath at his waist.

He aimed for Yura's predicted path and drew White Fang. It was Space Sword, one of the ultimate skills of a Sword Saint.

Supaak!

"...!"

Kraugel's silver-coloured sword cut the earth, rivers, trees, rocks, mountains, and sky. The landscape in his field of view was cut in two. All except for one thing. It was Yura. The moment Kraugel's sword reached her, she used Hell Leap to make Kraugel's technique useless.

-Wow...!

-How does she match the timing like that?

-I have goosebumps.

The crowd and viewers had already been impressed by Yura several times. From what they saw, there was only a difference in class between Kraugel and Yura. People thought that if the Demon Slayer class had the ability to fight the Sword Saint class, she wouldn't be in the position of a fugitive.

But that was just their perspective. Kraugel dominated Yura in all ways, albeit subtly.

"You can't run."

"...!!!"

Yura was surprised when she emerged from a black hole. It was because Kraugel stood before her.

'He read the path?' Yura noticed. 'It's my mistake!'

The problem was that she chose the shortest route to reach the saint sword as soon as possible. Kraugel read her thoughts. The cause of her defeat was a failure to overcome her anxiety.

Sakak-!

A white flash projected towards Yura's trembling eyes.

[You have suffered 5,900 damage.]

White Fang descended towards Yura again.

Sakak-!

Chukakakakak!

Kraugel didn't lose momentum after hitting Yura once. He used tricky orbits to deal with Yura.

“Ugh...!”

Yura’s vision kept flashing red. She attempted to defend against Kraugel’s attacks but it didn’t work. Kraugel perfectly analyzed her behavior patterns and his super sensitivity supported his analysis. Yura had only one option left to counterattack.

Tang!

Tang tang!

As Yura was caught in a storm of swords and bled out, she aimed her magic gun at Kraugel. But Kraugel read her gaze and the direction the muzzle was pointing in, moving in advance to avoid the bullets. In the end, eight of the ten bullets shot by Yura were deflected. On the other hand, Yura allowed seven out eight hits by Kraugel. The difference in health between the two people greatly widened.

『 It seems to be over. 』

『 Ah, Player Yura is really miserable. After all this, she’s missing the medal. 』

Yura’s performance had been dazzling through saint sword drawing. She quickly met the requirements of the saint sword with a good strategy and overcome the difficulties experienced in the process with her strength and wits. The commentators and the crowd had no doubt that she would win a medal for her country. But now Kraugel from the United States was about to trample on Yura and South Korea’s dreams.

『 As you all know, the players in South Korea are very shallow. Apart from Grid, Yura, Peak Sword, and Toon, all participating players are unknown. 』

『 The experts guess that apart from Grid and Yura, the other players can only obtain silver medals at most. 』

『 It’s desperate news for South Korea that Yura is being eliminated without winning a single medal. 』

『 It’s a pity. The Korean people will feel a great deal of heartache. 』

The commentators were telling the truth. The rules were revised so that one player could only participate in two events. The elimination of Yura was a painful loss for South Korea. Even if Grid won two gold medals, South Korea would stay at the bottom of the rankings as expected. Then the Korean players wouldn’t receive any buffs.

“Meteor Sword.”

Kwa kwang!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Kraugel’s sword fell like a meteor and continuously struck Yura’s injured body. Yura used her skills to resist, but her health was currently at the bottom while Kraugel’s was close to being full. Kraugel was several times stronger than last year after becoming a Sword Saint and was on a different level from Yura. At this point, people thought the winner of the one on one PvP was determined. They started speculating about the results of the events that hadn’t yet started.

Then Kraugel prepared to deal the final blow to Yura.

'End it.'

Kraugel decided after checking Yura's health gauge. He precisely calculated Yura's health and defense figures during the course of the battle and used a charging skill. He prepared to deal a blow to Yura's heart while simultaneously opening the distance, in order to avoid a counterattack from Yura in her immortal state.

"Jajinmori."

Peeok!

A secret technique obtained from the East Continent. It was a kick that unfolded without any preliminary movements, striking the enemy and pushing him away. He kicked Yura's abdomen. At the same time, Yura's health was depleted, she entered the immortal state and fell far away from Kraugel. Kraugel naturally didn't approach her. He judged that he could prevent her from accessing the safety zone during her five seconds of immortality.

"Huhut."

In this desperate situation, Yura laughed. Kraugel's actions were within the range that she anticipated. Since she was far away from Kraugel, she cast a spell that took some time to use.

"Hell Summoning."

"...?!"

Kurururung!

The Demon Slayer class exerted great influence in hell and operated with a penalty on this middle world. It was too unreasonable to call it a legendary class when it couldn't exert its abilities outside of hell. That's why the skill set involved a hell summoning. It was a field magic that allowed a Demon Slayer to show 100% of their abilities by transferring over a certain random area of hell.

Shaaaaaah-

A dark curtain fell. A radius of 1km around Yura was flooded with demonic energy and turned black. It was the moment when the bright Bruton Island was contaminated.

『 Hup...! 』

The world was astonished. Hell Summoning was a unique magic used by Great Demon Belial! How could a player use it?!!

"Um..."

Kraugel was also surprised. He frowned as he was contaminated by the demonic energy.

[You have entered hell.]

[You are affected by a strong evil energy.]

[Your body is exhausted. Attack power, defense, and agility will decrease by 30%.]

[Health won't recover naturally.]

[You have received a mental blow. Mana regeneration rate will slow by 50%.]

[You have resisted.]

'The status resistance is meaningless.'

Yura was strong. Kraugel became vigilant and grasped White Fang.

Jjeejeeong!

Yura leapt over the boiling hellfire river reached Kraugel in an instant and used three joint attacks. It was a much faster and stronger attack than before.

'Kuk...! She managed to keep this trump card hidden so far?'

He understood her thoughts. It was uncomfortable for players to reveal their true power in the National Competition, where everyone in the world was watching. It was better to hide as much power as possible. But if she had to release it to the public, shouldn't it be in a better situation? Kraugel felt negatively about Yura's Hell Summoning.

'Revealing it in a situation where defeat is already determined... She isn't that stupid.'

The summoning of hell was too late. Even if Yura was strong in hell, the gap between the two people's health was too big to be reversed. The outcome of the battle couldn't be changed. She should've summoned hell earlier or not summoned it at all.

Kraugel thought this as he avoided two bullets that flew from Yura in the darkness. He moved his sword while enduring the heat of the hellfire flowing near his feet. It was a counterattack aimed precisely for when Yura's immortal duration ended.

But.

Sakak-!

Kraugel couldn't cut Yura. He was a bit confused because he hadn't yet been able to adapt to the sudden change in landscape. Yura used Hell Leap and left the battlefield. It was a retreat using her last remaining mana.

'I can't miss her!'

The moment that Kraugel used White Light Steps and was about to pursue Yura.

Kiyaaaaoh!

"...?!"

Kurururung!

A hell bone dragon emerged in sky that contained thousands of hell eyes and blew a poisonous breath at Kraugel. The hell summoned by Yura was a habitat for the hell bone dragon. It was extremely good luck from Yura's position.

"Kuk!"

The hell bone dragon was a powerful high level named monster that would make a player scream. Kraugel gave a rare scream as he was attacked by it. He suffered a critical injury as he flew back.

At this time.

Surururuk!

The hell vanished. The hell summoned by Yura only had a duration of a minute or so. In that short period of time, the situation of saint sword drawing dramatically reversed. Breaking everyone's expectations, Yura was going to reach the safety zone first.

The only area where PvP was impossible. It was the central area where the saint sword was stuck.

『 Y...Yura....! 』

『 South Korea's Yura will be the first master of the saint sword!! 』

Who would've imagined that someone other than Grid would win a confrontation with the sky above the sky? No, it was the opinion of most people in the world that even Grid couldn't win against Kraugel. Yet Yura pulled it off...

Puk!

"...!"

『!! 』

One step. One step was lacking. Just before Yura entered the safety zone, dozens of swords rushed at her. It was the long-ranged skill of a Sword Saint, which caused 10 swords to be released from his inventory to hit the target. It was one of the skills Kraugel wanted to hide until he met Grid.

"Ugh!"

A sword stabbed Yura's ankle. Fortunately, she kept her life because she drank a potion. However, she fell down while entering the safety zone. Then...

Teook!

Kraugel jumped over her. He reached the saint sword first.

『 K-Kraugel wins! Kraugel has won the gold medal by drawing the sword first! 』

『 Ahh, Player Yura has ended up with the silver medal. It is really a waste. But she fought well. I admire her. 』

"Waaaaaaaah!"

