

Overgeared 881

[Chapter 881](#)

'It isn't a dream?'

There was a black round table with 10 chairs around it. As soon as Coke returned to Reinhardt, he was called in by Lauel and couldn't contain his excitement.

Demon Brain Lauel, Red Phoenix Godly Archer Jishuka, Lightning Flash Peak Sword, Cold-Blooded Prince Pon, Iron Fist of Justice Regas, and Bald Vantner—the people sitting down were the meritorious retainers of the Overgeared Kingdom. If one of them had been missing, the birth of the Overgeared Kingdom would be difficult. After Grid, they were the people that Coke respected and envied the most. Then who were the owners of the remaining four empty seats?

'Is it Faker, Huroi, Katz, and Chris? No, Faker might've rejected a place due to his personality... Perhaps it is Euphemina?'

Gulp!

Coke's eyes shone like lanterns. It was a dream come true for him to be facing the top rankers in each field and the people closest to Grid. So, he was naturally nervous.

Clang!

"Ah! I-I'm really sorry!"

He eventually dropped the glass of water he was holding in his trembling hands and didn't know what to do. While Coke was fussing over the broken glass, Regas smiled gently at him. "It's okay. Don't worry about it and sit down."

Bald Vantner clicked his tongue. "Bah! This brat protected Queen Irene and Prince Lord? Isn't the information wrong?"

"..." Cold-Blooded Prince Pon just remained silent.

"As expected from a Korean." Peak Sword looked affectionately at Coke. It was like reuniting with a younger brother after a few years. "Puhahat! Coke! I have been watching you from the beginning! The DNA of the Koreans which has evolved due to blood, sweat, and tears is the best! Puhat! Puhahat!! Good! I like it! Sign up for the Korean Patriotic Association! The membership fee is only 800,000 won per year! It is an opportunity to be patriotic for only 800,000 won!"

No, it was more like Peak Sword was looking at a pushover.

"..." Coke was embarrassed and disappointed by Peak Sword's attitude.

"Everybody."

'Ah...!'

It was the voice of Jishuka, one of the most beautiful women in South America. Jishuka's voice was a beautiful voice that seemed to stimulate the listener's senses and take away their soul. What was she going to say?

Duguen!Duguen!

Coke was anticipating Jishuka's words only to become embarrassed.

"Shut up." The words that emerged from Jishuka's lips were unexpectedly different from Coke's expectations. "Aren't you all going to shut up?"

"U-Uh..." The noisy Vantner and Peak Sword immediately shut up like cats in front of a lion. Bald Vantner was considered the shield of the Overgeared Kingdom while Lightning Flash Peak Sword had beaten the Hero Kraugel in the National Competition. Yet right now, these people, who were big names in the world, couldn't open their mouths before Jishuka.

'She truly is the Red Phoenix Godly Archer!' Coke was fascinated by Jishuka's beauty only to come to his senses. He reminded himself that she was the godly archer who had annihilated thousands of enemies with one bow in the Eternal War! That's right. The woman before him was the strongest in the Overgeared Guild that was swarming with monsters. It wasn't right to simply evaluate her by her beauty. Coke unknowingly straightened his posture.

Once the atmosphere was calm, Jishuka spoke to Lael, "Now, tell us."

Lael—he was the demonic brain who had used all types of ploys and tricks to give the enemies despair and eventually make Grid king! He was currently taking care of the government affairs of the Overgeared Kingdom. Feeling tense, Coke gulped once again. Lael showed a strange charisma as he covered half of his face with one hand. He truly was a chunni. Anyone would be nervous when facing Lael.

'Uhh...'

It felt like an eternity... Coke only met Lael's gaze for a few seconds, but it felt like hours had passed by. Lael's blue eyes contemplated him, and Coke felt like he had been stripped naked. It was a feeling that everything inside him was being dug up by Lael.

Gulp! Coke's throat was parched, and he swallowed his saliva as his tension reached the peak. Coke hoped that Lael would quickly explain why he had been summoned. Did Lael read his wish?

"You..." Lael finally spoke.

"Yes...!" Coke's voice cracked as he reflexively answered. His throat was dry, so it couldn't be helped. Lael sat with his legs crossed and his chin arrogantly raised. The smile on Lael's face could be seen through the gap in his collar. It was a meaningful smile.

'What is he going to say?' Coke had already forgotten his excitement of meeting the meritorious retainers. The strength of the meritorious retainers was greater than he'd imagined!

Lael continued speaking, "You are Coke?"

"Yes! That's right!"

“How?”

“Huh?” It was difficult for Coke to understand the meaning of the question.

Lael looked up and smiled with his eyes wide open. “The 10 meritorious retainers! Isn’t this great!”

“Meri...torious retainers?”

“Kuk... Kukukuk...! That’s correct. In the past, there were the seven malignant saints who worshipped the gods, and now there will be the 10 meritorious retainers who serve the Overgeared King.”

“...”

Grid had told Lael the details of what had happened in the Vatican, and Lael was captivated by the name, ‘the seven malignant saints’. He thought it sounded very nice and attractive. That’s why Lael came up with the 10 meritorious retainers—the 10 meritorious retainers who served the Overgeared King and founded a new kingdom with him.

“Isn’t it cool? The people of the world will praise our 10 meritorious retainers, and our reputation will increase. Then won’t the authority of the Overgeared King soar into the sky? Huhuhut!”

“Ah, yes... 10... meritorious... retainers...”

What the hell did Lael want to say? What was his reason for calling Coke? Stunned, Coke just nodded. Meanwhile, Peak Sword whispered to him, “Be careful with your pronunciation. It is merit, merit. Not merid.”

“...”

He felt like the 10 meritorious retainers weren’t that reliable, especially Peak Sword. Coke looked at Peak Sword with pity while Lael finally cut to the chase.

“Sir Coke, I heard your saga. You said that you are a talented person who will beat the Red Knights on your own?”

“Huh? N-No, it was King Grid...”

“We have decided at the end of a meeting to train you.”

“...?”

“From today, you will be studying under the 10 meritorious retainers. You will learn strategy from me, archery from Jishuka, swordsmanship from Peak Sword, the spear and magic from Pon, martial arts from Regas, and how to use the shield from Vantner.”

The knight class could gain all types of mastery skills such as Sword Mastery, Bow Mastery, and Spear Mastery. It was meant to be a universal class, but there was a problem. The process of acquiring the skills and raising the level was very difficult.

It was natural. The experience of mastery skills increased only when using a weapon suitable for that mastery. How did they have the time to raise mastery skills levels for Sword Mastery, Bow Mastery, and

Spear Mastery? Compared to some classes that only had one mastery skill, a knight's growth was much worse.

In fact, most knight players only focused on one weapon. It was a sword, a spear, or a blunt weapon. Only one weapon was used repeatedly in order to train that mastery skill. It was a class that needed decisions and concentration. This was what it meant to be a knight. Of course, as time went by, the skill level of the NPC naturally increased, but this situation was different.

"Thank you for the consideration, but I will refuse."

Coke was a player. There was a limit to his time and growth. The tremors disappeared from his voice for the first time since he entered the room. His unwavering eyes stared straight at Lauel and the 10 meritorious retainers.

"So what if I have wonderful teachers? There are limits to the system. If I receive your teachings, the speed of my mastery skills increasing will be very slow, and I will eventually be a trashy jack of all trades. I would rather focus on swordsmanship like I have been doing so far. Only..."

"Only?"

"I want to get a chance to study strategies from Lauel. As you know, knights can learn tactical skills, and it will be useful..."

"Huhut! You are bold."

He rejected the offer made by the meritorious retainers of the kingdom he belonged to and took advantage of a loophole instead...? Coke's attitude seemed reprehensible. If this were any other country, the meritorious retainers would be furious. However, the meritorious retainers of the Overgeared Kingdom weren't like this. Rather, they now had a better impression of Coke.

"Our personalities are similar."

"Grid's evaluation was accurate."

"...?" Coke had been afraid of the reaction, but he ended up dumbfounded. He was perplexed about how the atmosphere had improved instead of worsening. Lauel explained to him, "There are countless different options for items. Just as there are items that make the wearer stronger, there are items that can help the wearer grow."

A typical example was an item that sped up the rate at which a skill level increased. It was an item that often dropped when catching low-level field bosses.

"We have prepared all types of things to help you grow."

"I was yawning so much when hunting the petty field bosses."

"The performance isn't great, but it's okay because we'll support you."

"There isn't enough time. Let's move to the hunting grounds right now."

"Ah..."

They already knew everything and were prepared. Well, that was natural. After all, they were senior rankers and meritorious retainers of the Overgeared Kingdom. They knew a lot more than Coke. His heart jumped as he realized that he was being raised. However, there were some doubts in his mind that couldn't be erased.

"Can I ask why you are doing this for me?"

The 10 meritorious retainers were busy people. They had to take care of government affairs and maintain their ranking, yet they were wasting time they didn't have on him. Why? What was he supposed to say? Coke couldn't understand it. Lael replied as the representative of everyone present, "We have to turn Grid's declaration into a reality. Won't you be angry if His Majesty is misunderstood as a useless braggart?"

It was a simple and straightforward answer. Convinced, Coke shouted energetically, "I'll do my best, so thank you in advance! 10 meritorious retainers!"

"...Let's change the name," Peak Sword requested, but it just passed through Lael's ears while he laughed.

On this day, the secret weapon development project of the 10 meritorious retainers began.

Ttang!Ttang!

[You have reached 60% understanding of the First Holy Sword that is Becoming Petrified.]

It was the third day after Grid started working, and this occurred after he had disassembled and reassembled the holy sword more than 100 times.

[The sin of the holy sword's maker is stimulating the Stone of Original Sin!]

"Sin of the holy sword's maker?"

The maker of the holy sword was a god—the blacksmithing god, Hexetia.

'A god sinned?' Grid was surprised by the unexpected development. The petrification process the reassembled holy sword was captured in real time. Proceeding much faster and wider than before, the petrification eroded the blade of the holy sword.

"What...?!"

Frightened, Grid started to beat the sword with a hammer. He intended to shock the petrified parts and reduce the progress of the petrification. However, the method he had been using for the last three days no longer worked. The petrification was no longer vulnerable to external stimuli. No matter how hard he hit it with the hammer, the speed of the petrification didn't slow down.

"Keuk...!"

Were his efforts for the last three days useless? Grid got a chill and used his last resort. He threw the holy sword in the furnace, deciding to remove the petrified stone in the process of melting it again,

disassembling, and then reassembling it. Yet the sword which entered the blast furnace didn't melt. Instead, it caused a big explosion that shattered the furnace.

"What?"

Swept away by the impact, Grid was shocked. The half-petrified holy sword floated in the air.

-The sins of the gods are covered up? An unknown voice rang out.

Grid sensed that the quest he was carrying out had reached its main stage!

-You who have succeeded the power of the 4th evil, look at the sins of the gods! Anger seeped into the unknown voice.

Grid's vision flashed white, and his consciousness was transferred from the Vatican to an entirely new place. It was Asgard, the world of the gods.

Simultaneously, at the head office of the S.A Group...

"This is the second time..."

What decision would Grid make? Would he align with good or evil? Chairman Lim Cheolho's expression was full of tension.

[Chapter 882](#)

The role of the blacksmithing god, Hexetia, was to inform humanity of how to use fire and iron. Hexetia descended to the earth under the will of the goddess of life and faithfully fulfilled his role. He gave the concept of cooking and tools to the savage humans. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the development of humanity was due to Hexetia, and he was very proud of this fact. He realized this was the reason why the gods existed, and it filled him with satisfaction.

However, it was only for a short time. Human beings were arrogant and evil. They would throw babies into boiling iron or cover the iron with the blood of virgins. Humans were uncivilized beings who relied on the gods and passed their responsibilities onto others instead of developing their own trivial skills.

"They are worse than the great demons."

