

## Overgeared 771

### [Chapter 771](#)

People were different. They might be looking at the same thing but would feel something else. Most people who felt good were already ahead.

'This time, Grid was ahead.'

The evil dragon Bunhelier. The world's strongest presence that could never be raided. When Kraugel didn't want to see it again, Grid dreamt of getting revenge. It was a huge difference. It was clear that after Bunhelier, Grid would achieve a much faster growth.

In order to avoid falling behind, Kraugel also couldn't turn away from Bunhelier. In addition, Grid drove the sky above the sky to the edge.

"Condemnation Sword!"

Condemnation Sword was one of the Sword Saint's ultimate skills which boasted an attack power equivalent to 100% of the target's defense. It couldn't penetrate Bunhelier's defense, but it was enough to inflict damage on Grid. White Fang was surrounded by a silver light as it rushed to Grid.

"100,000 Army Massacre Sword!"

"...!"

Kraugel thought Grid would choose to defend or counterattack, but he ending up using an unexpected skill. It was the strongest skill that dealt damage even to Bunhelier. It was an unexpected development for Kraugel.

'Why?'

Grid grew stronger as fighting energy accumulated. From a certain point of view, it was right to keep fighting energy at the maximum. However, Grid consumed fighting energy by using 100,000 Army Massacre Sword. Kraugel had a headache. Why did Grid make this choice? Kraugel questioned it.

"Freely Move!"

He opened up the power of Secret Hero and avoided all the strikes of 100,000 Army Massacre Sword that was release at close range.

"Whoa...!"

Sounds of admiration flowed from everywhere. The crowd was overwhelmed by Grid, who wielded the sword 30 times in one second and Kraugel, who avoided all the swift attacks.

Pajik!Pajijjik!

Before the red spots in the air disappeared.

Teook!

Kraugel reached Grid's side and inserted Condemnation Sword.

[You have dealt 53,400 damage to the target!]

Puook!

White Fang sunk deep into Grid's waist! Grid shed blood at the critical blow. The moment Kraugel grabbed the spirit of victory. The crowd gasped. People now admired Grid more than ever after he damaged Bunhelier. It was a standard similar to the sky above the sky. There were many people who felt sorry that he would be defeated after a long fight.

On the other hand, Kraugel was trying to link the White Sword, Black Sword, and Twin Sword combo.

At this time.

"...!"

Kraugel's eyes widened. He perceived the intense aura gathered at the end of Grid's sword. Kraugel knew what it was.

'Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle...!'

It was the ultimate swordsmanship that Grid showed in the Great Demon Belial raid! It was the power that Kraugel feared most from Grid. The reason why Kraugel blocked Grid's footwork during the finals was to stop Grid from using Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.

Grid completed it. It was while Kraugel was focused on the 100,000 Army Massacre Sword!

'This was his intention.'

Grid consumed fighting energy and used 100,000 Army Massacre Sword to disperse Kraugel's attention? He wasted his best skill in order to complete the footwork? No, in the first place, was 100,000 Army Massacre Sword his best skill? No. Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle was the strongest.

Chill.

Kraugel's spine was cold and sweaty.

Kuoooooooooh-!

The Enlightenment Sword roared. Kraugel realized the sword in front of him was flickering with flames. He had been trapped the moment Grid used 100,000 Army Massacre Sword on Bunhelier. Kraugel was so dazzled by 100,000 Army Massacre Sword that Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle became obsolete and Freely Move was consumed.

Puok!

Puk puk!

The Enlightenment Sword continuously pierced Kraugel. The Enlightenment Sword was like a fish that met water. The powerful sword containing killing intent fluttered like a butterfly but was as quick as a bee.

[You have suffered 43,100 damage.]

“Kuk...!”

It was difficult for Kraugel to completely avoid it. The Super Sensitivity passive. It had an advantage of there being no penalty compared to the active version, but it was true that the function was weakened. The story would've been different if Kraugel had reached level 300 and his stats had gone through the third awakening. His high agility would've maximized the Super Sensitivity passive and he might've been able to avoid Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.

But now Kraugel's level was in the 200's. He was also using Control Sword to keep the God Hands in check. From the time he got the Sword Saint class to now, it was too little time.

Puk puk!

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[A legend doesn't die easily. You can resist all attacks for 5 seconds with a minimum of health.]

Kraugel went into the immortal state despite his Sword Saint class reducing the damage. Grid shouted as Kraugel was swept away by Linked Kill that lead to Wave.

“Next year's hero...!”

Last year's winner of PvP, Kraugel became the hero. The idol of everyone, their goal. Grid looked at him and burned with motivation. He was desperate to be crowned the hero next year.

“I will be next year's hero!”

Kurururung!

Grid's desire for victory was stronger than ever. As if in response to this, the Enlightenment Sword was more eager than usual. Black flames exploded in succession while a red lightning bolt struck Kraugel.

“Ugh! Passing the sky!”

Kraugel was covered with waves of sword energy. He gritted his teeth and tried to counterattack against the Pinnacle portion.

Passing the Sky. It was the strongest counterattack that Kraugel created based on Tearing the Sky. The power was at least equivalent to Revolve and unlike Grid, it was possible to cast it immediately without needing footwork. Strictly speaking, it was a counterattack that exceeded Revolve.

Then.

Jjeejeeong!

It faced the end portion of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.

“Cough!”

A large amount of blood poured from Grid's chest. Right here.

"Ohhhhhh!"

Kraugel relied on the immortality passive to unleash fierce attacks. He would deal the final strike to Grid, make him also consume the immortal passive, and then reverse the battle. But that plan was blocked.

[Your health has dropped below 10%. 31,600 health is instantly restored due to the effect of Tiramet's Power attached to the Rune of Darkness.]

[A great king puts his safety first. Due to the First King title effect, a shield with 92,800 defense will be created.]

"What...?"

Kraugel let out a confused cry of alarm. White Fang that stabbed at Grid.

Jjeejeeong!

It was blocked by a shield that shone around Grid like the sun.

"Amazing!"

"Wow..."

The crowd and viewers were busy admiring it. They were amazed by Grid's ability to restore health and create a splendid shield. His tanking ability was just like the famous tankers, Vantner and Bubat.

"Blackening!"

"Splitting the Sky...!"

Kraugel didn't give up. His successive sword techniques threatened Grid. It was regrettable that Kraugel couldn't use all the skills of a Sword Saint due to his low level and lacking resources.

Jjejejeok!

Chaeeeeeng!

Kraugel and Grid's swords moved without stopping. Grid's specs rose at a rapid pace due to Blackening and fighting energy, while Kraugel lost his immortal passive. In the end, Kraugel had to make a choice. He recovered the swords he was controlling. He ignored the God Hands and rejoined his dispersed attention. He regained his concentration and his control skills.

Jjejeong!Jjeejeeong!

"Kuk...!"

Grid was driven on the defensive. His radiantly shining shield gradually lost its light. But Kraugel was a flame on the verge of going out. As soon as the God Hands joined Grid, Kraugel was gradually neutralized as he lost most of his resources.

Finally.

Peeeeeong!

Puk!Puook!

The moment Kraugel broke through Grid's shield, Grid's sword pierced Kraugel's chest. After he became Pagma's Descendant. Grid had gone through all types of quests and even rose to the throne. On the other hand, Kraugel had only been focused on levelling since he changed to a Sword Saint.

This was the difference between the two people. This fact was clear from the beginning. Time wasn't on Kraugel's side.

"Grid."

The God Hands were turned into Lifael's Spear with Item Transformation and the four spears pierced Kraugel's flesh. Before he turned to grey, he knew that everyone was focused on him and spoke.

"In the future, you are my idol and I will be the challenger."

Kraugel knew. The gaze that Grid always looked at him with. Envy and longing. There would be no more burdensome gaze. Now he was finally free.

Pisik.

The moment that Kraugel smiled warmly and touched Grid's cheek with a bloody hand.

Shaaaaaaah-

Kraugel's body turned to grey. The winner of the 3rd National Competition's PvP event was decided.

『 As a result, South Korean is first in the overall rankings!! 』

"Waaaaaaaaah!"

South Korea heated up. The 50 million people in South Korea were screaming. Some people laughed happily while others cried.

"Our son is the best!"

"Oppa...!"

Of course, the people who shed tears the most was Grid's family. They witnessed Grid beating the world's best player and being recognized, so his family was grateful.

On the other hand, Grid was left alone on the PvP stage.

"..."

He gritted his teeth. It was because he was about to burst into tears. He kept silent for a moment before shouting in a trembling voice.

"Log out."

It was time to return to reality. He won the title that he had dreamt of.

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『 Player Grid had broken the sky above the sky and led South Korea to be first in the overall rankings. 』

『 Ahhh, who would've expected South Korea to be number one? 』

『 I'm proud to tears. Player Grid is indeed the son that South Korea is proud of. 』

“Player Grid! Please tell us what you are feeling!”

"How do you feel about being crowned the new sky?"

Hundreds, thousand of camera shutters went off without interruption. The questions of the reporters and cheers of the crowd were endless. It had been four years and five months since Satisfy opened and the world changed. Interest was hot. Grid's name and face decorated the world news. The feats that Grid accumulated so far was unveiled all over the world.

Grid had become the new sky.

'Everybody...'

His parents and Sehee. Khan, Irene, and Lord.

Grid stood on the podium as people watched him with eyes filled with envy. Grid wanted to rush and see his 'family' as soon as possible. He wanted to hold them in his arms and bask in their pride.

Snap!Snap snap!

The camera shutters of various reporters started to click faster. The reporters had an instinctive feeling. It was a sense of duty that told them they needed to take photos of this gentle and loving Grid.

## [Chapter 772](#)

"Waaaaahhhhh!"

"Grid finally did it!"

“The best! Always exciting!”

“Keok! God Grid...! I love you, God Grid!!”

It was strange and proud to see Grid on the podium higher than Kraugel. He broke Kraugel, who'd reigned supreme. In the past two years, he'd led South Korea to the second rank despite it being known for being weak in Satisfy. Now he gave them the honor of being the top country this year.

It was natural for the Korean players to feel unlimited gratitude and respect for him. Even Eat Spicy Jokbal, who hated Grid on the surface, was thrilled. He realized there was still deep patriotism in his heart and embraced Peak Sword.

"You should try and persuade Princess to join the Overgeared Guild." Viola said with a scolding expression.

On the monitor, Grid was being interviewed.

"Just like anyone who played Satisfy, Kraugel was an idol and goal for me. I heard his heroic stories and burned with fighting spirit when hearing his saga. Then I worked hard. This is the result."

Grid stopped speaking and looked at Kraugel, who was also surrounded by reporters. Grid's eyes were no different than before.

"Thanks to Kraugel, I was able to reach where I am now. Kraugel will forever be my idol and competitor."

Grid closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He recalled everything that happened in reality and in Satisfy as he struggled at the bottom before he reached the peak. He opened his eyes and smiled at the hundreds of cameras focused on him. He already organized his thoughts.

"And...the best capsules are from the Comet Group."

Grid still had the sponsorship of the Comet Group this year. The most important point was that the Comet Group's sales jumped thanks to Grid. Grid's words had a bigger impact on sales than the combination of TV, Internet, and newspaper ads. All the Comet Group employees felt unlimited gratitude and affection for Grid. The chairman of the Comet Group had a plan to marry his youngest daughter to Grid. But the youngest daughter of the Comet Group stubbornly refused. The world's best women, Yura and Jishuka, were standing by Grid's side. She wasn't a match for Grid when she was just a rich daughter.

Overall, it was a friendly atmosphere.

"Then...what about next year?"

"Yes. Just imagine the hell."

"What can we do? We just have to give up."

Chris, Damian, Pon, Regas, Katz, etc. They felt despair because they knew Grid's power. They didn't have a sense of how to win against Grid, who thanks to winning this year's PvP, would appear as the Hero next year.

"Infinite stiffness is the default and his God Hands can turn into all types of items.

"Blackening and Belial's Power..."

"How can we beat Grid's Enlightenment Sword?"

"I don't want him to summon Iyarugt. Maybe we can win in two years?"

"..."