Huge cheers shook the Tokyo Dome. The premiere of the 3rd National Competition was fierce and gorgeous.

The Korean team's waiting room.

"Well fought. You fought really well."

On the screen, the sight of Yura tearing up could be seen. It was the first time she had ever looked so frail. She became a legend before Kraugel and actually achieved a higher growth, but she eventually lost. Was it because her efforts were lacking?

No. In fact, Grid knew better than anyone. It was purely-

'The difference in talent...'

Humans were relative. A person who was praised as the best would end up being humble in front of someone better than them. Grid had been through this painful reality many times. That's why he could figure out what Yura was feeling right now. He was able to feel her desperation.

'I'll get revenge for you.'

Talent?

'I will overcome it with items.'

Grid's blood boiled. After witnessing the victim of Kraugel's talent, he wanted to win even more.

After that. Four more events took place and South Korea didn't win a single medal. On the first day of the National Competition, South Korea's medal status was only one silver medal. But this one silver medal was very valuable. South Korea, which originally should've been at the bottom of the rankings, ended up being near the top of the overall rankings.

At this time, no one knew what this small difference would lead to.

[Chapter 755](#)

United States: Gold (4), Silver (3), Bronze (0)

Canada: Gold (2), Silver (4), Bronze (1)

China: Gold (2), Silver (0), Bronze (0)

United Kingdom: Gold (1), Silver (0), Bronze (4)

Japan: Gold (0), Silver (1), Bronze (2)

South Korea: Gold (0), Silver (1), Bronze (0)

France: Gold (0), Silver (0), Bronze (2)

This was the result of the first day of the 3rd National Competition. As with previous years, the North American, European and East Asian countries were remarkable. Of course, this table was only

temporary. There were still 18 events remaining today and tomorrow. New countries would emerge on the leaderboard. Last year's number one, Russia was included.

『 Just like yesterday, there will be nine events held today. Six of those are team events. Today is the most important day out of the National Competition's three days. 』

In order to win the team events, the team must have a wide variety of players. Countries with many outstanding athletes were more likely to win a team medal. The US, Canada, China, and Russia met these conditions. Other countries were significantly less likely to win medals at team events.

『 The countries that wins many medals in the team events out of the four major powers will be ranked first in the overall rankings. 』

『 Will Russian achieve first place for a second consecutive year? Will the United States regain its reputation after winning first at the 1st National Competition? Will Canada, which has always been a first place candidate, finally be different this year? Will China gain the honor of being the first Asian country to be ranked first? 』

『 The possibility of Russia getting first is very low. Alexander is outstanding and there are other great talents, but the team is much weaker than when they had Kraugel last year. 』

『 I agree. Russia's goal is to reach the top 10 and get the country buff. If Russia's strongest ranker Knight, who has been raising his reputation recently, participated, then there was a chance they could get first. 』

『 What about France, the third ranked country in the 1st National Competition? 』

『 Bondre, who lost his status since the collapse of the Seven Guilds, isn't participating in the National Competition this year. France also has no hope. 』

In the end, it would be the trilogy of the US, Canada, and China. It was as everyone expected, causing the commentators to smile bitterly.

『 It's sad that South Korea, which took second place in the 1st and 2nd National Competitions, isn't being talked about at all. 』

『 The reason why South Korea was able to be placed high in the past National Competitions was because the number of events was small. On the other hand, this year's National Competition has 27 events. Grid might win two gold medals alone, but it's impossible for South Korea to be ranked as highly as before. Look. Today South Korea is only participating in two out of six group events. The players on the participating list are all obscure. 』

『 Based on the atmosphere, South Korea seems to have half given up already. 』

『 The attitude is like just participating in the National Competition is fine. 』

South Korea was a country shallow in players. There weren't many notable players except for Grid and Yura.

『 Yura might win one more medal and Grid might win medals in the PvP and blacksmithing event tomorrow, but that's it. 』

『 Frankly, I wonder if Grid can win a gold medal. The new rules for the blacksmithing event are disadvantageous to Grid. Then in PvP, Kraugel is standing in the way. 』

"They're making too much noise."

The Korean team's waiting room. Eat Spicy Jokbal was burning with enthusiasm as he prepared to take place in the subjugation expedition event. As a Korean person, he felt the desire to prove the commentators who undervalued South Korea were wrong.

"The commentator isn't necessarily wrong."

The hanbok-clad woman Viola giggled. She had long eyes and a long chin, looking like a fox when she laughed.

"Is South Korea really weak?"

"That's right. South Korea is weak." Eat Spicy Jokbal nodded as if to agree with Viola's words. "But only when we weren't here."

A ranker's official activities might bring wealth and fame, but there were also large constraints. That's why Eat Spicy Jokbal, Viola, and Ma Bongshik had always been unofficial rankers. But now they decided to reveal themselves to the world. As long as they decided, they didn't intend to do it roughly.

"Our appearance should be gorgeous. Just like a certain someone."

Eat Spicy Jokbal looked at Grid. Grid saw him and said easily, "Come back with gold."

"Okay. We will bring back two."

"..."

Eat Spicy Jokbal's momentum! The other young Korean players didn't know his identity and clicked their tongues. They were questioning why he was so confident. On the other hand, Grid's expectations were high since he knew Eat Spicy Jokbal's identity.

'Blood Carnival's master.'

Eat Spicy Jokbal was a big person who created and operated the strongest and worst dark gamers group. Grid also acknowledged the power of his hidden class, Dungeon Maker. Grid and Peak Sword were sure that his appearance would bring a tremendous shock to the world.

[Eat Spicy Jokbal? The ID is real.]

[Crazy! What is this? ⇨ ⇨ ⇨]

[Wow, this name is more idiotic than childish.]

[I guess he likes jokbal.]

Subjugation expedition was an event that introduced PvP to the existing raid. Three countries participated in a raid at the same time, hunting the boss while keeping each other in check. The country that accumulated the most damage to the boss would be the champion.

The boss was a cockatrice. It was one level below the drake, the boss of the existing raid. If the raid target was too strong, the players would take a cooperative attitude instead of keeping each other in check. Thanks to this, the subjugation expedition event was expected to be much faster and more intense than a raid. This was the S.A. Group's intention.

"Our first opponents are South Korea and Japan. We have good luck."

The participating countries in Group A were South Korea, Japan, and Russia. It was good luck for the Russian players. South Korea was weak apart from Grid and Yura. In fact, the Korean players participating in this event were completely unknown. Japan was no different. Damian and Katz weren't participating in this event, only second level rankers.

On the other hand, Russia had Alexander. He was the strongest ranker in Russia after Knight, who had recently started to gain popularity. Last year, he acted with Kraugel to make Russia first in the overall rankings.

"Our goal is the gold medal. We have to get through this first game."

The results of the previous four group events made the development of the National Competition interesting. The United States didn't win any gold medals, Canada won three gold medals and China won one gold medal. It meant the United States failed to be first. If Russia succeeded in winning gold in the remaining two team events, maybe Russia could be in the top position in the overall rankings. The Russian players were motivated.

"Hey."

Three minutes before the boss emerged. Alexander glanced at his successor, Ikonikoski, now one of the leading rankers in Russia. Ikonikoski rushed to his side and answered vigorously.

Alexander ordered, "There is a high possibility that South Korea and Japan will feel a sense of crisis and ally with each other. We must aim for the Korean players at the start of the match. Don't give them a chance to cooperate with Japan."

Ikonikoski's abilities were equivalent to the former Alexander. It would be simple for him to get rid of three small fries alone. Ikonikoski replied confidently.

"Yep! I'll get those yellow monkeys...ugh!"

Ikonikoski suddenly screamed. It was because Alexander hit the back of his head. Alexander warned him with a grim facial expression.

"Don't be racist."

"Huh...?"

Alexander was a notorious skinhead. Ikonikoski was stunned once he talked about racial discrimination. Alexander explained to him, "Kraugel is also Korean! You stupid bastard!"

"I-I'm really sorry!"

Many people didn't know that Alexander was following Kraugel. Ikonikoski hadn't known. He wasn't able to understand the situation properly but had to respond like this. He was afraid of Alexander. Right as the Russian team were in turmoil.

"The first match opponents are too weak." Eat Spicy Jokbal on the South Korean team was unhappy. "Shouldn't my debut appearance be at least the level of Kraugel?"

It was the exhibition he had thought hard about. Eat Spicy Jokbal wanted a gorgeous debut to the world. He wanted to imprint his presence on people. However, the Russian team were the first opponents. Ma Bongshik comforted him.

"Alexander is quite famous. It's lucky that we're matched against him."

"Hmm... it isn't the worst."