Hexetia felt only hatred toward them. So, he started to thoroughly ignore humanity. He didn't care when they reached out for salvation. It was the same even when the world was destroyed by the evil god, Yatan. Rather, he felt a great joy at the destruction of humanity. He hated humanity so much that he rebelled when Goddess Rebecca declared that she would resurrect humanity.

-In particular, he didn't tolerate Pagma.

Pagma, the legendary blacksmith who had developed without his help, was a mutation that denied Hexetia's existence. He was a human capable of developing without the help of a god, a monster who proved his potential was comparable to a god's. Hexetia became envious of Pagma and kept him in check. He placed all sorts of hardships and trials on Pagma so that he wouldn't be able to transcend.

However, Pagma overcame all the sufferings and trials. In the process, he became transcendent—a stronger and more innovative being who wasn't bound by the 'mind.' At the time, the work born from his hands became a 'myth' and started to be compared to Hexetia's works.

-Hexetia went looking for Yatan. He wanted to destroy humanity right then and reset the world. Kukuk, isn't it funny? A god wanted the world to perish just because he feared a human would surpass him. A god isn't almighty or benevolent. There is an end to their talents, and they are terribly selfish, just like humans.

Asgard was the world of the gods that existed above the clouds. The voice echoed in Grid's mind as the golden area around him gradually became violent.

-They aren't qualified to 'manage' humanity! It is no different from breeding a dog!

"Kuek...!" A powerful rage struck Grid's chest. The unknown person's wrath, which Grid felt, was great. Grid's breath stopped, and his pupils trembled. He couldn't endure it! His vision from above the clouds spun round and round.

'My head!'

He had a terrible headache. Grid frowned as the surrounding scenery changed. He now appeared in a black and red world. Grid knew this place which was dominated by seething lava and poison.

'Hell!'

The earth was shaking, and the appearance of a volcano erupting was seen through the window of a dark castle. However, the two men standing opposite each other weren't agitated at all. Grid looked at them. The man with long red hair was the hero of this story, Hexetia, while the fair-skinned man giving off an ice-cold air was 1st Great Demon Baal. Baal looked like he was very interested. "You'll make weapons for the great demons?"

'What?' Grid doubted his ears.

It didn't make sense for the blacksmithing god, Hexetia, to make weapons for the great demons. Yet Hexetia nodded instantly. "Yes. I will give you strength. Therefore, destroy humanity."

Grid learned Hexetia's intentions and spat out, 'This crazy guy!'

Hating the entire human race was a good excuse. On the other hand, for a god to join hands with a great demon just because of a grudge against Pagma... It couldn't be accepted.

Baal delayed giving an answer. "The role of God Yatan is to destroy Earth..."

"Don't destroy Earth! Just have the great demons wipe out the humans!"

"Hrmm."

"Baal!"

"Ahh, good. Only..."

"...?"

“A one-sided entertainment is no fun, so I will balance it out.”

“Entertainment? This is entertainment?”

“Yes, it’s entertainment. It will be a good match between the incompetent god, Hexetia, and the human who incited his envy.”

“Baal!”

“Enjoy it. It is enjoyable. Or do you think your god’s position will be at risk, just like that time?”

“Ick...!”

‘That time?What was that time?’ Grid questioned it.

-It was the war between the gods and the seven half-gods, the mysterious voice gave the answer.

Grid belatedly realized, ‘The seven malignant saints existed long before Pagma?’

-That’s right.The reason I am showing you Pagma’s era is to help you understand.

In other words...

-This was the second time Hexetia was jealous.He was envious of the seven half-gods who threatened his position as god and later committed the same sin. He’s a really narrow-minded guy!

A chill went down Grid’s spine as he was reminded that Hexetia was also jealous of him.

‘This Hex bastard!’

Was Hexetia already plotting to hurt Grid? Grid was feeling concerned when the surrounding scenery changed again.It was now a place that was familiar to him—the Hall of Fame. The great demons who climbed up from the red-black earth faced a man. He was armed with a sword and a scythe as he watched the great demons with sharp eyes.

“In the end, I am alone.”

The hand holding the sword wasn’t very strong, but Pagma’s black eyes which shone through his long hair were splendid as he started a sword dance.

“Drop.”

The sky began to fall. The great demons felt an infinite pressure as the sky fell down right in front of them. The sky was falling while Pagma’s sword dance destroyed the earth.

“If I knew that the distinction between good and evil in my mind was wrong, I would never have betrayed Braham.” Pagma shed tears.

-Hexetia’s envy brought sorrow to countless humans and threatened all of humanity.Hexetia’s sins are truly heavy.Will you be able to forgive him?

“I...”

“Keook...!”

Grid saw Asgard, hell, and the Hall of Fame before coming back to the present.

“Grid!” Damian was surprised while he was swallowing dry bread. It was surprising because Grid, who had been hammering, suddenly collapsed. He ran forward and lifted Grid up. “Did you fail to control your stamina?”

Grid was a powerhouse. He had experienced numerous battles, so how could he fail to manage his stamina? It was hard enough when the conditions were normal. Damian judged that Grid’s physical condition was very bad. “I think you are pushing yourself too hard. Take a break.”

Grid had been using all up his daily access time for the past few days. He had only eaten jerky and dried bread and hadn’t left the smithy. Both his physical fatigue and mental fatigue should’ve reached the limit. While Damian was feeling concerned, Grid woke up.

“No, I’m fine.” Grid shoved himself away from Damian’s chest and stood up alone. However, his face was still pale and his breathing was rough.

Damian couldn’t help worrying about Grid. “Please rest. Your health is much more important than the quest.”

“...” Grid didn’t answer.

To be exact, he had no time to answer. He was busy checking the notification windows in front of him.

[The original sin of envy has been revealed!]

[Unless the blacksmithing god Hexetia gives up on his envy, the Stone of Original Sin encroaching on the holy sword won’t disappear.]

[If you pass on this fact to the Rebecca Church and its members, the Cleanse the First Holy Sword quest will end and you won’t be able to receive the goddess’ blessing. Affinity with Goddess Rebecca will drop to minus values.]

[If you bury the truth, the duration of the Cleanse the First Holy Sword quest will be extended indefinitely. You can receive the goddess’ blessing after clearing the quest.]

[You have discovered the hidden story of the legendary blacksmith Pagma.]

[Telling this story to great magician Braham will likely cause a positive phenomenon.]

[The new skill Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Drop has been acquired.]

[Drop]

[-A sword dance that displays a grudge against the sky.

It is a deep and serene sword dance that informs the world of the authority of the fallen sky.

-Inflicts 30% of your physical damage to all enemies within five meters of you, and there is a 30% chance of ignoring the enemy’s status resistance.

-Deals an additional 300% damage to all divine beings.

That target that gets hit won't be able to attack, and their defense will decrease.

Skill Usage Conditions: Have a sword type weapon equipped.

Skill Mana Cost: 850

Skill Cooldown Time: 6 minutes.]

'Braham...'

Grid didn't care that the reality of the gods was different from what was known or that the progress of the quest was becoming complicated. He wasn't even interested in the newly acquired sword dance. All he was thinking of at the moment was Braham.

'Pagma regretted it. He felt sorry toward you.'

Braham had been betrayed by his only friend, Pagma, just because he was a demonkin. Wouldn't the grudges and sadness imprinted on Braham's soul be slightly relieved now?

'I'm glad. I'm really glad...' Grid sincerely felt pleased.

He wanted to quickly reunite with Braham and convey this truth. That's right. Grid didn't know that Braham's soul had scattered after leaving him.

'Come back soon, Braham.'

Braham had left to recover his body. They were separated right now, but they would be able to reunite someday because they were living in the same era.

'Old man, I want to see you.'

Their first encounter had been the worst, but Braham was Grid's mentor. Grid missed Braham's empty spot from time to time. Simultaneously...

"This is the place."

It was Skunk, the 1st ranked explorer who discovered the Yatan Church's main temple in the past. He found the Sword Grave, where Braham's body was known to be buried.

"Now! Let's find the treasures!"

"Ohh!!"

Skunk and his colleagues started to move.

[Chapter 883](#)

Born as the son of a prominent filmmaker, Skunk had seen many masterpieces ever since he was a child.

In particular, he was devoted to the classics from one or two centuries ago—a mafia boss who fought to defend his organization but conflicted with his family, a young genius absorbed in wealth and defending

evil, an archaeologist—who while discovering ruins and treasures of the world—stopped the Nazis' ambitions, a middle-aged man who shaved his head just to save a local child, and so on.

The protagonists of countless movies impressed Skunk, and he was attached to them. Ever since he entered the drama department during his school days, he had walked the path of an actor, living various lives. Sometimes he had the life of a hero, sometimes a villain, sometimes an explorer, and sometimes an normal office worker or an unemployed youth.

He was very happy experiencing things that were different from his ordinary life. In particular, the life of an explorer encouraged him to dream of exploring the world and pioneering unknown land. However, this was rare in today's society. The earth had already been revealed by great people. The only place left to explore was the universe, but Skunk was a second-rate actor and rarely got the chance for space exploration.

Then Satisfy was released at this time. It was a whole new world! For Skunk, Satisfy was a land of opportunity. He became a young Indiana Jones and revealed many secrets about Satisfy over the years.

[The Great Explorer's Knowledge and Intuition is activated!]

The Sword Grave—the place where legendary blacksmith Pagma was known to have spent his last years—was a vast plain. There were thousands of swords stuck into the center of the plain, nothing else.

'He spent his last years here?'

There wasn't even the minimum of living spaces or any tools.

'Did someone erase the traces?'

No, there were no such signs. It was likely that a living space on the plains hadn't existed in the first place.

'Then Pagma...'

Had he solved the problem of living in the middle of the plain, be it during spring, summer, autumn, and winter? Or had he been exposed to the sun and heat, the dry and cold, and the rain and wind?

'No, I don't think he is that unreasonable.'

There were no signs of any tools having been used. Skunk analyzed the area and found it was difficult to think that the signs had disappeared after hundreds of years of weathering. So, he could only conclude that no one had lived here before.

"There is nothing!"

"I feel the same way."

"This isn't a place where people lived."

"The rumor that Braham was buried here is just that, a rumor."

It was as he had expected. The reports from Skunk's subordinates weren't different from his. They couldn't find any clues at the Sword Grave.

'There are only these swords.'

Skunk grabbed one of the thousands of swords stuck in the plains. The sword didn't budge. The swords here were just the 'backdrop' of the Sword Grave. It was impossible for players to physically influence them. One sword, two swords, three swords...

Skunk was deep in thought as he grabbed the sword sunk into the ground.

'Are they real?'

A player could hold them and swing them.

'Mysteriously, there are no signs of life, but shouldn't there be some treasures?'

It was a place where Pagma was known to have spent his last years. Would the blacksmith have left any useful swords behind? This place was called the Sword Grave because it was a place where Pagma had discarded thousands of swords. That's right. It was a plains area where thousands of swords were stuck in the ground. They were discarded swords because they had been useless garbage to Pagma. However, this was just from the point of view of a legendary blacksmith. In general terms, these waste products were great swords.

'There is a high possibility.'

Wouldn't the works criticized as failures by Pagma actually be epic or unique rated weapons?

'It is amazing.'

A high-grade weapon from Pagma...! It was clear that the performance would be overwhelming. Even if the performance had dropped slightly, the historical value could be appreciated. As an explorer, it was a chance for Skunk to raise his reputation and skill level.

'Money is a bonus.'

Skunk was filled with anticipation and shouted to his people, "Check the swords! Don't miss a single one!"

"What?" Everyone was confused by the absurd command. They needed to check all the swords? These swords had been stuck in the ground for many years. They would be less valuable because the blades were weathered.

'How long would it take to check all of this?'

'I don't think it is very meaningful.'

His subordinates were dissatisfied, but Skunk was already taking action, carefully checking the swords stuck in the ground. Then it happened.

"What?"

