

Overgeared 901

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“Why were you born?”

“...?”

The 10 meritorious retainers who came running at Grid’s call were stunned. What was Grid’s intention in calling all of them when they were so busy? Was it for some random question...? In the chilly atmosphere, Lael and Peak Sword answered seriously.

“Is that a question that needs to be asked? I was resurrected to rule the world. Kukuk... I plan to satisfy all the regrets of my past life...”

“I am Daehan! Of course, I was born to raise the status of South Korea! It is the same for Grid!”

Huroi interjected excitedly, “You are truly my liege! I have received great learning!”

“What?”

What did he learn? Grid started sweating at the unexpected response and opened his mouth again, “None of you can answer either.”

“...?”

“I gave an answer...?”

‘Let’s skip them.’ Grid ignored Lael, Peak Sword, and Huroi and looked at the other meritorious retainers. “Why were you born? How many people in the world can answer this? Most people probably can’t answer it. I am the same. However, my clone is an exception. Can’t that guy answer it easily? He was born for the sake of killing Grid.”

“Clone? Of Grid?”

“Is it the person Yura saw in hell?”

“Yes, that’s right. Now he is here, not in hell. He is heading toward our kingdom.”

“...”

The atmosphere sank. The tenacity and danger of the clone were indirectly conveyed to the meritorious retainers, and they realized the seriousness of the situation. Grid warned them, “He is dangerous. The clone is really dangerous. He only acts to hurt me and is coming toward me at this very second. In the process, many people will become victims.”

“What is the basis for this? Are you certain that the clone is here and heading toward you?”

“I am sure when considering the system information and the mindset of the clone.”

The 1st ranked Chris rose from where he had been listening quietly and asked, “Do you have his exact position?”

A strong enthusiasm was burning in Chris' eyes. He wondered if he could fight against the current Grid, who had become several times stronger after the 3rd National Competition.

'I can fight the fake Grid without hesitation.' Chris accepted the appearance of the clone as an opportunity and burned with fighting spirit.

"I would be there if I knew," Grid gave a disappointing answer. "I don't know where he is. Only he knows where I am."

"Then it is imperative to find him quickly."

"No, didn't you say he is coming here? Shouldn't we just wait?"

"What if the people and the soldiers get swept up in the battle?"

"The soldiers will fight on the plains outside."

"It's not that simple."

The meeting was in full swing. A latecomer appeared and gave a warning to the optimistic Bald Vantner, "Based on the characteristics of the clone that I witnessed and what Youngwoo-ssi told me, the clone can use more skills than Youngwoo-ssi. He even has the God Hands."

The latecomer was Demon Slayer Yura. She paid particular attention to Grid's wide-range skills and item changing skills. "We have to fight as far from here as possible. If the battle is fought in close proximity to the city, many parts of the city will be destroyed."

The power of Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle which had caused her to suffer a fatal blow with one hit was still vivid. Reinhardt's proud, high walls would collapse in front of the clone. Additionally, if the God Hands were transformed into the Red Phoenix Bow...

"The clone is like a hungry predator. He attacked me as soon as he saw me, regardless of the reason. He will hurt everyone in his way while heading here. We have to use all the power of the kingdom to find his position and intercept him as far away as possible."

The Overgeared members weren't heroes who fought for the world; they were people who sought personal profit. They weren't in a position to worry about the wounds of other people. However, they were colleagues and friends, and they were worried about their leader, Grid. What if someone with Grid's appearance started hurting people? The public would quickly condemn Grid and he would suffer a big loss. The image of the Overgeared Guild would also crack. For Grid's sake and their own sake, the Overgeared members were obliged to stop the clone.

"I will release the shadows right now. Contact us if you have any additional instructions," Faker said, taking immediate action. As he disappeared into the shadows, hundreds of people wearing black cloaks emerged from the castle. They were the Overgeared Shadows, the strongest assassin group that carried out various duties in the shadows and supported the Overgeared Kingdom. Their skills, which were trained under King of Shadows Kasim and then Faker, were enough to impress Grid. The sight of their actions somewhat settled Grid's mind. "Won't we soon know the position of the clones now that the shadows are moving?"

"If the clone is running wild, it will be faster than you think. However, if the clone is acting stealthily..." This was Lael's answer.

His reaction somewhat disappointed Grid. "Didn't you hear Yura? He attacked as soon as he saw her. Would such a ferocious person act stealthily?"

"He isn't a simple monster. Doesn't he have intelligence? Didn't you say he was a super named NPC?"

"Then?"

"You know the importance of stamina. I don't think he will waste resources before getting here. The shadows information network is spread out like a spider web in the Overgeared Kingdom, but it will be difficult to find the target if he passes through remote places."

"..."

So, ultimately, Grid had to wait until the clone arrived in the capital? Grid felt desperate because he had faced the clone directly and knew his strength. It puzzled Grid that Lael couldn't come up with an appropriate solution. Lael confirmed the shadows on Grid's face and asked a question, "By the way, is it true that you'll have a low chance of winning when you fight the clone?"

"What do you mean by that?" Grid frowned as he recalled his long-ago experience with the clone. "He is stronger than me. He can use Pagma's Swordsmanship techniques that I don't know and fuse more types of sword dances. His combat ability is higher than me, and his stats are higher. Even his control and improvisation are several times higher than mine."

"Wow..." Vantner let out an admiring sound. How much more powerful would Grid be if he had better control? Vantner didn't want to think about such a monster. It was questionable if the Overgeared members could even stop the clone. This was enough to make even the arrogant Katz gulp, so all the meritorious retainers felt fearful.

Yura's words heightened the tension, "I was knocked down with one blow."

"..." There was an uncomfortable silence. The meritorious retainers were thinking about how much damage the Overgeared Kingdom would receive in the future.

"No..." Lael scratched his head and broke the silence. "It might be bad for me to say this, but to be honest, I think that Grid can also kill Yura in one blow? It shouldn't be taken that seriously."

"...?" Yura's eyes narrowed as she doubted her ears. Who was she? Yura had gotten into the top rankings before she received a legendary class, and now she was a Demon Slayer. In last year's National Competition, she had even fought with Kraugel for a while. It would be a lie if she said she wasn't confident in her skills. No matter how much she admired and liked Grid, she couldn't acknowledge Lael's assertion that she would be knocked down in one blow by Grid. It hurt her pride.

Grid was embarrassed. "Why are you provoking Yura?"

"I'm just telling the truth. It isn't a provocation. Miss Yura, you said that you were defeated by Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle?"

"So?"

“Go to a sparring room with Grid and be hit by a two fusion skill. Won’t you die in one blow?”

“...” Yura’s face reddened. She found Lael detestable because he was denying her worth.

“So what are you saying? In fact, Youngwoo-ssi’s clone is insignificant and that I was defeated by Youngwoo-ssi’s clone because I am weak?” In the end, Yura couldn’t endure it.

“No? It is true that Grid’s clone is strong. I’m just claiming that Grid is equally as strong,” Lael replied with an innocent face. There was no malice in him.

“Yura, ignore him. Lael made a mistake. Doesn’t everyone make mistakes?” Grid smiled awkwardly and tried to fix the situation, but it was useless.

Yura knew that Lael wasn’t showing any malice, but she still wanted to be hit by Grid. “Let’s go to the sparring arena. Hit me once. However, for the sake of fairness in the experiment, I will summon hell and temporarily raise my stats.”

“Uh... Huh? I-Is this okay?”

Sehee was Grid’s sister, so he had many chances to learn how tiring it was to touch a woman’s temper. The woman told him to hit her, but he didn’t know what mess was going to happen afterward.

‘Additionally, how can I hit her in the first place?’

The opponent was Yura. She was Grid’s friend and the world’s best beauty. Randomly hitting a beautiful woman... He didn’t like it. Grid stubbornly rejected the suggestion.

“If Your Majesty doesn’t do the experiment, I will forever be hated and doubted by Miss Yura,” Lael stated with a sad expression. Ultimately, Grid was forced to participate in the experiment for the sake of the relationship between the two people. It was an experiment to hit a woman!

“This is crazy...”

He felt like garbage! Grid was pale as he arrived at the sparring arena with Yura.

“Hell Summoning.” Yura used a field magic that turned the surroundings into hell and greatly increased her stats. “Now, hit me once.”

“Uh... Umm...” Grid faced Yura who was pushing forward her chest. He was worried that someone might be hiding and filming him one-sidedly attacking a woman. Lael shouted at him, “I have commanded that no one is to approach! Don’t worry, the meritorious opponents are the only ones here!”

‘That’s the problem!’

They were indispensable friends whom Grid was truly grateful toward. Simultaneously, they were the people who made him embarrassed every time. Grid summoned the Blade Aiming at the Gods and attached it to the sword while performing a sword dance. It was Pinnacle Kill. This was because it wasn’t possible to kill Yura in one blow with multi-hit skills like Linked Kill and Transcended Link.

Lael placed a hand on his forehead. “No, you should use the strongest of your two fusion skills...”

Why did Grid use Pinnacle Kill instead of Linked Kill? Did he want Yura to know that Lael's claim was wrong and drive them apart? Lael worried about it when his viewpoint tilted.

[You have suffered catastrophic damage!]

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

"...!?" Yura suffered a mortal wound from Pinnacle Kill!

Grid hurriedly apologized to Yura who collapsed with a disbelieving expression, "It is the power of items. I'm sorry."

"..." Yura and the 10 meritorious retainers were speechless. At this moment, they were reminded of something. They had received Grid's weapons, but they weren't fully equipped with his armor.

"Isn't the clone using a rusty knife? He might have stronger skills than Grid, but Grid has been polishing his items, so..." Lael's voice echoed in the quiet arena.

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He knew the meaning of the word 'worry', but he was never worried about himself. After all, the purpose of his birth was clear. Ahead of him, there was a dimensional gate swirling with magic power.

Step, step.

There was no hesitation in the clone's footsteps as he approached it. Baal's voice rang out, "Poor being, the world beyond the door is the real hell. No one will welcome you. Only pain and solitude are waiting for you. Even so, do you still want to cross the gate?"

"Reply. Do the great demons here welcome me?"

'In the first place, I don't know how to feel anything other than pain and solitude,' the clone wanted to add. He didn't say it for some reason though.

-At the very least, the great demons don't hate you. They are just afraid.

"Meaningless. There is no Grid here."

-Kuk... kukukuk! Yes, go. Show me what awaits at the end of your fleeting life that had only one purpose. I will enjoy the pain, loneliness, and despair that you will feel in the future.

"..."

The clone was already entering the dimensional gate. His body and vision spun as the endless universe spread out before him. Then he emerged in the sea—the Red Sea. The clone who arrived in the center of the world removed Blackening.

"Grid..."

His sharp eyes which resembled Grid's faced the western sky.

[You have suffered catastrophic damage!]

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

When the world's first virtual reality game—Satisfy—was released a few years ago, Yura had been shocked to find infinite freedom and a vast worldview. She had no doubt that Satisfy would set deep roots in people's lives at the level of replacing online games and social networks, and she predicted that Satisfy's success would have a major worldwide impact. This was how she had started Satisfy.

Yura had set the goal of escaping from the confines of her family by becoming successful and recognized in Satisfy. Then she did it. She became one of the best rankers and a star beyond predictions. The whole world had enthusiastically thrown money at her, and she escaped from the image of a rich girl who happened to have good parents. Yura then became a walking company and was liberated from the bondage known as her parents. She gained a true sense of freedom and felt a full sense of pride.

There were two billion players in Satisfy. Yura had been able to realize how superior a talent she possessed when she was crowned the top five of a game that a quarter of humanity played. She had been confident that she could become a player with a unique place, not just the top five. However, it wasn't that easy in reality.

Yura was a true genius. Yet she realized that in front of someone else, her talent which everyone praised was trivial and the amount of knowledge and experience she had been gaining was shameful. That someone else was Kraugel. It was then that Yura had sensed her limits. She realized that no matter how much effort she put in, she couldn't go beyond the records of the real genius called Kraugel.

Nevertheless, she didn't become frustrated. Satisfy was a game, not reality. She still had countless opportunities before her. Following that, Yura sought to evolve her class to jump over Kraugel. The first step was choosing to become Yatan's Servant. She tried to narrow the difference in talent by establishing a better environment. The person she met in the process was Grid. At the time, Grid was just an unknown person, but he showed Yura a sense of disappointment and frustration. He shattered Yura's pride, dreams, and hopes in a single blow.