Unfortunately, he couldn't do anything. Eat Spicy Jokbal thought positively as he looked over the battlefield. Sand and dust blew through the steep canyon on the center of a wasteland and a cockatrice was on top.

'The key is the climb the canyon first.'

The team that reached the cockatrice first could accumulate more damage. In the end, it would be a game of speed. It was a space where flying magic was blocked. Who could climb the high and steep canyon quickly?

'In addition, the other players have to be kept in check. Well, it has nothing to do with me.'

Eat Spicy Jokbal paid attention to the cave at the entrance of the canyon.

"It's a good structure to summon a dungeon."

A Dungeon Maker became stronger when dungeons were created. It wasn't just because of the rise in stats. He could also summon a dungeon that he created into a specific area. Eat Spicy Jokbal made a variety of dungeons and was able to cope flexibly in any situation as long as the terrain was suitable.

"Let's go over there."

"Yes."

Viola and Ma Bongshik started to move according to Eat Spicy Jokbal's basis. While the Russian and Japanese rankers moved towards the top of the canyon, they headed towards the cave at the entrance of the dungeon.

『...???』

『What is this...? .』

Immediately after the subjugation expedition match between South Korea, Japan, and Russia started. The commentators who were sure that Russia would win were surprised. It was absurd that the Korean team members were hiding inside the cave instead of defeating the monsters.

『 It's hard to see the actions as meaningful. They must be very nervous. 』

The commentators thought that the Korean players had panicked. They thought there was no possibility of winning and decided to 'hide' in the cave. They were stupid cowards. The Russian rankers thought the same.

"They're worth half a penny."

Shake shake.

Alexander laughed. He was stunned that the Korean players hid out of fear.

"Ikonikoski, just ignore them. Move faster than the Japanese players."

"Yes!"

The Russian players moved in an orderly fashion. In the process of climbing the canyon, they narrowed the distance with the Japanese players. The cockatrice was pecking the sand on top of the canyon. It seemed that both the cockatrice and the Japanese players would be killed by the Russians. But it went differently from everyone's expectations.

Kyao?

The cockatrice pecking at the sand suddenly looked down at the canyon. The sharp eyes were looking at the cave entrance where the Korean players were hiding.

Kyaoooooh!

The cockatrice let out a loud sound. Its long legs stretched out. It ignored the Russian and Japanese players climbing the canyon and jumped down.

"What?"

The Russian and Japanese players were upset. When did it suddenly jump down when they had gone through so much effort? It was also where the Korean team was hiding!

"C-Chase it!"

Even if the Korean players were small fries, their levels were over 250 if they were participating in the National Competition. The three of them would be enough to catch the cockatrice. The Russian and Japanese rankers were nervous. But the canyon walls were too steep. They couldn't catch up with the speed of the cockatrice. The cockatrice arrived in the cave where the South Korean players were hiding.

"Hey! This damn chicken head! Stand there!"

Why was it doing this? Why did it show such great interest in the cave? Alexander questioned it as he yelled at the cockatrice.

Tak!

The moment the cockatrice entered the cave.

"Chicken isn't bad."

Sakak-!

Eat Spicy Jokbal's sword cut at the cockatrice. It was the moment when dozens of cameras moved from the Russian participants to focus on Eat Spicy Jokbal.

[Chapter 756](#)

Most dungeons contained monsters. The monsters were precious prey that gave experience and riches, making it natural for players to recognize a dungeon as a hunting ground. Nobody was interested in the origin of the monsters in the dungeon.

"Chicken isn't bad."

Kiyaaaaaack!

Eat Spicy Jokbal's sword cut at the cockatrice. The cockatrice let out a sharp scream as it struggled. Its eyes were bloodshot as it kept heading deep into the dark dungeon. There was no interest in Eat Spicy Jokbal, who had just seriously decreased its health gauge with one blow. Thanks to this, Eat Spicy Jokbal was safe from 'petrification.' He was safe from one of the top status effects.

"The Snake Dungeon was the right answer."

People might ignore it, but most dungeons were built with a purpose. They all had different features and purposes. That's why different types of monsters lived in different dungeons.

[Snake Dungeon]

Rating: Epic

A dungeon built by Dungeon Maker Eat Spicy Jokbal.

Due to the argandi trees planted in large quantities inside, rodents such as the ratmen proliferate in large quantities. It is a paradise for snake monsters who eat them.

...

...

Eat Spicy Jokbal had built this Snake Dungeon in order to communicate with the Burangtang Clan, who worshipped snakes. He built the Snake Dungeon near the Burangtang's village and became friends with them, allowing him to clear the 'Burangtang's Treasure' hidden quest. In other words, the Snake Dungeon was originally meant to be near the Burangtang's village.

But Eat Spicy Jokbal had the Dungeon Summoning skill. Dungeon Summoning was a skill that could only be triggered when the cave, building interior, mountain etc. was placed in a 'occupied' state and had the ability to 'summon your dungeon for a limited time.'

The reason Eat Spicy Jokbal summoned the Snake Dungeon was to target the cockatrice. The favourite food of monster which had the head of a rooster and the body of a snake was the 'amphisbaena'.

Kieeeeeeeek-!

The cockatrice recovered from the wound on its neck with its unique resilience and resumed dashing. It was blinded by its appetite and didn't even look at Eat Spicy Jokbal's party. It only chased after the delicious smell coming from deep in the dungeon.

"Bongsik!!"

"Stop! Severe Cold Spear!"

Ma Bongshik. One of the four founding members of Blood Carnival. He enchanted his spear with spells. In other words, a magic spearman. His spear had the power to induce the 'chill' state.

Jjang!

Jjeejeeong!

The cockatrice was stabbed by the spear and its movements started to slow rapidly. This was the power of severe cold. It wasn't as dramatic as other status conditions such as 'frostbite' or 'frozen.' But it showed the power to ignore resistance to abnormal conditions. The chill caused the one affected to slowly lose health and agility.

"Okay! Well done!"

Eat Spicy Jokbal jumped high as the cockatrice was slowed down. His battle power, supplemented by the dungeon buff, was comparable to Grid before Grid for the Enlightenment Sword.

Sakak-!

Strong. The cockatrice's health gauge fell by a tenth when hit with Eat Spicy Jokbal's sword.

Kiik...!Kiiiiik!

The cockatrice's eyes widened. After receiving a certain amount of damage, it woke up from the prey it was focused on. As soon as its gaze moved to Eat Spicy Jokbal...

"Oh my! Boys! What are you doing?"

Viola wore a witch's hat and spun her magic wand. Like Ma Bongshik, she was a founding member of Blood Carnival and her class was a conjurer. She had the power to strengthen an effect or increase the duration of a status effect. The gaze of the cockatrice once again returned to the dungeon. It immediately started running again while the Eat Spicy Jokbal attacked it.

『 W-What is this...? 』

The commentators were filled with great doubts. Why was there a dungeon in Reilt Canyon, the stage of subjugation expedition? According to the information released by the S.A. Group, a dungeon shouldn't exist here. Then why was the cockatrice obsessed with this dungeon and why weren't the Korean players affected by its petrification?

More than anything else.

'Strong!'

The Korean team members were performing tremendously, despite being unknown. In particular, Eat Spicy Jokbal was outstanding. The cockatrice was only a level 260 field boss, but its base defense was high. There were few who could cause it to lose one-tenth of its health with one blow out of the 1,500 rankers participating in the National Competition. However, Eat Spicy Jokbal was doing this continuously. The cockatrice's health fell every time his sword struck it.

"Waaaaahhhh!"

"I don't know who he is, but he's great! I'm cheering for him!"

While the commentators couldn't understand the situation and had fallen silent, the crowd and viewers were cheering. The development beyond expectations excited the audience.

"A dungeon?"

Finally, the Russian players descended the canyon. They were confused when they entered the cave where the Korean players had hid.

[You have entered Snake Dungeon.]

[You haven't received permission from the creator. The dungeon considers you an intruder.]

"Now I understand why the cockatrice headed here." Alexander confidently said after thinking about it.

"This dungeon is the real stage of the subjugation expedition. The canyon was just a bait."

Ikonikoski admired Alexander's interpretation.

"I see! We wasted our energy and time trying to climb the canyon to get the cockatrice!"

"That's it. It's my fault for not seeing it from the beginning."

"On the other hand, isn't it great that the Korean players came here from the start?"

"..."

Was the story like this? Alexander panicked for a moment before soon denying it.

"No. They just got lucky."

Eat Spicy Jokbal, Viola, and Ma Bongshik. The Korean team members participating in this event were really nothing. They were unknown players he had never heard of before. Alexander was certain that the three of them were certainly the lowest of the 1,500 players competing in this National Competition. The lack of skilled Korean players gave credence to this thought.