It happened when he twisted the 134th sword. Skunk confirmed that an unexpected phenomena had occurred. He twisted the handle of the 134th sword, and the blade stuck in the ground spun by half a

turn. It wasn't pulled out of the ground as Skunk had hoped it would be, but it was distinctively different from the other 133 swords that didn't move.

Duguen!Duguen!Duguen! Skunk's heart sped up. He couldn't help feeling a sense of anticipation. As the sword rotated half a turn, the positions of the other swords changed slightly! The ground was moving!

"...Did all of you notice?" Skunk smiled as he exchanged gazes with his colleagues. Then he shouted as hard as he could, "Align them in a cube from now on! A few days—no, it might take a few months to prepare everything!"

"Ohhhh!" The talented explorers were burning with motivation and enthusiasm. Now that they had a clue, they wouldn't give up until they found hidden secrets or treasures.

Every time a sword moved, the ground moved. The position of the ground moved depending on the sword. Sometimes, it was returned to its original position. It was quite a complex structure. As Skunk feared, they might be tied up here for a few months.

However, the eyes of Skunk and his colleagues were shining.

-Hexetia's envy brought sorrow to countless humans and threatened all of humanity. Hexetia's sins are truly heavy. Will you be able to forgive him?

"I..."

Grid had seen the reality of the gods. What decision would he make? Would he inherit the will of the fourth evil and rebel against the gods? Or would he act like he had done previously and turn away from the truth?

-The probability that Player Grid will inherit the will of the fourth evil is 61.8%, Morpheus's voice entered the ears of Chairman Lim Cheolho, who was watching the troubled Grid listen to the 7th evil's whispers.

Lim Cheolho responded with surprise, "61.8%? Then there is only a 40% chance that Grid will deny the fourth evil?"

The reward for the current episode Grid was experiencing was the '4th evil.' It was a reward which could be obtained when Grid declared that the gods couldn't be forgiven. The effect would be the strengthening of God's Command, which was what Grid had missed in the Crossroads of Good and Evil quest.

On the other hand, there was no compensation if he ignored the truth. The only advantage was that he could keep the goddess' blessing. Chairman Lim Cheolho decided that Grid was likely to agree with the 7th evil. The goddess' blessing was an excellent reward, but it was nothing compared to strengthening God's Command. Therefore, Morpheus set the probability as fairly low.

"Is it because he has already given up on becoming a half-god once?"

-That's right. When I analyzed Grid's last action, I determined there was a 97% chance of him becoming a half-god since he is a person who doesn't want to receive excessive penalties. Yet the result ended up differently.

"...It is because his colleagues might end up receiving penalties."

Grid was concerned about his surroundings. He had already proved through several incidents that he values his family, friends and colleagues. The Grid on the monitor was responding, "I... It's okay. I also feel envious of others. Do I deserve to condemn or forgive Hexetia? I don't care."

-You aren't on the same level. You are human and he is a god. Hexetia's envy threatens all of humanity. Will you still forgive the crimes committed by Hexetia?

"Yes, he is a god. That is why he is strong enough to threaten the entire human race with his envy."

-...?

"If Hexetia was weaker than me, I might've rushed to condemn him. But isn't he stronger than me? So I have to lower my tail."

-You! You coward!

"It can't be helped since I am responsible for my family, not the human race." Grid's smiling eyes became serious. "...Therefore, I want to avoid him right now. However, his envy might be directed to me one day. If he threatens my family, I will take responsibility. No matter how many times I fall, I will try again until I eventually destroy him. Is this selfish? What can I do? This is me."

-.....

The 7th evil stopped shouting and started to disperse. The story of the past that was laid out before Grid ended. Grid had once again refused to inherit the will of the 7th evil. On the other hand, he received the hint that a god might become hostile to him. He had honestly and confidently expressed his opinion. Thanks to this...

[The 7th evil has become interested in Player Grid.]

[Affinity with the 7th evil has risen by 10.]

Things headed in a strange direction.

"Affinity with the 7th evil...? The intelligence of the seven malignant people—this intelligence that has been isolated for years has already developed to this extent?" Lim Cheolho's eyes shook. He was obviously baffled.

[Chapter 884](#)

TL: For some reason, the end sections of the last three parts have been cut off, despite me being pretty sure I saw them when I posted. Please read 881, 882, 883 again just to double check that you didn't miss anything.

'It is uncomfortable.'

Grid was in a sky garden with a panoramic view of the Vatican. He sat in the center of the garden which was carved in the middle of the mountain. As he sat alone on a table made of silver, his hair scattered in the breeze. His appearance was quite striking while he drank tea. The Vatican members present flushed red. How could the hero who saved the Vatican not be appealing? Yet, this view was quickly removed.

Spit! Spit spit spit!

“...”

It was because Grid spat out the black tea that he had just poured into his mouth. He couldn't enjoy this bitter taste, and his current appearance was far from graceful.

'Ah! I forgot to add honey.'

Grid put down his tea and drank some cold water. He had been so deeply immersed in his thoughts that he even forgot to put sweet honey in the bitter tea!

'Creepy. It is terrifyingly creepy.'

Grid was full of doubts.

'Why do they keep trying to tempt me?'

The Crossroad of Good and Evil and Cleanse the First Holy Sword quest gave the reward of strengthening God's Command. This passive skill which deleted the 'cooldown' of a skill would then have a 100% chance of activating. The fraudulent nature of the enhanced God's Command could easily be inferred by even an idiot. It made Grid feel uneasy.

'The S.A Group has been keeping me in check the whole time, and now they want to give me this...?'

It was strange.

'A normal class user would gradually become as strong as a hidden class through steady advancement.'

Lim Cheolho had stated it directly, showing that the S.A Group was very sensitive about Satisfy's balance. Even a legendary class couldn't be the strongest forever.

'Then why do they keep giving me a chance to strengthen God's Command to a 100% activation probability?'

It was obvious that the power of Pagma's Swordsmanship would be beyond imagination if it could be used twice in a row.

Kraugel, Agnus, and the dukes of the empire? War God Ares' army? The true blood vampires? They were likely to all be equal in front of Grid.

'Who can endure a series of blows from fusion skills, including Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle?'

The strengthening of God's Command was no different than becoming invincible. It was a power that was far away from what the S.A Group was aiming for. Grid had no doubts about this.

'Does the S.A Group want me to become a unique powerhouse in the world? No, it is impossible. The strengthened version of God's Command is likely to be a trap. There must be a tremendous penalty.'

For example, if God's Command were used a certain number of times in a row, his stamina would drop to zero and he wouldn't be able to lift one finger.

'I'm certain. The S.A Group wouldn't give a benefit without a price.'

He shouldn't be caught here. It was a trap. The S.A Group were filled with people who enjoyed watching the suffering of others, so he was likely to experience severe pain if he bit the bait. It was a judgment that Grid could make due to being hit in the back of the head many times. He completely abandoned any lingering affection for the enhanced version of God's Command.

'In the first place, the goddess' blessing is more important.'

Grid had thought this several times, but there was a limit to the strength of an individual. It was much better to receive the goddess' blessing and enhance his blacksmithing.

'So I need to cleanse the holy sword...'

Was there a method to get rid of the blacksmith god's envy? Grid pondered on his worries for a long time.

"Overgeared King, here you are." A group of people approached Grid.

They were elderly people dressed in clean white clothes. These people were the elders of the Rebecca Church who only served Goddess Rebecca. The people, whom even the pope and the emperor didn't dare go against, gathered by Grid.

"Elders, did you come here to rest?" Grid spoke in a polite manner.

This caused the elders to laugh.

"Do old people need a break? We were just loafing around."

"We aren't as diligent as Your Majesty, who takes care of us like we are your family."

"...?" Grid was confused. The elders showed a great liking toward him. Of course, Grid had a high level of affinity with the Rebecca Church, but...

'Weren't these elders always nagging at Damian?'

Grid knew the tendencies of the elders. Didn't they treat even the imperial prince coldly?

'Of course, I helped them a lot...'

However, it was strange that they were only showing Grid this attitude. Grid once again felt suspicious.

'Do they have other ulterior motives?'

Maybe they were trying to give him another troublesome task? The elders spoke unexpected words to the wary Grid, "Your Majesty is truly special."

"Special?"

"Yes. You are a divine existence like a god."

"..." Grid belatedly realized that the eyes of the elders closely resembled Isabel's eyes.

That's right. These people...

"You have appeared with perfect timing whenever we are in danger, saving everyone like a god from a legend."

"Right, right. You truly are a hero among heroes."

"Haha..." Grid shrugged. He didn't respond with much humility because he naturally deserved praise.

Were the elders exaggerating? No. There had been the incidents involving the evil Pope Drevigo, the pope candidate Pascal, saving Isabel, and now protecting the Vatican when it was attacked. Grid had appeared at the right time to destroy evil and save everyone. So, it was natural for him to be appreciated. Noticing that the elders' affinity was at the maximum, Grid thought they could help him. "Do you know about the blacksmith god, Hexetia?"

"Of course. He is one of the six gods who serve the goddess of light. Hexetia taught humanity how to deal with fire and the usage of iron. Humanity was able to evolve thanks to him."

"Yes, I see." Grid nodded in response. He couldn't express his personal feelings about Hexetia since he was in a position where he couldn't reveal Hexetia's true nature to the Rebecca Church. Still, he listened to the elders' stories.

"However, Hexetia's actions were all based on the will of Goddess Rebecca... In the end, the merit should be given to Goddess Rebecca."

"Right, right. Didn't Hexetia tell humanity about fire and iron purely due to the goddess' command? The truly wonderful one is Goddess Rebecca, and Hexetia is just her messenger."

The excited elders started to make a fuss. It seemed easy to guess why Hexetia was so easily jealous of others.

'He has low self-esteem.'

Hexetia had taught humanity, but the one being appreciated was Goddess Rebecca, not Hexetia. In fact, Grid didn't remember seeing any religion that served Hexetia. He had never even seen a statue of the blacksmith god.

'I would've felt sad if I were Hexetia.'

Hexetia must've felt angry, yet he hadn't been able to complain about the goddess. Then a human who threatened his talent appeared, and the various emotions became intricately intertwined, causing the arrow of resentment to point at humanity.

'...He is pitiful in some ways.'

Self-esteem was important. Grid knew this better than anyone. During his unfortunate past, Grid had low self-esteem, and he had been overly conscious of others due to having been a victim and easily felt jealous of others.

'Hexetia became crooked.'

Grid started to understand Hexetia. Of course, this didn't mean he would defend Hexetia's past sins.

'...I need to comfort Hexetia.'

Once Grid started to understand Hexetia, he figured out a way to deal with him. Grid tapped on the table while the elders' excited chatter became background noise. He finally came to a conclusion. 'What if he is acknowledged now?'

If Grid recognized Hexetia's hard work and conveyed his gratitude, would Hexetia's twisted nature be eased a little bit? The moment Hexetia lost his envy, the holy sword would be freed from the curse.

'It is possible.'

The opponent was a god. It would be better to solve this amicably rather than by using a hostile method.

'Let's get rid of the sense of alienation.'

The method was simple, and there was also justification for it. Grid was reminded that he was a blacksmith and gave his opinion to the elders.

"I want to build a temple for Hexetia."

"Huh...? A temple for Hexetia?"

"Why do you need to do that? Serving Goddess Rebecca is the way to respect all gods."

"That's correct. Hexetia himself wouldn't be happy. He would be embarrassed."

The elders protested. Then Grid frowned. "Then what about the Dominion Church and the Judar Church?"

"No. It is different. God Dominion and God Judar are those who have many achievements, unlike God Hexetia."

"Then what about God of War Zeratul? I heard there are those who follow God Zeratul."

"Well, Zeratul's achievements might be small, but a god is a god... It isn't strange that there are those who honor him... Ah, I see. Your Majesty is a blacksmith, and you want to honor God Hexetia?"

"Yes."

In the end, everyone was selfish. Grid made a bittersweet expression as he looked at the elders. With the benefit of hindsight, the elders started to agree.

"Well, the legendary blacksmith serving God Hexetia... I think it is fine in many ways."