'It has been many years since then.'

Yura had gone on to become involved in all types of incidents and feel complicated emotions, leading to her changing her path several times. The result was that the legendary class, Demon Slayer, landed in her grasp, and she became confident that she was gradually narrowing the distance with Grid and Kraugel. However, she was mistaken.

"I-It is the power of items. I'm sorry."

"..."

Grid's attitude of rushing and apologizing to her created a new crack in Yura's pride.

"You aren't weak, I'm just overgeared... A-Are you okay?"

"..."

Grid was restless after knocking down Yura in a single blow. He was worried that she had experienced a great shock. It was a cautious attitude that he would never have shown if he recognized Yura as an equal. Had Grid comforted Kraugel like this after beating him? Had he shown pity? No. Currently, Grid

was treating Yura like a weak lamb, not a competitor. From Yura's point of view, it was a terrible attitude, since she was someone who dreamed of becoming his competitor.

"I know. I'm not weak." Yura's cheeks puffed up as she ignored Grid's hand and got up. It was obviously a sulky appearance. This was a long way from her usual intellectual and cultured appearance. "I'm not agitated. Wasn't it just an experiment? If it wasn't an experiment, I would've used my defensive skills and wouldn't have been knocked down in one blow. Don't you know? I wouldn't have been knocked down under normal circumstances!"

"Ah, t-that. That's right."

Was this woman showing her feelings? It was an unfamiliar and exciting sight for Grid, who thought of Yura as a cliff flower living alone.

'She looks younger.'

Yura was three years younger than Grid, but he often had the illusion of her being older due to how mature she acted. Grid once again thought Yura looked cute. His heart which was always nervous when facing the most beautiful woman in the world calmed down for the first time. He looked at Yura who rarely expressed her emotions and thought she was adorable.

The atmosphere between the two people wasn't bad, causing Jishuka to twitch from where she was watching. "...That fox."

-What are you doing here?

'Huh?'

Grid suddenly received a confusing whisper. It was a whisper from Euphemina.

-Your Majesty, why are you in Juden?

No, what was this? Where was Juden?

"Ah...!" Grid had been feeling confused by Euphemina's words when he suddenly shouted at Lael, "Where is Juden?"

"It is the capital of the Murray Kingdom. The Murray Kingdom is a sea kingdom connected to the beginning of the Red Sea."

"I think the clone has shown up there."

"...Huh?"

All of a sudden...? Everyone felt surprised by the sudden development. Yura regained her cool and explained, "It is one of the paths between the ground and hell."

Grid was already sending a whisper to Euphemina, -That isn't me! It is the enemy! Get out of there right now!

The answer that he got in return was: -Sir Asmophel is already...

-Euphemina? Euphemina!

“...Grid?”

It was a series of unexpected appearances. Asmophel had shown up and caused her to miss the timing of a deal with Agnus, and now there was this. She couldn't understand why Grid had personally come to this faraway country.

‘Sir Asmophel is on a mission to find and persuade the old Red Knights members.’

It was hard to see Grid working with Asmophel when he was busy as a high ranker and king. Grid's appearance was likely to be separate from Asmophel's mission. In fact, Asmophel was also shocked. “Y-Your Majesty? Why are you here?”

“...”

Grid didn't reply to the confused Asmophel. He didn't even look at Asmophel. In fact, Grid ignored all the attention focused on himself.

-What are you doing here?Your Majesty, why are you in Juden?She sent a whisper, but there was no answer.

‘What?’

Euphemina started to feel suspicious as Grid walked alone without speaking. The armor, boots, and weapons that Grid was armed with were both familiar and strange.

‘Aren't they the items he used in the old days?’

They were even rusty like years of weathering had passed. It was strange that the blacksmith Grid would wear such shabby items and not repair them. Then she received a whisper, -That isn't me!It is the enemy!Get out of there right now!

“Hah?”

This Grid wasn't Grid...? Euphemina's eyes suddenly widened. It was because Asmophel had suddenly gotten up and stabbed Grid in the back.

“Who are you?” That's right. Asmophel had detected it. He knew that this Grid wasn't the real Grid. “An evil great demon who dares to copy His Majesty's appearance... Ugh!” Asmophel—who was stabbing the clone in the back—was blown away, and he collapsed on the side of the street. The fist that flew at his face came from golden hands, the God Hands.

‘What is this?’

This Grid had old equipment and the God Hands? Euphemina's confusion deepened, while Haster was intrigued after seeing Asmophel attack Grid. “It is highly likely this is a fake... but can't I use it to measure Grid's power?”

“Kik... kikik... I am busy...” Agnus left this place during the confusion.

“Who are you?”

“Drop your weapon now!”

The Murray knights and soldiers were on the move, unable to tolerate an unidentified person causing turmoil in their kingdom. They lined up in place of the already exhausted Singuled and pointed their spears and swords at Grid.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Wave.”

“...!?”

The clone used the sword dance that symbolized the Overgeared King and massacred the soldiers. No, he tried to kill them. The sword energy that flowed out in all directions was blocked by dozens of golden shields. The identity of these shields was a spell, and the person who cast the spell was a young girl standing on the roof.

“Don’t act up. I can’t allow you to damage Grid’s reputation.”

“...Judgment. Dangerous.”

The clone’s aggro was attracted by Euphemina. He jumped up and aimed his sword at her, while she blocked him with skills she duplicated. A spectacular confrontation beyond the battle between Singuled and Asmophel began to unfold.

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Three years ago in Satisfy time, the confrontation between Euphemina and Agnus was decided when Euphemina received the hidden quest ‘Mumud’s Soul Liberation.’ Euphemina had acknowledged Agnus’ strength and committed herself to increasing her specs. Then four months ago, she set up a full Agnus hunting plan and mobilized her contacts and money to gather Agnus’ information and neutralize his strength. She went on to duplicate multiple skills all over the continent.

“Link.”

“Blood Rain!”

Euphemina created a magic shield as dozens of dark energy blades flew through the air toward her. After playing its part, she exchanged glances with the clone over the shattered fragments of the shield which scattered and disappeared. The clone was still expressionless. He showed no signs of agitation or irritation despite the fact that his attack skills had been neutralized a few times. Was he relaxed?

‘No, he just doesn’t have any emotions.’

During the unexpected battle, Euphemina was receiving Grid’s whispers in real time. He explained the background and characteristics of the clone, and Euphemina measured the clone’s level based on Grid’s explanation and the clone’s actions. Then she came to a conclusion, ‘The clone is several times weaker than Grid.’

She couldn’t rule out the possibility that the clone had grown over the years, just like how Grid had grown. Yes, as Grid had expected, his power was similar to the clone’s. The problem was the equipment that the clone was wearing. The rusty sword and defensive items were equipment which Grid used

previously years ago. The equipment was extremely inferior to Grid's current items and didn't pose a big threat to Euphemina.

"The items before Triple Layers... You can't beat me with old items."

There was a saying about a has-been. Wasn't this the Holy Light Set? Euphemina could easily break the clone who was wearing armor that lost most of its power. This time, Euphemina started the offensive first. She had duplicated a large number of skills to fight Agnus who could summon undead, so her attacks were brilliant and effective.

Dozens of rocks were formed, and they fell from the sky toward the clone. The diameter of one rock was over one meter. So whenever a rock fell, the earth shook and thousands of spectators stumbled.

"H-Hik! Avoid it!"

"Uwaaaaack!"

'Use this gap.'

In the confusion caused by the massive spell aftermath, Euphemina attempted to strike the clone trapped in the rocks. She used Absolute Zero which she had duplicated from Bondre—the first ranked ice mystic currently in Valhalla. The clone's body froze as he crawled out from the gap in the rocks. He looked like a statue built in the Arctic.

'Now the finishing blow!'

Lightning struck this time. The ultimate technique hit the frozen clone. Euphemina judged that the clone would lose all his health since he had similar stats to Grid. She thought that she would win without any problems. However, she was mistaken.

[You have dealt 29,000 damage to the target!]

'Eh?'

It did less damage than expected...? Shouldn't it be two or three times the damage? This was the same for the damage from the rockfall and Absolute Zero. As a result of being thrown back by the lightning and escaping from the ice, the clone's health gauge which had been hidden by the rocks was now exposed. Euphemina saw that 9/10th of the clone's health gauge still remained.

It was then that Euphemina realized two facts. The Holy Light Armor, which she had thought to be obsolete now, was still a fraudulent item. Additionally, the clone was a named boss. The Holy Light Armor reduced magic damage, and the clone had at least 10 million health.

'A Grid with millions of health?'

Wasn't it a scam?

'I can't beat him.'

Euphemina was shaken. The clone rushed toward her and swung his sword. It was a basic attack, a basic attack, a basic attack...

“...?” Euphemina’s eyes widened as she summoned a magic shield and defended. It was because she caught the subtle changes in the clone’s movements. His feet were moving.

‘A sword dance...!’

“Pinnacle Kill.”

It was a skill that ignored defense. This was one of the strongest fusion skills that Grid possessed. Being hit by it was deadly.

“Ugh!” Euphemina was unable to escape because her physical abilities were lower than her magic. Therefore, she had to take out the trump card that she had been saving—Teleport. She used magic to avoid death, and Pinnacle Kill cut through the air. Euphemina’s small body was swallowed up by light, then she appeared behind the clone.

“Black Winds!”

“...!”

The ultimate technique of Zednos, the first ranked wind magician, emerged from Euphemina’s fingertips and cut at the clone’s back. Blood splattered out, and the clone’s eyes shifted to Euphemina. He ignored the Murray magicians, who were using magic to calm the turmoil, and only stared at Euphemina. Euphemina gulped. She was aware that she was one of the strongest players, so it was rare for her to feel so nervous.

“Wicked monster! Pull off your mask right now!” Finally, a savior appeared. Asmophel had escaped from the containment of the four God Hands. As soon as he succeeded in causing the four God Hands to freeze simultaneously, he leaped across the roofs of several broken houses and swung his fire sword.

“Sir Asmophel!” Euphemina’s cute face turned rosy. She felt relieved that the greatest power of the Overgeared Kingdom, after Piaro and Mercedes, was with her. However, this only lasted for a second. Asmophel wasn’t in perfect condition after struggling with the former Red Knight Singuled, and he wasn’t a match for the clone. He was still faster than the clone, but his movements were restricted due to the obstruction of the God Hands.

“Kuoh...!”

“No...!” Euphemina cried out as the clone grabbed Asmophel’s neck. Asmophel was an NPC. Unlike players, he only had one life. His death would be a big blow to the entire Overgeared Kingdom, and Grid and the Overgeared members would feel deep sorrow. Euphemina remembered what Khan’s death had caused and felt fearful. She tried to shift the aggro of the clone back to herself.

Then a magic bombardment began. Euphemina went on the offensive to prevent the enemy from harming Asmophel. The clone’s gaze shifted from Asmophel to Euphemina again. “Question. Do you think you can avoid death?”

“...!!”

The clone used the Holy Light Armor and penetrated through the magic bombardment, aiming his sword at Euphemina’s neck.

“Ah...!” Asmophel was devastated by the sight.

“Of course!” Euphemina answered the clone’s questions and stopped using her duplicated skills. She used her unique strength that she hadn’t wanted the world to know yet. “Flowing River.”

Splash! The clone’s sword was surrounded by water. Euphemina’s Flowing River was a spell that showed the strength of Mumud’s water magic, which had the characteristic of ‘magic power can be converted to water and ice and used for the desired purpose.’ The clone’s rusty sword couldn’t penetrate the water that surrounded Euphemina. The physical abnormalities of ‘weakening the power’ and ‘slowing down’ which occurred every time the sword was submerged caused it to become a truly rusty sword.

“Is that an elemental?” The players watching the battle were unable to close their mouths. The blond woman who had suddenly appeared to save them seemed like a hero. Every time Grid hit the girl, the water flowed smoothly in all directions to prevent Grid from attacking. This led them to misunderstand that she was a water elemental.

“Heok! T-That woman...!”

