

Overgeared 81

Chapter 81

Khan welcomed me as I returned from Kesan Canyon. "You defeated the ghastly monsters in Kesan Canyon! You're truly amazing! How about it? Did you learn Pagma's Swordsmanship properly?"

"Of course."

"Can you give me the chance to appreciate the great swordsmanship that thrilled my ancestor?"

"Okay. It is narrow here, so let's go to the yard."

This was Khan's smithy. I picked up the Ideal Dagger in a place where there was a lot of firewood. Then I activated Pagma's Swordsmanship.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave!"

I danced, scattering blue light in every direction. Khan was impressed by the spectacular sight.

"Ohhhh! Amazing! It is so beautiful and intense!"

"In fact, there are four other sword techniques, but it has to end here today."

"Why? I want to watch the rest of the sword dance."

I wanted to show off to Khan. But I currently only had 630 mana! After activating Pagma's Swordsmanship and using Wave, I only had 260 mana left. I didn't have any mana for another technique. In the end, I had to be honest.

"I don't have enough mana to use it continuously. I can drink mana potions, but it's a waste of money."

"Hah, I see. Unfortunately, it can't be helped. Now follow me."

Khan dragged me into the smithy. Then he picked up Dainsleif on the second floor and handed it to me.

"This is the promised reward. You are Pagma's Descendant, so I believe you can understand and use Dainsleif more than anyone else."

[Dainsleif (Reproduction) has been acquired.]

[Quest success!]

[Dainsleif (Reproduction)]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 500/500 Attack Power: 451~635 Attack Speed: -8%

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

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

* The skill 'Golden Flash' has been generated.

A work created by Albatino, the first human to receive the nickname of 'craftsman before Pagma's era. He attempted to reproduce the mythical weapon, Dainsleif.

It is far lacking compared to the original Dainsleif, but he succeeded in restoring some of its features, making it a masterpiece on its own.

It was acclaimed as a 'masterpiece of human history' by the founder of the Eternal Kingdom and king of the north, Loran.

The legendary blacksmith Pagma is said to have received great inspiration from Albatino's work.

User Restriction: Level 250 or higher. More than 1,800 strength. Advanced Sword Mastery.

Weight: 1,580

The conditions of use were fairly high, but it was a weapon that was above the Sword of Self-transcendence when just looking at the function. I believed that Dainsleif was currently one of the top weapons that existed in Satisfy.

'Only top rankers would have a weapon like this in their hands.'

I really liked Dainsleif. First of all, it was a greatsword. Secondly, the performance was good. Finally, I liked the appearance. Dainsleif was around 3m and 20cm in length. Its appearance was overwhelming. The blade made of black iron expressed elegance and strength at the same time. While the silver handle made of mithril wasn't much to boast of, it made a subtle and elegant combination of black and silver.

If I carried this on my back, it was clear that everyone would look at me with envy.

'If I enhance it, won't it generate an amazing effect?'

I was thrilled and vigorously shouted. "Okay! Next is Valhalla!"

Khan had been waiting for someone who could use and appreciate the value of Dainsleif and Valhalla. And that person was none other than me.

"Khan! What next? How do I obtain Valhalla?"

Khan laughed and patted my shoulder. "First of all, let me rest. If I get rid of it too quickly, I'm afraid my medical conditions will act up."

Based on Khan's reaction, it seems I didn't meet the conditions for the second class quest yet. I nodded towards Khan, believing that someday the time would come.

The Eighth Servant appeared! All users belonging to the Yatan Church gained 20% more experience for a certain period of time. As a result, the number of new users who signed up for the Yatan Church increased dramatically.

In the end, everything resulted in the Yatan Church's growth. The world showed a great interest in how the growth of the Yatan Church, the most impure and wicked among all forces in Satisfy, would affect the future of Satisfy.

Most of them had negative interpretations.

“It will be difficult to maintain Satisfy’s security if the Yatan Church keeps growing. Even now, there are cities where the number of NPC victims are increasing exponentially and the population is sharply decreasing. There are countless villages that disappeared altogether. The Alliance must be victorious in battle against the Yatan Church.”

There were also people guarded against Yura’s growth.

“The Eighth Servant is definitely Yura. As a high ranking member of the Yatan Church, she will enjoy tremendous success as the Yatan Church becomes stronger. It is something that regular users can’t even imagine! Then the confrontation between rankers will become a one-sided game!”

Well, there were many other concerns. But I had no interest in such things.

‘I’m busy with my own life. It’s painful that Yura is eating all the good things alone, but wasn’t it originally like that? It’s funny to be jealous now.’

Three days had passed since I returned from Kesan Canyon. In the meantime, I just devoted myself to making items.

But in those three days, I only made three normal and one rare rated item...

"The production rate is really dirty. This is why it’s better to make money by hunting. When will I earn the money to pay off the debt? Sigh.”

I wanted to rush towards the northern snowfields right away. I would be able to raise my level by hunting the frostlight orcs while collecting the sylphid scales at the same time.

‘It would be nice to collect 20 sylphis scales and make the Hooded Zip Up... I can also raise my experience by leveling up.’

But the sylphid scales had a terrible drop rate. I needed to repay the interest on the debt in five days of real time, so it was difficult to expect anything with the low drop probability.

‘Let’s concentrate on making items for five days. I need stable profit to pay off the interest. If I don’t pay off the interest, a foreclosure notice might arrive.’

“Are you Mr. Grid?”

While I was sighing over my life, two soldiers arrived at the smithy.

"What is it?"

I was in a bad mood so I spoke bluntly, and they immediately replied. “The administrator is urgently searching for you.”

“Oh...?”

It seemed to be a continuation of the Business with the Administrator quest.

‘What do I need to make this time?’

Wasn't it possible to earn a large amount of money this time? I headed towards the castle with expectant thoughts.

The administrator's office. Once I entered, the administrator handed me a scroll like he had been waiting.

"It is urgent. Would you be able to produce an item with this production method?"

"What is it?"

I opened the scroll.

[Divine Shield' Production Method]

Prerequisite: Advanced Blacksmith Mastery Level 3 or higher.

* Divine Shield: A shield that contains the power of Rebecca, the goddess of light. Due to its strength against dark magic, all followers of demons and the Yatan Church will suffer when facing this shield.

User Restriction: Level 190 or higher.

"Heok..."

I was being given this precious production method?

The administrator asked me cautiously. "You don't have the ability to understand and make this?"

I shook my head. "Nope, I can understand and learn it easily."

"Ohh! If so, please learn it and make this shield!"

It was a chance to learn how to make a level 190 item for free. There was no reason for me to refuse. But there was a separate matter.

"I can make the shield according to the production method, but I don't have the divine power to imprint on the shield."

An item containing divine power couldn't be completed with a blacksmith alone. I needed help from a priest or magician. It seemed the administrator also knew this.

"Don't worry. I already have a priest prepared."

The administrator looked to one side. I looked over and saw a young man in a white garment, with the symbol of Goddess Rebecca on it.

'What, who is this person?'

Despite being in the same room, I hadn't been able to detect him at all. He was a strange person who didn't give off any presence, even when I was facing him now. I felt an instinctive discomfort.

The priest ignored my vigilance and greeted me. "I am Cassus. This body serves Rebecca, the goddess of light. Please look after me."

The name above Cassus' head was green. In other words, he was an NPC. I answered warily. "Ah, yes. Thank you."

Then a quest information rose up.

[Business with the Administrator (2)]

Level of difficulty: AA

Winston is defenseless after consecutive losses and great damage to the troops.

Administrator Valdi needs the Divine Shield to prepare for the Yatan Church's counterattack.

You must work with Cassus, a priest who serves Goddess Rebecca, to complete the Divine Shield.

Quest Clear Conditions: A Divine Shield with a minimum of an epic rating delivered within two days.

Quest Acceptance Reward: Learn how to make the Divine Shield.

Quest Clear Rewards: Depends on the level of the item delivered.

Quest Failure: The business deal with the administrator is cancelled and the quest will be destroyed.

[Would you like to accept the quest?]

There was no reason to refuse. No, I was looking forward to the quest. But there was one thing I had to consider.

"Is the Yatan Church likely to invade Winston?"

"In order for the enemy to advance here, they must go through Kinban Fortress. And Kinban Fortress holds the elite army of the north. So the possibility of enemy forces invading Winston is very slim. But we can't rule out the possibility that a small number will sneak in here to attack. The Divine Shield is necessary to go against them."

"Hmm... I see. I hope my strength will be a help."

[The quest has been accepted.]

[You have acquired the method to make the Divine Shield.]

Chapter 82

'Okay...!'

I rejoiced as the production method for the Divine Shield entered my hands and the administrator urged me. "There's no time! There's a smithy in the castle, so make the shield there!"

I couldn't even waste time going back and forth from Khan's smithy?

"I need to buy the materials needed to make it, so I have to stop by the market."

"I will give you a servant to do all the menial work."

"If you say so..."

I headed straight to the smithy in the castle. The level of the blacksmith was much lower than Khan, but the facilities were comparable to Khan's smithy. I opened the scroll.

[Do you want to learn how to make the Divine Shield?]

"Yes."

[You have learned how to make the Divine Shield.]

[Divine Shield]

Rating: Rare ~ Legendary

Rare Rating Information:

Durability: 360/360 Defense: 189 Magic Resistance: 150

* There is a rare chance of completely resisting dark spells.

Epic Rating Information:

Durability: 430/430 Defense: 230 Magic Resistance: 181

* There is a certain probability of completely resisting dark spells.

Unique Rating Information:

Durability: 510/510 Defense: 295 Magic Resistance: 238

* There is a certain probability of completely resisting dark spells.

* The skill 'Divine Light' will be generated.

Legendary Rating Information:

Durability: 680/680 Defense: 370 Magic Resistance: 280

* There is a high chance of completely resisting dark spells.

* The skill 'Divine Light' will be generated.

* The skill 'Divine Favor' will be generated.

A shield that contains the power of Rebecca, the goddess of Light. Due to its strength against dark magic, all followers of demons and the Yatan Church will suffer when facing this shield.

Conditions of Use: Level 190 or more. More than 500 strength.

More than 1,000 divine power. A member of the Rebecca Church.

Weight: 800

'The minimum rating is rare...'

I checked the details of the Divine Shield and the list of materials required.

'A magic stone is in the centre and will be the medium to inject the divine power. Mithril will be used for the skeleton then covered in steel. And gold plating? I need gold?'

Rebecca, the goddess of light, had two symbols. One was the sun and the second was gold. It meant a large amount of gold was required to make the Divine Shield.

'Magic stones, mithril and gold. The value of the materials is great. This is truly a luxury item.'

The main ingredients needed to make the shield were one top grade magic stone, 2kg of mithril ore, 15kg of iron ore and 400g of gold. I had the helper that the administrator lent me a list of materials needed to make two shields.

After a while. The helper came with the ingredients and submitted a receipt.

"The total purchase cost is 16,935 gold and 20 silver."

"..."

I needed this much money to make just two shields! This was close to my entire fortune!

'Even if it is guaranteed to be finished with at least the rare rating... if the materials cost is too high, I will receive damage if it ends up with just a rare rating.'

The administrator needed a Divine Shield that had at least the epic rating. In the worst case, if only rare shields were created, I would have to sell it elsewhere. However, the terms of use meant it was limited to the Rebecca Church.

'Ah, this is shit.'

It was ominous. I didn't like it. I thought about giving up the quest.

'But even if the materials are expensive...the profits will be higher if an epic rating emerges.'

Two shields, one of which must have at least the epic rating! After a long period of thinking, I made a decision and took out a hammer.

"I will make it."

Ttang!Ttang!

The quest duration was only two days. I immediately began smelting steel and mithril. Suddenly, I was surprised to see Cassus standing quietly at the wall behind me.

'What? He's still here?'

Cassus seemed to have followed me from the administrator's office. But he didn't have any presence, so I wasn't aware he was behind me. An expressionless face! Pale skin! Those rotten eyes! It was the pious appearance of a priest of the goddess of light.

"Excuse me, Mr. Cassus?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you go rest? Your turn won't be for a while."

Cassus shook his head. "I appreciate the courtesy, but I can't. You can't suffer alone. I will pray to Goddess Rebecca while watching. It will be a prayer to help you produce a great shield."

"..."

Unlike my first impression, he was a good person. But it wasn't all good.

'Don't you know that I don't want to see that ghastly face?'

I suppressed the words I wanted to say and devoted myself to the production. How much time passed? As the night deepened, the other blacksmith fell asleep. I finally finished smelting the mithril, which was quite a struggle.

"Ah, mithril is a tricky material."

The moment I took a break to take out bread and water...

"Have this."

"Hiik!

I freaked out as I heard a voice behind me. I turned around to see Cassus holding cheese in his hand.

"Y-You! Have you been standing there the whole time?"