"That's right. The meaning of Your Majesty's service to God Hexetia means you will serve Goddess Rebecca, who Hexetia serves. Goddess Rebecca will be glad."

"Yes, Your Highness. Our elders will permit the construction of a new temple. Build a temple to serve God Hexetia. However, you must build a larger statue of Goddess Rebecca next to God Hexetia."

"Everyone shouldn't forget that God Hexetia exists because of Goddess Rebecca."

"...Yes, I will."

It was necessary to get the permission of the Rebecca Church to build a temple serving a god besides Goddess Rebecca...? Grid nodded with a somewhat stiff expression after finding out this fact. He was blinded by the attitude of the elders who served Goddess Rebecca. Honestly, they served Goddess Rebecca to an extent that didn't look good. That's why he got goosebumps.

'They serve Goddess Rebecca almost to the level of brainwashing. Yet I have reached a status where they are at the point of deifying me.'

In particular, didn't Isabel worship him as much as Goddess Rebecca? Maybe...

'Did I help the Rebecca Church more than I thought?'

He felt both glad and afraid. In particular, he didn't want the goddess' wrath to descend upon him.

'No, now isn't the time to think about it.' Grid shook off his complicated thoughts and rose from his seat.

He would ease Hexetia' envy by building a temple for him. It was imperative to confirm if this method would work.

[Chapter 885](#)

The Haalrune Swamp near Reinhardt...

Level 130–150 monsters occupied it in large quantities, and there were three types of boss monsters that appeared, making it a hunting ground with many users. There was the level 135 field boss, the swamp lion, the level 145 field boss, the mud lamia, and the level 160 field boss, the gigant minion. Each field boss gave a big reward, so it was strange if they weren't loved. People dreamed of raiding the field bosses in Haalrune Swamp.

"...I thought it would be nice to meet a boss."

At the center of the swamp, a party of 21 players with levels in the 140s fell into a panic. There was a swamp lion, a mud lamia, and a gigant minion in front of their eyes.

"...But how could three bosses appear at the same time?"

The boss monsters in Haalrune Swamp were known to respawn 36–80 hours after a raid. Additionally, the respawn points were random. In other words, the probability of all three boss monsters appearing in the same area wasn't high. The party had never planned to raid three boss monsters while hunting in the Haalrune Swamp.

"Kuek! We can't win! Everyone scatter! Retreat!"The party's leader, Hee Dongi, shouted as he defended against the swamp lion's claws with a Mass Produced Grid's Shield. However, the swamp added a big restriction on the players' movements. The party members couldn't escape quickly, yet the swamp lion and mud lamia could freely swim through the swamp and quickly catch up with the party.

"Kuack!"

"Cough! Cough!"

"N-No...!"

Hee Dongi paled when he saw the boss monsters start to devastate his companions.

'We can't avoid being wiped out!'

He resented the heavens. Who would believe that three boss monsters would appear in the same place at the same time? Was there anything else in the world as unlucky as this?

'Shit! I normally go to church!'

The party leader blamed himself for his party members' suffering. Then while Hee Dongi was feeling frustrated and guilty, new footsteps appeared at the scene. Unlike Hee Dongi's party members, these footsteps were crossing the swamp at a very high speed.

'Who? Heok!!'

Who was crazy enough to run here while everyone else was fleeing from the raid? Hee Dongi frowned and turned his head, only to become shocked. It was because the person foolishly rushing here was Overgeared King Grid. His sword, armor, cloak, and crown—which was the symbol of the throne—was dirtied with mud.

"Uwaaaack!"

This was a place filled with screams. It was where Hee Dongi's companions were being attacked by the boss monsters. At such a place, Grid cut the swamp lion with a basic attack first.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship."

Then he took one step, and his sword descended.

"Drop."

The sky was falling...? Hee Dongi and his companions doubted their eyes as Grid caused the sky to fall with one sword. The giant, intangible sword energy crushed the marsh lion, mud lamia, and gigant minion. Grid struck three field bosses with one sword technique!

"B-Be careful!" Hee Dongi exclaimed urgently.

The swamp lion had been hit by Grid's basic attack previously, so it now turned to grey. Meanwhile, the mud lamia and gigant minion still had some health left. Hee Dongi knew the survivors would react by hitting Grid. Then what was this...? The mud lamia and gigant minion didn't dare strike back at Grid. They just stood there blankly. It was clear that they were overcome by an abnormal condition.

'A boss monster suffering from an abnormal condition?'

Most bosses had high resistance to abnormal conditions. In particular, the gigant minion in the Haalrune Swamp was known to be completely resistant to abnormal statuses! Yet it was helpless in front of Grid's attack. Grid dealt the finishing blows. The mud lamia and gigant minion died, and various enhancement scrolls and items were dropped.

"T-Thank you!!" Hee Dongi and his companions, who were able to survive thanks to Grid, shouted excitedly. They didn't know that they would meet their king at a novice hunting ground. The party

interpreted it as Grid patrolling the beginner hunting grounds for the sake of beginners and felt deep respect for him.

“Stay strong!” Grid cheered them on. He smiled and left after picking up the items from the boss monsters.

On this day, various Satisfy communities were bustling with activity. There was a post with the title of ‘The Overgeared King is a mighty person’ in each community. Grid’s heroic stories once again increased.

Grid returned from the Vatican and commanded, “I’m going to build a temple. Find excellent painters, sculptors, and architects for me.”

“You want to set up another temple?”

Reinhardt already had three Rebecca temples, and they had secured enough Rebecca priests and paladins. Yet Grid wanted to build another one? Didn’t he know how much money it would cost? Was this really meaningful? Grid explained to Lael who was unconvinced, “I want to build a temple for God Hexetia, not Goddess Rebecca.”

“Hexetia? The blacksmith god?”

“Yes.”

“Hrmm.”

Grid wanted to build a temple for God Hexetia whom no one worshipped...? Lael thought about it before asking the reason and soon figured out Grid’s purpose.

‘The Overgeared Kingdom is a kingdom built by a blacksmith... In fact, Grid has attracted and trained a large number of blacksmiths. If the Overgeared Kingdom doesn’t serve the blacksmith god, who will? Additionally, serving the blacksmith god means the blacksmiths will be blessed. There is room for further development of the blacksmiths.’

There was a clear reason to serve the blacksmith god, and the profits from serving him would be great.

Lael was thrilled. “How did you get this idea? Your Majesty, aren’t you becoming smarter? Kuk! Kukukuk, a miracle is occurring in your body. It is a miracle that can raise a waterfall toward the sky...”

“?????”

How was he becoming smarter? Grid was puzzled. That’s right. Grid didn’t even consider the possibility that if blacksmiths worshipped the blacksmith god, they might receive a blessing.

“His age is maybe in the mid-50s? His race is similar to Hispanics, and his red hair is like blazing fire. His eye sockets are deep while his eyes specifically are small and black. Is there a harsh shade...? His nose is a bit hooked, and his mustache and beard are long. Ah, the color of his beard is red.”

“...”

Picasso was the 1st ranked painter. Fascinated by the Overgeared Kingdom's announcement of 'looking for someone to paint a god', she made a visit to Reinhardt. At present, Hexetia's image was being born under her brush as she sat facing Grid. Grid added an explanation while confirming the progress of the portrait, "No. A bit thinner. His skin is thin, and his cheeks are slightly like a clown's? Try to raise them a bit."

"Like this?"

"It is very accurate. You are an excellent painter."

"It is thanks to the system correction effect."

"You are being humble."

"..."

Picasso had a question. Grid's description sounded like he had actually seen Hexetia as the description was so detailed and vivid.

'Is it possible for a player to encounter a god? No, are gods real existences in the first place?'

The bigshots were truly different. It was clear that they lived in a completely different world from her. As Picasso thought this, Grid continued explaining to her, "His top is bare while his bottom half just has a gray cloth like a skirt. His dry and cracked muscles look like bark, but they are harder than steel. Ah, his nipples are burning."

"Yes, I see. Are they these types of muscles? Yes. His nipples are burning. Yes...?" Picasso was nodding as she drew the god on the canvas, only to become shocked. Her face turned bright red.

'H-His nipples are burning? That isn't possible! This is a gross sexual joke! It is sexual harassment!'

"...casso? Hey, Picasso."

"Ah, yes! Yes?"

A famous person had changed into a pervert! Picasso was somewhat disappointed in Grid and felt embarrassed. Her blushing face looked like she was going to cry at any minute. Grid was concerned about her condition. "Why aren't you drawing? Are you tired? Would you like to take a break?"

"N-No. T-That... It is hard to understand what you mean by nipples burning..."

"Hrmm... There were small flames on both of the red, inflamed nipples. There is a transparent blue flame on the left nipple and a transparent red flame on the right nipple."

"R-Red inflamed nipples..."

"...?"

"N-Nothing! Nothing! I'll concentrate!"

She wouldn't allow any further sexual harassment!

'Don't show the opponent a reaction that he would enjoy!'

Picasso endured it with clenched teeth and started to concentrate on her work again. She made a great effort not to show a reaction that Grid would enjoy. Now, she couldn't trust the image of the god on the canvas. It was hard to believe that someone who went around half naked with burning nipples was a god. Then what was this...? Picasso was faced with the truth the moment she finished painting.

[You have completed a new work!]

[It is the birth of a masterpiece that perfectly depicts the blacksmith god, Hexetia.]

[Your reputation as the first human to recreate Hexetia's image will spread throughout the continent!]

[Many royal families and nobles hope to meet you! If you work as a royal painter, you can earn great rewards!]

[All stats will increase by 20 points due to the completing of a masterpiece.]

[The voice of the blacksmith god, Hexetia, is heard in your ears.]

-To reproduce my beauty so well...Hmm, it is quite good for a human.

[Affinity with the blacksmith god Hexetia has risen by 35.]

[The title, 'One who has Drawn a God,' has been acquired.]

"Rea...lly...?"

There were all sorts of unexpected rewards! Picasso felt dazed rather than happy. The hostility she held in her eyes when she gazed at Grid disappeared, and it was replaced by great respect and gratitude.

"Oh, your drawing is very nice. It is perfect. You have worked hard."

"It was a work that was born thanks to your detailed information."

"You are always humble. Well, okay. Lauel, tell the sculptor to reproduce the person in this portrait."

Lauel replied, "Yes. Huroi is still flying him here. I will give him the commission as soon as he arrives."

"Huh? Huroi?"

"The sculptor might be even more of a monster than Huroi... The problem is the high salary he is asking for. Don't worry and just wait."

"Yes, I'll leave it to you."

Thanks to the good people, the temple's statues would likely be completed easily. Then Picasso spoke to Grid, who was smiling with satisfaction, "That..."

"Huh? What's going on?"

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

"What? Of course, I would welcome you."

"T-Thank you! I'm really happy!"

“I am really grateful.”

Grid and Picasso smiled as they faced each other. The sound of construction could be heard through the open windows as the construction of the Hexetia temple had begun.

Grid and the seven malignant saints...

Truth and lies...

Good and evil...

Grid strayed from various concepts imposed by the world view and pioneered a whole new path. It was unpredictable for the S.A Group, including Chairman Lim Cheolho.

“...I’m not interested in simple things.” Chairman Lim Cheolho smiled warmly as he watched Grid on the monitor.

[Chapter 886](#)

People who accumulated experience and skills in their field of expertise were treated with respect everywhere. In short, being at the pinnacle evoked respect. Picasso was at the pinnacle.

“It is an honor to meet you like this.”

“Please look after me in the future.”

The Overgeared Guild welcomed Picasso who had just joined them. The Overgeared members who had been scattered all over the continent flocked together to greet her. Despite being busy with maintaining their ranking and looking after their territory, they took a break. Of course, they also intended to visit the 10 meritorious retainers.

“Once you’re done in Reinhardt, stop by Bairan.”

“No, come to Reidan first. Jishuka, have you forgotten that Reidan is the second capital? Reidan is naturally after Reinhardt.”