The clone’s attack from above was blocked by the water while he kicked the girl’s ankle. Euphemina was hit, and she fell from the roof. As she descended to the ground, she became close enough for the players to see the ID above her head.

“Euphemina!” The players who were impressed by the battle became shocked. It was because they knew Euphemina. Wasn’t she an ally who had been supporting Grid since the Reinhardt golem invasion a few years ago? It was difficult for them to understand why she was fighting against Grid.

Euphemina was well aware that people were recording this scene and shouted, “That person isn’t Grid! It is a fake!”

Grid was her benefactor and the person she envied. Euphemina didn’t want people to misunderstand and criticize her colleague and friend. Euphemina’s shout reminded the public of something.

“...NPC?”

Yes, the public was now aware of it.

Grid landed on the ground after Euphemina, and his name was shining gold, symbolizing that he was a named NPC. The breaking news headlines of ‘Overgeared King Grid invaded the Murray Kingdom’ started to be modified. It had a huge impact on the Internet. The current Murray Kingdom battle was being recorded and relayed by thousands of players in real time while reporters wrote stories about it. It was a situation where the live video of Euphemina and Grid dominated the video rankings. The live video was being watched by millions of people.

“I feel naked.” Euphemina showed Mumud’s no attribute magic that boasted the effect of ‘ignores 30% of magic resistance’ and followed up with Mumud’s water magic. This was the moment when Euphemina, who hadn’t participated in the National Competition because she hadn’t wanted to reveal her power, was exposed to the world. She knew that she would now have a disadvantage against potential enemies including Agnus, but it couldn’t be helped. She wanted to protect Grid’s reputation.

Her magic power exploded and obstructed the clone's advance. Euphemina stood with the Murray knights and soldiers behind her and warned the clone, "You can't hurt anyone as long as you look like Grid. I won't allow it."

"...Judgment. Maintenance required." In the midst of the magic explosion, a small anvil and blacksmithing hammer appeared, and the clone started hammering to repair his rusty sword. It didn't take long for the rusty sword to regain its original appearance of the blue greatsword, which initially had the name of Failure. This was an unfortunate situation for Euphemina, who had lost approximately 3/10ths of her health. The giant sword resembling a shark pierced through the water and cut at Euphemina's body.

"Ugh!"

It was a deep wound that hurt her. Like the Holy Light Armor, the sword called Failure still contained a powerful force. Euphemina coughed up blood and stopped casting magic.

"Result. Victory."

Failure descended, and Euphemina sensed her death.

"...?"

However, Failure was blocked, and Euphemina didn't die. The clone's gaze shifted away from Euphemina. He turned his head and looked at the other side of the sky.

"Kill. Grid."

A bird's cry rang out. Then a huge red phoenix appeared in the sky, and fire arrows fell down. The fire arrows damaged the clone while simultaneously healing Euphemina and Asmophel.

"I am late every time."

The people who appeared using Sticks' Mass Teleport were Grid and the 10 meritorious retainers.

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The sea shook, and the waves shot up higher and higher. The force seemed enough to cover the sun.

"Ah...!"

After the sudden appearance of the red phoenix, the sea became boiling hot due to the rain of fire and explosions caused by the high tides. The people who witnessed these threats in succession were overwhelmed, then they sighed because of the people who appeared against the backdrop of the sun.

"Fortunately, I'm not too late." A woman let out a short breath to cool the leftover heat of her bow. Her bewitching figure excited many men, and she was the one who summoned the red phoenix. The woman was Godly archer Jishuka—the best archer among the two billion players.

"There are many spectators. If I use them as a blood offering, I can easily subdue that monster," an Asian man said as he looked at the Murray soldiers and players. He was Blood Warrior Katz. Along with Agnus and Euphemina, he had been one of the first three people to obtain a hidden class.

“Euphemina lost in a one-on-one match? I guess she wasn’t prepared.” The man holding a spear was White Knight Pon.

“It is as Grid said~~ Doesn’t this mean his clone is strong? I’m so excited!” The blond-haired man, who had sparkling eyes and wore gauntlets, was Regas. He had the normal class asura which was classified as having a SSS-grade acquisition difficulty.

“I can further improve South Korea’s status if I fight here. Huhuhut.”The man who stroked his sheath while laughing was Peak Sword, who had broken the Hero in just two moves.

“If you don’t take off My Liege’s mask right now, your parents...”There was Huroi who mentioned the opponent’s parents without blinking.

“First, I want a one-on-one fight.” The man who raised his greatsword with enthusiasm was the 1st ranked player, Chris.

“We need to be vigilant.”There was the unique beauty who turned the surroundings into grey—Demon Slayer Yura.

“Hey, isn’t that Failure? Can it hurt me with that?” The confident man was the bald Vantner.

“Kuk... kukukuk! I can already feel your despair. Your fleeting life, which is imbued with a purpose that can never be fulfilled, will end today. I will provide you with rest.” The young man speaking cringey words that made the fingers and toes of others curl up was Lauel.

Their appearances were all splendid as they appeared on a red wyvern. They were the best players who had won gold medals while representing their country at the National Competition.

“Euphemina and Asmophel, you’ve both struggled. Leave it to us now.”Finally, there was a black-haired man with a white light sphere and golden blade floating around him.

“O-Overgeared King...”

“It is Grid! It is the real Grid!”

The public cheered after recognizing him. He was the most well-known player who exerted a greater influence than the 10 people mentioned above combined. It was the emergence of Grid. Unlike his friends who relied on the wyvern, Grid flew in alone like a magician and landed on the ground. A sharp sound suddenly entered the ears of those present.

“...!”

Grid’s clone was trapped by a thread so thin that it was invisible to the human eye. It was the silver thread—the thread which was produced in Pangea on the East Continent and never broke!

“Is there any need for conversation between us?”

Targets above a certain level or with high resistance could quickly escape from the binding of the silver thread. Grid knew that from experience and wasn’t overly greedy. He immediately pressed the button of the pulling device, loosening the silver thread tied tightly around the clone. Then he pressed the button

on the pulling device again. The +1 Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires attached to the end of the silver thread pierced the clone's chest.

[You have dealt 2,900 damage.]

'What is this defense?'

It seemed that the enemy's defense was superior to the sword's attack power since only the minimum damage was dealt. Considering the fact that the clone was armed with the Holy Light Armor, it meant that the clone's stamina stat was at least 3,000 points. After confirming that the clone was frozen, Grid formed the Enlightenment Sword using the silver thread.

"Magic Missile!" Grid attacked without giving the clone time to rest. It was a plan that Grid had set up ahead of the confrontation with the clone. Based on his own experiences and Yura's testimony, Grid knew the clone could use more sword dances than Grid and his level of swordsmanship was higher.

However, what was the fatal weakness of Pagma's Swordsmanship? It required a process to activate. That's right. Grid constantly attacked the clone so that the clone wouldn't get a chance to activate Pagma's Swordsmanship.

"Noe! Randy! C-Can you Become the King of the Dead?"

First, Grid shot Magic Missile at the clone to block the clone's vision, then he summoned various pets.

"Nyaaong!"

"Hello."

Clack!Clack clack clack!

It was a strange situation where there were three Grids. Randy copied Grid and immediately launched Kill at the enemy who was being bombarded with Magic Missiles. Meanwhile, the white-furred Noe moved his limbs while firing lightning.

[Your pet, Randy, has dealt 4,100 damage to the target.]

[Your pet, Noe, has dealt 6,300 damage to the target.]

[The target has resisted the electric shock.]

Clack!Clack clack!

The Overgeared Skeletons occupied the left and right sides of the clone. Overgeared Skeleton One triggered the power of a skeleton destroyer and stabbed the clone's wrist with the Grid Rapier for Beginners, trying to trigger Bone Cracking. Meanwhile, Overgeared Skeletons Two's basic attack was low, but it managed to disperse the clone's concentration.

[Overgeared Skeleton One has failed to use the skill 'Bone Cracking'.]

[Overgeared Skeleton One has dealt 190 damage to the target.]

[Overgeared Skeleton Two has dealt 23 damage to the target.]

Bone Cracking relied on chance and failed to activate. However, there was the creepy sound of bones breaking through the Magic Missiles which Grid continued to shoot. It was the sound of Overgeared Skeleton One being blown away by the clone.

[Overgeared Skeleton One has suffered catastrophic damage!]

[Overgeared Skeleton Two has used the Bone Sticking skill.]

[Overgeared Skeleton One has been restored.]

[Overgeared Skeletons One and Two have received fatal damage and returned to the earth.]

“Skeletons...!”

The levels of the Overgeared Skeletons were still too low. They were no match for the clone who had a level equivalent to or higher than Grid’s. The Overgeared Skeletons died in vain because of the clone.

“1,000-ton Sword!” Chris jumped down from the wyvern and used his ultimate skill. The greatsword made from Belial’s bones struck the head of the clone. The clone couldn’t endure the weight and was pushed down, creating a pit that was more than 50 centimeters deep. The clone was like a stake in the ground.

[You have dealt 251,500 damage to the target!]

“...!?”

It wasn’t a fatal injury. Chris’ ultimate technique wasn’t able to do much more than make a serious scratch on the clone. The clone saw blood flow down Chris’ eyes and prepared to counterattack.

“Are you ashamed of the face that your parents gave you? Is that why you have to use the face of another person? Aren’t you sorry towards your parents? Ah! You don’t have parents?” Huroi borrowed the power of his wind elemental to trigger a fast-paced Taunt skill, shifting the clone’s aggro to him.

The clone stared up at Huroi on the wyvern and missed the chance to counterattack against Chris.

“Stop making such noise and get lost.” Pon’s spear pierced the clone.

“Insane Dragon Wave!” Regas’ feet kicked the chest of the clone.

“...!” The shock of the simultaneous back and forth movements was quite large, causing the clone to swallow back a scream.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship!” Grid was able to complete his strongest skill while his colleagues bought time. “Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle!”

The powerful Kill continuously stabbed the body while a storm of energy blades was released, trapping the clone inside. As a red lightning bolt fell, blood emerged from the clone’s mouth and chest.

[You have dealt 2,395,700 damage to the target.]

It was an overwhelming attack! Grid’s attack shocked Chris, Pon, and Regas, who had measured the clone’s defense.

“Not enough...!” Grid felt that it was a pity. He criticized God’s Command for not activating at such a crucial moment. However, he was currently with his colleagues. There was no need to fret because anything he lacked would be made up by his colleagues.

“Give it to me.” Peak Sword had descended to the ground from the moment Noe and Randy appeared, and now he took a posture to draw his sword. His eyes shone sharply as the Iyarugt in Iyarugt’s Sheath gathered energy.

[Iyarugt, who is 100% changed with magic power, is in an intoxicated state. He has lost his ego and is running wild.]

[The conditions of use for Iyarugt has been changed to ‘person to be sacrificed’.]

[It is impossible to summon Iyarugt.]

[Iyarugt’s damage has increased by 500%.]

“Annihilate.”

Draw Sword, which had the best attack power and speed among all the skills in Satisfy, emerged with a red light. The sword of light reached Grid’s clone.

“...!!” The clone had been determined to endure Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle, but now he was shaken. His shoulder was cut so badly that he lost one arm, and he stumbled.

“Lael.”

“Yes. Storm Dragon’s Fury.”

Jishuka and Lael joined forces. Lael triggered the ability of a flow master and twisted the direction of the wind, while Jishuka’s fire arrows flew in the strong winds and accurately pierced the clone. The blood of the clone flowed from the successive strikes. Then Katz took control of the blood. “Blood Tornado.”

He steadily gathered all the blood that had permeated the ground and used it as a resource, gathering all the blood into a bloody storm.

“Master!”

“Grid!”

Noe and his colleagues sent a signal to Grid. They didn’t need to rush as Grid was already using Linked Kill Wave. He intended to finish off the clone trapped in the bloody storm.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang! There was the sound of hammering from within the storm of flames. Grid hurried, but he was too late. The clone confirmed the information of the equipment that Grid was wearing with Blacksmith’s Eyes, then he used the production skill and succeeded in copying Grid’s equipment.

He used the Moving Fortress skill of Valhalla of Infinite Affection—the armor that contained Grid and Khan’s story—and neutralized the blood storm and Linked Kill Wave.