"The cockatrice came to the place where they are fearfully hiding... Those guys are really lucky."

They were really ugly players who got to eat for free.

"Let's go after the cockatrice. No matter how weak, the Korean players can hunt the cockatrice. We can't give them the chance."

It had been three minutes since the cockatrice entered the dungeon. It was the time when the cockatrice had just unleashed its opening petrification offensive. It was the right timing for the Korean team to counterattack.

'They will slowly chip away at its health... It should be around 1/30th so the momentum isn't that high. All variables should be blocked.'

It wasn't good to relax. Alexander lit a torch and started running with his colleagues. They advanced into the depths of the surprisingly large dungeon. Snake-type monsters popped up several times along the way. But they were only level 100 and weren't a threat.

'Strange.'

Alexander and the Russian players got goosebumps. It wasn't convincing that monsters who were only level 100 would appear in the National Competition. There was also the warning window about not getting the permission of the creator when they first entered the dungeon.

'It's like a separate space...'

There were many reasons to be wary, but they lacked grounds to doubt the situation. The Russian players were forced to move forward and eventually reached the end of the dungeon. Then they saw it.

Kyaak!

The cockatrice's head was separated from its body!

"What?"

Only seven minutes. It had been seven minutes since the cockatrice entered the dungeon. Yet the cockatrice ended up being raided. It was by the unknown Korean players!

"W-Who the hell are you?"

How could they do this? Alexander asked in a trembling voice and Eat Spicy Jokbal replied while dealing the final blow to the cockatrice.

"The two gold reserves."

"Run!"

The wave that occurred when South Korean defeated Russia and overturned everyone's expectations was huge. After the Group A game, the other players participating in the subjugation expedition ran to the cave at the entrance of the canyon at the start of the game. It was because everyone knew that the cockatrice would come to this place.

But,

"...?"

"...????"

The cockatrice didn't move from the top of the canyon. It stayed in place and waited for the invaders. It was the same in the other games. Apart from South Korea's Group A match, the cockatrice never descended from the canyon.

'What is this?'

The commentators, spectators, participants, and viewers thought they were possessed by ghosts. No one could understand why the cockatrice showed a different behavior pattern only in Group A. In the meantime, the games continued and now there were only 12 countries remaining

The quarterfinals began. The first teams in the quarterfinals were South Korea, the United States, and Canada. Nobody felt sorry for South Korea, who was assigned to be in the same group as the strongest winning candidates. It was because the players were aware of the Korean players' strength after they defeated the cockatrice in an instant.

'It's tricky.'

The US representative, Cloud clicked his tongue. The United States hadn't won a single gold medal in the four group events that were held. They were in a position to win a gold medal in the subjugation expedition, but they had to face Canada, who had won three gold medals in the previous team events, and South Korea, who showed an unexpected power.

'If we fall here, there won't be a bronze medal.'

The United States representatives had to figure out how to increase the odds and the conclusion was surprisingly quick.

"We have to stop the Korean team from entering the cave."

It was a fact that the cockatrice showed a strange behavior pattern when the Korean players entered the cave. They didn't know what the principle behind it, was but there was a possibility that unexpected variables would occur when the Korean players entered the cave.

As a result, Cloud and the other US players ran in the direction of the Korean players at the start of the game. The Canadian players made the same judgment as the American players. They were worried that they cockatrice would jump down while they climbed up the canyon.

『 Ah! South Korea is in a great crisis at the very beginning!! 』

South Korea became a common target because of their unimaginable power. The commentators were making a fuss while the Korean players were calm. No, they rejoiced at being noticed.

"Cloud and Henry... It wouldn't be an excellent debut if I didn't face people of at least this standard!"

"Yes. It's better than one Alexander."

"Then let's hunt humans instead of a chicken this time."

The six US and Canadian players participating in the subjugation expedition were the highest ranked players in the top 500 unified rankings. It was evidence that both the US and Canada recognized this event as important. Since both countries wanted to secure the number one position in the overall

rankings, it was natural to boldly invest in this event. However, South Korea had invested more than the two countries.

Eat Spicy Jokbal. The concept of ranking was meaningless to a sun grade powerhouse. South Korea had the strongest players who could match Grid. The rankers in the top 500 were just hatched chicks in front of Eat Spicy Jokbal.

Puk!

Sukakak!

Without needing to reveal any special powers, the Eat Spicy Jokbal trio slaughtered the American and Canadian representatives with pure combat power. Both the United States and Canada missed out on a bronze medal while South Korea won the gold medal.

Throughout the day, Eat Spicy Jokbal rose to the top of all portal sites' search queries. The sale of spicy jokbal in the country rose sharply. Ironically, the jokbal store that Eat Spicy Jokbal operated in Haenam was on holiday.

[Chapter 757](#)

"There were such high rankers in South Korea?"

"Cloud couldn't do anything..."

The United States wasn't able to win a single gold medal in the team events held today. The result of the 'subjugation expedition' was very important since their overall ranking was reversed with Canada. It was a situation where Cloud, the right arm of Zibal, participated in the subjugation expedition. The US wanted Cloud to win a gold medal and didn't doubt that he would live up to their expectations. Yet he was disastrously defeated by the unknown players of South Korea. The US representatives were in a big shock from the unexpected situation.

In this atmosphere, Skull was feeling impressed.

"It's a perfect combination."

Skull. He was the US's top ranking player who maintained the top 10 in the unified rankings for the last four years. He used his excellent eyesight and saw that the Eat Spicy Jokbal trio was really perfect.

Ma Bongshik used his spear to cause the 'chill' status condition, Viola used her magic to maximize the power of the cold, and Eat Spicy Jokbal finished off the weakened enemies with his powerful attacks. The three Korean representatives had excellent individual ability and also compatibility with each other. Looking at their activities, they had been colleagues for at least a few years.

'Grid and Kraugel won't be able to easily go against them.'

Skull thought this and saw Kraugel's eyes. He witnessed Kraugel's black eyes shining with interest.

'This is it.'

He thought that the DNA of Koreans were still alive when he saw the Korean players captivating the minds of the people. It was the gaming DNA of South Korea, which used to be a powerful in e-sports.

"This is..."

The Canada team's waiting room. Unlike the other players, Chris already knew about Eat Spicy Jokbal and was thrilled. He knew that Eat Spicy Jokbal was acknowledged by Grid but he hadn't expected Eat Spicy Jokbal to be at a level to kill Henry at once.

'Just looking at the strength stat, he has more than me.'

Chris paid attention to Eat Spicy Jokbal's attack power.

'Dungeon Maker... it isn't a combat specialized class. There were very few combat skills. However, the ability to exert a high attack power is purely due to the high strength stat.'

It was evidence that Eat Spicy Jokbal's strength stat was very high. The Dungeon Maker could be classified as an architect. Unlike the production classes of blacksmiths, construction workers, and tailors where 'stats were increased every time an item was made,' the architects increased their strength and stamina by two every time they built a building.

'I know why Grid and Peak Sword covet him so much.'

Eat Spicy Jokbal was basically a good fighter. Once he combined his strength with his colleagues, he would be a full-fledged presence in PvP. Indeed, he was the head of the former PvP group Blood Carnival.

'Becoming stronger in a dungeon...? I also want to fight him someday.'

Eat Spicy Jokbal. He captured the attention of the popular rankers as well as the general public, making it a splendid debut.

『 South Korea's victory! South Korea has won the gold medal in building walls after the subjugation expedition! 』

『 South Korea has won two gold medals in the team events! I never imagined that this development was possible... 』

『 This is a huge variable. The United States hasn't won a single gold medal in the team events today, while Canada missed the opportunity to widen the gap with the US. China, who is chasing these two countries, is also shaken. 』

South Korea had shaken up all three candidates to be first. The country that would be first in the overall rankings was becoming more and more of a mystery.

Canada: Gold (5), Silver (5), Bronze (1)

United States: Gold (4), Silver (5), Bronze (2)

China: Gold (3), Silver (1), Bronze (1)

South Korea: Gold (2), Silver (1), Bronze (0)

United Kingdom: Gold (1), Silver (2), Bronze (4)

Japan: Gold (0), Silver (1), Bronze (3)

France: Gold (0), Silver (0), Bronze (3)

Brazil: Gold (0), Silver (0), Bronze (1)

South Korea obtained two gold medals and their ranking rose. Considering the fact that there were still Yura, Peak Sword, and Grid remaining for South Korea, it was likely South Korea would finish in a high position in the 3rd National Competition.

