

테리판

파그마의 후예

MAYA&MARU GAME FANTASY STORY
박새날 게임 판타지 장편소설



마야 & 마루

ILLUSTRATOR, SILVERBIN

Overgeared

- 템빨 -

- Part 3 -

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GLOSSARY OF COMMON KOREAN TERMS

This is a page containing a list of common Korean honorifics and terms that might show up, so I won't have to give an explanation for them.

- Hyung: used by males to refer to an older male. It can be their actual older brother or someone they are close to.
- Hyungnim: more respectful way of saying Hyung.
- Oppa: used by females to refer to an older male.
- Unni: used by females to refer to an older female.
- Noona: used by males to refer to an older female.
- Noonim: more respectful way of saying Noona.
- Ahjussi: a term used for middle-aged men.
- Ajumma: a term used for middle-aged women.
- Orabeoni: more respectful way for females to refer to older males. More commonly used in the older days.
- Abamama: term used by princes and princesses to refer to their father, the king. More commonly used in the older days.
- Omamama: term used by princes and princesses to refer to their mother, the queen. More commonly used in the older days.

- nim: a title of respect. It is usually attached after an occupation.
- ssi: a title of respect. It is usually attached after actual names.
- Sunbae: used to refer to someone older than you who usually goes to the same school or works in the same place as you.
- Hoobae: used to refer to someone younger than you who usually goes to the same school or works in the same place as you.

- Chaebol: Type of family run business conglomerate. Members of that family are often called chaebols.

CHAPTER 81

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

“Of course.”

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

“Okay. It is narrow here, so let’s go to the yard.”

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

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Wave!”

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

“Ohhhh! Amazing! It is so beautiful and intense!”

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

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

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

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

“Hah, I see. Unfortunately, it can’t be helped. Now follow me.”

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

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

[Dainsleif (Reproduction) has been acquired.]

[Quest success!]

[Dainsleif (Reproduction)]

Rating: Unique

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

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

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

* The skill ‘Golden Flash’ has been generated.

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

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

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

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

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

Weight: 1,580

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Khan! What next? How do I obtain Valhalla?”

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

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



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

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

Most of them had negative interpretations.

“It will be difficult to maintain Satisfy's security if the Yatan Church keeps growing. Even now, there are cities where the number of NPC victims are increasing exponentially and the population is sharply decreasing. There are countless villages

that disappeared altogether. The Alliance must be victorious in battle against the Yatan Church.”

There were also people guarded against Yura’s growth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Are you Mr. Grid?”

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

“What is it?”

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

“Oh...?”

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

‘What do I need to make this time?’

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

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

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

“What is it?”

I opened the scroll.

[‘Divine Shield’ Production Method]

Prerequisite: Advanced Blacksmith Mastery Level 3 or higher.

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

User Restriction: Level 190 or higher.

“Heok...”

I was being given this precious production method?

The administrator asked me cautiously. “You don’t have the ability to understand and make this?”

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

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

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

“I can make the shield according to the production method, but I don’t have the divine power to imprint on the shield.”

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

“Don’t worry. I already have a priest prepared.”

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

‘What, who is this person?’

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

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

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

Then a quest information rose up.

[Business with the Administrator (2)]

Level of difficulty: AA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Would you like to accept the quest?]

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

“Is the Yatan Church likely to invade Winston?”

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

“Hmm... I see. I hope my strength will be a help.”

[The quest has been accepted.]

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

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‘Okay...!’

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

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

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

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

“If you say so...”

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

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

“Yes.”

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

[Divine Shield]

Rating: Rare ~ Legendary

Rare Rating Information:

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

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

Epic Rating Information:

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

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

Unique Rating Information:

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

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

* The skill 'Divine Light' will be generated.

Legendary Rating Information:

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

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

* The skill 'Divine Light' will be generated.

* The skill 'Divine Favor' will be generated.

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

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

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

Weight: 800

'The minimum rating is rare...'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"..."

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

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

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

'Ah, this is shit.'

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

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

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

"I will make it."

Ttang! Ttang!

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

‘What? He’s still here?’

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

“Excuse me, Mr. Cassus?”

“Yes.”

“Why don’t you go rest? Your turn won’t be for a while.”

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

“..”

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

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

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

“Ah, mithril is a tricky material.”

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

“Have this.”

“Hiik!

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

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

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

“No, to be honest, praying doesn’t help anything so just go and relax...”

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

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

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

‘He is a very active person.’

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

“Now it is your turn. Infuse it with divine power.”

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

“Oh~! In the name of Goddess Rebecca!”

Blah blah.

He started an even longer prayer.

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

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

“Mr. Grid, the divine power infusion is over.”

“Hiik!”

As soon as I opened my eyes, I saw Cassus’ pale face and dark eyes. This bastard, he

was a priest but he looked more like a demon.

“What’s wrong?”

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

“It is nothing. Now shall I begin?”

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

‘It’s difficult.’

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I want to complete both at the same time.”

I told the blacksmith the truth.

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

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



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

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

"Hoh, indeed."

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

"How interesting."

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

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

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

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

time at a certain part.

“No! Why did he turn down Piaro’s quest? It would’ve been a good result!”

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

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

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

One day, Yoon Sangmin had said this:

‘If I was Grid, I would’ve joined a guild. No matter how low my level, I would be able to sign up to a top level guild just because I have a legendary class. Then I would grow with the support of the guild. They would support the cost of items and help with quests. Wouldn’t he clear the class quest sooner if he had the support of a guild? By now, I would’ve moved with a larger goal! But he doesn’t have the capacity and is trying to do everything alone. He doesn’t move with any great plans. He is just staying in a smithy and making items.’

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

But Lim Cheolho questioned it.

“Is it fun to play like that?”

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

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

Lim Cheolho didn't want that.

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

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

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

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

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

[Did you call me?]

"Please search the list of NPCs currently in G-HF06C1E. Is Isabel among them?"

[No.]

"Huh?"

Doubt appeared on Lim Cheolho's face.

CHAPTER 83

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

[Divine Shield]

Rating: Rare

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

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

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

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

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

Weight: 800

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

“T-This is shit.”

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

“...One of my hopes has disappeared.”

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

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

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

“ ... ”

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

“Ah...I'm sorry.”

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

[Perfect Divine Shield]

Rating: Legendary

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

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

* The skill 'Divine Light' will be generated.

* The skill 'Divine Favor' will be generated.

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

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

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

Weight: 800

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

“K-Keok!”

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

“Congratulations.”

“..”

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

“This is all thanks to your prayers!”

“It is Goddess Rebecca’s divine favor.”

“Yes! That’s right! Goddess Rebecca, hooray! Hooray! Hooray!”

“Goddess Rebecca is eternal. Don’t cheer for her like that.”

“...Ah, yes.”

“Now, let’s return to the administrator.”

“Understood!”

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

‘Is he walking so fast because his legs are long?’

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

“You came.”

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

‘His face doesn’t look good. Did he have a fight with his wife? But his depressed mood

will be gone the moment he sees this!

I handed the legendary Divine Shield to the administrator.

“Now, how about this? Isn’t it impressive? No, isn’t it amazing?”

“...”

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

‘Even I am wondering if this is a dream.’

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

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

But what was the truth? I was mistaken.

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

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

‘Making a legendary item is like winning the lottery.’

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

‘Maybe the prayer really did have an effect.’

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

I smiled at Cassus. Then his expression stiffened. “Do you have any complaints

towards me?”

“..”

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

“Good work.”

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

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

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

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

“...Hrmm, okay.”

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

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

“That, give it to me.”

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

“Eh?”

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

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

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

“Then whose is it if it isn’t mine?”

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

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

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

As I was feeling strange towards the administrator,

“Guards! Come and capture this person!”

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

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

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

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

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

“What? Y-You crazy person!”

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

“Wait there.”

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

“Light of Purification.”

Chwaaaaak!

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

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

"...?"

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

"A-Administrator?"

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

"Brainwashed?"

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

"Come to think of it..."

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

"I see. I made a small mistake. So I was suspected."

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

“Eh?”

I panicked and the rest of the guards were shocked.

“W-Who are you? Where did Roy go?”

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

Cassus saw him.

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

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

Peeng!

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

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

Isabel gave a refreshing laugh. “Isn’t this cooler?”

“...”

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

“Lifael’s Spear...? D-Don’t tell me!”

“What does the Yatan Church want with the Divine Shield?”

Isabel smiled while holding the white spear.

“Unbelievable! Why is Rebecca’s Daughter here...?”

The old man was forced to run away from Isabel.

“Shall we play?”

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

“What is this? No, wait...”

Something flashed through my head.

“Hey, this crazy geezer! My shield!”

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

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

‘I am going to miss them!’

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

“Pant... pant.. where? Which way did they go?”

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

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

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

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

“ .. ”

Five minutes later,

“ .. ”

10 minutes later,

“ .. ”

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

“This really stinks.”

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

“Shit! Shit! Is this a lie? Eh?”

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

“No way...”

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

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

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

CHAPTER 84

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

“Congratulations on the master’s inauguration as a lord! Cheers!”

“Cheers!”

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

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

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

[Unexpectedly Comfortable Rat Leather Armor]

Rating: Epic

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



"We are lacking in people."

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

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

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

"Let's postpone Euphemina's death. The reason we want to kill her is to get revenge for our members and the dignity of the guild, but there is no immediate benefit. On the other hand, the Yatan related quests and the unknown craftsman all directly benefit the guild. I think it is better to postpone the revenge and focus on the quests

and finding the unknown craftsman.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Okay!”

After the meeting, the guild members scattered.

Winston.

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

“Hrmm, the meeting was boring. Huh?”

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

“Hey! Gladiator of the body!”

“...Eh?”

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

“Regas?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Regas jolted with surprise.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What is that item? It is that important?”

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

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

“Hah, I’m sorry. I’m so physically and mentally tired that I had a bad idea.”

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

‘Yes! I got you!’

The moment Grid was cheering with delight...

Peeok!

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

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

“T-This?”

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

“Does it hurt, you pathetic bastard?”

“Aaaagh!”

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

“Hey you.”

“Huh? Yes!”

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

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

Jishuka kept holding Regas' earlobe and pulled him away.

Newbie. Newbie. Newbie. Newbie...

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

“She looked at me like I was a dog.”

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

“Hey.”

“...?”

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

“Why are you calling me?”

“Keok!”

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

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

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

“Just because you’re his guild master, doesn’t give you the right.”

“Then? Does a third party have the right?”

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

“...Please. I am really desperate right now.”

“We are desperate as well. We can’t spare any people.”

“I’m more desperate!”

“We are more desperate!”

“I am more desperate!”

“We are!”

“Me!”

Whisper.

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

CHAPTER 85

“Isn’t that Jishuka?”

“Wow, that proud woman?”

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

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

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

“Please lend me Regas!”

“...Hah.”

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

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

“Uhh...”

As Regas hesitated, Grid begged, “Regas, I’m asking you. You are the only one I can rely on.”

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

“I will help!”

Snap!

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

Pajik.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes!"

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

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

The spectators watched her mutter and gossiped,

"Jishuka was rejected for a man..."

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

"Amazing..."

"....."

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

'I will definitely break both of them.'

Then the spectators brought up an interesting story:

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

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

Jishuka’s eyes widened in surprise.

‘Is that guy Khan’s disciple?’

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

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

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

[The recipient has blocked all whispers.]

“... This bastard.”

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

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

{Guild Master (一.一) Don’t spam the chat.}

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

{ㄐㄐス入ス入}

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

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

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

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

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

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



“Hrmm...”

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

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

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

“A black aura?”

“Yes.”

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

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

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

I cautiously denied it, but Regas shook his head.

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

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

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

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

Regas scratched his head.

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

“.....”

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



“...This place?”

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

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

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

discovered where this was.

“The Yatan Temple!”

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

“You...?”

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

“I am Malacus.”

“.....!”

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

Malacus.

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

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

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

“.....”

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

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

‘Doran... Doran!’

Doran was a shadow who protected the Steim family for a long time. Irene had been

saved by Doran whenever she was in danger from her youth. However, now he was gone. That fact made Irene feel despair.

Irene recalled Doran's last words.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"....."

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

Then when he reached the middle of Rolf Mountain.

[Your persistence has risen.]

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

"This is the place."

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

“The numbers aren’t a joke... Aren’t there at least 30 of them?”

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

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

Grid was busy criticizing Phoenix.

“Bring it on! You evil people!”

“Heok.”

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

‘He is crazy!’

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

“Isn’t this quite good? Gale Attack!”

Chachak!

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

“Okay! These guys are strong! Bring it on! Force Palm!”

Pepepepeng!

The 30 against 1 fight started.

“.....”

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

‘I need to regain my senses.’

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

The moment when he stepped into the cave.

“I don’t like uninvited guests.”

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

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

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

[A legend doesn’t feel fear easily.]

[You have resisted all the abnormal conditions.]

[Malacus has unleashed a surprise magic attack.]

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

“.....!”

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

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

CHAPTER 86

“Kuk... I didn’t think someone like this would be here.”

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

“Whisper unblock. Guild chat unblock.”

Then...

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

{T-Take it easy, Master.}

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

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

“.....”

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

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

The chaotic chat window became more frenzied.

{Regas!}

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

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

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

Kwa kwang! Kwang!

Regas avoided the black magic that the followers were shooting from all directions,

elbowed the face of the closest believer, and typed in the chat again.

{Come prepared for battle. Malacus has appeared.}

The chat window got crazy once more.

{Malacus? The Sixth Servant?}

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

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

{Why is Malacus there?}

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

{——;;}

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

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

{○ ○}

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

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

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

{That isn't possible?}

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

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

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

Malacus alone.

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

In the meantime, Grid...

‘What is going on?’

Malacus expressed great interest in Grid since he first appeared.

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

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

“I can’t allow that.”

“Please have mercy just once. Hehe.”

“One of the most insignificant words in the world is mercy.”

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

“Che, whatever.”

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

[+5 Dainsleif (Reproduction)]

Rating: Unique

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

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

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

* The skill 'Golden Flash' has been generated.

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

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

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

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

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

Weight: 1,580

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

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

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

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

Buuuung. Buuuung.

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

Kaaang!

“Ugh!”

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

“Wind Blast!”

Pepepepeng!

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

Gulp gulp.

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

Pepepepeng!

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

Grid trembled.

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

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

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

Grid ran as far from Malacus as possible and shouted, “Regas! Let’s go!”

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

“Regas!”

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

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

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

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

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

Swaeek!

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

Peeok!

“Kuk!”

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

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

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

Teong!

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

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

Ting!

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

Syu syu syu syu syuk!

Ting ting ting ting ting!

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

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

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

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

"Penetration."

Peeng!

"Keok....!"

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

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

Puok!

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

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

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

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

"Oh, I made it."

"...What?"

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

".....!?"

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

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

But...

"Are we late?"

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

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

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

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

"Start the hunt."

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

CHAPTER 87

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

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

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

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

Malacus had a point.

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

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

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

However, Jishuka's thoughts were different.

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

Grin.

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

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

“You really believe you can harm me?”

“Of course.”

“Foolish!”

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

“Patience Shield!”

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

Kwang!

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

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

Jishuka frowned and kicked Toban.

“Don't take it easy. It is unsightly.”

Malacus exclaimed.

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

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

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

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

[Malacus has unleashed a surprise magic attack.]

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

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

“Hey hey. Isn't this too much?”

“This is crazy.”

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

[You have suffered 8,900 damage.]

[You have suffered 16,503 damage.]

[You have suffered 11,027 damage.]

“It hurts!”

“This is foul!”

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

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

[You can't regain your mental state.]

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

"Defend the master!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Eh? That guy?"

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

"What is going on?"

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

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

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

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

Why wasn’t Grid overwhelmed by him?

‘What trick did he use?’

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

“Girl, you can’t come over here. You are shaking with fear. That look suits you.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It happened at the same time.

Teong!

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

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

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

Kwang! Kwang! Kwaang!

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

“He is fine?”

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

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

Malacus protected his body by deploying the shield on the surface that would be hit.

If Vantner attacked at a speed that Malacus couldn't react to, would he be able to deploy his shield?

"Aaaaaaah!"

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

Chaaeng! Jjejejeok!

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

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

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

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

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

Kaaang!

"Huh?"

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER 88

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Vantner was extremely useful in battle between users.

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

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

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

So Vantner had a great momentum.

"Heh, you are scared."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

be bald.”

“This \$#!~\$#!!”

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

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

Roaaaar!

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

“What? Why aren’t they chasing me? You dare ignore me?!”

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

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

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

“Mach Spear!”

Peeeeeeong! Pepepepeng!

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

Kwajajajak!

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

Kwaaaaang!

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

"It couldn't pierce through?"

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

"... This is serious.

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

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

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

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

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

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

'An outstanding blacksmith is urgently needed.'

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

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

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

“To be shamed like this by a mere traveler...!”

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

“He is in a stiffened state!”

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

Swaeel!

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

Kang!

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

“...”

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

“Aaaagh! This is really crazy!”

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

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

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

“There should be an item to roll back the stats!”

“Satisfy doesn’t have a cache system. It is unlikely that such an item will ever be released.”

Vantner hit the ground while Pon sincerely advised him.

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

“Ugh!”

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

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

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

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

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

“... Just die.”

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

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

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

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

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

"Die cleanly and fix your mentality."

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

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Restraint!"

"...?!"

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

"..."

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

"Isn't this crazy?"

The Tzedakah Guild members were upset.

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

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

“I remember that guy now...”

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

‘This is completely...’

Toban gave a deep sigh and spoke to Jishuka.

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

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

‘What is this?’

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

‘Even Malacus!’

CHAPTER 89

“... This!”

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

‘It isn't a coincidence?’

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

‘I don't understand it.’

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

‘I should only fear God Yatan!’

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

‘Shit!’

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

“Regas, are you okay?”

“Grid...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'My mouth is tingling!'

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

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

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

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

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

"Eh?"

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

"G-Ghost?"

Malacus gritted his teeth.

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

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

“Hiik!”

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

Peeng!

“Use this gap to escape!”

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

“Laella?”

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

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

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

“Wow, amazing! I really like Laella’s breasts... Ah, no, Laella sings great! Haha!”

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

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

Pahat!

Jishuka fired dozens of arrows into the sky as she spoke. The rain of arrows poured over Malacus’ head, who couldn’t see due to the smoke caused by the explosion. Due

to losing his composure from Grid's actions and having his vision blocked, Malacus became a hedgehog without a shield.

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

"Do you think I will let you escape?"

Kuoooh!

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

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

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

Kwa kwang!

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

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

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

Seokeok!

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

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

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

Pepepepeok!

Syu syu syu syu syuk!

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

“It won’t get through!”

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

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

Pon didn’t agree.

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

“I agree.”

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

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

It was the right answer.

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

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

Pon muttered. "Are we going to die?"

Jishuka hurriedly exclaimed. "Protect Grid!"

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

"Ohhh!"

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

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

Grrrung.

Bark bark!

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

"The hell's keepers have come here!"

Keeong!

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

"Where are these dogs going?"

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

"Oraaaaa!"

Pepeok! Peok!

Bark bark! Bark!

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

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

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

Pepepeng! Pepepeng!

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

Yip! Yelp!

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

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

"Not one died..."

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

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

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

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

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

Jishuka commanded.

"Respond with ranged attacks!"

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

Bark bark!

"Ugh!"

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

At that moment, an amazing thing happened.

Kiing! Whine!

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

CHAPTER 90

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

[Divine Shield]

Rating: Rare

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

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

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

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

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

Weight: 800

“What, that shield?”

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

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

“...!”

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

thinking.

“Yes, I made it. But this...”

Kwaduduk!

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

“Heok...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Hrmm...”

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

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

Malacus was particularly agitated.

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

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

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

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

‘Even Malacus is calling Grid a blacksmith.’

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

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

Pon thought about it and asked Jishuka to confirm.

“Master. Perhaps Grid has a hidden class?”

“It looks that way, right?”

Jishuka nodded. Pon’s tone increased in excitement.

“In order to determine Grid’s identity, we have to finish this raid quickly. Right? Regas.”

“Ah, yes.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Huh!”

“Stop it Vantner.”

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

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

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

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

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

‘More than level 200!’

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

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

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

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

‘Level 95... Low.’

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

‘Level 95 for a hidden class is...’

‘If this is real... I can’t play games anymore.’

“What? What is it?”

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

“Eh? W-Wait a minute...”

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

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

Kwang!

"Oh! My butt!"

Yip! Yiiip!

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

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

Regas struck him.

Peeng!

"...Keok!"

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

'What?'

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

Then once again!

Peeok!

"Kuak!"

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

situation.

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

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

Peeok!

“Kkeok!”

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

Pakak!

“Ugh!”

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

Dadadadada!

Pepepepeok!

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

Peeeeeonk!

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

Ku tang tang tang!

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

“K... Keuok...”

Malacus was broken and bloody all over as he emerged from the rock. But he recovered like all that damage was a lie. It was an overwhelming recovery based on

magic power. However, this meant an excessive consumption of magic power.

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

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

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

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

Regas smiled. Arrows flew towards Malacus.

Jeeong!

“...!”

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

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

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

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

“Y... You...!”

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

“Kuaaaaak! Divine Punishment!”

Kwarururung! Kwang kwang!

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

“This enormous attack power...”

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

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

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

“You...”

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

‘This is the last chance!’

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

“Phoenix Arrow!”

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

Kwaaaang!

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

from the flames.

“Ku...keok... Girl...! I...kill...!”

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

Toban and Vantner went forward.

“We have to end him before he fully recovers!”

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

Regas and Pon lamented as they watched.

“The two of them are lacking attack power...!”

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

“Kuhahahaha! Okay! Okay! Hell’s keepers! Eat those people!”

Grrrung.

Bark! Bark bark!

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

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

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

Buuuong. Buuuong.

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

“You...?”

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

“Y-You... This is ridiculous!”

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

“You!”

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

“Kill!”

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

Kuoooooh!

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

CHAPTER 91

[Critical!]

[The Best Gauntlets' option effect is activated, causing you to attack the target twice.]

[You have dealt 77,311 damage to the target.]

“Kuaaaaak! This is ridiculoussss!”

He endured the powerful attacks of several people, and finally caught the chance for a proper counterattack. He didn't think his ankle would be caught at the last moment! Malacus thought it was unfair as he greeted his end. And...

[You have defeated the Sixth Servant Malacus, who spread fear through the world!]

[Reputation throughout the continent will rise by +3.000.]

[The Yatan Church will be forever hostile to you.]

[Affinity with the Rebecca Church has increased by +2,800. Visiting a Rebecca Temple will give you great blessings.]

[Affinity with the Dominion Church has increased by +1,500. Visiting a Dominion Temple will give you great blessings.]

[Affinity with the Judar Church has increased by +800. Visiting a Judar Temple will give you great blessings.]

[The power of the Yatan Church is extremely weakened after losing a priest. Until a new priest is elected, there will be no further expansion of its forces.]

[The party leader 'Jishuka' has acquired 382 gold.]

[The party leader 'Jishuka' has acquired 8 blessed weapon enhancement stones.]

[The party leader 'Jishuka' has acquired 10 blessed armor enhancement stones.]

[The party leader 'Jishuka' has acquired 3 high rated magic stones.]

[The party leader 'Jishuka' has acquired Malacus' Cloak.]

[The party leader 'Jishuka' has acquired Malacus' Mask.]

[The party leader 'Jishuka' has acquired the Dark Magic Orb.]

[1,531,050 experience has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen.]

“...!”

Grid gained a tremendous amount of fame and high affinity with each religion! He suddenly sat down with frustration. His face paled and he started sweating. Then after a while, he opened his mouth.

“I...”

“I?”

Grid had nicely succeeded in the quest so everyone's attention was focused on him. They gulped as they wondered what Grid would say. Then Grid finally spoke.

“I... Items...”

“Items?”

“The party leader was set to acquire the items...! How could I make such a mistake?” Grid shivered and shouted towards Jishuka. “Hey, Jishuka! Were you lying to me? You said the items would be split in half! But what's this? Are you trying to trick me? Eh? I never thought that top rankers would try to cheat a low-level user like me!”

“...”

He had a wild look in his eyes. Since Grid had gobbled up all the items after the two-person raid, Grid was nervous that Jishuka would act like him. Jishuka, who was amazed by Grid being able to defeat Malacus despite being only level 95, could only sigh.

'Ugly.'

To be honest, Jishuka's heart had palpitations at the sight of Grid. The moment she felt despair at the raid failing, Grid triggered a reversal, looking like a character from a movie. However, the raid finished and Grid's true nature appeared again, making that pounding feeling disappear.

'Based on first impressions, his personality is too horrible. I don't like it.'

Grid was presumed to be a hidden class with excellent blacksmith skills and some combat capabilities. He was much bigger than the creator of the Special Jaffa Arrows they searched so long for, making her desire to get him into the guild higher. However, it was a bit hard because of his nature.

'Does it matter if his personality is good? All we need is his ability.'

It didn't matter if Grid was disappointing. Even if his personality is worse, she still wanted to invite him to the guild. Jishuka made a decision and reassured Grid. "Of course I will keep the promise. Don't worry. By the way, it is great. You managed to finish off Malacus."

The other guild members also joined in.

"You are really something! How is your attack power so high despite your low level? It is more than Toban and Vantner combined. Hahaha! G-Great!"

"If it wasn't for Grid, this raid would've surely failed. I am impressed with your performance."

"Awesome..."

The Tzedakah Guild members were busy praising Grid. Among them was the global star, Laella. She was still young and she was thrilled because Grid seemed like the main character of a movie. She looked cute with her red cheeks.

However, Grid didn't care about them. He was afraid that all his items would be eaten if he wasn't careful. "Are you trying to make me relax so you can take the items? Right? Dammit! Do you think I will fall for such a thing? How rotten! Don't hold out on me! Let's distribute the items first."

'Ugly.'

In the end, the atmosphere calmed down. Jishuka shared the item information to all party members after evaluating the three items.

[Malacus' Cloak]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 35/81 Defense: 15

* Intelligence +200

* Bloody smell.

A magic cloak that Malacus liked. It was originally a cloak made of blue cloth, but it became discolored by the blood of many virgins.

User Restriction: Level 200 or higher.

Weight: 10

[Bloody Smell]

It always gives off a bloody smell. It is easy for the wearer to become a target of beasts and monsters, and makes other people offended.

[Malacus' Mask]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 11/20 All Attributes Resistance: +5%

* Reduces magic casting time by 20%.

A black mask used by Malacus. There are no special features regarding its appearance, but Malacus treats it like a treasure.

User Restriction: Level 200 or higher.

Weight: 1

[Dark Magic Orb]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 90/130 Magic Damage: +14%

Dark magic attack power: +20%

Number of spells that can be stored: 4

A powerful orb used since before Malacus was appointed as Yatan's servant.

User Restriction: Level 200 or higher. More than 500 intelligence.

Weight: 80

The Tzedakah Guild focused their attention on the mask and orb.

"The options of the mask is very good."

"Yes. Just raising the resistance of all attributes by 5% and the shortening of magic casting time is great. They are rare options."

"It is great that a mask has these options. Almost no masks have options. So people treat masks as a simple accessory."

"The orb isn't a joke.

"Well, the magic damage is low for a unique rating but the rise in dark magic is huge. Above all, there are four spells that can be stored..."

"Don't orbs usually store only two or three spells?"

"Just being able to store three spells is a scam. But four spells..."

"It will be too bad to sell both items. Our guild members should use it."

There were only two magicians in the Tzedakah Guild. The second-ranked mixed magician Laella and the first ranked wind magician Zednos. The guild wanted to distribute the mask and orb to these two people. But they promised a 5:5 distribution of items to Grid. They had to give up one of the items.

However, Grid made an unexpected demand.

“I want the cloak.”

“Eh?”

They made surprised expressions. It was because the value of the cloak was the lowest among the three items. It was good that it raised intelligence by 200, but the option of Bloody Smell was a big disadvantage.

In general, cloaks were items with good options, unlike masks. It wasn't difficult to find one better than Malacus' Cloak. So why did he want the cloak?

‘What? Is he yielding the good items to us on purpose? His personality doesn't seem like that.’

Grid prompted the Tzedakah Guild members, who couldn't respond quickly because they didn't know Grid's thoughts.

“What? It isn't possible? I want the cloak. Enough though you fought him, didn't I finish him off? Honestly, the raid would've failed if it wasn't for me. But why aren't you giving me my choice?”

“Grid...”

Regas eyed Grid unhappily. He wanted to tell Grid to choose something else because the cloak was least valuable. However, he couldn't open his mouth because he was afraid of damaging the guild. His face turned red as his conscience warred with his responsibility.

‘I have to tell him the truth.’

After a few minutes of conflict. In the end, Regas couldn't forsake his conscience and tried to explain to Grid.

“Among the three items, the value of the cloak is the lowest. Do you still want to choose the cloak?”

It was Jishuka. She told the truth to Grid earlier than Regas. Regas was so proud of his master that she smiled brightly.

On the other hand, Grid was puzzled.

‘Why is the value of the cloak the lowest?’

Grid had completely different thoughts from the Tzedakah Guild. The Tzedakah Guild thought the option of the cloak was good but disliked Bloody Smell. However, Grid thought that Bloody Smell was a big advantage.

‘Doesn’t Bloody Smell make it easier to hunt monsters? If so, isn’t the value of the cloak as good as the mask?’

That’s right. Grid had a rare excellent idea. This was evidence that Grid was growing.

Then why didn’t the Tzedakah Guild have the same thought as Grid? It wasn’t really the case. The Tzedakah Guild didn’t care about the concept of hunting itself.

Unlike Grid, they were so high in level so it was less efficient to hunt mobs. In order to enhance their combat skills and teamwork, they enjoyed hunting powerful monsters in a party.

However, as Grid’s life centered around being a blacksmith, he didn’t feel the need to increase his combat skills and just wanted to level up quickly. Moreover, his hunting efficiency was very high.

Due to this difference in position, Grid and the Tzedakah Guild had different mindsets. Thus, they were able to make a transaction that satisfied both sides.

“I still want the cloak.”

“Then we will choose the mask first. What about the orb? If possible, we would like to have it as well.”

“Only if you give me money.”

“Okay. We’ll give you gold equivalent to half the value of the orb.”

Malacus was different from general boss monsters who periodically respawned: he was a special boss monster who didn’t resurrect upon death, so an exact quote for his items didn’t exist.

“In this case, we have to use the auction house. We will register it for 48 hours then cancel it at 47 hours and 59 minutes.”

Grid felt unwilling as he listened to Jishuka’s explanation, “Don’t you have to pay a fine if you cancel the registration of an auction item right before it is over? The fine... Do I have to pay it?”

“We are willing to pay that much.”

“Um... Then the division of the enhancement stones and magic stones...”

The blessed enhancement stones were 1,200 gold per stone. The high rated magic stones were 4,000 gold each.

“There is a total of 18 enhancement stones and 3 magic stones, so the estimated value is 33,600 gold... Divide this...”

Grid was busy calculating the money when Jishuka did something that amazed him. She handed all the enhancement stones and magic stones to Grid.

“... Eh?”

Jishuka grinned at the stunned Grid. “The raid would’ve failed if it wasn’t for you. Shouldn’t this belong to you?”

Jishuka’s smiling face was so beautiful that Grid stared with a stunned expression for a while. Then Jishuka said goodbye to him, “Let’s split up and meet again in three days, where I will hand you the prepared gold.”

“Y-Yes... Okay, I understand.”

“Grid, I have a lot of things to do today, so let’s take a break and look for your stolen item tomorrow.”

“Regas, you’ll still help me?”

“Of course! I promised to help, so I should see it through to the end! Then I’m going!”

Jishuka, Regas, and the other Tzedakah Guild members left Grid.

“Hrmm.”

Then Grid stopped in front of the cave where Malacus had been.

‘What was he doing in here?’

Were there any hidden treasures?

“Heh... This cave stimulates the instincts of a treasure hunter.”

Grid had a history of finding Pagma’s Rare Book in the Northern End Cave, so he had a desire to explore this cave.

‘Surely there isn’t anything dangerous after Malacus is gone?’

Grid sneaked into the cave. The cave was quite small. The cave was lit up with flaming torches.

“Eh?”

It happened after walking around 10 steps. Grid entered the cave and found a silver-haired beauty who was restrained. She was Irene, lady of Winston.

“Ah, this is what happened.”

He made the Divine Shield and it was robbed by Malacus’ subordinate. When he appeared, many soldiers in Winston Castle were killed. In the midst of this chaos, Irene had been captured.

“Um...m?”

Perhaps she heard Grid talking? Irene regained consciousness and slowly opened her eyes. She found Grid and smiled with relief, before starting to sob.

“It was you... The one who helped Doran and saved me... Now you saved me again...”

‘Doran? Was the one Doran wanted to save Irene?’

As soon as Grid learned about Irene’s identity, a very familiar notification window popped up.

[A quest has been created.]

CHAPTER 92

[Escort the Lady]

Difficulty: A

Irene, who has been kidnapped by the Yatan Church for a second time, has a very weak mind and body.

She can't return to Winston Castle with her own power, so you must safely escort her to Winston Castle.

Please note that while Malacus has died, there might still be other followers remaining.

Quest Clear Conditions: Arrive at Winston Castle with Irene.

Quest Reward: Irene's affinity will be MAX. Doran's Ring.

* If affinity with a NPC of the opposite sex reaches the maximum, the possibility of a special event occurring will increase.

[Doran's Ring]

Rating: Unique

Durability 10/10 Health: +1,000 Black Magic Resistance: +10% Poison Resistance: +10%

* If you become poisoned or cursed, your condition will recover immediately (60 minutes cooldown).

* 50% of the damage received will instantly be recovered (10 minutes cooldown when the effect is activated).

A treasure that Doran, Earl Steim's shadow warrior, loved very much. He is said to have received the favor of the goddess of health and wisdom.

Conditions of Use: None.

Weight: 0.1

Quest Failure: Irene is likely to die. Affinity with Earl Steim will fall to the lowest point.

* The entire northern part of the Eternal Kingdom will fall into chaos because Earl Steim will lose his temper when Irene is killed.

[Quest is in progress.]

“Kuoh...!”

Grid’s body trembled as he clenched his fists. Was it anger due to the quest proceeding without his permission. No, quite the opposite.

‘Yes! Great!’ Grid cheered in his head, ‘This is a chance to obtain Doran’s ring!’

He had wanted the ring since he first met Doran. The ring with great options was finally entering his grasp.

‘Wow, this is really great. There are no conditions of use despite the performance? If I have this ring, won’t I gain an extra 1,000 health?’

Grid’s strength and stamina were unusually high compared to his level. As a result, his current health was around 8,000 points. This was rather high compared to the average health of tankers at the same level.

For low-level users or users with weak stamina, the value of 1,000 health attached to Doran’s Ring was enormous. Attribute resistance, recovery from abnormal conditions and health recovery, these options were unquestionably the best.

‘This will unconditionally sell if placed at auction.’

Unique items without any usage conditions were rare. The value would be worth tens of millions of won... No, maybe it would be worth hundreds of millions of won... the situation was ridiculous.

‘If I gain this, won’t it be a result of the Divine Shield’s robbery?’

What was the reason Grid came to Rolf Mountain? It was to reclaim the Divine Shield.

But rather than finding the one who stole the shield, he encountered Malacus by accident, suddenly getting two tremendous quest rewards for nothing... Now a new quest popped up. It was like dropping an axe, only to pick up two golden axes.

'I am just like a guy collapsing on the street, only to get back up.'

Grid knew that good luck was far away from him. Originally, he would've broken his nose when falling down. But ever since he became Pagma's Descendant, he, fortunately, gained some success.

'It isn't just Doran's ring that I can obtain.'

If Irene's affinity reached the maximum, he could possibly marry her. In other words, he would be the husband of the lady of a territory, and an earl's son-in-law.

'In that case, won't I be like a lord?'

Right now, Winston was growing to become one of the best cities. The taxes alone would be astronomical.

'Huhu, I will raise the taxes if I become a lord. Then I will be rich!'

Irene's MAX affinity = marriage to her = become the lord = tax was his. He took a deep breath and decided to embark on the quest.

"Believe in me." Grid released the ropes binding Irene, helped her stand up, and gave her the nicest smile possible. "I will safely escort you to the castle, so don't worry you too much."

"Thank you..."

Grid's confidence had skyrocketed after beating the famous Malacus. He was determined to fight, even if the Yatan believers were to block his way.

'The Yatan followers should be at a level similar to that of the monsters in Kesan Canyon. They are of no threat to me, even without the Divine Shield and Malacus' Cloak.'

In the first place, Regas had defeated many followers. He thought there would only be a few left. The immediate problem wasn't the enemies, but Irene.

"Can you walk?"

"I'm sorry... I am a big burden to you."

Irene was in such a bad condition that she couldn't walk on her own. Grid saw that her health was low and tried to recover it with a potion. But her condition didn't change. He tried to feed her many potions that would heal the status conditions, but they didn't seem to have an effect.

'This isn't something that can be resolved by a user. She will be in this state until we reach the castle. How rotten... I wasted my potions.'

In the end, Grid placed Irene on his back.

"Kyaaak?!"

Irene was the sheltered daughter of an earl who never held hands with any man except for her father! Therefore, she now felt confused and embarrassed at being piggybacked by a man.

"M-Mr. Grid! You don't need to help me this much!"

She blushed as she struggled, but she was as weak as a feather. This was Grid's first experience with a woman outside of his younger sister, so he couldn't help feeling excited.

'This... A woman's touch...!'

Grid had no experience with dating... so he was now experiencing a crisis in the game. But this was the best luck! Grid was excited by Irene's touch on his back and replied vigorously!

"There is no need to be ashamed! Don't be bothered. I will... No, I won't let you do anything hard! Leave everything to me!"

"Mr. Grid..."

In the meantime, Grid had experienced several incidents and did labor, accumulating close to 250 stat points. Thanks to that, his stamina was incomparable and could run carrying Irene.

‘Okay, let’s go!’

The distance from Rolf Mountain to Winston was around five hours on foot! Grid was determined to arrive in Winston, but this was an A-grade quest, after all, so a crisis appeared at the very beginning.

“You! You are the one who killed Malacus!”

Three followers hiding at the front of the cave emerged and attacked Grid.

“I will get revenge for Malacus! Die!”

The Yatan followers used curse magic on Grid. They also summoned a poisonous fog that would rot his lungs. But their magic didn’t work because Grid resisted all of it. The existence of Grid was the nemesis of magicians who specialized in causing abnormal conditions.

“Aren’t you weaker than Malacus? Why are you trying to get revenge when you are so weak? Quick Movements!”

[Quick Movements has been activated. Your agility and evasion rate will increase significantly for 1 minute.]

Grid didn’t activate Pagma’s Swordsmanship. When deactivated, Pagma’s Swordsmanship increased physical damage and the probability of critical damage by 10%. The attack power when equipped with Dainsleif wasn’t at a level that a magician could endure.

“Hiyaaaah!”

One hand held Irene on his back, while the other one swung Dainsleif. He lacked strength so he couldn’t completely control Dainsleif with one hand, but his incomplete and slow attack was sufficient to deal with the Yatan followers.

“Keook!”

“For Malacus!”

“Ahh! For God Yatan!”

Grid didn't avoid the curse magic, slamming the sword into the followers' faces. He gained a moderate amount of experience and loot, before running down the mountain. There were ambushes from Yatan followers all over the mountain.

“Souls of the underworld, use your grudges and fears to ensnare the enemy. Crush his mind with fear and make him lose his will! Become a doll with a lost soul!”

The curse magic poured down from all directions. It seemed a little grim, so Grid put the big sword away in his inventory, took out the Divine Shield and protected Irene with it.

“Kuack!”

The Yatan followers suffered just facing the Divine Shield. Grid put away the shield in this gap and pulled out the dagger, aiming Wind Blast in the direction of the magic.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

There was an explosion in the mountain and the screams of the Yatan followers echoed.

“T-Too strong...!”

The followers of Yatan were completely defeated by Grid's style of switching between the shield, dagger and greatsword.

‘The Yatan followers were such great enemies when I met Doran, but now it is the opposite.’

“You monster! Eek!”

“Kyaak!”

The Yatan believers fell helplessly in front of Grid who was wearing a strange helmet

and Malacus' Cloak!

Some of them became tearful as they realized they couldn't defeat Grid, while others were determined to fight. However, none of them retreated. Their madness made Irene frightened. But Grid was actually happy about it.

He destroyed the followers who kept on appearing.

"Hahahahat! Now come! Continue! It is thanks to all of you!"

Due to this battle, Grid realized a lot. General users were reluctant to deal with enemies that caused status abnormalities, but he was different.

'Don't monsters who cause special statuses often have weak attack or defense? Isn't this a perfect meal for me? I should hunt these type of enemies in the future.'

Grid had almost 100% status resistance due to the characteristic of Pagma's Descendant and the special stats.

He once again realized how fraudulent a legendary class was as he dealt with the enemies on Rolf Mountain. Dozens of monsters ran over due to Malacus' Cloak. After three hours, Grid had reached level 97.

"We are delayed because monsters keep appearing. I'm sorry."

"... As Doran said, Mr. Grid is the only one I can rely on. You are really strong."

Irene had one of the most powerful knights in the north as her subordinate. Her father, Earl Steim, also had great people. Therefore, she had a good knowledge of combat and could tell that Grid had excellent skills. That made it harder for her to understand.

"Isn't Mr. Grid a blacksmith? But how can you be so strong?"

Grid easily answered.

"The power of items."

"I...Items?"

"Well, it is the virtue of having great battle gear."

“Even if you have great battle gear, won’t it be hard if you don’t have the skills? You are strong and humble.”

Irene smiled softly. Her appreciation towards Grid was rising exponentially. Grid thought it wouldn’t be long until he became her husband. He talked like this with Irene and arrived safely in Winston.

CHAPTER 93

“The lady has already been gone for half a day! But we still don’t know where she is? Incompetent people! Don’t stop looking! Find the lady!”

Phoenix had been defeated and seriously injured in battle against the Eighth Servant, Yura. While he was lying in bed and half losing his mind, a change took place in Winston Castle.

A high ranking elder of the Yatan Church infiltrated the castle, brainwashed the administrator, killed the soldiers and Irene was missing. Phoenix couldn’t even get out of bed, but he started getting seizures after hearing that Irene hadn’t been found.

“Captain’s wounds are worsening! Please calm down! We will find the lady unharmed.”

“Shut up! My health isn’t important right now! Why are you repeating the same words as before and not doing anything?”

Night deepened. Phoenix didn’t want to imagine what Irene was experiencing right now.

‘My Lady has already experienced being kidnapped. She still has the trauma from that time... She will be frightened.’

In the past, there was Doran. However, now Doran was gone.

‘My Lady, please don’t worry. Your subject will help you!’

“Ohhhh!”

Phoenix groaned. Then he used all his strength and got up from the bed.

“Captain!”

The knights freaked out. It was because blood was seeping through the bandage wrapped around Phoenix’ chest.

‘He will die!’

Phoenix had a big wound right next to his heart. He was strong enough to speak and raise his body, but he was so seriously wounded that it wouldn't be strange for him to die at any moment. The knights tried to persuade Phoenix.