[Chapter 905](#)

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

The clone hammered at the Holy Light Armor, and the shape of the armor changed rapidly. In just a few seconds, it evolved into Valhalla of Infinite Affection.

'This...?' Grid was horrified when the clone armed himself with Valhalla.

Of course, he had expected it to some extent. From the first time Grid met his clone in the Behen Archipelago, he had known that the clone could copy all of his abilities and items. In the process of losing to the clone again and again, Grid had found he could learn things from the clone and also gained Blacksmith's Eyes after defeating the clone. Yes, he understood it was a relationship where they both took things from each other and had predicted this variable. However, this was serious.

'XX...? Isn't this a scam?'

In just a few seconds, the clone managed to copy the items Grid was wearing...? Moreover, it was done without a production method and materials? This was the precious work that Khan had left behind!

"Die...!" Grid couldn't accept it. He couldn't understand it. He couldn't forgive the clone for undermining the legacy that Khan had left behind. Yet Grid, who was furious and had bloodshot eyes, stopped in the middle of his shouting. "...Eh?"

It was like black paint. The clone's Valhalla was melting like a liquid. The molten armor soaked into the clone's body and then it hardened again.

"Recognition. I am you."

Valhalla of Infinite Affection became the skin of the clone, and the clone was now Valhalla of Infinite Affection itself. The clone had instantly assimilated with the armor.

'This...?' Grid, who had been blinded with anger, barely grabbed onto a rope of reason. He noticed what the Valhalla clone was doing right now. "Moving Fortress! Avoid it!"

[Moving Fortress]

[It can be activated if the wearer's health drops by more than one tenth (Enable/Disable can be selected).

-Converts the durability of Valhalla of Infinite Affection to defense (one durability= two defense).

-Immune to all conditions (including physical statuses).

-It will last for one minute and the current durability of Valhalla of Infinite Affection will be set to 30 points (at the end of Moving Fortress, the current durability will be restored by a third of the maximum durability).

* Please note that if the durability falls to zero, the item will be permanently destroyed.

The wide range skill 'Impregnable', which deals half of all damage received in the last five minutes in a 50-meter radius, can be activated.

Skill Resources Consumption: Valhalla of Infinite Affection's maximum endurance will drop permanently by 200.

Skill Cooldown Time: 10 minutes.]

Moving Fortress was an ultimate skill with high utilization. However, the result was a reduction in Valhalla's durability, and Valhalla could be lost. It was a skill that Grid could never use as he vowed to be with Khan's legacy forever. However, the clone was different. He had Grid's appearance, abilities, items, and potential, but he didn't share Grid's memories. The meaning contained in Valhalla meant nothing to the clone.

"Question. Why do I exist if you exist?" The clone's ego was developing. He had been born as something to harm Grid, and now he wanted to replace Grid. Flash! The clone's body glowed red as it approached Grid and his colleagues. No, to be precise, it was the Valhalla on the clone's skin that was heating up.

"Ah!" Grid shouted to everyone to avoid it while the 10 meritorious retainers were already taking evasive action. Jishuka was constantly shooting arrows from the sky, keeping the clone in check while her teammates took cover. However, the clone used Quick Movements attached to the Ideal Dagger and showed a speed which surpassed that of the 10 meritorious retainers. Additionally, Jishuka's arrows couldn't destroy the defense of Moving Fortress.

"What is needed? Your death. Perish."

Grid, Chris, Pon, Regas, Katz and Peak Sword were still within a 50-meter radius, and they were hit by half the damage that the clone had accumulated in the last five minutes. The dust from the impact of the consecutive battles started to disperse. All the objects affected by Impregnable—like the tiles, houses and people—were unable to withstand the powerful damage. Yet Grid and the 10 meritorious retainers were fine.

"...?" A question mark emerged over the clone's head. A bald head was shining. "Did you think I was a folding screeeeen?!"

It was a great success for Vantner, who had only invested all his stats into stamina late in the game. Shields rose from the ground and protected the 10 meritorious retainers. It was the Sacrifice Shield which consumed 90% of Vantner's mana to summon a shield to protect all party members.

[Party leader Grid has suffered catastrophic damage!]

[The effect of 'Transfer Damage' has shifted the damage to the Sacrifice Shield.]

[Serious damage was dealt.]

[The user of this shield will die the moment the duration is over.]

[Party member Chris has suffered catastrophic damage!]

[The effect of 'Transfer Damage' has shifted the damage to the Sacrifice Shield.]

[Party member Regas...]

[Party member Pon...]

“Cough!”

[The duration of Sacrifice Shield is over.]

[Your flesh, which has crossed the limit to protect your colleagues, will collapse.]

“That bastard... Get revenge... for me...”

[You have died.]

[You have lost 36.1% experience.]

[The item ‘White Pauldrons’ has been lost.]

[Two batches of the item ‘Super Limited Resource Recovery Potion’ has been lost.]

[The durability of the ‘Taldran Mace’ has dropped by 103.]

[The durability of ‘Belial’s Shield’ has dropped by 209.]

[The durability...]

[.....]

[.....]

“Vantner!” The 10 meritorious retainers screamed as they witnessed Vantner’s death.

Surprisingly, Pon was angrier than anyone else. “You dare...! You dare!”

Pon was Vantner’s colleague and rival who had been playing all types of games with Vantner for 10 years before the release of Satisfy. They always argued because they couldn’t determine who was a better gamer, but they had a precious friendship with many memories.

“The poor guy who worked day and night for a few months to gain one level...! His effort was in vain...! Gail!”

Hihhing! The white horse responded to Pon’s call and jumped off the wyvern. Pon quickly got on the horse, received all types of compensation effects, and threw the spear at the clone. The spear flew so quickly that the clone couldn’t react to it even with Quick Movements, and his heart was pierced. Pon had rushed forward from the moment he threw the spear, and he pointed another spear at the clone’s heart. Then he tried to use the ultimate technique ‘Take the Throne’ that connected with Mach Spear.

However, the clone’s counterattack was quick. He resisted the physical injuries of being hit by the spear and avoided the ‘stiffness’ state thanks to Valhalla. Then he unleashed Pinnacle at Pon.

[You have died.]

[You have lost 36.8% experience.]

[The item ‘Prototype Lantier’s Cloak’ has been lost.]

[The item ‘White Rose Gloves’ ...]

[.....]

[.....]

“Pon!” The 10 meritorious retainers were shaken by the back-to-back loss of their colleagues. The Murray Kingdom players watching the battle felt great panic. They couldn’t accept this scene where the strongest rankers were being overwhelmed by a single enemy and dying. It didn’t seem real.

“Your Majesty...” Asmophel was saddened while still being kept in check by the God Hands. The helplessness of the 10 meritorious retainers, who had gone through all types of adversities with Grid, was a sight that made Asmophel nervous. He wanted to quickly shake off the God Hands and help his king.

Singuled approached Asmophel at this moment and asked, “That is your king?”

“That’s right.”

“...The king who Piaro also serves.” Singuled watched Grid. Singuled didn’t know him, but he wondered what actions Grid would take after losing his companions to the monster who resembled him.

Haster was the same. ‘If he is a wise king, he would realize that the 10 meritorious retainers have been defeated and pull out Knights Summoning.’

Haster evaluated that the clone was several times more threatening than Grid. The clone had a health that far surpassed Grid’s, and his power was difficult to gauge because he could copy Grid’s items instantly. Could Grid and the 10 meritorious retainers deal with this monster? There was no chance of that. It had been proven several times in the past National Competitions that the 10 meritorious retainers were no match for Grid. Consequently, it was impossible for them to fight the clone who was much stronger than Grid.

‘A victory can’t be guaranteed. In the end, you have to rely on Piaro.’

Great Swordsman Piaro was the person whom Master Winfred had missed all his life and the strongest subordinate of Overgeared King Grid. Haster judged that this was the only way to beat Grid’s clone and expected Grid to summon Piaro as quickly as possible. He also hoped that encountering Piaro would give him a hidden quest which would help him become a Red Sage.

However, Grid didn’t meet his expectations.

“Vantner, Pon...” Grid walked on the ground of ashes made by the clone. Dark red and purple fighting energy surrounded his body. It was the Hero King’s fighting energy that the clone hadn’t copied yet, or maybe couldn’t copy.

“...” Broken pauldrons and a torn cloak—Grid carefully picked up the items Vantner and Pon had dropped. Then Grid told his colleagues, “Buy me some time.”

“...?” Haster doubted his ears as he watched the situation. Rather than summon Piaro, Grid depended on his colleagues.

‘He is willing to sacrifice his colleagues when there are other options...?’

Was he worried about losing Piaro?

'I understand how he feels, but... He is a shockingly selfish person.'

Grid chose to sacrifice his colleagues rather than risk losing his best knight. Haster scoffed. 'He won't keep his position for long.'

Grid had been able to become the first player king because he was the leader of the Overgeared Guild. By relying on his colleagues, he had managed to overthrow the Eternal Kingdom and set up a new kingdom. Yet he was now sacrificing his colleagues at this crucial moment. Haster thought a crack would form between Grid and his colleagues. Then Grid would lose his colleagues, and his position would weaken.

"...\$##!!"

Jishuka and Lael attacked continuously from the wyvern, while Huroi was verbally abusive. The colleagues on the ground took cover and hindered the clone. At this time, Grid was in the rear. He supported his colleagues using the white light sword and golden blade, as well as Noe and Randy, but he wasn't acting himself. Haster analyzed his actions, 'Is he waiting for the altered armor to return to its original state so that the extreme defense will be lost?'

While Grid's colleagues were buying time, Grid was preparing a deadly blow. It was a simple plan.

'The clone is a named boss. It is intelligent enough to prepare for the gap that will appear when the armor returns to normal.'

It was futile. Grid was forcing his colleagues to sacrifice themselves for nothing. By the time Grid attacked the clone, most of his colleagues would be on the verge of death and the clone would still be able to cope with Grid's strike. This was what Haster thought.

Lael, who was on the wyvern, was thinking the same thing. 'There is a high chance that the clone is prepared for the timing His Majesty is aiming for.'

That's right. Still, Haster and Lael didn't know the details of Moving Fortress. Grid was the only one who knew the effect of the absolute armor that the clone was currently showing.

[Fighting energy has reached the maximum.]

[Strength, stamina, and agility has increased by 50%.]

"100,000 Army."

"...!?" Lael in the sky...

"Using that now?" ...and Haster on the ground—the two men watching Grid became shocked at the same time. Grid was moving much faster than they had expected as he attacked the clone. Regas' kicks and Chris' greatsword...

Tatang!

Jishuka's arrows and Yura's magic power bullets... Katz' blood magic and Peak Sword's Draw Sword...

The clone performed a sword dance as he endured the onslaught of the Overgeared Kingdom's 10 meritorious retainers.

“Massacre Sword.”

-----!!

“...!?”

Energy blades, which contained a fierce momentum, poured out. Why did Grid attack the enemy while Moving Fortress was still active? It was to destroy Valhalla as its durability had fallen to 30 in the aftermath of Moving Fortress.

“Judgment. Dangerous,” the clone responded when the armor couldn’t endure the enemy blades and cracked. He judged that he wouldn’t be able to endure the 100,000 Army Massacre Sword, which posted a higher speed than Transcended Link, and called the God Hands to his side while using Flower. The clone had learned from Grid and Randy to not use Revolve first.

A beautiful and fierce sight unfolded. Energy which resembled flowers formed and started to shatter the energy blades of 100,000 Army Massacre Sword. However, it was too late and was lacking. Valhalla had already endured the onslaught of the meritorious retainers, and now it was being crushed by 100,000 Army Massacre Sword. The cracks in the armor grew bigger, and its shape was soon lost.

Grid immediately used Quick Movements and Blacksmith’s Rage and rushed to the clone. “Son of a bitch! Be prepared!”

Grid had thought about it. Why had the clone been able to copy the armor that Grid was wearing in seconds? First, it was a unique skill possessed by the clone. The clone had a fraudulent skill that analyzed and copied the item in a matter of seconds. Still, something didn’t fit. If the clone had such a perfect copying skill, then Grid would never win.