Was it possible to beat him after two years? No one was sure. They didn't say it, but they already knew the answer. They wouldn't participate in next year's Breaking the Hero. That was the easiest thing to do.

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"Are you going back to South Korea?"

"Yes. I want to eat the rice that my mother prepares."

"...A mother's cooking. I'm envious."

“Eh? Kraugel, don’t you live with your mother? What? Is your mother sick again?”

“No. Don’t take my words seriously.”

Tokyo Dome had been the stage of the National Competition for the third year. After the closing ceremony, Grid and Kraugel were sitting side by side on the empty stands. Both of them were illuminated by the dim lighting.

“In the future, your area of activities will be wider.”

“Isn’t it the same for you?”

“I’m an individual and you’re a king. You will obtain more information and visit more places.”

“Huhu, are you nervous? You don’t have to worry. Don’t I also have to shoulder the responsibility of a king? I will be going forward with heavy footsteps while you will have a light gait.”

“...Let’s not keep talking about this. Grid, remember one thing.”

“What is it?”

Kraugel’s eyes were very dignified. What did he want to say? Grid’s smiling face went away. He took a serious listening attitude.

Kraugel started talking. “If you visit the East Continent as a king, you will certainly be intertwined with the Hwan Kingdom.”

Kraugel also had eyes and ears. He visited the East Continent much earlier than Grid and knew roughly what Grid had gone through on the continent. However, he didn’t know the detailed information of what Grid had already encountered. He only knew that Grid was active in Pangea and moved some of its residents to the Overgeared Kingdom.

“You should’ve heard about the Hwan Kingdom. They’re the only religion and ruler of the East Continent.”

“They’re like the Saharan Empire.”

Kraugel spoke seriously. It was a story he already knew so he couldn’t take it lightly. Kraugel shook his head at Grid. “There’s no comparison to the empire. Didn’t I tell you? They’re the only religion and ruler of the East Continent. They’re gods to the people of the East Continent.”

“...”

The yangban Garam passed through Grid’s head. In the meantime, the word ‘yangban’ emerged from Kraugel’s mouth.

“Yangban... They aren’t those who fancy themselves as pseudo-gods. They’re the ones who consider themselves as gods because they have the right qualities and skills.” Kraugel finally cut to the chase.

“Don’t mix up with them until you are at least level 500. If you have to visit the East Continent, then visit it as an individual. I don’t know what will happen if your kingdom gets tied up with the Hwan Kingdom.”

“What? Are they really dangerous?”



“Strictly speaking, they aren’t evil. But their ideas are different. Think about them as monsters.”

Grid recalled with Garam was like and fully sympathized with Kraugel. Grid smiled and asked a question, "Are they that strong? It’s enough to make you act like this.”

Kraugel nodded without hesitation.

“They’re strong. To you right now, they’re a great mountain, another mountain on top of the great mountain and the sky above it.”

“...”

Was this referring to the Chiyou test that Garam mentioned? Had Kraugel met up with them? Grid was filled with pure curiosity when he heard Kraugel’s voice.

“But.”

“...?”

"They aren’t as strong as Bunhelier.”

"Huhu.” Grid understood Kraugel’s meaning and stretched. “Okay. I understand. I’ll be alert. I can avoid them, but I won’t be daunted by those who aren’t a dragon.”

"I’m glad that you understand.”

Yes, Grid just had to be alert. He wouldn’t be involved with those sociopaths unless they were interested first. Grid was strong. Kraugel believed this but he didn’t know Grid had already become a target of a yangban.

“Then I’m going. I’m going home to eat.”

Grid said farewell with a handshake. He wanted to have a glass of soju with Kraugel, but it wasn’t yet time. The day that he shared a cup with Kraugel...

"Three rounds.”

“...?”

"A man’s match should be decided in three rounds? I was thinking about it but the first time we fought doesn’t count.”

“What do you mean by that?”

"It was just after you fought Piaro. Wouldn’t you have won if you were in a normal state?”

“It’s pointless to think this way. I lost at that time. This is the truth.”

"No, I’m not convinced.” Grid pulled back his hand. He immediately turned away from Kraugel. "Let’s play the third round in the National Competition next year. Then we will have a cup of soju on that day.”

“You...!”

Grid ignored Kraugel's cry. He headed straight to the parking lot where Toon was waiting. Grid had noticed. After being freed from his high position, Kraugel was planning to seclude himself from the world. Kraugel would act like he used to and not do public activities again.

"You shouldn't retire alone."

Kraugel must be in Grid's field of view. If Grid didn't see Kraugel, he would feel insecure. Grid had to confirm whether Kraugel was still behind him or had already gone ahead.

"Just relax and continue to play against me, Kraugel."

There were many ways to invalidate the three rounds. Grid had overwhelmingly conditions not just in the first round, but the second and third as well. It was too unfair.

A huge smile. Toon jumped as he saw Grid smiling in the middle. It was because Grid was making a different expression from normal. He seemed like a completely different person from this morning.

'The best...'

A warrior became a blacksmith, joined the Tzedakah Guild, became the master of the Overgeared Guild, and eventually became the king of the Overgeared Kingdom. His evolution was still ongoing. What would Grid look like a year from now? Toon was full of expectations when he suddenly received a call.

"...What?"

It was the worst news. Toon paled and looked back. Grid was so tired that he had fallen asleep.

"Did something happen?" The driver asked.

"Go to the airport instantly." Toon urged. He prayed eagerly for Grid to be having a good dream.

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Let's go back in time. It was time for the PvP finals between Grid and Kraugel to start.

"It's here."

Veradin led the elites of Immortal and stood in front of the smithy in the center of Reinhardt. It was a huge smithy. No, to be exact, it was a smithy complex. There were five smithies in the center of Reinhardt that could accommodate at least 30 furnaces. The alarming part was that there were many smithies still under construction.

"Reinhardt is said to be a city without a night and it's all because of the smithies."

The necromancers of Immortal clicked their tongues. On the other hand, Veradin was smiling.

'Grid will be quite angry if all the smithies here are burned.'

The legendary farmer Piaro, who lived in Siren, had disappeared after the vampire expedition. Grid's first knight Jude was still in Bairan. In addition, the great magician Ashur was guarding the border.

Grid's three heavenly kings weren't in Reinhardt. He was sure of it since it was information received from Empress Marie. In addition, the National Competition was now occurring. Most of the Overgeared

members who were supposed to replace the three heavenly kings were mostly away. It was obvious that Reinhardt's defenses were weak at this time.

"But shouldn't I be careful? First of all, I will assassinate Khan who is the target."

Sururuk.

He secretly summoned a death knight in the darkness. It was a death knight made from the corpse of the assassin who was called 'reaper in the dark.' Veradin's heart pounded. There was a need to weaken the power of the Overgeared Kingdom for the future of Immortal. He led the elites of Immortal for this reason.

This incident would make Grid furious. What would happen when he found out Agnus was behind it? It was obvious. Grid would be filled with killing intent. What would Agnus look like in a dire crisis? Veradin was curious as well. He wanted to observe all aspects of the madman.

That's right. Like Lauel said in the past, Veradin wasn't loyal to Agnus. Agnus was just an interesting experiment. Grid was selected as a sacrifice for the experiment.

### [Chapter 773](#)

Khan's family had produced excellent blacksmiths for generations, while the king of the Eternal Kingdom changed 11 times. They owned a famous smithy. It was no wonder that Khan's pride was as high as the sky. Since his youth, he had been praised as the best blacksmith in the eastern part of the Eternal Kingdom and dreamt about becoming the first blacksmith of the continent. He didn't doubt that his dream would become a reality.

But reality wasn't that easy. It was cruel. Reality trampled on his dreams, tearing them to ashes. His beloved wife and son died. Khan experienced great heartbreak and spent a few years as a drunkard. He held a bottle in his hand instead of a hammer and looked at the river instead of a fire.

His wife was a childhood friend he had grown up with. In the process of welcoming her as his lover and wife, Khan's affection was incomparably greater than the world's gold and treasures. Then he lost her overnight. There was also his son who loved her as much as Khan did.

Khan was left alone and had no meaning in his life. If the Mero Company hadn't coveted the smithy Khan inherited from his father, he would've chosen to obediently die. But the Mero Company coveted his smithy. Khan had to endure somehow. He recalled his duty and suppressed his grief in order to maintain his smithy.

It was a meaningless effort. His grief was very large. He couldn't keep back the poison for long. In the end, he gave up everything in life. He gave everything to the damn swindlers and was on his way to making the extreme choice of cutting off his life.

The savior who appeared at this time was Grid. Khan still vividly remembered Grid's first appearance. A young man with a sullen expression and a dead look in his eyes. Grid resembled himself. But their skills were different. After he saved Khan from the crisis, he became Khan's disciple, friend, and son. Now he was a king.

"Haha..."

Deep in the night. Khan carefully polished the metal and wiped the tears that suddenly flowed down. 80 years old. He had lived longer than others. Perhaps that was why? He was keenly aware of it. He couldn't sleep easily, he was submerged in memories, and he kept shedding tears.

"It's time for me to go."

Every person had a fixed lifetime. He would naturally know how much life he had left once it was time. Some people might see Khan as only an NPC, but he was also a person. He instinctively sensed it was time for him to leave. That's why he was busy hammering. His hammer was filled with a desire to pay back Grid as much as possible before Khan left.

Ttang!Ttang!

Did he want to prove that the blood of Albatino, who inspired Pagma, flowed inside his body? Khan was obsessed with making a better Valhalla. He wished that this armor would help preserve Grid's life.

'Perhaps this will be my posthumous work.'

This was his last chance. It was an opportunity to prove his life as a blacksmith wasn't in vain. An opportunity to prove that King Grid's teaching wasn't lacking!

Ttang!Ttang!

Khan wanted Valhalla to be completed as the greatest armor on this earth. He wanted to make an armor that Grid wouldn't be ashamed of. He reminded himself of this every time he saw Grid's armor.

Ttaaang!

Khan's hammering was more sophisticated than ever. It was so delicate that it was comparable to a legendary blacksmith. It was a hammer containing the desires of a blacksmith. Now Khan was making his life's work. It wasn't a miracle, but all his experience that allowed him to display a greater ability than usual.

Ttang!Ttang!

The blacksmiths alternated working day and night on the mass produced Grid set. Their hammering could be heard despite the late hour. Khan's hammering sound was exceptionally clear.

"The chief is in good condition today?"

"I agree. I'm already anticipating some monster-like work."

"But I'm a bit worried. It looks like he hasn't been sleeping for the past few days..."

A strange voice entered the blacksmiths' ears.

"There's a saying about the final radiance of a setting sun (dying flash)."

It was a low voice. The voice came from the entrance.

Clack!Clack clack clack!

The sounds that followed were a bit strange. It sounded like footsteps but were very light.

“...?”

Khan turned his gaze towards the entrance and was shocked.

"Heok!"

“S-Skeleton...?”

They weren't mistaken. Bones occupied the entrance to the smithy. The lifeless bodies moved in a threatening manner. Skeleton knight. At the center of these skeletons, the white-haired Veradin fixed his gaze on Khan.

"The appearance of working severe hours while burning your life. It's a very desirous attitude for a worker. It is no wonder that you have the favor of the Overgeared King."

"Who are you?"

The smithy complex was the most important area in the Overgeared Kingdom. Soldiers were always stationed here and the knights patrolled every hour. Now an unidentified intruder appeared in the smithy that was at the center. Khan didn't know what types of terrible things happened outside.

Khan replied to Khan, who showed extreme vigilance.

“I'm sorry, but I'm a villain.”

Swipe.

Veradin winked and the robed men behind him clapped their hands. It was a signal for the skeleton knights to move.

"H-Hik!"

“K-Khan! Run away!”

The frightened blacksmiths gathered to stall the skeleton knights. They knew that Khan's life was more important than their own. Khan was their respected mentor and the closest one to King Grid!

“Kuaaaack!”

“Ugh...! K-Khan! Hurry!”

The skeleton knights were the advanced undead that could only be produced with the body of a knight. Since they were already dead, they weren't afraid of death. They were given the power of the necromancers and demonstrated a transcendent ability. It was a level where knights could barely subdue them.