"If the lady isn't found and the administrator doesn't wake up, won't the castle collapse? There is a high probability that the lady is in a crisis. But you are safe. If you try to move now then the situation will only get worse. So please, calm down!"

"Shut up!"

The knights were making the right decision, but Phoenix didn't hear anything. He was seeing Irene in a terrible situation. Then a soldier ran into the room.

"The lady! The lady has come back!"

"...!"



"My Lady, your faithful subject couldn't protect you! This is a sin that can't be washed away for three generations! Please kill me!"

Irene rushed forward towards Phoenix who was kneeling down. A half-dead person was running around, Phoenix seemed like a monster to the knights and soldiers.

"Sir Phoenix..."

Blood was dripping from the bandage wrapped around Phoenix's chest. Due to excessive bleeding, his complexion was pale and his lips were blue. Phoenix was truly prepared to die. But Irene didn't want to lose Phoenix.

"This incident occurred while Sir Phoenix was lying in the infirmary. So Sir Phoenix isn't responsible."

"No! It is my fault. It proves that I neglected the security of the castle...!"

"Be quiet!"

Irene shouted. Phoenix was stunned because this was the first time he saw Irene act like this. As his mouth gaped open, Irene firmly expressed her will.

“This incident is all my fault. It is my own fault for not increasing the guards after Sir Phoenix became injured. You have no responsibility. So stand up. Please take care of your wound. I will be really sad if you leave my side like Doran.”

‘My Lady...’

Phoenix’ stubbornness was finally broken. Then he shook his head and asked.

“Was it the Yatan Church again? Did they want to sacrifice you?”

“...”

Irene shuddered at the thought of Malacus’ cold eyes. The fear of death, which she experienced twice, was so horrible that she couldn’t bear it. Irene explained in a trembling voice.

“I lost consciousness and when I woke up, there was a man. He was the Sixth Servant, Malacus.”

“W-What?”

The knights were agitated.

“One of Yatan’s servants dared to invade Winston?”

“It seems like the Yatan Church is thoroughly preparing for war with Winston!”

“I can’t forgive them for kidnapping the lady! We must tell Earl Steim and invite the whole army to invade the main Yatan Temple.”

“No, but...?”

Phoenix interrupted as the agitated knights were shouting. It was due to a sense of strangeness. The servants of Yatan were strong. In particular, Malacus was famous for being cruel. It was impossible for Irene to escape from him, and he wouldn’t have let her go.

“Who saved the lady?”

Few virgins kidnapped by the Yatan Church ever returned home. One of them was

Irene, but she was rescued by Doran. However, Doran wasn't here anymore.

'If the opponent is one of the Eight Servants, even Doran wouldn't find it easy to save her.'

The person who rescued Irene must have a great power. But was such a great person here in Winston?

"That person."

"Huh?"

Phoenix was stunned by the man Irene pointed to. He was...

"Haha, hello?"

"You...?"

The person Irene pointed to was Grid. However, Phoenix knew him as a great blacksmith. But wasn't he just a blacksmith? How was he able to save Irene? It was against Malacus!

'Did he use his brains? But he doesn't seem smart...'

Irene explained to the confused Phoenix.

"Mr. Grid is very strong. He killed Malacus with his companions, then rescued me and smashed the rest of the followers. A hero."

"... My Lady?"

Irene's gaze towards Grid was strange. It was like a virgin's gaze towards someone she liked. Phoenix was baffled for a moment, but he soon got up. Then he looked Grid up and down. Grid took off all his equipment in the safe zone and was once again back to his scruffy appearance. But Phoenix was able to notice Grid's multi-dimensional nature. Somehow he had the illusion of a halo around Grid.

'Grid seems like someone who has built up a great reputation... He must usually hide his identity. Maybe blacksmithing is just his hobby? He has tremendous skill for a hobbyist... no, he must've built up his reputation in many ways.'

Phoenix was convinced.

“Thank you. You are the lady and Winston’s savior...! I won’t forget your grace!”

Phoenix’ attitude completely changed from what it was before. Grid finally saw the notification window.

[Quest success!]

[Affinity with Irene, Winston’s lady, has risen to the maximum.]

‘Good!’

It was an easier quest than he expected. In addition, the rewards for the A-grade quest were terrific.

“Mr. Grid, this is a show of my sincerity.”

[Doran’s Ring has been acquired.]

“This is...”

Grid was given a ring. Irene smiled and stated,

“Please swear to me that you will cherish this ring, as it is a keepsake from the one who saved my life.”

“The one who saved your life, do you mean Doran? Absolutely. I also have a connection with Doran... I will treasure it.”

“Will you swear?”

Grid readily replied to Irene’s question. “Of course.”

At that moment.

[Doran's ring has been attached to you.]

“ ... ”

In Satisfy, the death penalty was very large. There was a drop in experience and the durability of equipped items. There was also a certain probability of equipped items dropping. It was very difficult to regain the items dropped after dying. Even if the person ran over right after resurrecting, there were many users or monsters who would pick it up. Who wouldn't be angry at dropping items with a tremendous value when dying?

Therefore, Satisfy had a system to protect such items. Items attached to a user never dropped, even if the user died. It was also impossible to sell it to other users.

'Dammit!'

Doran's Ring was definitely a top accessory. But it wasn't as great for Grid, who could resist all sorts of status conditions. So he had thought about selling Doran's Ring but...

'It is bound to me! What is this?'

Bound items couldn't be released. Even if a user died, they would lose a similar amount in gold instead of the item. Therefore, most users were willing to take the risk of losing the item and didn't use the item binding system. Grid tried to soothe his boiling emotions.

'... Let's think about this positively. It is true that this ring is great.'

It raised his health by 1,000 and had a skill that restored 50% of the damage dealt. It was definitely a good item. Even if he couldn't make money from it, he could use it directly.

'I like it... I get to wear such a nice ring... Haha... I feel good...'

Grid wore Doran's Ring instead of putting it in his inventory. Irene smiled happily at the sight.

“Mr. Grid, I will soon organize a feast for you. I hope you will be there.”

“... Yes.”

Grid replied to the blushing Irene and returned to Khan’s smithy. It was late, so Khan was already asleep. In the dark smithy, Grid started to organize his items.

‘Malacus’ Cloak and Doran’s ring... With this, I am even stronger. I also have 8 blessed weapon enhancement stones and 10 blessed armor enhancement stones. In addition, the three magic stones for a total value of 33,600 gold... Isn’t this terrific? It’s terrific no matter how I look at it.’

100 gold was worth 120,000 won cash. This meant that 33,600 gold was 40,320,000 won. Grid was able to acquire more than 40 million won worth of items thanks to the Tzedakah Guild. Then three days later, half the value of the orb would enter his hands.

‘Why is she treating me so good?’

Grid realized that the Tzedakah Guild had treated him really well and he wondered why. He came to a conclusion after thinking alone.

“Is Jishuka interested in me? Does such a beautiful person want to meet me?”

Jishuka was one of the idols of Satisfy. She had numerous fan clubs all over the world, just like Yura.

‘Won’t numerous men be envious and curse at me?’

It was like a dream. Grid’s nostrils flared at the thought.

‘Her personality is wild but she is a global beauty and her body is fantastic... Won’t a confession be amazing?’

It was time to end his connection. Grid hummed and logged out. Then he went to bed without washing as usual. Meanwhile, there was breaking news around the world. The Sixth Servant, Malacus, was killed!

The dark power of God Yatan and the attack power users of the Yatan Church were temporarily reduced by 10%!

Until a new priest was elected, it was impossible for a user to become a black magician. In addition, the strength of the Yatan Church was greatly weakened! It became known that the Tzedakah Guild were the ones who defeated Malacus.

The top rankers hoped to join the Tzedakah Guild. The biggest beneficiary of this incident wasn't Yura, but the Tzedakah Guild.

The exclusive interview with Regas...

"The person who was most active in the Malacus raid was someone else?"

Jishuka gave a press conference for the Tzedakah Guild.

'The guild plans to expand... But those who want to sign up for the guild have to pass a test.'

"These days, most of the breaking news is related to Satisfy."

"Isn't Jishuka sexy? I like Jishuka a lot more than Yura. I would happily die if I could sleep with such a woman."

"Ridi~culous. You wouldn't be able to get with such a woman, even if you die and reborn 100 times. A woman like that would only be with the world's richest and most handsome people. She is in a completely different world from us."

"Rather than those that are rich and handsome... Isn't she more likely to date a ranker from Satisfy?"

"Is it possible to be richer or more handsome than rankers?"

"Indeed..."

Some of the 45th generation graduates were talking in a cafe. They met to decide about the reunion coming up, and the story naturally shifted to Satisfy. Of course, the name Shin Youngwoo was also mentioned.

"Hey, didn't Youngwoo say he started Satisfy from the Open Beta? He's been playing Satisfy for over a year, so won't he have met someone like Jishuka or Yura by now?"

"Stop talking nonsense. He is a loser even in the game. How can he be a ranker, when

he is falling deeper into debt instead of making money from Satisfy. He must be hitting slimes.”

“Pfff! You are funny! Kukukuk! That is too much. Surely he wouldn’t be killing slimes after one year? He can at least catch a wolf!”

“Hey! Are you ignoring Youngwoo? Wouldn’t he have caught a goblin?”

“Kikikil~”

After graduating from university or returning from studying abroad, they found it hard to live in society. People better than them were taking all the desired jobs. For such a gloomy crowd, the ‘worse off than them’ Shin Youngwoo was literally a healing balm.

When they talked about Shin Youngwoo, ‘I am relieved to know that are many people worse off than me in the world.’

“Ah, I want to see Youngwoo. I hope he comes to the reunion this time.”

“I agree... Ah! Ahyoung!”

“Huh?”

Kim Ahyoung, a beautiful woman who couldn’t compare to the likes of Yura or Jishuka in the end. When she was in high school and university, she always heard that she was the most beautiful one, and was also Shin Youngwoo’s first love.

“Doesn’t Youngwoo like you? Meet him and ask him to come to the reunion, he’ll definitely come.”

“Huh? He might’ve liked me a long time ago, but now? We have long graduated from high school and we only see each other once a year at the alumni reunions.”

“Wow~ You’ve met so many men, but you still don’t understand them? People who don’t have experience with romance can’t forget their first loves. Maybe Youngwoo still likes you?”

“Hehe... He has no dating experience?”

The corners of Kim Ahyoung's mouth tilted up with interest. She thought it would be fun to play with someone who was barely making a living.

"Give me Youngwoo's phone number."

"O~kay."

Shin Youngwoo's fellow alumni didn't know that Shin Youngwoo, who they ignored as a loser, was born again as a winner... and they couldn't imagine the type of woman who would accompany Shin Youngwoo to the reunion.

CHAPTER 94

I was the same rank as Malacus. And as I beat more boss monsters, I became the richest man in the world. There were dozens of glamorous girls on my arms, including Jishuka and Laella. In addition, my first love Ahyoung...

“Why don’t you like Yura?”

“...”

Yura was an unrealistically beautiful woman. Honestly, I have never seen a more beautiful woman than her, to the extent that everything else faded in her presence. Even Ahyoung, whom I had liked for 10 years, was nothing in comparison.

But she wasn’t glamorous. Her chest was slightly larger than average. If I considered that she might be wearing a pushup bra, her chest might be only average.

“You aren’t glamorous so why are you here...”

I asked and Yura’s face became cold as ice. It seems I had touched her sore spot.

“Hiiik!”

I begged for my life, but there was no mercy from the Blood Witch.

Puok.

A dagger pierced into my heart.

“Uh... Cough! Killing a person so casually... Truly the Blood Witch...”

She was a cruel woman.

“Heeeeek!”

I opened my eyes to a familiar sight: the dirty ceiling as I laid down on the small and dirty bed in my room. It was a happy dream where I was the richest man in the world and had the most beautiful women in my arms, but it was also a bad dream because I

was killed by Yura.

“... I might not have another chance for a raid like that.”

With one raid, I gained more than 40 million won in cash. The raid took a lot of time and money to invest in consumables, but it was easier to make money from raids than random items dropping. Of course, this was only limited to top raids.

“Tzedakah Guild...”

The Tzedakah Guild was already attempting the Guardian of the Forest raid when I saw them a few months ago. They, along with the top guild, gobbled up the profits from raids and accumulated an enormous amount of wealth.

It was different from the world I lived in.

“But I got involved with those guys... It was an amazing experience.”

I was hungry. I saw that it was 12 p.m. I only wore boxers and scratched my stomach as I headed into the living room.

Then Sehee frowned from where she was preparing rice in the kitchen.

“You don’t have a good body, so why do you keep exposing yourself? Why don’t you think about how other people feel? Look at the gauntness of your stomach. Don’t take off your clothes in front of other women.”

“... Why are you home instead of at school at this time?”

“It is the anniversary of our school’s opening. Come eat lunch. No, eat breakfast.”

“Um.”

Breakfast prepared by my little sister?

“It looks like Sehee is ready to marry.”

I sat down at the table expectantly. But there were no side dishes.

“What? Where are the side dishes?”

“You want side dishes? Our family still has a debt of 560 million won. There is also the interest to repay every month... Just be grateful that we can eat rice.”

“... This can't be.”

I stole the chopsticks from Sehee, who was about to put the food in her mouth.

“What are you doing?”

Sehee was shocked as I took the chopsticks away from her. I stood up and exclaimed. “Let's go! Go out and eat meat!”

My sister was growing so she couldn't just eat rice.

“If you continue to eat like this, your breasts won't grow!”

“... Aren't I already pretty big? Why should we eat meat when we should be saving money?”

“Huhu... Sehee, your brother earned 40 million won yesterday. So don't worry and let's go!”

“Eh? 40 million won? Cash?”

“Yes! In one day! How is it? Isn't it great? Now, let's go!”

I dragged the stunned Sehee out of the kitchen. Then I put on the blue sweats that had been my favorite for 10 years. In the meantime, Sehee dressed in a pretty outfit and seemed prepared to go out.

“You are my sister, but you are indeed pretty.”

How many years had it been since I bought her a meal? No, wasn't this the first time? I was proud of myself and hummed as we left the room. Then we rode four stops on the bus. We arrived at a downtown area with many restaurants.

People watched Sehee walking next to me and spoke to each other.

“Wow, really pretty. Her ratio is amazing. Is she an idol trainee?”

“A perfect example of an innocent beauty. Was there someone like this in the neighborhood? But who is that scruffy guy next to her? Surely she isn’t dating a guy like that?”

“What nonsense are you talking? Do they look like they would be in the same group? They are probably just walking next to each other by chance.

“Yes, something like that can happen. You are right!”

“A-A family member...?”

“...”

Sehee was beautiful and I didn’t resemble her. Personally, I thought she was prettier and more lovely than Yura. She was smart and sociable, despite being cold to me, so she was the pride of our family. So I was reluctant to go anywhere with Sehee.

‘It feels like I am harming her.’

I started walking slower than Sehee. She would be embarrassed if she walked next to me. Then Sehee grabbed my arm. “What are you doing? Why do you want to go alone?”

“Well, that... Please release my arm. Everyone is looking.”

People looked at us with a lot of distrust. It was as if I was someone who was threatening Sehee. It felt like they would call the police at any moment!

Sehee felt uncomfortable and pressed closer to me. “I hate walking alone because men keep trying to talk to me. This is a prevention method. It is also good that Oppa gives off a dirty impression.”

“...Yes.”

Then we arrived in front of a Hanwoo (most expensive beef in Korea) specialty store. If each person wasn’t willing to spend 250,000 won per person, it was best not to walk into a Hanwoo specialty store.

I never thought I would come to a place like this. It was thanks to Satisfy. I played the game and managed to go to lunch at a place like this. I was thrilled to tears.

Sehee stopped me before we entered the store. "Surely, we aren't going to eat here?"

"Didn't I say that I earned 40 million won in one day? I wasn't joking. Don't you believe me?"

"I believe you. I am well aware that Oppa is doing well in Satisfy these days. But can you make 40 million won every day? No?"

"O-Of course not. Sometimes I can't even earn anything. But there might be days when I earn more than 40 million won. So this isn't a burden. Go ahead and enter."

"Oppa. It isn't certain when you will earn a good amount of money. It is more important to save at these times. And I like pork more than beef."

"What are you talking about? When will you ever get to eat something like this? I always wished to eat here someday. Just believe in me for once. Come on!"

I held Sehee's wrist and went inside the store.

"Welcome."

The employee greeted me politely. But his expression wasn't so good. I looked old-fashioned and poor. But his expression changed after seeing Sehee's bright appearance.

"Just the two of you?"

"Yes."

"This way."

The employee guided me and Sehee to a room. On the way, there was a lit up hall with several people inside. It seemed like they were interviewing someone for a magician or TV show.

"Is it a celebrity?"

Sehee sat in her seat and didn't reply. She looked around at the elegant exterior and sighed.

“I would’ve liked to come to this place with our parents.”

“Ah, you are a good daughter. Don’t worry. I will take our parents to a better place.”

“Oh, aren’t you a good son?”

Sehee’s face lit up. On this day, the brother and sister ate the finest Hanwoo that melted in their mouth.



“Then finally... People around the world are curious about this. Yura, is it true that you are the new Eighth Servant? Most people are convinced that Yura is the Eighth Servant.”

Korea’s representative ranker, Yura. Right now, she was having an interview with Satisfy related media. She couldn’t focus because the interview place was a Hanwoo store, but was surprised when a couple entered the store. It was because she knew the man.

‘Grid...?’

He was the first one to defeat Yura, who was 5th on the unified rankings. After the incident at the Yatan Temple, Yura wanted to know who Grid was. She did her own research, but couldn’t find any clues. Yet she met him in reality in Korea.

‘I never thought I would meet him again.’

Yura’s cheeks turned red as she smiled. It was an intense encounter. Thus, the encounter was engraved in her mind. She dreamed of reuniting with the protagonist of that encounter.

“Let’s move onto the next interview.”

“ ... ”

The reporters and staff interviewing Yura were speechless due to her sudden alluring smile. Yura called for a break and left the restaurant. She contacted the informant she had been dealing with since starting Satisfy.

“I’m sending my current location. I want you to investigate in detail a man who is dining here. His description...”



“Pant pant... I can’t breathe because my stomach is so swollen.”

We were on the bus heading home. I gasped as I held my swollen belly.

Then Sehee suggested. “Should we take a walk in the park to assist with digestion?”

“Eh? What nonsense are you saying? Why do we need to digest the best Korean beef? It should stay in my stomach as long as possible.”

“...Ah, yes.”

“Huh? What? Why is your expression like that? You don’t look good.”

“Ah, I’m okay. There’s just a strong garlic smell.”

“...”

An awkward silence flowed because Sehee seemed angry for some reason. Inside my pocket, the basic S cell phone started ringing.

“Heok.”

Was this a debt reminder call? I had a lot of experience with Mother’s Heart is Happy Financial Services, so I hesitated because it was a number I didn’t know. But I soon realized.

‘I’ve already paid off my debt.’

Right now, I wasn’t in debt. Of course, my father happened to become a debtor, but I didn’t have to be afraid of unknown phone numbers anymore. I answered the call with confidence.

“Hello?”

Then I heard a voice that I would never forget.

[Is this Shin Youngwoo's phone?]

... Ahyoung. My first and only love, Kim Ahyoung.

I spoke in a trembling voice. "Yes... Are you perhaps Ahyoung?"

The voice over the phone replied brightly.

[Yes, that's right. You still remember my voice? Youngwoo is a detailed person. I like it.]

I could never forget this voice. The feelings were buzzing in my head. But in reality, I couldn't speak properly because I was nervous.

"T-that... What's going on?"

Ah! Why was I acting so pathetic? My first love was contacting me, so why was I asking a question instead of saying hello? Really stupid! As I was shaking, Ahyoung made a suggestion.

[I was looking through our graduation album not long ago. While looking at the photos, I suddenly wanted to see you. After graduating from high school, haven't we only met at the alumni meeting? How about it? Would you like to have a drink with me?]

She wanted to see me? My first love Ahyoung wanted to have a drink with me?

'Does Ahyoung like me as well? Now she wants to confess her hidden heart?'

I excitedly stood up. "When should we meet?"

The bus stopped at that moment. I fell down and rolled, but I felt neither pain nor shame.

[Now would be good. But did you drop something? What was that sound...?]

"Ah, nothing. Nothing! You want to meet now? Ah, no! Why don't we meet in the evening? I-Is that okay?"

[Yes, it is fine. Then at 7 p.m...]

We decided on a place to meet, then Ahyoung ended the call.

“Ah...!”

I started making money in Satisfy and my life was changing rapidly. I no longer feared the creditors and was going to win my first love. It was a dream-like situation, and I felt like I was floating amongst the clouds.

“Was that a girl just now?” Sehee asked me.

I didn’t look at Sehee as I hugged my phone and replied. “Yes.”

“Heh... Are you going to meet her?”

“Yes.”

“Hrmm...”

After that, we didn’t talk anymore until we arrived home. I was completely excited at the thought of meeting Ahyoung, while Sehee kept her mouth shut. I showered as soon as I got home, then I asked Sehee.

“Sehee, recommend me some fashionable styles these days. No, come buy clothes with me right now. Please style me.”

“I have to study~”

Kwang!

“So cold-hearted.”

Sehee locked her door and focused on studying, so I was forced to go and buy clothes alone. With the help of the clerk, I bought the latest trendy clothes and went to a hair salon. Of course, I also got the latest trendy haircut. After that, I exited out onto the street and saw people dressed in the same style as me.

‘Mass production...’

It didn’t feel good to have the same style as others. Honestly, I was ashamed. But wasn’t it a thousand times better than wearing old-fashioned sweatpants?

'I've never dressed up, so dressing in the latest trends can't be helped.'

I comforted myself as I ran to the promised place.

CHAPTER 95

“Ah...!”

When I arrived at the meeting place, I recognized Ahyoung at first glance. It was crowded but the appearance of my first love shone in a unique manner.

‘Too pretty.’

It was true that I had seen beautiful women such as Yura, Jishuka, and Euphemina lately. I never felt anything when looking at the beauty of top CF stars (commercials). But was it due to the compensation effect? Ahyoung was beautiful even when compared to Yura and Jishuka.

‘In particular, her smile is pretty.’

I first met Ahyoung when I entered high school. At that time, she always had a smile that made a person feel good. I fell in love with the way she brightened the mood around her. I didn’t have the courage to confess and graduated without saying anything. But now I had a chance.

‘In fact, Ahyoung likes me as well. If not, why would she want to meet me? Okay, I will tell her my heart his time.’

The last time I met Ahyoung was two years ago at the alumni meeting. This was the first time just the two of us met personally. So I was even more nervous. I took a deep breath and cleared my throat to calm myself. I nervously stretched out my legs.

I was stretching in the midst of a crowd of people. The people passing by stared at me, but I didn’t care. After a while. I calmed down to some extent and headed over to Ahyoung. A nice scent wafted from her long straight hair, which was her symbol.

“H-H-Hello Ahyoung? It has been a while. How is your family? Well, um... Uh, it is already autumn, Isn’t there a lot of leaves on the street? The cleaners must be going through a lot of trouble. Haha, shouldn’t winter come sooner? When winter arrives, spring will come soon... In the spring, the flowers...”

What the hell was I saying right now? I tried to greet her as naturally as possible, but

due to my extreme tension, my head became confused and I started talking nonsense.

‘So embarrassing!’

I started sweating from agitation.

‘It is really pathetic. I can’t even speak properly in front of someone I like...’

Ahyoung gave me a slight smile.

“Youngwoo is still funny. Haven’t you become even more handsome?”

Ahyoung seemed to like the latest trends I was wearing. Today, I invested 180,000 on my haircut and 1,030,000 won on the shoes, pants, and shirt. My appearance was worth 1,210,000 won.

‘People are looking at me as they pass by... The large amount of money I invested was worth it. Life is also about the power of my items.’

I was able to relax and find my confidence thanks to Ahyoung’s sweet smile and praise. Then I took her to a nearby restaurant.

“I made a reservation.”

It was a restaurant that I found on the Internet. The price was very expensive because it was a tuna specialty store, but wasn’t it worth spending money on a meal with Ahyoung?

“Isn’t this place expensive? Youngwoo, are you doing well these days?”

Ahyoung’s body was a piece of art as she took off her coat and sat down. Her cleavage was revealed by her dress, making me almost have a nosebleed. I grabbed my nose and explained.

“I got a job.”

As far as Ahyoung knew, I was in debt from playing the game. I had to let her know that my situation was different from the past in order to appeal to her.

“My debt has now been cleared.”

“Omo, really? That is good,” said Ahyoung in a pleased voice. “Well, Youngwoo was a hard worker so I believed that you would someday do well.”

“Eh...?”

Since I wasn't a talented person, I had to work hard to study and exercise. That's how I followed along in the middle of the pack. No matter how hard I tried, there was a limit to my grades and people didn't notice I was doing my best. But Ahyoung seemed to be aware of my efforts.

‘Has she been watching me that much?’

The food finally came out. Ahyoung naturally poured some soju and made a toast.

“For Youngwoo's new start after clearing all the debt! Cheers!”

“C-Cheers!”

“Kya~~!”

“Hahaha!”

The soju tasted like honey when I drank with Ahyoung. This was a famous restaurant, so the dishes were also excellent.

“Too delicious! I am able to eat at a place like this thanks to Youngwoo. Are you making a lot of money? Where did you get a job?”

If I said that I made money in Satisfy, I might give the impression that I was still just game obsessed. I wanted to show as much as I could, so I excluded Satisfy from the story.

“I'm just a worker at a small company.”

“Heh, is it your major?”

“Um, something like that. Ahyoung, what have you been doing?”

“Me~ I'm just going to work and work and work, it is an infinite loop.”

“What about romance?”

“When will I have time for romance when I am so busy working?”

Ha! So busy that she didn't have time to date? I was sure of it this time.

'Ahyoung really does like me!'

I had zero experience in dating. I didn't know much about women, but I was certain that Ahyoung liked me. I felt great.

“You know Ahyoung. I am doing fairly well these days. It will take a while because my family is going through some tough times these days but... I am planning to collect my marriage funds soon. That... W-When...”

“When?”

“When I collect all the wedding funds... At that time, marry me!”

“Huh?”

Eh? What was I talking about now? It seemed like I couldn't distinguish between reality and imagination because I imagined proposal to Ahyoung more than a hundred times. I thought my face would explode with shame.

Then it felt like ice water was poured on me as Ahyoung grabbed her belly and laughed. “What, a proposal all of a sudden? You really surprised me. Youngwoo, you really... Have you always been this funny?”

Unfortunately, Ahyoung dismissed my proposal as a joke. Well, it was natural. No matter what was in our hearts, we were currently just classmates. In addition, a proposal out of nowhere after not meeting for two years? Who would think I was serious? Of course she would take it as a joke.

'How embarrassing.'

I wanted to hide in a mouse hole. After that, we had a good time and the last dish was brought out. Three bottles of soju were drunk. I didn't drink too much because I was too nervous. On the other hand, Ahyoung seemed a little tipsy.

“I need to go fix my makeup.”

“Ah, yes.”

Ahyoung went to the bathroom. I started to worry after she left.

‘Should we go to a bar? Or would it be better to go to a karaoke room? But Sehee told me not to sing in front of another woman because I was tone-deaf... Um... Or.... Maybe we should take a break at a m-m-motel because Ahyoung drank too much?’

Today was the day! But wasn’t Ahyoung taking too long?

‘Has she collapsed in the bathroom?’

I was worried and left the room. I asked an employee about the location of the bathroom and moved down the corridor. At the end of the corridor, there was the bathroom as well as a door to the outdoor smoking area.

Then I heard Ahyoung’s voice coming from the smoking room.

“Ah, he is so embarrassing.”

“...”

“Why is he wearing clothes that look like they come from the set of an Internet shopping mall? You know. Those pants that are popular these days... Yes, that’s right. You see a lot of them on the street. He came fully dressed like that. People were staring. I was really mortified. His hairstyle doesn’t suit his face, making him look worse. Sigh, really.”

... She was talking about me. Ahyoung who was always friendly and smiled at everyone. She was beautiful with big breasts and a pretty face, but I fell in love with her because of her kindness. But in fact, she was the type of woman who would gossip behind other people’s back?

“Do you know? He proposed less than 30 minutes after we met. Kukuku! Not even dating, but marriage! He is really so pitiful, pitiful. Are you dying from laughter? Huh? That’s right. I am having fun. Isn’t it good playing around like this? I will be sure to make him come to the reunion.”

“...”

I couldn't believe this situation and pinched my cheeks to make sure it wasn't a dream.

Kwack.

“Ugh!”

It hurt. It hurt enough to make me cry.

“... It isn't a dream.”

Indeed, if I thought about it, there was no reason for Ahyoung to like me. We didn't have a close relationship in our school days, and we only met once a year at the reunions after graduation... Even at the reunions, we never had a proper conversation.

In the first place, our relationship was so small that she wouldn't like me. I wasn't handsome, rich, well studied or have a charming personality... What woman would like such a mediocre person?

‘I'm not the protagonist of a manhwa...’

I returned to the dining room, where I drank one more bottle of soju. The sweet soju was now bitter.

“What? Have you been drinking alone? Youngwoo, aren't you a drinker?” Ahyoung grinned as she returned to the room. “Let's go somewhere else. We can talk more in a place where the atmosphere is better...”

I wanted to say to Ahyoung, ‘You detestable girl! Is it fun playing with someone innocent? Stop acting!’ But it was impossible to talk like that to someone whom I loved.

“No, let's end it here today. I have to hurry home.”

“Huh? Already?”

Ahyoung's expression was so natural that I couldn't even believe she was acting. If I hadn't heard her call by chance, I would've been fooled by her acting forever.

“I'm sorry, I'll have to see you next time.”

I barely managed to suppress my tears as I got up. Before I parted from Ahyoung in front of the restaurant, she finally cut to the chase. "Come to the reunion next week, understood?"

Ah. The reason why Ahyoung met me today was because she was instigated by the other alumni in order to use my love to make me go to the reunion, where they could mock me. Why was I always so pitiful?

"Okay, I understand."

I nodded without saying no to Ahyoung. Then on the way home on the bus, I cried like a protagonist of a melodrama.

"Sob sob sob sob~!!"

The other passengers looked at me and told me to be quiet, but I cried without caring. I soon arrived home.

"Oppa, what's with that stupid haircut? Huh? Oppa? Why's your expression like that? Are you crying?"

Was she waiting for me? As soon as I opened the door, Sehee rushed out of her room with a concerned look.

I declared to Sehee, "I'll never love again. Women... I'm really scared of women. I don't like them."

"Oppa?"

There was no one who needed me in reality. I was just a joke. But Satisfy was different. Khan was solely dependent on me, while Administrator Valdi required my skills. In addition, Irene had great affection towards me. Yes, I realized once again that Satisfy was the place for me.

I went straight to the capsule and connected to Satisfy. As soon as I connected, there was a whisper from Jishuka,

-The orb's price has been determined. Can we meet now?

Then Jishuka came to Khan's smithy and handed him the money.

“The maker of the Special Jaffa Arrows... We have been searching really hard for you. We need your abilities. Grid, please join our guild.”

I stared at her. I remember telling Jishuka that I made the Special Jaffa Arrows and the Divine Shield during the Malacus raid.

‘They saw me using Pagma’s Swordsmanship... They might’ve already noticed that I have a hidden class...’

I seriously thought about it. If I joined the best guild, the benefits to me were obviously huge. And Jishuka promised her full support.

‘I don’t want to waste time socializing if I join a guild, but I don’t think I need to worry about that if I join the Tzedakah Guild.’

There were a lot of benefits if I joined the Tzedakah Guild. However, there was a problem to be addressed.

“I have a question.”

“Ask me anything.”

“The money I will earn from my personal activities and the money I will earn from working with your guild. Which one will be bigger?”

Jishuka replied without thinking about it. “Of course you will make more money when you are with us. You will get more money and reputation.”

“Really? Is that so? Hrmm... Then I have a condition before joining the guild.”

“Yes. Whatever you ask.”

“I am based here at Khan’s smithy. I am Khan’s successor and will someday inherit this smithy. I don’t want to move my base according to your tastes.”

Jishuka responded instantly. “Okay. We will move our guild base to Winston instead of forcing you to move.”

It was unconditionally favoring him. I realized what it meant when one of the best guilds promised their full support.

‘This... Is my worth bigger than I thought?’

I was currently the best blacksmith in Satisfy. I knew this fact better than anyone else. But I never imagined that my value would be so great as to make one of the strongest guilds move their headquarters to Winston.

‘If I want to, I can live well in any guild.’

However, I had no intention of applying for membership to another guild. Have I ever been recognized and needed by someone before? No. It was my first time. My heart was weakened due to the incident with Ahyoung, so I felt overwhelmed at the fact that the top rankers acknowledged me.

“Okay. I will join the Tzedakah Guild. If you don’t keep any of your promises, I can leave the guild at any time.”

Thus, I joined the Tzedakah Guild. This was a stepping stone for my growth.

I was determined.

‘I will become rich quickly. Then I will show those who ignored me.’

I would show all the alumni, including Ahyoung, my change as soon as possible.

CHAPTER 96

[You have joined the Tzedakah Guild.]

Guild Name: Tzedakah

Level: 5 (57,630,440/100.588.127)

Reputation: 612,140

Master: Jishuka

Number of Members: 18/80

Affiliation: None

Alliances: None

Hostile Relationships: Rio Kingdom/ Fire Dragon Trauka/ Yatan Church/ Iron Style Group/ Holding Clan/ Couch Clan

Inclination: Neutral

Territory: None

I was very disappointed when I checked the guild information window that popped up when I joined the guild.

“What is this? The number of members is small since it is a group of elites, but you don’t have any alliances or territory? And why do you have so many hostile relationships? Why is a red dragon hostile to you?”

“We haven’t felt the need to make an alliance yet, and there are many enemies due to quests and raids. Umm, don’t worry about the red dragon. He won’t do anything unless we enter his territory.”

“Putting all that aside, why don’t you have a territory? As a top level guild, shouldn’t the Tzedakah Guild have a territory?”

It had been one year since Satisfy opened. Some top guilds belonged to certain

countries and built up their achievements, receiving territory from the kings or nobles. They were barren land, but depending on how the guild manages and develops it, the land could become a city in the future and huge taxes could be collected from it. In other words, the acquisition of a territory was one of the ultimate goals of a guild. Therefore, it was natural to wonder why the Tzedakah Guild didn't have a territory.

Jishuka explained. "Grid, you are mistaken. Our guild is the strongest guild, not a top guild. There are fewer guild members so there is a limit to how much we can raise our guild level, as you can see by our low guild level. The level of the top guilds is estimated to be around 7~8 right now."

"Wow... A bad guild with low level and no territory... How can this guild make me rich?"

It seemed like I joined the wrong guild.

'I should leave.'

A man entered the smithy when I decided to leave.

"Listen to a person's words to the end.

It was Pon who played an active part in the raid against Malacus.

"Our guild might be low in level, but we have steadily built up a reputation as we progressed through quests and raids. Many nobles and nations know about us, and we have received countless offers of territory from them. We just refused."

I didn't understand. "You refused the territory?"

Other guilds were eager to snatch any territory they could. If they could get land, they would lick the feet of the nobles and royalty. Then why did the Tzedakah Guild refuse to accept the territory?

I couldn't understand it.

"Puhaha! You should bluff more moderately. Why would a guild say no to a territory?"

"Because of you." Jishuka pointed at me with her long fingers. Even her hand gesture was seductive. "We had to make the entire continent our area of activity while

searching for the unknown craftsman. That made it difficult to have a base and manage it. The nobles and royal families started to make suggestions about us becoming their subordinates around the time of your appearance.”

In other words...

“You gave up territory just to find me?”

“Yes. But strictly speaking, we didn’t give it up. It is just on hold for a while. We can get territory in any country we want at any time.”

I never imagined how much the Tzedakah Guild needed me. “But why do you want me so much? You know now that I have a hidden job, but at that time, didn’t you just know me as a blacksmith?”

“The reason we want you is because you’re a blacksmith. Your hidden class is irrelevant.”

Pon explained.

“The average user level in Satisfy is 80. High-level users like us are just a fraction of the two billion users, so there is always a shortage of equipment available for high-level users. The items with the performance we want are rarely dropped through hunting or raids, so we have to rely on produced items...”

Was it to welcome my new colleagues? Khan kindly came out with refreshments. He was an NPC, but Pon respectfully accepted the teacup given to him. Then he continued speaking.

“A blacksmith who can produce high-level items is very rare. Among users, there are no advanced blacksmiths and even the advanced NPC blacksmiths are only available in major cities. In addition, advanced blacksmiths only have a low chance of making epic or higher rated items, so the burden of investing the materials and the commission fee is very high.”

Jishuka took over. “Then epic rated arrows that not even advanced blacksmiths could make appeared. We thought that the maker had the ability to produce the items we wanted, so we earnestly searched for you.”

“...”

The Tzedakah Guild recognized my abilities first and searched for me. I confirmed that I made the right decision in joining them.

“We came looking for you. You have the ability we want.”

After that. All 17 members of the Tzedakah Guild, including Jishuka and Pon, gathered at Khan’s smithy. Then they welcomed me with enthusiasm. All of them looked at me with expectant eyes, making me feel overwhelmed. But unexpected, not one person asked about my class.

“Isn’t anyone interested in my class?”

Jishuka smiled gently.

“It isn’t that we have no interest. Everyone, including myself, is curious about the exact class. But we won’t ask because we know that hidden classes are reluctant to disclose information about their class.”

“Hoh...”

It was really meticulous care. As I started liking the guild more and more, Jishuka cut to the chase.

“Grid, in the future, I want to commission items for the guild members. We want epic or higher rated items suitable for our level. We will buy the completed items for an appropriate price.”

“It is okay if you give me money. But it will take a while to obtain the materials and production methods required...”

“If you tell us what you need, we will get it for you. You just have to worry about making it.”

That was convenient.

“Okay. But I don’t have a lot of capital, so I can’t make too many items at once.

Jishuka made a confused sound. “Capital? Why do you need capital? The guild will supply the materials and production methods. All you need is time and the technique.”

“... Eh?”

Were they going to give me free materials and production methods? This sounded like a dream! No, don't get too excited. It was strange. It was suspicious that they were so nice from the beginning. I couldn't believe in people-especially women- because they might hit me in the back of the head!

I became wary of Jishuka.

“You'll give me the materials for free and then buy the finished item from me? Why are you giving me the materials and production methods? Isn't it just a loss for you?”

“Hah?” Jishuka was confused. “What are you talking about? Aren't you a blacksmith of our guild? It's natural for the guild to support our blacksmith with materials and the production methods.”

Regas laughed from where he was listening to the side.

“Grid, a competent blacksmith is a talent that all guilds covet. They have to give the blacksmiths the best treatment to prevent them from going to other guilds. It is obvious that a guild with a competent blacksmith will have a huge growth gap with a guild that doesn't have one.”

“Wow...”

A blacksmith class, wasn't it a total honey-like class? But this was only for competent blacksmiths!

‘Blacksmiths are very difficult to grow... So the value of an exceptional blacksmith is very high. However, Pagma's Descendant has fraudulent blacksmith skills so it honey..’

I once again felt the greatness of a legendary class and appreciated it.

‘I want to start working.’

I was filled with enthusiasm and prompted Jishuka. “So who am I making an item for?”

Pon raised his hand in a flash.

“Me!”

Vantner grabbed Pon's hand. Then he raised his hand. "No, me first!"

Toban shouted. "Of course, the master should be first! Then the chief of staff!"

"What does chief of staff have to do with the sequence? Don't abuse your authority."

All members of the Tzedakah Guild were rankers. They all aimed at and desired to level up. Being armed with stronger items would make it faster and easier to hunt. It was obvious that all of them wanted their item to be made first.

No, I had to exclude Regas, who was laughing without saying anything.

'Regas is a martial artist who trains his body, so it seems like he doesn't care about items. That reminds me...'

I pointed to two men who couldn't hide their uncomfortable expressions and Toban.

"Toban. And you two."

"Huh?"

The three people called became filled with anticipation. They misunderstood that I would make them items. However, it was the opposite.

"I will make your items last."

"W-Why?"

I explained to the surprised Toban, "Toban, you were nasty when I asked to join the Guardian of the Forest raid last time..."

"Heok? It was a few months ago, but you still remember? Strictly speaking, it was indifference, not nastiness!"

"Shh. And the other two..."

I checked the IDs of the two people. One was a Hispanic male with black hair called Rook, while the other was a slim, middle-aged man called Jeep.

"The two of you. Didn't you come here before?"

It wasn't long after the production making game with Euphemina. They were the two people who entered Khan's smithy to ask about Euphemina's whereabouts. At that time, they ignored me and disregarded Khan since he was an NPC.

"Our relationship is like this, right?"

I smiled and the two of them looked at each other before bowing and apologizing, "We're sorry for that time! We were so impatient that we were rude! We sincerely apologize!"

"You need to apologize to Khan, not me."

Khan was watching me and my new colleagues happily! The two people apologized to Khan, but they didn't really mean it.

"What? Are you still ignoring NPCs? Well, regardless of whether you ignore NPCs or not, it doesn't matter to me; however, Khan is different. Khan is my precious friend, and if you don't respect him, I will never produce any items for you."

"... I'm sorry Khan."

"Please forgive us."

Rook and Jeep's apologies were sincere this time, and it seemed that they realized that even an NPC could be a valuable asset to someone.

"They will do well."

Well, I didn't want to criticize them anymore because I also ignored NPCs that I didn't need. So the conclusion...

"I want you to make a spear for Pon first."

It was Jishuka's will.

"As revealed in the Malacus raid, Pon currently has a low level weapon, so he can't exert the maximum amount of power in a high-level raid. He is one of the pure physical damage dealers in our guild, so we have to prioritize his weapon."

Pon approached.

“I already have a method of making a spear.”

[‘Gale Spear Production Method’ has been acquired.]

[Gale Spear Production Method]

Prerequisite: Advanced Blacksmith Mastery Level 4.

* Gale Spear: A spear made of mithril. It is very light so the more skilled the user, the more the power can be maximized. However, this lightness can be a disadvantage.

User Restriction: Level 240 or higher.

‘Ohh!’

Following the Divine Shield, I got another free production method! I failed to conceal my pleasure as Pon asked me carefully,

“Is it possible?”

I replied as if it was no big deal, “Of course.”

The Tzedakah Guild members were agitated.

“It means he at least has Advanced Blacksmith Mastery level 4...”

“Isn’t the first ranked blacksmith still at the intermediate level?”

“Is his excellent combat skills and mastery of blacksmith techniques because of the hidden class?”

“It must be one of the best among the hidden classes...”

I learned the production method in front of them.

[You have learned how to make the Gale Spear.]

[Gale Spear]

Rating: Rare ~ Legendary

Rare Rating Information:

Durability: 210/210 Attack Power: 290

Attack Speed: +5%

* Attack speed will increase by 0.5% for every attack that connects.

Epic Rating Information:

Durability: 280/280 Attack Power: 336

Critical Chance: +5% Attack Speed: +5%

* Attack speed will increase by 1% for every attack that connects.

Unique Rating Information:

Durability: 363/363 Attack Power: 400

Critical Chance: +5% Attack Speed: +10%

* Attack speed will increase by 1% for every attack that connects.