Was this really right? He wouldn’t able to beat the clone who had a grasp of his location and could track him at any time...? Then wasn’t his life in the game completely over? The S.A Group might be swindlers, but would they do something so unreasonable? What would happen if Grid went to the media and exposed this absurdity?

As such, Grid came to a conclusion.

“Overgeared jerk! Pinnacle Kill!”

It was the power of items. Yes, it was the items. Grid remembered the armor, sword, and God Hands that the clone had first appeared with. Were these items the source of the clone’s power? Wasn’t the clone’s fraudulent copying skill possible because of a power contained in the clone’s armor? He didn’t know if this speculation was correct or not.

[Critical!]

[The effect of the title ‘Death in One Shot!’ has been activated, adding 30% critical damage!]

[The Vital Spot Detection of the Slaughterer’s Eye Patch has activated!]

[The weak spot has been attacked! Further damage will be dealt!!]

[You have dealt 9,195,700 damage to the target.]

However, he ascertained this through seeing the damage that the clone suffered after his armor was destroyed. The clone didn't make a new armor or copy one. He just lost health helplessly. Grid laughed at the clone, "Yes, this is the power of items."

"..."

'Then what about you?'

The onlookers were stunned as they watched Grid using 'the power of items' in a derisive manner to mock the clone. On the other hand, the people who were more freaked out than anyone else were the employees of the S.A Group.

"Did Grid understand the structure of the clone from the beginning?"

"The reason he unleashed an offensive at the start was to make the clone copy Valhalla and use Moving Fortress?"

"The moment he realized he would be reunited with the clone, he must've figured out how to take advantage of Valhalla."

"He truly is one of the Five Miracles..."

"God Grid..."

This was the moment that the S.A Group called an ordinary (?) player a 'GOD'.

[Chapter 906](#)

'...Danger.'

The moment that Valhalla of Infinite Affection was shattered, the clone felt a dark emotion for the first time since his birth. Feelings of insecurity and fear dominated him.

'Lost armor. Can't be repaired.'

[You have suffered catastrophic damage!]

[Activating the protection sequence based on your birth. For the next five seconds, health is fixed to a minimum and you can't die.]

Grid's sword pierced him again, and the clone groaned. "Ah..."

The terrible pain made his mind and body tremble.

'Destruction?'

He didn't want that. He didn't want to disappear.

"Blackening!" The clone barely managed to cry out, with blood pouring out from his mouth. He had to destroy Grid and take Grid's place. Surrounding by demonic magic, the clone's skin started to whiten and his black hair grew longer.

[Your physical abilities have increased greatly.]

[The fusion skill Linked Revolve has been opened.]

[The fusion skill Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle has been opened.]

[Pagma's Swordsmanship, Splendor has been opened.]

The clone had copied Grid's physical abilities when he entered the Behen Archipelago. Then while living in hell, the clone had hunted and raised his level, exceeding level 400. His stats experienced the fourth awakening, but it wasn't an overwhelming development compared to the stats that Grid enjoyed from making items.

However, the proficiency of his swordsmanship was different. The clone only relied on Pagma's Swordsmanship, unlike Grid who obtained the power of the Hero King and the sword technique of the Undefeated King. His swordsmanship was developed to a higher level than Grid's, and he was able to use a variety of sword dances. It was only possible when he used Blackening to enhance his physical abilities.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship." That's right. In order to acquire new fusion skills and sword dances, Grid had to raise his stats. This showed that leveling up was more important than he thought. "Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle."

"...!?" Grid felt that the clone was finally coming. The clone used Blackening and sublimated his movements before using the five fusion sword dance. Dozens of energy blades appeared continuously.

"Transcended Link!" Grid tried to intercept them, but it was impossible. It was because the dozens of energy blades flying toward Grid scattered all over the place.

"...!?" Grid was confused as the dozens of energy blades disappeared from sight.

"Master!" Noe's desperate shout rang out. The Blade Aiming at the Gods suddenly changed its course and flew over Grid's head.

"This...!" The frightened Grid raised his head toward the sky. He saw the energy blades filling the sky. It was an amazing sight, much like an aurora was unfolding.

"Revolve!" It was in the realm of instinct. Grid was surprised because the power of the five fusion sword technique was greater than he had imagined. The dozens of energy blades spread out in the sky fell toward Grid's head as the Pinnacle part of the sword dance.

"Lephel's Embrace!" Euphemina used a skill that she had saved. Lephel was an indigenous god that monks served, and she asked him to protect Grid from the energy blades.

"Arrow Rail!" Jishuka fired dozens of arrows over Grid's head. This was also a defense skill. Jishuka wanted the barrier of arrows to guard Grid.

"Your Majesty!"

"Grid!"

Lauel unfolded wind magic to alter the trajectory of the sword, attempting to weaken the power. Meanwhile, Peak Sword tried to intercept the energy blades. However, it was wishful thinking. The attack power of Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle transcended the power of the skills used by the 10 meritorious retainers. It seemed to scorn the 10 meritorious retainers as the heavy rain of energy blades poured toward Grid's head. Grid was already using Revolve, and the rotating sword swallowed up the energy blades pouring from the sky. Still, it was only partially effective. It was impossible to counterattack against the dozens of falling energy blades with a single move.

"Cough!" Covered in blood, Grid fell to his knees. Some energy blades that entered the area around him were shot back toward the clone.

"Ohhh!" The spectators let out cheers. They knew that Grid was aiming for mutual destruction with the clone.

However, the clone wasn't an easy opponent. "Revolve."

It was using the same counterattack as Grid to return the attacks to Grid...? The viewers thought that Grid was going to die alone.

"Revolve!" Then another Grid besides the real Grid and the clone appeared. It was Randy. Randy used the counterattack against the counterattack, threatening the clone. In the past, the clone had summoned another Randy, just like Grid.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship." The clone's Randy had died the day that the clone fell into hell. Right now, the clone was alone. "Linked Revolve."

Counterattacks were activated continuously! The energy blades that were strengthened by the consecutive counterattacks flew toward Grid.

[You have lost more than 70% of your maximum health.]

[The First King title effect is activated.]

[A protective shield containing the health that was lost in the last minute has been created. For the duration of the shield, terrain adaptability will increase by 100% while movement speed and defense will increase by 10%.]

"Keuk...!" Grid stood at the crossroads of life and death.

[You have suffered catastrophic damage!]

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

Of course, it was still too early to give up. Five seconds was great. Grid had just entered the immortal state while the clone's immortality was coming to an end.

"Blackening!" Grid felt hope and raised all his power.

"Linked Kill Wave." The clone unleashed a menacing attack.

"Freely Move!" Grid used the skill that avoided all non-targeted skills and approached the clone. "Drop!"

The attack that was triggered instantly threatened the clone. Grid saw a chance to win until the God Hands interfered!

“...!?”

Drop didn't get triggered because the God Hands flew over and restrained both of Grid's arms.

“You...!” Grid was completely captured by the four God Hands and completely lost his freedom. His arms were spread open like he was nailed to a cross. The clone's ability to control the God Hands was several times higher than Grid's ability.

“I am you,” the clone's creepy voice entered the ears of the captured Grid. Grid realized that the clone wanted to completely usurp his existence. He was absolutely horrified that the clone had evolved like this and was threatening now him.

“You...” Grid was certain. “You must die!”

Only the clone's complete disappearance would guarantee his safety. Grid determined this with murderous eyes. Simultaneously, a smile appeared on the clone's face. Yes, it was an obvious smile. “You are the one who will die.”

The clone was evolving even at this moment. In the process of feeling fearful toward death and feeling the joy of being liberated from death, the clone could experience various emotions. Now he was truly dreaming.

“I am Grid.”

“...!”

Failure pierced Grid's heart.

Ttang! Ttang!

Then the clone took out the hammer and hit Failure several times, transforming Failure into the Enlightenment Sword.

“Four seconds,” he stated as he pressed the Enlightenment Sword deeper into Grid's heart. “Three seconds.”

It was the remaining time of Grid's immortality. The clone knew that Grid would die very soon. He believed that if he held onto until the end of Grid's immortality, he would surely win. Of course, variables existed.

“Take your hands off him right now!” Asmophel and the 10 meritorious retainers cried out. All of them bombarded the clone to get him away from Grid.

However, the clone still had a trump card. “Pagma's Swordsmanship, Splendor.”

Flash! A brilliant white light emerged from the sword piercing Grid's heart, causing the 10 meritorious retainers and Asmophel to become 'blinded.'

“One second.”

This was the end. The clone predicted Grid's death. He glanced at the future that he would replace. The God Hands tightened their grip on Grid's arms, forcing him to be still.

"Result. Your death."

The clone used Kill.

"...!?"

There was another flash of light that disturbed their vision as the sound of skin, flesh, and bones being pierced was heard. The flash was from the linked attacks of the light elemental and the Blade Aiming at the Gods. Yes...

"Cough!" The one coughing up the blood was the clone, not Grid. Unlike the predictions of the onlookers, the clone was the one falling down.

"Do you also have the Rune of Darkness?" Grid freed himself from the God Hands that were confused after their master fell.

"..." The clone didn't answer. He just knelt down and coughed up blood.

Grid asked again, "Had I used the power of the rune, would you have copied this power like you did with the armor and sword?"

"..."

"Wily guy."

It would be a lie to say that Grid felt no sympathy for the clone. Grid felt uncomfortable as he thought of the loneliness and confusion that the clone, who had been born to kill Grid, would've felt. However, the clone was a threat to Grid and his kingdom. Setting compassion aside, the clone was an opponent that must be killed. Grid struck the clone's throat. After losing his armor, the clone was infinitely weakened, and Grid determined that this was the end.

...At least, until the Guardian's Necklace and Guardian's Bracelet that the clone wore luckily activated the Indomitable effect.

[Chapter 907](#)

A small tongue licked Grid's cheek. Gentleness was conveyed to him from a furry white cat. Well, no, it was the tongue of the best demonic beast of hell—the memphis called Noe.

"Master... Are you hurt, nyong?" Noe's speckled eyes showed he was worried about Grid. Deep concern was displayed in Noe's bright eyes.

Feeling thankful, Grid touched Noe's small, round forehead. "I'm fine."

Grid didn't want Noe to become more anxious, so he barely swallowed his curses. Due to the effect of Indomitable, Grid had failed to deal the final blow to the clone. Grid was concerned about a counterattack and moved away, making him very uncomfortable with this situation.

'What is this damn timing?'

[Indomitable]

[-Has a certain probability of invalidating a portion of the incoming damage. The lower the health, the higher the probability.]

* The higher the number, the higher the effect.

* Stat points can't be distributed to this stat.]

The special stat, indomitable, had a good effect. Players or NPCs with the stat could invalidate a portion of the enemy's attack. However, the probability of it activating was between 0.01 to 0.001%. Grid wondered if the Satisfy makers had forgotten about the indomitable stat and how it could be implemented. Why? Grid had made many items and his indomitable stat was close to 2,000 points... 'However, I can count the number of times I experienced this effect on less than five fingers! That damn, bastard clone. He is too lucky.'

The indomitable effect had activated the moment the clone had been about to die. Grid felt deprived since he hadn't been able to enjoy the effects of indomitable. He was dissatisfied in many ways, so it was no wonder why he wanted to curse.

'Items and luck... He is a real dirty bastard.'

Grid felt the emotions that his enemies had been feeling about him until now!

"...!" Then he suddenly noticed the clone's subtle shoulder movements and hurriedly leaped away. The energy blade of Linked Kill pierced the place where Grid had been standing.

'I would've died if my reaction was slower.'

Grid had used this move hundreds of times, so he could detect it and prepare for it in advance. Just as he was feeling relieved while flying into the air, he heard applause. Clap clap clap!

"As expected from King Grid!"

"...?"

Who was it? Grid shifted his gaze at the applause and saw Lauel. Lauel, who had been worried about Grid a little while ago, was now smiling.

'Did he eat something bad?'

Why was he laughing in the midst of this dire situation? Grid frowned at Lauel who exclaimed, "Your Majesty deliberately spared the clone!"

"Uh...?"

"You know that today's incident will happen again if you kill the clone in the Blackening state!"

"...Ah, right."

"Additionally, you are using this opportunity to learn!"

“...Huh?” The confused Grid touched his forehead upon realizing that Lauel was misunderstanding the situation.