Cassus nodded and replied with an expressionless face. "Yes. I have been praying."

"No, to be honest, praying doesn't help anything so just go and relax..."

Cassus' face changed for the first time. He lightly frowned. "Rebecca is the goddess of light. This light encompasses all positive energy, including good luck. My prayer will surely invoke your good luck."

When I thought about it, I made a mistake disparaging prayer in front of a religious person. I didn't want such a frightening person to have a grudge against me. I nodded. "I see. I am ignorant about faith and made a mistake. I'm sorry. Then please continue to pray."

"Yes." Cassus immediately joined his hands together, closed his eyes and started praying.

'He is a very active person.'

I started work again after eating the bread and cheese from Cassus. Then one hour later. I fixed the magic stone to the mithril skeleton and called out to the praying Cassus.

"Now it is your turn. Infuse it with divine power."

Cassus stepped forward silently. He fell to his knees in front of the magic stone and started praying to Goddess Rebecca.

"Oh~! In the name of Goddess Rebecca!"

Blah blah.

He started an even longer prayer.

'He didn't sit down and prayed all night, but he still has this much stamina... Amazing.'

I became drowsy. I fell asleep and woke up when I heard Cassus' gentle voice.

"Mr. Grid, the divine power infusion is over."

"Hiik!

As soon as I opened my eyes, I saw Cassus' pale face and dark eyes. This bastard, he was a priest but he looked more like a demon.

"What's wrong?"

Did he have to ask? Has he looked in the mirror? I wanted to confront Cassus, but I refrained.

"It is nothing. Now shall I begin?"

I continued to make the shield until the sun came up. I spent 23 hours making the shield. I usually invested 20 hours when making an item, but this time was different. I didn't willingly invest 23 hours to make one. I needed 23 hours to make it.

'It's difficult.'

Dealing with mithril and the magic stone was very difficult. It would be different if my experience was higher, but it was hard for the current me.

'It requires Advanced Blacksmith Mastery level 3 or higher, so isn't it a difficult item to make? Experience also plays an important role.'

Satisfy pursued realism. Even if a user had the same level and skill, the user who had more experience with the skill would use it more efficiently. Item production was similar. As Pagma's Descendant, I knew how to smelt mithril. However, since I had never actually smelted mithril, I needed to spend a lot of time smelting.

'Well, now that I've accumulated some experience, I can make the next shield faster.'

I embarked on the production of the second shield. The blacksmith watching from the side questioned me.

"Haven't you made one shield up to the stage just before completion? You only have the gold plating left, so why are you working on a new shield instead of finishing it?"

"I want to complete both at the same time."

I told the blacksmith the truth.

'If the first shield I complete has a rare rating, my motivation will completely fall. It is better not knowing the rating until it is over.'

I only had enough materials to make two shields. So I was going to complete both at the same time and wish that one of them would be above the epic rating.

Lim Cheolho, the CEO of the S.A Group and developer of Satisfy, was rumored to work 20 out of 24 hours. People thought that Lim Cheolho only took a break to sleep. But that was somewhat exaggerated.

Lim Cheolho also had a separate rest time. He lay comfortably on the office sofa for one hour a day to monitor Satisfy's users. In the last few days, Lim Cheolho was intensively monitoring Grid.

"Hoh, indeed."

Lim Cheolho kept exclaiming. His eyes were shining, like a child watching an exciting cartoon.

"How interesting."

He meant it. Lim Cheolho was greatly interested in Grid. Grid didn't play the game efficiently, unlike most users. Nor did he use any shortcuts. He played simply and honestly. Whenever he made an item, he invested 20 hours of Satisfy time.

Wasn't this too pure? Lim Cheolho liked this type of pureness.

"Hahaha! This is ridiculous! He defeated a level 188 knight in such a lucky manner! Ohh, he received a partnership offer from a NPC? How refreshing. Huh, Grid's works achieved the highest auction prices. Oh my...it is too much to sell a legendary item to a NPC. But it is really fun watching such a user. Um? He didn't recognize Doran's ring that Irene is holding? Isn't this a pity? If he did, his relationship with Irene would grow. Hoh, creating a transparent cloak is a smart choice. Um? In the end, he isn't even trying to make the invisibility cloak? Well, he'll be able to make it someday. Ohh! A two-man raid! Hmmm, he got a lot of levels and some items, but I would've liked it if he focused more on finding Pagma's Swordsmanship. Okay, he finally found Pagma's Swordsmanship. No? Hahaha! Imitating the murals for hours! What a masterpiece!"

Sometimes Lim Cheolho was complimentary, sometimes he was regretful, sometimes admiring and sometimes excited when he watched Grid. Then he got angry for the first time at a certain part.

"No! Why did he turn down Piaro's quest? It would've been a good result!"

Asmophel, who Piaro asked to be punished, was now severely ill. Grid would be able to clear the quest. Then he would receive a great reward. But Grid was overly cautious and missed the golden opportunity.

"He has changed since Kesan Canyon. At first, he acted in an unplanned and impromptu manner, but now he has his own plans. But he is still inexperienced and immature..."

Director Yoon Sangmin called Grid a fool. It was because Grid couldn't properly exert the efficiency of a legendary class. Lim Cheolho had laughed, but as he watched, it felt like he understood a little bit of Yoon Sangmin's frustration.

One day, Yoon Sangmin had said this:

'If I was Grid, I would've joined a guild. No matter how low my level, I would be able to sign up to a top level guild just because I have a legendary class. Then I would grow with the support of the guild. They would support the cost of items and help with quests. Wouldn't he clear the class quest sooner if he had the support of a guild? By now, I would've moved with a larger goal! But he doesn't have the capacity

and is trying to do everything alone. He doesn't move with any great plans. He is just staying in a smithy and making items.'

It was true. Most people would probably think like Yoon Sangmin. He was confident that he could do better if he was Grid.

But Lim Cheolho questioned it.

"Is it fun to play like that?"

Satisfy was already recognized as another reality. People who considered Satisfy a mere game were rare. Success in Satisfy would equal success in reality. Therefore, users who played Satisfy only pursued efficiency.

But Satisfy was essentially a game. Lim Cheolho produced Satisfy for it to be enjoyed by people. So users should enjoy playing it. Those who played like others might soon lose interest in the game.

Lim Cheolho didn't want that.

"It isn't obliged to have an obsession with Satisfy. Grid should play as he likes."

But Lim Cheolho overlooked one thing. While watching Grid, Lim Cheolho thought that Grid was a user who simply enjoyed playing the game. However, the reality was quite different. Grid was playing Satisfy with the hopes of succeeding. He just didn't have the ability!

"Huh?" Lim Cheolho saw the administrator of Winston Castle commission Grid to make the shield, as well as the priest of the Rebecca Church. "This...?"

Lim Cheolho brought his wristwatch to his mouth and spoke. "Morpheus."

After a moment, a voice was heard from Lim Cheolho's watch.

[Did you call me?]

"Please search the list of NPCs currently in G-HFO6C1E. Is Isabel among them?"

[No.]

"Huh?"

Doubt appeared on Lim Cheolho's face.

Chapter 83

The remaining time for the quest was two hours! Then I finished the plating for one shield. The information of the finished item popped up.

[Divine Shield]

Rating: Rare

Durability: 360/360 Defense: 189 Magic Resistance: 150

* There is a rare chance of completely resisting dark spells.

An item made by a craftsman with great skills and potential, but his experience and reputation is somewhat lacking.

Thanks to the power of Cassus, a priest of the Rebecca Church, it shines with the divine power of the goddess of light. Due to its strength against dark magic, all followers of demons and the Yatan Church will suffer when facing this shield.

User Restriction: Level 190 or higher. More than 500 strength. More than 1,000 divine power. A member of the Rebecca Church.

Weight: 800

[A rare rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +2 and reputation throughout the continent has risen by +30.]

“T-This is shit.”

The first final product was a rare rated shield. I was hoping for it to have at least the epic rating, so I was beyond frustrated.

“...One of my hopes has disappeared.”

I invested almost all my fortune in making these two shields. If the next shield was rare rated and this quest failed, it would be hard for me to break even. As I shook from the anger that I couldn't endure, Cassus spoke.

“The other one will be finished with good results.”

I exclaimed. "I thought you said that praying would have a clear effect! But what is this? Does a god really exist?"

“...”

Cassus didn't say anything, despite being the target of my venting. There was no change in his expression, but he seemed to think I was being absurd. I had been stuck with him for the last two days, so it was possible to read his expressionless face to a certain extent.

“Ah...I'm sorry.”

I shouldn't blame the innocent Cassus. It was just my dirty luck. I apologized and carefully finished plating the remaining shield. Then...

[Perfect Divine Shield]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 680/680 Defense: 370 Magic Resistance: 280

- * There is a high chance of completely resisting dark spells.
- * The skill 'Divine Light' will be generated.
- * The skill 'Divine Favor' will be generated.

An item made by a craftsman with great skills and potential, but his experience and reputation is somewhat lacking.

Thanks to the power of Cassus, a priest of the Rebecca Church, it shines with the divine power of the goddess of light. Due to its strength against dark magic, all followers of demons and the Yatan Church will suffer when facing this shield.

User Restriction: Level 190 or higher. More than 500 strength. More than 1,000 divine power. A member of the Rebecca Church.

Weight: 800

[An legendary rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +25 and reputation throughout the continent has risen by +1,000.]

"K-Keok!"

I was so surprised that my breath was blocked for a moment. Cassus' pallid face smiled for the first time as he looked closely at the shield.

"Congratulations."

"..."

His pale skin and eyes gave off a bad impression when he was emotionless, but he looked good when he smiled like this. I felt some appreciation towards Cassus for the first time.

"This is all thanks to your prayers!"

"It is Goddess Rebecca's divine favor."

"Yes! That's right! Goddess Rebecca, hooray! Hooray! Hooray!"

"Goddess Rebecca is eternal. Don't cheer for her like that."

"...Ah, yes."

"Now, let's return to the administrator."

"Understood!"

I placed the shields in my inventory and rushed off quickly, filled with a desire to show the shields to the administrator as quickly as possible. However, Cassus didn't lag behind my speed, despite only seeming like he was walking.

'Is he walking so fast because his legs are long?'

We arrived at the administrator's office as I was thinking.

"You came."

The administrator who always greeted me energetically was nowhere to be seen.

'His face doesn't look good. Did he have a fight with his wife? But his depressed mood will be gone the moment he sees this!'

I handed the legendary Divine Shield to the administrator.

"Now, how about this? Isn't it impressive? No, isn't it amazing?"

"..."

The administrator didn't say anything. He just looked closely at the Divine Shield. Heh, he was struck speechless. Last time I made a legendary sword, and now it was a legendary shield! He must be wondering if it was possible for such a great blacksmith to exist in the world, while also being confused over whether this was a dream or not.

'Even I am wondering if this is a dream.'

As the number of items that I made increased, I couldn't help getting a feeling. In order to create high rated items, it was necessary to have good luck, quality materials, time invested, and effort.

The first item I made in Bairan Village were the epic rated Special Jaffa Arrows, so I thought it was easy to make an epic rated item.

But what was the truth? I was mistaken.

Since I made a unique rated dagger in a short time period during the item making game with Euphemina, I thought it was easy to make unique rated items for a while.

But what was the truth? I was once again mistaken.

'Making a legendary item is like winning the lottery.'

Once I concluded that, I suddenly remembered Cassus' prayer.

'Maybe the prayer really did have an effect.'

I was sincerely grateful for his hard work in praying for the two days that I made the items. I turned my gaze towards Cassus. He was once again expressionless, but I didn't feel uncomfortable.

I smiled at Cassus. Then his expression stiffened. "Do you have any complaints towards me?"

"..."

Was my smiling face that strange? One day, I would have to practice smiling in front of a mirror. I was seriously considering it when the administrator opened his mouth.

"Good work."

Huh? What was this boring reaction? Didn't he originally make a fuss? He was the one who made a fuss when I first came with the Sword of Self-transcendence, so why was he so calm this time?

While I was surprised by the unexpected reaction, the administrator said to me. "I will determine the value as soon as possible. You should go back for today."

“Didn’t you price the Sword of Self-transcendence immediately? Why do I have to go back empty handed today?”

“There is a financial crisis due to the recent war. I will set a price after meeting with the lady.”

“...Hrmm, okay.”

I was convinced and extended a hand towards the administrator. The administrator asked with confusion, “This hand?”

What? I pointed to the Divine Shield in the administrator’s hand.

"That, give it to me."

The administrator frowned. "Why do I need to give it back?"

"Eh?"

What was wrong with this old man today? Did he take the wrong medication?

“Isn’t it natural to return the item to the owner?”

“Owner? Are you the owner of this shield?”

“Then whose is it if it isn’t mine?”

“You...what are you saying? The owner of this shield is someone we can’t go against...!”

The administrator’s face reddened. He seemed sincerely angry.