It was an entirely different result from before the competition started. South Korea's strength went beyond expectations and turned the whole world upside down. South Korea had a completely festive atmosphere.

"Every season of the National Competition is very enjoyable."

"I agree. Grid was active last year and the year before, while there are new faces this year..."

"Ah, I'm really happy! This year we will get the National Competition buff!"

"I'm really excited about Eat Spicy Jokbal. I'm going to eat spicy jokbal instead of chicken during the National Competition."

"I like Ma Bongshik. I didn't know there was a person who raised the 'chill' skill to such an extreme."

"Yes. It's usually evaluated as a junk skill. He must have special insight."

"If Viola wasn't there, they wouldn't have been able to do this."

"It's the first time I've seen a conjurer. It has a high difficulty."

There were those who were happy and those who were sad! While South Korea was excited, China had a funeral-like atmosphere. The wide country that contained 1.5 billion people didn't know what to do.

"Will we once again be ranked lower than South Korea in this year's National Competition?"

"No way! How can a small nation with a population of 50 million beat us every time? I can't accept it!"

Did South Koreans have particularly good genes? Some people had these types of doubts while others were angry at being questioned. The fact that their great nation was caught by a small country shattered the pride of the Chinese people. One of the 50 Chinese players, Zhang Zheng, was the same. He was extremely proud that he was born in the great country of China and grew well enough to enter the world stage.

"Silver medal... not even a silver medal?"

China had been in the last four countries in the subjugation expedition and had advanced to the finals. He thought they could win a gold medal against South Korea, who defeated America and China. But reality was cruel. The Chinese players were trampled by the Korean players and were the first to be

eliminated. As a result, China didn't win a single medal in the subjugation expedition. This was despite the fact that they were within the top five rankers of China. The loss was very large.

The agitated Zhang Zheng seized the throats of the players who participated in the subjugation expedition.

"Do you think you can live if you bring such humiliation to our great country? Huh?"

"Kek! Kekek!"

Among the Chinese rankers, Zhang Zheng was known as a crazy person. Zhang Zheng had his father, a high ranking official, behind him. He was really outspoken and easily hurt people. There was a rumor that he stabbed people with a small knife he always carried.

He took out the knife and threatened his colleagues.

"Remove your hand. They also fought very hard. Don't blame them as if they were sinners."

"Hao...!"

Zhang Zheng's bloodshot eyes stuck to Hao. He wanted to stab and kill Hao right now. But Hao didn't even blink. Zhang Zheng's influence and the knife he wielded didn't pose any threat to Hao.

"Che!" Hao looked at him slowly and Zhang Zheng eventually lowered the knife. He removed the hands gripping his fellow players' necks and muttered towards Hao. "Isn't this funny? Are you the person who kneeled to the Korean dogs twice? Why don't you go and live in South Korea?"

"...Speak any more and you will be hurt."

"Ah? No, aren't you scary? What did I say? Aye, I was just talking to myself."

"Trash."

Hao turned away like he didn't want to argue with Zhang Zheng anymore. Hao returned to his own seat while Zhang Zheng cried out.

"But do you know? People are hating you. Kneeling to someone else when standing on the world stage? You should be careful. If you don't get any good results this year, you might die without knowing it."

"..."

It wasn't a threat, but the truth. Hao surrendered to Grid in last year's National Competition and in Battlefield this year. He wasn't in a good position. If he went home without any results like Zhang Zhang said, he might receive a knife in the back. China was huge and there were many crazy people.

Hao closed his mouth and Zhang Zheng giggled.

"On the other hand, won't I be cheered on by the people? Yes, I will break the Grid who you kneel before every year."

Zhang Zheng had established a large-scale workshop in China using his wealth and power. He hired more than 100 high level players and repeatedly had them do raids, acquiring their raid items. Currently,

Zhang Zheng had reached the highest level, in items as well as level. Hao gave up when Jang Zheng announced his intention to participate in PvP this year.

‘Grid, be careful. You will receive all types of insults if you lose to him.’

In this situation, he was worried about Grid rather than his country. Hao realized his attitude and smiled bitterly. He deserved to be stigmatized as a traitor by his people.

“How is it?”

There were glittering gold medals around the necks of the Eat Spicy Jokbal trio as they returned from two events. They were the first gold medals that South Korea had won this year. The eyes of the young players shone brighter than gold as they saw the gold medals.

“Brothers, Sister! Really cool!”

"I admire you!"

"To be honest, when I saw your ID... No. I really admire you!"

“Huhuhut!”

Eat Spicy Jokbal puffed up at the enthusiastic response of their fellow players. Grid came up to them for a handshake.

“You have suffered. Congratulations and thank you.”

“Um... hum hum! Why are you thanking me? Don’t misunderstand that I brought the gold medal for you!”

Eat Spicy Jokbal was about to grab Grid’s hand when he suddenly gave Grid the cold shoulder. It had already passed but Grid was the one who disbanded Blood Carnival and took away the insane dragon’s egg. Eat Spicy Jokbal’s abilities were lacking and he couldn’t complain. However, he had no intention of being friendly with Grid.

Bah! Viola snorted and approached Grid on his behalf.

"Jokbal is originally a bit narrow-minded. Overgeared King, please generously understand."

“...”

Viola continued to be pleasant to Grid throughout the National Competition. Grid saw that Eat Spicy Jokbal was surrounded by other players and asked her carefully.

"You don’t blame me?"

“Of course I blame you. Our big business collapsed because of you.”

“...”

"But I don’t want revenge just because I blame you. Looking at the way you treat Jokbal, you look like someone who can give us bigger profit than before."

She saw it properly. Grid wanted Eat Spicy Jokbal to join the Overgeared Kingdom. It was clear that the power of the Overgeared Guild would rise sharply if they joined.

"You can see people properly. I want you. We can be a great help to each other."

"I think so as well. But."

The problem was Eat Spicy Jokbal. It would be hard for them to be colleagues unless Eat Spicy Jokbal opened his heart. Grid was thinking this when Viola mentioned a completely different person.

"The princess will hate you even when she wakes up. Therefore, we probably won't be able to join you for a while."

"Princess?"

"The youngest of the founding members of Blood Carnival. She's a pretty university student? Huhut, please be careful, because that child is a fierce leopard."

The second day's schedule was over. China, England, and Mongolia won the gold medals in the three solo events after the team events.

There was the 'truth game' where the players had to capture the hearts of 10 NPCs based on the clues they obtained during the game. Once Grid saw that Huroi took part in the event, he thought, 'Ah, this is going to be bad.' But unexpectedly, it was a big success. Huroi didn't mention the opponent's parents, despite facing stressful challenges. He showed his dignity by calmly charming the NPCs. Looking at it, Grid was reminded that Huroi's class wasn't a curse debuffer, but an orator.

Now there were nine events remaining. Tomorrow, the 3rd National Competition would be over.

Then.

"It's starting now."

Grid, Yura, Peak Sword, and Toon. South Korea's flagship members were ready to play.

[Chapter 758](#)

"Hahahahat! The Japanese surprisingly know the taste of food! Ah~ they have great taste!"

The second day of events for the National Competition finished. Peak Sword was satisfied after dinner at a famous restaurant. He embraced people passing by and even danced. Why was he feeling so good?

"Heh, I guess he's happy that I won a gold medal."

Eat Spicy Jokbal thought this way but reality was different.

"The restaurant has kimchi as a side dish! It's really wonderful that the Japanese know the taste of kimchi! Nice! Puhahahat!"

"..."

The president of the Korean Patriotic Society, Peak Sword! He was very happy that most of the restaurants he visited during his stay in Japan sold kimchi. He felt great pride that the great food culture of Korea had completely captivated the hearts of the Japanese people.

"I especially like the fact that kimchi is being sold! Right! It's right! Good food like kimchi should receive money to eat it! Don't just give it for free! In Korean restaurants, the kimchi side dishes should be paid for separately! Right! That's right!"

"...No, most side dishes in Japan you need to pay for..."

"Kuhahahaha! Hooray kimchi!"

"...Crazy guys."

They were tired of dealing with the extreme Peak Sword, who fell into a world of his own without listening to others. Eat Spicy Jokbal and the other representatives left Peak Sword alone. Thanks to that, Grid frowned as he was left alone with Peak Sword.

"No, this country doesn't have jjampong?"

That's right. Grid was also in a world of his own.

『 It's finally the day. 』

『 Yes, it's the last day of the 3rd National Competition. Most people are looking forward to this day because it's a big day of popular events. 』

『 There are more people who feel regret. There are claims that it's necessary to increase the duration of the National Competition to two weeks like the Olympics. 』

Before the start of the third day of the National Competition, the commentators of various broadcasting companies spoke freely. The commentators were as excited as the audience and the viewers. They were all filled with expectations.