“The first day Your Majesty met Randy, you used it as an opportunity to learn. Using that small brain of yours to learn... It was very virtuous and looked good.”

“...”

Yes, that’s right. Back when Grid met Randy who copied the image of Pagma and when he met his clone on the Behen Archipelago, Grid had fought and gotten defeated repeatedly. He had tried to learn from Randy and his clone. However, he overlooked learning this time. Grid didn’t even think about trying to learn Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle from the clone. It was because he couldn’t afford to think about it. His colleagues were currently at risk. How could he take the time to study the clone when his colleagues, who were fighting with him, were at the crossroads of life and death? It wasn’t right. These were Grid’s thoughts.

“It is well thought out! Fight as long as possible so that Vantner’s and Pon’s sacrifices aren’t in vain! Use the clone as a nutrient for growth!” Lauel yelled out. He misunderstood that Grid had deliberately spared the clone.

“What? He let it live on purpose?”

“I don’t understand, but it’s great. He isn’t nervous fighting against a stronger opponent...”

“This is why he is the best. How can anyone top that?”

“Catching the opportunity at the expense of his colleagues... I see.”

“His colleagues sacrificed themselves to support Grid.”

“This is the strongest Overgeared Guild!”

Buzz buzz!

Lauel’s shouts caused the spectators, including Haster, to misunderstand.

‘Earlier, Grid saw the clone’s preliminary movements and correctly captured the timing to attack. This is why he saved the clone. Grid intends to fight as long as possible to understand the pros and cons of his skills and to raise his strength to another level.’

The misunderstanding deepened! The eyes of the public shone like lanterns!

“Grid, have strength!”

“We might be citizens of the Murray Kingdom, but we will support you!”

“God Grid! God Grid!! God Grid!!”

Cheers for Grid rang out throughout the capital of the Murray Kingdom.

“No... That wasn’t my purpose...”

Why did people always misunderstand his actions? Grid sweated tensely and took a deep breath. 'Yes, this is an opportunity.'

No one said that an opportunity couldn't be found in a crisis. The clone was the worst enemy that threatened Grid, but there were many things to learn from him. Moreover, Grid was currently in an advantageous position. The clone weakened after losing his armor and could be killed at any time. Meanwhile, Grid was still healthy. The immortality variable had already been exhausted on both sides.

'Still, is it really okay?'

Could Grid afford to observe the clone during the confrontation when the clone had his attack power strengthened by copying the Enlightenment Sword? Would his colleagues be safe? Grid looked at his colleagues. The 10 meritorious retainers had persuaded Asmophel and distanced themselves from the battle.

"G-Grid, have strength!"

"God Grid, fighting! Show your greatness!"

"Kukukuk! Your Majesty can do it."

"..."

They were pushing him to fight while they stepped back? Was it because they had no loyalty? No, not at all! The clone had lost his original majesty. His colleagues had done their part, so now they were being considerate of Grid. They were giving away the prey to Grid.

"Okay." Grid controlled his mind and waited for the duration of the clone's Blackening to end. "Bring it on. Show me all the sword dances that you have completed. Let's fight for as long as possible. I'll face you fair and square," he spoke in a cool manner.

"Gulp." Grid drank a health potion manufactured by the alchemy facility.

"..."

Was drinking a potion considered as playing fair? The spectators, whose blood were boiling, became stunned.

'He should've drunk it 1.3 seconds earlier,' Haster thought regretfully as he counted Grid's potion cooldown time. He realized that the clone had a high health recovery rate. 'Based on the change in the health gauge... If the clone doesn't get hit in the next 5 seconds, his health will go up by 10,000 per second.'

This was a boss monster... a top boss monster. Grid didn't have an advantage just because he could drink potions. Haster's interest grew. 'Will Grid be able to fight as long as he intended?'

It would be tough. The more Grid dragged out the time, the more health the clone would recover. Grid wouldn't be able to depend on potions alone.

'Will the vampire ring and recovery ring that he showed in the National Competition be sufficient?'

Well, that wasn't the end. Haster was aware that Grid one of the greatest players at the moment. He doubted Grid's judgment during the initial confrontation with the clone, but that was all. Grid's combat power was evaluated as the best. Yes, Haster believed in Grid's power and thought that Grid would show a great fight against the clone.

He just had a personal wish. 'I hope he ends up in a crisis and summons Piaro.'

"..." The exciting atmosphere was sinking heavily. People held their breaths as they watched Grid and the clone. Grid and the clone both took one step forward... before stepping back.

"Nyaaooong!"

There were the God Hands, Noe, Randy, the sword of light, and the Blade Aiming at the Gods floating above Grid's and the clone's heads. Grid's pets and swords were moving on their own to block the clone's God Hands. Thanks to this, it became a one-on-one fight. The tension heightened, and the sound of gulping could be heard from all over the place. It didn't have any effect on Grid and the clone. They were busy concentrating and didn't react to the sound.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship!"

"Pagma's Swordsmanship."

The person who used the sword dance first was Grid. He moved forward and stabbed with his sword, while the clone rotated to the left.

"Kill!"

"Wave."

The attack power of Kill was overwhelmingly higher than Wave. However, Grid noticed the clone's intentions behind using Wave. The actions of Wave completely counteracted the movements of Kill. The clone avoided Kill and unleashed a wave of energy. Grid was defenseless for a moment after using Kill and was hit by the energy.

"Starting...!" The clone gave the signal after Grid was hit by Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave. The clone saw a loophole in Grid's defenses and launched the full-scale offensive. He was unconcerned about the Link that Grid used and threatened him with Pinnacle. Pinnacle was hard to avoid.

The clone had copied the Enlightenment Sword and exerted an attack power that was just as good as Grid's. If Grid were hit by Pinnacle, he wouldn't be able to avoid a serious injury despite his items. Even Lantier's Cloak and Valhalla of Infinite Affection were unable to take all the damage of the Enlightenment Sword.

"...Keuk!" Grid fell down. He was hit by an attack that should've never been allowed and lost a massive amount of health. The clone saw Grid's stumbling and grasped his status.

"Kill."

The linked skill struck at Grid's heart. Thanks to having the best artificial intelligence, the clone could do perfect calculations, and he decided that the strike would kill Grid. This was if the blow hit its mark.

“Wave!” Grid evaded Kill and fought back. It was the exact trick that the clone used!

“...!” Rather than Kill hitting its mark, the clone was hit by Wave and staggered back. Wave’s attack power was a big threat to the clone who had lost his armor. The clone was confused. ‘Grid’s skill. He should’ve failed the counterattack. Changed?’

Grid cried out to it, “Link!”

The clone couldn’t cope with the successive cuts that followed.

“Pinnacle!”

The clone failed to avoid Pinnacle that Grid used out of nowhere. Grid’s sword cut the clone’s chest, and blood spurted out. Then two red tails appeared behind Grid. This was the moment he used Cray’s Strength attached to the Rune of Darkness. Grid converted 100% of the damage done to the clone into his own health. Two blood tails were created because the volume exceeded Grid’s maximum health.

“What? If you don’t want to die like this, then come on!” The two-tailed Grid provoked the clone.

[The target was destroyed!]

“...?”

[You have won the fight against yourself!]

Unintentional notification windows started to rise in front of Grid. The clone who had lost his armor was just a meat shield. He couldn’t bear Grid’s attack power and was killed!

“N-No...! Show me anger!” Grid reached out toward the clone.

“...End.” The body that resembled Grid was already dispersing into gray ashes.

[You have succeeded in beating the 41st island!]

[You have acquired one skill level point from the mission clear reward.]

[You have overcome your limitations and have taken one step closer to being a legend.]

[One of Pagma’s Descendant’s hidden pieces ‘Sealed Ability’ has been acquired.]

“...??” Grid felt a sense of déjà vu. The contents of the notification windows were the same as what he had witnessed on the Behen Archipelago a few years ago...

“...Will it be the same?”

[The passive skill ‘Blacksmith’s Eyes’ has been acquired.]

[The passive skill ‘Blacksmith’s Eyes’ has already been acquired.]

[.....]

[Analyzing...]

[Please wait for a moment...]

[The rewards have been deemed insufficient, and Blacksmith's Eyes will change to 'Code Name 214098 Eyes.' It is believed that the player should have an intuitive sense of the skill. According to Satisfy's history and lore, the name of the skill 'Code Name 214098 Eyes' will change to 'Eyes of Pagma-Baal's Contractor Version'.]

"I'm stupid..." Grid found it impossible to understand the situation. He checked the notification windows several times and was still confused. On the other hand, the S.A Group's operations team was thrown into chaos.

[Chapter 908](#)

The Behen Archipelago was an instance dungeon. It wasn't a concept where a large number of users entered one dungeon. Rather, the map of the archipelago was copied and newly generated whenever a user entered. In other words, users entering the Behen Archipelago would have the same structure as other players but their progress would be separate.

[Code name 214098 has disappeared.]

"..."

Codename 214098 was an existence that occurred in the Behen Archipelago. It was the result of the 41st island where Grid's class, stats, titles, items, and pets were copied and created. Originally, it was an existence that should've been trapped in the Behen Archipelago forever.

[Code name 214098 has been destroyed and Player Grid will be rewarded.]

The clone died while Blackening was still activated, ended up in hell and died in the open world, not the Behen Archipelago.

"Uh...?"

Could the clone be this easily raided? The members of the operation team watched with fascination as Grid discovered the name of the enemy, destroyed the clone's armor and won smoothly.

"The reward?"

"What about the reward?"

The employees were agitated. Wasn't Grid already given compensation when he had killed the clone in the past? Would he be given rewards again?

[Player Grid has cleared the 41st island.]

[Player Grid has acquired one skill level point from the mission clear reward.]

[Player Grid has acquired the skill 'Blacksmith's Eyes'.]

"What is this? How did it end up like this?"

"Did the system judge code name 214098 as being on the Behen Archipelago? And so, it gave the compensation for beating the 41st island?"

"Hasn't Grid already received the rewards for clearing the 41st island? Isn't this an error?"

This was bad. It was clear that a system error had occurred ever since the existence, that was supposed to only exist in the Behen Archipelago, had entered the open world. The reputation of the supercomputer Morpheus would decrease.

“No, Morpheus will make amends to the rewards under the ‘user motivation’ clause.” Chairman Lim Cheolho appeared at this time to explain. “Satisfy is a world created by people to achieve dreams that they can’t achieve in reality. Efforts must be rewarded. It is unlike irrational reality.”

Killing monsters would give items. This was simple. Grid had to be rewarded because he succeeded in raiding the clone and the rewards given by the clone were limited. As a result, Grid would be rewarded again.

“In any case, it is great...” Lim Cheolho smiled as he watched the heavily wounded young man on the monitor. Several of his accomplishments (even if they were unintended) had saved humanity, making Grid comparable to the Hero King. “A hero falls from the heavens...”

If he continued to grow then wouldn’t he play an active role on the East Continent? The yangbans of the Hwan Kingdom grew at a rate several times faster than Grid. Some corrupted royalty were dominated by them and the yangbans ruled the continent. They would give players a big crisis and wouldn’t they deal a bitter cup of hardships to Grid?

The reason why Chairman Lim Cheolho was so excited about Grid was due to Grid’s tendencies. He was a person who became stronger every day but never collapsed. He wasn’t shaken by the temptation that accompanied enormous power because he cared for his family and companions. Thus, Chairman Lim Cheolho thought that Grid was very reliable.

‘You are more than you seem.’ Did he know?

Yoon Nahee watched with an interested expression as Lim Cheolho watched Grid on the monitor with gratitude in his eyes.

[The compensation for Player Grid has been deemed insufficient. The compensation’s contents are changed from Blacksmith’s Eyes to ‘Code Name 214098’ Eyes.]

“W-What?”

Both the team members and Chairman Lim Cheolho freaked out. The eyes of code name 214098, which meant the eyes of Grid’s clone...

[The player needs to be given an intuitive sense of the skill. Changing the name ‘Code Name 214098’ Eyes to Eyes of Pagma-Baal’s Contractor Version.]

It was Baal’s gift. The 1st Great Demon Baal was the one who boasted the best artificial intelligence in Satisfy. He sent the clone to Earth purely for his own amusement, presenting the clone with a power that he had given to Pagma in the past. They were Pagma’s Eyes, otherwise known as the blacksmithing vision skill that the clone possessed!