‘Someone we can’t go against? Is he talking about Lady Irene? Anyway, money hasn’t been paid yet, so isn’t this shield mine? I am exercising ownership over my property, so why is he so angry?’

As I was feeling strange towards the administrator,

"Guards! Come and capture this person!"

The guards outside the administrator’s office were summoned. Four guards armed with armor and spears rushed into the office. Then hesitated when they saw I was the target, but eventually followed orders and seized me.

I was frustrated and offended. “What are you doing right now? Why are you capturing an innocent person? Isn’t this misconduct?”

The administrator held the shield tightly and exclaimed. "Shut up! I treated you well due to your accomplishments in the past, yet you dare to go beyond your means!"

“Excuse me? It is common sense. Who is the one in the wrong right now?”

But the administrator didn’t bother talking to me anymore. “Lock him in the castle’s dungeon right now!”

“What? Y-You crazy person!”

The moment that the administrator was about to leave the office with the Divine Shield...

“Wait there.”

Cassus blocked the administrator’s way. Then he drew a cross over the administrator’s head.

“Light of Purification.”

Chwaaaaak!

A brilliant light flashed through the office. The light wasn’t intense enough to hurt my eyes. Rather, the light gave off a restful feeling. Then the administrator looked around with surprise.

“Eh? What is this situation? What is everybody doing here? Grid, why are the guards capturing you? Eh? What is this shield? Why am I holding something like this?”

“...?”

Did the administrator already have dementia, despite only being middle-aged? The administrator was crying out with confusion. Then he suddenly staggered and fell down.

“A-Administrator?”

As the guards rushed to support him, Cassus approached me and said. “Indeed, the administrator was brainwashed by the Yatan Church.”

"Brainwashed?"

“Didn’t it say from the beginning? Only members of the Rebecca Church can handle the Divine Shield. There is no one in Winston who can use the Divine Shield. Even if the Divine Shield is owned, it is impossible for Winston to use it to defend against the Yatan Church. So why did the administrator ask you to create the Divine Shield?”

“Come to think of it...”

“I was suspicious from the time the administrator asked the Rebecca Church to send a priest to make the Divine Shield. If the administrator was really trying to defend Winston using the Divine Shield, he would’ve asked not just for help to make it, but the support of a paladin to use the shield.”

“I see. I made a small mistake. So I was suspected.”

One of the four guards supporting the fallen administrator muttered. Cassus’ gaze fell on the guard as a dark energy erupted from the guard’s body. Then after a while, the darkness was lifted and the young guard became an old man.

“Eh?”

I panicked and the rest of the guards were shocked.

“W-Who are you? Where did Roy go?”

Their companion suddenly turned into an old man. The old man waved his hand like the guards were annoying. Then black nails suddenly appeared in the air, killing the guards.

Cassus saw him.

"Dirty infidel, you dare to commit murder in front of a priest of Rebecca?"

The old man laughed at Cassus while picking up the Divine Shield that the administrator had dropped.
"From my point of view, you are the dirty infidel."

Peeng!

Before the old man finished talking! An explosion occurred and the wall of the office broke. A girl appeared from among the dust. 'Isabel' was written in green above her head, and she was a pretty girl in an embroidered blue dress, making her seem reminiscent of a heroine from a manhwa.

Then Cassus rebuked Isabel. "Why did you go through the wall when there is a door?"

Isabel gave a refreshing laugh. "Isn't this cooler?"

"..."

What was going on now? What the hell was going on? I couldn't understand the situation. Then Isabel raised a hand. A gold circle appeared in the air and a white spear emerged from it. The old man was shocked as he saw it.

"Lifael's Spear...? D-Don't tell me!"

"What does the Yatan Church want with the Divine Shield?"

Isabel smiled while holding the white spear.

"Unbelievable! Why is Rebecca's Daughter here...?"

The old man was forced to run away from Isabel.

"Shall we play?"

Isabel licked the spear before chasing after the old man, with Cassus following her. I was left alone in the office.

"What is this? No, wait..."

Something flashed through my head.

"Hey, this crazy geezer! My shield!"

I belatedly realized that the old man took my Divine Shield and rushed out of the office.

Isabel and Cassus were at the end of the corridor. I thought I would be able to chase the old man if I followed them, but I couldn't keep up. Their running speed was on a different level from the general public.

'I am going to miss them!'

I squeezed out all my strength and ran. But in the end, I completely lost Isabel and Cassus.

"Pant... pant.. where? Which way did they go?"

Winston Castle was very large. There were hundreds of rooms. I came to a point where it was impossible to figure out which direction Isabel and Cassus went in.

“Ugh...! It would be good if there were witnesses!”

I wandered around the third floor of Winston Castle. As I walked down the corridors, I waited for a new notification window to appear. What notification window was I waiting for? Of course, it was the new quest notification window!

I invested huge amounts of materials into the le.gen.da.ry. shield, so there should be a quest to retrieve the shield from the old man! But...

“...”

Five minutes later,

“...”

10 minutes later,

“...”

30 minutes passed and a new quest information window didn't pop up.

“This really stinks.”

Random quests were always foisted on me, so why didn't the desired quest appear in this situation?

“Shit! Shit! Is this a lie? Eh?”

Was it so easy to lose a legendary item that I made? Wouldn't it sell for hundreds of millions of won?

“No way...”

I was robbed of a legendary item! Uncontrollable anger bubbled up.

“Uwaaaaaah! Gimme my shield, you @ ~ # \$! I could pay off half my debt if I sold that, you #\$!~^ jerks!”

My shout contained all my heartbreak. But my cry only echoed in the void.

Chapter 84

A fortnight passed since the war between the Alliance and the Yatan Church began. In the process, the Giant Guild had gained many achievements, so they were celebrating today.

"Congratulations on the master's inauguration as a lord! Cheers!"

“Cheers!”

The Giant Guild was one of the best guilds since Satisfy launched. Their guild master, Chris, was a top ranked player who was third on the unified rankings. Chris, who was appointed as Lord of Pedro for his achievements on the battlefield, proclaimed towards his 530 guild members.

"Now is the time for stabilization! For the next fortnight, we will stop going to battle! We will focus on Pedro's defense and strengthening our power! And!"

Chris stopped talking and pulled out a leather armor. He once again checked the information of the armor.

[Unexpectedly Comfortable Rat Leather Armor]

Rating: Epic

Durability: 24/24 Defense: 22 Movement Speed: +3%

An armor made of rat leather by a craftsman with great skills and potential, but lacks experience and reputation.

It is designed and created so that the wearer won't be inconvenienced when moving. The wearer can move a little faster.

The fact that this type of armor was made with meager materials is amazing.

User Restriction: Level 13 or higher. Beginner Leather Armor Mastery.

The unknown craftsman who created the first epic rated arrows and caused a hot topic for a while! How to find him? He desperately searched for a while, but couldn't even gain the slightest clue. However, not long ago, he accidentally found a clue while reading a post on a community site.

'Please make it in time...!' Chris once again eagerly prayed.

"Have half of the guild form a search team! Go to Winston! The goal is the unknown craftsman! Find him and invite him to the guild! No matter what conditions he presents, accept it unconditionally!"

In order for the guild to become stronger quickly, they needed a number of high level combat classes. But in order for the guild to become more robust and complete, it needed skillful support classes.

Chris failed to invite Panmir and Steng, who were first and second ranked on the blacksmith rankings. He succeeded in inviting the fourth and fifth ranked blacksmiths, but it was still lacking.

Therefore, he wanted to invite the unknown craftsman. Chris wanted to establish the supremacy of the Giant Guild with him.

"We are lacking in people."

The Tzedakah Guild were too busy to worry about their mental conditions. They searched for Euphemina and completed quests against the Yatan Church to increase the reputation of the guild. They were also still looking for the unknown craftsman.

First of all, the Tzedakah Guild only had 17 members. The guild members might all be rankers, but they were lacking the numbers to do various things at once.

In the end, the guild members didn't think it was possible to maintain this and presented their opinion to Jishuka. Thus, a meeting was held.

"Let's postpone Euphemina's death. The reason we want to kill her is to get revenge for our members and the dignity of the guild, but there is no immediate benefit. On the other hand, the Yatan related

quests and the unknown craftsman all directly benefit the guild. I think it is better to postpone the revenge and focus on the quests and finding the unknown craftsman.”

“I agree. It isn’t easy to catch a girl who hides like a rat.”

“7 votes for. 7 votes against. 3 people have abstained from voting.”

“I think we should go ahead and proceed like we have been. If we quit along the way, rumors will increase. I’d rather take off the quests related to the Yatan Church. To be honest, we are skilled and can always improve our guild reputation without having to rely on these miscellaneous quests.”

“That’s right. Getting revenge is a matter of our pride. It shouldn’t be delayed. Has everybody forgotten about the Tzedakah Guild’s pride?”

“7 votes for. 5 votes against. 5 people have abstained from voting.”

Regas, who had been watching the meeting progress silently, finally spoke up. “What about looking for the unknown craftsman?”

Jishuka asked Regas. “Do you think we should postpone it?”

Regas instantly replied. “No, to be honest, don’t you think it should have the highest priority? What about you?”

“I agree.” Jishuka concluded. “We will stop the Yatan related quests. Concentrate our power on finding Euphemina and the unknown craftsman.”

“Okay!”

After the meeting, the guild members scattered.

Winston.

The Tzedakah Guild was staying in this city. Due to many circumstances, it was likely that the unknown craftsman was staying here.

“Hrmm, the meeting was boring. Huh?”

After the meeting. Regas discovered an Asian person while he was going to his inn. Then a bright smile crossed his face.

“Hey! Gladiator of the body!”

“...Eh?”

Grid, who had been walking with his head down, looked up with frustration when his path was blocked and someone called out to him. He recognized Regas straight away.

“Regas?”

“Haha! You know me? I thought you wouldn’t remember.” Regas rejoiced.

Grid sat down at the fountain and replied. “A good loan guarantor... No, you were the only one who defended me against the accusations, so how could I forget you?”

Several months ago, when he was at level -3, Grid tried to participate in the Guardian of the Forest raid party. But when he applied, he became the subject of criticism by the other raid party members.

At that time, the only one who believed and supported Grid was Regas. However, Grid felt reluctance rather than appreciation towards Regas. The pure and good nature was the opposite of Grid, and he also disliked the fact that he was handsome.

But after a conversation, Regas seemed more naive than Grid thought and was someone who would act as a guarantor for a debt. So he finished the relationship with Regas as neatly as possible.

Now they met again! It was time to eat the rice that had been laid at that time.

Regas was worried. "Why is your expression so dark? Did something happen?"

Grid made the saddest possible expression and explained. "An old man stole my item."

Regas jolted with surprise.

"Such a wicked...! There is such a bad person in this world!?"

"Hah...it seems like it. People who take the livelihood of others should die."

Grid expressed his resentment. Regas nodded. "People like that should pay the price."

Grid started preparing to eat. "Hah...how good would it be if someone helped me... Well... there is no chance. In this harsh world, there is no one who would help others for free. Right?"

Regas jumped up. "This world is harsh, what are you saying? This world is warm and beautiful!"

"Is that right? Huh...but the world that I've experienced is harsh and poisonous. Having my item stolen..."

"What is that item? It is that important?"

"Yes...really important... It was my life... But I lost it... I think I will commit suicide..."

Regas' face paled from fear. "S-Suicide! You can't commit such a sin! Aren't you sorry towards your parents? Filial duty! Have you forgotten the spirit of Taekwondo?"

"Hah, I'm sorry. I'm so physically and mentally tired that I had a bad idea."

In the end, Regas bit the bait. "This can't continue! I will help you! I can't forgive anyone who would deal such a big injury to others!"

'Yes! I got you!'

The moment Grid was cheering with delight...

Peeok!

Jishuka incidentally heard the conversation between the two people and hit Regas on the back of the head. Then she pulled at Regas' earlobe. "You're going to help someone? Haven't you forgotten a lot of things?"

Grid's eyes were shining as he looked at her. Tanned skin! Red and plump lips. Long and curved eyes! A big chest! Jishuka was the ideal girl that Grid had dreamed of.

"T-This?"

Despite his earlobe still being pulled, Regas explained to the questioning Grid. "She's my guild master. Ah! Ack! I-It hurts!"

"Does it hurt, you pathetic bastard?"

"Aaaagh!"

Jishuka pulled Regas' earlobe more strongly and turned towards Grid. She sighed as she saw Grid look up and down her body with explicit eyes. She was used to attention from men, but it was still unpleasant. Even if this was virtual reality, not reality.

"Hey you."

"Huh? Yes!"

Grid came to attention as Jishuka called out to him. Grid was generally strong in front of women, but it was different when the woman was his ideal type. He couldn't help being nervous when standing in front of his dreams.

Jishuka glanced at him and sniffed. "Newbie. Regas is busy right now, so you should take care of your own matters. Now then, we're going."