* The skill 'True Illusion' will be generated.

Legendary Rating Information:

Durability: 444/444 Attack Power: 493

Critical Chance: +10% Attack Speed: +10%

Accuracy: +5%

* Attack speed will increase by 1.5% for every attack that connects.

* The skill 'True Illusion' will be generated.

A spear made of mithril. It is very light so the more skilled the user, the more the power can be maximized. However, this lightness can be a disadvantage.

User Restriction: Level 240 or higher. More than 750 strength. More than 400

agility. Advanced Spear Mastery level 2 or higher.

Weight: 200

‘Ohh, it is a good spear.’

It wasn’t inferior to the Sword of Self-transcendence that I made. The materials required to make it...

“Pon, in order to create one spear, I need 15kg of mithril ore, 1st tier high-grade Tipan wood and four griffin tendons.”

Pon made an excited sound.

“I will acquire them for you now. Then while you are making the spear, I will look for the whereabouts of the Divine Shield that was stolen. So don’t worry about anything during the production.”

I nodded with a much lighter heart. “Okay. I will concentrate and make a good spear.”

I was standing on a stage. The guild was filled with expectations for the creator of the Special Jaffa Arrows. And I was ready to surprise them.

‘For some reason, I have a lot of confidence today.’

Of course, there was a chance it might be ruined. But there was no reason to be blamed if I made a rare rated item. The result of the item produced was clearly luck. So there was no need to be burdened. I started to concentrate on my breathing.

CHAPTER 97

‘Then first...’

[Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship Skill]

Lv. 2 (76.3%)

Produce equipment items that you know how to make.

You can create the production methods for a new item with the ‘Legendary Blacksmith’s Creation’ skill.

There is a certain probability of producing rare~ epic rated items.

There is a rare probability of creating unique rated items.

There is a very rare probability of creating legendary rated items.

* All stats of a production item will increase by 12%.

* When rare rated items are produced, all stats will permanently rise by +2 and reputation throughout the continent will rise by +30.

* When epic rated items are produced, all stats will permanently rise by +4 and reputation throughout the continent will rise by +80.

* When unique rated items are produced, all stats will permanently rise by +12 and reputation throughout the continent will rise by +300.

* When legendary rated items are produced, all stats will permanently rise by +25 and reputation throughout the continent will rise by +1,000.

* Something special will occur with every five legendary items created. (Currently 2/5)

[Legendary Blacksmith's Breath]

Lv. 2 (42.5%)

When you are concentrating on making an item, the will of Pagma's Descendant will fill the production item.

All stats of a production item will increase by 7%.

There is a rare chance of giving special features to your production items.

My production skills increased from level 1 to 2 a short time after the item production game with Euphemina. For the last two months, I had made countless normal, rare and epic items. In addition, there were two legendary items.

Nevertheless, my skill levels stagnated at level 2.

'The experience is a lot worse compared to level 1...'

However, the experience of the Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill was close to 80%. If I kept making items in earnest, it would reach level 3.

'The problem is the Legendary Blacksmith's Breath. The breath is random, so it is hard to raise the experience.'

I did my best every time I made an item. In particular, it took a long time since I spent more than 20 hours producing one item.

According to the description of the Legendary Blacksmith's Breath, it should activate every time I made an item. But the concept of 'concentration' seemed more difficult than I thought, and the Legendary Blacksmith's Breath was only activated occasionally.

The breath wasn't triggered even when I made the legendary Divine Shield. Therefore, the legendary Divine Shield didn't have any additional options and was exactly as described in the production method.

'I made a legendary item but the breath skill wasn't activated... When thinking about it now, it is a shock. On the other hand, there was the Sword of Self-transcendence.'

A sword made through an ordinary longsword production method became a legendary rating, and this could be attributed to the breath skill. Phoenix had described it as a sword that appeared once every 100 years.

‘The key to my production is whether the breath skill is triggered.’

The most important factor for a typical blacksmith was the item’s rating.

Normal, rare, epic and unique.

They made their item, hoping that the rating would be the highest. It was the same for me. Normal, rare, epic and unique. In addition, there was the legendary rating! I only eagerly hoped that a highly rated item would be produced. But now my thoughts had changed.

While the rating was important, the breath also played a critical role.

‘If the breath isn’t triggered, I will produce only the options mentioned in the production method, just like regular blacksmiths. However, when the breath is triggered, the value is much higher, because of the additional options.’

Depending on which options were given, a rare item affected by the breath skill might be better than an epic item not affected by the breath skill. Of course, the breath skill didn’t necessarily give new options. It was random. But even if an option wasn’t granted, the basic abilities were increased, so it was still a profit.

‘Maybe it is necessary for the level of the breath skill to increase in order for it to be triggered more often...’

As long as breath couldn’t be used intentionally, there was no way to quickly raise the level. I just had to raise it while making items.

‘It means I need to continue grinding in the future... It isn’t easy to become rich.’

As I was looking at my blacksmith skills, Vantner came over to me.

“If you don’t mind, can you repair my weapon? It has been badly damaged against Malacus.”

“If you give me money...”

I had never experiencing repairing an item with my own hands before. I only devoted myself to making items. However, the durability of some of my equipment had decreased from recent combat. There was no reason to refuse when Vantner asked me to repair his equipment.

“Khan, do you have any repair tools?”

“Of course.”

Khan brought out an anvil, hammer, grindstone, and iron. However, the anvil and hammer had ‘repair’ attached to the name. It was the first time I saw the repair tools. I asked Khan a question.

“Is there a reason to distinguish these tools for repair? Can’t an ordinary anvil and hammer be used for repairs?”

Khan explained.

“Repair hammers and anvils are disposable. As you said, we can repair items with ordinary anvils and hammers but... We can’t do that. Then won’t it be difficult to ask a lot of repair money from the customer?”

“...?”

“Why do we use disposable hammers and anvils? It is to give customers the awareness that ‘hammers and anvils must be consumed’ when repairing. It is a type of gesture to emphasize the favor we are doing them. Due to this advertisement, we can charge higher repair fees... This is a money-making means devised by the ancient blacksmiths. Thus, the repair tools were born.”

This was the reason why I had to pay an expensive amount of money for my items to be repaired? I had a lot of respect for blacksmiths.

‘It is very desirable to explore new ways to make money... I should learn from this.’

Vantner handed me his two axes.

[Twin Bloody Axes]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 39/500 Attack Power: 250

Critical Chance: +20% Critical Damage: +30%

* There is a constant probability of attacking two times.

* Can cause bleeding when a critical hit occurs.

It is the weapon of the butcher of Kırım Peninsula, Fang. The number of people killed by this axe is immeasurable.

User Restriction: Level 200 or higher. More than 1,000 strength. Advanced Axe Mastery level 1 or higher.

Weight: 700

Vantner said that he invested all his stats into strength, so this was the right weapon for him.

‘But it is strange.’

The average attack power of axe type weapons was higher than that of one-handed swords. In particular, twin axes had an attack power similar to large weapons. However, the Twin Bloody Axes was weaker in attack power than the usage conditions and rating.

“Mister Vantner. Isn’t the attack power of this axe lower than other twin axes of the same rating?”

Vantner nodded.

“You can tell. That’s right. When I compared to twin axes with similar conditions of use, the attack power is 60 points lower. I’m only using this because I like the options but unfortunately... Fang’s raid was really hard... Frankly, Fang’s weapon is more like a lie. I almost suspect that it is a bug. Hey, I am the same age as Pon. Why are you calling Pon ‘Pon’ and me ‘Mister?’ Huh? Are you kidding?”

This was...

“Appraisal.”

I ignored the suddenly angry person and tried using the Legendary Blacksmith’s Appraisal skill on the Twin Bloody Axes. Then...

[The blacksmith who becomes a legend can appraise items with an excellent discerning eye. If a hidden feature exists in the target item, it will be found.]

Ttiring~

[Genuine Twin Bloody Axes]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 39/500 Attack Power: 250~380

Critical Chance: +20% Critical Damage: +30%

* There is a constant probability of attacking two times.

* Can cause bleeding when a critical hit occurs.

* Causes confusion when a critical strike is activated.

* The skill ‘Genuine Conversion’ will be generated.

It is the weapon of the butcher of Kirim Peninsula, Fang. The number of people killed by this axe is immeasurable.

The joint part of the left-hand axe is offset. As a result, it isn’t easy to transmit force and the power of the axe isn’t exercised properly.

But this is an intentional device designed to change the power (weight) of the axe from time to time in order to confuse the enemy. Clicking the button hidden below the joint will cause the seams to engage and increase the attack power.

It is a weapon where you can feel the pleasure of disturbing and confusing the enemy.

User Restriction: Level 200 or higher. More than 1,000 strength. Advanced Axe Mastery level 1 or higher.

Weight: 700

[You have discovered a hidden feature in the item!]

[Insight has increased by 10.]

“Wow.”

I had used the Legendary Blacksmith’s Appraisal skill dozens of times so far. But it was the first time I found a hidden feature.

‘Interesting... And my insight stat went up by 10 points at once!’

I clenched both fists with joy. On the other hand, the guild members were surprised.

“What? Vantner’s axe has suddenly changed?”

“Hasn’t it changed shape? No?”

While the guild members were surprised, Vantner was nervous.

“D-Did anything go wrong with the repairing?”

If a blacksmith lacked the skill to repair an item, the maximum durability of the item would permanently drop. Vantner was concerned about this. Was he trying to hurt my pride?

‘What does he see me as...?’

How could a legendary blacksmith fail in item repairing?

‘Also, the repairing hasn’t even started yet.’

I started to heat up Vantner’s axe.

Ttang! Ttang! Chiik.

Repeated quenching, tempering, and forging. The heated axe was reborn anew. Vantner was nervous as he watched me hammering without speaking.

30 minutes later. After using the grindstone, the Genuine Twin Bloody Axes were fully restored. I passed them to Vantner and...

“Heooooook!”

Vantner freaked out as he examined his transformed axes.

“Vantner?”

Vantner’s exclamation confused the guild members. Jishuka, who had been watching the situation, asked with wide eyes.

“What is the fuss?”

Vantner responded to her in a trembling voice.

“T-That... I don’t understand... L-Look for yourself...”

Vantner shared the information of the item with the guild members. The guild members were shocked as they verified the information.

“What is this?”

“The item has changed? This is nonsense!”

All of a sudden, loud noises were heard from Khan’s smithy.

‘What is the fuss? Huhut...’

I dug at my ears while Jishuka came up to me and asked,

“Grid! What kind of magic is this?”

“Magic? What magic?”

I stared straight into her shining, ruby-red eyes and said,

“This is all skill.”

A legendary skill that only I could use in Satisfy.

CHAPTER 98

“A skill that permanently improves the performance of an item, I’ve never heard of it.”

Jishuka’s eyes gleamed with curiosity and excitement. She was hoping that I would tell her what I did.

‘She won’t be able to sleep well tonight if she doesn’t know.’

I didn’t have any reason to keep it a secret, but above all, I wasn’t the type of man to make a woman have a sleepless night over this. And thus, I described the process.

“The appraisal skill—my appraisal skill—can discover hidden features in items.”

There was more turmoil after my words.

“It’s just an appraisal skill? I really can’t believe it.”

“I didn’t even know that items even had hidden features. Really amazing...”

“If Grid appraises my sword, will it improve its performance like that of the axes?”

The guild members were amazed when they heard my words. It was very fresh and fun that the top rankers were shaking over someone lower than level 100.

‘Even if they are top rankers, they have never met a legendary class before.’

I was the only legendary class right now! I was feeling a rare sense of superiority when Jishuka asked me the core question, “Do hidden features exist in all items?”

I shook my head and said, “No. Items with hidden features are extremely rare. But who knows? There might be hidden features in the equipment you are wearing right now.”

“Does that mean you can appraise all our items?”

Jishuka couldn’t hide her anticipation, as her cheeks flushed slightly when she asked. I was excited because her sexy image became more prominent.

'Kuk! I won't! I don't know what will happen if I lose my heart to a woman again!'

Women were enemies. Women were enemies. Women were enemies...

I hypnotized myself many times, and was barely able to calm down before nodding to Jishuka and saying,

"Of course I can appraise them. That is, if there is money."

At the same time, the guild members cried out,

"Please appraise my equipment!"

"Me too!"

The guild members wished to upgrade their items like Vantner's weapons. None of them asked how much the cost of the appraisal was.

'Does that mean it doesn't matter? Indeed, rankers are really rich!'

I had to set an appraisal price. I considered the price of the highest rated appraisal item, the Eye of Pallalian.

'It was around 14-15 Gold?'

The Eye of Pallalian appraised items of all ratings. The appraisal item I used on Pagma's Rare Book was the Eye of Pallalian. But even the Eye of Pallalian couldn't find hidden features in items. In other words, my appraisal skill was at a higher level than the Eye of Pallalian. This told me that the value of my appraisal skill was more than the Eye of Pallalian.

'Should each appraisal be 30 gold? No, is that too expensive?'

30 gold was around 36,000 won. It was almost the price of two chickens.

In addition, there were no penalties no matter how much I used the appraisal skill. No specific materials were needed and it didn't consume mana, so it could be used infinitely. In addition, the amount of time spent appraising one item was less than a minute. If I asked for 30 gold per item, would it seem like too much?

'It is vague when it comes to money...'

I understood why the blacksmiths were forced to make the concept of repair tools.

'It would be good to commemorate becoming a guild member...'

Did I have to give them free appraisals? Have I changed?

'I don't plan to be a philanthropist.'

If money was available to be eaten, I needed to grasp the chance! I spent nearly two million won the day that I met Ahyoung on clothes, a haircut and our meal, so I needed to make back the damages somehow.

"One appraisal is 30 gold! I will appraise any item for 30 gold! If a hidden feature is found, you have to pay me an extra 300 gold!"

I didn't think it was expensive but so what? Could a person truly call it expensive? The value of an item would rise exponentially if a hidden feature was found. In fact, Vantner's axes would've risen at least a few thousand gold. From a positive point of view, paying 30 gold for an appraisal wasn't a loss. The guild members were more aware of this than I was.

"30 gold for appraisal... If a hidden feature is found then it is 300 gold? Isn't this pretty cheap? Okay! Please appraise all my equipment!"

They lined up in front of me. They looked like a queue of money in my eyes.

'If I get 10 appraisal requests per person, I will receive 4,500 gold from 15 people... There is also the bonus if a hidden feature is found...!'

4,500 gold was around 5.4 million won. I could earn two months worth of salary in an instant, so tears of joy flowed down.

'Ah! I'm so happy!'

The heart that was hurt by Ahyoung felt warm. Satisfy was truly a haven for me. On the other hand, the guild members talked to each other as they stood in line for the appraisal.

“Isn’t this like the lottery?”

“Kahahahat! I brought over all of my items from my warehouse! Don’t the odds of winning go up if there are more items to be appraised?”

“Oh, that is a good idea? I will take out all my equipment in the warehouse as well!”

Suddenly, the guild members called the discovery of a hidden feature ‘winning.’

‘Winning... I like it.’

I felt like a lottery ticket seller! Now, let’s start the appraisal business! Ah, before that...

“Khan, how much should Vantner pay for the repair of his axes?”

“It should be at least 20 gold considering the repair tools and the time it took to complete.”

“How much are the repair tools?”

“... 50 silver.”

“..”

I declared to the guild members standing in line.

“When you leave an item for appraisal, let me repair it! I will neatly repair any item! Didn’t you see me repair Vantner’s axes?”

Thus, I started an appraisal and repair business for the guild members. I watched the tide of gold entering my inventory.

‘This is a more efficient way of making money than producing items.’

Of course, making items were better because I could get permanent stats and reputation. There would also be a jackpot if I made an item higher than the unique rating. Thus, the appraisals and repairs would remain as a side business.



“The guild warehouse has a lot of mithril ores... Let’s see ~ Tipan wood and griffin’s tendons...”

Pon and Regas were at the auction house to find the materials for the Gale Spear. Regas suggested to Pon who was looking for the necessary materials.

“Pon, no matter how good Grid is, isn’t it hard to make an epic item in one go? I think it is better to secure enough materials to make five spears.”

Pon agreed.

“The probability that an advanced blacksmith will make epic rated items is one-tenth... I would like to gather the materials to make 10 spears, but the Tipan wood and griffin tendons are too expensive. In fact, I only have enough money to buy materials to make three spears. Sigh. I would appreciate it if any of the three spears has an epic rating... Well, it can’t be helped even if all three are rare rated. I have to remember this.”

“Yes. Now that Grid is part of our family, we can request it at any time. So don’t fret about it. Still, it is a pity. If I had money, I would pay for the materials cost...”

“Ah ~~~ don’t worry, don’t worry. How many times do I have to tell you to throw away your habit of easily giving money to people? By the way, the griffin tendons registered at the auction house are really expensive. Would it be cheaper to find a direct seller?”

“Let’s look together.”

Pon and Regas left the auction house. Then they starting touring the market area to see if there were any merchants selling griffin tendons. Unfortunately, griffin tendons were a precious material so they were difficult to find.

“Winston is now a big city, but it is still hard to find...” Pon suddenly stopped talking. He found a bunch of users wearing a golden mace guild mark and became vigilant. “Why are people from the Giant Guild here?”

It wasn’t an exaggeration to say that the Giant Guild was currently the largest guild of Satisfy. There were over 500 people with an average level of 130. More than anything else, the guild master was the 3rd ranked Chris.

“Wasn’t Chris appointed as the lord of Pedro not long ago? Why are these guys in Winston instead of Pedro?”

“Yes. Pedro is to the south, completely opposite of here...”

The always smiling Regas was nervous for a change. The Giant Guild was the biggest enemy of the Tzedakah Guild: they had been fighting ever since the days of L.T.S!

“The fact that they came to Winston when it is known we are staying here... They must have ulterior motives. For now, it would be best to avoid them.”

The Giant Guild wasn’t a threat to the Tzedakah Guild in L.T.S. But the situation was different in Satisfy. The Giant Guild started Satisfy as soon as it opened, while the Tzedakah Guild only joined nine months after Satisfy started. The difference in growth hadn’t been narrowed yet, so the Tzedakah Guild had been avoiding clashes with the Giant Guild.

In the end, Pon returned to the auction house without looking through the market any further. He was forced to cry as he bought the griffin tendons.

“Those people from the Giant Guild made my gold disappear.”

Pon complained with a grouchy face. But he imagined the result of the Gale Spear that Grid would make for him and felt better.

And after a while. Pon and Regas were stunned as they arrived back at Khan’s smithy.

“Yes! I wonnnnnnnn!!!”

“Wow, amazing! This is the third winner!”

“... What are you doing?”

The guild members were surrounding Grid and making a fuss. Pon and Regas wondered what was going on.

Grid was looking at the items piled up in front of him one by one. “Um... This is a loss! This is a loss as well! Another loss! Loss! Loss!”

“...”

Grid cried out every time he looked at an item.

Pon and Regas had no idea what Grid was doing, so they asked someone for an explanation. Vantner showed them his transformed axes. Pon and Regas' eyes widened.

“W-What is this? A bug? Is this a bug?”

Vantner spoke in a patronizing manner.

“Huhuhut... Grid has an appraisal skill that can discover the hidden features in items. Items with hidden features will have their performance greatly improved, like my axes. That's right. This. My weapons. Kukukuk... Kuahahat! How is it, Pon? Are you jealous?”

“Kuk!”

Pon wanted Grid to make his Gale Spear as soon as possible, but before that!

“Please appraise all my equipment!”

Pon gave all of his equipment to Grid. Unfortunately, the results were all failures. On this day, Grid appraised close to 300 items for the Tzedakah members, yet only three had hidden features, including Vantner's axes.

However, the guild members were still very positive. The three winners were stronger than before, causing the overall power of the guild to rise.

‘Joining the guild and increasing the guild's power in only half a day... He really is the person we have been looking for.’

‘All that hard work finding Grid was rewarded.’

And Grid made a revenue of approximately 10,000 gold in a short amount of time. It was a big sum of over 10 million won in cash.

‘I earned 40 million yesterday and then today... If I keep earning like this, I will soon pay off the debt.’

The debt wasn't a problem. It seemed like he could soon be a rich man. It wasn't just

money that Grid got from repairing and appraising the items. He increased his understanding of hundreds of items.

‘There is no item with 100% understanding, but it is positive in the long run.’

The problem was that the rating of the guild’s items was just too high. After all, the higher the rating, the harder it was to raise understanding. For example, he appraised and repaired Vantner’s unique axes, but the understanding was only at 30%. But one day, if he had a chance to disassemble and explore the guild members’ items, it was possible to pursue 100% understanding based on today.

Grid felt better and reached out to Pon.

“Do you have the materials for the Gale Spear?”

“Of course.”

Pon handed over the materials.

Grid would finally produce an item! The guild members gulped with anticipation. Then Grid said to them. “I was curious about something since there are a lot of people here. It’s been half a day, so don’t you want to go hunt?”

“Heok! We have been here for so long?”

“Wah! It is already night out there?”

“This... I haven’t hunted today.”

“I’m somehow hungry...”

The guild members hadn’t been aware of the time because they were too caught up with Grid. They were worried about being overtaken in the rankings by other users and hurriedly left the smithy.

“Then work hard Grid!”

“Pon, show us your spear when it is complete!”

“Make a rare spear for Pon!”

“Shut up, Vantner!”

The guild members said friendly goodbyes to Grid. They were like friends.

‘Friends...’

Grid felt awkward, but it wasn’t a bad feeling.

“Then now...”

Everyone left, and as usual, Khan and Grid were the only ones remaining in the smithy.

“Let’s start the item production.”

CHAPTER 99

Pagma's Descendant could use all items, was almost immune to all status conditions, had a skill that made me immortal for a short time and other passive skills, as well as Pagma's Swordsmanship. If I considered the overwhelming stats growth from the item production, it was a class that belonged to a combat type.

However, Pagma's Descendant was fundamentally a blacksmith. From appraisal, to repair, enhancement, production, and creation... Pagma's Descendant shone the most when it came to blacksmithing. The anvil, furnace, and other production tools all made up my main stage.

"Sigh. Sigh."

I started pouring the mithril ore, coke, and limestone into the blast furnace.

[You can sense the temperature due to the rapid changes in ambient temperature. 30 degrees. 31 degrees. 31.5 degrees. 33 degrees. 36 degrees, 39...]

-Pagma's descendant is sensitive to changes in temperature. If there is a furnace in the vicinity, you can accurately measure the temperature inside the furnace.

I had already mastered the bellows... No, it was a legendary class that couldn't be compared to a master. The temperature of the furnace rose sharply as I intended.

[1,000 degrees. 1,100 degrees. 1,350...]

'Mithril...'

Iron was by far the most common material used for making items. Iron ore was suitable for smelting at temperatures between 1,150~1,250. However, smelting mithril required a much higher temperature and technique was needed to keep it within the required range.

'I have to maintain it exactly between 1,820~1840.'

That's why mithril smelting was only available for Advanced Blacksmith Mastery level 3 or higher.

It wasn't possible for average blacksmiths to raise the temperature of the furnace to higher than 1,800 degrees. Those with Advanced Blacksmith Mastery level 2 might be able to raise the temperature to 1,800 degrees, but it was impossible for them to control it. However, it was simple for me as Pagma's Descendant.

In particular, I already dealt with mithril while making the Divine Shield. I was able to smelt mithril even with my eyes closed. However, I couldn't afford to not focus.

Suoooooh.

The temperature of the furnace was fixed at 1,840 degrees and over time, the mithril ore started to melt slowly.

Inside the blast furnace that was over 1,800 degrees, the melted mithril ore mixed with the carbon monoxide generated from the coke, and pig iron with carbon and mithril was made. At the same time, the separated impurities were turned into slag by the limestone and discharged separately.

This process was a reproduction of smelting methods used in modern iron foundries, which meant that the smelting in Satisfy copied modern smelting techniques.

... This was written on the forums about the blacksmith class.

'Why do I need to understand the principles when I'm not even getting a license? Don't I just need to do it properly?'

I filled the mold with the molten metal. The mysterious orange color of mithril was so beautiful that it felt like my soul was flying away.

'Pretty... It is prettier than women...'

Heok?

"What am I thinking right now?"

It felt like I was becoming a minerals otaku. I had to do something if I didn't want to introduce myself as 'married to my job' when I was 50.

'No... But I'm actually not popular with women... I should at least have a relationship before I die, even if it isn't marriage... Sigh...'

I started to worry if I would really end up married to my job.

"How rotten..."

After the incident with Ahyoung, my confidence with relationships had dropped to the bottom. When would I be able to overcome this aftereffect? I was very worried about my future as I poured the molten minerals into the molds I prepared beforehand. Now I needed to wait for the molten mineral to harden.

'I can't play around while waiting.'

Time was money. I had to cover the costs of all the money I spent on clothing, a haircut and food when I met Ahyoung. I took the Tipan wood I set to one side and started to trim it.

Tipan was like an upgraded version of bamboo. It was dozens of times harder and resilient than bamboo, making it suitable to be used as a material for a spear. It was popular when used to make ornaments because of its transparent blue color, but it was too expensive to be used for ornaments. Using Tipan wood as an ornament was one of the symbols of the rich.

"Um."

I trimmed the Tipan wood into a straight form and cut it 178cm long.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

I swung it a few times as I felt the grip and weight.

'Even with this resilience, the strength is comparable to steel... It is expensive.'

This would be the shaft for the Gale Spear. The harmony of the silver and blue was bound to make the spear beautiful and luxurious.

“Next is the sharp point of the spear.”

I completed the shaft of the spear and pulled out the semi-solid mithril inside the mold. Then I armed myself with my production item.

[Unknown Blacksmith’s Hammer]

Rating: Epic

Durability: 350/350 Attack Power: 70~80

Odds of Making a Rare Rated Item: +17%

Odds of Making a Epic Rated Item: +7%

A blacksmith’s hammer made by a craftsman with great skill and potential, but somewhat lacking in experience and reputation.

This is a hammer produced by the craftsman himself, so it isn’t suitable for other blacksmiths to use.

Conditions of Use: Pagma’s Descendant

Weight: 80

‘Certainly, since I’ve made the hammer, the chances of making rare and epic items have increased.’

It was just a pity that it didn’t increase the chances of making unique and legendary rated items. But that was because the hammer itself was epic rated. I believed that a unique rated hammer would increase the chances of making unique rated items and the legendary hammer would increase the chances of making legendary items.

‘Sooner or later, I will make a legendary rated hammer.’

Ttang! Ttang!

I repeated the work of heating the mithril, forging with a hammer and exhausting the amount of carbon in the mithril to a suitable amount. This was the steelmaking operation. The tempered mithril became more refined and took the shape of a spear

blade.

“Sigh...”

My body was drenched in sweat. There was the thick fog of dawn outside the window.

Ttang~! Ttaang~!

Apart from the sound of adventurers coming back from hunting, there was only the sound of my hammering on the quiet Winston streets.

Four hours later.

I completed the mithril point to satisfaction and attached the griffon tendons to it. The first of the three Gale Spears commissioned by Pon was completed.

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Breath has increased the effectiveness of your production items]

‘Good!’

Fortunately, the breath buff was activated. Now the key was the rating of the item...!

I watched the information window that appeared in front of me with anticipation.

[Gale Spear]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 432/432 Attack Power: 476

Critical Chance: +5% Attack Speed: +10%

* Attack speed will increase by 1% for every attack that connects.

* The skill ‘True Illusion’ will be generated.

* The skill ‘Creator’s Wish’ will be generated.

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

It is very light so the more skilled the user, the more the power can be maximized. However, this lightness can be a disadvantage.

It contains the origin of the craftsman who wishes to be reborn as an excellent spear.

User Restriction: Level 240 or higher. More than 750 strength. More than 400 agility. Advanced Spear Mastery level 2 or higher.

Weight: 200

[A unique rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +12 and reputation throughout the continent has risen by +300.]

“Eh? Huh? Oh~! Ohhhh! Wahhhhh!”

I had made two legendary items, the Sword of Self-transcendence and the Divine Shield. But my only unique item was the Ideal Dagger. In fact, legendary items were less likely to be produced than unique items, but there wasn't much difference. In other words, making a unique item was just as difficult as a legendary item.

A unique item appeared at once!

“Puhahahat!”

I was so happy it was like I could fly away.

‘It is even more of a jackpot because of the effect of the breath skill.’

The unique rated Gale Spear specified in the production method had a total durability of 363 and an attack power of 400. But my unique rated Gale Spear was 19% more durable and strong than what was described in the production method.

I was impressed because the Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill (Lv.2) raised the stats of the item by 12% and the Legendary Blacksmith's Breath (Lv.2) increased it by 7%.

“What is the Creator’s Wish skill?”

I checked the added skill information.

[Creator’s Wish]

The damage of the weapon will increase by 30% for two minutes. It can overlap with the same type of buff effect.

Weapon Durability Consumption: 100

“Hah...”

It increased the weapon damage by 30% for two minutes. It was an ordinary performance, not much different from normal buff skills. No, in general, the average duration of a buff skill was 10 minutes so this was somewhat lacking.

But there was something that had to be noted. The big part was that it could overlap with the same type of buff effect. If ‘Creator’s Wish’ was used with a ‘Weapon Enchant’ skill that increased damage by 30%, that effect would stack up and the damage to the opponent would be +60%.

This was a very rare skill because it wasn’t common for buffs to overlap. It was a skill that required weapon durability, not mana. It was a very good skill as a trump card, but there was a big penalty that the durability decreased by 100.

“Kuk... This is a big hit. Should I share this item information with the guild and surprise everyone?”

I imagined Jishuka and the guild members’ admiration and praise. In particular, I was anticipating Pon’s reaction.

He had handed me materials to create three Gale Spears and said, “I’ve met a lot of blacksmiths so I realize how hard it is to produce epic rated items. I have obtained enough materials for three spears and don’t be burdened. I won’t be disappointed if an epic rated spear doesn’t appear, so just make it casually. To be honest, a rare rated spear isn’t bad to use as a sub-weapon.”

I felt bad when I thought about it.

“What, you aren’t expecting an epic spear to emerge? You will be satisfied even with a rare rating? Hah~ A legendary blacksmith can’t produce only rare rated results?”

... Actually, when I made an item 10 times, almost all of them were rare items.

‘This time I can pretend. I made a unique item in one go!’

How much would Pon pay for this spear? I was so excited it felt like my heart was going to explode.

“What is this... I am going to make a huge amount of money three days in a row after the Malacus raid. Is this reality? I feel strange... After finishing this request, I should write up a household account book.”

It was almost lunch time. I started making the item from the evening before and it took more than half a day to complete.

“Ah, I’m tired. I want to sleep.”

I felt a great sense of accomplishment and now that the tension was released, I became sleepy.

‘Let’s not share information about the Gale Spear just yet... I was given three days on the assumption that I would make three spears... I’ll show them two days later..’

I would like to aim at making a legendary Gale Spear with the remaining materials.



“Finally, today...”

After commissioning the Gale Spears from Grid, Pon devoted himself to hunting for all three days. And for three days, he became more dissatisfied with the weapon that he was currently using.

He had moved to a hunting ground where the monsters gave higher experience. As the level of the monsters increased, the limits of the level 190 spear became clearer to Pon. It was a spear he had been using for 53 levels, from level 190 to 243 but...

Pon's sensitivity couldn't ignore the inferior nature of the spear.

'I want to get rid of this damn spear soon.'

Pon finished hunting and relaxed. As he was preparing to go hunting again, Grid typed into the guild chat window.

{Pon, the three Gale Spears have been completed, so come to Khan's smithy when you have time.}

{Ohh~! The spears are finally complete! What rating did you get?}

{I'm curious~ ^^ Please share the information window Grid.}

The guild members became excited. Pon watched the chat window with half excitement and half unease as he waited for the information of the Gale Spears to appear. However, Grid reported shocking news.

{I'm ruined... I don't want to post it here so come and check.}

Vantner laughed because he liked it.

{ㅋㅋㅋㅋ It seems that only rare-rated spears have appeared ~! Yes! Serves you right, Pon!}

"..."

Pon was honestly disappointed, as he had been expecting at least one epic Gale Spear after seeing Grid easily learn the production method and reinforce Vantner's axes.

"I am prepared."

The basic performance of the Gale Spear was so good that it could be used even if it was rare rated. Pon immediately stopped hunting and walked to Winston. The distance of the new hunting ground to Winston wasn't far.

Three hours later.

He arrived at Khan's smithy and saw several guild members, including Jishuka and Vantner. Pon frowned at the chuckling Vantner.

“Why are all of you here?”

“I want to see your disappointed look. Well? Do you have a complaint? Kya kya kyak!”

“...Damn scum.”

“Do you have a complaint? Tell me if you have any complaints! I will show you the power of my upgraded axes! Kya kya kyak!”

“...”

Vantner was extremely confident after his weapon was strengthened by Grid. He moved his hunting ground to a stronger place, chatted more frequently and made fun of Pon every time he saw Pon.

‘He is too excited. I’m honestly very envious.’

Pon trembled at the thought of his rival doing well alone and approached Grid.

“Grid, you must’ve suffered.”

Pon had told Grid when commissioning the spears that he wasn’t expecting too much, so don’t be burdened. It was true, but he still couldn’t help hiding his disappointment. Grid looked at Pon with sleepy eyes and handed over three spears.

“I’m ruined. I thought I would get a legendary spear since a unique one appeared from the beginning but... They were both epic rated.”

“...?”

What was Grid saying? All the members, including Pon, were stunned. Unique? Legendary? In particular, it was known that legendary items couldn’t be produced so they thought that Grid might be delirious.

Then Pon’s complexion turned white and blue.

[Gale Spear (Epic) has been acquired.]

[Gale Spear (Epic) has been acquired.]

[Gale Spear (Unique) has been acquired.]

“...What?!”

Pon had felt an electrifying thrill in Satisfy only two times. At first, he was amazed and thrilled by the game Satisfy itself. A virtual reality game that was truly another reality. As the creator of Satisfy, Lim Cheolho was a god who created a new world.

The second time was when he encountered the first ranked user on the unified rankings, Kraugel.

Pon and Jishuka accidentally encountered him and were shocked and thrilled. He felt sorry towards Jishuka, but Kraugel was Satisfy’s one and only genius. Pon always had a high position in every game he played, but that had been the first time he felt shabby in front of a user.

And now.

“Grid... You...! You!”

Pon felt his third thrill as he saw the detailed information of the unique rated Gale Spear. He regained the confidence that had been lost. With Grid, it felt possible to cross the wall of Kraugel, who could never be overcome with the Tzedakah Guild’s strength.

CHAPTER 100

Pon immediately bowed.

“Grid, you are better than any blacksmith I have ever seen. I’m truly honored to have a great craftsman like you as my colleague.”

Up to now, Pon had visited a large number of blacksmiths and commissioned the production of items.

He crossed the Hell Desert to meet the best blacksmith in the east, and experienced the invasion of the fire dragon Trauka to meet a famous dwarf blacksmith. It wasn’t an exaggeration to say that he met famous blacksmiths from all over the world.

Unfortunately, Pon couldn’t get any unique rated production items despite his efforts. No matter how well-known the blacksmith, making a unique item was like picking a star from the sky.

Then what about Grid? He made three items, and one of them was completed as unique rated. Furthermore, the performance of the Gale Spear produced by Grid was well above that specified in the production method.

‘There was a suggestion that he could make legendary rated items.’

Grid exceeded common sense. The blacksmith they desperately searched for was a hidden treasure. Pon’s respect rose.

“Amazing. You’re really amazing.”

There would come a day when all guild members would be armed with weapons and armor made by Grid. Then the Tzedakah Guild would truly soar to the top. The thrilled Pon put away the old spear he had been using for a long time and took out the Gale Spear.

“Wow...”

“That’s the Gale Spear...!”

The guild members marvelled at the appearance of the Gale Spear. The spear was a magnificent blend of blue and silver. It seemed like a blue dragon descending from a silver galaxy. The appearance was beautiful enough to be comparable to 'Persona,' a national treasure of the Saharan Empire.

'The performance is great and the appearance is beautiful. Also.'

Buuong. Buuong.

A dark smile spread across Pon's face as he looked at the spear and swung it lightly a few times. He tried using hundreds of spears, but the Gale Spear was outstanding. The length and width of the spear was ideal for him. It was like a spear customized just for himself.

'I feel several times stronger.'

He wanted to run to the hunting grounds and test the power of the spear right now. The guild members approached him and urged.

"Pon, what is the rating of your spear? It doesn't look ordinary."

"Come on, show us. I'm dizzy from curiosity!"

Pon shared the information of the Gale Spear. The guild members' mouths dropped open as they confirmed it.

"Unique?"

"A unique rated item was produced?"

It had a big impact on the guild.

Was Pon the only one with the desire to be armed with excellent items? They also met a number of blacksmiths like Pon, and made hundreds of production requests. But they never saw any unique rated production items. It was theoretically possible for a high level blacksmith to produce unique items, but it was more realistic to acquire unique items through raids instead of making them.

Grid had signed up to the guild and he made a unique item in just three days. All blacksmiths except for him were insignificant.

The atmosphere was rising.

“Cool...” Jishuka couldn’t control her joy and embraced Grid. She kissed his cheek and shouted. “Grid, really great! You’re the best! Truly a fantastic man!”

“... Huh?”

Jishuka’s hug and kiss removed all rational feelings. This was just the greeting of a South American woman expressing pure joy and gratitude. But it was too much stimulus for Grid. The embrace and kiss from a woman considered one of the sexiest in the world wasn’t something that Grid’s mental state could endure.

‘H-Her lips are so soft...’

His cheeks seemed to be melting.

‘Her chest is soft...’

It wasn’t just soft but filled with elasticity.

‘She smells good.’

Any expensive fragrance was trivial in front of Jishuka’s body odor. So the conclusion...

‘Is this a dream? Of course it is a dream. Damn! It is okay to dream! I don’t care even if I die.’

While Grid was struggling, Vantner was frustrated.

“This is nonsense... This spear is better than any weapon I’ve ever seen. Even my Genuine Twin Bloody Axes is nothing in front of this spear... Pon is the one who gets such a great weapon? It isn’t possible... Pon will get ahead of me again...!”

Vantner shook as he muttered.

“Grid, inviting you to the guild is one of the best things I’ve done in my life! I love you!”

Jishuka kept hugging Grid tightly with joy.

“Hehe... Chest... Hihi.”

Grid's face was buried in Jishuka's big chest. The status of the three people wasn't normal. It wasn't a good sight. But none of the guild members restrained the three of them. Everybody was busy looking at the Gale Spear.

"Ahhh~ I'm really envious of Pon. I will have no regrets if I get a unique item like Pon."

"It has a better performance than the unique items that we acquired in raids. How absurd."

"Who is Grid going to make an item for after Pon? Has it been decided yet? I want a piece of armor..."

Pon left the information about the unique Gale Spear in the guild window. Then he pulled out the two epic rated Gale Spears and spoke to Faker.

"I want to use this opportunity to learn how to wield two spears."

The shadowy figure of Faker nodded. "It is a good idea. It is a difficult skill to acquire, but it is an excellent power if you can use it properly."

"Will you be my practice partner?"

"There is no reason to refuse."

Faker raised his dagger and appeared behind Pon. Then he aimed his dagger at Pon's heart. Faker had assassinated numerous talented people, but Pon was a persistent opponent.

Kaaang!

Pon rotated the spear in his left hand and used the repulsive force to deflect the dagger, then he swung the spear in his right hand.

Swaeek!

Pon effectively used the elasticity of the Tipan wood. The Gale Spear moved like a living snake and hit Faker's back.

Peeeong!

Loud sounds occurred in the smithy. That's right. The Gale Spear blew up the air. But Faker was already somewhere else. Faker appeared in the opposite direction and threw hidden weapons.

"You are already familiar with using two spears. Have you been constantly practicing?"

Pon placed one of the spears on his shoulder and replied, "I've never practiced. But my basic abilities are excellent, so I can adapt to new techniques quickly."

"Indeed."

Jjaejaeng! Jaaeng! Chachachang!

Faker was the number one assassin. His unified ranking might be lower than Pon, but his agility surpassed Pon.

So in the beginning, Faker took the lead with his speed. No matter how brilliantly Pon moved his spears, Faker repelled them like a stream of water. Only Pon's spears were scratched. It was when the power of an assassin specializing in PK was clearly revealed.

But as time passed, the situation reversed. Pon's attack speed started to exceed Faker's agility.

"Kuk!"

Faker, who rarely allowed any attacks, retreated while scattering blood. Pon chased him, thrusting forward with his spears.

Puk! Peok!

The Gale Spear was a remarkable weapon. Due to the unique option, its attack speed increased as the battle continued. It was hard to tell the difference in the beginning, but the story changed over time.

"Isn't this cheating...?"

Faker laughed as he was dominated in speed, despite being more confident in his speed than anyone else. Pon thought about Kraugel as he drank a health potion.

‘Now I might be able to touch his collar.’

On the other hand.

“... Is this a smithy?”

The visitors to Khan’s smithy were stunned.

In the center of the smithy, 10 people were gathered together and talking loudly, while a man and woman were hugging to one side. There was a large middle-aged man squatting in the corner and...

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

Two crazy people exchanging blows.

“...”

Was this really a smithy? Even the heart of the market was calm compared to this place.

“Maybe we’re at the wrong place.”

Therefore, customers who came to the smithy to buy items came and went several times.

“What the hell is going on in this smithy?” The turmoil only subsided when Khan returned to the smithy and yelled.

“Heok!”

Grid regained his sense of reason at Khan’s voice. He looked at Jishuka’s fantastic body, which must’ve seduced men around the world.

‘She is truly tricky. She must be trying to avoid paying me for this.’

Grid realized it through his experience with Ahyoung. Women were enemies. He couldn’t be off guard in front of them. He would have a cruel experience if he let them into his heart. Grid was reminded of his bad memories and turned to stone when looking at Jishuka. Then he called out to Pon.

“Hey, don’t play around and give me the payment. How much are you going to buy it for?”

“How much?” Pon approached Grid and said cautiously. “To be honest, it is difficult for me to accurately assess the value of the Gale Spear. But considering other items, I think I should pay at least 800,000.”

“800,000?” Grid doubted his ears. “800,000 gold?”

Of course he was surprised. Grid had sold the legendary rated Sword of Self-transcendence for 220,000 gold. However, the unique rated Gale Spear was purchased for four times the price? Grid couldn’t believe it.

‘800,000 gold in cash...’

100 gold was worth 120,000 won cash. If 100,000 gold is 120 million... 800,000 gold is... Um. Eh? Heok! 960,000,000?’

It was a large amount that could pay off all his father’s debt and still have 300,000,000 remaining. Grid shut down for a while. But he recovered within a short amount of time and sent a pitying glance towards Pon.

‘Stupid fool... A legendary item was trade for 220,000 gold, yet you are buying a unique item for 800,000? You are suffering from your ignorance.’

Grid was mistaken. Grid was the ignorant one, not Pon. In fact, Grid could’ve made millions of gold if he registered the Sword of Self-transcendence at auction. He would’ve obtained billions of won in cash.

However, Grid didn’t know this and only sold it to a NPC for 220,000 gold. The 800,000 gold that Pon offered now was reasonable.