“Did you predict this?” Team Leader Yoon Nahee carefully asked him.

“It would be terribly arrogant if I said yes. How can I predict what will happen in Satisfy?” Chairman Lim Cheolho shook his head.

Team Leader Yoon Nahee was concerned. "Is it okay if Grid gets Pagma's Eyes, one of the most powerful skills in the whole world?"

Lim Cheolho retorted with another question. "What's wrong with that?"

"Huh...?"

"It's a power that players should've been able to obtain in the first place."

This was, of course, ignoring the fact that it was seven years ahead of schedule. Chairman Lim Cheolho swallowed down these words while the doubtful Yoon Nahee asked another question,

"What about the gap between players? Kraugel has concluded the seven malignant saints quest, gained Qualification of a Blood King, and possesses the power of the great demons. This allowed him to narrow the gap with Grid. However, now Grid has Pagma's Eyes. The gap between Kraugel and Grid has once again widened, while Agnus is unable to proceed with the seven malignant saints quest to completion. Haster, who was supposed to be tied with Grid, is now likely to be below Grid after Grid obtained Pagma's eyes. In the end, it is hard to find a user who can fight against Grid."

"Won't the gap just narrow again? Grid's growth is already moving towards the final stages while the other players haven't entered the intermediate stages yet."

In the end, Grid would become stagnant and people would catch up to him. These were the thoughts of the Kim Gun, second in command in the operations team. He saw the matter of the gap between players as a problem that would be solved with time.

However, Yoon Nahee gave a different opinion. "On what basis do you think that Grid's growth is in the final stages? Is it because he doesn't have many class quests remaining? Is it because he received most of Pagma's hidden pieces? No... As long as Grid continues to make new and powerful items, his growth will never end."

Even if Kim Gun's thoughts were correct...

"The problem now is the upcoming 4th National Competition. Without a single opponent to stop Grid in the National Competition, there will be an adverse effect."

"Ah, yes..."

That's right. If this continued, at least three events would be considered Grid's win and would reduce the public's interest. Kim Gun made an embarrassed expression and Yoon Nahee sighed.

"We can't restore the balance like we can with the NPCs."

It wasn't just games but novels and movies. It was inevitable that too strong beings would be suppressed in the interest of drama. However, the person involved was a player. There would be a big problem if the management suppressed those who built up their strength through individual efforts.

"The next National Competition." The silently listening Lim Cheolho finally gave his opinion, "The new event, 'Demon King's Subjugation,' will be added. How about we ask Grid to take the role of the adversary?"

"Huh...?"

It was an unexpected remark! Lim Cheolho laughed at the baffled Yoon Nahee and Kim Gun. "Piaro, Mercedes, Asmophel, and the true blood vampire Noll... Doesn't Grid have many powerful, demon-like subordinates?"

"...?"

What? How did he even come up with this idea? Chairman Lim Cheolho's bright smile made Yoon Nahee uneasy.

"We will add the 'Defeat the Demon King's Four Heavenly Kings' mission to the event. On the National Competition's server, make Grid the demon king, his subordinates the four heavenly kings, and have the players defeat them. In addition, the viewers and participants shouldn't be aware of the identity of the demon king and the four heavenly kings. It will be a surprise event."

"It's an interesting idea, but you're only thinking about it from the view of the management. Will Grid even accept the suggestion when he is a player? It doesn't make much sense for him to participate when he won't win medals..."

"Why can't he win medals? Every time the demon king and four heavenly kings win, Grid will get a medal."

"U...Umm..."

Yoon Nahee and Kim Gun couldn't refute Chairman Lim Cheolho's absurd idea. Was it because they were afraid of losing their jobs? No. The chairman's idea would contribute greatly to the success of the competition. In particular, it was good to hide that Grid was the demon king.

"If we change the name and effects of the skills that Grid uses, there won't be much trouble concealing his identity. How about it? Isn't it great?"

"U...Umm..."

Yoon Nahee and Kim Gun couldn't deny it. Yes, the present Grid was such an unparalleled presence that he could be called the demon king. Of course, this was just among players.

'It is a good balance since the other Five Miracles, apart from Kraugel, won't participate in the competition.'

The smile on Lim Cheolho's mouth widened. The Satisfy National Competition paved the way for players to evolve from participating in the competition to actually being in the competition!

"Waaaaaaaah!"

"God Grid! God Grid!! God Grid!!"

Shouts filled the city that had been partly destroyed by the splendid and fierce battle. People were fascinated by Grid's power that knocked down his clone, who had threatened high rankers alone. Grid's irises turned blue. His once black eyes, reminiscent of obsidian, now contained the deep sea.

“Ah...ahhh...!”

Flop! While the Murray Kingdom soldiers, knights and players were cheering, Lael alone fell to his knees. It felt like he lost all strength in his legs once he saw that Grid had pupils similar to characters in cartoons.

“I’m...I’m envious...”

“...”

Grid ignored the crying Lael and checked the information of the newly acquired skill.

[Eyes of Pagma-Baal’s Contractor Version Lv. 1]

You can check and copy the stats, options and production method just by looking at the target item.

However, in order to copy the item, you must use an item that you have created yourself. In addition, the difference in rating of the target item and the item used as the material must be within one grade. The item used as the material can’t be recovered.

* Skills that belong to the target item might not be copied.

* The duration of the duplication is one day. The copied item that has reached the end of this duration will be permanently destroyed.

Skill Resource Consumption: One item.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.

* Pagma’s Eyes, which were able to check the information of the target item just by looking at it, evolved as soon as Pagma contracted with 1st Great Demon Baal.

Under the contract, Baal could intervene with Pagma’s soul and give Pagma more power. This power was later transmitted to Pagma’s Descendant.

“...”

Grid wanted to secure pavranium. However, the God Hands didn’t drop and he failed to secure pavranium. He got something much bigger than pavranium.

Duguen!Duguen!

Grid’s heartbeat accelerated after discovering that the new skill had endless versatility.

“Eyes... I also...”

Lael looked like a child as he cried in the corner.

[Chapter 909](#)

The first legendary class, Pagma’s Descendant, was the most well-known hidden class to the public. People believed that Pagma’s Descendant was the best class. They were jealous of Grid because they evaluated it as an all-powerful class, providing him with a combat power that rivaled a Sword Saint while allowing him to make legendary items randomly.

This was a misunderstanding though. Pagma's Descendant wasn't perfect. It had disadvantages and advantages, just like every class. It had the strong penalty of only being able to make items 'manually', and the utility of the combat skills was low compared to combat classes.

Yes, the reason for the bias about Pagma's Descendant being the strongest class was purely due to Grid. It was a bias created by Grid's tenacity as he had spent many hours doing 'manual work' to create one item, and he had repeated this more than a thousand times.

Honestly, the S.A Group had a high appreciation of Grid. The S.A Group employees believed that if an ordinary person had obtained Pagma's Descendant, it was unlikely that Pagma's Descendant would be recognized as the strongest class. It was natural. How many people could repeat the same hard blacksmithing work for hours, days, and years? It was something that had to be done hundreds or thousands of times. Who could do it?

"At the very least, I wouldn't be able to. I would be under great stress every time I made an item if I had to work like this. My mental state wouldn't last. Of course, that doesn't mean it is impossible. I could devote my heart and concentrate if it was for the sake of making money or making my equipment. However, I would only be able to do this occasionally," the 1st ranked blacksmith Panmir asserted this in front of thousands of players in the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom, Reinhardt.

"Grid is worthy of respect."

"Come to think of it..."

"It is never easy."

"Is this true? All production classes enjoy the advantage of the automatic production system yet the person who is called the legendary blacksmith doesn't have it?"

"Panmir wouldn't lie. He is the one who suffered the biggest damage because of Grid. Would he lie to defend Grid?"

"That's right. Grid's abilities are real. The skills he showed in the National Competition prove that he has done manual work more than once or twice."

These players were all blacksmiths. They were the thousands of blacksmiths who had moved to the Overgeared Kingdom since Grid received the blessing of the blacksmith god, Hexetia.

"You might not be convinced right now, but you will know once you watch from the sidelines. You will surely learn a lot from Grid. However, you also need to be helpful to Grid." Panmir gave this speech and praised Grid as a 'greeting' every time new blacksmiths came. There was only one thing he demanded from new blacksmiths. "Work hard! Grow as much as possible, and you will be rewarded at the end! Under Grid's teachings, you will someday become a craftsman!"

"Ohhhh!"

Rewards would surely follow. The faith that Panmir instilled in them stimulated the enthusiasm of the new blacksmiths. Their motivation was...

“Blacksmiths, please don’t register the items you make on the exchange. Sell them to the Overgeared Kingdom. Not only will we buy your work at a more expensive price but I will also pay you a separate national contribution.” Lael thoroughly took advantage of this.

He noted that most of the blacksmith players had moved to the Overgeared Kingdom.

‘This incident has led to a blacksmith famine in all kingdoms except for our Overgeared Kingdom. If the Overgeared Kingdom owns the bulk of items that are produced...’

The result was obvious. They would be able to take control of the market. There was a foundation for excessive profits.

“Kuk... Kukukuk! Very soon, all players will be wearing Overgeared Kingdom products.”

Good. In the future, their accumulation of wealth would be far beyond that of other powers. Lael had only one regret.

“...The absence of the eyes.”

It was a terrible shame that his eyes didn’t shine when bathed in the moonlight even while his demon brain worked on squeezing the world. Lael was frustrated. He couldn’t forget the blue eyes Grid had obtained just a few hours ago.

Grid’s eyes weren’t that special when he looked in the mirror. His dark eyes had a ring of pale blue.

“Pagma’s Eyes.”

The moment the skill was used, the ring of blue thickened and gave off a subtle glow. The mysterious harmony with the silver crown on the black hair gave him an unusual appearance. He was overflowing with a charm that made men and women admire him. However, Grid himself wasn’t excited. It was because Grid didn’t love his own appearance. He didn’t care about how his eyes changed and only considered the realistic parts.

‘Can I use the effect of the Slaughterer’s Eye Patch in this state?’

[The Slaughterer’s Eye Patch is being worn.]

‘It is possible.’

Grid turned off the eyes and was deep in thought again.

‘Using the goddess’ blessing on blacksmithing will activate the production button.’

It was stated that the item production speed would increase significantly when automatically making an item. Grid’s existing efficiency could evolve in scale from a family business to a factory.

‘I am worried about depending on the production button because the probability of making high rated items will fall.’

Now, he could relax.

'If I have the Blacksmith Hammer to Go Against the Gods, I will be able to make items with a higher rating than epic, and I can cope a higher rated item using Pagma's Eyes.'

Theoretically, Grid could have a small elite unit armed with legendary items.

'I can temporarily create the greatest power that can raid a great demon...'

Duguen!Duguen!Duguen!Grid's heart beating like crazy since he knew the power of legendary rated items. The goddess' blessing, Pagma's Eyes, and Blacksmith Hammer to Go Against the Gods were like fantastic magic that excited Grid. A splendor similar to the legendary great magician Braham and Undefeated King Madra surrounded his body.

'...It is a different form of power, but am I not laying the foundation to be on the same level as them?'

A strength comparable to that of the powerful legends of the past... His heart thumped. 'I'm really scared.'

Grid had been working for many years without giving up. He was thankful to the heavens that gave him good luck. In particular, he was thankful to the colleagues who trusted him and joined him.

"Everybody... Thank you."

That's right. Grid, who evolved further and saw new heights, was reminded of his colleagues. He believed that he had been able to grow because of his colleagues.

'It's true. I would've never been able to reach this far alone.'

Grid had found stability in his heart and gained honor with Yura's heart, and he had founded the Overgeared Guild with Jishuka's help. Additionally, he had raised his power and intelligence with Lauel's help and realized that he should refrain from cursing thanks to Huroi. There were also the many colleagues that made Grid who he was now. Grid felt responsible to them.

'I will surely return the favor to all of you.'

Other people would think it was an absurd vow. The help Grid had given his colleagues was much greater than the help he had received from them. Yet he wanted to repay them? This was due to the difference in status. Grid believed that he had received much more than what he had given to his colleagues.