Jishuka kept holding Regas' earlobe and pulled him away.

Newbie. Newbie. Newbie. Newbie...

Grid looked at Jishuka's departing back while the word echoed in his mind. Then...

"She looked at me like I was a dog."

An ideal type was just an ideal type. Grid recovered his spirit and caught up with Jishuka.

"Hey."

"...?"

Jishuka was surprised when Grid, who couldn't even meet her eyes a short time ago, blocked her way. But it was only for a second. Jishuka gave him a relaxed smile and crossed her arms, emphasizing her chest.

"Why are you calling me?"

"Keok!"

Grid's gaze focused on Jishuka's chest. But he quickly cleared his mind.

"Can you give me Regas? He said he would help me. What right do you have to interfere?"

"I have a natural right. I'm his guild master. So he must follow my commands. Do you understand? Don't be offended and go away."

"Just because you're his guild master, doesn't give you the right."

"Then? Does a third party have the right?"

Jishuka naturally had the advantage. Rather than fight with her, Grid chose to bow.

"...Please. I am really desperate right now."

"We are desperate as well. We can't spare any people."

"I'm more desperate!"

"We are more desperate!"

"I am more desperate!"

"We are!"

"Me!"

Whisper.

A large number of people gathered as an adult man and woman began a childish argument. In particular, it caused a big wave because Jishuka was famous.

Chapter 85

"Isn't that Jishuka?"

"Wow, that proud woman?"

"Why is the guild master of the Tzedakah Guild squabbling like a child?"

Jishuka grit her teeth as she heard those criticizing words. She felt like claiming damage compensation for her ruined image and reputation.

Meanwhile, Grid was unaware of what was happening around him, simply because he was really desperate. It was natural since hundreds of millions of won were stolen right in front of him. Now Grid's head was filled with reclaiming the Divine Shield.

"Please lend me Regas!"

"...Hah."

Grid didn't think of withdrawing, so Jishuka was forced to retreat.

"Okay, let's leave it to Regas." Jishuka let go of Regas' ear and then placed the burden on him. "Do you know better than anyone what a desperate situation our guild is in right now? Do you have time to help others?"

"Uhh..."

As Regas hesitated, Grid begged, "Regas, I'm asking you. You are the only one I can rely on."

Regas' worries didn't last long. Grid expressed that he lost everything and even wanted to commit suicide. At this time! He said Regas was the only one he could rely on.

"I will help!"

Snap!

In the end, Regas grabbed hold of Grid's hand.

Pajik.

There was the sound of something snapping in Jishuka's head. All of the spectators looked at her. However, both Grid and Regas didn't hear it.

"Thank you, Regas! I will consider you my lifelong benefactor!"

"Haha, it is nothing. After all, it is my responsibility to protect justice and help the needy!"

Regas was very motivated. Jishuka wanted to use violence against Regas right now, but she couldn't act because there were too many eyes watching.

"... Yes, you have decided? Okay, I understand. Good luck." Her red lips twitched as she suppressed the urge to curse. There was no energy in her voice.

Regas bowed and apologized to her, "I'm sorry! Please understand this once! I'll do this and then help you straight away! Now, Grid! Let's go!"

"Yes!"

Grid and Regas left the area, leaving Jishuka alone in the end.

"Choosing a guy you don't know over a friend of a few years..."

The spectators watched her mutter and gossiped,

"Jishuka was rejected for a man..."

"It wasn't another woman, but a man."

"Amazing..."

"....."

Jishuka decided not to listen to the noises entering her ears.

'I will definitely break both of them.'

Then the spectators brought up an interesting story:

"But that guy, isn't he a blacksmith? Don't you know? He competed against that great beauty in the item creation game."

"Ah ~ The one who joined with Khan for a two-against-one match, but still lost to that woman?"

Jishuka's eyes widened in surprise.

'Is that guy Khan's disciple?'

Apart from the whereabouts of Euphemina, the Tzedakah Guild also wanted to find Khan's disciple. He was the one who competed with Euphemina, so he probably knew something about Euphemina.

However, he was difficult to find because Khan never revealed his identity. Jishuka hurriedly whispered to Regas,

"Regas! The man with you is likely to be Khan's disciple! I have to talk to you right away! Where are you now?"

[The recipient has blocked all whispers.]

"... This bastard."

Regas had blocked all whispers because he was afraid that Jishuka would threaten him with a whisper. Jishuka summoned a holographic keyboard. Then she spoke in the guild chat window.

{Hey, Regas! Regas Regas Regas Regas Regas Regas Regas Regas Regas!}

{Guild Master (—.—) Don't spam the chat.}

{Shut up = _ = This isn't the time for jokes.}

{ππππππππππ}

{Regas! Can't you see the chat? Hey! Do you really want to die?}

{If he is quiet in front of your bombardment, has he blocked the guild chat? What is it? Did Regas get into another incident?}

{Regas is with Khan's disciple! But he doesn't know that the person is Khan's disciple!}

{Eh? Khan's disciple? — —; How did that guy end up with Regas?}

{Anyway, find Regas right now! If he is Khan's disciple, he is likely to have a clue about Euphemina!}

At this point, Jishuka and the Tzedakah Guild members couldn't imagine. Khan's disciple, who they just wanted to ask about Euphemina's whereabouts, was actually the unknown craftsman they wanted to meet!

"Hrmm..."

I explained the whole story to Regas. Of course, I omitted or changed some parts since Regas knew me as a blacksmith, not a warrior. In the first place, I only needed to convey a description of the thief.

"So, Grid received a quest and went to Winston Castle, where a soldier suddenly turned into an elderly person and stole your item? You wanted to chase that old man, but ended up missing him?"

“Yes, that’s right. A black aura emerged from the soldier’s body and he suddenly transformed...”

“A black aura?”

“Yes.”

Regas thought carefully. “Doesn’t it sound like someone from the Yatan Church?”

Such a thing? The Yatan Church believers were said to feel pain just facing the Divine Shield. But that old man was fine when holding the Divine Shield in his hand.

“I don’t think it is a Yatan follower...”

I cautiously denied it, but Regas shook his head.

"It is definitely a Yatan follower. Those who deal with black magic have a 90% chance of being a Yatan follower. Let’s find the nearby hiding places of the Yatan follower. If we defeat the hideouts one by one, we will find the one who robbed your item.”

In the end, I added to the explanation. "No, in fact, the item that the old man stole was something that would deal great damage to the Yatan Church followers. But the old man easily touched the item, so he can’t be part of the Yatan Church...”

"If it was a high priest who transformed, he might not be influenced by the item because of his high faith.”

"Is that right? Hmmm...” After a moment of worry, I finally made a decision. “Okay. I will trust Regas’ words. By the way, where is the hideout of the Yatan Church?”

Regas scratched his head.

“I’m not sure. Don’t we just need to find it?”

“.....”

Regas was a powerful person who was called a Taekwon Master. His combat strength would certainly be amazing. But he seemed to be lacking when it came to the intelligence aspect.

“...This place?”

Irene woke up in the darkness. Where was this place? She couldn’t tell. It felt like she had been asleep for a very long time. The voice of a man was heard while she was feeling confused.

"Don’t be afraid. Darkness is originally easy to adapt to. You will soon realize where this is.”

As he said, Irene’s eyes gradually adapted to the darkness. After a while, Irene discovered where this was.

“The Yatan Temple!”

“No. This is just a common cave that can be found everywhere. I just decorated it like a temple.”

“You...?”

Irene found a man kneeling in front of a statue of God Yatan. The man turned his head and introduced himself.

“I am Malacus.”

".....!"

Irene knew who Malacus was. No, there were few people on the continent who didn't know the name. Malacus.

He was the Sixth Servant of God Yatan and responsible for the sacrifices of the Yatan Church. It was Malacus who determined the number of virgins to be sacrificed every year. One word from him controlled the lives of many virgins on the continent.

“H-How are you...? Where is this place? And why am I here?”

Malacus got up. Then he slowly approached the confused Irene. "Winston Castle has a way of making the Divine Shield. Then I made a deal with a skilled blacksmith."

“.....”

"Light exists to be colored in by darkness. Do you know? What will happen if the Divine Shield contains dark magic?"

Malacus gave a wicked laugh. Irene grabbed Doran's ring tightly with trembling hands.

'Doran... Doran!'

Doran was a shadow who protected the Steim family for a long time. Irene had been saved by Doran whenever she was in danger from her youth. However, now he was gone. That fact made Irene feel despair.

Irene recalled Doran's last words.

'If you find the man who knows this ring, lean on him. It was thanks to him that I was able to save My Lady this time... He will surely be a big help if he is by your side. Be sure to keep him with you.'

When would the man that Doran spoke about appear? Irene earnestly hoped for it.

'Doran... please help me meet him.'

On the other hand, Grid and Regas arrived at Rolf Mountain. Grid was gasping for breath.

"Pant... pant... what if all of this is in vain?"

A day had passed and they went through all the forests and mountains near Winston, looking for the Yatan Church's hiding place. Grid was tired and sleep deprived, but Regas was full of energy.

“If this is in vain, can't we just go to another mountain?”

“.....”

Regas spoke without hesitation while smiling widely. The usual Grid would've already tackled him. But Grid was currently filled with the idea of finding the Divine Shield. So he followed after Regas with no complaints.

Then when he reached the middle of Rolf Mountain.

[Your persistence has risen.]

As Grid checked the notification that had appeared 10 times already, Regas shouted.

"This is the place."

Grid turned his gaze towards where Regas was pointing. He discovered a large cave guarded by Yatan followers.

"The numbers aren't a joke... Aren't there at least 30 of them?"

Winston's army had gone out several times under the pretext of subjugating the Yatan Church. Nevertheless, Grid never dreamed that there would still be so many followers in Winston.

'The army led by the strongest knight in the north... He was armed with the Sword of Self-transcendence, but he still lost. He really is incompetent.'

Grid was busy criticizing Phoenix.

"Bring it on! You evil people!"

"Heok."

Grid was shocked. He wanted to move as secretly as possible to avoid the enemy's gaze, but Regas shouted loudly and jumped into the middle of the enemy.

'He is crazy!'

Regardless of whether Grid cursed him or not, Regas was very excited.

"Isn't this quite good? Gale Attack!"

Chachak!

Regas' legs sprang up as quickly as the wind. The Yatan followers near him collapsed. Regas was even more delighted when he saw a follower hit by him get up.

"Okay! These guys are strong! Bring it on! Force Palm!"

Pepepepeng!

The 30 against 1 fight started.

"....."

The longer Grid spent with Regas, the harder it was to adjust to Regas.

'I need to regain my senses.'

Grid couldn't see the old man among the 30 people outside the cave. Grid moved towards the cave, in the hope that the old man would be inside. He was able to move effortlessly because all the Yatan followers were distracted by Regas.

The moment when he stepped into the cave.

"I don't like uninvited guests."

A bizarre voice was heard inside the cave, giving the illusion that two voices were simultaneously talking. Then a notification window popped up.

[God Yatan's Sixth Servant, Malacus has appeared.]

[The mighty dark power has applied a fear, weakness and immobilizing effect.]

[A legend doesn't feel fear easily.]

[You have resisted all the abnormal conditions.]

[Malacus has unleashed a surprise magic attack.]

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

".....!"

Grid noticed the black blades flying from the cave and quickly escaped.

However, Regas was different. Despite being outside the cave, he was overwhelmed by Malacus' magic power and stood still. Therefore, he couldn't escape the flying magic and suffered great damage.

Chapter 86

"Kuk... I didn't think someone like this would be here."

Regas took a potion to restore his health and immediately changed his system setting.

"Whisper unblock. Guild chat unblock."

Then...

{Hey you! You will die if you don't find Regas today!}

{T-Take it easy, Master.}

{Yes, excitement isn't good for your skin. Isn't Master a woman as well?}

{Shut up... All of you, shut up! If you have time to chat, look for that bastard Regas!}

"....."

The guild chat window was filled with chaos. Jishuka was reacting worse than Regas expected, so he hesitated for a moment before typing on the keyboard,

{The slope of Rolf Mountain. Please send support.}

The chaotic chat window became more frenzied.

{Regas!}

{Hey, Regas! What have you been doing all day? Why did you block the chat? Answer me!}

{You don't know how we have been tortured because of you!}

{Rolf Mountain...? I will visit you soon. ^^}

Kwa kwang!Kwang!

Regas avoided the black magic that the followers were shooting from all directions, elbowed the face of the closest believer, and typed in the chat again.

{Come prepared for battle. Malacus has appeared.}

The chat window got crazy once more.

{Malacus? The Sixth Servant?}

{Eh? Why is he on Rolf Mountain? Shouldn't he be with the other Yatan bastards?}

{What... Where have you been wandering around? ——}

{Why is Malacus there?}

{Isn't he a monster that is level 310?}

{——;;}

Everyone was amazed by the presence of Malacus, while Jishuka was obsessed with Khan's disciple.