‘Regas is the number one pushover. Starting from today, Pon is number two.’

Sometimes it was better not to know the truth...

Grid nodded at Pon happily without knowing the truth.

“Okay! I’m in a good mood! The two epic spears will be given as a service! 800,000 gold is okay!”

Pon had been planning to buy the two epic Gale Spears separately for 150,000 gold, but it was being given to him as a service? Pon was amazed by Grid.

‘His usual behaviour seems ugly, but he is actually a manly man. Is he merely acting like that to conceal his true self?’

Pon and the Tzedakah Guild became increasingly favorable towards Grid.

At the same time.

One group was spying on Khan’s smithy.

“I didn’t know that the Tzedakah Guild would use this smithy as their stomping ground... Maybe that person is the unknown craftsman? Pass this onto Chris and ask him to send the rankers!”

What was the strongest guild in Satisfy? If this question was asked to 10 people who were passing by right now, 9 out of 10 would mention the Giant Guild. The Giant Guild was the largest in scale! In order to invite the unknown craftsman, they came to Winston, only to discover Grid with the Tzedakah Guild.

CHAPTER 101

A small town called Pedro, in the south of the Eternal Kingdom.

There were no special resources in this area. It wasn't an important geographical location, and there was only one special product here — strawberry-flavored banana. In addition, people's reactions to the strawberry flavored banana were negative.

'Why do I taste strawberry when eating a banana,' 'I would rather eat strawberries than a strawberry flavored banana,' 'It is disgusting because the banana is pink' and so on.

The special product didn't sell well, so no money was earned.

But for the Giant Guild, Pedro was a blessed land. It was due to the presence of the vampire baron, a boss monster who spawned every 11 days in the underground dungeon of Pedro Castle. The vampire baron dropped the vampire accessory set and various elixirs. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that Chris decided to become the lord of Pedro due to the vampire baron.

"Humans...! I will surely rise again to repay this disgrace!"

The vampire baron shouted as he was pierced in the heart with three swords. Chris said with a grin, "Yes, don't forget to rise again."

"Kuaaaaak!"

The vampire baron disappeared into dust. Then all types of riches poured out where he stood. Among the riches were the strength elixir and agility elixir. There was also a vampire necklace. Chris took the elixirs without asking for permission from the other guild members.

[Strength has risen permanently by +3.]

[Agility has risen permanently by +3.]

10 stat points were gained with each level up. It was similar to gaining one level if he drank three elixirs from the vampire baron. For Chris, the value of the elixirs was high since, at level 290, Chris had to spend a fortnight hunting just to gain one level. Chris was happy after drinking the elixirs and taking the vampire necklace.

“Okay. With this, the vampire accessories set is completed.”

“Congratulations, Chris.”

“You are now even stronger.”

The guild members who participated in the raid with Chris applauded. Chris encouraged them, “The drop rate is good and the vampire baron will keep appearing here, so you will get the vampire accessory set as well. Have strength.”

“Yes!”

For a guild of 530 members to be properly controlled, a strict hierarchy was needed. While small guilds had a family-like atmosphere, the Giant Guild was closer to an army. It had a system of absolute obedience to those above them. This system was so efficient that the guild was developing day by day.

After finishing the vampire baron raid.

The executives gathered at the venue for the banquet received whispers from their men. This was the contents of the whisper: A person believed to be the unknown craftsman was discovered in Winston.

As Chris drank his wine, the whisper’s message was delivered to the senior executive Buglima, who organized the content and reported it to Chris.

“The unknown craftsman was found in Winston. However... It seems like the unknown craftsman has already joined the Tzedakah Guild.”

“Tzedakah Guild?”

Chris’ eyes twitched. He was shaking.

The Tzedakah Guild was the guild that dominated the world’s most popular MMORPG L.T.S, before Satisfy was launched. They were small but created a myriad of legends,

and the Giant Guild was one of their legendary scapegoats.

The reason why the Giant Guild, once considered to be one of the top five powers of L.T.S, left as soon as Satisfy was released could be attributed to the Tzedakah Guild. Satisfy became a game that transcended L.T.S so the Giant Guild's quick decision was right, but the Giant Guild's pride had actually been crushed by the Tzedakah Guild.

“Those damn people... I am starting to hear their names often in Satisfy.”

Chris trembled. The memories of the many times he had been beaten by the Tzedakah Guild were still vivid in his head. However, he couldn't stay silent at the unknown craftsman being taken away.

“Send Asellas, Mihara, and Zirkan. Order them to thoroughly hit the Tzedakah Guild until they give up the unknown craftsman.”

“Those three people at the same time...”

“Isn't this too much?”

The executives were agitated. The three people Chris named were part of the five captains of the Giant Guild, each one leading 100 guild members. The fact that they were sent meant that 300 troops would be dispatched to Winston. But didn't the Tzedakah Guild have less than 20 members?

“It is like using a sword to chase a chicken or cow...”

The Giant Guild had 11 executives, including the five captains. Six of them had been together ever since the L.T.S days, but five of them were only from Satisfy. The five people from Satisfy were the problem. They only heard rumors about the Tzedakah Guild and they ignored the Tzedakah Guild, because they had no experience with their strength.

Chris laughed at them.

“Chicken? Cow? Are you comparing the Tzedakah Guild to mere livestock? Kukuk! You don't know it yet. Those guys are dragons. They might be curled up right now, but they can ascend at any moment.”

Chris had more than 100 clashes with the Tzedakah Guild. So he knew them better

than anyone else. Their strength was immeasurable. Their current position might be different from L.T.S., but Chris didn't have any intention of being careless.

“Send those three no matter what. Take away the doors of the dragons.”

He would step on them the best he could.



As of today, it was the fourth day after Grid joined the Tzedakah Guild. During that short period of time, Grid performed great things like improving the guild members' weapons and making a unique spear for Pon.

Today, the Tzedakah Guild decided the second person who Grid who make an item for.

He was a boy called Ibellin. He was only 16 years old, but he was a promising boy who took third place in his class rankings. Ibellin had the potential to be Regas' rival, so they were looking forward to his growth.

And Grid was commissioned to make a sword for the boy. However, it wasn't a usual sword but a flamberge. The flamberge was a sword that had the appearance of a wave. It was a cruel weapon that tore the flesh of enemies due to the nature of its shape.

It was very difficult to forge the sword into the form of a wave.

Let's start first with the forging. Forging was a task that made a metal into a solid shape by tapping at it with a hammer. The metal hardened depending on how well the hammering was. As the metal was tempered, it became harder and harder to shape. The complex appearance of the flamberge meant it was almost impossible to maximize the forging process.

Then was it easy to temper it after the forging? That wasn't the case. Tempering would inevitably change the shape. Therefore, forging and tempering had to proceed at the same time. For the above reasons, ordinary blacksmiths gave up halfway through tempering when making flamberges.

Anyway, the characteristics of the flamberge was in its shape so they focused on the shape rather than tempering. This was also the reason why it was rare to see flamberges above the epic rank. A blade that wasn't tempered properly was weak and lacking durability. Most of the flamberges circulating on the market were normal or

rare ranked. Flamberges above the epic rank only dropped from monsters.

But Grid didn't want to see a normal or rare rating. He needed to make at least an epic rating to make money.

“Status window.”

Name: Grid

Level: 97 (140,090/5,531,200)

Class: Pagma's Descendant

* The probability of adding additional options when making items will increase.

* The probably of item enhancement will increase.

* All equipment items can be worn unconditionally. However, there is a penalty depending on the rating of the item.

Title: One who Became a Legend

* Abnormal conditions don't work well on you.

* You won't die when health is at the minimum.

* Easily acknowledged.

Title: First Unique Item Maker

* Dexterity +200

Title: Only Legendary Item Maker

* Dexterity +350

Title: Knight Slayer

* Stamina +100.

* Strength +30

Title: Apostle of Justice

* All stats +10.

* The Apostle of Justice's bravery is unmatched.

Health: 9,016/9,016 Mana: 819/819

Strength: 824 Stamina: 572 Agility: 257 Intelligence: 279

Dexterity: 904 Persistence: 273

Composure: 204 Indomitable: 230 Dignity: 204 Insight: 204

Courage: 148

Stat Points: 0

Weight: 15,508/21,940

'When combined with the title effect, my dexterity is now approaching 1,500.'

Khan's Advanced Blacksmith Mastery was only at level 2. Grid lived with Khan for months so he guessed that the level of dexterity for Advanced Blacksmith Mastery level 2 was around 500~600. Considering Khan's reputation as the best blacksmith in the north, Grid had around three times the dexterity of the greatest blacksmiths.

Therefore, Grid was confident in his ability to carry out tempering on a flamberge.

"I will make it with my own hands. A powerful flamberge that has never been made before."

Grid's confidence rose up to Andromeda and had no intention of coming back down to Earth.



"Hiyah!"

Peeng!

"Kiyoooh!"

Kwajak!

Regas was in a hurry to find a clue about the thief who stole Grid's shield. He took care of all the beasts and monsters blocking the way, causing a bloody wind to follow his path.

Taekwon Master Regas! He was called the strongest in the L.T.S days and his strength, which was now representative of the Tzedakah Guild, transcended the concept of ranking. Even Jishuka, who had the highest unified ranking in the guild, couldn't beat Regas.

Regas' combat sense was incalculable. He was a person who got stronger as he fought. There was no one who didn't know his reputation. There was no one who dared quarrel with him.

But right now.

"Hey ~ Regas, hasn't it been a really long time?" Mihara, one of the five captains of the Giant Guild and who claimed to be Regas' rival in L.T.S, blocked Regas' way. "I am so happy to fight you again that my head is spinning like crazy. Kukukuk!"

Mihara was a magic swordsman ranked 19th on the unified rankings. As someone who mastered the sword and magic perfectly, he could overcome swordsmen with the sword and magicians with magic. But he used both magic and the sword from the beginning because his opponent was Regas.

Peeng! Seokeok!

He summoned three fire pillars at the same time while blocking Regas' path with the sword. Mihara was excited as he saw blood splashing from Regas' chest.

"Kuahahahat! Regas! You are weak compared to the L.T.S. days! The guy who was once called the strongest looks so sad!"

"..."

Regas barely avoided the pillars of fire and quietly wiped the blood from his chest. Then he asked Mihara, who had started to chant a spell again.

"Who are you?"

"...!"

Mihara was shocked by the unexpected question and couldn't complete his spell. He shouted with rage, "You don't remember me? Damn bastard... No?"

He shook with rage. Regas didn't miss this gap and dug into his side. His hard fist caused Mihara's vision to shift towards the sky.

Peeeeeeok!

"...Keok!"

Regas bowed to Mihara, who had fallen from the unexpected uppercut.

"I don't know who you are, but thank you for being my opponent. I will be able to grow stronger after fighting you. Now, stand up. And concentrate."

"You...!"

During the time that Regas encountered Mihara. Jishuka and Toban were on the move with eight guild members. They were going to raid the basilisk, the king of the desert and so-called wingless dragon. The basilisk possessed top grade petrification magic! The people participating in the raid now had at least 60% resistance to petrification.

However, they were astounded when magic used to freeze their feet appeared from the sky.

'A user who can use this magic...?'

The magician Asellas faced the confused party.

"Did only your feet stiffen? This... My specialty is petrification magic, but the timing wasn't good. If so, it's better if you can't leave here."

Asellas gave a signal. 200 users appeared from the far side of the desert hills.

"What are you guys?" Toban shouted and Asellas explained with an expressionless face.

"The Giant Guild. Give up the unknown craftsman. You will keep dying and won't be able to play the game properly until you expel him from your guild."

A dungeon on the outskirts of Winston.

Pon was wielding the Gale Spear at a monster in the dungeon when a sword flew towards him.

Kaaang!

“Kuk!”

Pon blocked the sword with his spear, but he couldn't help groaning at the unexpected weight. He was surprised to see the owner of the sword appear from the darkness.

“Zirkan...!”

Pon knew him well. He was an opponent that Pon competed with more than a 100 times during L.T.S.

“It has been a long time, Pon.”

In L.T.S, Zirkan's unified ranking was 4th. He was the best player after Regas, Jishuka and Pon. Then what about now? Zirkan was 11th on Satisfy's unified rankings. Of course, he was higher than Pon, Regas and Jishuka.

Zirkan pointed his sword at Pon, “You have to play with me here for a while.”

“The fact that he appeared in front of me means that the other guild members...’

Pon provoked Zirkan. “Are you still wasting time underneath that incompetent Chris?”

Zirkan laughed. “Master has grown beyond my expectations. Don't you know? He has transcended the you from the past. It is truly worthwhile serving him.”

“Che, this old man looks happy... Okay, I will knock you down first. Just like in the past.”

At the same time, Khan's smithy.

“This is what Grid is like...’

Ibellin watched Grid making the sword and was overwhelmed by the force not usually seen from Grid as he stood in front of the furnace. Ibellin didn't want to disturb him

and quietly left the smithy.

Then he saw more than a dozen users wearing the guild mark of a golden mace approach the smithy.

“The Giant Guild?”

At that moment, an emergency notice appeared in the guild chat window.

{The Giant Guild is intentionally attacking our guild. All free personnel should give priority to protecting Grid.}

“Heh...” Ibellin’s eyes widened as he pulled out his flamberge. Then he stood in front of the smithy’s door and laughed. “Isn’t this quite interesting?”

CHAPTER 102

“Okay, perfect.”

All preparations for making the item were finished. I took out the weapon production method I received from Ibellin this morning.

[Thorn Production Method]

Prerequisite: Advanced Blacksmith Mastery Level 5 or higher.

Thorn: A flamberge with small thorns like a black rose. It’s reminiscent of the stem of a rose.

The target will suffer a painful wound when touched by this weapon.

User Restriction: Level 210 or higher.

The Gale Spear required level 240 to use, but the condition for learning the production method was level 4 mastery. However, the level limit of Thorn was 30 levels lower.

‘This means that the difficulty of making this weapon is high.’

Originally, a flamberge was in the shape of fire or a wave. But as the name suggested, Thorn was in the shape of a thorn, so it was harder to make than ordinary flamberges.

‘I have to make small thorn like blades on it... It’s important to make it so that the small blades don’t break easily... This will definitely be a pain.’

I learned the production method. The the details of Thorn appeared along with a notification window.

[‘Thorn Production Method’ has been acquired.]

[Thorn]

Rating: Rare ~ Legendary

Rare Rating Information:

Durability: 135/135 Attack Power: 190

Armor Penetrating Power: +30%

* Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.

* There is a 30% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.

Epic Rating Information:

Durability: 160/160 Attack Power: 230

Armor penetrating power: +35%

* Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.

* There is a 35% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.

Unique Rating Information:

Durability: 191/191 Attack Power: 280

Armor penetrating power: +45%

* Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.

* There is a 40% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.

Legendary Rating Information:

Durability: 226/226 Attack Power: 344

Armor penetrating power: +60%

* Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.

* There is a 50% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.

* The skill 'Laceration' will be generated.

A flamberge with small thorns on the blade like a black rose. It is reminiscent of the stem of a rose.

The target will suffer a painful wound when touched by this weapon.

User Restriction: Level 210 or higher. More than 750 strength. More than 300

agility. Advanced Sword Mastery level 2 or higher.

Weight: 300

“Laceration? The skill name sounds bloody. Laceration skill information.”

[Laceration]

The target’s body will be brutally torn open by Thorn. The target will receive fixed damage equal to 60% of their current health.

Skill Mana Cost: 500

Skill Usage Condition: Target must be in a bound state.

‘Damage is 60% of the target’s health? The skill will have little effect if the target is low on health, but... This is an efficient skill if the target is someone with high health, like a tanker.’

The conditions of use seemed a little tricky, but it was a top-grade skill that was attached to a legendary weapon.

I was in good condition recently. I would be successful in making a legendary item this time.

‘Let’s get started.’

I spread out the materials that Ibellin provided for Thorn and held my hammer. Then as I was about to start...

“\$)*U\$!!”

“...!!”

Chaaeng! Chaeng chaeng!

“Why is it so noisy?”

I heard the sound of people shouting and weapons clashing outside the smithy. It was a pity that I couldn't grasp the exact contents of the disturbance because the sound was coming from beyond the wall.

“Watching a fight is the best thing...”

Were people drinking during broad daylight and got into a fight? Maybe someone touched the wife of the wrong person... I wanted to go to the window and watch the fight. But I didn't have room to enjoy the game.

“I need to work hard and earn money instead of worrying about others.”

Pon had promised to deposit the money for the Gale Spear in three days. My goal was to complete Ibellin's spear by then and receive a lot of money at once. After paying off my family's debt, I planned to use the remaining money to buy a foreign car.

‘I'm getting older, so I need a car... I would like to buy a good car that I can bring to the reunion. Then I will make Ahyoung regret tricking me.’

Ttang! Ttang!

I desperately prayed as I moved my hands.



Kwa kwa kwang!

Jjejeong! Chaaeng!

The earth and trees collapsed. Fire and water filled the air, while fists and a sword collided. It wasn't a simple war of attrition. Mihara succeeded in opening the distance from Regas and consumed a lot of mana at once.

Hwaruruk!

A huge flame sprayed straight into Regas' face. The fierce momentum made it seem like a flamethrower. Regas easily avoided it.

Mihara wasn't disappointed, despite his spell being defeated. Rather, he had been waiting for the evasion as he connected another attack like flowing water. His sword

aimed straight for Regas' exposed abdomen. It was an attack that was difficult to avoid.

But Regas was as flexible as a leopard. He rolled his body to avoid the sword, then immediately rose up and kicked.

Chaaeng!

Mihara was also an expert in swordsmanship. He was able to correct his balance quickly and block the kick with his sword. Then he once again summoned a large flame to attack Regas.

Peng peng!

Regas couldn't escape the flames this time. He swung his fist to blow the fire away. Mihara's sword swept through the remnants of the scattering flames. Regas turned to avoid the sword and looked disappointed.

"The same pattern of attacks in a row? It's simpler than I thought. This isn't meaningful as training."

"How can that be? There are slight variations! In the first place, this isn't training!"

Pachichik!

"...!"

Regas' eyes widened. He discovered too late that sparks appeared around Mihara's sword.

Peeeeeeong!

The air had dried out due to successive fire attacks and an explosion occurred due to the lightning. It was also right beside Regas' face!

"Kuaaaak!"

Regas screamed with pain as a notification window flashed before him.

[You have lost sight in your left eye.]

[All stats will fall by 30% until the wound heals.]

[Your head is spinning.]

The fall in stats was accompanied by confusion. It was a hundreds times better than being stunned, but it was undeniable that confusion was one of the worst states. Regas couldn't control his own body properly and hesitated.

'This is basic attributes linkage... My training is still lacking.'

Regas lamented, while Mihara didn't miss this chance.

'I will end it in one blow!'

Mihara decided to use his strongest magic and took out jewels that shortened casting time.

"The sapphire's transparency will become a symbol of the ruthlessness of ice, and the ruby's intensity will become a symbol of fire's anger. Oh small emerald to the left of the five pointed star. Oh large emerald on the left of the six pointed star. Merciful wind that blows in the raging storm. Two energies that can't coexist will be carried in a storm, transcending their strength!"

Mihara wobbled. It was because he used all his mana at once, making his mental power exhausted. Then a storm large enough to swallow a house appeared. Mihara laughed at the sight of his spell.

"Kuahahahat! How is it? This is my strongest skill that exterminated 180 Yatan followers! I named it Mihara's Special Ice Fire Ultra Storm!"

Indeed, it was a fierce storm that contained ice and fire. Thousands of sharp ice shards rotated in the storm and played the role of blades, while the condensed fire calmed down in the storm. Now this storm would devour Regas, turning him into an unrecognizable shape.

Two seconds ago.

“I can imagine the power, but isn’t the casting time too long?”

The bloodied Regas was restoring his breathing. Then he took a kicking posture, while a yellow aura surrounding his legs that was reminiscent of the energy of lightning.

Mihara noticed. “Have you recovered from the confusion already?”

The average duration of confusion was five seconds. Mihara, who borrowed the power of magic stones and jewels, spent an average of three seconds casting his ultimate spell. According to Mihara’s calculations, the storm should’ve already hit Regas before he recovered from the confusion.

But what was this situation?

Regas explained to the confused Mihara. “It isn’t just training of the body, but the mind as well. A martial artist should be calm in any situation!”

Martial artists recovered from status conditions quicker than other classes. As he was explaining, the storm hit Regas. Regas had already lost one eye. Due to the shock, he wasn’t at full capacity. Mihara laughed as he saw Regas being completely swallowed by the storm.

“Kuahahat! It is like this! Stupid person! Your death was already scheduled!”

To a ranker, death was fatal. The time spent recovering from the experience lost meant their position could be taken by someone else. Mihara wanted to see Regas lose that experience.

Chukakakakak!

There was a loud sound as the fragments of ice started to collide with something. Mihara knew that Regas’ flesh and bones were being torn. Then there was a noise that tickled his ears.

Peeeeeeong!

An explosion in the core of the storm! The whole area became razed. Mihara was thrown back by the aftermath, but there was no time to feel the pain. It was because Regas emerged from the storm.

Regas was covered with dust and ashes, but he was still alive. His whole body was injured, but it was far less than Mihara's expectations. Mihara paid attention to the yellow aura that still remained at Regas' toes.

"Don't tell me you... You destroyed my special move with your kicks!?"

Pahat!

Regas' wounds were so large that he couldn't say anything. He leapt forward using his last remaining strength. Once Mihara was in attack range, he stretched out his feet and rotated. It was like a Taekwondo kick. It was a unique synthesis skill that Regas acquired after the Malacus raid, mixing the 'Yellow Dragon' attack with Taekwondo.

Peeeeeeong!

Mihara made a mistake using his strongest spell to assure victory. Mihara lost all his mana in one go and was at his mental limit, so he couldn't resist Regas' kick to his chest.

"Keeoook!"

Chain mail and flesh were pierced, crushing bone.

[You have been hit by a blow!]

[You have died.]

'Damn!'

Mihara's vision turned grey. Regas confirmed that Mihara disappeared and sat down.

"It was hard."

He wanted to go to Grid right away. But his health and stamina were low, so he couldn't move. Regas had to take a potion and wait to recover.



The sun sank beneath the sand, revealing the white moon. Desert nights were cold.

Asellas frowned as he looked at the battlefield. It was rare for him to expose his emotions.

“The more I look, the more it transcends common sense.”

Only 10 people. 200 guild members were being slaughtered by 10 enemies.

Asellas' gaze focused on Jishuka. Whenever she pulled her bowstring, at least three Giant Guild members were wounded or seriously injured. He thought it was ludicrous that she was known as the expert archer, but that title didn't seem excessive now.

‘The attack power of archers might be one of the strongest, but Jishuka's is beyond that. There are no general guild members who can endure a hit from her.’

The average level of the Giant Guild was close to 130. It was quite high compared to the average level of users in Satisfy, but it was nothing in front of the Tzedakah Guild. The difference in basic stats was so huge that it was hard to win.

‘It would be possible if it was just Jishuka...’

Asellas ordered the guild to just go after Jishuka. But Toban of the Tzedakah Guild was the number one paladin, so it seemed impossible to break through his defense. It had already been more than two hours, and the enemy didn't get tired while the number of allies decreased.

‘They started Satisfy later than us...’

Until he arrived here, the Tzedakah Guild seemed a lot weaker than they were in L.T.S. He honestly would've ignored them. But they were still strong.

‘The original plan was to completely defeat them but...that won't work. I will focus on buying time until I receive the good news that the unknown craftsman is obtained.’

In fact, if Asellas participated directly, then victory might be possible. But Asellas was cautious. Using magic would expose his position. He couldn't rule out the possibility of Jishuka sniping him, so he hid as much as possible.

Due to his prudence, Jishuka and the main power of the Tzedakah Guild remained tied up in the desert.



“Pant pant...”

In front of Khan’s smithy.

Ibellin blocked the Giant Guild members who came to meet Grid. However, there were 16 enemies. They were elites of the guild who seemed to be over level 150. Ibellin was level 212 and a ranker, but it wasn’t enough to deal with all of them.

In particular, the flamberge was close to useless against an opponent armed with heavy armor. The durability was so weak that the sword would break before the heavy armor. More than half the enemies were heavily armed knights.

Peeok!

“Keuak!”

After three hours of struggle. He defeated 4 enemies, but there were still 12 remaining. His movements were slowed due to the limitations on his stamina. He allowed a hammer attack and his shoulder was broken.

Ibellin collapsed with a groan, then a Giant Guild member trampled on him.

“The Tzedakah Guild isn’t a big deal. I thought you were a small group of elites. I don’t know why that guild contains a useless little boy like this. Isn’t that right?”

“That’s right! L.T.S. might be different, but the Giant Guild is the strongest in Satisfy! The Tzedakah Guild is nothing!”

The Giant Guild spoke ridiculing words, despite barely overcoming Ibellin. The process was difficult, but they eventually won. Ibellin was tearful as the Giant Guild disregarded him and the Tzedakah Guild.

‘I allowed them to laugh at the members... I am too weak.’

Rather than being compassionate towards the boy, the Giant Guild members were

pleased.

“What is this? Are you crying? Are you a guy or a girl? Your face is pretty and your body is like a girl’s, but your chest is too...”

The Giant Guild member stabbed Ibellin’s chest with his sword. Ibellin felt shame and tried to squeeze out his last remaining power to resist, but he couldn’t go against several enemies. The spectators on the street saw his helpless form and gossiped.

“Rankers aren’t a big deal...”

“I agree. I mean, even if there are a lot of people, shouldn’t he fight like a ranker? But isn’t it too one-sided? Were my expectations too high?”

“Rankers aren’t weak, but the Giant Guild is too strong. Aren’t they considered to be one of the strongest guilds? By the way, what is the Tzedakah Guild doing? Their colleague is being beaten up and no one is showing up to help.”

“They must’ve fled. They’re a small group of elites, but the reality is pathetic.”

The powerful Tzedakah Guild was constantly being slandered. Ibellin was ashamed that he was the cause of this. He blamed himself for being helpless.

“Kilkil... Now, let’s start the real work.”

The Giant Guild felt satisfaction after playing with Ibellin and finally opened the door of the smithy. This was their purpose for coming here. It was for the sake of meeting the unknown craftsman.

Ibellin stumbled up and blocked their way again. “I can’t allow you to meet him...”

The Giant Guild members became angry.

“Ah~ really. This jerk doesn’t give up to the end. Hey, shouldn’t you allow the unknown craftsman to choose? Wouldn’t he rather join our guild than a terrible guild like this? Eh~ go and log out!”

Peok!

The Giant Guild beat Ibellin up. Then a part of Ibellin’s destroyed armor broke off and

flew to one side. The direction it flew in...

Hwiririk!

Kaaang!

“...”

The blast furnace. Grid had been hammering without noticing the disturbance occurring right in front of him. He suddenly stopped moving. He had been tempering steel on the anvil, only for a bloody lump of iron to fall on it? It was steel he had been forging and tempering for the last few hours, and now foreign matter was mixed in it.

“...”

Shake shake.

Grid received a big shock and was speechless. The Giant Guild walked up to him and said hello.

“Are you the unknown craftsman? Hello! We have come to invite you in the name of Chris, master of the Giant Guild and 3rd place on the unified rankings...”

“Shit.”

“...?”

The Giant Guild members stopped talking. They greeted him in a courteous manner, only for Grid to suddenly curse. They stared with dismay as Grid looked at them.

“Do you know what you did just now?”

It was the first time he was disturbed while making an item. He was currently a few hours in. The flamberge that Grid thought might be finished with a legendary rating was now ruined.

“Kill.”

Grid’s eyes flashed like a madman as he held the greatsword in his hand and a strange skull helmet covering his face.

CHAPTER 103

“Mister...?”

The Giant Guild members panicked as Grid suddenly pulled out a weapon. Then they started talking to each other.

<Why is he so angry? Did we do anything wrong?>

<What’s the big deal? Ah! Is it because we made Ibellin like that? —; >

<What? ⇨⇨ He’s angry because of his colleague? ⇨⇨⇨ Does that make sense? He’s been identified as a newcomer who only joined the Tzedakah Guild for a few days. How could he feel a sense of camaraderie after just a few days? An average person wouldn’t feel like that.>

<Maybe he’s the kind type. Or maybe he had a relationship with Ibellin before joining the Tzedakah Guild.>

<Wow... This is rotten —— Then this will be a headache...>

As the Giant Guild was misunderstanding, another member gave a new opinion. He was someone with the ID of Grey Bear.

<Maybe his anger isn’t because of Ibellin. Look. That person isn’t even looking at Ibellin.>

The guild members paid attention to Gray Bear’s words.

<If it isn’t Ibellin, why is he angry?>

<Do you see the anvil and production related items in front of the furnace? He seems to have been making an item.>

<Aha~! He was! He ruined his work because of us! So he’s upset!>

Thanks to Grey Bear, the Giant Guild members resolved their question and apologized to Grid.

“Did we disturb your work? We’re truly sorry. We will compensate you, so please calm down first and put away your weapon. Then we can talk. We came to invite you to the Giant Guild on Chris’ order. How about it? Isn’t it an honor? Are you happy? Have some of your upset feelings gone away?”

The number of members in the smithy belonging to the Giant Guild was over 10 people. The Giant Guild had visited smithies several times and saw the process of making items. It took 2~3 hours on average. If it took a long time, the blacksmith would sit in front of the fire for 3~4 hours.

One or two epic items would be produced every month, while everything else was garbage. Would it be a large difference with the unknown craftsman? He was likely to work in the same manner as regular blacksmiths and would make more epic items. The thoughts of the ordinary guild members were lacking. They dismissed Grid’s work.

“Now, put away your sword. Isn’t this too shameful just because we disturbed the production of an item? Hahaha!”

“... Just?”

Grid stopped just before he swung his sword. Then *kwaduduk!* The sound of him gritting his teeth was very loud.

“Just the production of an item? Have you ever tried making an item? Are you making fun of my class? Have you ever thought about my efforts and perseverance? Huh? You think you can disregard me, just because you’re a member of a cool guild?”

Kkuok!

Grid held Dainsleif with a tight grip. He looked prepared to do battle.

Ibellin, who was barely able to save his life with the ‘Fighter’s Beliefs’ passive skill, whispered to Grid.

–Grid, calm down first. There are 12 people! Grid will be hurt if you fight alone! Please buy time until I recover!

Ibellin also participated in the Malacus raid, so he knew that Grid was strong. At that time, Grid had the unique opportunity to show off his strength. But there were 12

strong opponents. The enemies' levels were estimated to be over 150, but Grid was only level 97. He had no chance of winning a 12 against 1 fight.

Ibellin wanted Grid to calm down. But it was just wishful thinking.

"These jerks... I don't like your tone even when you are apologizing. I will kill you."

Grey Bear clicked his tongue. 'Really dumb. The silly words of these idiots stimulated the craftsman.'

They had to persuade or kidnap Grid while the main force of the Tzedakah Guild was being held up. This was the command given to them. But the problem was the leader of this group had died two times because of Ibellin and was forcefully logged out.

'There isn't a leader to talk to him so the situation ended up like this... But it doesn't matter.'

The opponent was a blacksmith. The bizarre looking helmet and the greatsword seemed threatening at first, but it didn't make sense.

'A blacksmith can't wield a greatsword... It won't be a threat even if he swings it. What can he do even if he's angry? If conversation doesn't work, we'll just kidnap him by force.'

Grey Bear and the Giant Guild were willing to overpower to Grid. Then Grid took one step forward.

Kwajajak!

"Eh?"

The smiles disappeared from the faces of the Giant Guild's members. This was because the greatsword quickly cut down a fellow colleague.

"Kuaack!"

A single blow. He didn't use any special skills, just swung the sword. But the health of their colleague fell to less than half in one blow.

"No way!"

The class of the attacked member was an assassin. By default, an assassin had weak defense and low health. If a damage dealer struck, the assassin would lose half their health in one blow. But wasn't the opponent just a blacksmith? Blacksmiths weren't a damage dealer. It was a production-related class. Their attack power should be weak.

But Grid's attack power was abnormally strong.

'What is with this blacksmith?'

'An assassin is fast. But he was hit by the attack without being able to escape. From a blacksmith?'

'In the first place, how can a blacksmith handle a greatsword?'

The greatsword was a weapon that only high strength warriors could handle. This greatsword also seemed bigger and heavier than usual ones. How could Grid, who was a blacksmith, handle the greatsword so perfectly?

'Damn! What is this?'

As the Giant Guild fell into confusion, Grid attacked the assassin who had suffered great damage and fell into a stunned state.

[Your party member Kido has died.]

" ... "

Their colleague died from only two hits. The Giant Guild was astounded.

Ibellin was also surprised. 'Strong!'

During the Malacus raid, Grid hadn't shown any special combat skills. He just dealt the final blow to Malacus. Ibellin thought that Grid just had high stats and some combat techniques because of his hidden class, while his main role was a blacksmith. But that was a big miscalculation. Grid was wielding the sword proficiently, like he had experienced numerous battles.

Ibellin's vision was correct. Grid had played as a greatsword wielding warrior for a year. He hunted in the same hunting ground with low level monsters every day. Therefore, his level up was slow, but he built up a solid base. That base blossomed after Grid became Pagma's Descendant and got the high stats. Dainsleif played the role of wings.

'Dainsleif... Great!'

Grid marvelled at the power of Dainsleif.

[Dainsleif (Reproduction)]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 500/500 Attack Power: 451~635(+165)

Attack Speed: -8%

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

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

* The skill 'Golden Flash' will be generated.

'I knew it was a weapon specializing in dealing with a large number of enemies, but this much damage...'

After killing Kido, the remaining 11 members of the Giant Guild recognized Grid as an enemy. Dainsleif also got an additional 165 attack power. +15 attack power was added per enemy, so he could gain +1,500 attack power if he faced 100 enemies.

He had to take into consideration that Dainsleif had a maximum attack power of 635 and was currently one of the strongest weapons. The additional attack power value was high enough to destroy the balance.

'Considering the balance... Is there a cap on the additional damage? Anyway, it's true that this is amazing.'

Grid was forced to admire it.

‘Compared to my unique items, the performance of Dainsleif is outstanding. My skills still haven’t reached Albatino.’

The creator of Dainsleif was the human blacksmith, Albatino! He was clearly great. But he failed to acquire the title of ‘legend’ like Pagma. On the other hand, Grid was already a legend due to being Pagma’s Descendant. Nevertheless, he wasn’t as good as Albatino. It was still too difficult for Grid to claim that he was Pagma’s Descendant.

‘I need to put in more effort. First, I will jump over Albatino and then Pagma. But before that...’

He needed to get rid of these bastards.

“I will make you pay for ruining my item! Blacksmith’s Rage!”

[Blacksmith’s Rage has been activated. Your attack power and attack speed will increase significantly for 20 seconds.]

“Ohhhhhh!”

Grid’s strength was boosted and he swung Dainsleif horizontally. Two Giant Guild members standing next to each other were hit at once.

Kwang!

“Kuk!”

“What?”

The guild members used their weapon or shield to defend against the attack, but they were unable to withstand the weight of the greatsword and were pushed back a few steps. The Giant Guild members were convinced the moment they experienced the terrible attack power.

“This... No, he isn’t a blacksmith!”

Grey Bear trembled. “We were tricked! He isn’t the unknown craftsman! These vile

Tzedakah people set up a trap!”

“Let’s get out of here!”

They determined it was a trap and couldn’t stay any longer. The Giant Guild members were worried about the worst and started to retreat. But Grid had no intention of letting them go.

“You’re trying to run away?”

Grid opened his inventory. He took out the Ideal Dagger and used Quick Movements.

[Quick Movements has been activated. Your agility and evasion rate will increase significantly for 1 minute.]

“Good.”

After confirming that his body was lighter, Grid chased after the Giant Guild. He stepped on the shoulders of the spectators and swung Dainsleif downwards as he jumped.

Kwajajak!

“Kuaaack!”

One of the Giant Guild members running away screamed and fell down. He shivered as he felt the power of Dainsleif. His eyes were astonished. Then notification windows popped up in succession.

[You have been hit by a blow!]

[You have suffered 5,900 damage.]

[The durability of the Adolph Full Plate Armor has decreased by 80.]

[The broken pieces of armor penetrated deep into your body. There will be a continuous bleeding effect until the pieces are removed.]

“Cough! This is impossible!”

The name of the man shouting was Maksevun. He was a rare pure tanker who invested all his points into stamina to increase his defense.

But thanks to the passive effect of Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Grid gained an additional 20% physical damage and 10% critical chance. Then Blacksmith’s Rage increased his attack power and Dainsleif had the passive effect of ‘additional damage equal to 10% of the target’s current defense will be dealt.’ Therefore, even Maksevun’s defense was useless.

‘Even an ogre’s stamina won’t be able to endure this blow!’

They should’ve known the moment they saw the blacksmith hold the greatsword. This man was much stronger than Ibellin, one of the 10 rookies. Grid was clearly the secret weapon that the Tzedakah Guild was hiding.

‘We were wrong.’

‘We have to escape!’

The Giant Guild members didn’t care about the eyes of the spectators. They left the wounded Maksevun and kept running away. Grid once again pulled out the Ideal Dagger and used Wind Blast to block their retreat. He immediately chased after them while swapping back to Dainsleif and used Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Wave.

CHAPTER 104

Chaeeeeeng!

Through continuous engagements, the speed of the Gale Spear was maximized. Pon's current attack speed couldn't be followed by human eyes. It felt like a dozen spears were thrusting at the same time.

Zirkan followed it well, but he eventually reached his limit. The moment he saw a gap, Pon flew through the air without missing this opportunity.

“True Illusion!”

Pepepepeok!

The spear poured forward like a shower. The magnificent golden armor around Zirkan's body was instantly turned into rags.

“Kuu...ock!”

Flop!

It was an incredible sight. The first ranked swordsman, also known as the strongest person who led the five captains of the Giant Guild, fell to his knees.

Pon pointed a spear at his heart and said, “Pant pant... You're still strong. Originally, I would've lost.”

Pon was just as seriously injured as Zirkan. He had been completely overwhelmed at the beginning of the battle. But as the battle continued, he became stronger due to the option of the Gale Spear and was able to reverse the situation.

“That spear...” Zirkan smiled bitterly as he examined the splendid appearance of the blue and silver spear. “It is a really amazing spear. Is it an item produced by the unknown craftsman?”

He was defeated by that spear. Pon calmly confirmed it. “That's correct. I've discovered the true power of items thanks to this spear made by him.”

“Huh...” Pon’s coolly accepting attitude meant that all of Zirkan’s bluster went away. Zirkan dropped his head, “End it.”

“Thank you for the hard work.”

Puok!

The Gale Spear pierced Zirkan’s heart. Pon warned Zirkan who was slowly changing into light.

“If you are going to threaten our guild again, tell Chris to prepare a larger force.”

After that, Pon headed straight to Khan’s smithy.



The power of skills! The power of stats! The power of items!

Grid currently had a perfect trinity, increasing his attack power to that of top rankers.

Even Maksevun, who was considered one of the top five rankers in the guild, was forced to fall in front of Grid. What would happen if Grid, now more powerful than ever, used an AoE skill that dealt 1.5 times his current attack power?

‘Pagma’s Swordsmanship.’

It was a disaster.

“Wave.”

[Wave]

Unleash a violent sword dance like a high wave.

Inflicts 155% of your attack power to all enemies within 1m, as well as reducing their speed.

The moment that Grid took action! Blue waves emerged from Grid’s sword and spread

all over the place.

Syuok! Syu syu syu syu syuk!

The sharp waves occurred dozens of times. The Giant Guild instinctively sensed danger and quickly escaped.

“Scatter!”

Papapat!

The Giant Guild scattered in all directions. They wanted to get away from the waves that had a fierce momentum. However, each wave launched by Grid chased after them, as if they had their own will. It was virtually impossible to escape because the speed of the attack skill was so fast.

“What? Is this a guided skill? What is this fraudulent skill?”

In the end, the Giant Guild stood at the crossroad of choice. They took defensive stances or raised their weapons to protect themselves. And then...

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

“Kuaaaaak!”

“Hiik!”

The 10 Giant Guild members had been scattered all over the place. They tried to defend and the result was devastating.

“This is impossible...”

Grid’s attack power was too strong. Maksevun trembled as he witnessed what happened to his colleagues.

‘An AOE skill can be so powerful...’

AOE skills could attack multiple enemies at the same time, but there was an inherent limitation in the weak attack power. Generally, a first advancement class’ AOE skills dealt 50~70% of their attack power or magic attack power. Then there was the second

advancement class. In other words, the AOE skills of rankers above level 200 were capable of dealing 70~90% of their attack power or magic attack power.

However, Grid's skill seemed to exert more than 100% of his attack power.

Maksevun wondered. 'Maybe it's a rare skill?'

Rare skill! Rare skills could be acquired by completing special quests or achievements, acquiring a title and so on. For example, this was the skill Yura acquired after becoming the Eighth Servant.

[Divine Punishment]

Summons a lightning bolt that deals 15,000~23,000 damage within 10 meters.

Range of Damage: 3m radius around the target.

* If you use this skill to kill an enemy, your faith will rise by 50 points for each enemy.

Mana Consumption: 4,000

Skill Cooldown Time: 1,200 seconds

Thus, the destructive value of rare skills wasn't proportional to the attack power of the caster, but to a fixed amount of damage. Their power and function were the strongest in existence. However, there were limits to skills with fixed damage values. Once the levels and items of the users increased, and once their health climbed higher, the power of the fixed damage skills would decrease.

But Pagma's Swordsmanship was different. Was Pagma's Swordsmanship a rare skill? No. It was a legendary skill. The stronger Grid got, the stronger Pagma's Swordsmanship would become. In the future, it would evolve into the best skill.

Right now, Maksevun and others on the street were witnessing the glory of one of Satisfy's best skills. Ibellin was among them.

'What on earth is Grid's class?'

The Tzedakah Guild knew that Grid had a hidden class. In other words, Grid was predicted to be one of the three known epic classes. Among the three classes, Agnus and Katz were known to have two. Therefore, it was reasonable to assume that Grid was the still unidentified epic class.

But at this moment, Ibellin changed his way of thinking.

“Grid... Perhaps he has a unique hidden class?”

As Ibellin murmured, the Giant Guild members were trembling with fear after being torn to rags from one wide area skill.

‘This is the equivalent of the five captains... No, maybe more than that. Where did the Tzedakah Guild find and obtain a monster like this?’

It was obvious that the man with the bizarre skull helmet would become a great danger to the Giant Guild later on. They had to grasp his capabilities to help the guild.

The determined Grey Bear entered the party chat.

<Does everybody know? We will unconditionally die here. If we can't avoid death anyway, we should fight properly. Then obtain as much information as possible and report it. How about it?>

<Okay... If we return from this failed mission with nothing, we'll be scolded.>

<It is too unfair to die obediently. I will make him bring out all his special moves.>

<ㄟㄟㄟHis deadly moves! I will make him use it quickly ㄟㄟㄟ! Let's go! Anyway, won't we just lose experience?>

<If Grey Bear has bad luck then he will drop items~>

<Don't say such unlucky things.>

The Giant Guild members lying in various places starting getting up one by one. Then they prepared to fight. The spectators on the street were excited.