Then what about the blacksmiths? They had excellent strength and stamina because they used their bodies for a living, but they were still civilians in the end. Five skeleton knights instantly slaughtered dozens of blacksmiths.

“Jane...! Abra!”

Khan screamed with a white face. The young people who would become the pillars of the kingdom lost their lives. His sense of despair was great.

“Come forward. Isn’t it easier for you to quickly accept the inevitable fate?”

The sacrifice of the young blacksmiths to save an old man made Veradin unhappy. It was awkward to have unnecessary casualties. He was sensitive to the value of life. He didn’t mind killing for a purpose, but he disliked unplanned killing. Veradin blocked the entrance with a frown and hastened Khan’s death.

The result was that a sound was heard. Something fell from the high ceiling of the smithy and the skeleton knights were cut apart.

"...!"

Veradin’s eyes shook. It was because he knew the identity of the man who destroyed five skeleton knights summoned by the elites of Immortal.

“Faker, why are you here?”

As a close confidant of Grid, shouldn’t Faker be watching the PvP match right now? He should support his master like a loyal dog. The doubtful Veradin read Faker’s eyes and snarled.

“I see. The god of killing... Is it more interesting to be a god than a dog?”

Teook!

Just before Veradin’s words finished. Faker used Acceleration to move faster than anyone and he reached Veradin’s side. His weapon was one of the Belial series of items received at the Overgeared Kingdom’s founding ceremony. The dagger made of Belial’s bones stabbed at Veradin.

Puok!

[You have suffered 12,900 damage.]

[You have received the curse of fire and darkness!]

[Every five seconds, damage equal to 4.8% of your total health will be received. This effect will last for 30 seconds.]

[As a necromancer, you have resisted the curse of darkness.]

"Did you conclude it’s better to act first?"

Veradin rushed back and quickly drank a health potion. The moment Faker reached him again.

Ttaak!

Veradin raised a finger.

Then.

“Ugh!”

“...?”

Khan's groan was heard and Faker looked back with panic. A death knight appeared from the darkness and pointed a sword at Khan's neck. Veradin saw that Faker was unable to move and his eyes curved in a half moon.

"I knew that this blacksmith was Grid's close friend. But I didn't know it was enough to get your protection. Aren't blacksmith craftsmen common in the Overgeared Kingdom?"

"..."

"Hrmm? You don't seem shocked by the surprise attack itself? Is it thanks to Lauel? That friend was able to predict this type of situation?"

The rewards for the National Competition were huge. In particular, the reward for a medal was 10 times bigger than a raid. But big profits were accompanied by big risk. Why were rankers and hermits reluctant to take part in the National Competition?

While their competitors were wasting time with the official schedule, they were hunting and raiding in order to achieve a steady growth. It wasn't guaranteed to get a medal when participating in the National Competition and they might fall behind. In severe cases, forces could invade while the participants were away.

Of course, there was a considerable number of participants in the National Competition. In the end, they made their choice and were responsible for their choices. Lauel knew this fact and would've prepared some countermeasures during the competition.

"It isn't surprising to put a big person beside the target. That Lauel, is he a fortune teller?"

Lauel wasn't a fortune teller. He was just prepared to protect what was most important to Grid. Kasim was beside Irene and Lord so he put Faker on Khan. That's why he was here when Veradin struck. But Veradin didn't seem panicked.

"I know that you are a talented person, but who knows? Will it work against me?"

Veradin was the right arm of Agnus, who could become the peak of two billion users. Of course, it was just a superficial relationship. But Veradin was able to become Agnus' right-hand man because he was qualified. On the other hand, Faker wasn't Grid's right-hand man. He was only one of Grid's many subordinates. It meant that their levels were different.

Ttaak!

Veradin flicked his fingers with an emotionless face.

Pahat!

Faker immediately accelerated.

Jeeeeeeong!

"...!"

The death knight would've been surprised if it had feelings. No, there was no surprise. Faker's dagger stopped the blade that was going to stab Khan and immediately linked an attack skill.

Chukak.Chukakakakak!

The sharp dagger pieced the death knight several times. A bright purple light covered the death knight and the death knight was in a state of blindness. It was the Luminous Ray Flash.

Peeok!

Faker kicked the death knight and grabbed Khan's wrist. He wanted to first take Khan to a safe place. At that moment.

"Tower of Command."

"Tower of Command."

"Tower of Command."

Ku ku ku ku!

A black tower with a height of one meter appeared around Khan and Faker. The number of towers increased. It was a necromancer's special skill, which weakened the power of the living and gave absolute power to the dead.

Kuweeeeeeh!

The death knight flew towards Faker. It wielded its sword randomly, as if not caring if Faker or Khan died. It had been affected by the blindness state.

But the death knight recovered the moment the Tower of Command was used. The reason the attacks looked disorganized was due to the style of swordsmanship. It was an unrefined, fierce attack that was like a wild beast. Faker saw that its Sword Mastery level was quite high.

Tadak!

Clack!Clack clack!

The situation was becoming worse and worse. The skeleton knights, which had fallen to Dance of the Reaper when Faker first appeared, now stood up one by one. They gradually approached while armed with threatening weapons. The situation wasn't good and Khan shouted, "Don't worry about this old man. Just run away!"

"..."

"I'm an old man who doesn't have long left to live! You don't need to risk yourself to save me!"

"Your life is worth 100 times more than mine."

Faker opened his mouth for the first time. Khan was amazed because it was the first time he heard the voice of the normally taciturn Faker in years.

Faker whispered to him. "Hold on tightly. I will move faster."

Sukakak!



Faker's dark dagger flashed red. At the same time, the bloody demonic energy shattered the towers and mangled the skeleton knights. Only the death knight succeeded in evading. Khan and Faker already reached the ceiling of the smithy.

"Overgeared...!"

The elites of Immortal were fed up. It wasn't easy to estimate the power of the Overgeared members, who were armed with non-standard equipment. They were filled with the thought that their plan might go to hell.

Kwaaaaah!

The death knight moved to intercept Faker. It was Veradin's response to Faker's determination to protect Khan.

Peeeeeeong!

Chaeng!Chaeeeeeng!

Faker frowned as he exchanged blows with the death knight. It was because the death knight started exuding a terrible poison.

"Cough...!"

The poisoned Khan coughed up dark blood.

#### [Chapter 774](#)

Wiiiiiiing!

Faker whistled. It was a signal to call the Overgeared Shadows waiting outside. But there was no reaction.

"Our Immortal also has huge forces. There are many people as talented as you. To them, your subordinates aren't so difficult." Veradin said. The Death Knight crossed several pillars to get to Faker, like a performing monkey. 10 new skeleton knights entered the smithy. They were summoned by the necromancers who smashed the Overgeared Shadows waiting outside and joined in.

Furthermore. The bodies of the blacksmiths turned to ghouls and started to rise up.

Chaaeng!Chaaeng!

Faker's nervousness reached its peak as he blocked the death knight's dagger persistently pursuing him. The poisoned Khan's health continued to decline. Faker was alone and the number of enemies kept increasing. As time went by, he was at a disadvantage. His first priority was to get out of here, but the death knight called Kyleo was stronger than expected. He was an erosion type assassin who used poison as his main force, while also having excellent melee combat ability. It was clear that he was a strong person in his lifetime.

"Cough! Cough!"

Death Knight Kyleo used Veradin's mana to constantly release poison. Khan's poisoning status became worse and the speed at which his health was consumed accelerated.

Chwarururuk!

The illusion technique released intermittently limited Faker's ability. Since Faker had to fight while protecting Khan, his eyes were tied up.

{Faker: I need support at the 1st smithy.}

He tried shouting in the guild window but no one responding. It was clear that the Overgeared members had left to watch the finals between the Overgeared King Grid and Kraugel. Did he blame them? No. If Lael hadn't called him to protect Khan in case of danger, he would've logged out as well.

Chaaeng!Chaeeeeeng!

After discovering that Faker was vulnerable to the illusion technique, Kyleo increased the number of times it was used. He didn't care about Veradin's mana as he used skills continuously against Faker.

"Kuk...!"

Faker was caught in the illusions and found it hard to tell what was real. Hundreds of Kyleo's daggers were visible while Khan seemed like skeletons. The pillars on both sides of him turned into snake heads.

Puok!

Seokeok!

The number of injuries on the body of the confused Faker increased. He soon fell to the ground and the skeleton knights and ghouls flocked to him. Veradin's face was filled with joy. Rather than taking care of his own body as he fell, Faker aimed to protect Khan. Veradin could see how important Khan's position in the Overgeared Kingdom was.

'Okay. I have set the target properly.'

It was good. The Overgeared Kingdom would receive extensive damage and Grid would be furious. How far would Agnus' madness reach as he was hunted by Grid's rage?

Duguen!Duguen!

Veradin's heart ran wild as he looked forward to the future.

"Stop your actions right now!"

Women and men armed from head to toe in the mass produced Grid set appeared in the smithy. They were Sua and the Red Phoenix Group. This was Lael's arrangement. The warriors who defended Pangea. Lael had them guard the blacksmith complex since their average abilities were superior to those on the West Continent. The safety device wasn't just Faker.

"Hoh, isn't this good?"

The elite necromancers of Immortal. They were captivated by Sua's gentle eyes. Satisfy had many beautiful NPCs, but Sua was outstanding. Her beauty was at least in the top five.

"I would like to see beyond your flesh. Huhu! I want to make you into a death knight."

A necromancer started drooling. It was the 7th ranked necromancer, Drew. Sua was clearly a named NPC at first glance, so he was interested in her. Veradin nodded because he knew that Drew wasn't satisfied with his current death knight.

"Do what you want."

"Good!"

Sua was his now that permission had been given. Drew ignored the boos of the other necromancers and instructed his skeleton knight to attack Sua.

Kiyaaaaak!

The skeleton knight ran to Sua and wielded his sword. The skeleton knight wasn't intimidating to Sua, who had dealt with the armored needles in Pangea.

Kieek!

"What?"

"...!"

The necromancers' eyes widened as they saw the skeleton knight fall from the blow.

'Faker level?'

An NPC? The hidden elites of the Overgeared Kingdom! Drew identified this and hurriedly summoned a death knight. The summoning time was short because he wasn't at Veradin's level, but it was still a death knight. It exerted a power several times stronger than the skeleton knight.

Sua judged that her opponent wasn't easy and urged the Red Phoenix members. "I'll take the vanguard. Go and rescue Khan!"

"Yes!"

It transformed into a melee. The Red Phoenix members had become several times stronger due to Asmophel's swordsmanship and they broke dozens of skeleton knights. Meanwhile, Sua tied up the feet of the death knight. Like the other Red Phoenix members, she learned Asmophel's sword techniques and was several times stronger than she was in Pangea.

Thanks to them, Faker got some breathing room and could counter Veradin's death knight. Khan was moved to a safe place and given an antidote. But Khan's poisoning wasn't completely resolved. His health was slowly declining.

Then Veradin's voice was heard. "Have you ever heard of the story of the distinguished poisoner?"

"...?"

"It was said that there was a man who slowly but thoroughly applied more than 20 types of poisons to his own body. It was for as long as 30 years. He even put poison into his bath water." The result. "The

man was said to have a constitution that emitted poison when he was just breathing. He was a walking death. He wasn't just an assassin but a mass killer."

That person was here.

"My death Knight, Kyleo. It's impossible to detoxify the extreme poison that had permeated into his bones."

"..."

It wasn't a lie. Khan's poisoning wasn't relieved. Khan's life could be saved since the poison's damage wasn't high enough that it couldn't be recovered with a potion, but Khan had to suffer from terrible pain. Didn't someone say it? The pain that NPCs felt were the same as humans in reality.

'I have to take him to Sticks.'

The sage's knowledge and wisdom would know an antidote to save Khan. Faker gave Khan some health recovery potions and rose from his seat. He took a deep breath as he stared at Kyleo while Veradin laughed.

"Are you still holding onto hope?"

Sua and the Red Phoenix Group were strong. From the time that Faker first appeared, the enemy's power surpassed Veradin's assumption. But it didn't change the results. It was because Veradin and Immortal's power was superior. Veradin was able to defeat Faker alone, while Immortal's elites were sufficient for Sua and the Red Phoenix Group. Right now, the power of both sides might seem even, but the balance would soon collapse. The moment a Red Phoenix member died, the scales would tip.