{Hey! Regas! Are you still with the person called Grid?}

{○ ○}

{Grab Grid tightly and don't let him go! He is Khan's disciple that we are looking for!}

"What?" Regas frowned as he saw Jishuka's words. "Grid is a blacksmith? No way."

Regas exclaimed while kicking two Yatan followers at the same time. After counterattacking, he quickly hid behind a tree and entered the chat again.

{That isn't possible?}

{It must be -_-^ I heard it from a witness. Grid is definitely Khan's disciple.}

{That eyewitness must be mistaken or gave you a false report.}

After typing briefly, Regas blocked the chat again to focus on the battle and turned to Grid. Grid was holding a large sword that was more than 3m long and was facing Malacus alone.

"There is no way he can be a blacksmith. The guild master... she must be mistaken."

In the meantime, Grid...

'What is going on?'

Malacus expressed great interest in Grid since he first appeared.

"I am impressed that you can endure the pressure of my magic power." Malacus judged that Grid, who avoided all his status effects, wasn't a regular person. "Then you... are you like Yura? An extraordinary person among travelers?"

Grid wanted to solve it with dialogue as much as possible. "Not really... well, I didn't come here to meet you. So can I go my own way?"

"I can't allow that."

"Please have mercy just once. Hehe."

"One of the most insignificant words in the world is mercy."

Malacus was one of the most brutal religious figures in Satisfy. It was foolish trying to communicate with him.

"Che, whatever."

Grid opened his inventory. Then he equipped armor without being conscious of Regas at all. After that, he pulled out Dainsleif, which had been strengthened to +5.

[+5 Dainsleif (Reproduction)]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 500/500 Attack Power: 549~772 Attack Speed: -8%

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

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

* The skill 'Golden Flash' has been generated.

A work created by Albatino, the first human to receive the nickname of 'craftsman before Pagma's era. He attempted to reproduce the mythical weapon, Dainsleif.

It is far lacking compared to the original Dainsleif, but he succeeded in restoring some of its features, making it a masterpiece on its own.

It was acclaimed as a 'masterpiece of human history' by the founder of the Eternal Kingdom and the king of the north, Loran.

The legendary blacksmith Pagma is said to have received great inspiration from Albatino's work.

User Restriction: Level 250 or higher. More than 1,800 strength. Advanced Sword Mastery.

Weight: 1,580

"A great sword. But can it reach my body?"

Malacus wasn't a monster but a human. He didn't have a special appearance. He was just an ordinary man in his 30s, wearing a black mask and a long cloak covering his body. He seemed less scary than the terrible monsters Grid faced in Kesan Canyon.

"You will see soon! Blacksmith's Rage! Quick Movements! Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link!"

In the mural, Pagma held Dainsleif in one hand and wielded it. However, it was impossible for Grid to wield Dainsleif with one hand with his current strength. Thus, he held Dainsleif with both hands and didn't look as dazzling.

Buuuong.Buuuong.

Dainsleif moved with a speed that was disproportionate to its huge size. Then he slashed at Malacus' body. But just before Dainsleif hit Malacus' body, a black shield appeared, blocking the sword in its path.

Kaaang!

"Ugh!"

After the attack was blocked, Grid hurriedly placed Dainsleif back in his inventory and then pulled out the +8 Ideal Dagger. He consumed 490 mana after using Blacksmith's Rage, Quick Movements and activating Pagma's Swordsmanship. Grid used his remaining 277 mana to activate one of Ideal Dagger's integrated skills.

"Wind Blast!"

Pepepepeng!

Wind Blast exploded against Malacus' body. But it couldn't touch Malacus. Just before the winds touched Malacus' body, a black shield emerged at the point of collision and blocked all winds.

Gulp gulp.

Grid pulled out a mana potion and drank it before activating Wind of Justice.

Pepepepeng!

Wind of Justice was much more powerful than Wind Blast. But even Wind of Justice collapsed in front of a shield and didn't reach Malacus' body.

Grid trembled.

'What is this fraudulent defense skill? How much damage can it prevent?'

Malacus pulled out a hand that was hidden in the cloak and aimed at Grid. "Your weakness won't be able to break this. Die. Divine Punishme...?"

Malacus paused in the middle of the spell he was casting and then stepped back from Grid because Grid had used Restraint. Restraint overwhelmed everything except for the undead, and the overwhelmed opponents were unable to approach Grid for three seconds.

Grid ran as far from Malacus as possible and shouted, "Regas! Let's go!"

But Regas was still attacking the followers without any thought of escape.

“Regas!”

Regas looked at the desperately rushing Grid and declared, “I don’t run away. I will fight. When can I ever meet such a strong opponent again? I want to fight!”

“... You are really crazy. Aren’t you afraid of dropping items and experience upon death?”

Grid was reluctant to leave Regas and run away alone. He wanted Regas’ help finding the Divine Shield.

‘But I can’t die in the process. If I die and drop items...’

Most of Grid’s currently equipped items were expensive. He would feel like committing suicide if he dropped one of them. Thus, Grid decided to escape by himself. But at that moment, a sound was heard.

Swaeek!

An object shot out from the forest. It was an arrow.

Peeok!

“Kuk!”

Malacus was still somewhat constrained by the influence of Restraint, so he couldn’t respond to the arrow that flew without notice and struck his shoulder. Then a beauty appeared from the direction that the arrow came from. It was Jishuka.

“If you don’t want to be killed by the arrows like that monster, you should stay in a corner.”

Jishuka warned Grid while staring sharply at Malacus. Then she pulled back her bowstring.

Teong!

Jishuka, currently ranked 19th in the unified rankings, was a woman who had long been called an expert archer. The arrow she shot seemed like it would touch Grid’s ears, but it swiftly flashed passed and hit Malacus’ head.

But at some point, Malacus escaped from the influence of Restraint and created a black shield.

Ting!

The arrow was bounced back. Jishuka didn’t shake at the sight. She fired five arrows in rapid succession.

Syu syu syu syu syuk!

Ting ting ting ting ting!

All five arrows aimed at the weak parts of the body but were blocked by the shield.

"The speed of casting is really fast?" Jishuka admired while Malacus smiled.

"Heh, your fragile arrows can’t touch my body..."

Malacus couldn't finish speaking. It was because Regas, who killed the 30 Yatan followers, approached his side and punched.

"Penetration."

Peeng!

"Keok....!"

Malacus bent in a strange direction after Regas' fist hit his side. The whites of his eyes were revealed. Jishuka loaded a new arrow.

"That isn't the real one. This is real."

Puok!

The arrow flew along the flow of the wind without any sound and struck Malacus' heart. However, Grid was familiar with this arrow.

"Eh? The Special Jaffa Arrow? There are still some left?"

Jishuka heard Grid's words and cocked her head. "How do you know that?"

Was Jishuka and Regas' power sufficient to knock down the mighty Malacus? If so, maybe he didn't have to drop his items? Grid was so excited that he spoke without thinking.

"Oh, I made it."

"...What?"

Jishuka's eyes widened. Then Regas shrieked. "Kuaaack!"

".....!?"

Jishuka and Grid hurriedly turned their heads. They discovered five black spears piercing Regas' body. Dark magic was around the wound and Malacus, who had recovered quickly, grabbed Regas' head and declared.

"It is still useless. You will all die by my hands!"

But...

"Are we late?"

"Hey, Regas! You're still alive?"

15 members of the Tzedakah Guild emerged, causing even Malacus to flinch for a moment.

"How is a group like this...?"

Jishuka gave a smile that was brimming with confidence and stated.

"Start the hunt."

The average level of the Tzedakah Guild was above 200. Many of them were first in their class rankings and within the top 100 unified rankings. There was also a variable called Grid. Even if the opponent was one of the Eight Servants, it wasn't a power that could be underestimated.

Chapter 87

The Sixth Servant of God Yatan, Malacus was the priest who oversaw all rituals in the Yatan Church.

In fact, most of the rituals he organized were aimed at the groups hostile to the Yatan Church. Or he used them to put a curse on the area for the purpose of making people sick.

He was famous for the event where 87 virgins were sacrificed in order to turn the king of the Bungereth Principality into an idiot, as well as sacrificing 607 virgins to raise an epidemic in Earl Raven's territory.

"Start the hunt? Kukuk! Kuhahahaha! You people want to handle me? There is no one in the world who isn't afraid of the Yatan Church, who carries out the supremacy of God Yatan and exerts influence on the whole continent. And I am the one who grew this religion! How laughable to think that you are worthy opponents!"

Malacus had a point.

The Yatan Church was one of the greatest forces in Satisfy and a subject of horror. The growth of the Yatan Church had a lot to do to Malacus. His accomplishments were enormous enough to affect the situation of the entire continent. How could such a great person be treated as a hunting game in a mountain village? He wouldn't be easy to kill.

"You guys will figure it out soon. Especially you, girl. You will be sacrificed to God Yatan."

Malacus could see that Jishuka and her guild members were strong. To be honest, he had somewhat flinched when they all appeared at once. But wasn't he one of the Eight Servants? He had transcended the human realm. Malacus didn't doubt that he would be unharmed unless these people attacked simultaneously as a group.

However, Jishuka's thoughts were different.

"I don't know about Malacus, but our Tzedakah Guild is the strongest. We have the power to stand at the top at any time. You can't threaten us."

Grin.

Jishuka smiled while revealing her white teeth. She provoked Malacus. "You will die here, so humbly accept your death. For us, you are nothing more than game."

Malacus couldn't endure it anymore and his face distorted.

"You really believe you can harm me?"

"Of course."

"Foolish!"

Malacus shouted and stretched out his hand. Then a ray of black magic power shot out in a straight line. It was aimed exactly at Jishuka's heart. But Jishuka didn't take any actions to defend herself. Toban, standing on her left side, moved instead.

"Patience Shield!"

The first ranked paladin and chief of staff of the Tzedakah Guild. He used a large shield and a defense skill to block the ray of darkness.

Kwang!

There was a large sound as dust rose all over the place. The shield didn't absorb the shock, so Toban coughed up blood.

"Kuoh... The shield's durability is decreased by 20 in an instant. It isn't that bastard's unique skill. It's a dark magic that anyone in the Yatan Church could use. How powerful is his magic power?"

Jishuka frowned and kicked Toban.

"Don't take it easy. It is unsightly."

Malacus exclaimed.

"Die before this mighty power! It will be the last time you can do anything insignificant!"

Then a notification window appeared in front of all the members of the Tzedakah Guild.

[The Sixth Servant of God Yatan, Malacus has discharged his magic power.]

[The mighty dark power has applied a fear, weakness and immobilizing effect.]

[Malacus has unleashed a surprise magic attack.]

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

From Malacus' hands, dozens of rays were shot in different directions.

"Hey hey. Isn't this too much?"

"This is crazy."

Jishuka and the Tzedakah Guild members immediately tried to protect themselves from the bombardment. But they were overwhelmed by Malacus's magic power and couldn't resist due to the abnormal conditions.

[You have suffered 8,900 damage.]

[You have suffered 16,503 damage.]

[You have suffered 11,027 damage.]

"It hurts!"

"This is foul!"

Except for some classes with high magic defense or high dark resistance, the guild members lost at least 30% of their health from that bombardment. In the case of Jishuka, an archer who normally avoided enemy attacks, she was faced with dangerous warning messages.

[You have lost 53% of your health from a single blow.]

[You can't regain your mental state.]

A blow that took 40% of a user's health at once would stun the user for three seconds. In other words, Jishuka was now completely defenseless.

"Defend the master!"

Toban took the lead and the Tzedakah members started surrounding Jishuka. Malacus admired the sight as if it was cute.

"Do you understand now? It is me who is the hunter, not you."

Jishuka didn't care. She gave the guild a command. "Rather than me, Grid... Protect Khan's disciple!"

The creator of the Special Jaffa Arrows that she had been searching for! Grid was presumed to be Khan's disciple who knew the creator's information. No, there was a possibility that he was the creator.

"Everybody, remember this. We need to defeat Malacus, but your top priority is protecting Grid. You can't let him die."

The guild master absolutely had to be obeyed! The guild members looked around simultaneously. Then they found Grid hiding behind a tree.

"Eh? That guy?"

Wasn't Grid a blacksmith? A normal blacksmith should've died, or at least suffer serious injuries from Malacus' bombardment. But he was fine?

"What is going on?"

Jishuka was more surprised than anyone else as she checked Grid.

'Now that I'm looking, isn't he wearing armor and holding a sword?'

Was it a false tip? But Grid said he was the person who made the Special Jaffa Arrow. She was baffled. But it was only for a moment. Jishuka recovered from her stunned state and drank a health potion. Then she caught the attention of Malacus, who was staring at Grid.

"Malacus. Aren't you too weak? You didn't manage to kill any of us with that blow. Doesn't it advertise how incompetent you are?"

