

Overgeared

Chapter 9

The camera zoomed in on Katz' sword.

Hundreds, no thousands of blood vessels appeared on the blade and grew at a fast pace, completely covering the sword. Within a short time, Katz's sword was covered with red blood vessels and pulsated like a living heart. However, the sword's edge actually became sharper instead of disappearing. It was a very menacing appearance. On the other hand, it was also a bizarre and disgusting appearance.

But Katz patted the wriggling red sword as if it were adorable.

-This is my passive skill. Any weapon held in my hand would be transformed into this shape. When I attack an enemy with this modified weapon, I can absorb a certain amount of health in proportion to my attack power. Thanks to this, my reliance on potions has greatly reduced and hunting alone has become easier. The more I attack, the more I can take advantage of this tremendous hunting speed. In addition to this, powerful combat skills were created, so I am able to raise my level quickly.

The reporter, whose face was pallid, continued the interview while ignoring the hideous sword.

-Is an epic class that much stronger than regular classes?

-That is a stupid question. Isn't this natural? Even if it was only a rare class, it exerts a special power over general classes. I can assure you of this: I will rise to the number one ranking sooner or later. I have that type of ability.

-Number one in the top 10 rankings that haven't changed in the past year? All 10 users protect their position and won't give it to anyone. This means that the top 10 rankers are extraordinary. Isn't it too much to declare that you can catch up to them just because of one class?

Was the reporter stupid? The arrogant Katz was going to become upset again.

As I expected, Katz started frowning. He looked at the reporter and declared.

-You say that it is just because of one class? How funny! I have a natural talent! The class of Blood Warrior is just a means to effectively show my talent! Agnus got an epic class much sooner and could only reach 7th place in the rankings. I'll let everyone know that I am fundamentally different from Agnus!

According to the rumors, Katz was the son of a leading Japanese conglomerate. This was why he was famous for his high pride. After scaring the reporter who spat the mocking remark, Katz took the microphone from her and declared,

-Everybody listen up! This Katz will soon be first place in the unified rankings! The reason I announced my class today is to make the existing rankers aware of my strength and to make them tremble in fear. Kukuk, just wait! Sooner or later, I will cast you all aside!

Katz was about to return the microphone to the reporter when he suddenly stopped. Then he asked the reporter.

-Did you say that this is a Korean broadcasting station?

The reporter nodded at the words. Katz smiled at her.

-This worked out well. Tell this to Yura: don't be so proud of being part of a country that has nothing except for S.A Group. The era of Korean gaming experts is over. I will trample on her, the last pride of the Korean gamers, sooner or later. Hahaha!

The reporter's eyes were tearful while her face distorted like she was smelling chicken poo. I clicked my tongue while watching Katz.

"The microphones for broadcasting stations in the game are limited and expensive items. Is he proud because of all his money? Mister natural wealth. But Blood Warrior..."

I was envious. Drain health skills always showed great efficiency in past games. Furthermore, the combat skills that Katz boasted were powerful skills of an epic class. At first glance, Blood Warrior was a powerful class.

"It isn't more than me."

Pagma's Descendant was a production class. Production classes usually didn't have any attack skills, so it was likely that Pagma's Descendant was the same. But that didn't mean I was weak in battle. Pagma's Descendant was a legendary class that allowed me to go against Yura.

My status resistance was extremely high, and the immortal mode that lasted five seconds was a scam. It was possible to grow as a huge tanker. But was that all? All equipment could be worn without restrictions. It might be possible to cover the insufficient combat strength with the power of items.

"In addition, production classes are money factories."

Why were there so many users who chose production classes over hunting? The reason was money.

Pagma's Descendant was a legendary blacksmith class! It was a goose that laid golden eggs.

'If I make a good item and sell it, I might be able to escape from my debt.'

I believed it was a class that could make me hundreds of millions of won. I returned to my room and turned on the capsule. Then I went on the Internet to find information about blacksmiths.

There was a lot of unfamiliar jargon and knowledge to memorize, but I concentrated on studying as much as possible. How much time passed?

While having another attack of hunger, I entered the living room when I heard a big fuss from the TV.

The 'Breaking News' subtitle appeared on the TV screen.

-I just received breaking news. It is said that the Yatan Temple, located in the northern part of the Eternal Kingdom, has collapsed. It is surprising and unusual for a well-preserved temple to collapse overnight. What is the story behind it? Let's go to the scene. I am Reporter Lee Kyungmin.

The screen shifted from the studio to a familiar place.

"This place..."

A location was illuminated on the TV. It was the Yatan Temple where he resurrected yesterday and met Doran. The huge temple, larger than the Capitol Building, was surprisingly half collapsed.

When I saw the scene, I recalled the dark storm caused by Yura.

'That magic... was it huge enough to destroy the temple? She is a really horrible girl to use such a fearsome spell on people.'

My fear of the witch I faced yesterday slowly amplified over time. If we accidentally met on the street by chance, I was afraid that I would pee my pants. Katz said he could beat her?

"Bastard. You really don't know who you are talking about. She is already in a different dimension. A monster."

The male reporter conveyed the news.

-At around 3:40 a.m. today, a user visited this place and witnessed an amazing sight. Korea's number one ranker, who is fifth in the unified rankings, Yura was fighting

someone. Who did she fight that she had to use enough strength to destroy the temple? Was it a struggle with a top ranker? If so, why were they fighting in this place? Was there perhaps a hidden quest? There are many questions. Then let's listen to the testimony of an eyewitness.