“Reidan is too big. There are more than one or two facilities there, and it will take a long time. It is advantageous to start from the relatively small Bairan first.”

“It is a way of thinking that fits your rural tastes.”

“Rural? Hehe, our Chris seems to have grown up? It has been a while since you’ve had an arrow stuck in your butt.”

“Isn’t it funny to bring up the L.T.S days now? It is just like how you were tied up by Zirkan in the old days.”

“Zirkan? Why are you bringing up his name here?”

“You are overly fussy.”

“What? Is that what you should say to a young woman? Hey! Shall we fight for the first time in a while?”

“I will fight if you don’t use the Red Phoenix Bow.”

“An Overgeared member should be overgeared!”

A masterpiece was a great inspiration for people. In reality, millions of people saw masterpieces and gained the energy to carve out a better life, whereas in Satisfy, paintings weren't just for simple appreciation. A painter's paintings had many possibilities. If the portrait of a brave soldier were put in the barracks, the morale and training efficiency of the soldiers would rise. If a decorative painting were put in a restaurant, the chef's cuisine would become more delicious and a cool landscape would reduce the heat encroaching on the city.

The better the artist's ability, the more varied and powerful the effect of the painting would be. In other words...

‘Picasso's joining is a huge event that will remain in our country's history.’

Picasso's value was difficult to measure. That's why Lael was very excited. A prideful person who rejected most requests had applied for membership to the Overgeared Guild.

‘Does this mean that Hexetia's painting was a special event for her? It is all due to King Grid's great description of God Hexetia.’

Lael was convinced of this. He knew that most people, including himself, were attracted to Grid or that they joined the Overgeared Guild because they wanted something from him. It was thanks to Grid alone that the Overgeared Kingdom could be created.

“Kuk...kukukuk! King Grid, you are definitely a man born from a star. I look at you and the memories of a former life that I have forgotten come to mind. You boasted a unique presence in a previous life. Like the sun... Kuk! Kukuk! I'm thrilled! My soul is melting!” Lael covered half his face with his hand while he shouted at Grid.

Grid felt the pain of having curled fingers and toes from cringing so hard for the first time in a while, but he didn't reply. To be exact, he didn't want to reply. Grid's head was already busy enough. There wasn't enough room for nonsense.

‘Very good. It is more than I expected.’

The construction work for the Hexetia temple had started without a hitch. Grid sighed as he thought about the potential of Drop that he had measured on the way back to Reinhardt. ‘The motion is very short.’

There was just one step, or half a step to be exact. The skill was triggered by taking that half step and swinging his sword at the same time. It was almost an immediate-use skill. Drop was overwhelmingly faster than the existing sword dances which required 2–4 steps.

In fact, it was possible to connect it immediately after a basic attack! Moreover, it affected a target that was completely resistant to CCs. Theoretically, it meant an abnormal status could be applied to gods or dragons! What if Grid had been able to use it during the 3rd National Competition? He would've been able to show a spectacular sight going against the giant dragon as the whole world was watching.

‘It is a huge weapon.’

Grid was particularly looking forward to the fusion skills. Based on the fact that the motions for Drop were so short, it was likely to be easy to link with other swordsmanship.

'Linked Drop, Kill Drop, Wave Drop, Revolve Drop, Pinnacle Drop...'

...They didn't sound very good.

'It must be because I am Korean.'

If people from other countries listened to them in their own language, they might be wonderful and fantastic skill names! While Grid was trying to comfort himself, Picasso came up to him and said, "I want to draw you."

"Me?"

A painter's 'drawing' literally meant a painting.

"Why all of a sudden?" Then the bewildered Grid shut his mouth. It was because he witnessed Lael, Jishuka, Chris, Pon, and his other colleagues open their mouths with astonishment.

Lael hastily whispered to him, -Just accept it! Her portraits are rumored to have a special effect!

-Special effect? What is it?

-I don't know exactly. It was a rumor that occurred after she was invited by nobles to paint their portraits. The truth hasn't been revealed yet. In any case, you can feel expectant. The great nobles of each country offered a lot of money to invite her and ask her to paint their portraits.

There were countless artists who could paint simple portraits. They were portraits which looked exactly like the real people or were better. These portraits were enough to decorate a wall, so any artist with decent talent could complete them. However, the nobles were paying attention to Picasso. The people speculated that there must be a reason.

-She has never done a player's portrait, so no one can see the hidden features of her portraits. You are the first one.

-Um... yes.

There was no reason to refuse. Moreover, there was a problem of etiquette before discussing the reason. Right now, Picasso was clearly showing goodwill to Grid. He wasn't cold enough to ignore the goodwill of his colleagues.

"Okay. Please draw me."

Picasso had perfectly reproduced the image of God Hexetia. What image would she draw of him? Grid was slightly curious, but his expectations weren't great. He didn't even want it. After all, this was his own ugly face that they were talking about. Grid hadn't been loved since childhood and felt embarrassed about his shameful appearance being put down on canvas.

"The welcome party is over, so let's move locations. I want a place where I can glimpse your true face."

“My true face?” Grid was confused for a moment by Picasso’s request but soon realized what she meant.

‘Let’s go to the smithy.’

It was also time to repair the items he was wearing. Grid nodded easily and stood up. “Yes, let’s move.”

“I don’t know if it is right to judge humans, but I personally sympathize with Hexetia.”

“Why?”

It was a very large smithy that could only be seen in the Overgeared Kingdom.

Picasso started drawing the hammering Grid while musing with a bittersweet expression, “I was the first person to reproduce Hexetia’s image. This gave me a high affinity with him.”

Hexetia was a god who had contributed greatly to humanity’s development. However, Hexetia had done it due to Goddess Rebecca, so humanity praised her instead. The people didn’t even remember Hexetia. He had only appeared briefly in the beginning of the story before disappearing.

“I would’ve felt sad if I were God Hexetia.”

‘She saw it properly.’

An artist had an abundant sensitivity and a strong ability to empathize. Picasso questioned Grid, “Where did you see the appearance of God Hexetia? His image has never been reproduced, so how did you know?”

“It is nothing special. I naturally saw the god’s appearance while proceeding with the quest.”

“...”

He had seen the appearance of a god during the process of a quest. How many players could experience this? Grid had reached a much higher realm than Picasso had vaguely imagined. This was the reason why.

“In order for a painter’s work to be recognized as a masterpiece, several conditions are necessary. The first is that the artist’s ability must reach a certain level. The second is the artist’s intention behind bringing the painting into the world. The third is the artist’s mindset while painting, and the fourth is the value of the protagonist of the work. The value isn’t about the target’s identity or status. It means the weight of the target in proportion to the era.”

Picasso aimed for a new masterpiece by making Grid the protagonist. So far, she had only completed four masterpieces. Three of the four masterpieces showed the greatness of nature while the remaining one was the portrait of God Hexetia which she completed yesterday.

That’s right. She had no experience with her drawings of ‘people’ being recognized as a masterpiece. Her portraits of the nobles were excellent, but they weren’t evaluated as masterpieces. A masterpiece was something that had to inspire everyone. However, the reputation of the nobles wasn’t enough to be talked about by everyone.

'Grid is different.'

He was a person who had established a kingdom, become the sky, and seen a god. It was Picasso's judgment that the system wouldn't underestimate his weight.

'There will be good results for you and me...' Picasso prayed as she delicately drew Grid's image.

Grid hit the iron amidst the blazing heat as hundreds of blacksmiths watched him with admiration. He showed a dignity that wasn't inferior to that of God Hexetia.

On the other hand...

"You want me to show the flames using a surrealist method? Even the colors are different?"

"Yes."

Rabbit, the person responsible for the Overgeared Kingdom's politics and economy, was facing a sculptor. They were discussing the statue which would be built before the temple finished construction.

"It is a tricky request. There isn't a sculptor who will accept such a request! There is no inspiration!"

"Is it difficult to depict the flames attached to the nipples? I called you because I heard you were one of the best sculptors... Yet it is difficult to even depict the flames? Perhaps the rumors were exaggerated?"

"It might be easy for outsiders, but any expert will say that it is a difficult request. It is at a level that requires a fortnight of food and work! Do you know how many workers in the world are suffering because of vicious employers like you?"

"No, what are you talking about? Am I forcing you to stop eating and drinking? I will increase the deadline for making the statue, so please depict the flames."

"800%."

"...?"

"It is a bonus allowance. The employer's demands have increased, so isn't it reasonable to increase the benefits?"

"120%."

"Hey, why are you doing this? In order to improve the efficiency of the work... 800%!"

"120%."

"800!"

"120!"

"..."

No matter how much time passed, there was no progress in the negotiations. They had met the right opponent. The enlightened Rabbit and the sculptor developed a great vigilance toward each other.

“Let’s change it to 600%,” Lael belatedly appeared and made a great concession in the negotiations. However, the sculptor was as stubborn as rumored. He maintained an attitude of not cooperating with the negotiations.

“799%!”

“...700%.”

“798%! I won’t go down any further! This is a 2% cut, not 1%. I won’t decrease it any further unless you give me a bribe!”

“Hah...”

Why were people in the kingdom like this? Lael had an excruciating headache from stress and nodded. “Okay. I will accept the 798% bonus allowance...”

“Oh, my~~ hehe! Thank you. I have already ordered the materials for the sculpture. I’ll use even more!”

“...”

Wasn’t this getting out of hand? Lael felt regretful as he realized the sculptor was more vicious than rumored, but it was only for a moment. Lael quickly forgot his regret. The sculpture born from the sculptor’s fingertips was so perfect and wonderful!

‘He is even more proficient than the rumours say!’

The sculptor was worth every bit of the money. It felt like Lael was witnessing an item being made by Grid.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

One was coming from the smithy and the other from the temple construction site—the sound of hammering resonated in Reinhardt and filled the Overgeared members. The blacksmith and sculptor sensed each other and had infinite respect for the other person.

[Chapter 887](#)

‘Painting isn’t easy.’

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang...

Grid had already finished working 10 minutes ago. He had completely repaired all the items he normally used. However, he didn’t stop hammering. He didn’t want to disturb Picasso, who was transferring his image to canvas. Grid could feel the spirit of an artist from Picasso who observed him without blinking. He couldn’t help having respect for her.

‘Let’s think.’

What should he do until Picasso’s work was over? He didn’t want to make underwear in the painting, so should he make the mass-produced Grid items for a while? Grid thought about it before recalling the First Holy Sword. His understanding of it was at 60% after repeatedly disassembling and reassembling it

in an attempt to resolve the curse. It was impossible to perfectly reproduce the First Holy Sword, but a 'reproduction' was possible.

'I should use this opportunity to make a smaller holy sword.'

It would give him a glimpse of how powerful the First Holy Sword was.

'If I'm lucky, my understanding will rise.'

Grid was filled with anticipation as he looked at the minerals warehouse on one side of the smithy.

"What do you need me to bring over?" A young blacksmith noticed and quickly came forward.

Grid frowned. 'It is like I am a bully making them buy me bread.'

Now people were trying to do things for him. He didn't even have to say anything. They just read his desires. It wasn't due to his strength but pure goodwill and respect!

"Iron ore and mithril."

"Yes!" The young blacksmith rushed to the warehouse at Grid's instructions. After the young blacksmith returned with a large amount of iron ore and mithril, Grid poured the iron ore into the furnace he had heated up.

'Of course, it is insignificant compared to the divine stone that Hexetia created.'

Among the minerals present on the Earth, those which could accept as much divine power as mithril could were rare. Grid planned to reproduce the First Holy Sword by using a minimum amount of iron ore and a large amount of mithril.

Ttaaang!Ttang!

He repeatedly smelted, tempered, and quenched the minerals. The iron ore and mithril which seemed to just be stones were transformed into a single blade through the process of smelting and hammering.

'The First Holy Sword! I can perfectly reproduce its image!'

Ttang!