“Ohh! The Giant Guild is finally going to unleash their skills!”

“Go! Show the skills that defeated Ibellin!”

Satisfy had a video recording function. The Giant Guild VS the Tzedakah Guild! The onlookers in the street were recording the battle between the strongest guilds and relaying it to the Internet. Various broadcasting stations also dispatched people.

Right now, hundreds of millions of people around the world were watching Grid and the Giant Guild through the Internet and TV. But Grid wasn't aware of this fact. If he was aware that he was on air for the first time in his life...

Grid would pose and say wonderful lines like the protagonist of movies that he dreamed of being.

“These damn people... Why are you suddenly splitting up? Am I funny? Ah, right. From the beginning, I didn't like scum like you. You shouldn't have upset me... Kuk kuk! Okay! I will tear off your limbs and kill you as brutally as I can!”

“Charge of Anger!”

“Spirit Control!”

“Chain Binding!”

The Giant Guild wasn't confident about facing Grid in a simple power struggle. Therefore, they focused on skills that would cause status conditions. Their battle plan was to attack every time Grid was affected by the status condition. But what was this?

<What? Why isn't he affected by the status conditions?>

<It seems like the level difference is too much, so it's useless. Or maybe he has immunity to all types of status conditions.>

<What? This rotten person!>

Kwajak! Puchak! Peok!

It was truly a one-sided slaughter. The black greatsword was turned red.

Over the past few years. When Grid was weak, he met many strong people who ignored him or laughed at him. Now the Giant Guild members in front of him were like

those strong people. The feeling of trampling on them caused a pleasure beyond imagination.

“Kuahahaha!”

The person in the skull helmet brutally slaughtering the Giant Guild looked like a monster from a horror movie. The screen filled with blood, and the frightened screams of the Giant Guild members resounded, causing the mainstream stations to eventually stop broadcasting. Thanks to that, the ratings of the cable broadcasting stations increased dramatically, causing a festive atmosphere.

That day.

Headlines about the ‘Human Butcher’ appeared in various media around the world. In addition, Grid’s classmates, who were harassed by Grid at Kesan Canyon, shivered from fear in front of the TV.

“It’s that bastard... I knew he was a psychopath...”

“Wow, he really is crazy. Acting like this in the middle of a city... What a scary guy...”

For the next few days, the media had an in-depth discussion on ‘Satisfy’s psychopaths, can we neglect them?’ In addition, the position of the Tzedakah Guild rose further. They were able to block the 300-strong army from the Giant Guild with less than 20 people.

“Kuaaah!”

Chris released all his anger by hunting. There were no monsters left in the hunting grounds he was present at.

“Shit! Shit! Shitttt!”

The unknown craftsman was taken away by the Tzedakah Guild and he was publicly humiliated, so Chris was running wild with anger. He wanted to take revenge immediately. But the mysterious person had joined the Tzedakah Guild...

In addition, that skull helmet was stuck in his mind and he couldn’t move.

‘The AOE skill showed on the air is proof that he has a hidden class above epic. Who is

he? Perhaps... Agnus?’

Agnus obtained the second epic class and was seventh on the unified rankings. He disguised himself and enjoyed causing all types of incidents throughout the continent. Chris couldn't rule out the possibility that Agnus was involved in this.

‘Jishuka is definitely giving me a headache.’

Chris made a guild announcement after a few days of thinking.

“All external activities shall be prohibited! Just focus on leveling up! Let the anger in your hearts erupt when hunting. Become stronger! Become stronger and pay back this disgrace someday!”

As the Giant Guild decided to strengthen themselves, winds of change were also blowing in the Tzedakah Guild. Through this incident, top rankers became aware of the Tzedakah Guild's true strength and visited.

Satisfy was different from L.T.S. There was a limit to what 18 people could do. The Tzedakah Guild, who had been considering the expansion of forces, conducted various tests and accepted new guild members.

But there was a problem. Most of the people who passed the test weren't normal.

“Um... A crazy person attracts other crazy people.”

This was Vantner's opinion. People were attracted to Grid's madness and came rushing to join the guild. The Tzedakah Guild gained seven new powerful colleagues, but they felt more anxious than pleased.

And Grid was ready to attend his reunion.

CHAPTER 105

Not long ago, I was a poor person with a debt. Then in the past week, I became rich. The profit earned from the Malacus raid was over 40 million won in cash. Then I received 960 million won from Pon for the Gale Spear.

In addition, the money earned from appraising and repairing the items of the guild members was around 10 million won. In this way, I earned over one billion won, and there was another unexpected income.

[300,000 gold has been acquired.]

“Huh?”

It was a pouch of money I received from Jishuka the other day. I opened the pouch in a corner of the inventory without thinking, and when I converted it to cash, a huge 360 million won came out.

“Wow... What is this for?”

When I received the pouch from Jishuka, I had been shocked by the incident with Ahyoung. I didn't have the will to check the amount of money in the pouch and just put it in my inventory. At that time, I never imagined that this little pouch would contain such a huge amount of money.

“The orb was worth 600,000 gold?”

The orb that Malacus dropped was only unique, and the performance wasn't very good compared to the unique items I made.

It was strange since I sold the legendary Sword of Self-transcendence for 220,000 gold, while the unique rated Gale Spear was 800,000 gold and Malacus' orb was 600,000 gold. It seemed that Satisfy users really had a lot of money.

“This is it! Pon isn't a pushover! The world is a pushover! I happily sold a legendary

sword for 220,000 gold, but there are pushovers who will buy unique items for 600,000 gold and 800,000 gold. Hahahahat... yes! Sob!”

It was big. I lost strength in my legs and fell down. My heart seemed to stop at the sight. My spirit couldn't endure it. Tears started to pour out and I got a runny nose.

“Uhuhuhu!”

Even if I was afraid, I couldn't turn away from the truth. Now was the time to admit it. I was a stupid jerk for selling the Sword of Self-transcendence to Valdi for only 220,000 gold!

“The pushover was me...! I sold a legendary item to an NPC for a shit price! Damn! Damn! How rotten! Uwaaaack!”

Considering the price of unique items, the legendary sword was estimated to be at least 1.5 million gold. No, there was no need to guess just 1.5 million gold. Just putting it on the auction site would allow it to be sold at an expensive price. It wouldn't be strange if it sold for two or three million gold. But I didn't know anything about it, and was the pushover who sold it to an NPC for the low price of 220,000 gold.

I was indeed a pushover. The king of pushovers.

“... I want to die.”

In any case, the 1.4 billion won earned this time was significant. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that a former debtor like me earning 1.4 billion won and clearing my debts was huge, but I couldn't help feeling that I had lost.

“Sigh.”

I took deep breaths and cleared my mind. Then I tried to think as positively as possible.

In exchange for selling the Sword of Self-transcendence to the administrator, I became Winston's Person of Distinction and was exempted from taxes. In addition, I gained the production method to make the Divine Shield. Then it was robbed and I defeated Malacus and rescued Irene, increasing her affinity to the maximum. The connections meant I joined the Tzedakah Guild, so the result of selling the Sword of Self-transcendence was good.

“Yes! Until now, it isn’t bad! Rather, it’s good! It is good! Let’s not dwell on the past. I would never have these opportunities if it wasn’t for the administrator. Okay! Everything is going well!”

I hypnotized myself and my devastated mind gradually regained stability.

‘In the first place, I can’t afford to dwell on the past.’

I was busy because I had to complete Ibellin’s item.

Two days ago.

Ibellin only saved enough materials to make a single Thorn. Nab’s Diaphragm, one of the items needed to make Thorn, was so rare that only one of them could be obtained with Ibellin’s ability.

The difficulty of making Thorn was the highest among all the items I made so far. I was nervous about having only one chance to make it, so I focused more carefully than usual. Then I was disturbed by the Giant Guild.

A bloody lump of iron suddenly came flying while I was forging and tempering Nab’s Diaphragm. The timing was also unbearable as it was right when my hammer descended. The moment I hit it! The bloody lump of iron was mixed in with the metal.

I lost my temper and hunted the Giant Guild, so the material left could no longer be used. I threw it in a corner of the smithy.

‘I don’t have to waste time finishing an item with a mixed substance, since only a garbage rating will come out from it.’

Then the promised time came as Ibellin arrived at the smithy.

“I finally obtained it!”

Ibellin handed me the new materials for Thorn with a bright expression on his face. Of course, Nab’s Diaphragm was included among them. Ibellin had been trying to obtain this diaphragm for the past two days.

“Good... I’ll make it higher than an epic rating. I will finish it by tomorrow morning and contact you straight away.”

“Yep!”

Ibellin had been looking at me with admiration since two days ago. I looked too cool when destroying the Giant Guild.

‘This child has good eyes. I thought that young men aren’t good-hearted, but he is the exception.’

But unfortunately, the reactions of people other than Ibellin were different.

I also watched the videos of my battle against the Giant Guild on TV and the Internet. It was nice to see how cool I looked slicing the enemies with Pagma’s Swordsmanship. My heart pounded from the exciting and brilliant battle. However, strangely, the reactions of other people were cold.

I was so cruel that I seemed like a villain from a horror movie. On TV, there were discussion programs that denounced me as a psychopath. It might be because battles between guilds were common or maybe they weren’t interested in the first place.

They weren’t interested in the cause of the fight, only the provocative materials. In other words, they only focused on me. In the end, I got the nicknames of ‘Slaughterer,’ ‘Masked Murderer’ or ‘Brutal Psychopath.’

‘Did I look cruel just because I use a greatsword as a weapon and crushed the enemies? No, rather than my weapon, the problem seems to be the Frostlight Orc Chief’s Helmet. The helmet is too ugly...’

I finally became famous, except with a negative image. I had to become famous with a positive image if I wanted to appear on TV and get the performance fees.

‘When I have time, I need to make a helmet that can replace the Frostlight Orc Chief’s Helmet. Yes, if I make a splendid helmet suitable for a hero, then people will praise me instead of being afraid of me. Huhut... I might not be handsome, but I can be a top star if I appear like a macho man, like the protagonist of an action movie. Huhuhut!’

“That... Grid? Are you hurt anywhere?”

Someday, I would become famous and appear on TV. Like other rankers, I would be more famous than any entertainer, would earn a lot of money and become very popular among women. However, Ibellin was looking at me with anxious eyes.

‘This reaction again.’

Why did people react unpleasantly every time I smiled? I took this chance to ask seriously.

“Ibellin, you admire me, right? Then be honest. Does my smile look like the smile of someone in pain? Don’t I look cool?”

Ibellin’s face paled. “Yes...? Were you smiling just now? I thought you were suffering from a stomachache...”

“Shut up! Get out now!”

“G-Grid?”

“Get lost!”

“...”

I didn’t like Ibellin’s answer and chased him away. I let go of any selfishness and had to concentrate on the production.

“Hing... Work hard...”

I confirmed that Ibellin left the smithy. I finally picked up the production hammer.

“I only have one chance...”

The hopeless Ibellin had only acquired enough materials to produce one Thorn. I had to complete at least an epic rated Thorn and receive more than 100,000 gold for it. Then I could use 700 million won to pay my father’s debt and use 800 million won to buy a car.

The newly released 13 series mid-size sedan from Company B! It was a visual sedan that was popular among the young and wealthy. Since childhood, I had dreamt of driving a Company B car if I succeeded, and now I was on the verge of achieving it.

‘If I buy the car and drive it to the reunion, everyone will be turned upside down...’

Those who disregarded me could no longer make fun of me. Instead, they would be

jealous. Then I would make Ahyoung regret not grabbing onto me. Life was no different from Satisfy: the power of items held the most importance. I was determined to demonstrate the power of items with my car.

“Ohhhh!”

Ttang! Ttang~!

I worked really hard. My concentration was at the peak, and I was one with my hammer. The result of working through the night!

[Thorn]

Rating: Rare

Durability: 151/151 Attack Power: 231

Armor Penetrating Power: +30%

* Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.

* There is a 30% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.

A flamberge with small thorns on the blade like a black rose. It is reminiscent of the stem of a rose.

The target will suffer a painful wound when touched by this weapon.

User Restriction: Level 210 or higher. More than 700 strength. More than 300 agility. Advanced Sword Mastery level 2 or higher.

Weight: 300

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

“... Ah, damn. This rotten... It’s starting again.”

Recently, only high rated items had been made. Despite being a legendary blacksmith, if I made 100 items, most of them would have a normal or rare rating. But at this important timing, only a rare item was completed. It was seriously the worst.

“Hah...”

I had 100,000 gold. I needed at least 80,000 gold. More would be better, but 80,000 gold was sufficient to buy my desired car. However, it was impossible to sell rare rated items for 80,000 gold.

‘The car is 800 million, but if there is a discount promotion... Should I pay in installments? No. I don’t want to experience that again.’

I became heated up.

“Ah, really! Why is it a rare rating at this time? Ahh! If only I wasn’t deceived by the administrator! Really rotten!”

How could I get 80,000 gold? Should I ask the guild to lend it? No. If I ask them for money now, I might lose profit on the items made later.

‘Should I ask Regas? No... He is busy trying to find my shield these days... I will be burdened asking Regas for money until he finds it.’

Yes, I had one last hope.

–Hey, Ibellin. I think I will be a little late. Come find me in 20 hours, not now.

After sending the one-sided whisper to Ibellin, I picked up a piece of metal rolling around in a corner of the smithy. It was the unfinished Thorn mixed with a foreign material.

“If I smelt it again from the beginning, there might only be a little bit of blood mixed in. Okay, I will try it again.”

Ttang! Ttang! Ttang!

I excitedly hoped that the new item would be at least epic rated, and the result was amazing.

[Thorn of Deep Grievance]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 269/269 Attack Power: 409

Armor penetrating power: +60%

- * Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.
- * There is a 50% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.
- * The skill 'Laceration' will be generated.
- * The skill 'Cursed Bloodline' will be generated.

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

During the production, this flamberge was left abandoned by the creator when blood was mixed in and left as an unfinished product, so it is filled with an indescribable anger and grudge. It is especially hostile to its creator and has good chemistry with the owner of the blood.

User Restriction: Level 210 or higher. More than 700 strength. More than 300 agility. Owner of the blood. Advanced Sword Mastery level 2 or higher.

* If someone other than the owner of the blood equips this item, there is a 100% probability of being cursed.

Weight: 300

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

“... This is amazing.”

CHAPTER 106

I desperately wanted to make just 80,000 gold, but what was this? Forget 80,000 gold, I could earn millions of gold.

“Hah, truly.”

An item made from materials contaminated by a foreign substance was completed with a legendary rating!

‘I thought I would be lucky if it didn’t have a garbage rating... Well, it’s strange. Is this a dream?’

There was no sense of reality because it was an unexpected result. I pinched my cheek to make sure. Then I spoke with certainty.

“It isn’t a dream.”

I could barely believe it, but it was reality.

What type of person was Shin Youngwoo?

I was an icon of bad luck during my 27 years of life.

During elementary school, I went on a school trip and was abducted by someone, so I had no pleasant memories. When I was in middle school, I went on a graduation trip and witnessed a hit and run. I had a tendency to get an upset stomach during athletic meets or picnics, never picked up 100 won on the street and there were exactly 89 times when I was hit by local gangsters or school bullies.

During my university days, I was dragged into volunteer service and was hit by a hit and run on the way back. I had to pay three million won for hospital expenses and when I was hospitalized, I almost died from food poisoning. But the other patients didn’t receive food poisoning. In the end, they concluded that I secretly ate outside food and got food poisoning, so I didn’t receive any compensation.

At that time, I really only ate the hospital food. It was still a mystery why the other patients were fine while only I got food poisoning.

‘The hospital’s rice was dirty or the other patients didn’t eat hospital food...’

But was it really possible for every patient except me to not eat hospital food? Maybe it was the work of a terrible ghost.

Anyway, those weren’t my only experiences. When I was in military service, the battalion commander would emerge drunk every time I was on guard duty. The battalion commander was crazy from stress and would shout at me to relieve it. Then I remained the youngest in the platoon because my successor didn’t enter. Three days before the last vacation, an accident occurred during training and my successor was injured and hospitalized. Thanks to that, I had to work through the holidays.

There were countless other terrible experiences. On the other hand, the number of happy experiences was small enough to be counted on five fingers. One of those happy experiences was eating double portions of rib eye.

‘When I was 13... My grandfather gave me money, stating I was his only grandson... At that time, I had four servings of rib eye that I ate alone...’

I was truly pathetic. One of the best experiences of my life was eating meat! My 27 years of life were terrible with barely any joy. But what about recently? The symbol of bad luck was transforming into a symbol of good luck.

I was glad about this change.

“I believe my mother has been going to church and the temple to pray these days.”

My family had always been non-religious and I was the same. So I seriously worried that I was unlucky because I didn’t have a religion. Lately, my mother left the house on weekends and seemed to pray to God and Buddha for her son.

“Mother, thank you...”

Tears of joy emerged. I realized I wasn’t alone in this world as I became surrounded by my mother’s love. My body and mind became warm.

Then Ibellin arrived.

“It’s the time you mentioned. Has Thorn been finished?”

“Here.”

I threw the Thorn of Deep Grievance towards Ibellin. And...

“Cough!”

Ibellin’s breath was blocked. Ibellin checked the Thorn of Deep Grievance and was so surprised that he forgot to breathe.

“Cough cough! T-This? Grid! Is Grid a bugged user?”

I heard all types of things. “A bugged user? What nonsense are you saying?”

“B-But...”

Ibellin had no idea what to do as he twisted his hands together.

“I’ve heard that blacksmiths are limited to making unique items! I know that legendary items can only be dropped in a raid, so how did Grid make a legendary item? It is impossible unless you are an operator or a bugged user!”

He wasn’t calm. As I frowned at the confused Ibellin, a woman appeared at the entrance of the smithy.

“Shut up Ibellin. Don’t fall down just because of this.”

It was Jishuka.

Thump, thump.

She approached me while Ibellin tried to calm down.

‘Strange?’

Gulp.

I gulped nervously. Jishuka’s appearance seemed sexier than usual as she said, “Grid.”

“Y-Yes?”

Jishuka's cheeks were tinged red. She looked at me gently with moist eyes, making my heart beat faster.

'Why is she so sexy today?'

I looked into her eyes for one second and was literally seduced. I avoided the gaze of the world's sexiest beauty and stepped back. Then Jishuka came up to me, her hot breath touching my face.

"It's impossible to do these things in Satisfy unless you have a legendary class... Isn't that right? Grid."

"..."

"You, do you have a legendary class?"

I never thought I could hide my identity forever. I didn't feel the need to hide my identity anymore. I had decided to open up the moment I made a legendary item.

"You saw it right away."

Jishuka's eyes lit up like lanterns. "Indeed...! Grid! You're really the best!!!!"

"Heok!"

Again. She hugged me tightly again. My soul seemed to leave my body as I was surrounded by her body and scent. But now I didn't misunderstand her behavior.

'It is her way of expressing pure joy.'

But due to her innate sexiness, that innocent joy was hidden. Maybe she struggled because of this part about herself. I ignored the excited Jishuka and reached out to Ibellin.

"How much?"

The calm Ibellin lifted a finger. "One million gold."

"Huh?"

Were my ears wrong? As a legendary item, shouldn't it be at least two million gold?

Ibellin explained as I was feeling confused. "As described in this item, the 'Blood Owner' is me. This means this is my exclusive item. In other words, no one can use this item except for me. So unfortunately, I have to lower the price even if it's a legendary item."

"..."

Ibellin, normally acted as a boy with a guileless face, but he became an adult according to the circumstances.

'His image has changed. He didn't become a ranker for no reason.'

I was impressed by this Ibellin.

"The performance of this item is top-notch, but the monetary value is unfortunately low. To be honest, one million gold is a high price. Later on, this item will become useless when I can equip higher levelled items. It's an item that no one else can use, so I can't sell it... I'm sorry but it is a severely limited timed item. But that doesn't change that fact that it is a great item necessary for me right now. I also don't want to disappoint Grid, so I am willing to pay up to one million gold."

There were no objections. Ibellin's words were reasonable. The current Ibellin wasn't trying to haggle. He was telling the truth. But this truth wasn't acceptable.

I raised three fingers. "Three million. I won't accept anything less than that."

"Huh? G-Grid? I understand, but..."

I shook off Jishuka and approached Ibellin. Then I took the Thorn of Deep Grievance from him and equipped it.

[Due to your class characteristics, you have equipped Thorn of Deep Grievance.]

[A penalty is applied because the item conditions aren't met.]

"Eh?"

Ibellin was shocked. Looking at the conditions of use, it was an item only he could equip. But unexpectedly, I was using it.

Syuok! Syuok!

I gently swung the Thorn of Deep Grievance a few times. I nodded like I was very satisfied with the exquisite weight. Then I looked at Ibellin with slight impatience.

“Three million. Are you going to buy it? If you don’t buy it at this price, I won’t sell it and will just use it.”

“Eeeeeek~~~~~!!”

A scam! Ibellin’s scream echoed through Khan’s smithy.

[The Thorn of Deep Grievance hates and curses you.]

[You have resisted.]

[The Thorn of Deep Grievance hates and curses you.]

[You have resisted.]

[The Thorn of Deep Grievance hates and curses you.]

[You have resisted.]

In the meantime, the same notification windows repeated without end. I felt like I was sitting on a thorn cushion, but I was outwardly as relaxed as possible while Ibellin made his decision.

“Two million...”

“No.”

“2,300,000...”

“I am going.”

“2,500,000! Please sell it for 2.5 million! This is all the money I’ve saved from working hard from my L.T.S. days and the broadcasting fees! Please!”

“... Sigh. I guess it can’t be helped. I will concede, since we’re part of the same guild.”

“T-Thank you!”

“But I have one condition. Give me a deposit of 80,000 gold right now.”

“Huh? Ah, yes!”

It was sufficient, considering the Sword of Self-transcendence. I didn’t want to see any more damages. Above all, I was the only legendary item creator that all of Satisfy’s users wanted. The guild members were no exception.

[80,000 gold has been acquired.]

I wanted to quickly buy my car. I smiled at Jishuka and Ibellin before logging out.

First, I deposited 700 million won in my father’s account.

“H-Heok! Youngwoo! What is this?”

“Pay off your debt first. Use the remaining money to stabilize the store... You don’t have any employees these days, so haven’t you two been working hard alone?”

“Youngwoo...”

“Don’t misunderstand. This is a reasonable amount of money for your hard work, so don’t worry about it. Do you believe me?”

“Sob sob! Oh my~~ !! Our spoiled son has become such a wonderful man overnight! This is like a dream!”

“It isn’t a dream. Don’t worry, it isn’t a dream.”

“Youngwoo! Sob sob sob!”

My mother embraced me and cried. These days, I was being inundated with my mother's tears. Meanwhile, my father just dropped his head without saying anything.

'I should've acted better sooner...'

My parents paid the expensive tuition fees for me to go to university, but I played a game instead of getting a job. Then I became a debtor at a young age, disappointing my parents. My parents had suffered for several years because of me, so I once again vowed to treat them better.

That afternoon.

After buying the 800 million won sedan, I was scolded by my mother, who told me I was still immature. It hurt like hell, but I felt relieved as I felt the strength in my mother's hand.

CHAPTER 107

The 13 series, released by Company B in the second half of this year, was the best visual medium sized sedan of the series. The curves were smooth, sleek and balanced, with the bumper that emphasized simplicity. It deserved praise for blending sports and force at the same time. The low body contrasted with the high back. The silver muffler was one of its important charming points.

The 800 million won car, highly acclaimed for its design in a prominent magazine, was now mine.

“Kuoh... Really cool.”

In front of my house. I was impressed as the car arrived. The matte black color gave it an even higher quality feel. I wanted to drive this car on the road right now. It was obvious that everyone would focus their attention on this top of the line car.

I wanted to call out to a beautiful woman.

‘Hey, hop in!’ This was what I wanted to yell.

The 13 series was a car that any woman would want to ride in, so I was confident that I could easily succeed in hunting.

“But hunting will be for later. First...”

I started the car. The heavy and powerful roar of the engine made my heart pound.

In fact, the engine of the 13 series was considerably downsized compared to the 12.8 series. Unlike the 12.8 series which was a super sedan, this was inevitable since the 13 series was more design than power oriented.

Nonetheless, it had a monster performance of 580 horsepower, a maximum torque of 72kgm and a 0-60 of 3.8 seconds. The 13 series could also be called a super sedan.

“Let’s go!”

I prepared to depart in 23, the name of the car.

Buwaaaaang!

An amazing power and speed that reached 100km less than four seconds after starting! I was weak at driving, but this was a perfectly comfortable ride!

“Ohhhh! Amazing! 23, you are really great! Puhahahat!”

This situation seemed like a dream, so only a happy laugh emerged. I was a debtor a few months ago, but now I was the owner of an 800 million won car! I was truly an example of reversing my life!

I was filled with pleasure. My wish had been fulfilled. It was all due to Satisfy! Satisfy was a fantastic game worthy of its name. I appreciated the fact that the virtual reality game, which could never be imagined in the past, was launched in this age and gave me such success.



Young Ladies High School was a female only high school and among the top 10 schools in the nation. It was established less than 50 years ago so its history was short, but numerous females who graduated from there had accomplished a great deal in all walks of life.

And the fame of the Young Ladies High School was at its peak this year. It was due to two schoolgirls, Shin Sehee and Park Yerim. They were two people within the top five scores of the national mock tests, and their beauty was superior to celebrities.

Firstly, Park Yerim.

She was always smiling. Her eyelashes were long enough to shade her eyes, and the moistness blurred them, making her give off a decadent feeling.

There was a mole under her left eye and a thick lower lip. The overall impression combined with her soft and pale flesh was enough to arouse people’s imaginations. She was a typical example of a drawing. She had a sex appeal that made it hard to believe she was a high school student.

In addition, she wore her uniform skirt short and undid a few buttons to emphasize her chest, so her fellow peers couldn’t sleep while thinking about her. Some adults seriously considered that they might be pedophiles because of her, causing them to

consult a psychiatrist.

By contrast, Sehee was a very neat girl. She always looked calm and composed. Her eyes were big and round, and a distinct stubbornness was felt from her closed lips. She just looked beautiful. She had a balanced blend of features and long straight hair. She had the ideal appearance of someone's first love.

If Satisfy had Yura and Jishuka, South Korean high schools had Shin Sehee and Park Yerim. The presence given off by the two girls was unique. Due to that, the streets in front of the Young Ladies High School were packed daily.

"She came out! Sehee!"

"Ohh! Yerim as well!"

The front entrance of the Young Ladies High School. Was this place really a girl's high school? It was natural to question this because many male students were gathered in front of it. The males were only interested in two girls, Sehee and Yerim.

They were gathered to see the faces of Sehee and Yerim. It was a daily sight. The students of the Young Ladies High School naturally didn't mind that boys from other schools were gathered. The only one suffering was Sehee.

"Revolting."

Sehee was honestly frightened. It was lucky that the school employed a lot of security guards so the boys weren't able to turn into a mob. She just wanted to go to school as usual, and was angry about why she had to suffer this type of situation when she wasn't a celebrity.

But Yerim was different. She enjoyed this situation, unlike Sehee.

"Aren't there any nice oppas~?" Yerim said to Sehee as she looked around at all the excited boys.

"Do it in moderation. Isn't it tiring to have all these people come every day?"

Yerim didn't feel uncomfortable about Sehee's nagging. Rather, she laughed and hugged Sehee's waist. "But isn't it funny? Take a look at them. Don't you think they look like monkeys? It's like a zoo."

“...It feels more like we are the monkeys.”

Two girls who were completely different except for their good grades! But both of them had been friends since middle school. Their personality and tastes were so different that the two of them were able to fit well without any conflict.

Sehee knew a lot about Yerim. For example, Yerim’s tastes and her family history. She even knew intimate details about Yerim’s intimate details. Sehee didn’t know because she wanted to know. Yerim wanted to get closer to Sehee and started confiding everything.

On the contrary, Yerim knew little about Shee. Sehee never really talked about herself. In addition, she seemed to have no interests besides studying. There was only one. Her oppa.

‘She looks like a completely different person when she talks about her oppa.’

Sehee was indifferent to the opposite sex. She didn’t know the names of any idols, unlike her peers. What type of person was Sehee’s oppa? Yerim started her habit of badgering Sehee.

“Sehee~ I’m going to visit your house today. Huh? Okay?”

Her eyes curved and she shook her chest. This was enough to transcend even gender and make the other person blink. But Sehee showed no reaction.

“I don’t want to.”

“Hing ~ Why?”

“I don’t like it, so I don’t want to.”

“I want to go to my friend’s house! Fulfill my wish!”

She started complaining and whining. But there was no effect.

“I don’t want to.”

“...”

A cold wind blew out of nowhere. Sehee walked forward, while Yerim chased behind her. It happened when both girls were walking through the front entrance.

“Se~hee~”

Emerging from the hundreds of students in front of the Young Ladies High School...

“Eh? What, that person?”

Yerim’s always smiling face stiffened. It was because the man in front of her was too unpleasant.

“The worst...”

Those who had a slightly less than average appearance could make up for the shortcomings with style. But this man seemed completely indifferent to style.

He was wearing a brown sweater, green sweat pants, white socks and brown slippers. He had a 5:5 parting that didn’t suit his angled face, making this the worst appearance Yerim had ever seen.

“I-I feel like puking.”

“How can he leave the house looking like this?”

The pale-faced schoolgirls moved away from the man.

“Please send support to the front entrance. There is a very suspicious man.”

Was he a patient who escaped from a mental hospital? The guards hurriedly radioed for reinforcements. Then the male students cried out with outrage.

“How dare this dirty trash block Sehee’s way!”

“What are you doing? Get rid of that bastard quickly! Don’t let Sehee breathe the same germs as him!”

The 10 security guards couldn’t endure the anger of the 100 male students. The boys broke down the barricade and rushed towards the man. A momentum that seemed like they could kill him!

“W-What? What is it?”

Just as the man seemed like he was going to die, Sehee’s words made them all astonished.

“What is Oppa doing at my school?”

“Heok? O-Oppa?” Yerim misunderstood and hugged Sehee tightly. “No Sehee! That bum is your boyfriend? I can’t accept it!”

“B-Boyfriend?”

A beautiful girl like Sehee was dating someone like this? Everyone was confused. Then Sehee turned red as she shouted towards Yerim, “W-What do you mean by boyfriend? He is literally my oppa. My family member.”

“Heok...”

This was also shocking. Why was Sehee’s oppa so ugly? Wasn’t it normal for him to resemble Sehee? The most shocked person was Yerim.

“T-That is your oppa?”

Sehee always had a pleasant smile on her face when she talked about her oppa. So Yerim only knew Sehee’s oppa as a good person. She had wanted to meet him for a while. Since Sehee never allowed her to meet him, her curiosity was amplified. After that, her fantasy grew until Sehee’s oppa was a prince on a white horse.

But what was this? He was a homeless person in Seoul, not a prince on a white horse!

“ ... ”

Yerim was unimaginably disappointed. Then the girls jealous of Sehee started to gossip among themselves.

“Did you hear? That person is her oppa.”

“They don’t resemble each other at all. Sehee must’ve had plastic surgery. She is so beautiful that I had wondered.”

“Of course it is plastic surgery. Do you think that a person can be such a perfect beauty without any help? It is the same for Yerim and the famous Yura~.”

The man who became the centre of confusion! Sehee’s oppa and the best blacksmith in Satisfy, Shin Youngwoo pressed the button of the remote control he was holding. Then...

Buaaaaaang!

The 13 series was equipped with a automatic operating system that sensed the remote control, and it stopped in front of Shin Youngwoo.

“W-Wow!”

The 13 series was a hot topic since its launch, so even the most ignorant student knew about the car. It was also the 199 limited edition model! As the students and guards admired it, Shin Youngwoo opened the driver’s door and said to Sehee.

“Hop in.”

Then Yerim waved her hand, “Yes~ Oppa!”

Yerim’s eyes were shining.

‘He is Prince Charming on a black horse, not a white one!’

Sehee sighed.

‘I’m tired.’

On this day, Sehee, known for her beauty and her ability to study well, had an oppa who made the other girls jealous. She became a wall that they could no longer cross, ensuring a peaceful school life.

And Youngwoo drove through the city with Sehee and Yerim.

“Kiyoooooh~!”

“Kyaaaaak!”

It was a rough drive. The other cars gave way every time the 13 series appeared, so the three people were able to experience the miracle of Moses. Youngwoo and Yerim kept screaming, and Sehee finally decided to enjoy this moment.

After the drive.

Youngwoo asked the two people to style him in a manner that suited him. His hair was cut short in a way that highlighted his angular face, making him appear more masculine. The long bangs made his face seem prettier. He didn't exercise, so a long coat covered up his body, making it look not bad.

"Oppa is tall like Sehee, so the long coat makes your arms and legs look good. Your skin tone is on the darker side so this color..."

Youngwoo smiled with satisfaction as he watched Yerim. "I'm happy that Sehee had a pretty and good friend like you. I'm relieved. I hope you take care of Sehee in the future."

"Huh? Ah, yes..."

Her first impression of him was the worst, but now he was completely different from his first image. This was Yerim's first experience of meeting a 'successful adult man' so she couldn't help blushing.

Sehee's complexion became worse.

'This is why I didn't bring her home.'

The night deepened as Youngwoo shopped and ate with two beautiful girls, to the envy of all men around him.

The next day.

Grid connected to Satisfy all morning to make items. Then he dressed in the clothes that Sehee and Yerim bought him the day before and entered 23. It was 30 minutes until the reunion began.

His first reunion in two years. Youngwoo was nervous, but more excited.

"I have changed."

He wasn't his pathetic self from the past anymore. Shin Youngwoo's was confidence due to all the recent events.

CHAPTER 108

Youngwoo was in a hurry. He wanted to meet the alumni sooner now that he was no longer in debt. 'Look at 23. I'm a success. You can't ignore or abuse me anymore.' That's what he wanted to say. He wanted revenge for how they laughed at and ignored him over the years.

Buaaaaaang!

23 drove on the roads, barely keeping to the speed limit. At this speed, he could reach the gathering place within 10 minutes. Youngwoo felt like that was too long to show everyone his changed appearance.

'But... Why is the meeting place on the outskirts of the city? It can't be reached with public transportation, so it is difficult for anyone without a car. Were they aiming at me?'

It would be very difficult for Youngwoo to go to the reunion place today if he hadn't paid off the debt or bought a car. He didn't have any friends to borrow a car from, nor could he use public transportation. Therefore, he would've needed to take a taxi.

'Isn't it too much to decide on a meeting place like this?'

Youngwoo was confident that he was the victim they were aiming at, since they laughed at him for so long. As he focused on driving, he noticed something and slowed down. In front of him, a woman was opening her car bonnet and sending a signal for help.

The usual Youngwoo wouldn't have helped anyone without any benefits. But now was an exception. He was curious because the woman asking for help was an obvious beauty, even from far away.

"Look at that style and ratio... It isn't a joke."

The woman was wearing jeans, a white t-shirt and a black jacket over it. It was an outfit with no exposure. She also wore large sunglasses, so it was hard to grasp her appearance from afar. But he was convinced that she was a beauty with perfect proportions and white skin. He wanted to check how pretty she was up close. This

instinct couldn't be suppressed.

'I became negative towards women due to Ahyoung, but... As a human being, I can't ignore a woman having trouble in the middle of the road.'

Youngwoo parked his car next to the woman asking for help. Then he was startled.

He didn't notice because of the woman, but the woman's car was the S-model from Company C, which was four times more expensive than Youngwoo's car. The model released by Company C for their 120th anniversary was very different from the 13 series because it targeted conglomerates.

'A young woman with a car like this... Is she a second generation heir to a conglomerate, like in a drama?'

Youngwoo cleared his throat and released his tension. Then he got out of the car and asked the woman.

"Can I help you?"

She would've already contacted her insurance company. It wasn't a normal car, so she would obviously care about it. Youngwoo wanted to leave. But the woman was asking for help, so he couldn't leave her.

Then the woman took her sunglasses off, "I hope you will take me along with you."

"Heok?"

Youngwoo was surprised as he saw the woman's face. He was so amazed he thought his heart would stop.

"Y-Yura?"

The world famous rankers of Satisfy. Due to their frequent exposure in the media, there were few people playing Satisfy who didn't know the names and faces of the rankers. They didn't know the name of the US president, but they knew the names of Satisfy's rankers. That was a well known joke among the users.

Among them, Yura was special.

She was the only female in the top 10 of the unified rankings. She was regarded as the last hope for Koreans, who had been power gamers until half a century ago. She was also regarded as one of the best beauties in the east and west. She dominated not just domestic, but international CFs, and was ranked 3rd on the list of 100 most influential people in the world.

Why did he come across a woman like that here? Youngwoo was very confused.

‘Does this make sense? No matter how small South Korea is, how can a coincidence like this happen?’

In fact, Youngwoo had a link with Yura. No, it was more of a bad relationship.

After becoming Pagma’s Descendant, he had a conflict with Yura during Doran’s quest. He failed the quest due to Yura’s interference and he wrote bad comments about her on the Internet to resolve his grudge.

‘Perhaps...’ Youngwoo assumed the worst. ‘She commissioned cyber forensics to track me down and get revenge?’

It was possible considering Yura’s wealth and authority.

‘No, that can’t be. This isn’t a manhwa... It’s a mere coincidence.’

Yura drove in a wedge while Youngwoo was trying to calm down, “It is nice to see you, Grid.”

“Cough...”

She knew his identity? It truly wasn’t a coincidence that she appeared before Youngwoo!

‘Revenge! She came to get revenge!’

Youngwoo’s confusion and anxiety reached the peak. He had experienced Blood Witch Yura’s cruelty already. He didn’t know what to expect.

‘S-Should I drive away?’

Youngwoo shook while Yura climbed into his passenger seat without permission.

“You can drive me up to your destination. Please let me ride in your car. I have something to say.”

“...Yes.”

Youngwoo couldn't refuse.



“Why is Shin Youngwoo so late?”

During high school, Lee Junho had cursed and assaulted his classmates. He was a terrible person. There wasn't one person who hadn't needed to pay money to Lee Junho. It was hard for even the seniors and teachers to go against him. He also used violence against his few friends, Sim Kiwan and Choi Chansung.

His violent streak didn't improve after graduating from high school and going to the army and university. Before he knew it, he was 27 years old and still couldn't adapt to society, constantly changing jobs.

Lee Junho worked in a PC room, convenience store, gas station and so on, until one day he suddenly realized.

‘I am nothing.’

When he was a student, everything was okay when he fought. Regardless of their gender, everyone was under his feet. He could do what he wanted.

But the situation was different when he entered society.

Those who studied hard during high school could get a suitable job, but there was no company that would accept Lee Junho, who knew nothing but fighting. Whenever he fought, he was dragged to the police station and forced to pay a settlement.

As it turned out, he wasn't the best in fighting either. He went to the gym to learn martial arts, but there were countless people present.

Lee Junho started to become anxious.

He couldn't get a job or do anything well, so would he be able to marry anyone? He

couldn't even afford to worry about his marriage funds, since he might starve to death in a few years. If he managed to survive, he would struggle to cope with an old and lonely life.

Lee Junho kept drinking as he imagined the worst situation. He couldn't sleep without the alcohol.

Then two years ago.

He was able to shake off all his worries once he met Shin Youngwoo at the reunion. For the first time in a long time, he saw someone below him. At least Lee Junho wasn't in debt. But Shin Youngwoo had a large debt and was obsessed with games.

Junho could feel assured when looking at Youngwoo.

'Aren't I at least better than him?'

It really was like magic. Since he met Youngwoo, Junho was able to fall asleep without drinking. No matter how terrible his life was, he could bear it at the thought of Youngwoo having it worse.

And now.

Junho lived a life that was almost the same as two years ago. He was still wandering around jobs. He was already in his late 20s. Soon he would be 30 years old. Instead of saving money, he still couldn't find proper work.

He couldn't resist cursing or assaulting a customer when working in a convenience store or at a PC room counter. Then he needed to pay the settlements. His pride was badly hurt when working at a gas station. He was covered in oil, unlike his peers. In addition, he was irritated whenever he saw young men or women in foreign cars. Labor was worse. People who did labor work were middle-aged losers who weren't expecting much from their life.

As such, Junho was trying to change the situation. However, he was aware that it was hard, so he got caught up in anxiety and started to rely on alcohol again. He needed a prescription. He had to meet Youngwoo. He would be able to laugh at Youngwoo with his fellow high school classmates and forget his worries.

The other alumni were in a similar position. Junho might be in the worst situation, but

they were all uneasy about their futures. They wanted to meet Youngwoo.

The reunion location of the Heroes High School 45th graduation class. Lee Junho, the secretary of the Alumni Association, was nervous when Youngwoo didn't show up on time.

"Hey, Kim Ahyoung. Are you sure Youngwoo is coming?"

Ahyoung ridiculed him, "I'm not sure. I don't know if he can come because you decided on this meeting place."

It was a garden restaurant outside the city. A person without their own car would have to take a taxi to get here. It was doubtful if the debt-ridden Youngwoo could afford the taxi fee.

Lee Junho, who deliberately selected this meeting place, started to feel belated regret.

"That pathetic guy... He can't even afford a taxi?"

At that moment.

"Wow! Look over there!"

The alumni started to make a fuss as they looked out the window. Lee Junho and Kim Ahyoung also looked out the window. They witnessed a black vehicle enter the parking lot.

"13 series...!"

A limited edition car worth 800 million won! Lee Junho had seen a lot of foreign cars while working at the gas station, but he never saw a car of this degree.

'Shit! There are bastards like this everywhere I go!'

Lee Junho shook his head at the thought that the 13 series would be a 2nd generation conglomerate's car, while Kim Ahyoung had hearts in her eyes.

'My life will be set if I can marry a guy with a car like that. When can I date a guy like that?'

Then the car stopped at one side of the parking lot. Everyone was shocked. The person who descended from the driver's seat was Shin Youngwoo!

“W-What...?”

Lee Junho stood up and cried out. How did Shin Youngwoo, a debt ridden game loser, come in such a luxury car?

“No way!”

It was clear that he stole it. Lee Junho and all the alumni thought so.

But Ahyoung thought differently. ‘He paid off his debt and got a job... It wasn't a lie? But how good is his job that he can afford a car like that?’

Ahyoung's brain was spinning fast.

‘Anyway, it is good. Youngwoo likes me... He doesn't have any dating experience, so it'll be easy to catch him, then my life will be set. Okay, I will make him my man.’

At that moment, a woman came down from the passenger seat. Ahyoung became desperate the moment she saw the woman's beauty. On the other hand, Junho and the other alumni had to spit out their water.

“Pfft!!”

“W-What is this?”

Why were they so shocked? It was due to the identity of the woman in the passenger seat. She was Yura. Her beauty could be recognized even at a distance. There was a halo around her. That was a suitable saying to describe her beauty.

“H-How did this happen?”

No one could understand this situation. As everyone was confused, Yura leaned up and kissed Youngwoo. After a while, a big limousine appeared and took Yura away.

“T-This scene...?”

In the eyes of others, it looked like Yura left the car after enjoying a date with

Youngwoo. The imagination of Youngwoo's fellow alumni ran wild.