They didn't know which country would make it to the top 10 of the overall rankings and receive the country buff. They didn't know who would win the target processing event. They didn't know if Grid could do well in the blacksmithing, if Kraugel could prove himself to be the strongest, etc.

All nine events held today were enough to stir up a hot topic. The result was that the expectations of billions of people around the world were boosted. What would unfold? In the midst of this...

『 The first event of the third day of the 3rd National Competition will now begin! It's starting! 』

"Waaahhhhhhh!"

The first event on the third day started. The first event was the blacksmithing game! It was an event that Grid, who played a leading role every year of the National Competition, was participating in.

"I will cheer you from afar!"

"You will surely win! Prove that there is no use in the S.A. Group's actions!"

"Fighting Grid!"

The Korean team's waiting room. The young players of South Korea didn't hesitate to cheer for Grid. Grid felt strange as he saw them looking at him with envious eyes.

'Those who dream of being me...'

He had always been ignored and now he was the target of envy for someone. It was like a dream for Grid. It felt like he was experiencing a hidden camera prank. But this was reality.

Duguen!Duguen!

Grid's heart thumped. Grid didn't want this reality to shatter like a dream overnight. He desired to prove himself further. Interestingly, the form of his aspirations was somewhat different from before. Grid previously wanted to prove his worth for himself, but now it was different. For those who envied him, Grid wanted to prove his worth to return their faith.

"Believe in me."

He had overcome the jinx a long time ago. Grid spoke a trustworthy line and smiled at the young players. The smile of an idol was eternally engraved in the minds of the young players.

"Do you remember what I said before?"

Panmir greeted Grid after they connected to the stage of the blacksmithing game. His appearance in the game was somewhat younger than reality. It was because the character created four years ago didn't age. There was a longing to catch the years that flowed on endlessly.

"Don't be too frustrated if you miss out on the gold medal today. You aren't any worse than the others."

The criteria for this year's blacksmithing event was purely the 'item rating.' The item performance didn't apply to the evaluations, making Grid a clear victim since he could produce better items than other people. Panmir sympathized with Grid. He saw Grid as a lamb sacrificed to the tyranny of the large corporations. Grid knew Panmir had no hostility and took a friendly attitude.

"Well, I will accept your encouragement."

"Haha! You surely are a king. I praise your solid mentality that can be so calm in front of an unreasonable situation."

Panmir, who had dominated the blacksmith rankings for the past several years, knew the sad truth. The fact that top-quality blueprints only guaranteed an 'epic' rating.

'The situation is the same for Grid...'

Like the other participants, Grid didn't have a way to ensure a unique or higher rated item. Those who were less skilled than Grid became equal to him in this competition.

'It's the moment when all the items you have made become meaningless...'

Panmir confirmed the time and moved to his position.

After a while. The host confirmed that all players were in front of the furnace they were assigned to.

“Everyone, do you see? This year’s blacksmith event has 50 people! All 50 nations participating in the National Competition this year have a representative taking part in the blacksmith event!”

The result of making an item was pure luck. Depending on the creator’s capabilities, the performance might vary. But the rating wasn’t affected by the creator. It was determined by probability. In the end, there was no winning candidate for the championship. The luckiest person would win. There were many people who wanted to participate.

‘I prayed all night for the sake of today!’

‘J gave an offering to the temple!’

‘I prayed on a totem. Please give me a unique rated item!’

The blacksmiths became religious! They adjusted the firepower of the blast furnace and dreamt of winning. They brought out their best blueprint to prepare for this fight. It was the highest grade production method that guaranteed at least an epic rating.

‘I will definitely beat Grid this year!’

The blacksmiths pulled out materials suitable for the production method and started making items. Dozens of blacksmiths lined up in five rows and wielded their hammers. It was a common sight in the Overgeared Kingdom, which had large smithies.

『 Many people will remember that last year, Player Grid made a growth item and won. At the time, the judging team appreciated the potential of the growth type item and give Player Grid the gold medal. 』

『 It backfired. There was a backlash in many countries. People questioned whether Grid’s item, which was just a normal rating at the time, was worth a gold medal despite being a growth item. 』

『 This is the result of the public opinion. The criteria for this year’s blacksmithing event is just the item rating. The people who created the highest rated item will win the championship. 』

『 There is a rumor that the blacksmith rankers have achieved the minimum qualifications to make a legendary item. What if several players make a legendary item? 』

『 Those players will proceed with a separate rematch. 』

『 Ah, I see. Hmm... I am really curious about the result. The title of ‘only legendary item maker,’ supposedly owned by Player Grid, will end soon. I’m really looking forward to seeing which player will make a legendary rated item. 』

The Only Legendary Item Maker. Grid had been aware of the fact that the lifetime of his unique title, which raised dexterity by 350, was finite since the time he produced a myth rated item. Grid wasn’t able to produce myth rated items originally, but grew to be able to make them. It wasn’t difficult to deduce that other blacksmiths would also be able to make items of the legendary rating.

'Maybe this title will change.' It would likely change to 'First Legendary Item Maker' the moment another blacksmith made a legendary rated item. 'I don't know if the effect of raising dexterity by 350 will be maintained.'

If the title effect was eaten then he would definitely complain to the customer service. Grid pledged and pulled out a production item. It was Design: Failure. It was a production method that Grid originally created and the minimum rating was guaranteed as 'unique.'

'The change in rules this time doesn't affect me.'

Only Grid knew. The others couldn't imagine it, but the new rules of the blacksmithing event couldn't hit Grid. The S.A. Group was conscious of public opinion but didn't infringe on the rights of individuals like Grid. It was natural for the company to operate the game as fairly as possible. It was the S.A. Group's policy to try and exclude any unfair advantage or disadvantage to a particular person.

"Then I'm going."

Grid pulled out the large number of blue orichalcum that he prepared for this event.

"Let's start the production."

Grid grasped the production hammer he had been using for several years. His goal was naturally to make a legendary rated Failure. It was because there was a higher possibility of a rematch if he made a unique rated item.

'At least one out of the 50 people will make a unique rated item.'

But Grid was certain.

'I am the only one who can make a legendary rated item in three hours.'

The odds were much higher than 1%.

Kkuok!

He placed strength in the hand holding the hammer. He thought it would be great if he could give the legendary rated Failure to Chris.

Ttang!Ttang!

It was two hours after the blacksmithing event began. There was sympathy in the eyes of the crowd watching Grid work hard. He seemed pitiful since the revised rules meant he could no longer see the benefits of a legendary blacksmith.

"It's futile."

"If I was Grid, I would go to the headquarters of the S.A. Group and flip it upside down. Honestly, they're sniping at certain players too obviously."

"But Grid didn't say even one word. I once again realize what a great person he is."

"Isn't he a king? Grid is the ruler of hundreds of thousand of people. His heart is like a wide ocean."

"Maybe not. It's obvious to be angry about this situation. However, the people who follow him might be disgraced if he shows it. Therefore, he's patient."

"Isn't he not even 30 years old yet? His mindset is very deep for his age. I'm over 50 years old, but I respect him."

The process of making an item wasn't gorgeous. It was the simple task of heating, cooling, and hammering. But it was strangely addictive. The audience was focused on watching the powerful yet delicate blacksmithing work.

"The given time limit is over!"

Before they knew it, three hours had passed. Some blacksmiths smiled as if satisfied with the result of their item, while some blacksmiths looked disappointed. Some blacksmiths wanted more time.

"Grid?"

The crowds' eyes were focused on Grid. There was a transparent blue sword that looked like a shark in front of Grid.

"Oh! Look at that!"

It was the greatsword that Grid once used. The audience was excited about Failure while the judges started to check the information of the items that the players had made. Panmir was smiling.

'Okay. A unique rating has emerged. I was lucky!'

He wasn't expecting a legendary item. The probability of making a legendary item was only 0.01%. Panmir was satisfied. No one could make a legendary item in this short time. Panmir expected that he would win the event or have a rematch with someone as lucky as himself. The judging panel finally finished their examination. The host received the examination results and immediately shouted.

"Grid wins!"

"Huh?"

"Player Grid has made a legendary rated item, becoming the winner for two consecutive years!"

"Huh??"

Panmir's eyes widened as he witnessed the scene.

[Chapter 759](#)

'Grid made a legendary item? In such a short time?'

Panmir analyzed that the probability of Grid making a legendary item was less than 0.01%. The evidence was sufficient. Grid had been Pagma's Descendant for at least three to four years. In other words, Grid was already qualified to produce legendary items from three to four years ago. It was as long as 10 years in Satisfy time. However, it was estimated that Grid had made less than 10 legendary items in these years.