Clack!

Veradin moved his fingers with a relaxed mind and ordered Kyleo.

"Finish it."

Kuweeeeeeh!

Step, step.

Kyleo spewed out a poisonous breath as he approached Faker. Faker was more vigilant against the illusions than the poison. Due to his assassin class, his tolerance to poison was high. But he had no compensation effect on illusions.

'Don't face the eyes.'

He avoided the line of sight and kept attacking. Those who knew the basics of combat knew not to miss the direction of the gaze. It was the same with Faker. However, this time he made an exception. The death knight's eyes flashed purple with the illusion technique as soon as it was met. Therefore, Faker deliberately ignored the eyes.

Veradin read Faker's intentions and clicked his tongue. He felt disappointed by Faker's judgment, which would make it a more unfavorable fight.

Seokeok!

Faker quickly fell into a crisis. While protecting Khan, Faker defended and avoided Kyleo's attacks eight out of ten times. Now he allowed most attacks.

'It will end soon.'

They wanted to harm Agnus when they were only at this level? Grid and Chris were the only ones to worry about in the Overgeared Kingdom.

"...!"

Veradin suddenly jumped with surprise.

"Moon Sting."

Faker approached in Veradin's moment of carelessness and stabbed his heart.

"Kuk...!"

The damage was close to 40,000! Faker's ultimate attack combined with Acceleration caused Veradin's vision to blink red. Veradin barely maintained his life with potions as his chest was pierced continuously with Faker's dagger. If Kyleo hadn't belately stopped it, Veradin would've turned to grey. Faker knew from the beginning. In order to fight against a necromancer, the caster had to be killed, not the slave. That's why Faker deliberately acted on the defensive to get Veradin off guard.

"This... you almost got me. The last resistance is pretty sharp."

Veradin had a wide variety of information. He knew that the number of times the Master of Swiftiness could use Acceleration was extremely limited.

'I will be safe if I maintain the distance.'

Veradin summoned the Tower of Command to weaken Faker and strengthen Kyleo. Then he used Specter's Hand. It was an attack skill that caused a small amount of damage to the target as well as various debuffs. Due to Kyleo tying up his feet, Faker was hit by Specter's Hand and gradually lost power.

The battle on the side of the Red Phoenix group also wasn't good. As soon as a member died, they turned into enemies and grabbed the ankles of their former colleagues. The balance sharply collapsed.

"Pant... pant..."

Faker's breathing was rough as he endured Kyleo's offensive. The Master of Swiftiness was originally a class with bad endurance. Every time he used Acceleration, his stamina fell rapidly.

"Support Kyleo."

Was he uneasy about it taking longer than expected? Veradin summoned an additional skeleton knight. Now Faker had to deal with the death knight and skeleton knight at the same time.

"Faker..."

Behind him, Faker could hear Khan's trembling voice. He seemed to feel guilty. He was sad that people were sacrificing themselves to save him.

Faker barely blocked Kyleo's attack and moved back to Khan. There was a smile on his normally impassive face. 'This isn't your fault. Don't blame yourself.'

Khan read Faker's eyes and felt pained. Faker confirmed that Khan was drinking a health potion and focused on the battle again.

Veradin couldn't understand it.

'Isn't it pointless trying to resist?'

The battle was ending soon. Faker's resistance had no meaning. Apart from the difference in abilities, Veradin had the advantage. Veradin judged that Faker couldn't beat him.

He had considered PvP since the beginning, causing him to invest a lot of points in his stamina and achieved a high level of survival. His specs were good to quickly get rid of an assassin. After inducing the assassin to attack and consuming stamina, the death knight would be able to defeat the opponent.

Just as Veradin was making a disgusted expression.

-An assassin fighting to defend someone is really rare. Most assassins exist for the purpose of killing people.

"...!"

A voice was heard in Faker's ears. The origin of the voice came from Faker's shadow.

-Yes, you're suitable for Doran's techniques.

'Kasim...!'

Faker figured out who the owner of the voice was instantly. In this moment, he knew that a hidden quest would begin.

## [Chapter 775](#)

Muller, Pagma, Braham, Madra, Lantier, Povia, Kruger, Gis, and Alex.

The name of the nine former legends. Most players were aware of them. It was because the former legends occupied a large amount of Satisfy's worldview. But what about other legends? The legends before the previous generation? They were unknown. It was virtually impossible for a player to collect the information of all the legends in the past. It was because a person who was too far in the past wouldn't be mentioned well in history.

Pokibun, Ten, Arin... They were legends in the distant past that not much was known about. But Kasim was well aware of the former legend, Lantier. His master often told the story.

The introduction was too long. Faker avoided the attacks of the death knight Kyleo and skeleton knight while paying attention to Kasim.

"First of all, can you save Khan?"

-My teacher also used the name Lantier.

“...?”

-Lantier isn't the name of an individual. It's the title given to the head of Eclipse, a shadow group that existed for over a thousand years. We...the teacher who taught Doran and I was the 32nd Lantier. Do you understand?

Puok!

Kyleo's dagger was deeply embedded in Faker's shoulder. Faker was in pain but the skeleton knight protected Kyleo against his counterattacks. Kasim's explanation continued.

-From now on, I will give you the techniques meant for a legendary assassin. Of course, it isn't complete. Many years passed and many techniques were lost.

This strength.

-Will it raise you to the legendary status or will you stay at the same level as me, Doran, and our teacher? It's purely up to you.

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

Why was Kasim doing this? Didn't Kasim know what Khan meant to Grid? Faker grumbled about Kasim, rather than rejoicing at receiving the forerunner of a very important hidden quest. He put Khan's safety higher than his development. He wanted to stop Kasim, even if it meant not receiving the hidden quest.

“Kasim...!”

Faker urged Kasim to move.

-Don't fret. I will arrive soon.

Kasim's words were meaningful.

"I will compliment you on your diligence."

Veradin's voice was heard at the same time. Faker was unable to exert his full strength due to Tower of Command and was imprisoned by the skeleton knight. He sensed his death when he saw Kyleo's dagger flying.

Veradin. He had a high level of survival and dominance stat that made it hard to see him as a normal necromancer. He dealt painful despair to Faker. Faker realized it since he stabbed Veradin with Moon Sting. Veradin still had a lot of hidden power left. Veradin was several levels higher than Faker. Maybe Immortal was more terrifying than the Overgeared Kingdom thought?

'I'm sorry, Khan.'

Kyleo's dagger entered Faker's field of view. It wasn't just the shape of the blade. The snake scales embossed on the green handle were clearly marked in his eyes. Now Faker was going to die. Faker demonstrated transcendent concentration. His thinking power transcended the speed of time.

Gulp!

Just before the dagger stabbed between his eyes. Faker swallowed a small drug that he had inserted in the gap of his molars. It was the 'Assassin's Mindset' that he obtained from a hidden quest in the past. A person who swallowed the drug would immediately explode when they activated it, 'instantaneously' targeting the enemy within 2 meters.

However, the death penalty increased by three times. It meant that the user lost three times more experience and had a triple chance to drop items. In short, it was crazy. It was something that shouldn't be used unless the person was willing to quit the game.

However, Faker swallowed it without hesitation. It was purely to increase Khan's chances of survival. If he were to die and the death knight and skeleton knight freed, Sua and the Red Phoenix Group wouldn't be able to deal with the remaining enemies to save Khan.

Then.

Puhahahak!

Faker's shadow started rising like a waterfall. It was the moment when King of Shadows Kasim appeared. He used Shadow Move several times to travel from the royal palace where Lord and Irene lived and rose from Faker's back, stabbing at Kyleo with his dagger.

"Cough!"

"Awful people. You deserve this."

Faker smiled as he confirmed Kasim's appearance.

Veradin was baffled. "Who are you?"

Faker, the Red Phoenix Group, and now Kasim. Veradin gritted his teeth at the people that kept appearing.

"Don't disturb us!" Veradin screamed.

Kyleo and the skeleton knight attacked Kasim in response to Veradin's order. Kyleo was releasing more poison than before. Veradin's mana was quickly consumed. His mana potions couldn't keep up with the speed of mana consumption. This wasn't what Veradin intended. Kyleo was running wild.

Why? Veradin still had dominance remaining. The moment the question popped into Veradin's mind.

Chaaeng!Chaeng!

Kasim swung his dagger just as fast as Faker and more vicious than Kyleo. Then the shadows at the feet of Kyleo and the skeleton knight rose.

Puooook!

Kwajajajak!

"What...?"

Veradin's face turned white. Kyleo's health fell sharply as he was penetrated by the shadow spear while the skeleton knight turned to ashes.



Kiik...!Kiiiing!

Kyleo's runaway condition was getting out of control. He waved his sword randomly, speaking in an odd voice as he emitted a huge amount of poison. Why?

Kasim answered. "This guy, he still has the memory of being murdered by me?"

"...!!!"

Veradin was shocked. He knew the end of Kyleo so he finally realized Kasim's identity.

"King of Shadows!"

The strongest assassin currently in existence. His presence across all the shadows of the world was a death sentence that couldn't be avoided.

"Shadow Soldiers."

He was as majestic as any other king with his 100,000 shadow soldiers.

"Not a target..." Veradin muttered with a confused expression. Why was such a big monster in the Overgeared Kingdom? He shook with fear as he felt doubts. The huge smithy was already filled with hundreds of thousands of shadow soldiers.

"W-What is this?"

"Eh...? Eh eh? Aaaack!"

The screams of the necromancers belonging to Immortal rang out. The number of dead bodies increased. Kasim's shadows were a perfect counter to the necromancers who specialized in a large number of troops. The necromancers were overwhelmed with numbers and were helpless.

Seokeok!

Chukakakakak!

The dozens of ghouls and skeleton knights were shattered by the shadow swords and spears flying in all directions. In the center of the smithy covered by darkness, Kasim handed a booklet to Faker. It was a booklet containing Lantier's knowledge.

"This is what Doran inherited from Teacher. The skills couldn't be succeeded with my talent and emotions. But it might be possible for you." Kasim had been watching Faker for the several years that he guarded Lord. He saw that Faker's talent transcended himself. "For you, this power is just the beginning. First of all, go beyond Doran. And..."

Kasim's sharp eyes focused on Veradin. Veradin made a quick judgment and was running away. It was stupid. Didn't he realized he had received a death sentence he couldn't escape from?

Kasim scoffed.

"...And then succeed my skills."

The moment that Doran's skills and Kasim's skills combined, Lantier's techniques would be completed. The path to being a legend would open. Despite being a normal class player, Faker had wings as he defeated a sun grade player. But Faker pushed the joy back. He didn't even examine the contents of the hidden quest as he ran to Khan.

"I will thank you next time."

They were family living in the same house anyway. They could meet at any time. Faker lightly nodded to Kasim and took Khan to escape the smithy. He headed towards Sticks. Then Kasim...

Puhahahak!

Shadows appeared at Veradin's feet and immediately spread like water. Veradin used the hidden technique 'Overcoming Death' to endure Kasim's attacks several times, but it didn't make sense. It would take him 18 hours to re-summon Death Knight Kyleo, who just died. Even if Kyleo was summoned, he couldn't win.

In the end, Veradin fell to his knees and laughed. He seemed to have ulterior motives. But Kasim didn't show any interest. Veradin saw the dagger heading towards him and hurriedly shouted.

"You're going to regret killing me!"

"Why?"

Kasim finally showed some interest and Veradin explained, "Do you think I would've invaded this place without any insurance? If I die, the queen and prince might not be safe."

Of course, it was a bluff. Even Veradin wouldn't dare harm Irene or Lord. They were Grid's family, but they weren't excluded from the target list because of a moral issue. They were excluded because Veradin knew they would always be protected. But there was no reason to tell the truth. Veradin didn't want to receive the death penalty. The penalty for Veradin was different from an ordinary player.

"Really? You sent troops to Queen Irene and Prince Lord?"

"Of course. It is a power that consists of 20 death knights. If I die, then they won't be safe..."

Veradin didn't change his expression when lying, only to suddenly stop talking. It was because Kasim was laughing. He was holding his belly and laughing.