Why wasn't Grid overwhelmed by him?

'What trick did he use?'

Malacus' pride was hit when he saw that Grid was safe from his bombardment, but then he looked at Jishuka again. Malacus was very angry.

"Girl, you can't come over here. You are shaking with fear. That look suits you."

"I heard that the rituals conducted by Malacus exceed common sense. A person or organization who doesn't worship Yatan isn't safe from your rituals? If the number of sacrifices was infinite, you might be able to conquer the world through your rituals. Yes, your capabilities as a priest are enormous. I'll admit it. But you..."

Jishuka's lips curled up in disdain. It was obvious ridicule. Malacus' face reddened as Jishuka looked down at him with arrogant eyes.

"What's the big deal? Do you think we don't know that your combat ability is the weakest among the Eight Servants?"

Information was power. The Tzedakah Guild was aiming for the top, so their information gathering ability was naturally high level. The Yatan Church was currently one of the greatest forces on the continent, so the Tzedakah Guild found out as much information about it as possible.

The Sixth Servant, Malacus. In order to enjoy the game called 'sacrifice hunting,' he appeared in a random place every three months. Level 310. His class was a dark sorcerer. His specialties were black magic, debuffs and various defense skills. In addition, he had amazing self-recovery ability triggered by his enormous amount of magic power. As a high ranking member of the Yatan Church, they needed to be careful of his dark magic attacks. However, the type of attack skills he could use were very limited.

'His level is very low compared to the other Eight Servants.'

Malacus was a priest. His level was low compared to the other servants because he rarely entered directly into combat. He was only level 310 so the Tzedakah Guild, whose average level was well above 200, judged that they could deal with him.

"It was only a month ago that you did your last sacrifice hunt... I don't know why you strayed from your original timeline and appeared in the Eternal Kingdom, but, I am thankful. We will sacrifice you and increase our reputation."

Jishuka raised a hand, ignoring Malacus as she ordered her guild members,

"How long are you going to let your game run wild? Go ahead and start the hunt."

It happened at the same time.

Teong!

A muscular, middle-aged man waited for the endless talk between Jishuka and Malacus and leapt forward. It was the tank destroyer, Vantner.

"Hey you! Give me Regas! Then you will die! Experience death! Wuhahaha!"

Vantner wielded his two axes. He held axes big enough to be lifted with both hands and swung lightly.

Kwang!Kwang!Kwaang!

There was a shockwave every time Vantner's strikes collided with the black magic shield. The wind pressure caused Malacus' cloak to flap in every direction, but that was all. Vantner's axes couldn't penetrate Malacus' shield, let alone touch his collar.

"He is fine?"

The confused Vantner backed away, taking deep breaths and thinking about it calmly.

'That guy's shield... My attack power can't penetrate it? Okay, then it is a game of speed!'

Malacus protected his body by deploying the shield on the surface that would be hit. If Vantner attacked at a speed that Malacus couldn't react to, would he be able to deploy his shield?

"Aaaaaah!"

Vantner had a simple idea and started to move his arms with all his might.

Chaaeng!Jjejejeok!

The two axes moved without rest, and the momentum was as fierce as lightning bolts. However, Malacus wasn't hurt at all.

'Pant pant... My attack speed doesn't exceed his speed. How is a sorcerer's body so impressive?'

Vanter gasped for breath. Malacus stood still and waited for him to be exhausted.

"Hmph, it is unsightly." Malacus laughed at Vantner, then stared at Jishuka. "My combat strength is definitely weak compared to the other servants. But that is only when compared with the other servants. Compared to all of you, I am absurdly strong..."

Malacus couldn't finish speaking. It was because a spear shot over Vantner's shoulder.

Kaaang!

"Huh?"

Malacus groaned a little bit as the spear appeared. It was like a lightning streak. If he had been a little less vigilant, he wouldn't have been able to deploy the shield on time.

'It is fast and strong, unlike the axe-wielding man.'

The weight of the spear that aimed precisely at his heart was so great that Malacus took a few steps back, despite blocking with the shield! Then the owner of the spear appeared before him.

"Ah~ you reacted to the perfect surprise attack? How strong are the other servants?"

Vantner glanced at the owner of the spear, who had expressed his nervous admiration.

Chapter 88

"Hey, Pon! Don't use me as a shield! This jerk, hiding behind me in order to try and suck up all the honey!"

Pon, the person famous for being one of the best spearmen in Satisfy. After threatening Malacus, the clicked his tongue at Vantner, who was staggering like an angry wild boar.

“Vantner, you’re a guardian knight. Isn’t it natural to use you as a shield? The tanker attracts the attention while the damage dealer eats the honey: this is a common sense strategy. Please start thinking before you get angry. Isn’t your brain too small?”

If Vantner and Pon stood next to each other, the age difference seemed to be around 20 years. But both of them were turning 36 this year. Vantner was bald, bearded and looked in his late 40s, while Pon was handsome and had a sleek physique, making him seem in his late 20s.

In addition, the relationship between the two wasn’t good. Vantner, who was inferior in appearance, hated Pon from the moment he realized that Pon was the same age as him. Pon also ignored the simple Vantner because he thought Vantner was stupid.

No, the two people had a low mental age from the beginning. Jishuka said they were ‘two people who found value in disliking each other.’

"My class might be that of a guardian knight, but most of my stat points are in strength. I’ve told you this many times, so remember it, chicken head! Do I have to teach you again? I am a guardian knight, but my defense is low! So don’t stick with me! Our guild’s tanker is Toban, not me!"

“Stupid... You chose a defense class, yet you didn’t invest the stat points in something appropriate. No tanking, no attack. Where are you useful?”

“W-What? You bastard! Would you like to experience the power of an all strength guardian knight in PVP? I request a 1-on-1 duel!”

“Okay. I will make you experience the incompetence of your character. But I’ll have to pass for now.”

Vantner was extremely useful in battle between users.

He had the ‘Reduce Damage Received’ passive skill and basic defense skills, as well as heals... Unlike other guardian knights, he had a high attack power so he could gain an advantage in battles.

Of course, if the opponent’s attack power was extremely high, his defense wouldn’t be sufficient. In addition, if the opponent’s defense was extremely high, the attacker would not be able to hit them with his moderate attack power. However, the current level of users didn’t have that type of threat.

In particular, a guardian knight had a one-time invincible skill. If the timing was good, it was able to neutralize the enemy’s movements once. Therefore, guardian knights tended to be active in PVP.

So Vantner had a great momentum.

"Heh, you are scared."

Pon snorted. "Not at all. Have you forgotten what we are doing right now? It is a boss raid. But you want a 1-on-1 duel right now? How is that possible? In the first place, isn’t my unified ranking much higher than yours? Isn’t the result obvious, even if we don’t fight?"

"Shut up! Are you scared? Don’t avoid it! Your mouth sure is good at being nasty! Let’s meet in real life!"

"What will happen if we meet in reality? In reality, you wouldn't be able to do a single thing against me. So please act moderately, you bald bastard."

Vantner strongly denied it, "I'm not bald in reality! I just set my hairstyle to bald when I created the character. How many times do I have to tell you this, chicken head?"

"Doesn't making yourself bald make you look older? Does that make sense? You must really be bald."

"If I was actually bald, I wouldn't be setting it as bald in the game! I would've made my hair thicker!"

"If you are pretending not to be bald, you might've deliberately set your character to be bald."

"This \$#!~\$#!!"

Vantner, the 1st ranked guardian knight, and Pon, the 1st ranked spear knight. The two people who played the role of the vanguard in the Tzedakah Guild, they were at each other's throat instead of fighting the enemy.

Malacus was angry about being ignored and decided to punish them. "Why are you fighting among yourselves? These disagreeable guys keep on gathering!"

Roaaaar!

Eight rays of black magic aimed at Vantner and Pon, who saw the attack and quickly jumped to the side. Surprisingly, Malacus' magic rays changed direction, persistently following Pon.

"What? Why aren't they chasing me? You dare ignore me?!"

Vantner landed on the ground and yelled, while Pon suddenly jumped up.

"This is the first time I've seen guided magic. Indeed, one of the Eight Servants... That isn't a false reputation!"

Pon decided he couldn't escape the magic power and gathered strength in his spear. Intense flames appeared at the end of the spear and Pon cast a skill.

"Mach Spear!"

Peeeeeeong!Pepepeng!

The sonic spear was unleashed, causing a series of explosions in the air. The explosion was so great that even the Tzedakah Guild members, including Vantner, could feel the aftereffects.

Kwajajajak!

Pure force and pure magic power colliding, which one would win? There was no such thing, as obviously, the stronger side would win! Pon's rotating spear pierced through the eight rays of magic power in a single red light.

Kwaaaaang!

The red flash collided with the black shield. Rare agitation appeared on Pon's face.

"It couldn't pierce through?"

That's right. Even that skill was helpless in front of Malacus' shield.

"... This is serious.

Pon was 23rd on the unified rankings. At least in numerical terms, he was the 23rd strongest among two billion users and was one of the top three in the Tzedakah Guild. He had hunted hundreds of boss monsters, but this was the first time Mach Spear had been obsolete.

It was a reminder of how good Malacus' defense skill was, but Pon thought differently.

'I haven't been able to replace my weapon despite gaining 50 levels.' This is the limit of my present weapon. I need a better weapon.'

Pon was currently level 243. Yet Pon was using a spear with a level limit of 190. It couldn't be helped. He hadn't been able to find a spear better than the one he was using now, even if he visited a famous blacksmith.

Why? Pon's spear had a unique rating. It had a level limit of 190, but it was better than level 240 rare and epic rated spears, considering the unique rating and special options. In other words, Pon needed to find a unique spear that exceeded the level 190 limit before he could replace his weapon.

But when he brought the materials to create the best spears, the famous blacksmiths almost always created normal or rare items. In some cases, epic items were produced, but they weren't satisfactory.

'An outstanding blacksmith is urgently needed.'

The unknown craftsman who turned the world upside down by making the Special Jaffa Arrows! Pon and Jishuka were longing for him.

'If he made me a spear, I would be able to penetrate Malacus' shield!'

On the other hand, Malacus was suffering quite a bit. He defended against the spear with the black shield, but the weight of the spear had dealt a shock to him. In addition, he deployed a three-fold shield but almost failed to defend against such a big blow.

"To be shamed like this by a mere traveler...!"

Vantner didn't miss that Malacus' legs were weak.

"He is in a stiffened state!"

Vantner grasped his axes as tightly as possible. Then he used all his strength to throw an axe.

Swaeel!

Throwing weapons was one of the few offensive skills of a guardian knight, but it was light compared to Pon's spear.

Kang!

Malacus made an annoyed look, deployed the shield and deflected the axe.

"..."

Vantner witnessed his axe being blown away and grabbed his head.

"Aaaagh! This is really crazy!"

He was angry at his powerlessness. The class called guardian knight, it consisted of a skill tree that protected the user and their allies. But in order to master advanced protection skills, he required high stamina.

Vantner invested points in strength in order to level up quickly. Therefore, he wasn't able to demonstrate the characteristics of a guardian knight or play an effective role against Malacus like Pon.

On the other hand, wasn't Pon looking cool after facing Malacus alone? In fact, Vantner was 66th on the unified rankings, which was much lower than the 23rd ranked Pon, but it was inevitable that his ego would be wounded.

"There should be an item to roll back the stats!"

"Satisfy doesn't have a cache system. It is unlikely that such an item will ever be released."

Vantner hit the ground while Pon sincerely advised him.

"Starting from the next level up, invest all your points in stamina. If you keep investing in strength, your character will turn to shit. Right now, the strength build guardian knight is emerging as a trend in PVP, but haven't you realized the limitations now? The stronger the opponent, the more useless a strength build guardian knight is."

"Ugh!"

Vantner berated himself for ignorantly distributing his points to strength just to become a ranker faster. In addition, Pon was so caught up in his desire for a stronger weapon that he couldn't concentrate on the situation.

Right now, they had completely forgotten. The presence of Regas who was abandoned in the corner!

"Are you guys chatting among yourselves again? You really have no tension. Okay, I will let you know exactly what the situation is right now." Malacus declared while grabbed Regas' bloody head.

Pon finally noticed Regas' presence and asked. "What? Regas? Why are you in that state? Did you run out of potions? But why haven't you run away yet?"

Regas, who became Malacus' hostage, laughed as if he was embarrassed. "Haha, I wanted to see how strong Malacus was so I watched as closely as possible. I thought it would help my training."

"... Just die."

He felt it since the L.T.S days, but there were too many idiots in this guild. Pon and Vantner ignored Regas.

Then Malacus shouted to Jishuka, who was watching the battlefield with folded arms. "Girl! All of you will soon turn out like this person."

Malacus started concentrating magic power on his fingertips. He was going to crush Regas' head like a watermelon.