'Did Youngwoo manage to seduce Yura? Did Yura pay off his debt and buy that car for him?'

'How did he come into contact with a woman like Yura? The worlds they live in are completely different, so there is no place where they could meet. No, maybe... Is Youngwoo actually the young master of a rich house? Is Youngwoo just pretending to be a normal high school and university student with a debt?'

'Maybe... Youngwoo could form a relationship with Yura because of Satisfy...'

'Yes. Youngwoo's time playing Satisfy wasn't in vain. He met Yura in Satisfy, their relationship developed to lovers and this moved to reality...'

'Damn! If I unconditionally played Satisfy instead of working, could I be like Youngwoo?'

Youngwoo finally entered the restaurant. Youngwoo already knew that the alumni in the restaurant had witnessed the scene outside, so he waved leisurely.

"Have you been well?"

"..."

This was Youngwoo? He looked and acted completely different from before. No one was able to talk to Youngwoo, who sat on the side. They just looked at him. Then Youngwoo, holding a cup of wine in his hand, extended another cup to Lee Junho.

"Hasn't it been a while? Have a cup."

"Eh? Y-Yes. Yes..."

Lee Junho was dumbfounded. Shin Youngwoo had shrunk back from him since their school days, now he was asking them to drink together!

'I didn't want to see him for this...'

Anger boiled inside Junho's heart. Youngwoo emptied his glass and said to Junho. "Come on, have a drink. But how are you doing these days? You still haven't fixed your

habit of biting your nails? You're getting older, so you should stop it. Isn't that right?"

Lee Junho snapped and got up from his seat. Then he grabbed Youngwoo and snarled.

"You bastard! I don't know what happened but don't pretend to be elite! I will kill you!"

In the past, Youngwoo would be angry and afraid. But now he was different. He was a man. In particular, for adult men, abilities became power and confidence. Those who had the ability wouldn't shrink back easily in any situation.

"Why are you so mad? Look back at all the words and actions you've made against me. Do you have any idea how angry I was?"

"...!"

At that moment, Junho reflexively shrunk back from the look in Youngwoo's eyes. It was because the appearance of a man flashed through his mind. The psychopath in the skull helmet who beat him up in Kesan Canyon! The look in Youngwoo's eyes was like the psychopath who recently shattered the Giant Guild in Winston.

'Is this possible? That bastard is him?'

Junho noticed Youngwoo's identity and backed away. Junho, the madman who couldn't be controlled, retreated like a dog. It was hard to believe. To the alumni, Youngwoo felt like a different person than before.

Then Youngwoo started laughing.

"This wine tastes good. What are you doing? Aren't you drinking?"

Youngwoo had suffered many difficulties over the years. The memory of being bullied by the alumni was his biggest trauma. But on this day, he was able to perfectly overcome that trauma, resulting in a psychologically more stable and mature Youngwoo.

This growth was sure to be a great help to him when playing Satisfy in the future.



‘Did this help him?’

A little while ago, Yura had descended from the car and narrowed the distance to Youngwoo to get rid of a piece of dust in his hair. The angle from the restaurant made it seem like a kiss.

Yura smiled as she remembered the help she received from Shin Youngwoo at the Yatan Temple in the past.

‘My debt has been paid.’

Yura had accomplished various feats with her own power. She wanted to get rid of the weak memory of receiving help from another. Thus, she kept paying attention to Grid and after a recent investigation, she determined that she could pay off the debt in this form.

CHAPTER 109

Most of the people attending the reunion were intent on making fun of me. However, now that I got rid of my debtor status and succeeded, no one could make fun of me. Thus, the reunion lost its primary purpose and became very awkward.

In particular, Lee Junho couldn't say anything and left first after finishing his glass of alcohol. Since then, the mood slowly changed. They noticed Lee Junho leaving and started to bombard me with questions.

"How did you appear with the 13 series? Did you win the lottery or something? Weren't you struggling with a debt the last time I saw you?"

"Youngwoo, have you become a ranker in Satisfy? Did you get a lot of money from recording broadcasts? Will we see you on TV sooner or later?"

"What's your relationship with Yura? Are you two really dating?"

"Dating the woman who is every man's romance... I can't imagine how superior you feel..."

Curiosity, envy, and jealousy were all showing in the alumni's eyes. As I was enjoying this situation, some people from my school days who I thought were friends spoke to me.

"Hey~ Youngwoo, do you remember how close we were in school? It was fun at the time... Don't you miss it sometimes? Should we hang out together sometime?"

"Oh! This is good! Everyone became distant after going to the army and university, so this will be good!"

"Hehe, you should bring Yura when we hang out. Isn't it natural to introduce your lover to your friends? Huhuhu."

"Hey, you know... Can I drive the car? I always wanted to drive the 13 series... Huh? Just five minutes is okay. Please."

These guys turned away and tormented me like the others when I needed help, now

they wanted to be friends again. I definitively put them down.

“You want to come over here and play like we’re friends now? Just shut up. Like everyone else, you are looking at me with jealousy. I’m here just to laugh at you.”

“What?”

“Ha! What’s with this bastard’s tone? Are you acting like this now that you’re doing well?”

I used my words to strike them where it hurt, and they were upset by it. I scoffed at them, saying, “Isn’t it funny how you sound just like Lee Junho when he was talking earlier? Why did you laugh at me and ignore me until I started doing well? In the first place, weren’t you the bastards harassing people? Huh? Now look at yourselves. Do you think I can be disregarded by you anymore?”

“You...!”

The faces of the alumni went red as they grew angry; however, they couldn’t argue against me.

“You are the bastards who feel superior when harassing people inferior to you.”

I was cold. I had no doubt that after this alumni reunion, my relationship with them was over. I took my coat and left.

Buaaaaaang!

I returned to 23 and started it. After setting the destination in the navigation as my home, I chose the automatic driving function. I was about to depart when someone tapped on my window. It was Ahyoung. I rolled the window down and Ahyoung looked at me with anxious eyes.

“Are you leaving?”

‘Kim Ahyoung...’

Only a few days ago, she was the object of my love. I loved her so much that I dreamed of dating and marrying her more than 100 times. But interestingly, I didn’t feel any emotions towards her now.

Once I realized she wasn't who I thought she was, disappointment, betrayal and any lingering emotions disappeared.

"The kids who used to disregard me are now envious. The ones who forsake me are now clinging to me. I have to leave because I am finished getting revenge. If I stay here longer then blows will keep being exchanged. It is a waste of time."

When I liked Ahyoung, I couldn't meet her eyes properly. My heart throbbed and I could only babble nonsense. But now it was different. There were no emotions, so I could look into her eyes and talk clearly.

"Stay well Ahyoung. I liked you."

Ahyoung grabbed me as I was leaving. "L-Liked? Why is it past tense? Are you saying you don't like me anymore? I...! I like you!"

The fact that Ahyoung was my first love wouldn't change, even if she trampled on my heart. I wanted to leave with as good a memory as every, without ruining her illusions. I was blinded by love for 13 years, so I didn't want to leave any room for her to cling onto me.

"Can't you see? I have Yura now, the sky that you can't be compared to. It would be foolish of me to leave her. I don't have any feelings for you."

"Youngwoo, you...!"

I spoke as cynically as possible. Then I left the sad and hurt Ahyoung.

"This is the end for us."

The connection between me and you, which was a bad link in the past, was cleanly cut off. Now it was a fresh start.

On the way back home, I recalled the conversation I previously had with Yura,

"After the Tzedakah Guild succeeded in the raid against Malacus, the forces of the Yatan Church rapidly weakened. Therefore, the Tzedakah Guild is now the Yatan Church's main enemy. The Yatan Church will surely retaliate against the Tzedakah Guild, and as everyone expected, I am the Yatan Church's Eighth Servant. Conflict between us is inevitable."

“Then did you come to me to declare war? D-Do you want to kill me here? No matter how angry you are in the game, isn’t it too much to kill people in reality?”

“...Don’t make people into killers. I just want to pay back my debt from when we fought before.”

“Debt?”

“During the quest in the Yatan Temple... Didn’t you log out despite beating me in order to help me clear the quest? Thanks to that, I was able to consolidate my position in the Yatan Church and become the Eighth Servant. You are a great benefactor to me, so it is hard for me to point a weapon at you.”

“I deliberately logged out to help your quest? What does that even mean?”

Yura firmly misunderstood something.

“At that time, I wasn’t intending to help your quest. You owe me nothing.”

I didn’t know how Yura misunderstood this fact, but I wanted to resolve this misunderstanding because I didn’t want to be connected with her. However, she was already deep into her deluded fantasy.

“I don’t know why you are denying it. Even if you didn’t intend to help me like you just said, it doesn’t change the fact that I was helped by you, so I’ll pay off this debt.”

Yura had a very selfish nature. In the end, I could only nod.

“I guess words won’t work. Okay, I understand. Do what you want. Then I can cut this bad connection sooner. How are you planning to pay off the debt?”

“Bad connection...?”

Yura frowned like she didn’t like it. She was so beautiful that even this made me amazed.

‘She is a scam...’

Yura explained her plan while I was admiring her.

“After war breaks out between the Yatan Church and the Tzedakah Guild, I won’t kill you. I can’t kill my benefactor, after all. Although, there might be some situations where fighting is unavoidable.”

“...You’ll spare me? Wow, I’m so thankful that I’m on the verge of tears.”

The role I played in the Tzedakah Guild was a blacksmith, not a soldier. I didn’t plan to involve myself in any guild activities unless I was directly affected, like the recent incident with the Giant Guild. It was 100 times more profitable to make items compared to fighting, so I would rather be the guild’s blacksmith. There was no chance of Yura and I meeting in a war.

I felt assured and nodded.

“Okay, I understand how you will pay off your debt. Then are you done? We’ve arrived at the destination, so let’s separate. Please don’t appear in front of me again since it isn’t good for my heart.”

Yura was a woman who destroyed the Yatan Temple while trying to kill me. Having a connection with her, it was no different from torture. I wanted to quickly separate from her, but she had different thoughts.

“It is over. I want to pay off the debt in another form.”

“What else?”

“Excuse me, but I have been researching your past. Over the years, you have suffered humiliation because of your high school alumni.”

“What?”

No, why was she talking about a man’s shameful past? Didn’t she know about privacy?

‘Is she a stalker?’

I wanted to snap out, but I was so afraid that I couldn’t open my mouth. She suggested to me, “Aren’t you going to attend the reunion right now? I’ll come as well. Let me pretend to be your lover in front of your fellow alumni.”

What nonsense was she saying?

“Why?”

Yura kindly explained to me, “Once they find out that a famous, intelligent and beautiful woman like me is your lover, they will no longer make fun of you. You will be able to silence the alumni. How is it? Pretend to be lovers. Isn’t this a great way to pay off my debt to you?”

“...”

I was fairly certain that Yura had a princess disease. It didn’t make sense for a famous, intelligent and beautiful woman like her to make this suggestion.

“Isn’t this a scene common in dramas and movies? The gender roles have reversed but...”

I vetoed Yura’s words.

“That’s okay. There is no need for that. I am able to change my position with my own abilities.”

Yes, I refused Yura’s suggestion.

But as a result, the alumni witnessed Yura getting down from my car and misunderstood that she was my lover. Then they envied me enormously. It wouldn’t have been possible to elicit such a response with just the 13 series.

“... The more I think about it, the stranger she is. What type of person developed such a misunderstanding, did a background check and tried to repay her debt in this manner? Wasn’t it preposterous? Paying off a one-sided debt... She is insane.”

Based on common sense, Yura seemed to have a narrower sense of human relationships than me.

‘She seems to have become strange after becoming successful at an early age and living apart from others.’

In no time, I arrived home. I went straight to the capsule and connected to Satisfy.



Winston had lost troops several times in the battle against the Yatan Church, the knight captain was wounded and the lady was kidnapped. The city was becoming one of the best in the north and the population was growing rapidly, but there was a limit to the guard troops.

Earl Steim became aware of the situation and led support troops to Winston.

“Father!”

“Ohh! My lovely daughter! You have become even more beautiful since last I saw you!”

Earl Steim was one of the most influential nobles in the Eternal Kingdom and the ruler of the north. But he was just a doting dad in front of his daughter, Irene. Despite the numerous soldiers and knights watching, Earl Steim embraced his daughter and shed tears.

“You must’ve suffered! I’m sorry that I burdened you so much! Thank you for being safe! Thank you!”

Irene was Earl Steim’s only child. Rather than keeping her safe by his side, he appointed her as ruler of a territory and let her experience being kidnapped again, so he couldn’t forgive himself.

Irene suggested to him. “Father, he didn’t do anything wrong. The whole thing was my fault. Father, that’s why... I wish I had a strong person taking care of me.”

Earl Steim glared at Phoenix.

“That’s right... You need a strong person... Someone much better than the incompetent Captain Phoenix...”

“Please kill me!”

Phoenix’s guilt was unimaginable after losing in the war and not being able to protect his master. Earl Steim ignored him and spoke to Irene, “But sweetheart, Doran is dead and there is, unfortunately, no one stronger than Phoenix in the north. Leave Winston to Phoenix and return with me.”

“No, there is someone here who I can depend on. He is stronger and more courageous than anyone else.”

“Hoh?”

Irene was the daughter of a warrior. While she wasn't trained, her ability to recognize strength was excellent. She was complimenting someone so confidently that Earl Steim was filled with expectations.

“Then who is this person?”

“He is a blacksmith.”

“Eh?”

The answer coming from his daughter's smiling mouth was so unexpected that Earl Steim thought he heard wrongly for a moment. Earl Steim regained his spirit and asked, “Sweetheart, the strong and brave person you can rely on is a blacksmith? Did I hear it properly just now?”

Irene unabashedly nodded.

“That's right. He is the great blacksmith who made the sword that became a family treasure not long ago, and also the one who saved me from Malacus. Not just that. He is the hero who saved Winston from the Mero Company.”

“Ha! That rumored person...”

He was clearly a great person just based on the achievements. But Earl Steim became frantic after seeing Irene's face.

‘My daughter has the face of a woman in love...!’

He knew about the one who helped save Winston from the evils of the Mero Company. It was also reported that he had the power of a legendary blacksmith. But a blacksmith was strong enough to kill one of Yatan's servants?

Earl Steim couldn't believe it.

“Sweetheart, no matter how I think about it, I don't think such a perfect person exists

in this world... Is he handsome? It seems like you have been deceived by a scammer..”

Irene proclaimed, “I’m not deceived! Do you think I am a pathetic woman who will be enticed by looks? In the first place, he isn’t really handsome!”

Phoenix and the knights nodded in unison.

“That’s correct. He is good but his appearance...”

Earl Steim didn’t like that either.

“An ugly man dares lure my daughter? Disgraceful person! I want to see what type of person he is! Drag him in front of me right now!”

“Earl, he is Winston’s hero and Irene’s savior. Shouldn’t we bring him respectfully?”

“...Yes, bring him respectfully.”

CHAPTER 110

Satisfy implemented a system of complete freedom. It had more than two billion users. The two billion people could freely select or pioneer more than 10,000 classes, and there were 10,000 common classes.

Each common class had a top 10 rankings. It seemed like the same IDs every time. This meant that the top 10 of each class was widening the gap with those ranked below 11th, and it was virtually impossible for new figures to enter the top 10 rankings.

But approximately six months ago. There was a major upheaval in the rankings of 16 major classes. The Tzedakah Guild moved from L.T.S to Satisfy and entered the top 10 of each ranking in just four months. It had a large impact on users and the Tzedakah Guild made a spectacular debut in Satisfy, gaining the media's attention.

Then after that...

The rankings became stuck again for a while. After the Tzedakah Guild appeared, the top rankers stayed the same for more than half a year.

It was around a month ago. Just like when the Tzedakah Guild appeared in the past, a major upheaval once again appeared in the rankings. 10 new figures appeared in the rankings of 10 major classes like comets. Those 10 people were called the '10 Rookies' and received people's praise and expectations.

"Cursed Bloodline!"

[The blood imprinted in the Thorn of Deep Grievance has resonated with your blood and makes you run wild.]

[Skill damage has increased by 150%. Movement speed has increased by 80%.]

[Health is continuously consumed while the skill is activated.]

"Ohhhhhh!"

[You have suffered 34,030 damage.]

[You have suffered 25,111 damage.]

[You have suffered 29,600 damage.]

The flamberge, which seemed like the thorny stem of a rose, slashed at the monsters in its orbit. The bleeding didn't stop as Ibellin flew among the monsters. Then he grabbed a monster's neck and used a skill.

"Laceration!"

[You have dealt 505,900 damage.]

"Kieeeeek!"

Ibellin had been succeeding since receiving the Thorn of Deep Grievance from Grid. He cleared difficult dungeons that had frustrated him a few times and earned a great number of rewards from hunting monsters at least 30 levels higher than him.

[Your level has risen.]

"Good!"

After entering the 200th level zone, Ibellin had only been able to raise his level once every five days. But now he could gain one level in just one day.

It was a feat that could be achieved thanks to moving hunting grounds. And he was able to move hunting grounds thanks to the Thorn of Deep Grievance, so the power of items was really amazing.

'It was worth investing 2.5 million gold. This is a completely new world!'

The number one spot in the swordsman rankings was guarded by Zirkan. Zirkan was an overwhelming presence so it was hard to take first place, but Ibellin would soon be able to take second place if he kept growing like this.

“Just wait, Lael!”

Ibellin started Satisfy two months later than his other guild members due to finishing his studies. So he wasn't included when the Tzedakah Guild debuted and instead became one of the 10 Rookies.

Until then, Ibellin had been confident that he was the best among the 10 Rookies. He never doubted it as one of the Tzedakah Guild. But what was this?

Lael debuted in the top 10 of the qigong master's rankings when Ibellin was 9th place in the swordsman rankings. Now Lael was 1st in the qigong master rankings and 178th on the unified rankings. On the other hand, Ibellin was 3rd on the swordsman rankings and 199th on the unified rankings.

Ibellin saw Lael on a TV interview and realized that they were the same age. This was a very shocking event for Ibellin, who had the strongest self-esteem among his peers.

Since then, Ibellin recognized Lael as a rival and strived to surpass him. But this wasn't an easy task. If he took one step closer, the opponent would take two steps. Thus, Ibellin could feel his limitations. He couldn't deny that Lael was superior to himself.

However, then he got his hands on the Thorn of Deep Grievance.

'Items are also part of our abilities...! Lael, this time I will be ahead of you!'



{Grid! You came ~^0^~}

{I've missed you so much!}

{A half day without you is like 10 years... I was desperately waiting for you to come!}

The guild chat window went crazy as soon as Grid connected to the game.

The guild members welcomed Grid like they were reuniting with a separated lover after a long time.

It was all for one reason.

{Make my items quickly!}

{I'm dizzy because I want a legendary rated item ㄗㄗ}

{Me first! Grid, if you make a legendary item for me, I will shoot up to the top 20 right away!}

'Please make my items!'

That's what the guild members really longed for. Right now, Grid was a very important and irreplaceable figure.

"Huhuhut... They are prisoners of my items."

As Grid was laughing and feeling pleased, Ibellin appeared in the guild chat window.

{Brothers, Sisters. Do you think it is so easy for Grid to make a legendary item? ^^ Don't bother Grid. ^^}

{What? Ibellin, you raised your level again? Hasn't it only been one day?}

{Yup! ^^ I moved my hunting grounds. ^^ My experience is rising quickly ~ ^^ Previously I worked hard and only gained 1 level in 5 days ~ ^^ This is the true power of items ^^ ⇒ It is all thanks to Grid. ^^}

{Hey... No matter how excited you are, stop using ^^ <-... It is bad luck.}

{I'm really envious — — I was envious when Pon got a unique item, but Ibellin's is even better. Sooner or later, won't you reach the second ranking?}

{A legendary item is really... I want to have one as well ㄗㄗ}

After joining the guild, Grid had only produced Pon's spear and Ibellin's Thorn. Both of them were finished with a unique and legendary rating, so the expectations of the guild members were too high.

Grid couldn't unconditionally make unique or legendary items, but the guild members were hoping for at least unique items. Grid was worried about making a normal or rare item, so he told them in advance.

{I don't think I can make unique or legendary items often. In fact, two out of three Gale Spears were completed with an epic rating and one of Ibellin's Thorns had a rare rating. I also often make normal or rare items. So keep in mind that your items might be completed as a rare or epic rating.}

{Yes, that's right. Let's calm down. Didn't we want epic items from Grid in the first place? Let's not lose sight of things. In addition, items made by Grid are unconditionally better than other items of the same level, regardless of their rating. It is enough, even if a rare rating appears.}

{Yes... If we are lucky, one day we will receive unique or legendary items.}

As the excitement of the guild members settled down, Jishuka decided who the next item would be produced for.

{Grid, this time I want you to make armor for Vantner.}

Vantner vetoed it.

{Armor? Why armor? Stop! I don't need armor! I want a weapon! Make a weapon! A weapon allows me to hunt faster and I can level up!}

{Shut up Vantner. Isn't your current weapon good enough thanks to Grid? It is a good weapon, even if it can't be compared with Pon's or Ibellin's. And you are a tanker. Right now, you are useless in raids. ^^}

{ㄒㄒ Master...}

{What? Do you have something to say?}

{No... I don't...}

Not just Vantner, but all members regardless of age and gender, submitted to Jishuka. They normally acted as family and friends, but once an order dropped, they would follow it unconditionally. It showed how much the guild members trusted Jishuka.

{I already have an armor production method. But I haven't yet obtained all the necessary materials. It will take up to half a day. Until then, feel free to do whatever you want.}

“Half a day...”

It was ambiguous to make one item in half a day.

“Should I hunt for the first time in a while? The place I wanted to see...”



There were hunting grounds of various levels in Winston, ranging from those for beginners and those for rankers.

The hunting ground most popular among users above level 150 was the Golem's Labyrinth. The golems in the labyrinth were designed by a magician to protect his hidden treasures, so it was suitable to make money due to all the magic stones and minerals dropping. The experience was also worth it.

But there was a fundamental problem. Golems had a strong defense and were almost immune to physical attacks. So the Golem's Labyrinth was nothing more than a private hunting ground for magicians.

Most parties consisted of either magicians and healers or a paladin, magician, and healer. No physical attackers could be found at all. In this place, there was one person who came alone and was holding a greatsword.

People laughed at him.

“Hey Mister, did you come here to hunt?”

“Yes.”

“Ha? Really? Without a party?”

“I like solo play...”

“Pfff!”

“Kilkil! A beginner!”

People started laughing at the greatsword wielding man. A warrior who came to hunt golems alone seemed to be lacking common sense. On the one hand, the greatsword wielding man didn't care about the people laughing at him.

Dozens of people watched as he approached the golem with loud footsteps. Then he stabbed with his greatsword without delay.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship, Kill!”

Peeeeeeong!

“...!”

It was an incredible sight. The giant iron golem, which couldn't be damaged even by dozens of swords, went flying towards one side of the wall from one blow of the greatsword? The crowd was stunned. Someone shouted,

“W-Wait a minute...! That helmet and black greatsword...! Isn't he the human butcher who smashed the Giant Guild on his own, instantly boosting himself into fame?”

“T-That's right! I see it now! The Cruel Butcher!”

“Kyaaak! He actually looks scarier!”

“Wow... Really dirty... He really did shatter the Giant Guild alone.”

Meanwhile, the helmet-wearing Grid was confused as he held the greatsword.

‘Its health only decreased by half, even though I used Kill? This is really hard.’

Kill was a deadly blow. In addition, Dainsleif dealt more damage the higher the opponent's defense was. So Grid thought he could easily hunt the golems. But he was wrong. The golems of the labyrinth were much harder than Grid expected.

‘However, I have a method.’

Grid put away Dainsleif and pulled out a pickaxe from his inventory. It was the finest pickaxe made directly by him. He had 100% understanding of the pickaxe, so red dots

started appearing all over the golem's body.

Grid aimed his pickaxe at the red dots. Then...

Kaaang! Kaaang!

[Iron ore has been acquired.]

[Deluxe Iron ore has been acquired.]

[Three damaged orichalcum has been acquired.]

Except for the magic stones that served the role of an engine, the golem was made up of only minerals! He was a legendary blacksmith and had 100% understanding of the pickaxe, so the golems were just a mine in front of Grid who was an excellent miner.

“...What the hell is this?”

Every time the golem was hit by the pickaxe, minerals would drop, causing the users to become amazed at the sight. They could barely hunt the golems when pouring out magic, so Grid hunting them with a pickaxe was an unreasonable sight.

“Just one time...”

A paladin user who had a miner side job happily caught a golem passing by before pulling out a pickaxe and hitting the golem hard.

Chaaeng!

“...Kkeok!”

The paladin user screamed and grabbed his wrist that felt like it was broken after hitting the golem with a pickaxe. The golem wasn't even scratched as it turned its head to verify the paladin and struck out.

Meanwhile, Grid approached another golem and started mining after knocking it down. Minerals once again poured out from the golem. Grid was excited as he exclaimed,

“Kukukuk...! What is this? It is really good! Kuahahahat!”

Grid’s face was covered by the skull helmet and he seemed like a psychopath as he kept swinging the pickaxe at the golems. The users were terrified.

“What, so scary...”

People were wary of him because Grid had the power to one-sidedly kill the Giant Guild. The distance increased until they were no longer in danger, and then they fled.

Thanks to the wide labyrinth, Grid was left alone.

However, Grid didn’t pay attention to his surroundings because he was fully absorbed in collecting minerals. He collected more minerals than he originally aimed for because he was alone. He also gained a level.

Then a whisper from Jishuka came.

–Grid, the preparation of the materials is over.

“Okay, I will go back now.”

Grid hummed at his inventory full of minerals and left the labyrinth. No, he was going to leave but he got lost in the labyrinth.

“No, damn! What is this? Why is this place so complicated? Where have all the people gone? Damn! Even if I want to ask for directions, I can’t because there are no people! This #^%!\$~#!”

Grid wandered around for a while. But no matter how much he wandered, he couldn’t find the exit to the labyrinth and eventually called the guild.

{I’m in the Golem’s Labyrinth, can someone come and help me?}

“Huh?”

Grid had been leaning against a wall while chatting, and his eyes suddenly widened. It was because the wall was collapsing.

“W-What? Aaaaack~~!”

Grid's body fell down along with the wall.

Kuuong!

“Cough! Cough! Huh?”

Grid was struggling with the pain of falling when he suddenly shivered. He raised his head and saw a golem that was at least five times the size of the other golems in the labyrinth.

“...What?”

Kuweeeeeeoh!

[The Guardian of the Labyrinth has woken up from a long sleep.]

[The magical traps set up by the Great Magician Braham has been triggered.]

[You have suffered 205,100 damage.]

[You have suffered 399,000 damage.]

[You have suffered 174,340 damage.]

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

Pepeng! Kakakakak!

The magic traps were continuously activated and all types of attribute attacks hit Grid. However, Grid became invincible due to his passive activation and survived all the attacks. Fortunately, the traps finished before Grid's invincibility duration was over.

Finally, the Guardian of the Labyrinth moved. Grid took the highest quality health potion and made a grim expression.

‘The invincible passive's cooldown time is one day. Losing my insurance at the start is the very worst.’

He couldn't see a way to escape. Grid decided that he needed to defeat the Guardian of the Labyrinth to escape and grabbed Dainsleif.

CHAPTER 111

He couldn't see a way to escape. Grid decided that he needed to defeat the Guardian of the Labyrinth to escape, and grabbed Dainsleif. Then he took advantage of his high agility to leap up the wall.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship...!”

Grid used the sword dance while in the air! Then he appeared in front of the guardian’s face and stabbed Dainsleif in deeply.

“Kill!”

Peeeeeeong!

[Critical!]

[The Best Gauntlets option effect is activated, causing you to attack the target twice.]

[You have dealt 68,700 damage.]

Kuwaaah!

The Guardian of the Labyrinth shook after being stabbed with Kill. Thousands of kilograms were pushed back. It was a testament to the tremendous weight behind Kill.

“Okay! I can do it!”

Kill was a skill that dealt 1,500% of the caster’s current damage. It was unfortunate that it was a single target skill, but the attack power was the best among all existing skills in Satisfy. It was also the skill that dealt the last blow to Malacus. Even if it was a boss monster, how safe could the guardian be after being hit directly in the face?

Grid landed on the ground and shouted excitedly.

“I dealt nearly 70,000 damage in one blow! It’s possible! I can knock him down!”

Before falling here. Grid had hunted dozens of golems in the labyrinth and found that the golems had an average health of 80,000. The golems had extremely low health in exchange for their defense.

Based on that, he guessed that the Guardian of the Labyrinth had low health like the golems. But what was this?

“Eh?”

Grid had been grinning at the thought of succeeding in a one-man raid, only to suddenly stiffen with astonishment. He had confirmed the health gauge of the Guardian of the Labyrinth.

“This is nonsense... His blood barely decreased?”

That’s right. The Guardian of the Labyrinth had high defense and high health. This was Grid’s strongest attack skill. No, Kill was one of the strongest attack skills in Satisfy and it was even a critical hit, but only 1/15th of the guardian’s health was decreased.

‘Using simple calculations, I have to hit it with Kill 15 times. It also needs a critical attack every time...’

As it happened, the cooldown time for Kill was 500 seconds. But Grid felt surprisingly positive.

‘Kill isn’t the only skill I have!’

Grid pulled out the Ideal Dagger. Then he aimed Wind Blast at the bottom of the Guardian of the Labyrinth.

[You have dealt 1 damage.]

Wind Blast’s attack power was unable to even scratch the Guardian of the Labyrinth. It was unable to penetrate the high defense. But Grid wasn’t disappointed. In the first place, Wind Blast was only used to block the guardian’s gaze.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Link!”

While the guardian was paying attention to Wind Blast, Grid used Quick Movements to approach the guardian and wielded Dainsleif eight times.

Jjejeong! Jjang! Jjejejeok!

Link had a shorter casting time, less mana cost, and a shorter cooldown time than Kill. It was also a skill that dealt 500% of his attack power. It was weaker than Kill, but it was efficient and strong compared to other skills.

Link should be able to inflict damage on the guardian. Grid thought like this, but reality was quite different. Link’s damage couldn’t penetrate the guardian’s high defense.

[You have dealt 3,500 damage.]

“Shit! Isn’t this difference too much?”

Grid was confused because the damage wasn’t applied properly due to the overwhelming defense. His confidence declined rapidly.

‘Can I really catch this monster?’

Kuuong!

The Guardian of the Labyrinth took one step towards Grid. Grid had secured a safe distance, but the guardian was so big that it narrowed the distance in just one step.

Kuwaaah!

The Guardian of the Labyrinth roared and brought down its huge hand. It was like Grid was a fly.

Kwaang!

It was fortunate that the golem’s movement speed was slow. Grid easily avoided the attack of the guardian. The guardian’s hand struck the ground. The entire

underground space shook, causing Grid to wobble.

‘This is a complete earthquake...!’

Grid lost his balance while the guardian’s hand came flying towards him again.

Kwaang! Kwaang! Kwaaaaang!

“Aaaaack~!”

It was like the palm of Buddha. Every time Grid escaped an attack, the guardian’s hand would strike the walls or ground, causing stones to fall from the ceiling and threaten Grid. Then the wide underground space became quite limited. The collapsed walls and debris from the ceiling was to blame.

“I’m screwed.”

As the space narrowed, his avenues of retreat decreased. There was now a limit to how much he could dodge.

Kwaaaaah!

The guardian roared in a way that indicated it was the end. Then it swung both hands at the same time. Huge hands flying from both the left and the right! The size of one hand was twice as big as Grid, so his visibility was blocked when the big hands came flying from both sides.

‘It’s impossible to avoid. There is no hole to escape into.’

He could defend with the Divine Shield, but it seemed like the shield would break. At that moment. The urgent cry of a woman was heard from the broken ceiling where Grid fell.

“Grid!”

The woman calling out to Grid was Jishuka. She came to pick Grid up because he was lost in the labyrinth. Then she had rushed over when Grid didn’t reply in the guild chat and felt the shockwave.

And now.

She arrived to witness Grid's moment of death.

"He can't avoid this."

Vantner muttered from beside Jishuka as Grid seemed to be swallowed by both hands. That's right. Grid's death was natural. How could a non-magician exert any power against that giant golem in the first place? Grid was helpless. It was just questionable on how stupid Grid was to deal with this monster alone.

Then something amazing happened.

"If I can't avoid it, then I should confront it."

They heard Grid's voice.

Pachichik!

A red spark occurred around Grid just before he was swallowed by the guardian's hands. And...

Kakakakak!

A red lightning bolt appeared from the ceiling and fell towards the guardian's head.

Chwachachachak!

The body of the guardian convulsed like it was experiencing an electric shock and then it stopped moving. It turned bright red for a moment. The red lightning bolt seemed to have a much higher voltage than normal lightning bolts.

Jishuka and Vantner were shocked as they watched from above.

"Magic? Grid can use magic?"

"Red lightning...? This is the first time I've seen such magic."

And Grid was clearly unharmed. Grid escaped through the gaps caused by the paused guardian and smiled.

"Isn't this effect quite good?"

A red bead the size of a small skull was in his left hand. It was the Red Lightning Summoning Bead that he obtained after raiding the frostlight orc chief. The treasure had been lying in his inventory and saved Grid's life at this moment.

Pachichik! Pachik!

The red sparks surrounded Dainsleif. It was a chance to get revenge on the monster in front of him. Before he knew it, the cooldown time of Kill was over. Grid started his sword dance.

Peeeeeeong!

[Critical!]

[The Best Gauntlets option effect is activated, causing you to attack the target twice.]

[You have dealt 141,000 damage.]

Dainsleif was temporarily a magic sword due to the lightning attribute. The Guardian of the Labyrinth had extremely high physical defense and low magic defense. Grid's Kill dealt two times more damage than before.

"Too strong!"

"His strength is just a scam."

Jishuka and Vantner thought it was absurd as 1/10th of a boss monster's health decreased with just one blow. The Guardian of the Forest became nervous because of the unexpected damage and swung its left and right arms more quickly than before.

"Yes! Come on, you bastard!"

This time, Grid didn't try to escape. He fought back with Dainsleif.

Jjang! Jjaaang! Kwaang!

The energy of the red lightning within Dainsleif was truly great. The guardian's arms

turned red every time it encountered Dainsleif and smoke rose. Some parts even stiffened. The Guardian of the Labyrinth panicked. As it prepared to retreat, Grid pulled out his blacksmith hammer. Then he hit the guardian's arm.

Kaaang!

"...Hah!"

Grid scoffed. The guardian's body was being transformed by the hammering.

'Isn't this similar to forging smelted minerals?'

This was great!

Kaaang! Kaaang! Kaaang!

Grid moved all over the guardian and kept hammering the arms. Then a sudden change in the guardian's arms was seen. The wrist and elbow joints disappeared, while the five fingers were flattened. Now the guardian's arms were nothing more than heavy pillars.

Kuoh?

The guardian was perplexed as its arms didn't work as intended. The guardian swung its arms at random. The underground space was now in a state of perfect collapse. If this was to be Grid's grave, he was determined to die with the guardian. Therefore, he took out a mana recovery potion. Then he started a new sword dance.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Transcend."

It was a skill he never tried to use because of a lack of mana. But he had invested his stats in intelligence with every level up and he also had Malacus' Cloak, giving him enough mana to use this skill.

[Transcend]

A sword dance that transcends imagination.

Your attack power is doubled and your default attacks will turn into ranged attacks.

The air around Grid quickly reversed.

Kuoooooh.

It was like gravity was reversing. Grid's hair rose like the heroes of old anime and stones floated in the air. In the center of it, Grid wielded Dainsleif. Then a dark energy blade shot forward.

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In the center of it, Grid wielded Dainsleif. Then a dark energy blade shot forward.

Peeeong!

Kuwaaaah!

The guardian was confused by its deformed arms and screamed when its face was hit.

“Hoh?”

What was this reaction to just one hit? Grid grinned at the power of Transcend. Then he wielded Dainsleif again.

Papat!

Two blades flew forward in a cross shape and hit the guardian’s chest.

Kuweeeeeeh!

The guardian was in more pain. Grid laughed as he saw it and brandished Dainsleif diagonally. The blades bent like a whip and accurately hit the back of the guardian’s neck. Grid’s black energy swords continued flying forward.

Kwang! Kwaang! Kwa kwa kwang!

[You have dealt 4,100 damage.]

[You have dealt 3,730 damage.]

[You have dealt 4,450 damage.]

Dainsleif’s attack power was doubled due to the red lightning. Grid’s attacks were more powerful than the previous Link skill. He also had a different skill that could be used without any restrictions.

“Blacksmith’s Rage!”

[Blacksmith’s Rage has been activated. Your attack power and attack speed will increase significantly for 20 seconds.]

Grid triggered Blacksmith’s Rage and started his full-fledged rampage towards the guardian.

“Die! Die! Die! Puhahahat!”

Pepepepeok!

[You have dealt 5,500 damage.]

[You have dealt 5,350 damage.]

[The Best Gauntlets option effect is activated, causing you to attack the target twice.]

[You have dealt 10,940 damage.]

[You have dealt 5,900 damage.]

Kwaaaaah!

It was a one-sided battle. Due to the constantly flying swords, the Guardian of the Labyrinth couldn’t approach Grid.

If its arms were fine, it could’ve used defensive maneuvers with both arms. However, the deformed arms were unable to move as it wanted due to Grid’s hammering. It was just a sandbag without being able to defend.

Kuoooh!

A shockwave occurred every time the guardian was hit, increasing the collapse of this space. Jishuka was nervous as she watched the battle from the ceiling.

“Grid is still in danger.” Vantner asked Jishuka. “Shouldn’t we help? Why are we staying still?”

Jishuka was also a physical damage dealer. But her attack power was unmatched. Her arrows could deal great damage to the Guardian of the Labyrinth. And right now, Jishuka was in the perfect position for sniping. It was natural to question why Jishuka was just watching instead of helping.

Jishuka explained, “Of course, I can help but... I think Grid will become angry at me. Isn’t that right?”

Vantner hit his forehead. Then he nodded at her words.

“Yes, that seems correct when thinking about his personality. It’s obvious that he’ll be angry if someone interferes in the middle and takes his experience.”

“Yes, and Grid alone seems to be sufficient. I just want him to hurry a little bit.”

Jishuka grasped that the Guardian of the Labyrinth was at a level lower than the Guardian of the Forest. The high defense, health and attack power was equal or higher than the Guardian of the Forest, but the Guardian of the Labyrinth had a fatal weakness.

‘It has no skills.’

That’s right. Jishuka had watched for a while and noticed the Guardian of the Labyrinth hadn’t used a single skill. The Guardian of the Forest possessed all sorts of tricky skills such as wide area stun and summoning golems, but the Guardian of the Labyrinth was just a lump of metal with high stats.

Jishuka shouted towards Grid from the top of the underground space.

“Look behind the guardian. Do you see a small cave? If the space seems to collapse, run away through there!”

“Okay!”

Grid received the information and walked towards the guardian. He continued firing his swords at the guardian, so it couldn’t fight back against Grid.

“It’s overwhelming firepower.”

“His damage and durability is superior in all respects.”

Jishuka and Vantner felt assured.

‘That guy, he didn’t use all his skills during the Malacus raid or against the Giant Guild.’

‘With Grid’s power, is it possible for him to win against Regas?’

On the other hand, the Guardian of the Labyrinth backed away against a wall.

‘There.’

Kuwuong.

He saw the entrance of a small cave in the wall that the guardian fell against. Grid used Quick Movements and wielded Dainsleif. A sword aura flew and hit the guardian’s eyes.

Kuoooh!

The guardian’s eyes blazed red from the lightning. Then Grid appeared in front of it.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship!”

The duration of Transcend was over. Then the cooldown time of Link was over.

“Link!”

Jjejeong! Jjang! Jjeejeeong!

When Grid first learned Link, he had only been able to wield his sword six times. Once he became accustomed to it, he could wield it eight times. Then he grew in battle and it increased to 10 times.

Ku...wooh!

The Guardian of the Labyrinth was hit by 10 red lightning blades and fell to its knees.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship...!”

Grid jumped in the air and squeezed all his strength into Dainsleif.

“Kill!”

Puooook!

The black greatsword penetrated the head of the guardian. Then notification windows flashed in front of Grid.

[You have defeated the Great Magician Braham’s Guardian of the Labyrinth!]

[180 gold has been acquired.]

[90 deluxe iron ore have been acquired.]

[33 pieces of black iron have been acquired.]

[45 pieces of orichalcum have been acquired.]

[3 Deluxe Magic Stones have been acquired.]

[Braham’s Treasure Chest Key has been acquired.]

[45,350,000 experience has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen.]

During the Malacus raid, Grid had 17 people in his party. Therefore, the amount of experience gained was small due to the distribution of experience points. But now he gained so much experience because he succeeded in the raid alone.

Grid's level, which had been 106 due to hunting the golems in the labyrinth, jumped to 114 at once. In addition, Grid gained dozens of expensive black iron and Orichalcum, but his expression wasn't good.

"Apart from the experience, the rewards are garbage..."

He was really disappointed. Shouldn't a boss monster drop at least one unique item?

'The boss has high stats and no special attack skills, but... Shouldn't it give items because it's a boss?'

The Guardian of the Labyrinth didn't use any skills from the beginning to its death. Swinging the arms was its only attack pattern, so it couldn't do anything after the arms were deformed. But there was still a part to consider.

Jishuka and Vantner didn't know this, but didn't Grid activate dozens of Braham's magic traps when he first fell into this space?

It was virtually impossible to react to such sudden traps. The damage was in the hundreds of thousands. Grid only survived because of his passive, but other users would have unconditionally died from those traps.

The traps were included in the raid so even if the Guardian of the Labyrinth was weak, the difficulty of the raid itself was higher than the one against Malacus. Yet the rewards for the raid were only production materials?

'Of course, black iron and orichalcum are expensive but... I was hoping for items that were more special.'

Kurururung.

Then the space started collapsing around Grid. Grid moved past the remains of the guardian and into the small cave. Then he saw it. Three boxes were placed next to each other inside the cave!

"Ohhh!"

Grid was reminded of Braham's Treasure Chest Key that the Guardian of the Labyrinth dropped.

"Puhahahat! This is it! The real reward is actually separate!"

Grid stood in front of the three boxes.

The first box was ornately embellished and shone brightly. It was suitable to be called a treasure chest. On the other hand, the second box was scratched all over and the design was plain. Nothing special could be seen. And finally, the third box. It was just an old wooden box.

There was only one key!

A regular person would think the ornate treasure chest was a trick and that the old box was the real treasure. No, an ordinary box without any features might not be the true treasure chest. This would cause deep thoughts.

But Grid was simple.

"Of course, this shining box is the treasure chest! Worrying over a decision will just advertise my indecisiveness!"

Grid pulled out Braham's Treasure Chest Key from his inventory. Then he placed the key in the ornate box.

Ssik!

Grid was smiling with confidence. He inserted the key into the treasure chest without any worries. The box responded by opening widely.

"Ohhhh!"

There was a brilliant flash of light and the contents were revealed! Grid gulped with anticipation. Then he frowned.

"...What's this?"