'Did I exaggerate too much?'

20 death knights was too much. It was obviously an exaggeration. He should've said 10. Veradin was uneasy.

"The 20 death knights... By now, they would've all returned to dust."

There were 200 Rebecca's Daughters candidates around Lord. Even if there really was a group of death knights, they were no match against the Rebecca's Daughters candidates. In the first place, Kasim knew that Irene and Lord were safe. That's why he came to support Faker. If there was the slightest risk, he wouldn't have left them.

Puok!

Kasim's blade stabbed his heart.

[You have died.]

[You have lost 32.3% experience.]

[Your death has caused all the conditions to become a Hwan Kingdom resident to be lost. You have lost all the additional effects you have obtained in the meantime. In order to get the effects back, you must meet the criteria again from the beginning.]

It was huge damage. It had been almost a year since he died. Veradin experienced the biggest frustration since Satisfy began. He missed his target, Khan, and only killed a few young blacksmiths.

At the same time, in Sticks' office.

"I need to go to the elf kingdom to obtain an antidote to cure this poison. I will hurry, so wait here."

"Isn't it faster if you bring Khan with you?"

"Many procedures are needed for a person to enter the elf kingdom. I can't help with this part."

"Please let me know the exact timing. How long will it take?"

"Six hours... no, seven hours..."

"Can't you do it sooner? Khan's pain is too great."

"...I will try."

Sticks checked Khan and hurried. He disappeared immediately with Teleport. Faker held his head. Seven hours? It meant that Khan would experience the severe pain of poisoning for the next seven hours.

Khan spoke to the saddened Faker. "I... Take me to the smithy."

#### [Chapter 776](#)

There was no blood on Khan's wrinkled face. His skin was pale all the way to his fingertips. His body was a mess. It was hard to fathom his pain as he kept coughing up black blood.

"I... Take me to the smithy."

"..."

Faker wanted Khan to relax. His chances of survival were likely to increase if he was stable until Sticks came back. But Faker quickly got rid of that idea. He recalled that Khan had been working for most of his 80 years of life. Khan would feel alive when striking metal in front of a hot furnace.

"I understand."

Doing blacksmithing would help Khan become stable. Faker believed this and helped Khan. Khan leaned on his shoulder and smiled gently.

"Thank you. Thank you."

Faker's heart ached. Since when had Khan become so small? Where did his big and hard hands go, leaving only the faded hands of an old man? Time was truly cruel. Faker recalled the bond with Khan since the days of the Tzedakah Guild and worried about Grid above all else.

He knew that the sadness Grid felt would be huge compared to what Faker was feeling now.

\*\*\*

Unlike usual, the air was cold.

"..."

Khan was tearful as he returned to the empty smithy. This place had been filled with young blacksmiths just a few hours ago. One day, they disappeared into a handful of ashes, shouting that they also wanted to support King Grid. Khan was filled with great sadness at the loss of their dreams and futures.

"Should we go back?"

Faker caught Khan's trembling body and asked with a concerned look. Khan shook his head.

"It's nothing. I will be okay."

He had a final work to do. He would go directly to the souls of the young blacksmiths and comfort them. Khan thought this and walked up to the furnace. Faker piled up hundreds of potions beside him.

"I will bring the Saintess. Don't forget to drink a potion whenever it's time."

Nod.

Faker confirmed Khan's answer and immediately logged out. Then he tried to contact Saintess Ruby using the emergency network. However, it was currently the moment when the PvP was over and Grid was receiving the gold medal. She couldn't be reached.

The urgent Faker tried to contact the other Overgeared members. But he couldn't get in touch with them either. Everyone was thrilled with Grid's victory and preoccupied with the celebration.

Kwang!

Faker slammed his fist against the wall. He continued to do this a few times until his fists were bleeding.

"...Dammit."

Faker was furious with himself. He was going to defend the Overgeared Kingdom? How could he when he couldn't even protect one elderly man?

'Why didn't I try harder?'

He realized the limits of a normal class. He knew that there were many monstrous players in the world that he didn't know yet. Nevertheless, he was satisfied and complacent with this reality. It was a terrible arrogance. He was mistaken after winning the battle against Black. A little more, he had to do a little more.

The moment that Faker held his head and sank to the floor.

Yiing.

His phone vibrated as it rang. His face turned rosy as he hurriedly accepted the call. It was Saintess Ruby's number.

\*\*\*

"Grandfather Khan!"

Taang, taang.

The sound of the hammer on the calm night was lonely today. Ruby breathed heavily as she arrived at the smithy.

"Grandfather..."

"Oh, our princess has come."

Who was the person standing in front of the flames? Khan's color was completely white as he faced the furnace. His skin remained cold despite the hot heat.

"G-Grandfather..."

Ruby started crying. The light in her big eyes, more beautiful than jewels, faded. It was Khan who loved her and took care of her like a granddaughter. To Ruby, he was like a grandfather. She believed he would love her forever and planned to always see him. But what was this haggard appearance? It seemed that they couldn't be together anymore. Ruby's chest ached as she saw Khan try to hide his pain with a cheerful expression.

"Hope! Benevolent Light! Purification!"

Ruby wanted to get rid of Khan's pain. After hurriedly using heal, she used a cleansing spell to heal his abnormalities.

[You have healed the target.]

[The target is old. His body has reached its limits.]

[The recovery effect isn't applied properly.]

[The detoxification effect isn't applied properly.]

"...!"

In the process of doing good deeds, Ruby had saved many lives. She believed that she could save more people in the future and give them happiness. Yet she couldn't save a precious person. Ruby was shocked since she never doubted the power of a Saintess.

"P-Purif... Purification! Purification!"

Ruby had a short playing experience with Satisfy. She was unfamiliar with the concept of NPCs. She couldn't accept reality and continued to use the skill. Khan placed a hand over her head.

"Please calm down."

“G-Grandfather...”

“I’m sorry. I’m giving pain to our princess because I’m too old. Haha.”

“Uh...!”

Ruby fell into Khan’s arms. Khan’s always hot body was exceptionally cold today. Khan patted her trembling back.

“Don’t be in too much pain. There’s no need to be sad. My grandson has become a wonderful adult and king. Princess Ruby, who was just a girl, is becoming a respectable adult. It’s time for this old man to return to the earth.”

"Grandfather...! Grandfather! Wahh!"

Ruby eventually started sobbing. She always had a gentle and calm appearance because she was conscious of her great responsibility as a Saintess, but she was still just a girl.

Khan took a deep breath and said, "Huhu, don't be sad. I should leave when my natural life span ends. Instead, you should celebrate... Cough! Cough cough!"

Khan’s health gauge dropped dramatically. His symptoms of poisoning were getting worse.

“Grandfather!”

Faker returned as Ruby was crying out in shock. He brought the priests who had just returned from an expedition.

"I pray to the Goddess of Light."

"Give peace to your son."

The priests gathered their hands and started praying. It was the manifestation of the ultimate healing spell Light Prayer, where 17 or more Rebecca priests chanted a prayer. But even that didn’t work on Khan.

A priest approached Faker and said cautiously, "It’s time to leave."

“What are you saying? We have to save him for the next four hours, just four hours.”

Sticks would return in four hours. No, it could be faster. The sage’s wisdom would surely save Khan. The priest quietly turned away from Faker’s eyes, which were full of firm belief. It was an attitude that said he believed Faker’s faith was a futile hope.

“Not yet... I still have work to do.”

Khan wiped away the blood at his mouth, let go of the crying Ruby and rose. He approached the anvil in front of the furnace. An armor was placed on the anvil. It was plate armor with no visible gaps for a sword or spear to pierce. The gold rings and hinges connecting the black iron plates and the red buckle were all delicately crafted. It was armor with an excellent design. It focused on the safety of the wearer without any restrictions on movements.

“Just a bit more...”

“...”

Taang, taang, taang.

Ruby and Faker didn't stop Khan. He put a new iron plate on the armor and started hammering again. Connect the hinges, connect the rings, and do it again. Khan looked at his armor with warm eyes and diligently worked. It was hard to believe he had been affected by the pain of the poisoning not long ago.

"...He's a true craftsman."

"I admire..."

The priests marvelled in trembling voices. Their attitude towards Khan was just as reverent as when they prayed in front of Rebecca's statue. How much time passed?

"Hu...huhu."

In the latter half of the work, Khan suddenly burst out laughing. He suddenly realized it. An armor with gold and red details. This color, wasn't it precisely to Grid's taste? He put a new iron plate on the armor while desperately praying to see his king wear it once.

"...Cough!"

"Grandfather!"

Khan coughed out blood again as he was bringing a health potion to his mouth. A large amount of blood soaked the floor. Throughout the work, Ruby and the priests' heals wrapped around Khan's body. But it was useless.

'It's time to send him off.'

Faker was forced to accept reality as he saw Khan's health gauge. There was one-tenth left and it was slowly dwindling.

'Grid.'

Faker was nervous. Grid should've received the news by now and Faker hoped that Grid would come quickly. Grid needed time to say farewell to Khan.

'Please come.'

Come quickly Grid. The moment Faker's heart was become more and more tense.

Ttaaang!

"...!"

Faker, Ruby and the dozens of priests were all shocked. It was because their souls rang as Khan's hammer connected to the armor.

"O-Ohhhh..."

"Khan..."

Sounds of admiration flowed from everywhere. Even an outsider could tell. At this moment, Khan had reached a new ground.

Ttaang... taang... taang...

“...”

Khan’s hammering sound, which had captured everyone’s soul, died down and suddenly ended. Khan had hardly any health left. At that moment.

[A new legendary blacksmith has been born!]

[Every blacksmith in the world will look up to him and praise him!]

Five seconds.

All players currently accessing Satisfy had this notification window rise in front of them. A world message.

Then.

"Pant! Pant! Khan!!"

Grid came running.

Three seconds.

Without sparing a moment to breathe, he looked at Khan with a devastated expression.

“You came.”

One second.

Khan smiled with pleasure and opened his arms. Grid jumped into his arms as Khan started to turn to grey.

[Chapter 777](#)

“Khan!!”

As Khan turned to grey, Grid hugged him like he didn’t want to miss a single part.

"You must be happy."

Khan wanted to say a lot but there was no time. Khan only left a single wish as his testament.

Swaaah.

Finally, Khan’s two hands that wanted to hold Grid completely disappeared before they could wrap around Grid. Khan smiled brightly rather than showing any sorrow. It was Khan’s last appearance that would forever be kept in Grid’s mind.

“Khannnnn!”



Grid didn't want to lose Khan's touch, body temperature, and smell that was disappearing like a mirage. He eagerly stretched out a hand but it was useless. His hands only touched the air that had nothing left.

"Oppa..."

Tears constantly flowed from Ruby's eyes as she watched the last farewell between Grid and Khan. Faker supported her as her nose turned red from crying.

"Let's leave Grid alone."

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The first person who acknowledged him. The person who shared his sufferings, sorrows, and joy. Khan was his teacher, disciple, friend, and family member. He was always at the forefront when Grid was thinking about his 'precious people' in his head.

"Kkuk..."

The empty smithy. Now in the place where there was no more Khan, Grid stared at the air with dry eyes before grabbing his chest and collapsing. How many hours passed since Khan left? He thought he had no more tears left but they once again flowed.

"...Terrible old man." Grid cried with his head on the floor and finally opened his mouth for the first time. His cracked voice echoed through the empty smithy. "Didn't you say you wouldn't leave until you got all my skills? Then why...why did you break your promise? Huh? You bad..."

Bad person. Grid complained before stopping. He was worried that the gods were listening to him and might misunderstand, dropping Khan into hell.

"..."

Time flowed in the void. Grid felt a deep grudge as he looked at the smithy covered with traces of Khan. He felt bitter towards himself. Why didn't he protect Khan? Why couldn't he arrive a bit sooner?

"We spent 10 long years together." Grid felt signs of someone being around and said, "But the time to say goodbye was only one second."

How sad and lonely was Khan? Grid shouted 'father' and 'grandfather' in his heart but failed to show filial piety. He couldn't even be there properly at the end.