For a ranker, death was a tremendous blow. They would lose experience equivalent to one week of hunting if they died. So originally, the Tzedakah Guild wouldn't stay quiet if their companion was going to die. They would try to protect their companions as much as possible.

But this was an exception. Regas was able to live, but he was going to die because of his own foolishness. He was reaping what he deserved. It wasn't worth braving the threat to save him.

"Die cleanly and fix your mentality."

In a situation where no one in the Tzedakah Guild was trying to save Regas, one man called out.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Restraint!"

"...?!"

Everyone's eyes, including Malacus and Jishuka, turned to one side. Then they saw it. Khan's disciple, the creator of the Special Jaffa Arrows, no, maybe he was just an ordinary blacksmith. The Asian youth, whose identity still couldn't be determined yet, was dancing with a shining dagger.

"..."

His expression was determined as he danced. It was a rare, highly skilled sword dance. It looked like...

"Isn't this crazy?"

The Tzedakah Guild members were upset.

"What is this? Why is he suddenly dancing in this situation?"

Grid's odd behavior that couldn't be understood by ordinary people's common sense! Toban saw him and remembered an incident from the past.

"I remember that guy now..."

It was a few months ago when he was recruiting for the Guardian of the Forest raid in Bairan Village. The warrior, who looked around level 80, wanted to enter the raid by pretending to be level 100. He said that he never wore armour because he was a master of control. Now that loser was Grid?

'This is completely...'

Toban gave a deep sigh and spoke to Jishuka.

"Master. As expected, this time seems to be another false tip. Grid is a warrior, not a blacksmith. He was a braggart... Ack?"

Toban was amazed. The appearance of Grid dancing alone seemed crazy at first, but it was only for a moment. As he watched, his heart started beating faster and he felt an intense pressure coming from Grid.

'What is this?'

Toban no longer talked casually about Grid, as he felt overwhelmed and retreated. He realized that Jishuka and all the guild members were reacting the same way. Even...

'Even Malacus!'

Chapter 89

"... This!"

Malacus, who was about to crush Regas' head, became frightened and stopped moving.

'It isn't a coincidence?'

Before the Tzedakah Guild had arrived here. Malacus faced Grid 1-on-1 and failed to kill him. Grid wasn't strong. Rather, he was weak. If Malacus wanted, he could kill Grid in a matter of seconds. In other words, he was at the level of a bug. But Grid was somewhat strange. He was obviously weak, but an unknown source radiated from him. The overwhelmed Malacus was forced to step back.

'I don't understand it.'

He had dismissed it but after experiencing it again, it wasn't a coincidence. The pressure felt from Grid was real. How could a newbie exert such a powerful presence?

'I should only fear God Yatan!'

Malacus was disturbed and let go of Regas. Meanwhile, Grid was approaching.

'Shit!'

Malacus retreated to the maximum distance, while Grid helped Regas.

"Regas, are you okay?"

"Grid..."

Regas gazed at Grid with eyes that were twinkling like lanterns. With a single sword dance, he overwhelmed Malacus who had captured the second-ranked person in the Tzedakah Guild. Grid alone dominated 17 of the top 100 users, so his presence was bigger than any top ranker that Regas had met.

'He isn't even a famous ranker yet he has this dignity...'

Regas recalled the first time he met Grid. He didn't wear armor and only hunted monsters with a sword. Everyone else called him a braggart and laughed, but Regas believed it. He thought Grid was a reliable person.

"The more I look at Grid, the greater he is."

Regas was a ranker in the top 30 of the unified rankings. Yet he was feeling envy towards Grid. Grid felt an enormous joy at the words.

'Until recently, I was an ordinary user and now a ranker is admiring me.'

For the original Grid, rankers were a vast presence that could only be seen on TV or in the distance. But since becoming Pagma's Descendant, Grid's life had undergone a great change.

'My mouth is tingling!'

Grid wanted to wrap himself in Regas' words. But unfortunately, Restraint only lasted for three seconds. There was no room to relax.

'Unfortunately, the situation is like this...'

Grid's brain was busy calculating the profit and losses as he ran away with Regas.

'After using the sword dance once, I can definitely feel the benefits. It is definite. Considering Regas' nature, he will want to pay this debt back in the future.'

Three seconds was a short amount of time. After the duration of Restraint finished, Malacus regained his freedom. Then he appeared in front of Grid in an instant. It wasn't a dash type skill, but the manifestation of high-level magic that allowed him to leap through space itself.

"Eh?"

Grid was stunned to see Malacus appear in front of him.

"G-Ghost?"

Malacus gritted his teeth.

"The feeling of pressure from you has now disappeared as if it were a lie. Was I mistaken? It can't be! You have tricked me! Disgraceful person. Show your skills. Or you will never leave here alive."

It was like a creepy and bizarre mixture of two voices.

"Hiik!"

Grid's face turned blue. He bowed his head to try and beg for his life. At that time, a sphere of fire flashed and hit Malacus.

Peeng!

"Use this gap to escape!"

While Malacus was caught in the explosion, Grid turned his head and found a familiar woman. Then he couldn't help asking.

"Laella?"

Laella, An 18-year-old British girl, was a global singer and also a top ranker in Satisfy! Why was she here?

"D-Don't tell me?" Grid, who was her avid fan, asked Regas. "Regas, does Laella belong to your guild?"

Grid's eyes were bloodshot and his nostrils flared. Regas snorted and nodded towards Laella. "Yes, that's right. She is a colleague who has been with us from L.T.S. to Satisfy. Grid, do you like her songs?"

"Wow, amazing! I really like Laella's breasts... Ah, no, Laella sings great! Haha!"

Grid was captivated by a certain part of Laella and forgot his life was at risk.

Jishuka hurriedly shouted. "How long are you going to stand there? Come this way!"

Pahat!

Jishuka fired dozens of arrows into the sky as she spoke. The rain of arrows poured over Malacus' head, who couldn't see due to the smoke caused by the explosion. Due to losing his composure from Grid's actions and having his vision blocked, Malacus became a hedgehog without a shield.

Grid and Regas sprinted in Jishuka's direction. But once again, he was caught by Malacus.

"Do you think I will let you escape?"

Kuoooh!

Malacus pulled out the arrows stuck in his back, waved his arms and three black spears shot through the air. They flew towards Grid.

"Ah, why is this bastard coming after me? Shit! Am I that intimidating?"

The moment that Grid was going to pull out Dainsleif from his inventory. A shadowy figure appeared and protected Grid and Regas.

Kwa kwang!

The spears that should've pierced Grid hit the ground and exploded. Malacus' face distorted.

"There is a rat mixed among the hybrid dogs."

A dark blade appeared in front of Malacus. Then the blade was fired, aiming precisely at the shadowy figure who protected Grid.

Seokeok!

The shadowy figure couldn't run away! Rather than blood pouring out, it quietly disappeared into the fog.

"A clone? Che, I really don't like this!"

Malacus was furious and started casting spells to chase Grid again. However, a young man with apathetic eyes appeared and interfered. He moved left and right, created dozens of clones.

Pepepepeok!

Syu syu syu syu syuk!

Daggers and other weapons flew in different orbits. It was impossible to develop a shield for every attacked area. In this case, what measures could Malacus take to protect the body? The answer was simple.

"It won't get through!"

Malacus' black shield expanded to surround his whole body. An absolute defense! The watching Vantner thought it was ridiculous.

"How is this balanced? Isn't this shielding ability a scam? It can be activated without casting, and could even protect the whole body? It is invincible! How do we beat that?"

Pon didn't agree.

"If that defensive ability is as invincible as you think, he would keep the shield constantly deployed. But he didn't do that. Therefore, Jishuka managed to attack him several times. He only deploys the shield for the minimum time and area to block the attack, then he repeats this again and again. The magic power consumed to deploy and maintain the shield is considerable."

"I agree."

Malacus used chains of darkness to bind the feet of the clones, then summoned hellfire to burn them.

The shadowy figure who rescued Grid and Regas gave their opinion. "If Malacus is burdened by the magic power required to use the shield as Pon thinks... Now it is our turn to be attacked. He will no longer want all his magic power to be consumed by the shield, so he will use it all to attack."

It was the right answer.

"Noble master of hell! Let go of the reins of the dogs you have tamed since eons ago! Command them to eat the hearts of those who have oppressed your lowly servant!"

The blue sky turned dark. There was no moon or stars, just darkness. Then the thick darkness covered the forest. The dark magic dominated the area and made the bodies of the Tzedakah Guild members go cold.

Pon muttered. "Are we going to die?"

Jishuka hurriedly exclaimed. "Protect Grid!"

She had witnessed Grid's sword dance a moment ago, so she was no longer certain that Grid was a blacksmith. Grid's class was sure to be a blade dancer. Still, Jishuka couldn't give up hope. Grid had clearly known the Special Jaffa Arrow with one glance. Therefore, she decided to prioritize Grid's protection.

"Ohhh!"

Toban moved in front of Grid. Then he used the best defense skill available to him. That wasn't all. Vantner, Pon, Faker, Laella and all the members of the Tzedakah Guild prepared to guard Grid.

The ground where Malacus stood moved like lava and dozens of dark shadows started to rise. The dozens of shadows became dark dogs with three heads.

Grrrung.

Bark bark!

The 2m large dogs that could spew out fire, ice and poison from each head. Their red eyes made them seem like rabid dogs. They barked like truly mad dogs. Malacus looked at them like they were adorable, and smiled.

"The hell's keepers have come here!"

Keeong!

The hell's keepers ran wildly towards the Tzedakah Guild and Grid.

"Where are these dogs going?"

Vantner's twin axes might be useless against Malacus, but they could easily hit the dogs. Vantner confidently ran towards the hell's keepers and then spun his axes in every direction like a storm.

"Oraaaaa!"

Pepeok!Peok!

Bark bark!Bark!

At first glance, Vantner seemed to have the advantage; however, the battle situation changed in just a few seconds. The hell's keepers didn't die, despite being cut in half with an axe. Vantner was burned all over, and his legs were frozen, making him unable to move. Furthermore, his skin was turning green and he coughed up black blood, showing signs of poisoning. Even his two axes were rusted and could no longer function as weapons.

It was caused by the flames, ice, and poison spewed by the hell's keepers. It was the same with his colleagues.

Pon used Mach Spear to help with Vantner's retreat.

Pepepeng!Pepepeng!

The sonic spear pierced through the hell's keepers surrounding Vantner.

Yip!Yelp!

The hell's keepers panicked and scattered all over the place. Using that gap to recover, Vantner used his invincible skill to escape from the battlefield.

Toban's face hardened as he watched the series of events.

"Not one died..."

A normal monster would die in one hit when attacked by the spear. If there was a critical blow, even a boss monster would receive enormous damage. Yet the hell's keepers survived Mach Spear. This meant that the hell's keepers possessed defense and health beyond ordinary monsters.

Jishuka and the guild members realized the seriousness of the situation.

"Vantner distributed all his points to strength, but he is still a guardian knight. It can't be denied that Vantner's defense and magic resistance is the highest in our guild. Yet Vantner was turned into a rag in an instant. How many times has this happened? That dog's attack power is top level among the monsters we have met so far."

Pon agreed. "I estimate that these dogs are at least level 300. We can probably deal with two or three of them alone."

There were 29 monsters that were at least level 300 and armed with three attributes. There was Malacus as well. The odds were becoming smaller. The atmosphere quickly sank. The hell's keepers fell upon the guild members.

Jishuka commanded.

"Respond with ranged attacks!"

They would be severely hurt if they went head to head with the hell's keepers. Jishuka's command was appropriate, but there were few ranged classes among the guild members.

Bark bark!

"Ugh!"

Not surprisingly, the hell's keepers broke through the Tzedakah Guild members, defeated Toban's shield and aimed their poison breaths. Grid, who felt like his life was in danger after seeing Toban's shield become corroded in an instant, took out a golden shield from his inventory.

At that moment, an amazing thing happened.

Kiing!Whine!

The hell's keepers, who didn't retreat even when hit by Jishuka's arrows, retreated as soon as they saw Grid's shield.

Chapter 90

For the administrator's quest, he created two Divine Shields. While the legendary shield was stolen from right in front of him, Grid still had the rare shield.

[Divine Shield]

Rating: Rare

Durability: 360/360 Defense: 189 Magic Resistance: 150

* There is a rare chance of completely resisting dark spells.

An item made by a craftsman with great skills and potential, but his experience and reputation is somewhat lacking.

Thanks to the power of Cassus, a priest of the Rebecca Church, it shines with the divine power of the goddess of light. Due to its strength against dark magic, all followers of demons and the Yatan Church will suffer when facing this shield.

User Restriction: Level 190 or higher. More than 500 strength. More than 1,000 divine power. A member of the Rebecca Church.

Weight: 800

“What, that shield?”

As soon as Grid pulled out the golden shield, the wildly rampaging dogs stepped back at once. Then they started whining like puppies.