A boy, who seemed to be a middle school student, was caught on camera.

The boy's ID and level were subtitled at the bottom.

The boy spoke,

-Yesterday, I was here because of a quest. I was forced to flee to the temple while being chased by a monster. The believers who should've been present weren't there. However, a large commotion was coming from underground, so I went down to the basement...

The boy stopped talking and asked the reporter.

-Is there a mosaic over my face right now? It is time for me to go to school. If my mother catches me in the capsule, I'm dead.

At almost the same time, the boy's face and ID were completely covered with a mosaic. The reporter nodded.

-Of course there is a mosaic. There is voice modulation as well. Please tell me with confidence.

The stupid boy sighed with relief. Poor guy... his mum would kill him. His unhappiness would be my happiness! I felt better.

The boy continued,

-I went down to the basement and saw Yura. I was captivated by her beauty. Mister, have you seen Yura? Really! She is even prettier than Kim Taehee! A complete goddess!

-People around the world are already aware of her beauty. We will put aside that story. What was happening in the basement?

-It was amazing.

-What specifically was so amazing?

-There were almost 20 black magicians constantly casting magic at a single person, but he didn't receive a single point of damage. Even the curses had no effect. He laughed like he didn't feel anything and moved towards Yura. Yura was nervous.

The reporter was confused.

-The basic level of the Yatan Temple's NPCs is known to be 160. He was attacked by level 160 NPCs and received no damage?

-It was like he resisted all of it. Really.

-Resisted dozens of spells? That is impossible, even for a top ranker... Is he ranked higher than Yura?

The reporter's expression wasn't happy, but the boy didn't care and continued speaking.

-He isn't a top ranker. I have never seen the face before. Nevertheless, he defeated all of the black magicians and threatened Yura. Yura used Dark Storm... no, it seemed like she used every bit of magic she had. It was too strong that it even broke the temple, but that user was fine. Yura's expression was disturbed as she stared at him with an expression similar to fear... I am a member of Yura's fan club, so I know that Yura isn't the type of person to look like that. I never imagined that Yura could make such an expression.

The reporter looked dubious but still showed great interest.

-So what happened in the end? And what was the man's ID?

The boy shook his head.

-ID... Well, that... what was it? I can't remember. I was so entranced by Yura's beauty that I didn't observe him properly. Then I was killed by a falling pillar, so I don't know the result.

-I see... Who is the man who dealt with 20 black magicians and Yura, despite not being a top ranker? I would like to know. This is Reporter Lee Kyungmin.

Unbelievable! The hand holding the remote control shook. My heart started thumping. The man in question on the news, it was me. This was an opportunity. Since this incident happened on TV, I would receive lots of requests for interviews and would be able to make a profit from shooting commercials.

The screen switched back to the studio, with a panel filled with experts discussed the man in question, me. I called the broadcasting station right away.

(Hello, this is BCC's viewers consultation center. How can I help you?)

"The man from the breaking news. Aren't you looking for him right now? The person who fought Yura.

(Yes. Do you have a tip?)

“The person is me.”

(...Ah, yes. As part of the confirmation process, can you give me your Satisfy ID and some brief information?)

“My ID is Grid. My class is Pagma’s Descendant and my level is -3. Oh, Pagma’s Descendant is a class obtained from a legendary class change book...”

Tutu-

“.....”

The station one-sidedly hung up and didn’t pick up my call again. It seemed that my number had been registered as spam.

“Stupid person! You will regret missing out on the scoop of a lifetime!”

I wanted to try other stations, but decided to let it go. As I thought about it calmly, I was reluctant to leak information about the minus level and legendary class.

“It isn’t the time yet, right?”

I focused on the TV screen. Then I saw a familiar figure on TV.

“Doran...?”

It was really Doran. The present TV screen showed a large image of the ruins of the Yatan Temple, with a small box at the top where the experts were discussing. Doran was in the center of the big screen. He was too small so the cameraman didn’t seem to see him, but I was able to recognize Doran.

I pushed my face right in front of the TV and watched Doran quietly. He was barely crawling from the ruined temple, a woman held in his arms. The identity of the woman was the earl’s esteemed daughter that Doran had been looking for.

The destruction of the temple caused great confusion among the believers, allowing Doran to somehow rescue her. The woman stood up and screamed something at Doran. She seemed to be crying. Then Doran handed something small to the woman. After a short time, he died and turned into a grey light. The woman shed tears and headed elsewhere while cherishing the item she received from Doran.

“Doran...died...”

He wasn’t a human but an NPC. A false life made by the system. However, it wasn’t comfortable watching the death of an NPC I built a bond with. They had minds and a clear body temperature.

“Also, the ring...”

I trembled as I recalled the effects of the ring that Doran had worn.

“When an NPC dies, all their equipment will disappear as well... That ring, if you were going to die anyway, you should’ve given it to me.”

I looked out the window where rain was still pouring down. I didn’t feel well. In addition, I was hungry. After satisfying my hunger, I connected to the Internet again to gather as much information about blacksmiths as possible.

The time was 3:55 p.m. The 12-hour penalty was over. I had to log on to Satisfy.

"Login."