Extremely focused, Grid entered a trance state and thought back to when the holy sword was still in the hands of the Yatan Servants. He recalled all the impressions he felt when he saw it the first time, from the divine stone to the history and intentions of the First Holy Sword. Then he tried to completely reproduce the holy sword.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

It wasn't perfect, but he hadn't ruined its essence. The appearance of the sword on the anvil wasn't much different from the original. Still, there was a problem.

'Ah, the divine power.'

It was the absence of divine power. The holy sword that Grid was making resembled the original, but the divine power was incomparably weak. This was natural as there was a clear limit to the divine power in

the mithril. The biggest feature of mithril was its ability to accept divine power. It was like the Divine Shield in the past where Grid had needed the help of a Rebecca priest to truly reproduce it.

'I made a mistake!'

This was bad. The sword wasn't a holy sword. He had actually overlooked an important part of its essence!

'I'm really stupid.'

Grid was greatly disappointed in himself. He believed he was stupid because he had forgotten to ask for a priest for help. However, it was too much of a leap. Anyone could make this mistake. Grid had only focused on recreating the intent and form of the holy sword, so he ended up missing something.

'...Sigh, yes. Calm down.'

Grid stopped hammering and took a deep breath to control his mind. The sword on the anvil was already half finished, but there was no need to fret.

'I can ask for support from the priests at the temple.'

It didn't matter if the temple authorities reported that they lacked manpower. He had other chances to try recreating the holy sword. Yes, there was no reason to be frustrated by one failure.

'...Wait?'

Once his mind relaxed, his way of thinking expanded. Grid shook off his anxiety and was reminded of the advanced light elemental. He noted two possible methods.

'First, there is the iron ore magic training method!'

Grid could train the iron ore using attack magic. The speed of the iron ore magic training depended on the power and skill of the magic used. A slow speed made the magic training very challenging.

'Now I have the elemental!'

That's right. The second point that Grid noticed was the advanced light elemental.

'Can I train minerals with the light elemental?'

Grid recalled the detailed information of the elemental.

[Light Elemental (Advanced)]

[You can use the advanced light elemental.

Current level of the light elemental: 1

-Available Elemental Techniques-

* The energy of the advanced elemental is infinite. An advanced elemental doesn't consume the resources of the contractor.

[Sword of Light]

Makes the elemental into a sword of light.

It will follow the contract and help the contractor secure visibility in the dark. When an enemy with the attribute of darkness is found, it will move by itself and attack the enemy.

The attack power of the Sword of Light is affected by the contractor's physical attack power and magic attack power.

* This skill can be maintained at all times. However, separate techniques can't be used in the Sword of Light state.

[Flash]

The light elemental will 'instantaneously' move to the target pointed out by the contractor.

If the target is an enemy, it will shine intensely and blind the target for 0.3 seconds. The target can't resist the blindness effect.

If the target is the contractor's ally, it will shine brightly and give the target a one-time 'dark attack resistance' effect.

Cooldown Time: 5 minutes.]

'This is it! I can use the Sword of Light to keep hitting the sword!'

Grid was neglecting the Magic Battle Gear Production Method due to the excessive labor required. In the past, Grid used a whole fortnight to train the metal with Magic Missile. He had used magic and mana potions, but his stamina had dropped and he had become physically and mentally exhausted.

Although Grid might be the master of labor, he couldn't endure the challenge of the Magic Battle Gear Production Method. Then what about now?

'I have the light elemental!'

The one using the magic was the light elemental and the energy of the light elemental was infinite.

'Let's melt the blade again. Then I will let the Sword of Light hit it 10,000 times.'

The completeness of the sword would increase due to the injection of divine power, and there was a high chance the level of the Magic Battle Gear Production Method would rise. Grid wouldn't have to waste any energy!

"Kukuk! Puhahahat!"

What idiot? Wasn't he a genius? He was very impressed with himself at coming up with the idea to use the advanced light elemental. Thrilled, Grid put his plan into action. He melted the sword and ordered the light elemental to train the metal. Then the struggles of the light elemental began. The white light sword hit the minerals on the anvil without stopping, and Grid watched with folded arms.

"What is that?" The young blacksmiths were surprised by the sight and started to mutter. They asked their seniors about the new method Grid was using. Yet who could answer them? The blacksmith

craftsmen weren't able to give an answer because this was their first time seeing a blacksmith use an elemental.

So, they could only silently watch the process. They couldn't even imagine what would be born.

"..."

Picasso put the finishing touches on the canvas. The painting was completed. There was an intense blazing red background behind a man with a crown who hammered away while dozens of blacksmiths watched. A brilliant light elemental surrounded the man.

'What is the result?' Picasso focused on the painting with a burning soul. She gulped and waited for a rating to be assigned to the finished work. Picasso had poured everything into this painting and thought that the level of the finished work was better than she had expected, but she wondered if the system would give the same evaluation. The result came out pretty quickly.

[You have completed a new work!]

[It is the birth of a masterpiece that perfectly captures the appearance of the legendary blacksmith, king, and Hero King who impresses all the blacksmiths in the world!]

[It is the first extremely honorable painting born in 177 years.]

[You deserve praise for your accomplishment in portraying the greatest character of this day to the next generation!]

[All stats will increase by 20 points due to the completion of a masterpiece.]

[All stats will increase by 50 points due to the completion of an extremely honorable painting.]

[The level of all class-related skills will increase by 1!]

[The class quest 'Painter who will go down in History' has been generated!]

[The protagonist of the extremely honorable painting will feel deep gratitude toward you.]

'Extremely honorable painting?'

What was this? Picasso was confused by the unintended and unexpected result.

[You have become the protagonist of an extremely honorable painting. Your appearance and achievements will be handed down to later generations unless the extremely honorable painting is destroyed.]

[Your current stats will be engraved on the extremely honorable painting. No matter what happens to you, you will be able to recover the strength stored in the extremely honorable painting if you recall your identity engraved in it. However, there is only one chance.]

"...?????" Grid had dozens of questions.

Picasso said to him, "Even the system acknowledges that you are the best." It wasn't an unproven speculation. Picasso expressed her deep gratitude to Grid, "Thank you for giving me the opportunity to

draw you. I will never forget this honor. I will continue to serve the Overgeared Kingdom and repay this favor.

“...????”

Grid took back the term ‘genius.’ He couldn’t understand the situation. Bewildered, Grid belatedly looked at the painting. Was he seeing things? Or had Picasso intentionally made him more handsome? The drawing which showed his passion while he smithed was extremely cool.

20 days later...

[A temple of God Hexetia has been completed in Reinhardt, the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom!]

[This is the first temple for Hexetia!]

[The artistic value of the statues which are perfect recreations of the appearances of God Hexetia and Goddess Rebecca have pierced the sky!]

[The new artifacts will enhance your insights. We recommend that you visit Reinhardt.]

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

[Chapter 888](#)

Please read the announcement read: Talks about a lot of relevant things.

[Protagonist of the Extremely Honorable Painting]

[* One-time limited skill.

When used, your information will return to what it was when the extremely honorable painting was made.

However, it will only be the stats and skills information. Additional information such as titles, class, status, race, age, and so on aren’t affected.]

This was the new skill at the bottom of Grid’s skills list. Grid had a headache for the past 20 days because of this skill. At first, he was happy about being the protagonist of an extremely honorable painting and was excited to realize that he had a power similar to a single player ‘save’ point. Then he reached a stage of anxiety.

“It seems to imply that I will soon experience something terrible...”

It was a natural phenomenon. Think about it. A save file was only needed in the worst situation. Going by the way things were now, the save file would be his last resort. The fact that Satisfy provided a save point was like a warning that sooner or later, he would experience something he couldn’t resolve. Grid already felt sick, and the expression in his eyes was dark.

“I don’t know what will happen...”

He was afraid. Grid was reminded of the fact that he was currently experiencing an episode regarding the gods and seven malignant saints.

“Well, nothing has ever been easy.”

The Hexetia temple had been completed. Grid’s shaking eyes calmed as he wore the crown on his head prior to the completion ceremony. It was just like the days when he was an unknown warrior, when he sought for Pagma’s Rare Book, when he became a lord, when he fought against a great demon, when he became a king, or when he cleansed the Behen Archipelago.

Grid had walked along a thorny road. It had always been painful and difficult. However, he had endured the pain and finally overcome it. He had gotten good results and was now able to step forward. A new trial might be waiting for him, but he had been tempered both mentally and physically.

Grid thought, ‘The save point is insurance. So far, I have fought without insurance. I can overcome the trials in the future more easily.’

He wouldn’t stop. He would challenge how far he could reach. Grid pledged inside his heart and left the office. He went down the stairs to the first floor and saw the extremely honorable painting that Picasso had drawn 20 days ago. All those who entered the castle would see the extremely honorable painting first.

Grid’s expression twisted, and he started sweating. “Why did you hang up the painting here?”

Lauel followed him and responded to the question, “Isn’t it natural to decorate the castle with a portrait of the king?”

“No, it’s embarrassing.” Grid blushed. No matter how he looked, he was too handsome in the portrait. It was clear that Picasso had beautified him in the painting. “I don’t want to scam people like this...”

“Why?”

“Don’t you know what a selfie swindler is? This is something that will cause extreme levels of hatred!”
(TL: Someone whose selfie looks really good but the real appearance is much poorer)

“Hah...? Haven’t you looked in a mirror? There is no difference between your actual appearance and the extremely honorable painting. Picasso has reproduced the image of the time when you were in full concentration.”

“Don’t talk.”

How could Grid be so good looking when he was concentrating? If that was the case, would he really be single? Wouldn’t women be lining up in front of him? Grid shook his head and rushed forward. He didn’t have a lot of time because the opening of the Hexetia temple would soon begin.

‘I’m curious about what Hexetia’s reaction will be.’

What would Hexetia’s reaction be after the first temple for him was built? Grid hoped that Hexetia would rejoice. He wanted Hexetia’s feeling of alienation to be removed, for his self-esteem to be restored, and for him to stop feeling envious. At that moment...

‘Then I will be able to cleanse the First Holy Sword.’

Grid would get the goddess’ blessing and use it to enhance his blacksmithing, reaching a higher level.

“Attention!”

“Protect King Grid, the sun that surrounds the kingdom!”

Dozens of young knights saluted Grid and started to escort him. Coke was an exception. He was waiting in the palace for Prince Lord to finish his preparations.

“The king is coming!”

“Open the way for the king!”

As Grid was surrounded by knights, thousands of elite soldiers wearing the Grid mass-produced set made by craftsmen opened the way for him. Tens of thousands of people on the street watched the king’s procession.

Duguen!Duguen!Duguen!Grid’s heart thumped, and he completely shook off the anxiety about the dangers he would face one day. He had faith. After all, Grid was no longer alone and didn’t have to rely on his own strength.

‘They are protecting me, just as I protect them.’

This wasn’t a time to be aloof. He was too weak to remain aloof to everyone. It was a time filled with countless people, making him even more powerful.

The Hexetia temple, open to the public and people of the Overgeared Kingdom, was very small in comparison to the Goddess Rebecca temples. The temples of Goddess Rebecca, which existed all over the continent, boasted the same size as one of the larger churches in the middle of Gangnam, while the Hexetia temple was like a temple built on top of a mountain.

Still, no one could scoff at the quality. Its exterior and interior were all crafted from the finest marble. The design work of dozens of architects was visible, and dozens of sculptors had worked hard to sincerely recreate Hexetia’s image. Additionally, there were hammer and anvil motifs everywhere.

The highlights of the temple were the two statues placed side by side outside the temple. The five-meter-tall Hexetia statue was a recreation of God Hexetia whom Grid had seen. Meanwhile, the seven-meter-tall Rebecca statue had on a dignified and compassionate expression. They were much better than any statues Grid had ever seen.

He heard the sculptor had asked for a ridiculous pay, but wasn’t this worth it? Well, perhaps...

[A temple of God Hexetia has been completed in Reinhardt, the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom!]

[This is the first temple for Hexetia!]