The Tzedakah Guild were filled with admiration. In particular, Jishuka was extremely shaken. She couldn't let go of her hope and asked Grid, “That shield... Did you make it? Just like the Special Jaffa Arrow?”

“...!”

The creator of the Special Jaffa Arrow was Grid? The Tzedakah Guild members doubted their ears. Grid was only focused on saving his life, so he nodded without thinking.

“Yes, I made it. But this...”

Kwaduduk!

Grid suddenly gritted his teeth before raising his eyes and roaring, “This is a failure! Shit! The real finished product was stolen from me by some jerk!”

“Heok...”

It was one of the most outstanding shields the Tzedakah Guild had seen. They admired the Divine Shield, so they were shocked to hear it being called a ‘failure.’

“T-That great shield is a failure? When it's one of the top three shields I've seen so far?”

The guild members were perturbed. Pon went to Jishuka's side.

“Grid's dagger and armor are unusual. It is clear that both of them have an outstanding performance. That dagger seems to require high agility and that heavy armor is only worn by knights. Above all, Grid revealed a strong sword technique earlier. However, he is a blacksmith? The one who produced the Special Jaffa Arrow... Is he the unknown craftsman we are looking for?”

What type of blacksmith could be armed with a dagger and heavy armor? Didn't he also do a sword dance that was typical for a blade dancer? Jishuka didn't have an answer for the suspicious Pon, but she didn't agree either.

“Grid recognized the Special Jaffa Arrow with one glance and said it was made by him. There is no reason for him to lie. So, let's assume he is the unknown craftsman.”

“Hrmm...”

Pon had been with Jishuka since L.T.S. and trusted her judgment. She was an open and credible person, thus she became the guild master. But this was an exception. No matter how he looked, it was impossible that Grid was a blacksmith.

As Pon was unable to get rid of his suspicions, Malacus cried out. “That is the Divine Shield...! Are you the rumored blacksmith who has business deals with Winston's lady?”

Malacus was particularly agitated.

"The Divine Shield is in your hands... It means that Mesta failed his mission... No wonder there was a delay in his arrival!"

Now things made sense to Grid. The one who brainwashed the administrator and stole the Divine Shield was a subordinate of Malacus.

"You fu*ker! It was you! You are the jerk who stole my shield!"

Grid became furious after discovering that Malacus was behind this. Pon shook as he heard the vulgar words coming from Grid. It was because he felt a strong excitement.

'Even Malacus is calling Grid a blacksmith.'

It was evidence that Grid's identity was as Jishuka thought.

'A blacksmith who can wear heavy armor and use that dagger, in addition to the sword dance...'

Pon thought about it and asked Jishuka to confirm.

"Master. Perhaps Grid has a hidden class?"

"It looks that way, right?"

Jishuka nodded. Pon's tone increased in excitement.

"In order to determine Grid's identity, we have to finish this raid quickly. Right? Regas."

"Ah, yes."

Regas emerged from a corner when called. His health and wounds had recovered with the help of his guild members. Confidence was written all over his expression.

"I already know a strategy to attack Malacus, so I will finish it at once."

Regas who watched the battle from right beside Malacus! The one with pure combat skills asked Grid for help, not anyone else.

"Grid, these dogs seem afraid of your shield, so I hope you will help us."

All eyes concentrated on Grid at the words. Questioning, doubt, confusion, and expectation were in their eyes as Grid nodded.

"I will help you if you promise to give me 50% of the items that Malacus drops."

Vantner, who was sitting on one side and watching for the potion cooldown time to be over, shouted angrily.

"Hey! If you add the 17 of us and you alone, there is a total of 18 people. Therefore, the dropped items should be divided into 18 equal parts. Why should you take 50% alone? In the first place, isn't Regas helping you for free? You are receiving free help but when you help, it is paid? Eh?"

"You shouldn't be counted as 17 people. Aren't all 17 of you one organization? Shouldn't an organization be counted as one person? In addition, Regas work with me is different. I was helped by Regas, but have you helped me? Why is this uncle acting so patronizing?"

"What? Hey, you! This is the first time I've met someone worse than Pon! Hey! Who in the world would make calculations like this? If it wasn't for us, wouldn't you already be killed by Malacus? So shouldn't you thank us? Isn't this too unconscionable?"

"It is you who should thank me. Didn't you get a chance to fight Malacus because of me? The raid was on the verge of failure, but you survived thanks to my shield."

"Huh!"

"Stop it Vantner."

Pon quickly determined that Grid wasn't an ordinary person. He calmed Vantner and nodded at Grid.

"You are right. I will divide the items 5:5 according to the condition you have proposed. Please remember. We are unconditionally kind to you."

Pon was laying the groundwork to have Grid join the guild. But Grid had no knowledge of this and mistook it.

'They need the help of my Divine Shield to defeat Malacus. This shit.. I should've made the item allocation 7:3 instead of 5:5.'

Jishuka invited Grid to the party. Grid accepted with an unwilling expression and was surprised to see the list of party members.

'More than level 200!'

Grid knew that the Tzedakah Guild was a small and elite force. But he never imagined they would be at this level.

'Jishuka is level 251. Pon is 243... Regas 239... If this is the case, shouldn't all three of them be in the top 20 of the unified rankings? The others can be in the top 100... What is this monster like group?'

There are numerous guilds in Satisfy. Among the established guilds, there were a few belonging to the top 1,000 of the unified rankings. Each guild should have around five rankers at most. Yet all 17 members of the Tzedakah Guild were at least top 200 rankers. They might be few in numbers, but they were certainly one of the strongest guilds in Satisfy.

On the other hand, subtle complex emotions crossed the faces of the guild members who checked Grid's level.

'Level 95... Low.'

'It is high for a blacksmith but... Isn't he a hidden class like Master and Pon are suggesting, not a pure blacksmith?'

'Level 95 for a hidden class is...'

'If this is real... I can't play games anymore.'

"What? What is it?"

Grid felt somewhat uncomfortable as the Tzedakah Guild members looked at him. But unlike the others, Regas just laughed and grabbed him. "Let's go!"

"Eh? W-Wait a minute..."

Regas lifted Grid's body. Then he threw the baffled Grid between Malacus and the hell's keepers.

"Aaaaack~~! Do you want to kill me? Wahhhhh!"

Kwang!

"Oh! My butt!"

Yip!Yiip!

As Grid and the Divine Shield fell from the sky, the hell's keepers were frightened and scattered. But Malacus was different.

"That shield, I will thankfully take it! Huh?" He was confused to see Regas appear in front of him. Then he laughed. "You want to face me head on? Kukuk! You must be crazy!"

Regas struck him.

Peeng!

"...Keok!"

Blood poured from Malacus' mouth. The black shield, which boasted the absolute defense, collapsed in front of Regas' fist.

'What?'

Malacus didn't make a mistake. He deployed the shield at the exact point of attack. But Regas's fist wasn't blocked by the shield and hit his abdomen unobstructed. Malacus couldn't understand how.

Then once again!

Peeok!

"Kuak!"

Malacus' face was hit by Regas' elbow. This time, Malacus was able to grasp the situation.

'This guy is able to change the trajectory of his attacks!'

It was correct. As a means of defeating Malacus' defense, Regas adopted the simple method of changing the attack orbit in real time.

Peeok!

"Kkeok!"

If the fist aimed for the bottom of the chin, the shield was deployed there. However, the fist would stop along the way and hit the neck instead.

Pakak!

“Ugh!”

The shield opened on the left side of the head, but the fist stopped in the middle and struck the jaw instead.

Dadadadada!

Pepepepeok!

Regas' fists, which had a passive skill that ignored the enemy's defense by 33%, hit Malacus at a speed that wasn't visible.

Peeeeeeonk!

In the end, Malacus was hit cleanly in the chest and he flew back into the forest.

Ku tang tang tang!

Malacus' body pierced through a few trees before being stuck deeply in a large rock.

“K... Keuok...”

Malacus was broken and bloody all over as he emerged from the rock. But he recovered like all that damage was a lie. It was an overwhelming recovery based on magic power. However, this meant an excessive consumption of magic power.

Malacus exited the forest and spoke to Regas in an unconcerned manner.

“You are stupid. If you change the orbit in the middle of the attack, won't your muscles tear apart? On the other hand, I can heal from all attacks. The more you hit me, the more you are damaging yourself. Even more...”

Regas ignored the talking Malacus and once again wielded his fists. Malacus unfolded the shield to protect his whole body. Then he laughed. “If I use the shield like this, it doesn't matter if your fist can change orbit. You will never touch my body!”

“Yes. My fists are useless. But that...”

Regas smiled. Arrows flew towards Malacus.

Jeeeong!

“...!”

The arrows penetrated through the shield and hit Malacus. Regas explained to Malacus who had fallen down. “I saw your shield becoming weaker as the range expanded. And your weakened shield can't stop Master's arrows.”

Archers were special among the combat classes. Due to their poor defense, they were rated as one of the worst in close combat, along with magicians. Instead, they had an extremely high attack power. In all of Satisfy's classes, few could do as much physical damage as archers.

And Jishuka was at the peak of archers. The woman who was called the expert archer.

Regas witnessed Malacus using three layers of shields against Pon's Mach Spear and two layers against Jishuka's arrows, so he developed the current strategy.

"Y... You...!"

The wound was slow to heal because it was a fatal injury. The Tzedakah Guild poured attack skills towards the temporarily defenseless Malacus.

"Kuaaaaak! Divine Punishment!"

Kwarururung!Kwang kwang!

Dozens of black lightning bolts fell from the sky. Malacus sensed a crisis and used his best spell. It dealt catastrophic damage to the Tzedakah Guild.

"This enormous attack power..."

Toban and Vantner managed to endure it. However, the other guild members were stunned and became defenseless. The guild members with weak magic resistance died instantly. Despite the fact that they raised their stats, including health and mana, with various buffs and potions, they suffered a crisis and were on the verge of annihilation.

Fortunately, Jishuka maintained a careful distance and was safe, while Grid was protected by the Divine Shield. Grid sighed with relief when he saw the guild member's health go down instantly.

'If it didn't have the option of a rare chance of defeating dark magic, I would've died. Ku... I should buy the lottery ticket later on.'

"You..."

Malacus got up with great difficulty. Most of his injuries were healed, despite being a semi-corpse a moment ago.

'This is the last chance!'

They had to hit Malacus before he completed healed. Jishuka didn't want the sacrifice of her guild members to be in vain, so she used her strongest attack skill that consumed 100% of her mana.

"Phoenix Arrow!"

The Special Jaffa Arrow flew through the air and flames appeared around it in the shape of a huge phoenix. The phoenix burned everything around it and swallowed Malacus.

Kwaaaang!

An explosion that shook the earth! The Tzedakah Guild hoped that it was the end of Malacus, but no system messages appeared. Malacus, who lost half his body, emerged from the flames.

"Ku...keok... Girl...! I...kill...!"

The remains of a five-layer shield were in front of Malacus. Jishuka's Phoenix Arrow was able to smash through Malacus' five-layer shield and damage him. But as a result, Malacus survived. Indeed, a boss monster had enormous health.

Toban and Vantner went forward.

"We have to end him before he fully recovers!"

Toban's mace and Vantner's twin axes aimed at Malacus' body. But their attacks didn't hurt Malacus or play a role in restraining his regenerative power.

Regas and Pon lamented as they watched.

'The two of them are lacking attack power...!'

Jishuka reached her mental limit from exhausting her mana, so she didn't try for another attack. With the exception of Toban and Vantner, everyone else was still in the stunned state. Malacus laughed as he dismissed Toban and Vantner's attacks.

"Kuhahahaha! Okay! Okay! Hell's keepers! Eat those people!"

Grrrung.

Bark!Bark bark!

This was the end. The raid failed. As everyone was watching the hell's keepers desperately-

"Pagma's Swordsmanship."

Grid, who was armed with a greatsword instead of a dagger, started to dance.

Buuuong.Buuuong.

The greatsword was over 3m in length but it moved through the air to an invisible tune.

"You...?"

Malacus' expression hardened. That familiar aura was being emitted from Grid again. This was killing intent. It was truly a perfect killing intent. The killing intent around Grid was compressed into the sword.

"Y-You... This is ridiculous!"

Malacus had sacrificed thousands, tens of thousands of virgins as living sacrifices. He experienced all types of hatred and anger, but this was the first time he was threatened by a killing intent.

"You!"

It was coming. Malacus wanted to prepare for it. But his body still wasn't fully recovered, so he couldn't act freely. Then Grid's sword dance ended.

"Kill!"

After entering the party, Grid received the buff skills like the other members, causing his stats to rise! His maximum mana increased, allowing him to trigger Kill.

Kuoooooh!

The greatsword filled with extreme killing intent pierced straight into Malacus' heart. Then a notification window flashed in front of Grid.