'If the Tzedakah hadn't contacted me...'

Wouldn't he still be a village blacksmith, squatting in the corner of a smithy? Then notification windows flashed in front of Grid.

[The daily access time is over.]

[Excessive gaming can adversely affect health. You will be logged out of the game for your protection.]

Grid was Shin Youngwoo. Until a few years ago, Shin Youngwoo had been small and insignificant when compared to Grid.

"Let's wash up."

Now, Shin Youngwoo was Grid. He had a body that was hardened by exercise, a spirit that wasn't easily shaken, and a palace-like house that greeted him.

"You worked hard today."

He also had his precious family.

Beep.

"I cooked, so you should eat," his sister, Sehee, said while pressing the disinfection and deodorization button that came with the Comet Group's diamond capsule. She knew her brother's schedule and was ready with towels and a change of clothes.

"Thank you..?" Youngwoo's face stiffened as he received the clothes from his sister. It was due to Sehee's angry eyes. Her eyes were as fierce as a heated furnace. "W-What is it?"

"Do you need to ask? I hate people like you."

"What?" Youngwoo made a really confused expression.

Then Sehee explained to him, "I saw on TV. The enemy was so strong that all the 10 meritorious retainers fought. Why didn't you call me?"

Sehee's ID in Satisfy was Ruby. She was the Saintess—a powerful presence that supported her allies by exerting divine power different from ordinary priests. Sehee was very sad. "You should've taken me as well. I would've been helpful."

"The opponent was too strong. You would've been in danger... Hmm, what... you? Why are you so confident? Your level is low."

"Hah? Don't you know that I am level 270? I can clear a vampire city with just me and Yerim."

"The two of you can clear a vampire city? Pffft! Puhahat!! You should bluff less exaggeratedly!"

"I-It is real. Of course, it isn't a city with a true blood vampire. It is one that you have already cleared..."

"Yes, yes. I'm going to wash up now." Grid laughed hard enough to tear up. He clearly didn't believe Sehee's words. It was nonsense that two players who weren't even level 300 could clear a vampire city, even if the true blood vampires were gone. Apart from Chris and Yura, most of the 10 meritorious retainers had to clear the vampire cities in a party.

'Nobody has unlimited resources, even a Saintess. It might be enough of a damage dealer and tanker supports her, but it is impossible with Yerim alone.'

"I'm telling the truth! You idiot!"

"An idiot is calling someone else an idiot~?" Grid stuck out his tongue to tease his sister and headed to the bathroom.

Ttiring~

Then on the TV hanging on the living room wall, the notification of a new email was displayed. The sender was the S.A Group. The title of the message was the 'Demon King Project.'

“That idiot... Huh? What is this?”

The TV's Internet was linked to Youngwoo's email address. Since all types of broadcasting requests arrived and it was hard for him to manage alone, he often asked Sehee to handle them. Thus, Sehee didn't feel any hesitation in reading the Demon King's Project email and was shocked.

“...Being the demon king without people knowing? Hmm, it is fun. This is great. The rewards are enormous...”

It was an exciting project with the concept of making Piaro, Asmophel, Mercedes, and Noll as the demon king's four heavenly kings. Sehee reviewed the email positively and checked the date. “It is only three months away.”

The 4th National Competition was arriving sooner than she expected. Of course, Youngwoo thought the same. “This suggestion, I will accept it.”

Shin Youngwoo stood under the stream of water in the shower. There was a dark smile on his face as he checked his email using the TV in his bathroom.

‘It is on the condition that the demon king's four heavenly kings equip the items that I make.’

He could use the ‘creation’ skill freely since the National Competition's server was now separate from the main server. In return for the harsh condition of facing hundreds of players alone, Youngwoo planned to demand the strongest minerals such as pavranium and divine stone. He thought this would be a great opportunity for him.

[Chapter 910](#)

After the battle between Grid and the clone was over, former Red Knight Singuled talked to the Murray King. “Thank you for your help in the meantime. I won't forget the grace that Your Majesty has shown me until the day I die.”

“...”

The young king was sorry that Singuled was leaving now. Singuled was a guest of more than 10 years; someone the king didn't want to leave. He wanted Singuled to stay in the kingdom to fight for him and his people.

“Yes.

“Take care.”

The Murray king didn't speak his thoughts. He recalled the day when he first met Singuled, who was injured at the time, and tried to smile as gently as possible. As the king of a small nation, he knew he wasn't qualified to keep Singuled forever.

“...”

Singuled's heart warmed as he looked at the king. He was abandoned by the nation that he devoted his life to. He suffered damage to his mind and body and wandered the continent until the Murray king rescued him. The king was a virtuous man. Once he learned that Singuled was one of the Red Knights

that had persecuted the Murray Kingdom, the king didn't blame him and claimed that, "it was in the past."

Singuled vividly remembered a conversation he had with the king,

"Your Majesty, I will leave once my wounds recover."

"Why?"

"The fact that I am staying here will be known to the empire and you and your people will suffer."

"There isn't anything to be discovered. All we have to do is keep our mouths shut."

"The empire has bribed nobles from nations all over with their tremendous power and vast resources in the past. The empire will surely find me in the Murray Kingdom..."

"No. My subordinates don't cling to money and power. We are united in trust."

"..."

Singuled thought this person was a young king who wasn't familiar with the cruel world. How could hundreds of nobles, each with different ideals and ambitions, come together in trust? Singuled thought that the empire would soon discover his location, and thought it would be better to leave before the Murray Kingdom was damaged. However, 11 years passed, and the empire was still unable to discover his location. Surprisingly, no one came forward with information on Singuled.

The Murray Kingdom was truly united. No matter their status, the people were loyal to the king and loved their country. This truly was a wonderful country. It was entirely unlike the empire, where treachery was familiar and conspiracies frequent.

"...Your Majesty." Before he left, Singuled made a promise to the king, "If I am alive after finishing my matters, I will return again. The Murray Kingdom is now my home."

He needed to understand the process behind his abandonment and seek retribution. It was either the fall of the empire or Singuled's death. These were the only possible endings. Nevertheless, the decline of the empire that had dominated the continent for hundreds of years was impossible to imagine.

The king wanted to hold onto Singuled, but he knew Singuled's wishes and had to cheer for him. He recalled the black-haired king he watched from the palace walls and prayed.

'Overgeared King. Please protect Singuled with your valor.'

In fact, the Murray King hadn't been happy about the birth of the new Overgeared Kingdom. The existence of the Overgeared Kingdom would overturn the existing power structure and provide the empire with an excuse for war. The continent would be swept up in a wave of war because of the Overgeared Kingdom.

Yet what was the reality? The Overgeared Kingdom was stronger than everyone expected and built a more robust power structure. The momentum of the empire decreased and the continent welcomed the Overgeared Kingdom. The small countries who suffocated under the tyranny of the empire were given room to breathe.

“Send an envoy to the Overgeared Kingdom.”

"Do you plan to claim losses caused by this battle?"

“No.” The king conveyed his thoughts to his subordinates after Singuled left. “The Murray Kingdom will stop being a tributary of the empire and become a friend of the Overgeared Kingdom.”

Baron Cudan, who went to the Overgeared Kingdom’s founding ceremony in the past, had made this argument:

A single soldier of the Overgeared Kingdom was stronger than the many knights of other kingdoms. Their strength was simply unimaginable. The Overgeared Kingdom would surely grow into a great power and they should thus consider maintaining a good relationship with the Overgeared Kingdom.

However, Baron Cudan’s claims were so absurd that the king and nobles couldn’t make a decision at the time. Now the story was different. This time, the Murray king heard about the Overgeared soldier, who fought with Singuled, and personally witnessed the fighting power of the Overgeared King and nobles who turned the capital into a mess.

The Overgeared Kingdom was a new hope.

‘The atmosphere is worse than expected.’

Haster was accompanying Asmophel. He followed Asmophel and was informed of the locations of the former Red Knights. This was a task Asmophel was doing for Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom, but Haster wasn’t a volunteer. There was no reason for Haster to help the Overgeared Kingdom. He didn’t feel any obligation. Haster was helping Asmophel for his own reasons.

He had to meet a former Red Knight and win in order to clear his class quest. Haster had to clear this quest to open all the skills of a Red Sage. The difficulty was grasping the talents of the former Red Knights since there were so many variables. That’s why he used Asmophel. He would induce Asmophel and the former Red Knight to face each other first, allowing him to identify the opponent’s skills. Eventually, he would challenge Asmophel.

Surprisingly, it wasn’t easy to face a former Red Knight.

“...”

Asmophel, Haster, and Singuled. The atmosphere of the three people walking along the road was awkward. Asmophel walked facing forward while Singuled looked at Asmophel like he was dirt. The atmosphere was so gloomy and forbidding that Haster would be rejected if he asked for a duel with Singuled.

‘We can fight if I just attack him, but... I don’t want to force Master’s colleagues to hate me. I will take it slowly. By the way, the Overgeared Kingdom...’

Asmophel said he would take Singuled to the Overgeared Kingdom and then look for the rest of the knights. This forced Haster to comply with him.

The Overgeared Kingdom. What did the first kingdom built by a player look like? Was it as vibrant as he saw in the media? Or had the press been exaggerating? Haster had spent seven years in Satisfy in the mountains, so he was curious. He felt excited like a child. It was natural.

Haster was going on his 'first adventure' with Asmophel. Yes, Haster had only been training for the past few years. He never experienced different things unlike the other Five Miracles such as Grid, Kraugel, and Agnus.

Thus, it was painful. Think about it. It was a terrible hell to repeat the same thing every day, 365 days a year for seven years. The other Five Miracles were exposed to all types of stimuli and excitement while Haster endured training every day. He repeated the same routine every day without any stimulation.

The pleasure of playing the game... He didn't feel it. In fact, the past few years were so hard that he wanted to give up a few times. Nevertheless, Haster was patient and could become a Red Sage.

'I don't think my efforts were particularly difficult compared to Grid and Kraugel. They just wouldn't have been as happy. Hardships accompany effort and everyone had their own difficulties.'

Haster didn't belittle others to build himself up, despite his pride. In fact, he was impressed with Grid's skills. He watched Grid fighting against the clone and acknowledged him as a top player.

'Grid is completely different from last year's National Competition. His growth rate is unmatched.'

30%, no, 20%.

'That isn't it either. It is 10%.'

This was the probability of Haster winning if he fought Grid. Haster judged that it was difficult for him to beat the current Grid.

'Of course, this is if he showed everything he was capable of during the fight against the clone.'

Haster got a sneak peek and knew that Grid hadn't used all his power against the clone. Yes, it was like the PvP finals of the 3rd National Competition...

"Hey."

"Yes."

Haster, who was walking thoughtfully, immediately replied. Singuled was looking suspiciously at him. "What are you laughing about alone?"

"...Ah, was I laughing?" He had become too excited from the long-awaited stimulus. Haster calmed down and replied, "I think I've found a new rival."

There were numerous pro gamers in history and those with great achievements became legends. The old Korean pro gamer who was one of the greatest legends was admired by the Overgeared Kingdom's god of killing. However, there was no eternal winner among the legends. The respected and loved legends had tasted frustration and defeat.

Haster was different. During his career, Haster never experienced defeat, hardships or frustration. His reign was only victorious. In FPS games, he was a myth beyond the legends.

'Of course.'

The presence of Kraugel, who was situated on one side of Haster's mind, gradually faded before being replaced with Grid.

'I will continue the myth in Satisfy.'

Haster vowed to become stronger and, one day, surpass Grid. His purpose wasn't to disrupt Grid's authority. He just wanted to challenge his record. He didn't realize after defeating Kraugel relatively easily. Contrary to popular belief, Kraugel was a person familiar with defeat and he knew that defeat was a nutrient for growth.

Why? Haster misunderstood Kraugel as a genius of the same type as himself.

The grave of the three-eyed monsters. Kraugel wiped out hundreds of monsters and opened his eyes after a short moment of meditation.

"10%."

Red Sage Haster. The giant barrier that had blocked Kraugel for the past few months had been completely broken. The respawned three-eyed monsters couldn't handle the stone blades that rose from the ground and died. It was an instant annihilation.

The fallen sky was slowly but surely recovering.