[The artistic value of the statues that perfectly recreated the appearance of God Hexetia and Goddess Rebecca has pierced the sky!]

[The new artifacts will enhance your insights. We recommend that you visit Reinhardt.]

An effect appeared?

“Eh?” Grid was completely shocked by the world message that appeared.

Meanwhile, Lauel was delighted. “It is very rewarding! Now many more people will visit Reinhardt than there were in the past! They will leave their money here! It was worth hiring that vicious sculptor!”

“What? You guessed this would happen?”

“Huhut, it is the first statue and temple of God Hexetia. Isn’t it natural for this temple to be a tourist attraction for those who have never seen the blacksmith god before? Didn’t you expect this as a genius among geniuses?”

“...?” Grid never expected this, but he couldn’t say such words.

“Uwaaaaahhhhh!”

“The culture of Reinhardt is blossoming thanks to King Grid!”

“King Grid! I love you!”

“Wow, amazing... My intelligence increased by 10 for looking at the statue...”

“The level of the blacksmithing skill increased? It is really amazing. I’m jealous. It is a kingdom founded by a blacksmith for a reason.”

Both the players and NPCs were happy and praised Grid. Their cheers spread through Reinhardt, and Grid smiled at them.

“This is Reinhardt, the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom! The temple and statue of God Hexetia built by Overgeared King Grid are now unveiled to the public...”

“It is a whole new temple and will probably attract many effects. For most people, new quests related to God Hexetia will be generated, and they can enjoy a stats boost effect...”

“Experts have predicted the birth of new classes with this launch of a new religion. Examples are priests, paladins, or blacksmiths who can use divine power.”

Reporters from all over the world were already at the scene. They were deeply grateful to Grid as they started spreading the news in real time. After all, hadn’t he directly told them the time of the scoop? His new temple provided them with big news. That’s how the reporters had been able to come to Reinhardt beforehand and catch the scoop in real time.

‘How did the reporters come here so quickly? Do they have a magician who can use Mass Teleport for each broadcaster?’

Of course... Grid didn’t actually know anything about this.

The one who told the broadcasters about this scoop was Lauel, not Grid!

‘I will spread all your feats to the world.’ The loyal Lauel laughed madly.

[You are the first human to set up a temple for God Hexetia!]

[The gods, including Hexetia, are very surprised.]

Hexetia finally bit the bait that Grid cast. In this festive mood, Grid alone looked up at the sky as he received notification windows.

[The goddess of light, Rebecca, is showing a warm smile.]

[The other gods are staying silent because the god of war, Zeratul, is defending you.]

[The voice of the blacksmith god, Hexetia, is heard in your ears.]

-Thank you.

[Affinity with God Hexetia has increased by 50!]

-But it is worrisome...Can you, a human who can look beyond my abilities and laugh behind my back, truly serve me?

[God Hexetia is feeling suspicious.]

-Are you honoring me because of respect?Do I want to be respected by humanity?The people right now seem to be respecting you more than my statue.

“...?”

What was this strange attitude? Grid got a chill as he felt something ominous from Hexetia, who was hesitating to accept all of this.

[Affinity with God Hexetia has decreased to -10!]

Grid lost favor with the god with low self-esteem. He now reached the requirements to receive the curse!

‘This is crazy!’

Everything in front of Grid was dark.

In the chairman’s office in S.A Group’s headquarters, Chairman Lim Cheolho smiled in a meaningful manner. “Didn’t I tell you? You can look forward to the god’s curse.”

Hexetia shouted at Grid, -I am challenging you to a duel!

[★Hidden Quest ★ ‘Win a Blacksmithing Competition with a God’ is in progress.]

[Chapter 889](#)

-I am challenging you to a duel!

‘Eh?’

If Grid were a Hollywood movie character, it was the time to shout ‘WTF!’ Grid doubted his ears for a moment before his brain started working again.

‘What?’

Hadn't he invested a lot of money and care into building a temple? A duel...? Why couldn't Hexetia just say thank you?

'Didn't affinity increase by 50?'

Then Hexetia changed his attitude, doubted Grid's goodwill, decreased affinity to -10, and applied for a duel...?

'Hexetia is completely...'

He was a maniac with inconsistent actions. Grid's money and efforts were in vain thanks to this frivolous guy. Yet Grid didn't think this, nor did he feel angry. At this moment, Grid was feeling sympathetic toward Hexetia. He understood what Hexetia was feeling.

'...Completely pathetic.'

It could be seen from Hexetia's attitude of not being able to accept a person's goodwill and questioning them. Hexetia's self-esteem was much lower than Grid had expected.

'How...'

How long had Hexetia lived without receiving love and expectations? To think that a god had ended up in this situation... It was regretful. Grid felt that he and Hexetia were turning out to be more and more alike.

-What are you doing? I am challenging you to a duel! Respond! Hexetia's furious voice rang out again. He was obviously angry. Why was he always furious? A normal person wouldn't be able to understand Hexetia's sudden mood swing, but Grid was different.

'...He thinks I am ignoring him.'

Grid thought of his middle school days. It had been his second year. One day, he had suddenly felt that he shouldn't be alone and vowed to try making friends. The Grid of that day had been filled with courage, unlike how he had been usually. He had gone to school in the morning and spoken words of greetings to his classmates who didn't even look at him. It was a simple morning greeting. For most people, it was an ordinary act. It was a normal routine, but it had been a special challenge for Grid. He had gathered his courage and barely managed to do it, yet his classmates' reactions had been cold.

'Just saying hello to them?'

Grid still remembered the dozens of cold eyes and the silence. That's right. The weak Grid had been looked down upon by others, but he had been mostly ignored. He knew that pain.

'I'm sure you feel the same.' Grid's expression distorted as he looked up at the blue sky.

Then Hexetia spoke again, -Not even answering me! You really are ignoring me! All of you! You humans are always...!! Never showing respect to a god!!

"No," the silent Grid finally opened his mouth. He looked up to where Hexetia was staying and spoke in a determined voice, "Ignoring you? How can I refuse the request of the greatest god who has contributed to the development of humanity?"

There was no response. Hexetia was silent due to his surprise. The tens of thousands of people gathered in front of the temple started buzzing with chatter. Grid, who was on the stage, hadn't spoken since the announcement about the temple. He just silently looked up at the sky.

"Grid?" Lauel approached slowly and examined Grid's condition. "What is it all of a sudden? If you don't feel well, then just say hello and step back. I will direct Huroi to give a speech."

"No." Grid raised a hand to stop Lauel. He didn't pay attention to the reaction of the public and faced Hexetia. There were tens of thousands of players and soldiers paying attention to Grid. There were also reporters from all over the world with cameras.

While everyone watched, Grid shouted, "The blacksmith god, Hexetia, is a god who taught humanity how to use fire and iron. Thanks to Hexetia, humanity was able to develop, blacksmiths were born, and I was eventually able to exist. As a result, I was able to establish the Overgeared Kingdom. If you are a human, blacksmith, or Overgeared citizen, it is appropriate for you to appreciate and respect Hexetia."

'What is this severe leap in logic?' The majority of players were dumbfounded. Satisfy was a game. The gods that existed in Satisfy were just imaginary gods, so the players couldn't respect them. It was hard for them to understand Grid's praise of Hexetia. However, a small number of players took into account Grid's position.

'There are benefits to getting the favor of the blacksmith god. That's why he made a temple and gave a speech praising the blacksmith god...'

'He is probably doing a quest.'

Benefits occurred when serving the god corresponding to their class. Maybe one day they would also experience it? By using Grid as a lighthouse, many people looked forward to what would happen in the future.

Flash! Suddenly, there was a lightning strike in the clear sky. It was a lightning strike that precisely aimed at Grid on the stage.

"What?"

"King Grid!"

"The camera! Don't miss this!"

They were scared out of their wits! The people who witnessed the king being attacked in real time were frightened and confused. The soldiers tried to calm the people, while the knights ran around the stage, wary of the unknown threat.

"Grid!"

"Are you okay?"

The Overgeared members ran to the stage and looked around for Grid.

"Remove that camera!"

"Get off!"

Pon, Vantner, and Peak Sword threatened the reporters of each country.

“Grid?”

Grid had disappeared from the podium.

[You have been abducted to Asgard, the world of the gods!]

[You are the first player to visit Asgard: First World.]

[Your location in Asgard can't be identified. The map has failed to open.]

[As a reward for being the first to visit Asgard: First World, you have received the interest of the angels!]

[The title 'Dipped your Feet into the World of the Gods' has been acquired.]

[Dipped your Feet into the World of the Gods]

[* Health +10,000

* Altitude adaptability +70%

You have visited the world that exists beyond the sky. It feels like you can live for a long time because of the clear air.]

This was beyond the sky...?

“Umm...”

Grid had blinked and found himself above the clouds. They were clouds that were as light and fluffy as the Italian bed he had bought his parents after becoming successful! Grid wanted to stretch out and sleep, but he then came to his senses.

“What is this all of a sudden?”

What had happened?

“Ack?” Grid's breathing became blocked the moment he was unable to grasp the situation. When he raised his body, his hands and feet felt heavy.

[You are far up in the sky. The altitude penalty causes all stats to drop by 100%!]

[The effect of the Dipped your Feet into the World of the Gods title has increased your altitude adaptability by 70%. The altitude penalty is reduced to 30%. All stats are reduced by 30%.]

“Ah...” His mind cleared as he overcame the discomfort of his body and grasped the situation. Grid reminded himself that he had accepted Hexetia's duel request!

'I was kidnapped straight away.'

The first player to visit the world of the gods... It would've been nice if the form of the visit was something better than being kidnapped.

'Hexetia's nature is too hasty.'

Where should Grid go? Under a golden sunset and dozens of rainbows, the lone Grid scratched his head. There were no mountains, rivers, seas, or buildings, just clouds and the sky. This was the world of the gods...? While he was bewildered, Grid heard something. "...?"

He could hear faint voices. Grid listened carefully and determined that the sounds were coming from 50 meters behind him.

"Look! There are no wings or rings! It is a human, right?"

"D-Don't tell me...? The gods allowed a human to visit..."

"..."

There were voices of boys and girls. It was easy to deduce they weren't human based on the contents of the conversation. Grid was reminded of the 'interest of the angels' that he received as a reward for being the first to visit Asgard: First World and deliberately spoke loudly to himself, "Oh, my! This...! I am a human, and it is my first time in the world of the gods! I don't know where to go! Where should I go to find God Hexetia?"

Shortly after his words finished...

"It really is a human?"

"H-How is a human here?"

Four boys and girls flew around Grid. They had platinum hair and skin that was as white as milk. Additionally, they had pure white wings and a ring-shaped object floating above their heads. Their glowing green eyes seemed more valuable than any jewelry in the world. It was the image of angels that Grid had often imagined!

'Pretty.' No other word could come to mind. Not a single bit of evil could be seen from the blend of innocence and beauty. While Grid was stunned, a quest popped up.

[Interest of the Young Angels (1)]

[You are the first human that the young angels have seen. They feel a great interest in you. Please answer their questions.]

Quest Clear Conditions: Answer the angels' questions appropriately (3 times in total).

Quest Clear Rewards: +1 affinity with the young angels. Link to the Interest of the Young Angels (2) quest.

Quest Failure: The young angels will lose their interest in you.]

It was a typical savings system in Satisfy. The more interest that was accumulated, the higher the interest would be. Even if the target was a great demon, accumulating affinity would give rewards such as quests. Grid couldn't miss the opportunity to build up an affinity with the angels.

'In the first place, I can't do anything alone.'

The cloud field was as wide as the sea. It reminded him of the Red Sea that he had seen on the first day he assimilated with Braham. Grid needed the help of these young angels.

“Yes, I’m a human. I came here was because I was kidnapped by God Hexetia... No, I received an invitation from him.”

“Did you hear? God Hexetia invited a human!”

“No way! God Hexetia hates humans!”

“I heard that humans are good at lying! Don’t be fooled!”