There were neither colourful treasures or rare items in the box. There was only one egg. That's right. It wasn't the egg of a particular monster or animal, it was just an egg.

It was an ordinary egg based on its size, shape and color.

“...?”

Grid was speechless. He fought the monster and reached here, only to end up with an egg?

“...”

Grid’s body shook. He finally couldn’t suppress his anger and cried out.

“Damn! How rotten! What the hell?! This egg won’t even appease my hunger! No, why is an egg in a treasure chest in the first place? Does this make sense, damn operators? If you are going to create a game, think about it a little bit.”

He had forgotten because of his recent bout of luck.

“... Yes, originally I was unlucky.”

Was this a sign that his unhappiness would start again? Grid looked scared then he sighed. He looked at the remaining two boxes with a grouchy expression.

“The real treasure is in one of those boxes...” Looking back, he had been too naive. “I should’ve opened the old box... Hah...”

He looked at the first box to see if he could recycle the used key, but it had already been destroyed.

“I don’t want to go back like this... Wait.”

Grid suddenly had an idea. He started it without any delay.

“Item creation!”

[What item do you want to create?]

Grid replied to the system’s question.

“A key.”

That’s right. Grid was going to create a master key in order to open the remaining two boxes. The Item Creation skill had a limited number of uses, so he needed to be careful, but Grid was fully aware of this after creating Failure.

‘Having a universal key that can open anything will permanently benefit me in the future. It is too good to pass up, even if I need to consume one slot.’

Treasure chests were an important element in games. In particular, players of RPGs and adventure games were obliged to carry keys for treasure chests. They made contact with countless boxes during their adventures. What if there was a master key that could open all types of boxes? It would be truly perfect. He would be able to gain all types of rewards every time he encountered a box.

It was the same with Satisfy.

‘A master key is needed.’

[Have you decided?]

The determined Grid nodded.

“Yes.”

[What materials would you like to use?]

Braham’s key was made using black iron. Black iron was also the material Dainsleif was made of.

‘The durability of black iron is special. If I make it with black iron, I can use it semi-permanently.’

Braham’s key was disposable due to the nature of the event, but Grid’s key would be different. Grid made his decision.

“Black iron.”

[Please design the item.]

“Hrmm.”

From here, Grid was cautious. What should be the appearance of the master key that could open anything? Grid worried about it. It wasn't easy to decide. Suddenly, he remembered the thieves in the dramas, movies and anime that he watched.

‘Wire...!’

The thieves. Couldn't skillful thieves pick all types of locks with just two wires? Even if he saw it in a movie, it might actually be possible. In the end, Grid drew two pieces of wire on the blueprint. It was too thin, so he deleted it and drew it again. After drawing a cylindrical pillar design, he punched a small hole in the centre and connected two wires there.

It was very sloppy but Grid was satisfied and clicked the complete button. Then the system gave him one last chance as usual.

[Have you decided? When you complete the blueprint, the number of available creation skill will decrease by one.]

“I have decided!” Grid energetically replied.

At the same time, all types of numbers and letters appeared all over the blueprint. After a while, the blueprint was completed.

[Please describe the characteristics of the item.]

“An incredible scientifically designed key that can open all types of locks!”

[Please name the item.]

Next was the name.

“Master Key!”

[Have you decided on ‘Master Key?’]

“Yes!”

Yiing~

The finished hologram of the Master Key appeared in front of Grid, along with the description.

[Master Key]

A key made of black iron. The form is a little ambiguous to be called a key. When hung around the neck, it looks like a necklace. When placed around the wrist, it looks like a bracelet.

The appearance is very poor, but it is made of excellent materials. In addition, the performance is surprisingly spectacular. It can open many types of locks.

* The higher the user’s dexterity, the more types of locks that can be opened.

Conditions of Use: More than 300 dexterity.

“That’s it!”

The result was a great success. Wasn’t Grid also number one in dexterity?

“This is an item for me! Puhahat.”

Now he simply needed to make it. But in order to do that, smelting black iron was necessary. He would need to go back to the smithy. Grid didn't want to do that.

'I was lost in this labyrinth. It was a coincidence that I fell here. Will I be able to find my way back? And what if this cave entirely disappears while I am gone? It's a treasure trove, so it won't be easily exposed to others... Maybe there is a time limit that will make it disappear?'

Then he heard Jishuka's voice from behind him.

"Grid! Are you safe?"

She was worried after Grid didn't exit the cave for a long time. Then Grid smiled widely.

"Was it Phoenix Arrow...? It seems to have a fairly high temperature..."

Jishuka's Phoenix Arrow was the ultimate attack that she showed during the Malacus raid. The fire arrow was reminiscent of a gigantic phoenix and seething lava emerged where it exploded. It was a skill that dealt tremendous damage, but Jishuka didn't often use it because it consumed 100% of her mana. But now, Grid forced Jishuka.

"Jishuka, do you see me right outside the cave? Please fire Phoenix Arrow there."

"What?"

Jishuka frowned. He wanted her to use her skill where there was nothing? She thought Grid was crazy. Grid saw that she didn't understand and explained.

"I need fire right now to smelt minerals. Just a minute. I need to make a small item."

"... Are you saying that you want to use my Phoenix Arrow to make a fire?"

"That's right."

"..."

The ultimate technique of an expert archer was being used to smelt minerals? Jishuka felt ashamed. She bit her lower lip and trembled as Grid drove it in.

"You aren't in a position to refuse my request. Do you understand? There are many

guilds who would welcome me.”

“...”

“It isn’t that hard, is it? Don’t be so proud.”

Grid was no longer timid in front of her. He was flexible enough to take advantage of people. Jishuka felt like he was a completely different person compared to the Grid she met a fortnight ago. It was rather reassuring.

“Okay.”

It was better to help each other.

‘Grid is a blacksmith who can make legendary items. Helping him produce an item isn’t a bad thing.’

Jishuka thought as positively as possible as she aimed her bow towards the remnant of the underground space. Then she warned Grid.

“Pay attention to the impact.”

Hwaruruk!

A small fire appeared at the end of the arrow and suddenly became a gigantic fireball. Then Jishuka called out.

“Phoenix Arrow!”

Kaaaaaack!

Was this the cry of a pterodactyl? A huge scream echoed through the cave, hurting Grid’s ears. As he was in pain, the flaming bird flew out of the cave, leaving a burning path behind it. Then it instantly disappeared.

Grid identified the place that was burning and ran towards it with a bright expression. He pulled out an anvil and hammer and started smelting black iron. Meanwhile, Jishuka had 100% of her mana drained and leaned against the wall while feeling dizzy.

“My special move is being used like this... It really doesn’t feel good.”

On the other hand, Vantner had seen what happened and was gazing at Grid with envy.

'Being able to deal with Jishuka like this... This is the first time I've met a man like you Grid! You're great!'

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Approximately 10 minutes later. After hammering a few times while squatting in front of the lava, Grid stood up and cheered.

“Good! It’s complete!”

Jishuka and Vantner asked from where they were watching on the side.

“Already? What is it?”

It wasn’t possible to know the identity of the item made by Grid. Who would imagine a small cylindrical object with two wires attached was a key?

“Watch.”

Grid confidently entered the cave. Then he chose the old wooden box among the two remaining and he placed the wire... No, he inserted the key.

“Open!”

Due to making numerous items, Grid’s dexterity was now over 1,600. Considering that Khan was known as the best blacksmith in the north and he had around 600 dexterity, Grid’s dexterity was unique. And the Master Key was an item affected by dexterity. As long as Grid used this key, there was no lock that couldn’t be opened.

Clink!

The rusty padlock on the old wooden box was released with a loud sound. Then a bright purple light came from the open box.

“Ohh!!”

Grid cheered as he verified what was inside the box.

[Braham's Boots]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 140/150 Defense: 130

Movement Speed: +10%

* 20% reduction in skill cooldown time.

* The skill 'Fly' will be generated.

Boots that Great Magician Braham loved.

The boots go to just below the knee, but they aren't inconvenient because they are made of griffon leather.

The black iron guards gives off a wonderful appearance and has high defense. The pattern of silver embroidered clouds adds a classic charm.

It is imbued with Braham's mysterious magic.

User Restriction: Level 240 or higher.

Weight: 50

Pagma's Swordsmanship was made up of the strongest skill tree. But each skill had a fatal drawback in the long cooldown time. In particular, Kill and Transcend were the two most powerful skills, but their cooldown time was too long. Therefore, they couldn't be used efficiently.

The option of a 20% reduction in skill cooldown time on Braham's Boots was like a brilliant light for Grid.

'Furthermore, Fly magic is attached...'

Wasn't Fly an exclusive skill of a few magicians?

[Fly]

Summons invisible wings of magic power to fly like a bird.

Flying speed is proportional to the caster's magic power. There are no restrictions on height, but be careful about oxygen deficiency.

Skill Mana Cost: 2 per second.

“Kuk...!”

Vantner enthusiastically urged Grid.

“Please share the information about the boots with me!”

Vantner saw that the boots inside the chest clearly had a high value. He wanted to know their performance. Jishuka was the same. She didn't ask directly like Vantner, but her intensely shining eyes expressed her curiosity. She looked very cute trying to restrain herself.

“Heh... If you are curious about what I have gained...”

Grid shared the item information with a boastful expression. Both people saw it and freaked out.

“Heok... Fly?”

Magicians had to have their second advancement to acquire flying magic. A user needed to be at least level 200 to get their second advancement. In other words, it meant the number of magicians who had learned flying magic at this point could be counted on one hand.

Yet anyone who wore these boots could use Fly? It was an extremely rare item!

“These shoes are really amazing. I can only admire it.”

“Being able to fly... The options attached are really great. The defense is also excellent, so anyone would covet these boots.” Vantner's words were sincere. “Can you sell it to me? I have a lot of money. I will buy it for an expensive price. Yes?”

Imagine it! The ability to fly freely in the sky! It was a rare opportunity to buy a privilege that only senior magicians could enjoy. Vantner sincerely wanted Braham's Boots. He was willing to invest a fortune.

In addition, Grid had already tasted the goodness of money. He could clearly feel people's gazes towards him changing after he drove an expensive car. He received special treatment wherever he went. Grid was able to realize why people bragged with foreign cars and luxury bags.

'Yes, my goal is to be rich.'

Grid no longer wanted to live like a beggar. He would no longer experience the sadness of having no money. He made so much money that he could eat chicken whenever he wanted, and could add two eggs to ramyun if he wanted.

However, there was no need to rush. The debt was already paid and he had a stable income source. He had also bought a car already. In the end, Grid rejected Vantner's offer.

"I'm not in a hurry for money... These shoes are very useful for me, so I don't want to sell it right now."

Vantner felt regret.

"Kuk... Then it can't be helped."

Braham's Boots's had a level limit of 240. Grid was only level 114 so it would take him a while to wear it. But Vantner didn't say anything else. What could he do if the owner didn't want to sell it?

'Maybe he won't make my item if I irritate him...'

Grid patted the shoulder of the depressed Vantner.

"Don't worry. Mister, I am going to make your armor, right? I'll make a great item for you. Of course, as long as you give me a good production method."

Grid was confident. He had already made a unique spear and legendary sword. These words were naturally reassuring.

Vantner grinned. “That sounds good. The armor production method we have is special~ So I will believe you. But... Why are you calling me Mister? I am the same age as Pon! If you call Pon by his name, why are you calling me Mister?”

To Grid, Pon looked to be in his late 20’s. On the other hand, Vantner was at least in his 50’s. Vantner seemed like a madman whenever he insisted that he was the same age as Pon. So as usual, Grid dismissed it and approached the last remaining box.

‘The most ordinary box...’

It wasn’t too flashy or too old, just a normal box. What was inside it?

“I shall check it!”

Destroying the giant monster and finding treasure chests! Grid was like a hero in a story. The atmosphere was full of excitement as he shouted. Then he pulled out the master key and inserted it.

Clink clink.

“...”

Grid squirming as he wriggled the wire around in the padlock was very unsightly. Jishuka became enraged as she watched him.

‘He really seems like a thief.’

As she thought about Phoenix Arrow being used to make wires, she became more irate. It happened as Jishuka’s patience was starting to wane.

Clink!

The last box finally opened. What treasure would appear?

Gulp!

Grid, Jishuka and Vantner gulped with anticipation and tension. Then from inside the box, a sharp streak of light struck Grid’s heart.

Peeng!

“...?!”

It was a sudden accident. Jishuka and Vantner couldn't react. They were forced to watch as a colleague died under their noses.

“Grid?”

“D-Dead?”

An untimely blow. The speed was too quick. It struck exactly at the heart, so Grid would be fatally wounded. Jishuka was furious as she confirmed that Grid was thrown back.

“Who dares kill a guild member in front of me?”

Her sharp gaze was fixed on the iron box. Then white smoke emerged from the box. There was someone inside. Vantner pulled out his twin axes. Then he yelled from next to Jishuka.

“You! You won't be safe after touching a Tzedakah Guild member! I'll make you pay for killing Grid!”

As Vantner's scream sounded through the cave, Grid jumped up from where he had been lying.

“Why are you treating me as someone who is dead?”

“Grid? Yes?”

Jishuka and Vantner turned their heads and stared at Grid with surprise. Then they saw an egg floating in front of Grid.

“What? That egg?”

It was a really strange sight. Grid shrugged at both of them.

“I'm not sure...”

The egg that Grid obtained from the first treasure chest. The shape, color and even weight was perfectly like a normal egg. He threw it into a corner, but it flew over and

protected him?

‘It isn’t an ordinary egg.’

Grid recalled the moment when he opened the last box.

A light flashed as soon as the box open and a sharp blade of magic power aimed at his heart. Grid fully expected to die. But at that moment, the egg suddenly flew over and protected Grid from the attack.

It was fast and moved by itself! It also had excellent durability. This wasn’t a mere egg. The egg was obviously a tremendous unique item.

‘It isn’t a simple chicken egg but the egg of a mythical creature... Is such a thing possible?’

Maybe it was a dragon!

‘The egg is small, but who knows? Is there any law that a dragon egg can’t be small?’

Duguen! Duguen! Duguen!

Maybe he would be the first one to have a dragon as a pet in Satisfy. Grid’s heart thudded in anticipation and it started to resonate throughout the cave.

Then the eggshell moved! *Jjejejeok!* It cracked open. What type of life would hatch? Grid watched with a blank expression. The shell was completely peeled off, but the contents weren’t a living creature.

It was a lump of metal in liquid form. Yes, the lump was exactly the size of the egg. While mercury was silver, this metal was gold. It was like gold water.

“What is this?”

Susuk. Sususuk.

Grid was stunned at the lump of gold in front of him. In the meantime, someone’s shadow appeared from the box that was emitting smoke.

CHAPTER 114

Grid was stunned at the lump of gold in front of him. In the meantime, someone's shadow appeared from the box that was emitting smoke. Jishuka detected it and reflexively attacked.

Paang!

She loaded an arrow in less than a second and fired. How would the presence reply to the rapid-fire attack?

Peng!

“Eh?”

“What?”

Jishuka and Vantner were shocked. The shadow protruding from the box extended a finger and burned Jishuka's arrow to ashes.

[I'm not welcome in the world after 300 years? It's sad.]

The shadow was a long-haired, handsome man. The eyes that could be seen through the flowing hair were sharp. He looked at Jishuka and Vantner in turn, before looking at Grid like he wasn't interested in them.

“This man, he is strong. At minimum, he's on the same level as Malacus.”

He had directly invalidated Jishuka's quick fire attack. Jishuka and Vantner were certain they would lose if they fought. They were relieved that he wasn't interested in them. But Grid was different. He was unable to grasp the situation and shouted furiously at the one who tried to kill him.

“You jerk! Why are you trying to kill a person all of a sudden? You lousy bastard! How are you going to take responsibility for your actions? Huh? Heok?”

Grid, who had pulled out Dainsleif, suddenly winced with fear and backed down. The man who appeared from the box had a transparent body and his feet were floating in

the air. He was a ghost.

“H-Hik...!”

He thought a person with a flexible body had emerged from the small box, but it was actually a ghost.

Grid was an army soldier who dedicated himself to his country, but he was sadly weak against ghosts. He was filled with so much fear he thought he would urinate. His face was pale and stricken.

‘I should’ve entered the marines!’

Grid was caught up in a belated regret when the ghost spoke to him.

[You survived my magic traps. You opened all three boxes that had different types of locks. Since you were protected by the pavranium, are you Pagma’s Descendant?]

“Pagma’s Descendant? What is that?”

“Shh. Grid’s quest seems to be progressing. Be quiet and don’t interrupt.”

Jishuka withdrew to a corner and brought the bewildered Vantner with her. Her eyes were shining as she stared at Grid and the ghost talking.

‘This is an opportunity to find out exactly what Grid’s class is.’

On the other hand, Grid started to recover from seeing a ghost.

‘He mentioned Pagma’s Descendant... Is the stagnant class quest going to proceed again?’

Grid’s spirit had now completely recovered. He took a deep breath and replied.

“That’s right. I am Pagma’s Descendant. Who are you?”

The ghost man responded.

[I was known as the Great Magician Braham. Did you come to the labyrinth that I designed for the minerals? If you are Pagma’s Descendant, you should’ve been

interested in this place a long time ago. You don't seem to have much curiosity and attachment to minerals, unlike Pagma.]

This ghost claimed to be the legendary great magician, Braham! If Grid interpreted what he was saying, the Golem's Labyrinth seemed to be a place created for Pagma's Descendant. It was a very attractive place to Grid because the golems were made of many minerals and the labyrinth itself was a mine. He was able to collect minerals from anywhere in the labyrinth.

'I would've come sooner if I heard about this place earlier... But...'

It was ludicrous.

"You made a place like this because you were waiting for me? No, what if I never came here in my whole life?"

[I've created 27 more places like this across the continent. Even if it was delayed, I believed that one day there would be a meeting. Personally, I hoped that the meeting would be sooner.]

"...So why did you want to meet me?"

Braham pointed at the metal floating in front of Grid.

[Its name is pavranium. It is the pinnacle of all minerals created with Pagma's skill and my magic. It's harder than the god's metal adamantium, lighter than mithril, and has a good compatibility with magic power. It also has the outstanding elasticity of jaffa.]

"What?"

A mineral containing all the advantages of top-class minerals? If this was true, it could truly be called the peak.

[...It can decide by itself and move with its own will. That is its only drawback.]

'A mineral made by Pagma...'

Grid no longer heard Braham's voice. He was lost in the richness and beauty of the pavranium that was floating in the air.

Could he handle a mineral made by Pagma? He would like to try, even if he failed. What would be the result if he made an item with this mineral? It was a chance to indirectly experience Pagma's skill through the mineral he created.

Curiosity dominated Grid. But Braham didn't like that Grid wasn't focusing on him. He pointed his narrow finger once more. Then *ttak!* Flames were generated. It was the fire that burned Jishuka's arrow. The fireball flew towards Grid's face and exploded.

Kwaang!

"Crazy..!"

Once again, the pavranium protected Grid. Grid was safe due to its fast actions, then he gritted his teeth.

"What? Why are you suddenly attacking me again?"

Braham's gaze was directed towards the pavranium, not Grid.

[That damn piece of metal... You're still showing favoritism towards the blacksmith.]

"Hey! What was that? Eh? You are crazy! Why did you attack me all of a sudden?"

Grid was upset at being ignored. Braham's gaze shifted back to him. Braham briefly explained why he attacked.

[Stay focused.]

"..."

It was the attitude of an expensive tutor! Grid didn't like it, but he focused in order to progress the quest. Then Braham started his explanation.

[The end of life... I hoped for Pagma to make me something. I only helped Pagma make pavranium so that my wish could be fulfilled. It took us 9 years and 11 months to complete pavranium. But there was a limit. Pagma, who was full of strength and health, died shortly after the completion of pavranium. Even someone who was revered as a legend couldn't escape the years and died of old age.]

"..."

[It was in vain. Everything I hoped to accomplish seemed lost. I visited the dwarves and asked them to make something from the pavranium, but their tiny masses of muscle couldn't even smelt it. I was desperate! I felt despair!]

Braham screamed before coming closer to Grid. His eyes were filled with mixed emotions like anger, joy and even madness.

[But now I met you! Pagma's Descendant! I want you to achieve the last hope that Pagma couldn't fulfill! Make it! The Vessel of the Soul! Reward all my efforts to protect the pavranium even after my death!]

"The Vessel of the Soul?"

Then a notification window flashed in front of Grid.

[Pagma's Descendant]

Difficulty: Class quest.

You have surely inherited Pagma's blacksmith skills, as well as his swordsmanship.

But you still don't know who Pagma was.

Who was Pagma? If he was simply a blacksmith with good skills, his legends wouldn't be scattered across the continent.

Follow the legends of Pagma. If you can collect all of the legends, you will truly understand Pagma and succeed his will.

At that moment, a new legend will be born.

* There is no time limit for this class quest.

* The legendary class quest has the power to transform Satisfy's world, according to the result.

Class Quest Clear Conditions: Complete all linked quests successfully.

Class Quest Clear Reward: Unknown.

* Second Class Quest: [Great Magician's Resurrection.]

The legendary great magician Braham was a genius. He reigned as the best

magician ever since he started learning magic. There was a myth that he survived against the fire dragon Trauka without dying. As he grew old, he started mourning the fact that he was a mortal. Mentally and physically, he had already transcended humanity. Therefore, he wanted to become immortal.

After much research, he designed the 'Vessel of the Soul' that would regenerate his mortal soul into an immortal soul. But the Vessel of the Soul is an object that doesn't exist in this world and is impossible to create.

He searched for an entirely new mineral that could be used as a material for the Vessel of the Soul and learned that his old friend Pagma was trying to create a mineral that wasn't part of this world. He went to Pagma and assisted in the work. The two combined their power and created the mineral called pavranium.

Braham had no doubts that pavranium could be used to make the Vessel of the Soul. But the only blacksmith who could smelt pavranium was Pagma, who unfortunately died of old age.

In the end, Braham didn't achieve his wish!

He looked forward to the day that Pagma's Descendant would be born to create the Vessel of the Soul, creating 28 mines and setting up a maze all over the place before he died. Each labyrinth is full of minerals, and he believed that it would be enough to lure Pagma's Descendant.

Now 300 years have passed. Out of 28 pieces of Braham's soul that were sealed in 28 labyrinths, one has finally encountered you.

Braham wants you to make the Vessel of the Soul. Through the Vessel of the Soul, he will be resurrected with the soul and body of an immortal.

* Second Class Quest Clear Condition: Create the Vessel of the Soul.

Second Class Quest Clear Reward: A large amount of pavranium.

"A large amount of pavranium? This isn't all of the pavranium?"

[Didn't I say that 27 more labyrinths are scattered across the continent? 27 more pavranium also exist. If you make the Vessel of the Soul with that pavranium, I will give you the rest.]

Adamantium was said to be from the world of the gods. The human world only contained a very small amount, making it the rarest among all minerals. But a large amount of adamantium in the world of the gods couldn't be ruled out.

On the other hand, pavranium was an artificially produced mineral. The method of creating it no longer existed in this world. The volume was more limited than adamantium. Not just that, the performance was also superior to adamantium. The opportunity to get such a valuable mineral wasn't something that Grid could miss. He also had no reason to refuse the class quest.

Grid easily made a decision and nodded.

“Okay! I will make the Vessel of the Soul!”

But there was one problem.

“How do I make it? Can I just make a rice bowl?”

[Rice bowl?]

The Vessel of the Soul that would unite 28 torn pieces of soul and regenerate it into an immortal soul was likened to a rice bowl! The furious Braham wanted to kill Grid right now. But he suppressed it and barely managed to explain.

[The god of health and wisdom, Judar. The god of war, Dominion. The goddess of light, Rebecca. The god of darkness and pestilence, Yatan. Let them bless the pavranium. After that, use the divine pavranium to make whatever bowl you like, as long as it can hold something. Then bring it to me. Don't be late.]

Grid expressed his disapproval.

“I have to get a blessing from the four gods? How can I do that? In particular, I have a hostile relationship with the Yatan Church.”

[In the past, I forcefully overpowered each church and asked them to bless it... If that's impossible, try to figure out another method. Flatter or beg them. Either way, you must do it by any means.]

Braham seemed like he was going to kill Grid if it wasn't done. Then his soul started to fade away. He was just one of 28 pieces of soul, so it was difficult to maintain this

form for long.

[Th...en Pag...ma's Des...cend...ant... I be...lieve in yo...u...]

It was like watching a video. Braham used his strength to say final words before completely disappearing.

Grid's thoughts became busy.

'Thanks to the Malacus raid, my affinity with the Rebecca, Dominion and Judar churches has risen. I don't know whether this affinity is high or low, but at least I won't be killed. Yes, the problem is the Yatan Church. Dammit! How can I receive a blessing from God Yatan?'

On the other hand, Jishuka watched the event quietly and sent a whisper to Laella, the guild's magician.

-Do you know the magician called Braham?

Laella answered immediately.

-Absolutely. Braham is the strongest magician in history. Most of the magic in Satisfy is created by Braham and he could be called the teacher of all magicians. There is no magician who doesn't know of Braham.

-Heh... He is that big? Then what about Pagma? Who is Pagma?

-Pagma? I'm not sure... This is the first time I've heard of him.

Pagma and Braham were the greatest blacksmith and magician of all time, with numerous legends about them. NPCs were familiar with historical people like Pagma and Braham because they had been studying Satisfy's history from a young age.

But it was different for users. Unlike NPCs, users only investigated their own interests. Jishuka was an archer, so she didn't know about Braham, while the magician Laella only knew about Braham and was completely unaware of Pagma.

Jishuka gave an order to Vantner.

"I want you to investigate who Pagma is."

If they knew who Pagma was, they could naturally grasp the identity of Grid, who was Pagma's Descendant.

'I originally hadn't planned to dig deeper...'

Grid was presumed to have a legendary hidden class. She couldn't miss the chance to know what this class was.

"Huh?"

Jishuka's eyes widened while she was lost in thought. It was because Grid's body had started to float in the air.

"Ah! The boots...! How is this possible?"

Vantner was shocked after discovering that Grid was using Braham's Boots. Didn't Braham's Boots have a level limit of 240? Meanwhile, Grid was only level 114. Originally, Grid shouldn't be able to wear this item.

'Actually, the cloak Grid is wearing is Malacus' Cloak... I remember that Malacus' Cloak has a level limit of 200.' Jishuka recalled how Grid was able to wield Ibellin's Thorn of Deep Grievance. 'Maybe Grid can use all items, regardless of the conditions of use?'

She kept being surprised the more she knew about Grid. Meanwhile, Grid flew to the ceiling of the collapsed underground space and said to the two of them.

"I will return to the smithy first."

Peeng!

Grid rose through the top of the ceiling and instantly disappeared from sight. Jishuka and Vantner cried out in admiration.

"Kuk~~~~~! Amazing!"

"...It is more amazing than I thought. This game truly is about the power of items. Right?"

They imagined how awesome Grid looked flying around and wielding a greatsword. Maybe it would cause a big wave. A warrior who could fly had appeared! A warrior

taking away the magic of magicians! The headlines continued in a similar manner.

In fact, he was a blacksmith.

CHAPTER 115

A hunting ground near Winston that was a favourite for level 100 users.

“Eh? What’s that?”

The users struggling with monsters noticed a black dot approaching in the sky. Then they started murmuring.

“It’s too big to be a bird. Is it perhaps a griffon?”

“There are no griffon habitats in the area. But I don’t think there is anything else besides a griffon... It’s serious if it is a griffon. Will we die?”

“U-Uh? A person?”

The dot soon got closer. Surprisingly, the identity was revealed to be a user.

“Wow... A second advancement magician.”

“It’s my first time seeing a ranker up close. So cool!”

“What is that thing shining next to him? A pet?”

Kuwaaang!

A man in a red cloak was flying through the sky! The object following him flashed in the blazing sun. The identity of the person was Grid. He flew through the sky without stopping and soon disappeared from the sight of the users.

Then he reached a wide forest and stopped.

‘I’m out of mana.’

He had already taken one mana potion. Then his mana became depleted again before the potion cooldown was over. Grid was forced to land on the ground.

“Winston is beyond this forest. I can recover some mana while walking.”

It was a deep forest.

Grid measured the distance to Winston and looked at the frostlight orc chief's helmet. After this forest, he would encounter a lot of people. The helmet was the sign of the Human Slaughterer so there would be a fuss.

"I have to quickly replace this helmet."

Grid once again vowed to wear an awesome helmet that was suitable for a mythical hero, while the pavranium circled his head. It seemed to be in a good mood.

"Are you excited to get fresh air after being trapped in a box for 300 years?"

Grid asked while walking. But the pavranium didn't answer. It was natural. It had a will, but it was just a mineral. It couldn't carry out a conversation. But Grid continued to talk to it.

"But aren't you unbelievably fast? My flight speed was 100 meters in 7 seconds, yet you managed to keep up? Do you have tireless stamina as well?"

Grid looked at the pavranium with affection. It was natural for a blacksmith to feel favorable towards the best minerals.

"Kuwooh!"

"Give it to me! Human! Your life! Flesh and bone! Separate!"

Grid was carrying out a pleasant conversation (?) with pavranium when he was interrupted by sturdy orcs. They were armed with crude red leather and had a large wolf with them. Considering that they spoke the human language fairly well, they were obviously the wolf fang orcs known for being powerful among the various orcs.

Grrrung.

The wolf shook its nose. It was clearly reacting to the bloody smell coming from Malacus' Cloak. It smelled the blood and led the orcs here. In addition...

Kuuong! Kung!

Kyaoooooh!

Various monsters such as ogres, goblins and snakes moved through the forest. In an instant, Grid was surrounded by 100 enemies.

“Wow... What is this?”

The users hunting nearby were surprised by the turmoil and came running. It was the first time they saw all types of monsters focusing on just one person.

“That person is screwed.”

“What did he do wrong that angered so many mobs?”

“Tsk tsk~ purposely angering mobs like this~ he should hunt in moderation~”

The people weren't aware of the situation and talked among themselves.

Syuok! Syuok!

The goblin archers in the rear shot at Grid. The users saw the dark rain of arrows covering the sky and knew that Grid would die. But Grid's high stats made him similar to a level 200 combat class. In addition, he'd observed Jishuka's expert archery, so the goblin's clumsy firing seemed like a kid's prank to him.

“Are there any idiots who would be killed by these arrows?”

Grid laughed while holding the Ideal Dagger and aimed Wind Blast at the arrows.

Kuwaaaang!

Grid invested all the points he gained reaching level 114 into strength. The damage of Wind Blast was proportional to his attack power. Now that the power of Grid's Wind Blast was upgraded, the level 100 goblins couldn't endure it.

“Kiek!”

“Kyak!”

The rain of arrows was neutralized and the goblin archers who had their arms or legs cut off collapsed with a scream. This was the signal for all monsters to simultaneously attack Grid.

“Wearing the cloak was worthwhile!”

Hunting had a direct correlation to levels!

Grid swapped to Dainsleif and drank a mana potion. Then he used Wave and fired it all over the place. The monsters approaching him simultaneously collapsed. The ogres were durable enough to survive, but they were hit by Wave and slowed down by the debuff. They couldn't threaten Grid with their slow movements and struggled in vain.

Peeok! Pajik!

“Keok!”

Puooook!

“Kkieek!”

Wave killed most of the monsters in one blow, while Grid subdued the rest by killing them one by one. Meanwhile, the few remaining goblins fired arrows with all their might. A few arrows actually flew directly at Grid.

“Che!”

Grid was too caught up in killing and belatedly noticed the arrows. He braced himself for the pain. But the arrows didn't reach Grid's body.

Kwajak! Kwajajajak!

Pavranium rotated around Grid's body and destroyed all the arrows.

“Wow...”

Was it normal for a class to have a strong offense and defense? The swordsman with the black greatsword killed the monsters with overwhelming attack power, while the metal pet protected the body. This balance seemed perfect.

“That's amazing... Excuse me, but what is your class?”

Grid swept away the rest of the monsters with pavranium's help and started picking up items. This gave the users a chance to barrage him with questions.

“What is that gold object floating next to you? Is that a pet? Or maybe a new style of armor?”

“Mister, how about you? Aren’t you actually a high level user? Why is a high level user hunting in a place like this? Is there anything good here?”

“Mister~?”

“Mister, are you deaf? Answer us.”

The users here saw that Grid was in a crisis and no one tried to help. In addition, Grid was inherently unfriendly towards people. He had no obligation to answer the users’ questions.

“This is too annoying. Fly.”

Grid cried out to the annoying users and used Fly. Then he literally flew away in the sky.

“...?”

The users left behind were stunned and could only blink. After a few minutes, people in various communities around the world became interested in something.

<I saw a swordsman flying.>

It was a place called Popo Forest near Winston. I hunted with my friend there and saw a high level user slaughtering mobs. Then after wiping out all the mobs, he flew away. A swordsman was flying?

Rnfrk’s comment: ㅋㅋㅋㅋㅋㅋ A swordsman can’t fly ㅋㅋㅋㅋㅋㅋ

Durururubam’s reply: A swordsman was flying? I’m a priest but I can’t use Heal. ㅅㅅ

Black Dragon’s Right Arm’s comment: Kukuk... That swordsman was me... Kukukuk... I was careful but I never thought someone would witness it... Yare yare...

Zkxhfm’s comment: Liar’s disease.

Admiral’s comment: Did you mother eat seaweed soup on the day you were born?

30,000 won Salary's comment: Don't write shit just to gain traffic.

It was a terrible method. The users abused the poster who wrote about the flying swordsman, so the other witnesses no longer bragged about it. Thus, it was a temporary problem and the topic wasn't mentioned any longer.

In the meantime, Grid arrived at Khan's smithy and ran straight to the furnace. He placed the pavranium in the furnace and controlled the temperature in order to determine the melting point.

"It is 1,900 degrees."

The pavranium was so small that it was instantly smelted.

"I don't want to carry it around in an egg shape until I make the Vessel of the Soul, so I should transform it into something else..."

But the volume was too small to produce a lot of items. The pavranium wasn't enough to even make a dagger. In order to make an item, Grid would have to mix in other materials. However, he didn't want to contaminate the pure pavranium.

"Let's be satisfied with changing the shape."

After being with the pavranium for a while, he noticed that it had a propensity to stay by the owner's side for protection. He needed to take advantage of this feature.

"A shape more suitable for defense than an egg... Ah!"

Grid recalled Malacus' shield.

"He formed a disc-shaped shield with magic power at each attacked point, effectively blocking the attack..."

Ttang! Ttang!

Grid started carefully hammering. Then after a while, the pavranium became two disks. Each disc was slightly smaller than the palms of an adult.

"Okay."

Grid finished the discs. The discs floated in the air before starting to revolve around Grid again. Grid felt reassured. It seemed like he could be protected from most attacks. Then Jishuka arrived at the smithy. Grid told her.

“Shoot an arrow at me.”

“Huh?”

“Hurry.”

“Hrmm, okay.”

Jishuka saw the golden discs circling around Grid and noticed his intentions. Then she fired an arrow without hesitation.

Syuk!

Chaaeng!

It was a beautiful sight. The two discs around Grid’s body flew in the direction of the arrow and fully stopped it.

“That is great...”

Jishuka’s expression wasn’t good, compared to her admiring words. Her ego was bruised.

“It’s that simple to block? Did I shoot it too weakly?”

“Hey, wait a minute...!”

Grid was scared. Jishuka fired again, but this time she pulled the bowstring back to the maximum.

Swaeek!

“Aaaagh!”

The arrow that contained all her power flew towards Grid’s death.

Then!

Jjejeong!

“...Hah!”

Grid and Jishuka let out a sound at the same time. Jishuka’s was a displeased sneer, while Grid was filled with delight.

“This arrow can even pierce through steel... Isn’t this extremely durable? Like Braham said, it’s the peak of all minerals.”

That’s right. The golden discs had perfectly blocked the arrow fired by Jishuka. But the impact was quite strong, so it couldn’t move for a little while after the point of collision. Then it started moving again after two seconds.

‘If it receives excessive shock, it is immobilized for two seconds...’

If Jishuka continuously fired her strength arrows, the two discs wouldn’t be able to completely protect his body. Grid felt the need to complete this quest and obtain the rest of the pavranium.

‘But... If there are 27 more pavranium of this size, it won’t be enough to make armor... Well, it isn’t a problem. I can still use it.’

Grid was flexible. Rather than striving to make a complete item with a limited volume of pavranium, it was best to maximize its efficiency by making several small items.

‘For example, attaching a blade made of pavranium to armor. The blade would move on its own to protect me from attacks I can’t react to, or if the enemy attacks me from an unexpected angle.’

An item that could move on its own! If he cleared this quest and gained the remaining pavranium, he would be able to write the true history of the power of items. As Grid was overwhelmed with pleasure, someone knocked on the door of the smithy. Jishuka asked him.

“These discs, they don’t need to be exposed to other people right?”

“Of course. Isn’t it common sense to hide it?”

“Yes.”

Grid placed the discs in his inventory. Then the doors of the smithy opened. One knight and dozens of soldiers entered. They politely saluted to Grid and said.

“Earl Steim is looking for you.”

“Earl Steim? Lady Irene’s father?”

“Yes.”

“Oh? Okay! Let’s go!”

Why was the master of the north, one of the big powers in the Eternal Kingdom, looking for Grid? In the first place, it was strange that the high level NPC knight, famous for their arrogance, would act so respectfully towards a user.

Jishuka watched the knight and soldiers escort Grid from the smithy and asked.

“What is this?”

Vantner’s armor production request needed to be delayed for a while.

CHAPTER 116

“Put that decoration here!”

“Hey, the new curtain color doesn’t match the wallpaper. Change it back to the previous one.”

“Chef! Is the food preparation finished?”

“There’s dust left on the carpet! Clean again!”

80 servants working in Winston Castle were busy. In a little while, Winston’s top VIP would be here. Earl Steim was the one who invited the VIP, but he didn’t look pleased.

‘I don’t like it....’

Irene was Earl Steim’s only child. She was truly a lovely daughter. He was confident that she was the most beautiful and gentlest woman in the world. Therefore, he thought that her husband should at least be the prince of another country.

Then!

His precious daughter, famous for being aloof in social circles, had her heart taken by a con artist! What a blunder!

“Hum hum hum~” Irene was smiling happily and humming to herself. She seemed like a new bride waiting for her husband.

Earl Steim’s expression became increasingly darker. ‘That person called Grid... No matter how I think about it, he’s just a scammer.’

Grid was the hero who saved Winston from the Mero Company and previous lord, and the one who made the Sword of Self-transcendence that was a new heirloom in their family. Above all, he saved Irene’s life.

No, wasn’t it just words?

He couldn’t believe that the young blacksmith who made the best sword would be

skilled enough in the sword to kill Malacus, one of the Eight Servants, and rescue Irene from the remaining Yatan followers.

It was impossible the more he thought about it. Perhaps Irene was deceived by him?

'My daughter... You're being fooled by a scammer... You don't have any eye for men. Come on Grid! I will reveal that you are a scammer!'

"Lord Earl."

A young man approached Earl Steim. His blond hair made him look like he was the protagonist of a romantic drama. His luxurious attire and elegant demeanor made it obvious that he was a noble.

His name was Bland de Ian. He was the son of Earl Ashur, lord of the south, and a disciple of Earl Steim. In addition, he was Irene's childhood friend. Having adored Irene since childhood, he was filled with greater anger and jealousy than Earl Steim.

"I've thought about it all night, and that person called Grid is definitely a con artist."

Earl Steim nodded. "I was thinking the same thing. So let's wait for him to come. We will reveal the truth!"

"Yes!"

Then after a while.

Earl Steim, Bland and Irene anxiously waited for Grid with different feelings. Grid was delivered by a knight and kneeled down in front of Earl Steim.

"I greet the great lord of the north, Earl Steim."

Grid usually wore scruffy beginner's clothing, but he was worried about meeting nobles. On the way to the castle, he stopped by a clothing store and bought clothes worth one gold. But while the one gold clothes might seem luxurious for beginners, it looked cheap even for mid level users, and the materials weren't good. In the eyes of the nobles, he was like a beggar.

'His appearance is shabby...'

It wasn't just Grid's clothing. The forearms and shoulder muscles showed that his body was trained, but it wasn't at a special level. There wasn't one element where Grid was superior to Bland. Bland was sure of this and shouted.

"Who are you? Even if you are a commoner, shouldn't you know the basic etiquette?"

Grid made a mistake. Originally when greeting the nobility, it was a etiquette to reveal his identity.

'It was a mistake I made after not meeting nobles for a long time. But even so...'

Grid looked at the noble with the name 'Bland' over his head.

'Why is that jerk so high-strung and tense?'

Grid was aware of the reason why he was brought here. He was the creator of the Sword of Self-transcendence and the hero who saved both Winston and Irene, so Earl Steim was probably going to reward his achievements. But instead of a warm welcome, he received this unpleasant reaction.

However, he remained patient.

'This isn't just any noble... Earl Steim might become my father-in-law so...'

Grid smiled and corrected his mistake.

"The blacksmith Grid living in Winston greets the lord of the north, Earl Steim."

Earl Steim nodded. "Ah, yes. I have heard the story. Thus, I am glad to meet you. However... You introduced yourself as a blacksmith? I heard you are also an excellent swordsman."

Grid humbly explained, "I'm not a swordsman. My main vocation is a blacksmith, and my swordsmanship is just shallow."

"Huh, it must not be shallow if you manage to defeat Malacus. Shouldn't you be the best?"

"I didn't defeat Malacus alone. It was with my colleagues."

“But isn’t it true that you defeated dozens of Yatan followers? Irene was a direct witness.”

“It is true but... The followers of Yatan were so weak that I could deal with them with my shallow fencing.”

“Hah... The followers are Yatan are weak? If they are so insignificant, how have they troubled the soldiers and people of this land for decades? Is it true that your opponents were the Yatan followers? In the first place, was it the Yatan Church who actually kidnapped Irene? Perhaps someone deceived Irene in order to make himself stand out?”

Rather than being rewarded, Earl Steim was pushing the conversation in a strange direction. Grid grasped the situation.

‘Earl Steim, I sold you the Sword of Self-transcendence and saved your daughter’s life, but you are making me out to be a con artist?’

It was very unpleasant. Anger flared inside Grid. He had tried to show humility because the other person was a noble. Grid’s face turned red as Irene came forward, “Father! What do you mean by that? Are you suspicious of Grid right now?”

“That’s right!” Earl Steim snapped and got up from his seat. Then he spoke bluntly. “Grid! I’m sorry, but aren’t you too suspicious? You’re the greatest blacksmith on the continent and the strongest swordsman at the same time? Common sense suggests that it isn’t possible! First, I have to check if your swordsmanship is real or not. Bland!”

“Yes, My Lord!”

Chaang!

When Earl Steim called, Bland pulled out his sword like he had been waiting. Then he rushed towards Grid.

‘Yes, this is better.’

Honestly, this method was better to resolve their doubts. Grid thought positively and pulled Dainsleif out of his inventory. He jumped forward and shouted.

“This is how it is! Yes, my swordsmanship isn’t shallow! I will show you!”

“Are you prepared? I will defeat you now!”

Bland jumped up and aimed his sword towards Grid’s head.

Chaaeng!