Laue comforted Grid, who couldn't raise his head. "To Khan, that one second would be like an eternity. He wouldn't have been lonely. He was happy to be able to see you."

13 hours and 23 minutes after Khan's death. Laue had been doing his job while Grid was mourning.

"I used our information network to identify the members of Immortal. I'm investigating the radius and base of their activities, so please give a killing order."

They dared to invade the Overgeared Kingdom and hurt Grid's family and friends. Putting aside Grid, there was no forgiveness from the position of the Overgeared Kingdom. Laue and the Overgeared members were ready to rain hell down on the Immortal members. They planned to trample on Immortal so that they would live in regret while suffering forever.

"In addition, Khan's funeral will be a state funeral in consideration for his achievements in life. His contribution to the development of the nation's economy and military power was huge. And..."

Lauel shut his mouth for a moment while giving the report. He took a deep breath, calmed his trembling heart and opened his mouth again.

"The new legendary blacksmith who emerged...you guessed it, but it was Khan."

He could be sure because the world message appeared the moment that Khan died. Khan hammered the iron to the end and became a legend only after he died. He might be a legend that existed for only a moment, but his feats would be forever. Lauel would make sure of it.

"The exact cause of death is natural causes, not the poisoning."

A legend had a passive that caused resistance to all status conditions and five seconds of immortality. If Khan was in a normal state, the poison would've disappeared the moment he became a legend and his health should've remained fixed at the minimum. But that didn't happen. Based on the testimonies of Faker, Ruby, and the priests, Khan had reached the end of his life.

"It's fortunate. Khan could leave without any pain."

In addition, he was able to meet with Grid thanks to the legend's five seconds of immortality. Lauel hoped to slightly ease Grid's mind but instead, Grid's anger soared to the limit. His expression distorted and he said in a shaky voice, "His life span might've been shortened because of the poison."

"..."

"Even if that wasn't the case, Khan had to endure the pain of the poisoning."

Khan was poisoned for several hours in an elderly state. As a player, Grid couldn't fathom the pain and fear that Khan would've felt. Khan, who lived in sorrow after losing his wife and son. Grid was infinitely sad that he suffered even at the last minute.

"Immortal..."

Grid's body shook with uncontrollable anger. He didn't say anything special. He just clenched his fists. He needed more time to control his mind.

"I will make the arrangements."

Lauel bowed his head and turned around. He was currently acting on Grid's behalf and had no time to stay here. He had to move quickly.

'Looking at the state of the king, I think I should prepare to move the army.'

Lauel predicted that Grid would go on a frenzy. Grid wouldn't be satisfied with a simple kill order and would slaughter Immortal by moving his entire army. Of course, this wasn't a good development. It was the worst. War consumed soldiers, food, and an astronomical amount of supplies. If they fought a war with the necromancers of Immortal, the Overgeared Kingdom would suffer huge losses.

'Veradin, you son of a bitch. Causing this incident during the time when there is a truce with the empire.'

Lauel planned to increase the national power of the Overgeared Kingdom by more than 20% during the armistice with the empire. Instead, it would become a negative. At the end of the armistice period, it would become more difficult to deal with the empire. Lauel's eyes were dark. He felt powerless as he headed to the exit.

Behind him, Grid was rising from his spot. The full plate armor on top of Khan's anvil belatedly caught his attention. Khan's posthumous work. Grid approached the armour and his eyes widened as he gripped it with trembling hands.

[Valhalla of Infinite Affection]

Rating: Secret

Durability: ??? Defense: ???

Options: ???

An armor containing the hidden story of the 2nd legendary blacksmith Grid and the 3rd legendary blacksmith Khan.

\* Only 'Grid' can check the detailed information of the item.

[You are Grid.]

[The item information will be updated.]

Ttiring~

[Valhalla of Infinite Affection]

Rating: Secret

Durability: 1,721/1,721

Defense: 1,410

\* 20% increase in health recovery.

\* 40% reduction in damage from physical attacks and magic attacks.

\* Immunity to instant death and assassination skills.

\* Maintains the body temperature.

\* If you are in a party, defense will increase depending on the number of party members.

\* Defense will increase every time the armor durability falls.

\* Magic defense +300.

\* When you get hit, there is a high probability of emitting the 'Distinguished Poisoner's Poison.'

\* Passive skill 'Immune to Ten Thousand Poisons' will be generated.

\* Passive skill 'Moving Fortress' will be generated.

An armor produced by the legendary blacksmith Khan while wishing for Grid's safety. It is filled with Khan's caring, affection, and devotion, and covered in poison. It is a work based on Valhalla, the masterpiece of Blacksmith Albatino which gave deep inspiration to Pagma.

The performance is beyond the original and there is room to become a myth depending on the wearer's actions.

Weight: 3,980

Conditions of Use: Grid.

"Khan..."

Grid was able to see at a glance how much care and skills Khan put into this armor. He noticed it was designed solely for himself. In the end.

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry Khan."

Grid once again cried in sorrow. He was a sinner. Why didn't he give any presents to Khan? If Grid had given him such a wonderful gift, Khan's fate might've changed. Grid realized how indifferent he was to Khan and felt guilty. He vowed to do better with his family in the future.

-Prepare for a news conference.

Grid calmed down and sent a whisper to Lauel.

-Huh? Press conference?

Lauel was stunned since he had been expecting Grid to say that he was going to find Veradin and Agnus right now. Grid explained to him.

-Denounce Immortal, who invaded another kingdom during the National Competition and caused enormous damage.

-...Are you planning to move public opinion through the media?

-Yes.

The continent was wide. It was practically impossible for the Overgeared members to search and punish the Immortal members scattered everywhere. Of course, they could kill a few people. However, that was it. The efficiency was too low.

-Thus, I will borrow other hands. I am going to give a kill command on Immortal to all two billion players.

'I know that I can't move the army.'

Grid was filled with anger and sadness but he analyzed the situation calmly. It was a king's attitude. Lauel honestly admired it, but he felt negatively about moving public opinion.

Immortal's raid and Khan's death. It was a big disaster and source of grief for the Overgeared Kingdom, but the death of an NPC was just a small incident to a third party playing the game. Wouldn't Grid condemning Immortal just cause ridicule? In particular, Grid had obtained huge rewards from this year's National Competition. The many people jealous of him were likely to ridicule and criticize him.

-I think there's nothing to gain if we use the media. Even if you denounce Immortal, it's just someone else's story. It is rare for players to act.

Lauel replied honestly.

-You're mistaken.

-...?

-I'm not trying to use the media to ask people to cooperate. I want to advertise.

-Advertise...?

-Yes. After justifying why I am going after Immortal at the press conference, I will publicize that I will make an item for the players every time they hunt a member of Immortal.

-...

It was a sure way. The moment Grid's advertisement spread to the world, two billion people would become Immortal hunters. The people who would look for Immortal would grow like bamboo shoots and Immortal would be exposed to infinite PK without room to breathe.

However, this meant that Grid would be paying a lot. Making items for hundreds, maybe even tens of thousands of hunters would empty his pockets.

-...How can you afford it?

Lauel talked about a realistic problem and Grid immediately responded.

-I have a lot of money.

Grid's assets had been steadily accumulating since selling the Red Phoenix Bow to Jishuka and he expressed his resolve.

-It doesn't matter if I become broke. I will make those Immortal dogs quit the game. This is a command.

Now it wasn't just items. Grid was learning how to take advantage of his wealth and position.

## [Chapter 778](#)

Changes started happening.

"You want a job? Aren't you a necromancer? Tsk, find a job elsewhere."

"Are you joking? Where on earth would a Necromancer's Guild reject a necromancer?"

"Where? Here! Get lost!"

"This is crazy...!"

The Fold Kingdom. The little kingdom currently belonged to the Overgeared Kingdom, but was formerly a tributary of the Saharan Empire. It had a terrible history as every time the king was replaced in a civil war, tens of thousands of casualties would occur. The reason was the intervention of the Saharan Empire. The empire would confuse the succession to the throne by supporting and inciting princes

lacking intelligence. Therefore, the Fold Kingdom had a bloody history whenever the kingship was changed.

Was that the reason? The Fold Kingdom was a bleak land where dozens of ghosts filled with grudges roamed. Undead monsters and ghosts could be found all over the place. This was why necromancers called Fold Kingdom a treasure island. For necromancers who could make undead, the Fold Kingdom was close to an ideal residence.

At least until yesterday.

"I'm going crazy. No NPCs are giving quests."

"It's happening to me as well. The attitude of the NPCs has changed overnight. The intimacy that we have accumulated so far is useless."

"Is it a bug? Does it make sense that the Necromancer's Guild doesn't give quests to necromancers?"

"It isn't a bug. I have already contacted customer service."

Three days after the end of the 3rd National Competition. The necromancers couldn't receive quests anywhere in Fold Kingdom. Even the basic facilities such as restaurants and inns couldn't be used. They were treated with outright hostility by the people. The necromancers were assaulted or deported after being questioned. The necromancers seemed to be persecuted on a kingdom level.

The water clan people in the Siren Kingdom was even worse.

"A necromancer? Clarify your affiliation."

"Huh? Why?"

"Just do it! Ah! This guy is from Immortal! Arrest him immediately!"

"H-Hik!"

The soldiers forced the necromancers visiting Siren to reveal their affiliation. If they found a necromancer belonging to Immortal, the necromancer was arrested immediately and locked in prison for a week. There were a few necromancers killed while resisting arrest.

Why did this happen overnight? The confusion of the necromancers grew.

『 I strongly condemn Immortal, who invaded the Overgeared Kingdom during the National Competition and caused enormous damage. We will never forgive those who caused material and personal damage to us, causing us to suffer a great deal of emotional suffering. I ask for many people to support us. 』

Grid held a press conference in Seoul, Korea and attracted worldwide attention. Immortal found out that Grid was behind this, while ordinary necromancer players blamed Immortal. Immortal was split into factions. There was a suggestion that Veradin and his followers should take responsibility.

Veradin calmed his furious colleagues.

"The impact on us is actually very minimal. We'll be safe if we avoid working in the range of influence of the Overgeared Kingdom, such as the Fold Kingdom and Siren."

"Isn't the biggest problem the fact that we can't act in the Fold Kingdom?"

"There are many hunting grounds on the continent that are more ideal than the Fold Kingdom. Have you neglected to collect information?"

"Ick...! Ignore the intimacy we have built up in the Fold Kingdom in the meantime? What the hell is this? Many people have suffered because of what you have done!"

"Do I have to apologize? Why? Aren't we an organization created to help Agnus build the Kingdom of the Dead? The reason I invaded the Overgeared Kingdom is to weaken the power of the Overgeared Kingdom that might interfere with the construction of Agnus' kingdom. It's an action for the future of all of us. Why should I be blamed?"

"..."

"In the National Competition, Grid succeeded in attracting Panmir. At this time, the production of items in the Overgeared Kingdom will get out of the control. Therefore, we invaded the smithies and succeeded in hitting them. Is my behavior really worthy of criticism?"

"..."

Everyone became mute. The Immortal members could no longer blame Veradin. They struggled as a result, but his intentions couldn't be blamed. Whatever the truth was, the justification was too good. Veradin confirmed that the atmosphere had calmed down and spoke.

"Once again, there's no need to be afraid of the Overgeared Kingdom. We just need to move away from the influence of the Overgeared Kingdom. While the Overgeared Kingdom is trying to catch up, we will reserve our power and set up the foundations of our kingdom."

Veradin was confident. There was a limit to the manpower Grid could invest to catch them. The Overgeared Kingdom searching for Immortal was no different from looking for a needle in the desert.

As everyone was relieved by Veradin's idea, the 2nd ranked necromancer, Bullet, spoke. "How will the normal necromancers handle this?"

The innocent necromancers were receiving damage because of Immortal. Many necromancers were suppressed and lost their places in the Overgeared Kingdom. In particular, the Fold Kingdom was very important for low and medium level users.

"There is a possibility that they will vent their anger by cooperating with the Overgeared Kingdom."

This was Bullet's concern.

"No. The necromancers can't be hostile to us. If they're hostile to us, they know that Agnus won't let them in his kingdom in the future. In the first place, they're being suppressed by Grid., Their anger will naturally be directed towards Grid." Veradin didn't feel that this situation was very serious. In his head, the damage was only one person's death.