“It isn’t a lie! The only people who can visit here without a god’s permission are the seven malignant saints!”

“...Kids? Do you have any more questions?”

The angels were excited and agitated. Grid was irritated because he wanted to answer the questions and receive the next quest. It would be upsetting if the angels lost their interest. It was a groundless worry though as the angels were fortunately still interested in Grid.

“Can you bear the heat?”

“The heat?”

“Yes! You can’t be invited by God Hexetia! God Hexetia is so hot that no one wants to go near him!”

“Right, right! His fire nipples are too much! The heat is hard for the angels to bear!”

“...”

Alone in the world of the gods, Grid just nodded with a bitter expression. “I can endure it.”

Ttiring~

[The quest has succeeded!]

[Affinity with the young angels has increased by 1. It has led to the Interest of the Young Angels (2) quest.]

[Interest of the Young Angels (2)]

[You are the first human that the young angels have seen. They have a great interest in you. Please answer their questions.]

Quest Clear Conditions: Answer the angels’ questions appropriately (6 times in total).

Quest Clear Rewards: +1 affinity with the young angels. Link to the Interest of the Young Angels (3) quest.

Quest Failure: The young angels will lose their interest in you.]

The next quest was no different from the preceding one. The angels asked Grid various questions. They went from trivial questions like what humans ate and whether they really died in less than 100 years to questions which indirectly gave Grid a glimpse of Hexetia's situation...

It was a small help. The Interest of the Young Angels quests continued to the fifth one. Then after clearing the fifth quest...

[Hexetia's Home]

[The young angels are starting to like you. They will guide you to Hexetia according to your request.]

Grid was able to find a path. He followed the guidance of the angels and arrived in front of a shabby cabin at the end of the sea of clouds. The huge chimney of the cabin was impressive.

"Hot... I will go."

"Me too~~ I don't like God Hexetia~~"

"..."

Sometimes naivety could be a knife. The frankness of the young angels deeply wounded someone.

[The temperature of the area is very high.]

[The legendary blacksmith doesn't succumb to the heat.]

As if waiting for the young angels to disappear, the door of the cabin opened only after the angels disappeared. The name 'Blacksmith God: Hexetia' floated in an orange color on top of the half-naked man's head. Hexetia's burning nipples looked lonely. They seemed to be shouting that he didn't emit this heat because he wanted to.

Grid greeted Hexetia politely, "It is an honor to meet the blacksmith god who contributed to the development of humanity. I will duel you out of a sense of respect toward you."

"You are a mere human in front of a god. The fact that you aren't afraid of me shows that your respect is certainly false...! You are someone who sold the name of a god for the sake of your fame. I will give you a taste of hell!"

[★Hidden Quest ★ 'Win a Blacksmithing Competition with a God' has started!]

[Win a Blacksmithing Competition with a God]

[★ Hidden Quest ★

God Hexetia is the creator of most of the tools that exist in this world.

It won't be easy to win against God Hexetia!

Quest Clear Conditions: Create a better item than God Hexetia.

Quest Clear Rewards: The acknowledgment of God Hexetia and enlightenment. The disappearance of God Hexetia's envy. Affinity with God Hexetia will increase, and the curse on the First Holy Sword will be released.

Quest Failure: A new divine punishment.

* The divine punishment will cause a strong penalty such as a drop in character level, a drop in skill level, or a permanent loss of acquired goods and experience.]

[Chapter 890](#)

[(Breaking News) Grid is missing!]

[Overgeared King Grid was hit by lightning during the opening ceremony of the Hexetia Temple...]

[Grid disappeared like smoke... None of the hundreds of cameras can find him.]

[(Column) Is this a warning from the great demons about humanity serving a new god? Grid will certainly receive a big penalty.]

The world was in upheaval as Grid disappeared during real time. The way he disappeared without a trace caused all types of speculations.

“Grid is safe. He just logged out.”

Logging out during an important event...? The Overgeared Kingdom’s explanation couldn’t be understood at all and provoked greater turmoil. People started speculating that Grid had disappeared because of the curse of a great demon and that he had been forcibly taken to hell. Then the disturbing testimonies of the Rebecca Church players were added, “The senior priests have stated that Grid has received the goddess’ wrath for serving another god.”

Half a day had passed since Grid disappeared. Where was he and what was he doing now? Many people assumed Grid was in danger. The conclusion was that the construction of the Hexetia Temple had an adverse effect on him.

[This is the signal of his downfall.]

These exaggerated headlines spread across the world.

‘This...’

Grid was upset by the penalties that would be gained when the quest failed. It felt like the extremely honorable painting had been arranged for this exact moment. A duel with a god after obtaining the extremely honorable painting... The timing was too good. It was as if the episodes were linked naturally. There was nothing for Grid to worry about if he lost. He could use the skill in the extremely honorable painting to regain his skills and stats... It was as if someone was whispering this to him.

Grid found it hard to understand. ‘Picasso is a player. It doesn’t make sense that she knew what I would go through and painted a map for the future. No... Wait?’

Satisfy’s freedom was infinite. The history of the world moved according to the actions and choices of the players. It was possible that one painting drawn by one player might have a great influence.

‘...Maybe the extremely honorable painting is one of the causes of this episode?’

Among all the reasons for Hexetia to request for a duel, one of them might be jealousy due to Grid becoming the main character of the extremely honorable painting. In the end, it could be interpreted that now was the right timing to use the extremely honorable painting.

'I can get away without a huge penalty even if I lose to Hexetia.'

So what if he lost?

'No, I must win.'

The quest reward was telling him that this was a battle he must win. This was also Grid's wish.

Yes, Grid wanted to win unconditionally. He wanted to get rid of Hexetia's envy and release the curse on the First Holy Sword. Grid's ultimate goal was to receive the goddess' blessing twice and enhance Pagma's Swordsmanship and blacksmithing at the same time.

The person Grid was facing right now was a god, despite the fact that he had the image of a human. Hexetia lived in a shabby cabin that was unlike the giant castles of the great demons, but he was one level above them. The heat and the flames on his nipples were evidence of that.

Yes, Hexetia was an enemy more fearful than anyone Grid had ever fought. Sweat flowed down Grid's cheek as he was reminded of this. It was difficult for him to remain calm against a god, despite being the Overgeared King.

Hexetia said, "You humans might've forgotten, but when I received the goddess' will, I created a million tools and spread them across the earth. I created all of them, from ordinary items such as tableware and farming tools to luxury items like jewelry and weapons."

"..."

What did Hexetia want to say? It wasn't simply taking credit. Noticing that Hexetia was trying to explain the rules of the match, Grid focused thoroughly in order not to miss anything.

"Yes, humanity has produced the tools and weapons I created. Yet they became deluded and thought it was due to their own talents. It is to the extent that they built up people as 'new gods'... just like you." Anger started to spread on Hexetia's face. He was really angry. "I feel sick every time I see people who are just imitating me get praised...! It is disgusting to see the stupid people who don't know their true benefactor! Therefore—! Therefore—!!"

Hexetia had attempted to destroy humanity as he had seen that the same things would be repeated again. However, this blacksmith who was 'beyond a god' was somewhat unusual. He announced Hexetia's merits to the world and claimed to respect him. To be honest, Hexetia was happy. He felt a throbbing sensation in his chest. It was an emotion he felt for the first time in his endless existence. Hexetia was deeply grateful to Grid. However, unlike his heart, his mind had doubts. A human different from the others had appeared for the first time in tens of thousands of years, so it was natural for Hexetia to have doubts.

'I want to resolve my doubts.'

This was Hexetia's home. Hexetia wanted to acknowledge Grid's abilities. He wanted this person to stand firm without him. Only then he would be able to trust this human. Therefore...

“Prove your skills! If you prove that you aren’t a simple subordinate, I will acknowledge and trust you!”

Hexetia requested for a duel. It was a completely different desire from the past, back when he didn’t want to be pursued by a human. Then how did Grid respond?

“Okay,” he accepted the duel without hesitation. “I’ll prove it.”

It wasn’t just a matter of compensation now. Grid didn’t want the effort and experiences he had accumulated to be in vain. He wanted his strength to be acknowledged by Hexetia.

“A good attitude! I’ll give you mercy! You decide the theme of the match!”

A sword? Armor? A spear? No, Grid wouldn’t dare choose a battle gear as the theme. They were the best out of all the tools Hexetia had created. That’s right. Hexetia predicted that Grid would avoid a frontal match with him. He also hoped for that as he wanted Grid to improve his chances of winning.

“A sword.”

“What...?”

Unlike Hexetia’s hope, Grid chose a frontal match.

“Let’s see who can make the more powerful sword.”

“You really...!” Hexetia’s expression distorted. He felt like Grid was ignoring him. It was obvious that Grid’s outwardly respectful manner was all false. Hexetia trembled with fury.

“The source of my confidence isn’t a heart that ignores you,” Grid explained. “I merely believe in the experiences and efforts that I’ve accumulated over the years.”

“Hat..! Talking about experience when you only started learning blacksmithing 10 years ago?”

“For me, 10 years is a long time. I spent every day of that time struggling.”

Grid wasn’t exaggerating. He had been working around the clock since becoming Pagma’s Descendant. Starting from the bottom, he had been more stubborn about climbing to the highest point.

“It won’t be easy to deal with you,” Grid declared with deep eyes before pulling out his portable furnace. Then he put in the white phosphorus wood and started the fire.

Hexetia watched the scene and scoffed, “You take so long to make a fire. Take a look. This is the power of a god.”

While exposing his chest, Hexetia raised both hands.

‘Divine power?’ Grid gulped. He didn’t dare imagine what the power of a god would be like.

Then at that moment...

“Haap!” Hexetia made a serious expression and twisted both nipples with the index finger and thumb of his hands. Then a blue flame flew out from the left nipple and a red flame from the right nipple, hitting Grid’s furnace and igniting the white phosphorus wood. Grid couldn’t help feeling a sense of admiration

as the best timber of the East Continent was easily set alight. The temperature of the furnace exceeded Grid's desired level.

'This is the power of the blacksmith god.'

It was definitely great. However...

'XX nipples...No, let's not think about Hexetia's actions.'

Grid could deal a larger wound to Hexetia's low self-esteem. Shaking his head, Grid expressed his thanks to Hexetia. Then he called the four golden hands to him, "God Hands."

Why? Was it because he needed more help to go against the god? No. There was a specific reason why Grid called the God Hands to him. It was to obtain pavranium, the mineral created through the collaboration of the legendary blacksmith, Pagma, and the legendary great magician, Braham. Once Grid gave the order, the God Hands jumped into the furnace and started to melt. It was the moment when all the experience of the God Hands, which had been steadily building up since the completion of the growth type items, was lost.

'I have to take some damages in a confrontation against a god,' Grid soothed his bitter heart. In fact, he had faith. He believed that if he recreated the God Hands with his current skills, he could complete a masterpiece which transcended the old God Hands he'd made years ago.

'I'll revive you again, God Hands. But before that, I have to make a hammer and sword first.'

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang! Grid smelted, tempered, and quenched the pavranium on the anvil. He was making a hammer. Once he produced a blacksmithing hammer containing the best mineral which was made by combining Pagma and Braham's knowledge, Grid planned to produce a sword with this hammer.

"Can I go slowly? There is no time limit in this match, right?" Grid grinned at Hexetia and summoned the light elemental, turning it into a Sword of Light and ordering it to train the mithril. Technique, knowledge, materials, and tools—Grid poured everything he had into this match. Maybe this was the 'first' time. He would eventually be making battle gear out of pavranium for the first time.

Every time the pavranium was hit with the hammer, it emitted a white light intense enough to make the golden cloud fields turn white for a moment. It was a splendid sight that soothed Hexetia. Hexetia already realized that the reason why Grid made the temple wasn't for the sake of simple flattery.

'Truly... He truly respects me!'

Hexetia's poisonous gaze gentled. He held the hammer made of divine stone and felt the feeling of 'joy' for the first time.