'The blue greatsword, black greatsword, black scale armor...'

Grid had steadily used the same items over the years. Despite being called the Overgeared King, he was suffering from an item famine. Based on this, Panmir thought that the probability of Grid making a legendary item was very low. He was convinced that Grid had an almost 0% chance of making a legendary item in this event. Panmir thought it wouldn't be much different from himself.

But what was the reality?

[(Seeing the Gods' Techniques) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill Lv. 8]

Grid's blacksmithing technique had evolved and now displayed a better performance than before. While the past Grid had a 'very rare' chance of producing legendary items, the current Grid had a 'slim' chance of producing legendary items. That wasn't all. Grid had the Legendary Blacksmith's Hammer which he designed and produced himself. It was a hammer that raised the probability of making a legendary item by a huge 1%. Theoretically, one out of 100 items that Grid made would be a legendary item.

Nevertheless, why did Grid have so few legendary items? It was purely because he was unlucky. The bad luck that Grid was born with overshadowed the system's probability. Yoon Nahee, head of the S.A. Group's operations team, still vividly remembered. It was the dozens of emails that Grid had sent to the operations team a few years ago.

[Operators, I'm a legendary blacksmith. I clearly made the item according to the production method, so why do I only make normal items? Is it a bug??]

[Operators?? I sent you an email the other day. I spent a few hours making an item, but why is it only normal or rare?? Even the rare item rarely emerges.]

[Hey, this XXX people! I have already made hundreds of items but I haven't seen an epic item! Huh? Is this a fart? Why am I called a legend when I don't make legendary items, you XXX!! Is this a bug or the operators' manipulation? Eh?? Eh?!]

[Ah! XX! This scammer! Do I have to go to headquarters?? Will good words stop the manipulation??]

"..."

These were the contents of Grid's emails. At that time, Team Leader Yoon Nahee and the management team hadn't applied any sanctions to Grid. They turned a blind eye to his senseless behavior. It was because he was too pitiful. At the time, the odds of Grid making an item was too low for the operations team. The operations team even doubted if there was a bug and checked it out. Of course, the conclusion was that it wasn't a bug. It turned out that Grid's luck was just bad. The operations team sympathized with Grid.

'At that time, I couldn't imagine.' A smile spread on Yoon Nahee's face as she confirmed the result of the blacksmithing event. 'I didn't think that person would become so big.'

The misfortunate that Grid accumulated led to a burst of good fortune at important moments. It was possible because Grid fought to the end, rather than feeling frustration or giving up. Team Leader Yoon Nahee saluted Grid.

"Congratulations. I look forward to your continued success in the future."

'...Luck is also a skill. My defeat is natural.'

The opponent was a legendary blacksmith. The fact that Grid was a legend in the first place suggested that his luck was overwhelmingly good. Panmir tried to convince himself after being defeated for two consecutive years. But it wasn't easy either. He was overwhelmed when he thought that his efforts of the past few years were meaningless.

Look at the tailor's event and the jewelry maker event. The number one tailor and number one jeweler both won gold medals in their events. On the other hand, the number one blacksmith had never won a single gold medal.

'It's no use trying.'

Why did the sky give birth to Panmir and Grid in the same time? Panmir was lamenting and feeling frustrated when the performance of Failure was revealed to the public.

"Wow! Look at this performance. Really crazy."

"This is a production item? Isn't the performance much nicer than dropped items?"

"No, what? It's even an item that Grid designed?"

"The name is Failure..."

"If that's a failure, what's a success...?"

The first item that Grid created, Failure was only a tier two item according to Grid's current standards. Failure was lacking compared to the Red Phoenix Bow and the Enlightenment Sword. However, the public perceived Failure as a master weapon. Failure started popping up in the real time search of portal sites in various countries. The netizens were busy analyzing the performance.

In the midst of the turmoil.

"Panmir."

Grid approached Panmir. Grid was worried. Panmir's eyes were full of grief, resembling Khan remembering the loss of his son. It was as if he would quit the game at once. Grid didn't want this development. An excellent blacksmith was a must for the Overgeared Kingdom!

"Look at this."

[Player Grid wishes to share the item information with you. Would you like to accept?]

"...?"

Panmir was stunned. He couldn't understand why Grid passed the hammer to him.

"Heok...!" Panmir accepted the item information sharing while feeling puzzled. It was like he had seen a ghost as his eyes widened.

[Legendary Blacksmith's Hammer]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 550/550 Attack Power: 130~150

Odds of Making a Rare Rated Item: +30%

Odds of Making an Epic Rated Item: +20%

Odds of Making a Unique Rated Item: +8%

Odds of Making a Legendary Rated Item: +1%

* The amount of experience acquired for production related skills will increase.

Conditions of Use: Pagma's Descendant

"U-Unbelievable!!!"

13 years. That was how long Panmir had been working as a blacksmith in Satisfy. Panmir had produced countless items over the years and cleared all types of quests, giving him a 0.01% chance of making legendary items. However, the hammer produced by Grid raised his chances of making a legendary item by 1%. Everything was useless in front of the power of items.

Panmir received a great shock and stumbled. He tried to give strength to his weakened legs.

"I'd be happy to make a hammer for you."

Grid helped him. Grid held Panmir's thick waist to support him and suggested.

"The condition is that you move to the Overgeared Kingdom. Panmir, I want you. Please join the Overgeared Guild."

"...B-But."

Panmir felt very greedy at Grid's proposal. He became motivated again. However, after learning how to make ego items in the dwarf kingdom, Panmir was now the chief blacksmith of the empire. He beat prominent NPCs and was directly acknowledged by the emperor. He wasn't lacking wealth and power after receiving the protection of the empire that dominated the continent. Was it worth it to give up all of this to move to the Overgeared Kingdom?

Grid made the hesitant Panmir realize reality.

"Is there anything more important than items in the world? The empire can't give you items."

"Ah...!"

The fog in Panmir's mind cleared. Life was items! Panmir realized the truth and his hesitation was gone.

"Understood...! I will put in my application to the Overgeared Guild immediately!"

"It isn't the Overgeared Guild but the Overgeared Workfor... No, put in your application to Overgeared Two. That's the guild for all non-combat classes."

"Yes...? "U-Understood."

If he wasn't wrong, Grid was about to say workforce? Panmir doubted his ears and nodded.

Then.

"What...?"

Numerous audience members and viewers witnessed a middle-aged man and a young man whispering to each other while holding each other. A lot of people misunderstood what was going on between Grid and Panmir. The flush on Panmir's face just increased the misunderstanding.

'Something is suspicious.'

Grid got a chill but he wasn't overly concerned. In any case, today the workforce of the Overgeared Kingdom... No, it was the day he secured a huge talent. Grid was very happy. The more the National Competition repeated, the bigger Grid became.

"Pathetic."

The US team's waiting room. After the match, Skull criticized Panmir. It wasn't because Panmir lost to Grid for two consecutive years. Panmir, who won the silver medal, was to be praised, not blamed. Skull's anger was because Panmir joined Grid.

"I heard from the other blacksmiths. You decided to join the Overgeared Guild?"

"That's right."

"Kuk...! Don't you have any pride? You're actually going to serve Grid? Didn't you say you would always deny Grid, who obtained the class of legendary blacksmith from luck?"

"Don't downplay his feats as mere luck."

"You're crazy! You're out of your mind because you're blinded by items!"

In fact, Skull had admired Panmir. Skull respected Panmir for being at the top of his field, despite his age. That's why he was more disappointed.

"Panmir! I...! I wanted you to resist Grid to the end and overcome him!"

"...I'm sorry."

Panmir knew that Skull admired him. Panmir couldn't help smiling bitterly.

"I'm not like you! I will deny items and rely on my skills!" Skull declared as he ran out of the waiting room.

Two hours later.

"...Can I join the Overgeared Guild?"

After participating in the monster obstacle race, Skull was hit like a dog by Jishuka's Red Phoenix Bow and went to find Grid. Skull realized the true power of items.

[Chapter 760](#)

Break through 13 gates guarded by different boss monsters and reach the destination. This was the goal of the monster obstacle race. If saint sword drawing combined strength and intelligence, this monster obstacle race required both stamina and strength since it required constant raids.

The most important thing was stamina. The player's stamina was consumed quickly in the process of moving through continuous raids and rough terrain. The basics for the participants had to be high stamina and stamina management. It was natural that all 15 participants taking part in the monster obstacle race were the strongest representatives of each country.