But what happened was more catastrophic than he expected.

"Kukuk, you guys. What the hell did you do alone? Huh? Weaklings. Kukuk!"

The door of the meeting room opened without permission and a man appeared. It was Agnus. Veradin and everyone present jumped up and bowed. Agnus sat on the windowsill, leaving the table for Veradin.

"Grid has placed a bounty on Immortal for all players in the world."

"Huh?"

"He will make an item for every Immortal member killed? Kukuk, kikikik!"

"What...?!!"

Veradin and the Immortal members paled. None of them imagined that Grid would extend his reach to the world, rather than staying in the Overgeared Kingdom. It was the same with the smart Veradin.

'Giving items as a reward?'

There was a limit to the funds. Veradin thought that Grid was bluffing since the financial situation of the Overgeared Kingdom wasn't very good. He couldn't imagine the assets that Grid got from selling the Red Phoenix Bow to Jishuka.

"In the first place, will there be many people who respond to Grid? The reason for invading during the National Competition is purely Grid's fault. He couldn't fully defend himself and is now using other people to do his work. It must be seen negatively by the masses."

Agnus explained to Veradin who was denying reality. "Have you forgotten that Grid defeated Kraugel?"

"...?"

"Kilkik! Don't you know the power of a symbol? Right now, Grid is the best."

"Ah..."

Veradin belatedly realized. The present Grid was a person who received the envy and longing of millions of people. There were countless people sending absolute favors to Grid and one word from Grid had a great deal of power. Grid could easily move the masses.

Agnus whispered in the ears of the pale Veradin. "I don't know what mischief you are up to but... This time the opponent isn't doing what you want. Right? Kukuk!"

Flinch.

Veradin was startled. He could perceive distrust in Agnus' words. Agnus, who had showed absolute trust in Veradin so far, was actually distrustful? Agnus saw Veradin's confusion and clicked his tongue.

"Do you think I am a fool? A few months ago, you told me to absolutely avoid conflicts with the Overgeared Kingdom. Now you suddenly changed your mind and invaded the Overgeared Kingdom. Did you think I would have no doubts? Huh?"

Agnus gripped Veradin's thin shoulders with great strength. A necromancer wasn't strength based so Agnus' strong grip caused Veradin's face to distort.

"You won against Faker? You? Kukuk! What's your identity?"



"That, I think you are misunderstanding something..."

"Shut up."

"..."

"I don't care what you have in mind. I don't care if you stab me in the back later. Why? You won't be able to do anything to me anyway."

"..."

Veradin faced Agnus' golden eyes and realized.

"Keep one thing in mind. You can do what you like as long as you keep providing conveniences to me like a dog. Work like a dog in moderation. I won't abandon you as long as you're useful."

Agnus wasn't crazy. His emotions were just intense, sometimes making him seem crazy. In fact, Veradin was suspicious from the beginning. Agnus was acting with such a clear sense of purpose that he couldn't be a simple madman. Thus, Veradin was interested and decided to observe from the side. But Veradin didn't know he was such a bad guy.

'I have been dancing on top of his palm?'

Veradin gritted his teeth.

"Then what will you do now? I don't care what happens to Immortal, so should I just sit on the sidelines? Or should I fight Grid as you wish? Take your pick. I only want to have fun."

"...For the moment, I think it is better to take shelter in the empire and receive the protection of the empress."

The wicked Veradin came up with a realistic countermeasure. He was forced to abandon his first plan of pushing Agnus into a corner and seeing his madness amplify. It was highly likely that Agnus' distrust would skyrocket if he was forced into a meaningless fight. Veradin believed that they should lay low until the public's interest in Immortal eased.

But would they be safe with the empress? Like everyone else, he couldn't measure the scale of two billion players. In addition, he didn't know how persistent Grid was. Grid's tenacity once he had a clear purpose was close to madness. It was more than Agnus' insanity, which occurred when pursuing fun to forget reality.

"Gather the insane dragon iron."

Grid gave an order after receiving information that Immortal was hiding in the empire.

## [Chapter 779](#)

Kill Immortal!

The press conference held by Grid because of a personal grudge contained serious moral issues. Not only did Grid declare that he would destroy a force who caused him damage, he also asked for people's

cooperation. It was obviously revenge. Grid was like an absolute tyrant as he wielded the power of his position. This gave a physiological rejection to the public.

It was a press conference that should gain criticism, rather than public approval. But Grid's press conference received huge support from the masses. It was thanks to the screenplay written with money.

"I understand that the Overgeared Kingdom has suffered tremendous damage. But in the end, isn't it just a quarrel between two forces? What relationship does it have with the world? Why should other people join in the Overgeared Kingdom's revenge?"

"It's for the future of the National Competition. If I don't condemn Immortal, who invaded another power during the National Competition, there's likely to be a second and third Immortal in the future. From next year, the forces that will be damaged during the National Competition will get out of control."

"Um... then the participation rate of rankers in the National Competition will fall?"

The National Competition had become a world festival. There was a joke that people waited one year for the National Competition. The public didn't want a National Competition that only involved second and third advancement users.

"That's correct. If you enjoy watching the National Competition, then you shouldn't let Immortal set this precedent. I believe that we should thoroughly punish Immortal so that a force that will abuse our National Competition won't appear again."

"Are you saying that the Overgeared Kingdom is punishing Immortal for the sake of the public, rather than a private grudge?"

"Yes, that's right."

There might be more than 200 reporters gathered at the press conference, but Grid only received the questions of 20 people. They were reporters bribed by Lael. The 20 reporters asked questions favorable to Grid. They ignored the violence of revenge, which was a matter to be taken seriously. Thanks to the questions asked by the reporters, the Overgeared Kingdom's desire for revenge was covered by a good packaging.

"Excuse me, wait a minute. In the cause of Immortal, they invaded the Overgeared Kingdom to stop the expansion of power. Isn't this an acceptable strategy? Don't you think it is too much to want to completely destroy Immortal?"

"In the process of suppressing Immortal, you caused great damage to ordinary necromancer players. How is that..."

"Raise your hand if you want to ask a question. Reporter on this side, please ask."

Buzz buzz.

Grid ignored the reporters who asked common sense questions. No matter how much they raised their hands, Grid only received questions from reporters bought in advance.

'How blatant!'

As the press conference proceeded in Grid's good direction, the suspicions of the reporters grew and were soon confirmed. They realized that Grid's press conference was a show and they were just bridesmaids. Some of the reporters were furious and tried to make a disturbance. Grid sprinkled bait like he had been waiting. It was bait to fool the angry reporters and the public at once.

"I will make items for those who contribute to protecting the future of the National Competition by joining the Immortal Hunting."

"Is it the mass produced Grid set commonly found in the Overgeared Kingdom?"

"No. It's more special. I will guarantee that the items will have at least an epic rating. As a token of my appreciation, I will pay for the materials."

"...!"

A chance to get a free item made by Grid! The reporters couldn't miss this scoop. They dropped their doubts for a moment and started to focus on the reward articles. The public's attention was focused on the compensation.

"This press conference is finished. I thank you for your participation."

By the end of the one hour press conference, Grid was presented as the 'apostle of justice' that condemned Immortal in order to protect the rights of the public and a popular event. Corrupt media and sweet capital combined to give a sweet Cola.

"Is it okay?" After the press conference. Toon looked at Grid in the back seat and asked anxiously.

Grid seemed uncomfortable. He seemed to feel remorse for buying the media and deceiving the public.

Grid smiled bitterly. "I'm fine. Don't you know? I'm originally a bad guy."

Even if he was a good guy, he would become corrupted for Khan's revenge. Grid's fists shook.

\*\*\*

"I watched the press conference. You did very well."

Blur the issue and focus on justice. This was the advice Lauel gave him and Grid carried it out earnestly. The reporters bought by Lauel helped a lot.

"Why are you praising me? I just read from the script written by Huroi in the movie you staged."

"Doesn't the completion of the movie depend on the actor's performance?"

"..."

Grid closed his mouth. He felt uneasy that his face was getting thicker. He was worried that he would become a rotten person like the politicians he saw in the news and movies. Lauel smiled at the anxious Grid.

"Politicians are very clever. Don't worry. It's unlikely that you will be like them."

"...That's good."

Grid was reassured by the answer and smiled at Lauel. Grid belatedly noticed that Lauel was trying to make a bright smile.

'My face is too stiff.'

He tried to relax. Friends were truly good. Just like Khan.

"Don't worry too much. I'm not feeling bad."

Grid sat on a chair and pulled out the main point.

"Immortal is hiding in the empire like you predicted?"

"Yes. They probably won't come out for the time being."

The empire's infrastructure was the best on the continent. From the hunting grounds and quests to the facilities, everything was perfect. There were some inconveniences from the large population. However, there was nothing wrong with staying in the empire for a lifetime.

"Moreover, Immortal belongs to the empire. They will be treated generously in the empire."

"They will enjoy themselves?"

"Yes. But they will suffer from a constant threat. It's because the players in the empire will be watching Immortal. The moment they step somewhere by mistake, they will receive the surprise attack of an assassin!"

This threat would continue. It was terrible from Immortal's viewpoint. However, Grid wasn't comforted. Grid wanted Immortal's utter ruin. In particular, Grid couldn't tolerate Veradin, who dealt direct suffering onto Khan, as well as Agnus behind him.

"I have to visit the empire."

"You plan to infiltrate and assassinate by yourself?"

"Is it possible?"

"It's impossible. After Your Majesty abducted Sir Asmophel, the empire's defense facilities were upgraded. The search magic will find you even if you wear the invisibility cloak."

Of course, the remote regions of the empire could be crossed freely. However, Immortal was likely to be based in the imperial palace. It would be impossible for Faker's grandfather to safely infiltrate the imperial palace. Then what about Grid? There was no way.

"...Don't tell me?"

Lauel was amazed as he was showing a negative reaction. It was because he saw the ends of Grid's mouth curving up.

"You intend to openly go?"

Grid maintained his composure after Khan's death. He showed a wonderful and cool appearance at the press conference. That's why Lauel was caught off guard. He forgot that the current Grid wasn't sane.

“Don’t worry. I’m still holding on tightly to my spirit.”

Grid reassured the worried Lael and gave an order.

"Send a letter to the empire. The Overgeared King Grid will officially pay them a visit."

The master of the West Continent was the Saharan Empire. Grid was supposed to visit the emperor and give greetings as soon as he built a kingdom. But he refused and was oppressed by the empire.

"During the truce...I will use this opportunity to meet the emperor."

The fact that the empire proposed a truce agreement with the Overgeared Kingdom proved that the Overgeared Kingdom couldn't be ignored. Grid believed that he wouldn't be insulted if he visited the empire at this time. He judged it was an appropriate time to find out what type of person the emperor was. Lael read Grid's thoughts and was thrilled.

"I wanted to tell you to visit the empire once after the truce. But I couldn't say it because I thought you would be unhappy."

If Grid visited the empire and gave a good impression, the duration of the armistice might increase.

"But..." Lael suddenly had a doubt. "What are you going to say to the emperor? Will you ask him to hand over Immortal?"

"I'm not a fool. Should I bow down only to be rejected?"

"Phew."

It was fortunate that he wasn't a 'fool' anymore. Lael felt relief.

"I'll be in the smithy working on the insane dragon iron. Gather all the workmen and sculptors of the Overgeared Kingdom together. Ah, there's also the merchant ranker called Muto. Tell him I want to make a deal."

Grid gave meaningful commands. Lael grasped Grid's intentions and immediately nodded.

"I understand."

Lael's heart thumped in his chest. He noticed that Grid's intelligence was in the process of development as he learned to use everything in the environment as well as the individual's armed forces.

'It's like looking at a chimpanzee.'

Primates such as chimpanzees were relatively uneasy. But innate intelligence alone couldn't make them smart. They had to learn how to use the tools and environment to become smarter. Just like the Grid of the past. This could sum up the present Grid.

"The stage of maturity..." (TL: Maturity can also be hard-boiled egg)

"What? Why are you suddenly talking about an egg?"

"..."