It was strange that only Jishuka of the Overgeared Guild was taking part, but people predicted a fierce battle. But the result was different from everyone's expectations.

"Fly Up!"

Kiiiiiiing!

Peng!Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

"What...?"

"This is crazy! Uwaaaack!"

One overwhelming attack! Jishuka climbed on top of the third boss, the pinky dragon. The moment she put all the participants in her sight, it could be said that the game was already over. The overwhelming bombardment of the Red Phoenix Bow dealt a fatal blow to all participants. The pinky dragon's breath also caused some of the injured participants to grey.

"Riding the pinky dragon and not being burned... Isn't this a scam?"

"It's good that we didn't participate."

The Overgeared members in the waiting rooms of each country muttered. They were reluctant to participate in events with Jishuka since they knew the options of the Red Phoenix Bow. The host was shouting.

『 J-Jishuka wins! Brazil has successfully obtained a valuable gold medal! 』

The other players were noticeably tired as they passed through each gateway, while Jishuka alone was different. Hundreds of cameras focused on Jishuka's bright smile as she broke through the 13th gateway. She looked beautiful no matter the angle, causing the hearts of men all over the world to thump.

"Grid, have strength for the event remaining. Chu!"

Jishuka's concern was only for Grid...

"Boo! Boo!"

"Die Grid!!"

The anger of the crowd rang out all over Tokyo Dome and across the world.

"Isn't it nice to be encouraged by a beauty? Is the chocolate pudding sweeter today?"

"...?"

The Korean team's waiting room. Grid didn't know why he received a scolding from Yura.

The last day of the National Competition.

Unlike the wishes of the people, time flew quickly and four of the nine events scheduled for today had already ended. The global festival that occurred once a year was almost over.

"I'm sorry."

Toon returned after winning two bronze medals in two events and apologized to Grid. It was difficult from Grid's perspective.

"Why are you apologizing for doing well? You were amazing. Thank you for the two precious medals."

"Yes Toon! You fought really well! The people will be delighted!"

"But..."

Toon's gaze was stuck to the rankings board. There was a big screen in the center of Tokyo Dome that showed the overall rankings.

United States: Gold (5), Silver (7), Bronze (3)

Canada: Gold (5), Silver (5), Bronze (4)

China: Gold (4), Silver (2), Bronze (1)

United Kingdom: Gold (3), Silver (2), Bronze (4)

South Korea: Gold (3), Silver (1), Bronze (2)

Brazil: Gold (1), Silver (0), Bronze (1)

Mongolia: Gold (1), Silver (0), Bronze (0)

Japan: Gold (0), Silver (2), Bronze (3)

Italy: Gold (0), Silver (2), Bronze (3)

France: Gold (0), Silver (1), Bronze (4)

Bronze medals didn't have a significant effect on the rankings. A silver medal was more valuable than dozens of bronze medals. That's why Toon didn't feel proud. Toon was frustrated that South Korea had the same rank before and after gaining the medals.

"I wish that South Korea can be number one. I wanted to please Grid and your family. But..."

Toon was an orphan who didn't know the face of his parents. He'd been in the underworld from a young age and was active in the mafia until encountering Satisfy. He was a criminal in Italy and not loved by

anyone. But Grid and his family were different. Toon came to South Korea and received a warm greeting from Grid's family. They believed and cared for him just because he was friends with their son or brother. They treated Toon like a son, a brother.

Toon felt warm every time he sat with them. It was the first time he'd felt this way. He didn't know how many times he cried himself to sleep out of happiness. A happiness he learned much later than others...

Toon wanted to help those who gave him happiness. It was a desperate wish. But the truth was that it didn't help at all.

"I know how good Yura is. But it'll be hard for her to win a gold medal against Jishuka, who's armed with the Red Phoenix Bow."

"..."

"And Peak Sword... Even if Grid gets a gold medal by beating Kraugel in PvP, South Korea won't get the first ranking. All this is because of my incompetence."

"Why was I omitted?" Peak Sword cried out, but Toon didn't hear his words. His eyes were blurred by helplessness. He bowed his head when Grid's large hand touched him.

"Raise your head. Aren't you my bodyguard? Who will protect me if you're looking at the ground? Don't worry about Yura and Peak Sword. Both of them will give us a gold medal."

"...?"

South Korea getting first in the rankings was realistically impossible. All the Korean players were aware of this reality. Therefore, they turned to look at Grid with a stunned expression. They felt the full confidence in his voice.

Grid smiled. "Wait a minute. I'll log into the game."

Grid pointed to the capsule in the corner of the waiting room and called Yura and Peak Sword over.

"Shouldn't we try taking first place? How long will we be second? Isn't that right?"

"...?"

"The Overgeared King cares a lot about his colleagues."

Viola smiled and spoke to Eat Spicy Jokbal after seeing what Grid had done for Yura and Peak Sword.

"Does Eat Spicy Jokbal like it?"

"Stop talking useless words."

Eat Spicy Jokbal blushed, but didn't remove his gaze from Grid. He was interested in Grid's every move.

Target processing was a popular event every year. It was the event where Grid announced his existence to the world. But this year it was Yura participating, not Grid. The revised rules had changed it to a one

player event and the winning candidate was naturally Jishuka. It was speculated that she would summon the red phoenix to simultaneously shoot down the targets and competitors on the map. In theory, there was no way Jishuka couldn't win.

『 Originally, Yura was one of the strongest candidates... 』

『 It's no longer possible to talk about a winner other than Jishuka. 』

The experts also thought the same. The Korean commentators were disappointed.

『 There are a number of ways that South Korea can get the overall first ranking. 』

『 It's possible if Canada and the US don't win a gold medal in the remaining five events and South Korea wins four gold medals in a row? 』

『 Yes, that's right. But it's sad since that's impossible. 』

『 Jishuka is too strong. Peak Sword is an excellent player, but he's somewhat lacking to receive a gold medal. But this isn't something to be sad about. It isn't necessary to be first. 』

『 That's right. Our players have done well enough. We should pay tribute to our players. 』

Everyone in the world had expected South Korea's ranking to be the lowest this year. However, the Korean players were excellent and as a result, South Korea was in the top rankings. There was no one who would blame the South Korean players for failing to be first.

"I'm sorry for Grid, but personal matters should be separated."

The target processing began. At the same time, Jishuka moved through the forest and aimed to occupy the highest spot. She was planning to take advantage of the power of Fly Up! She would put as many targets as possible into her field of view and would win a gold medal at once.

『 Jishuka has climbed to the top of the hill! 』

『 She plans to see all targets in the sky and on the ground. 』

The target processing event, which was intense every year, was on the verge of facing an unprecedented result.

Kkirik!

People didn't doubt that Jishuka would soon be the winner as she pulled back the Red Phoenix Bow. Of course, it was the same for Jishuka.

'I must win the gold medal and obtain the Red Phoenix Breath...'

Jishuka had 120 targets in her field of view. The moment she was about to use the Fly Up! skill.

Taaang!

A shot rang out from the forest below the hill. It happened when Jishuka noticed the birds simultaneously flying up out of surprise. Her vision turned black and white.

[You have been shot.]

[You have died.]

'What...?'

Swaaaaah.

Jishuka couldn't understand the situation as she turned to grey.

Clink!

After confirming Jishuka's death, Yura changed Alex's Magic Engineering Bayonet (Produced by Pagma) from sniper mode to rifle mode. It was the moment that the Demon Slayer exclusive item that Grid obtained from the Behen Archipelago was revealed for the first time to the world.

This was the power of items.

"Our goddess has done it!!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

"Yura! Yura! Yura!!!"

The winner of the target processing was Yura. South Korea was heating up. Over 50 million people were delighted that Yura exceeded expectations. Everyone cheered at the thought of South Korea's overall ranking rising higher. In addition, they sent personal congratulations to Yura. There were a surprising number of people desperately happy for Yura after she suffered a painful defeat in the saint sword drawing event to Kraugel. It was evidence that Yura had the love of the people.

"Canada and the US might continue losing in the remaining four events. Then maybe we can get first?"

"It will be possible if South Korea wins three more gold medals in the future!"

"The remaining players are Grid and Peak Sword?"

"Yes!"

"...That isn't possible."

"Uh... Peak Sword can't win."

It was undeniable that Peak Sword was one of the top three strongest in South Korea. He was definitely a world class player. The problem was that there were more talented people in the world. People didn't expect much from Peak Sword. In the midst of these worries.

"..."

Unlike usual, Peak Sword had a solemn expression as he entered the battlefield. There was a beautiful sheath of a transparent red color hanging from his waist. It was the strongest sheath exclusive to Iyarugt and made of bloodstone, Iyarugt's Sheath.