Lauel, who was muttering with a happy face, looked like he was waking up.

\*\*\*

"From now on, make ornaments out of the insane dragon iron. The more you have, the better. However, don't think about making it roughly. I can't give it as a gift if the artistry isn't high."

"Yes. But I think it will be too difficult to craft."

"I will help. White, make a large number of needles with the insane dragon iron."

"Needles?"

"Yes. No matter how solid the wall, won't it break if needles are inserted in? Teach it to the blacksmith called Panmir."

"Yes, I understand."

The smithy complex in the center of Reinhardt regained its vitality for the first time since Khan's death. A large number of workers gathered and Grid watched them while burning with motivation.

'Just wait. I will go and kill you many times.'

It was fortunate that Immortal was hiding in the empire. This opportunity allowed him to deal a severe blow to a future enemy. Grid's way of thinking was colder than ever.

## [Chapter 780](#)

"The kingdom built by a blacksmith!"

The 1st ranked blacksmith, Panmir, was very excited when coming to the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom. It was because the smithy complex contained large-scale smithies reminiscent of the dwarf city of Talima. The sound of hammering rang out around the clock, the smoke rose from every chimney, the scorching heat and the smell of steel...

This was truly a blacksmith's paradise. A heaven made by a blacksmith for blacksmiths!

'If I work here, my efficiency will rise sharply!'

A blacksmith's heart knew blacksmiths well. Panmir admired the rational smithy structure and felt great pleasure. He could see how much consideration Grid put into the process of designing the smithy. Panmir's ambition surpassed fullness and ascended into heaven.

"Is this the first smithy?"

After touring the smithies, Panmir moved to the smithy that would be his workplace in the future. He was so happy that his steps were light.

"Make way!"

"Hmm?"

Panmir, who was humming while walking down the street, paused and looked back. There was a parade of people carrying huge flour bags that were over 100kg on their backs. Panmir frowned.

'Slaves?'

The people burdened by flour bags were walking like ducks. It seemed very painful as they were sweating while covered in dirt. Someone couldn't endure it and fell down along the way. But he immediately jumped up like he was afraid and ran with the heavy bags.

"Huh...truly harsh."

It was hard to see blatant slavery in the empire. Even the empire, which slaughtered thousands of minorities, didn't treat slaves harshly, at least in the eyes of the people. It was presumed to be the arrangement of the S.A. Group in consideration of the players' emotions. However, there was such a terrible sight in the kingdom that a player had set up.

"It's hard to understand."

Why didn't Grid set a limit on slavery? Panmir tried to understand but it wasn't easy.

"Huh?"

Panmir shook his head and was about to leave this place, only to feel amazed. It was because he found a familiar person in the procession of slaves. Aura Master Hurent.

'Hurent?'

Hurent was one of the strongest representatives of the United States. He was a big player who maintained the one digit ranking for years. Many Americans missed him at the 2nd National Competition. Every time the National Competition came around, the Americans had a habit of saying 'if only there was Hurent...'

Many people were looking forward to Hurent's brilliant return and it was the same for Panmir. Panmir had been looking forward to reuniting with Hurent once he emerged from his training. Now at this moment, he was reunited with an unimaginable figure in an unexpected place.

'Is Hurent a slave?'

Panmir was hallucinating. It was clear that he had seen wrong. Panmir rubbed his eyes and denied reality. But when he looked back a few times, the slave really was Hurent. He was suffering more than any other slave. He was walking like a duck with six large bags of flour.

"U-Unbelievable! Hurent! What are you doing here?!"

Panmir couldn't stand it and ran to Hurent. Hurent's face was scruffy and he was covered with dirt. Was this the gentleman who looked like a middle-aged noble in Britain and was loved by women?

"W-What is going on? Why are you living in slavery?"

"Panmir...?" Hurent recognized Panmir and laughed. "No, how did you know me after seeing me once? Other people thought I just had the same name."

"How can I not recognize you? You're the buyer of the first epic rated weapon that I made!"

"Haha... Yes, there was something like that."

Hurent looked tired at first glance. Panmir was able to get a glimpse of how hard Hurent had been living if he kept having to do hard labor like this.

"How did you come here? Why did you become a slave?"

"What are you saying? I'm not a slave."

"Then?"

"A farmer."

"What...?"

"I was doing field work in Bairan. Today we are carrying out the mission of transporting the food grown in Bairan to Reinhardt."

"Field work...? Move food...?"

"This isn't a procession of slaves but a procession of farmers."

"Eek! You are crazy right now!"

Even if Hurent's words were true, Panmir refused to accept it. A one digit ranker representing a nation, why was the hidden class Aura Master suddenly a farmer? And what farmer carried so many flour bags weighing hundreds of kilograms? It was even at a duck pace! Where was the cart? The madman Hurent whispered to Panmir.

"Don't worry. This is training."

"Training?"

"Yes. I'm currently living as a farmer in the Overgeared Kingdom to become stronger. But please don't spread any rumors. This practice shouldn't be known to the world."

"..."

This completely crazy bastard. Or maybe Panmir was being deceived by a cheater. Panmir was at a loss for words.

"Adios."

Hurent said goodbye and carried the flour bags on his back again. Then he chased after the procession with duck-like steps.

"...He's out of his mind in the peak of his life. Tsk tsk tsk."

This was the time when the expression 'the end' was used. It was truly regrettable for the United States to lose a big star. Panmir gave a deep sigh and moved with heavy footsteps. The person waiting for him at the first smithy was a blacksmith with black skin. His name...

'White?'

Why was a black-skinned NPC named White?



'What is this hobby?'

Panmir had felt deeply uncomfortable since he saw Hurent. The Overgeared Kingdom started to seem strange.

"Are you Panmir?"

"That's right..."

"It's nice to meet you. I'm Blacksmith White. Since Master Grid has instructed me to educate you, I will bestow my skills onto you from today on. Let's make needles."

"What?"

Panmir frowned. Who was this person? He was first in the blacksmith rankings and learnt how to make ego items at the dwarf city of Talima. He was even recognized by the emperor and appointed as deputy chief blacksmith of the empire. Even the older people of the empire, the arrogant blacksmiths, acknowledged him because he knew how to make ego items.

In other words, Panmir was one of the best blacksmiths. Panmir was confident that there were few blacksmiths better than him on the whole continent. Yet a young blacksmith around 40 years old seemed to think he would teach Panmir.

'I even have to make needles?'

He moved to the Overgeared Kingdom to be treated like this? Panmir calmed his mind and explained.

"You must be mistaken. I'm a blacksmith invited by King Grid."

"I know."

"You know? But you want to teach me? I also have to make needles that even a child can make?"

"These are instructions from King Grid. Are you going against the king?"

"Kuhum...!"

Panmir felt uncomfortable and his face turned red.

'Grid wasn't trying to make me a colleague. He just wanted to insult me?'

Such doubts arose. Despite his reaction, Blacksmith White was already moving to his private furnace and anvil.

He thought that Panmir would leave.

'Yes, I should check how they will treat me.'

He followed behind White. White was taking out a dark, matte material in front of the furnace.

"Umm?"

The grumbling Panmir's attitude changed.

"What is this mineral?"

The color was the same as black iron, except that it wasn't glossy. It was a crystal like mineral but magic power could be felt from it. Panmir was very interested in the mineral and poked it with his fingers. His attitude was like a child seeing something for the first time.

White smiled. "You are really a blacksmith. Then check it yourself."

"T-Thank you."

White passed Panmir the mineral and he immediately used the appraisal skill. He was an advanced blacksmith with advanced mineral appraisal skills.

[Insane Dragon Iron]

A mineral that naturally occurs in the nest of the insane dragon Nevartan.

It has been influenced by Nevartan's madness for countless years and gained the chaotic ability 'Proliferation'

It doubles every 10 days.

This absurd nature makes it very difficult to control. The hardness is comparable to black iron, but the smelting difficulty is several times higher.

Weight: 5

"Heok!"

A mineral from a dragon lair? It was hard for an ordinary person to see such a mineral in their entire lifetime!

"Does the doubling include the volume and weight?"

"That's right. This mineral becomes twice as heavy and twice as big every 10 days.

"Huh... it can be useful in some cases."

It wasn't just one or two things that came to mind right now. Panmir was inspired and wanted to work with this mineral right away. But the degree of difficulty was several times higher than smelting black iron. Therefore, he wondered if he could handle it with his skills. White read his mind and laughed.

"Don't worry. From now on, I will teach you how to work this mineral."

"You...?"

White was too young. The blacksmith NPCs of this age that Panmir knew only had basic to intermediate level skills. The so-called geniuses were sometimes advanced level but they were far less than Panmir's Advanced Blacksmith's Craftsmanship skill.

Panmir didn't really trust White. But he didn't express his distrust. White was treating him well, so Panmir should be polite.

"I would appreciate it if you showed me."

"Then."

White nodded and threw the insane dragon iron into the furnace.

Puok!Puok!

“...Huh?”

Panmir admired White’s appearance. White’s skills in dealing with the temperature of the furnace were comparable to the old men of the empire.

‘Of course, it isn’t at a craftsman level...’

It was important to consider White’s age. Unlike the old craftsmen of the empire, the young White had an infinite future. In 10 years, it seemed possible for him to catch up the craftsmen of the empire and even get ahead.

‘It’s tremendous talent. A different dimension from the geniuses I have seen so far. Is he a blacksmith specializing in the smelting technique? Heok?’

Panmir observed White closely in order to learn, only to suck in a breath. It was because White’s atmosphere became different once he finished smelting the insane dragon iron and started hammering it. He was like a sura. The smithy was the battlefield and the flames of the furnace was the cries of the enemy. The insane dragon iron set on top of the anvil was the king of the enemy. White grasped the weapon called a hammer and had the same dignity of a ruler of the battlefield.

Ttaaang!

White finished focusing and hammered the insane dragon iron as hard as possible.

Ttaang~!Ttaaang!

“...”

Panmir was shocked and couldn’t close his mouth. White’s hammering quality was equal to the old craftsmen of the empire!

“You, what is your identity?”

White explained to Panmir. "I am the head of the White Hammer Smithy and Grid’s disciple. Thanks to Grid’s deep compassion and precious teachings, I was able to become a craftsman.”

"W-What?"

Grid didn’t just develop his skills but also nurtured blacksmith craftsmen? Panmir was feeling thrilled when White spoke even more shocking news.

"King Grid has three more disciples besides me. They are Enoch from the Blue Flames Smithy, Byuksan of the Black Anvil Smithy, and Lahochu of the Red Tongs Smithy. We all received King Grid’s order to educate you.”

Duguen!Duguen!

Panmir’s heart beat in anticipation. It was fierce enough to be somewhat burdensome to a body that was halfway to 100 years old!

"Panmir, you will learn the skills of the four of us from today. It will surely be a tough road and I need to know if you have sufficient determination. Are you willing to receive our techniques?"

Ttiring~

[A hidden quest has been created.]

[Learn the Blacksmithing Techniques (1)]

★ Hidden Quest ★

You have to spend 10 hours a day with White for a total of 300 days while learning his hammering techniques.

Quest Progress to Date: 1/300

Quest Reward: White Hammer Family's Hammering skill.

He would receive teachings 10 hours a day for 300 days. He would need to invest four years if it was four people. This was clearly a labor quest that violated common sense. It was clear that he had to be prepared to live a slave life like Hurent. Panmir clearly knew this fact, but didn't hesitate.

"I will learn it! I want to thank King Grid for giving me the opportunity and I will passionately follow you!"

"Okay."

[The quest has been accepted.]

The notification window popped up at the same time.

"Then gather some coal. I'll let you know how to make the insane dragon iron needles afterwards."

White's attitude changed. He started to give orders.

"C-Coal?"

"Yes, coal! Don't you know coal? Why are you standing there with a stupid expression? These are chores for a newcomer! It's the basics for a blacksmith!"

"Oh, no, I am an advanced blacksmith so..."

"Really? Then you can quit."

"Coal! I will bring it right now!"

It was the day when the 1st ranked blacksmith got the job as a newcomer worker. There were no rewards or skills learnt. Panmir's days passed while occasionally eating rainbow potatoes and his persistence and stamina stats rose quickly.