“...?!”

Bland was perplexed. The striking force that had the weight of his body applied was rendered ineffective by that big sword in Grid’s hand.

‘Che! I guess he trained up his strength and muscle development!’

Bland determined that it was difficult to compete with strength, so he used the repulsive force to spin in the air and land. Then he lowered his body as much as possible and attacked Grid’s lower body.

Grid stuck his greatsword to the ground. Bland’s sword flying towards Grid’s ankles was blocked by the greatsword.

‘He’s good at fighting!’

A chill went down Bland’s spine. He was certain that Grid was a scammer due to his appearance, but what was this? He hurriedly moved as Grid drew up his feet. A kick.

“Cough...”

Bland coughed out some gastric juices. Grid stood over him and said, “You are like a kid who only fought in your house... No, I’m sorry to your sword.”

“T-This guy...!”

NPC knights had a minimum level of 180. Among the knights, Bland was one of the most talented and had a level of 200. Yet he was overwhelmed by Grid who was only level 114. It was inevitable. Grid’s stats were high enough to be considered level 200, and the items he used had a level limit of over 200. In particular, Dainsleif was the strongest weapon. His stats, skills, items and combat experience made the difference in level meaningless.

But Bland was also a formidable presence. His father Earl Ashur was one of the best

magicians in the Eternal Kingdom. He'd also inherited his father's talent for magic. That's right. He was a magic swordsman. It wasn't attack or defense magic, but buff and debuffs which were the most powerful in a one-on-one match.

"Sword's Grace! Armor's Will!"

Bland's sword and armor started to shine blue. It was imbued with the power of magic. This wasn't the end.

"Storm's Fury!"

Heavy winds stirred around Bland. The wind magic increased the speed of his blade and provided a certain amount of shielding.

'Now I will unconditionally win!'

Bland regained his confidence, "I am the youngest son of the great magician, Earl Ashur! It is possible for me to use powerful magic! Hahaha! Can you go against Earl Steim's swordsmanship and my father's magic?"

"Earl Ashur...?"

Grid's face distorted at that moment.

Earl Ashur! Who was he? He was the lord of the fortified city Patrian, and the one who ordered Grid to find the Northern End Cave and obtain Pagma's Rare Book.

At the time, Grid was forced to take a quest that didn't fit his level and suffered for months. He experienced more than a dozen deaths, lost many items and became broke, increasing the risk of being chased after by the creditors. Grid had really wanted to quit the game. Logging into the game itself was like hell. He would rather go into the army one more time. An average person would've given up the game.

Grid's only advantage was his patience, so he persevered and persevered until he finally found Pagma's Rare Book. But he wasn't greeted with a happy ending. All the reputation he built up with Earl Ashur and Patrian turned into infamy and he was killed by Earl Ashur's knight.

As a result of Earl Ashur, Grid was able to change to Pagma's Descendant and reverse his life, but that was all due to Grid's efforts. Grid was only filled with hostile emotions

towards Ashur.

“Oho, you are Earl Ashur’s son?”

Grid had promised several times that he would someday kill Earl Ashur. And now! He found a target that could get rid of some of that deep grudge. Bland in front of him had identified himself as Earl Ashur’s son.

Bland was still unable to grasp the atmosphere.

“Hahaha! You are afraid after knowing my identity! But it is too late! You will be completely trampled on by me!”

Bland grew up as a member of the nobility and was always victorious thanks to his outstanding talents. He was very confident in himself. He didn’t think that the commoner in front of him could be stronger than himself.

“Lord of the Storm!”

Bland’s debuff magic aimed at Grid and strong winds started to press at him. Grid couldn’t move even one hand. Bland smiled with satisfaction and rushed towards Grid, stabbing forward with his magic enhanced sword.

[A strong wind has suppressed your body. Agility will become zero for two seconds and you can’t move.]

[You have resisted.]

Grid scoffed as he checked the notification window.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

‘Pagma? Pagma?! Don’t tell me?’

Earl Steim was shocked as he heard Grid’s voice. Grid unleashed a dazzling sword dance.

“Link!”

Jjejeong! Jjejejeok! Pepepepeok!

The greatsword swiftly moved 10 times, regardless of its heavy weight. Bland's attack was easily neutralized and the wind shield protecting Bland's body shattered. Even his armor strengthened by magic was torn apart.

“Kuaaaaak!”

Bland couldn't believe it. How could this man move freely? And what was this beam of light?

Pipipipit!

Bland's body was swept by the 10 silver lights of different orbits, causing him to bleed and kneel down.

“This can't be...! This is me! Me!”

He couldn't show this shameful image in front of the woman he liked and his respected teacher. Bland didn't want it to end like this. He wanted to get up and kill Grid right now. But his wounded body didn't move as intended.

Grid snorted and turned his gaze towards Earl Steim. Then he straightened and asked, “With this, are there any doubts about my swordsmanship? Shall I show you my blacksmithing skills next? Huh?”

“Yes! This is good! Okay! I want to know everything about you! But before that!” Earl Steim ran up in front of Grid. He grasped both of Grid's hands and pleaded. “Grid! Please take my daughter as your bride!”

The greatest blacksmith and swordsman in history. The name of this famous person was Pagma. Earl Steim had realized that Grid was Pagma's Descendant.

At this moment, Grid was the first to obtain the status of a noble's son-in-law from among the two billion users playing Satisfy. It was the position he failed to obtain in the past after being interrupted by Yura during Doran's quest.

CHAPTER 117

This was the best development for Grid.

‘Isn’t this the best financial backer!’

He would become the husband of a lady, which meant he could abuse his authority and intercept some taxes. Winston had grown to be one of the cities representing the Eternal Kingdom. The taxes collected here were enormous. He would be rich if he could obtain even a portion of it. In addition, Irene was the successor of a prestigious noble family. If he married her, he could become a high-ranking noble, not just rich.

‘I can simultaneously get riches and power. More than anything else...’

Irene was pretty. She had shiny silver hair. She had big eyes that were slightly curved. Her mouth was always smiling and she had a small nose. Grid got a really gently impression from her. She was famous for her excellent character and was the best female, except that her breasts were average in size.

Grid had no reason to refuse. But there was still something he had to consider.

“Just now, didn’t My Lord consider me as a fraud? Now you are suddenly telling me to take your daughter as my bride... Are you serious?”

Earl Steim explained to Grid who was watching suspiciously.

“There is only one person in history who is the best blacksmith and strongest swordsman. He was Pagma.”

“...”

“The sword dance you used is very similar to Pagma’s swordsmanship described in the legends. No, you aren’t a con artist. You are certainly Pagma’s Descendant.”

“It’s enough that I am Pagma’s Descendant?”

“That’s right! It is enough! Rather, it’s the main reason!”

Grid moved his gaze and looked at Irene's reaction. Her face was flushed but the smile indicated that she was feeling positive towards this.

'Huhuhu!'

Grid's mouth watered. After the bad ending of his first love, he thought he would never have a relationship with a woman again. But now he had a chance with Irene! Some people would laugh and say they were just NPCs in a game, but Satisfy was like another reality, not a game. Satisfy's NPCs were just like humans in all respects, from their emotions, thoughts, bodies and physiological needs.

Grid was so thrilled that he shed tears of joy.

'I am finally going to get rid of my virgin status...!'

It was a great opportunity to get rid of his unwanted virgin status that he had kept for 27 years. At the same time, his status would rise and he would become rich. Grid absolutely couldn't miss this opportunity of a lifetime. But there was one problem.

'I want to marry her straight away and start the first night... But I need to proceed with the class quest... I also need to continue working at the smithy.'

Grid explained the situation.

"I... It is a great honor that I can marry a beautiful and caring lady like Irene. However, it is difficult to marry now because I have a personal matter. In addition, I would like to keep working as a blacksmith after our marriage... Is it okay for the son-in-law of a noble family to be a mere blacksmith?"

"Isn't Pagma's Descendant supposed to be a blacksmith? It isn't your fault that you have to do a blacksmith's job. Rather, it is something to be proud of. The marriage schedule will be set at a comfortable time for you."

"This can't be!"

Bland, who had been unable to lift his head after his defeat to Grid, couldn't bear it anymore and shouted.

"Lord! He is a corrupt being! He has the curse of the gods. He will revive again after dying, and he will never grow old! In other words, he can't be described as a human!"

Are you really going to accept him as your son-in-law?"

Corrupt was one of the titles that Satisfy's NPCs used to refer to users. In the NPC's point of view, users who couldn't grow old or die weren't humans. So, NPCs considered users to be cursed by the gods. However, there were many NPCs who thought the opposite. It was the case with Earl Steim.

"Why is eternal life a curse? Rather, isn't it a blessing? I don't think of them as corrupt, but blessed beings. They have certainly received the love of the gods. I am glad that the man who will be my daughter's groom is loved by the gods."

Bland gritted his teeth.

"Blessing? You're mistaken! Imagine how Irene will feel growing old alone! How sad and lonely will Irene be? My Lord, right now you are caught up in greed and don't care about Irene at all!"

"It's a matter for both of them to deal with. We shouldn't be quarreling about it."

Irene nodded, "That's right. Sir Bland, I like Mr. Grid. Mr. Grid's appearance might not change for the rest of my life, but I can cope when I am sad or alone. I want to be with Mr. Grid."

Kwaduduk!

In fact, over the past few years, Bland had confessed to Irene a few times. But Irene never considered Bland in that way and he was forced to give up on her. He chose to become a knight of her family and watch her from a distance.

He sincerely wished for Irene to meet with a great man and be happy. However, the man she selected was a corrupt being!

'I don't know how this is possible... Is being Pagma's Descendant great enough to transcend his status?'

Pagma was a legend. Bland knew that Pagma was a great figure. However, Grid was the person who inherited Pagma's abilities, not Pagma himself. He was clearly worse than Pagma. Bland wanted to prove that fact. If he could defeat Grid, Pagma's Descendant would seem like a separate entity from Pagma. Then maybe Earl Steim would change his mind.

Bland once again grasped his sword.

“Grid! I want to reapply for a duel.”

Bland had been careless before. If they fought again, he could get better results than before. Bland believed this and strengthened his abilities with all types of buffs. He combined the techniques passed on by Earl Steim with Storm Sword.

Kuwooooh!

The storm generated by Bland’s magic made the carpet and decorations shake. In the midst of this mess, Bland’s sword emitted a powerful force. The energy was so intense and harsh that Irene was wounded when retreating.

“Sir Bland! Stop!” Irene shouted at him, but Bland was stubborn.

‘I will defeat this guy!’

This was his sacred duty. He would cut off the bond that would make the woman he loved unhappy.

Kwaang!

“Ohhhhhh!”

Bland’s body used the storm as a booster engine and quickly approached Grid. Grid’s face distorted.

‘You want to come again? This kid doesn’t understand who he is going against.’

Grid could use Restraint to block him from attacking, could avoid Bland with Fly or defend using pavranium. But Grid chose to go head on. He intended to show Bland the difference in attack power, so that Bland couldn’t come again.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Kill!”

Peeeeeong!

Intense hate was focused on Dainsleif and collided with Bland’s storm blade in front of him. At the same time, the shockwave shattered the pillars and inner walls

supporting the room, and the ceiling collapsed instantly.

“Bland, you!”

Bland’s actions caused Irene to be seriously hurt. Earl Steim was furious after barely rescuing Irene from the blast.

“You wounded Irene! You have forgotten your duties! My own daughter...!”

Earl Steim stopped in the middle of his words. Bland had already collapsed. On the other hand, Grid had no wounds. He just had a few pieces of his clothes torn off. Grid identified that Irene was in Earl Steim’s arms and said with a sad expression.

“My Lady was hurt because of me.”

Earl Steim shook his head, “Why is this because of you? It’s my fault. In the first place, I suspected you and caused this to happen. I was too rude. I’m sorry.”

Earl Steim apologized.

Nobles had high pride. Nobles had no reason to bow down to a person lower than them. But Earl Steim could honestly apologize because he valued responsibilities more than his fellow peers.

‘He’s a better father-in-law than I thought.’

Grid felt pleased as he asked Earl Steim, “If you are sincerely sorry, can I ask you for one favor?”

Earl Steim smiled at Grid’s words.

‘He isn’t an easy person... Truly the descendant of a legend.’

He liked that ambition.

Earl Steim nodded. “In the first place, you deserve a reward for creating the Sword of Self-transcendence and rescuing Irene. Yes, whatever you want. I will do my best.”

“I heard that Earl Steim has a good relationship with the Rebecca Church. I need to see the pope of the Rebecca Church... Can you write an introduction for me? I might be

able to meet the pope if I have your introduction.”

Earl Steim nodded.

“I understand. Aren’t you the one who defeated Malacus? The pope will gladly welcome you.”

After that, the banquet was cancelled due to the turmoil. Grid left the castle after agreeing to marry Irene and receiving the letter of introduction. There was someone waiting for him when he returned to Khan’s smithy.

“Are you Grid?”

It was a man with a strong body and tattoos on both cheeks that were reminiscent of animal claws. His grey hair rose into the sky like he had been struck by lightning, attracting the eye. His ID was ‘Toon.’ He was one of the six new rankers who joined the Tzedakah Guild not long ago after passing a high strength test.

He commanded Grid.

“I heard you are a great blacksmith? Make a weapon for me. Do you know the one who smashed the Giant Guild on the street before? I want to fight him, but I think I need a better weapon first. So make me a weapon. I will use my new weapon to fight that person. Kyaaack~ spit!”

Toon spat while talking, looking like a typical neighbourhood gangster. Grid was reminded of the Mother’s Heart is Happy employees who harassed him. Grid glared at him like he wanted to kill Toon.

“Do you know where you are spitting right now?”

“Hah? Hahahat!”

Toon blinked at Grid’s words. He checked the guild information window and saw that the blacksmith’s level was in the early 100s, so he couldn’t help finding it cute.

“Hey, your blacksmith skills are great so you can join any guild... But I am different. The reason I joined the guild was to approach that butcher. I will leave the guild immediately after fighting him. Do you understand? Do you know the atmosphere now? Unlike the others, I’m not going to curry favor with you. If you don’t want to die,

make me a weapon quickly. Eh~? Kyaack! Spit!”

“...”

The six new guild members didn't know that Grid was the helmeted person who destroyed the Giant Guild. It was because the guild wasn't willing to leak information about Grid to those they couldn't trust yet.

“Hey, do you know the ID of that butcher? The other guild members won't speak no matter what I ask. Why do they need to hide it from me? It is just a bother trying to find him... Kyaaack~~ spit!”

Grid's patience reached its limit.

Ah... He was tired from acting nice in front of nobles, and an annoying bastard now appeared in front of him. “Hey, you \$~@!#.”

This smithy was a very precious place to Grid.

It was the place where his connection with Khan started and the place where he started to work earnestly as a blacksmith. He had lots of memories here and would continue using it in the future. To exaggerate it a little bit, it was his place of destiny. Grid couldn't stand by when this person kept spitting in here.

He was seriously angry as he pulled out the Ideal Dagger.

“You will be punished for defiling my sacred space.”

“Pfff!” Toon grabbed his belly and started to laugh. “Puhahahat! Hey~ Doesn't this blacksmith seem really angry? Sacred space? Kuhahaha! I will kill you once!”

Clink!

Toon swung his right hand vigorously. Then three blades sprang out from the wrist blades at his wrists. Toon approached Grid with a menacing look in his eyes.

“You dare take a weapon out in front of me? Die.”

He was serious. Toon was determined to kill Grid once so that Grid wouldn't argue anymore.

Chaaeng!

Toon swung his wristblades like they were a beast's foot, aiming at Grid's chest. Grid defended with the Ideal Dagger and was half pushed down.

“Three or four times?”

Grid was confused. After the Malacus raid, his strength had grown steadily from making unique and legendary items, as well as repeated level ups. Therefore, it was now above 1,000. He was confident that he could compete with anyone in strength.

But he was completely pushed in this match against Toon.

Kikik! Kkikikik!

The dagger shook as the wrist blades pressed down on it. Grid eventually stepped back as the tip of the longest blade touched his chest. He tilted the dagger and flowed around the wrist blades, avoiding the attack and opening some distance away from Toon.

‘It is hard to win against him in strength.’

Grid was fully aware that he was strong. He was confident that he was stronger than Ibellin, the weakest in the guild, before Ibellin obtained the Thorn of Deep Grievance. Ibellin was defeated by the Giant Guild, but Grid was overwhelmingly victorious.

However, he didn't have a chance to accurately assess his strength against the other guild members. So Grid didn't know for sure how his skills would go against the top rankers. And Toon was 40th on the unified rankings.

Toon whistled. “Hwiik~ what, you? You managed to stop my attack? Isn't this great?”

Ssik.

The corners of Toon's mouth went up. He noticed that Grid wasn't just a blacksmith and felt interested.

“Interesting!”

Flash!

Toon's eyes became tinged with red. Then grey hair started to sprout from his muscular body. At that moment, an explosive energy was emitted and Grid shrunk back.

'What tremendous power...!'

Grid decided that he needed to fight properly. He prepared to take out all the items in his inventory, including Dainsleif and the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet.

Peeeong!

Suddenly, a kick came from the side and Toon went flying.

"Cough!"

Kwaduduk!

There was the sound of breaking bones and the whites of Toon's eyes were exposed as he fell.

"Crazy...! This bastard!" After cursing, Toon turned to see who was attacking him. Then he discovered a smiling Regas. "What is this, Regas? A cowardly surprise attack from behind? I thought you were a Taekwon Master."

Toon said sarcastically as he glared at Regas.

"Toon, if you do anything impolite to Grid one more time, you will lose your head."

Regas was always smiling and friendly. This was the first time that Grid saw him angry. Toon was also confused.

'The man who is rumored to be mild-mannered... His anger is frightening.'

Toon stood up quietly. His waist, which had been twisted in a bizarre direction, recovered normally. It was a phenomenal recovery. He put away his wrist blades.

"Taekwon Master Regas... One day I will have a fight with you, but not now. That blacksmith is a little surprising... To be honest, I think 2 against 1 is hard. Well, I'll see you later."

“Hey you bastard! Clean up before you go!”

Regas stopped Grid, who tried to chase after Toon. “That person, he is quite strong in beast form. He will be a hard person to fight again.”

“No! I have to beat him up right now! And why was he accepted into the guild in the first place? His behaviour is completely out of control! Shouldn’t the guild members be checked carefully?”

“His way of thinking is extremely simple, so Jishuka can easily control him. However, you don’t need to worry about that. I have found the Divine Shield.”

“...!”

Regas had been searching for the Divine Shield since it was stolen until now, and he finally found it. Grid forgot all about Toon as he asked excitedly.

“Where? Where is it?”

Regas’ expression wasn’t good. “Well... One of Rebecca’s Daughters has it. I asked to meet her and she refused. She seems reluctant to return the shield.”

“Rebecca’s Daughter?”

Grid was reminded of the beautiful girl in the blue dress who burst through the wall and confronted the Yatan followed who stole the Divine Shield.

‘Her name was Isabel? I remember the Yatan following being shocked that she was Rebecca’s Daughter...’

Grid asked.

“What is a Rebecca’s Daughter?”

Regas explained what he knew.

“It is the title that refers to the top three paladins in the Rebecca Church. They received sacred weapons from Goddess Rebecca and it is said that their power is comparable to the Second and Third Servants. They are a relatively small force, but few people can threaten the Rebecca Church thanks to Rebecca’s Daughters.”

“...In a nutshell, that girl won’t return my shield?”

“That’s right.”

“...”

Grid had a headache. He needed to meet the pope, but now things became twisted due to the Rebecca’s Daughter. He had an ominous feeling.

Regas smiled with a gentle expression.

“You don’t have to worry. Aren’t you part of the Tzedakah Guild? If you need assistance at any time, then please call the guild members. Everyone will be willing to help you. The six new members are especially full of enthusiasm.”

“...I’ve heard that those six people are called psychos. It doesn’t seem to be a lie when looking at Toon... They seem useless.”

“Haha.”

Afterwards, Grid sent a whisper to Jishuka to explain the situation. Then Jishuka fully understood Grid’s position.

–Of course, your quest comes first. I won’t ask you to make any items for the guild members until your quest is finished. And if you need help, call at anytime. I will come running.

That night, Grid immediately left Winston. The destination was the Rebecca Vatican.

CHAPTER 118

Like any game, the role of a healer was very important in Satisfy. They were indispensable for stable party hunting and the success of a raid. In Satisfy, the healers were priests who served Rebecca, the goddess of light. Only those who served Rebecca could become acquainted with Heal.

“Looking for a priest to finish the Dunpapa raid in two minutes!”

“Looking for a priest for a party that has an average level of 150~”

“Priests! Please join the party! You will have priority on items!”

The popularity of priests was unimaginable. Unfortunately, the number of priests was very limited. It was very hard to become a priest of the Rebecca Church. Dating was forbidden and there was a series of hardships such as praying for days, intermittent silence, and fasting.

There were jokes that the priest of the Rebecca Church were monks in reality. Therefore, most users were reluctant to become priests of the Rebecca Church and most Rebecca priests were NPCs.

“Sigh... There are no priests today.”

“We have to go to the temple again to hire a priest.”

Parties looking for priests had to visit the Rebecca Church. Then they had to pay a large sum in donations to hire NPC priests. These actions repeated, so the Rebecca Church gained tremendous wealth. The high priests of the Rebecca Church, known for their integrity, were overwhelmed without knowing.

It was the current pope who led to all of this. Drevigo, the 13th pope of the Rebecca Church, was a far cry from the first clergymen. He was eager to meet his individual needs.

After he became the pope. He understood the market and built up wealth by turning the priests into a commodity. He provided incense to the high priests and corrupted them, committing all types of wrongdoings with them.

As a result, the Rebecca Church fell over time and became a symbol of decadence.

“There is no answer.”

In this place, there was a beautiful girl who had a habit of sighing. Her name was Isabel. She was one of Rebecca’s Daughters, the ultimate paladins of the Rebecca Church, and the master of the Lifael Spear.

She shuddered as she listened to the noises coming from the pope from her room.

“The supposedly divine presence is shaking his waist like a dog every night.”

The priest Cassus paid attention to her. “Shh. Your words aren’t appropriate for a virgin of sacred light.”

Isabel frowned. “Then what should I say? Our pope is engaging in sexual intercourse every night... Oof! Oof!”

In the end, Cassus blocked Isabel’s mouth with his hand. He nervously looked at the hot-tempered Isabel.

“I can’t speak in front of His Holiness, and now I can’t even complain behind his back?”

“...His Holiness has eyes and ears everywhere. Please be careful.”

“Che...!”

The two people were talking when the pope came to visit.

“It’s noisy. Were you cursing at me?”

The pope opened the door and appeared naked. His sweaty skin shone in the moonlight. Despite turning 60 the day after tomorrow, he had elastic skin and a healthy body.

Isabel and Cassus bowed.

“It is great to see Your Holiness.”

“Isabel, you look as beautiful as ever.”

Pope Drevigo smiled and touched Isabel's hair like she was precious. Isabel felt ashamed and bit her lip. She wanted to shake off the pope's hand. But she didn't dare, so she swallowed down her rage. She carefully pleaded.

"Your Holiness, surely you are busy with those prostitutes in your bed? Is it okay to leave them to come to talk to me?"

"Huhu, no matter your position, isn't it too much to insult me?"

The smiling pope pulled his hand away from Isabel's hair. The other person was the pope, so Isabel didn't dare show her distaste.

"I have figured out why the Yatan Church wants the Divine Shield. There is a phenomenon where the Divine Shield can be imbued with dark magic power. Then the enormous divine power of the Divine Shield will be converted to dark magic. The Yatan Church are thinking of turning the Divine Church into their weapon."

The pope showed interest. "Darkness dwells where there is light... In fact, doesn't divine power and dark power have a good compatibility?"

"We must take steps to prevent them from ever getting their hands on the Divine Shield."

"We'll have to recall all of them back."

The method of making the Divine Shield had been spread to some countries and families close to the Rebecca Church. In the first place, a Rebecca priest was needed to help make the Divine Shield. It was impossible for a blacksmith to make it alone, so the church grasped why, when, who and which priest was used to help build the Divine Shield. It wouldn't be difficult to reclaim the Divine Shields.

"I will direct the paladins to collect the Divine Shield from each country and family." Isabel said.

"Let other people do the menial work. I have something else for you to do."

"...?"

The pope made a meaningful expression. "I received a divine message last night. Goddess Rebecca said that one of her daughters will betray me sooner or later."

“What does that mean?”

What did he mean by that? Isabel had an ominous feeling and stiffened, while the pope ordered with a cool smile.

“Get Rin. She is surely the traitor that the goddess spoke of. I intend to punish her.”

Isabel didn't agree. “Rebecca's Daughters are only loyal to Goddess Rebecca and Your Holiness! There are no traitors among us.”

“Rin is at a temple in a small village and hasn't responded to my call three times. How can she do that unless she is thinking about betraying me?”

In the end, Isabel couldn't hide her anger.

“Surely she has a reason for not responding to your call! Your Holiness! Are you sure the divine message given to you is correct? Your Holiness, I didn't know you could hear divine messages!”

“How presumptuous!”

The pope grabbed Isabelle's throat with one hand. Then he spoke in a menacing manner.

“My will is the will of Goddess Rebecca. Do you distrust me?”

Isabel had been raised in the church. Like any other priest or paladin, she had been trained to have absolute loyalty to Goddess Rebecca and the pope. It was a type of brainwashing, so she couldn't defy the pope, even if she was inherently free-spirited.

“...I believe you.” Isabel barely managed to say. Then the pope released the hand that was choking her. He gave her a friendly smile that seemed creepy.

“I will give you two days. Bring Rin back here.”

Kwang!

The pope ordered her and left the room. Cassus, who had been bowing the whole time, hurried got up. He carefully reached out to Isabel and said.

“...What will you do?”

Isabel was silent for a while after the pope’s visit. Then she dropped her head and said in a weak voice.

“What can I do? I have to do as he says.”

Rin also a Rebecca’s Daughter. The pope might be garbage and the church fallen, but there was no way Rin would betray them. Rin probably couldn’t endure the rotten church and was wandering for a while.

Isabel knew better than anyone. But she was forced to follow the command.

“...”

Cassus was sympathetic to the suffering Isabel and quickly moved his gaze towards the window. He prayed towards the moon.

‘Goddess Rebecca... Please send a divine punishment towards the corrupt pope...’



130. It was all due to Malacus’ Cloak. Grid had been wearing Malacus’ Cloak since leaving Winston.

“This is great.”

Grrrung.

The border of the Eternal Kingdom and the Saharan Empire. Dozens of monsters gathered as Grid crossed the Suaz Mountains. They were drawn to the bloody smell coming from Malacus’ Cloak.

For the past four days, Grid had repeated hunting in this way.

“Haap!”

The mobs in the Suaz Mountains had an average level of 160. Right now, Grid was strong enough that he didn’t have to use skills against the level 160 monsters. As part of his training, he used pure swordsmanship to cut the monsters one by one.

Kuaaak~!

Yip! Yelp!

Grid's body was phenomenal and surpassed human limits based on his overwhelming stats. Grid's body moved according to his will, allowing him to display swordsmanship that wasn't possible even when he was a warrior.

Sukakak!

Grid jumped up while holding Dainsleif with both hands, turning around three times to use the centrifugal force to destroy the body of an eti. Then he immediately responded to the axe swung by a troll beyond the eti's destroyed body.

At the same time, an ogre's axe swung through the air and three rocks were thrown by the etis. His right side was obstructed by huge trees. He cut the troll's neck but it didn't die as it swung its axe again.

Chengkang!

Grid avoided the troll's axe and jumped to the right. After avoiding the ogre's axe, he used it as a footstool and broke all three rocks with Dainsleif. Then he entered the center of the dismayed etis.

Papat! Pa pa pa pa!

The dark sword moved in a unpredictable orbit through the etis' bodies. The etis briefly lost their field of view due to the flapping cloak and quickly found themselves wiped out. Grid ran and caught up with the monsters escaping. After penetrating the eti's heart, he threw the dying eti towards a gargoyle descending from the sky.

Peok!

The gargoyle kicked the eti nervously. Grid laughed after already using Fly to move above the gargoyle's head.

"Hello?"

Kyaack!

The gargoyle was startled and hurriedly shot off a beam. They were so close that Grid couldn't avoid the beam, but he was kept flying directly at it. The gargoyle thought that Grid would be turned to stone and cried out excitedly.

But Grid was fine. The confused gargoyle received Dainsleif to the neck.

“Hahat!”

Grid was still laughing. The more he fought, the more experience and levels he gained, allowing him to feel like he was getting stronger.

“Let's go!”

There were still a large number of monsters on the ground. Grid pulled out pavranium from his inventory. For the past four days, he had been trying to improve his communication with pavranium, and it increased by leaps and bounds.

Right now, pavranium didn't just rotate and protect Grid. Instead, it attacked the enemy first in response to Grid's will.

Pipit!

The golden discs moved like boomerangs and swept the Achilles tendons of the ogre. Grid pounced on the fallen ogre and a one-sided slaughter began. More monsters flocked due to Malacus' Cloak as he was fighting, and night came quickly.

“Heok... Heok...”

Grid's stamina and strength stats were so high that it was unreasonable. But even Grid would become exhausted if he fought all day. After hunting hundreds of monsters...

Grid raised his level to a satisfactory level, took off the cloak and rested. If he reached out, it seemed like he would be able to catch the stars in the night sky.

‘It would be nice to be able to level up while wearing Malacus' Cloak and move... But there are creatures everywhere, so the movement speed is too slow.’

In order to carry out the class quest, he had to go to the Judar, Dominion and Yatan churches as well as the Rebecca Church. It seemed like it would take a long time to clear the quest, so he couldn't delay too long.

Should he take off his cloak starting from tomorrow? Grid was troubled before making a decision.

‘I can’t wander around often... After this quest, I have to get married and work at the smithy... Yes, let’s take advantage of it now.

The next day. The day was bright and his stamina recharged, so Grid put on Malacus’ Cloak again. Then he kept hunting while crossing the mountains. As a result, Grid spent a week crossing the Suaz Mountains that ordinary people could cross in three days.

Thanks to that, Grid was enjoying himself.

But at this point.

The person suffering because of Grid...

“Grid... When are you going to come back...?”

Grid disappeared from Khan’s smithy. There was a bald man squatting in a corner of the smithy. He was Vantner. He was muttering while watching the entrance of the smithy.

“Grid... Come now... Hurry... Come back...”

It was finally the end of his wait! It was his turn to receive Grid’s item. Yet the bastard didn’t make an item and disappeared on a quest, and now it had been 10 days. When the hell was he going to come back?

“Why...? Why on my turn...?”

In the midst of this, Pon and Ibellin were raising their levels thanks to Grid. Pon’s level was far ahead of Vantner, and now Ibellin was catching up to Vantner.

“Please come back soon~~~!!”

The other guild members brought their items to Khan to be repaired, and found Vantner.

“Why is he acting like that?”

“Perhaps he saw Pon and Ibellin sweeping up the monsters with their weapons. After that, he couldn’t go hunting.”

“No, isn’t he in a better situation than us? Didn’t Grid strengthen his axes through appraisal?”

“Still... He can’t hunt in a hunting ground suitable for his level because his defense is too weak.”

“True, if he paid a little more attention to his defense... Despite being a guardian knight, he placed all his points in strength and only cared about weapons. This eventually screwed him up.”

Then one day, Vantner made a suggestion to Jishuka. “Next time Grid goes on a quest, all guild members should accompany him. We will cooperate to complete his quest. Then Grid won’t waste time on quests and can devote himself to making our items.”

“...Grid should also enjoy playing the game.”

“He is a blacksmith! He should do his duties!”

“...”

Vantner’s heart was locked on the smithy where he wanted Grid to make an item for him.

CHAPTER 119

After crossing the Suaz Mountains, Grid was able to arrive in Rolling. Rolling was a small village, but if he headed south for half a day, he would finally arrive at the Vatican.

“There are Rebecca statues everywhere.”

There were large and small Rebecca statues in every street, store or house. He could find one or two statues no matter what direction he turned his head. Well, the residents of Rolling seemed to serve Goddess Rebecca.

‘It is geographically located near the Vatican, so it makes sense that the Rebecca Church is the main religion of the village...’

Nyang~

He leaned back against a Rebecca statue and enjoyed the warm sun and the peaceful cats. The merchants and residents were going about their daily routine without moving fast. Grid also felt calm.

‘It’s a different place from Winston. It feels like a resort.’

A hum emerged. Grid walked around the village with a free heart.

‘Am I crazy?’

He needed to complete the quest as quickly as possible! Tourism was just a waste of time!

‘I have been lazy lately.’

Grid was well aware of what happened when a person became lazy. He might become debt-ridden again if he wasn’t alert. Due to his past trauma, Grid became irritated and hastened his pace. He headed towards a smithy.

[The effect of mastering 'Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill' is activated. Blacksmith NPCs whose craftsmanship skill is beyond the intermediate level will treat you in a friendly manner.]

['Pagma's Descendant' class effect is activated. Blacksmith NPCs whose craftsmanship skill is at the advanced level will treat recognize you and worship you.]

Notification windows he hadn't seen for a while popped up when he entered the smithy. He had been living in Winston for a while and only entered Khan's smithy. Was Rolling's blacksmith an intermediate or advanced blacksmith? Grid wanted to be admired. However...

"Welcome~"

The blacksmith approached Grid. Unfortunately, he was a young blacksmith and seemed to only be at a beginner level. He was unable to tell Grid apart from an ordinary customer.

"Is there anything you were looking for?"

Grid sighed with disappointment and replied. "I want to repair my items."

"Yes, I will repair it for you."

Grid doubted his ears.

"What? You will repair my items?"

A beginner blacksmith was going to repair the items of a legendary blacksmith!

Grid scoffed. "You are either brave or ignorant... You don't even know who I am..."

"Huh?"

"Hey hey. Cut it out. I'm a blacksmith, so I will fix my own items. Can I borrow your furnace? I will pay a fee."

Rolling's blacksmith, Rector, cautioned Grid. "Are you really a blacksmith?"

Grid was armed with steel gauntlets, black iron boots and heavy armor. What type of blacksmith would go around wearing this? Grid seemed like a warrior at first glance, so it was hard to see him as a blacksmith.

Grid clicked his tongue. “Do you doubt that I am a blacksmith? What a poor guy... You can’t even tell who a great blacksmith is.”

“W-What?”

Rector was a young man who was only 20 years old. He was young, but he could understand that Grid was talking badly about him. Rector’s face reddened with shame. Grid felt sorry for him and cleared his throat several times. Then he carefully said.

“But who can tell the future? Even if your eyes are rotten right now, they can be trained... Watch me. This is a rare chance. You should thank Goddess Rebecca for being able to meet me and see how I work.”

“...?”

Grid no longer sought permission from Rector. He approached the furnace and started to light it.

“Hey! You will be burned if you do that... Heok?”

Rector’s eyes widened. It was because Grid quickly raised the temperature of the blast furnace.

‘Handling the fire so freely? How is that possible?’

Even his father, an intermediate blacksmith who died two years ago, couldn’t handle the fire as easily as Grid. Grid seemed like the embodiment of fire. As Rector was feeling admiration, Grid pulled out a hammer and anvil from his inventory. Then he started to repair his items one by one.

[The durability of the Ideal Dagger has been maximized.]

[This is an item you created. Your understanding is 100%.]

[The durability of the Best Gauntlets has been maximized.]

[This is an item you created. Your understanding is 100%.]

[In the case of items made by you, a penalty will be applied if you don't meet the item usage requirements, even if you have full understanding.]

[The durability of Khan's Masterpiece has been maximized.]

[Your understanding of Khan's Masterpiece is at 100%. You have learned the production method and can use it without any penalties.]

[The durability of Dainsleif (Reproduction) has been maximized.]

[Your understanding of Dainsleif (Reproduction) has increased from 3% to 31%.]

[The durability of the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet has been maximized.]

[Your understanding of the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet has increased from 7% to 85%.]

[The durability of Braham's Boots has been maximized.]

[Your understanding of Braham's Boots has increased from 3% to 6%.]

Understanding an item was a concept that only existed for Pagma's Descendant.

Pagma's Descendant was able to increase their understanding of an item by using the item, appraising it, repairing and disassembling it. They were then able to freely use items with 100% understanding. It was even possible to learn the production method.

If Dainsleif's understanding was at 100%, Grid would be able to produce Dainsleif. However, the higher the rating and usage conditions of the item, the slower the comprehension. Therefore, it was still unclear when he would be able to learn how to make it.

'But the Orc Frostlight Chief's Helmet has a high understanding. Hmm, should I try for 100% understanding?'

Kaaang!

Grid placed the perfectly repaired Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet on the anvil and started hammering again.

'He's crazy.'

Rector was amazed and surprised while watching Grid repair the items. Grid suddenly hitting the perfectly fine skull helmet seemed like a crazy person. And...

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Thanks to Grid's unstoppable hammering, the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet was instantly shattered.

'Why is he destroying a perfectly good helmet like this? He's too violent.'

Rector misunderstood. He thought that Grid was destroying the helmet, but he was actually using the Legendary Blacksmith's Disassembly skill to break down and reassemble it.

"Putting the wires in the seams like this... It's sloppy. I'm going to need to supplement this part."

Grid perfectly grasped the structure of the helmet and started to assemble it again. It wasn't a simple assembly. Grid complemented the disadvantages of the helmet during the assembly process. It didn't take long for the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet to be restored to its original shape.

[Your understanding of the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet has increased to 100%.]

[From now on, you can use the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet without any penalties.]

[The production method of the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet has been acquired.]

"Okay."

Grid equipped the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet with a pleased face.

[Due to your class characteristics, you have equipped the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet.]

[You don't meet the conditions to use the item. However, your understanding is 100%, so no penalties will be applied.]

[Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet]

Rating: Unique (Set)

Durability: 290/290 Defense: 190

* The chance of suffering a critical blow is reduced by 25%.

* Health will increase by 15%.

* Has a certain chance to cast fear at the target.

* Frostlight Orc Chief's set effect:

-3 set items equipped: Strength +50, stamina +80.

-5 set items equipped: Strength +100, stamina +200, can transform into the frostlight orc chief.

*Frostlight Orc Chief's transformation:

-It is possible to command the frostlight orcs.

-The skill 'Rotation Cut' will be generated.

The frostlight orc chief can be described as the ruler of the northern snowfields. This helmet, which he loved, was made from the skull of a snowy ogre and has a terrible appearance. In particular, the horn on the left has a very threatening appearance. Just wearing this helmet can cause fear.

Originally there was a sense of crudeness, but a craftsman with great talent and potential had reassembled it, complementing the weaknesses and enhancing the function.

Conditions of Use: Level 150 or more. More than 400 strength.

Weight: 800

"Kuk... Truly great."

Grid was impressed as he verified the improved performance of the helmet. Then he turned his attention to Rector while wearing the helmet.

“How about it? Don’t you think this helmet is somewhat cool?”

“H-Hik...”

Rector paled. It was because the bizarre skull helmet felt so terrible.

Grid saw his expression and sighed. “It seems to be my mistake... Damn, I need to replace this helmet quickly.”

Grid grumbled as he approached Rector and handed over 10 silver.

“Did you watch me well? You should start practicing from now on, while trying to recall how I used the bellows and my hammering. Perhaps we’ll see each other again. Your skills might be low now, but you might become an intermediate blacksmith after 10 years of practice.”

Grid was joking. He never imagined that Rector would take his joke seriously as he left the smithy.

After a while. Rector jumped up. Then he locked the door of the smith and listened to Grid’s advice(?), practicing his handling of the bellows and hammering.

And later. Rector, who was inherently gifted, became an advanced blacksmith who represented this area. He would often tell his disciples the story of how he met Grid. But Grid didn’t know this.



The village center.

Grid was amazed as he stood in front of the Rebecca Temple.

‘Gold?’

The temple here was small compared to other temples in the area. It was a single story building that was less than 100 pyeongs (1 pyeong=3.3058m). But the outer walls were painted in gold and shining brilliantly.

“Is there any way to get this...?”

Grid looked around at the other people before scratching the gold with his nails. But no matter how hard he scratched, not one speck of gold dust fell off.

“How rotten and dirty.”

Grid didn't give up. He didn't want to miss an opportunity to get free gold. His appearance and scratching at the gold revealed that he was obvious a first time visitor to Rolling. A middle-aged priest found him and gave a meaningful smile.

‘It has been a long time since I've seen a sucker.’

The priest's ID was Dong Pao. He was a Chinese user. He followed the rigid laws of the Rebecca Church such as forbidding love, forced silence and fasting, and managed to raise his level to 160.

He grinned and approached Grid. “Brother, is this your first visit to Rolling?”

“...!”

Grid flinched from where he was squatting in a corner and scratching at the gold. ‘I'm not a thief, hahaha!’ He laughed loudly while trembling.

“Ah~! Yes! It is my first time here! Oh, this temple is so beautiful! It reminds me of the beautiful Goddess Rebecca! Hahahahat! Yes?”

The person who suddenly greeted him was wearing the clothes of the Rebecca Church. Grid was so worried about being called a thief that he hadn't noticed until now. The priest in front of him was a user, not an NPC.

‘It is the first time I've seen a priest user.’

Grid had heard rumors about how difficult it was to become a Rebecca priest. In fact, all Rebecca priests that Grid had met since playing Satisfy were NPCs. So it was surprising that middle-aged priest in front of him was a user, not an NPC.

‘His ID is Dong Pao... Chinese...’

The ID was somewhat appetizing. Grid pledged to visit a Chinese restaurant today

with his family and eat Dongpo pork.

“Are you a monk in reality? How did you manage to clear the Rebecca Church’s class change quest?”

Dong Pao laughed heartily.

“In reality, I’m just an ordinary person. However, in Satisfy, I succeeded in suppressing all desires while thinking that I only want to serve Goddess Rebecca... Then I was able to become a priest of sacred light.”

“Wow... I don’t know about anything else, but staying silent seems pretty hard. Well, I can’t date anyway... No, I don’t want a relationship, but it will be hard to withstand the silence and fasting... Weren’t you supposed to stay silent for 20 days? How did you manage it? And even if you succeed in the priest class change quest, don’t you have to perform quests often if you want to keep the position? It’s great that you could endure all of that.”

The original Grid was indifferent to other people’s matters. But this was his first experience meeting a priest user, so he was naturally interested. When he was in a bad situation, he became sick when he saw others doing well. Now he had paid off his debt and was running along a part of success, so he could praise others.

Dong Pao smiled at him.

“It was difficult to remain silent. But when I prayed to Goddess Rebecca, the time passed quickly. The act of praying itself raises the divine power stat, so if you think about it positively, it is good to be disciplined. But what brings you to Rolling? There’s no special hunting ground or sightseeing spots besides the Vatican, so most people who visit here have business in the Vatican...”

“I’m on the way to the Vatican. I need to meet the pope for a quest.”

“Hah... His Holiness?”

Dong Pao’s eyes shone sharply at the words.

‘Someone who isn’t part of the Rebecca Church is on a quest to meet the pope? Even I have only seen the pope from afar. It seems like he is on a S-grade or higher quest.’

Dong Pao observed Grid's equipment closely.

'The armor and gauntlets are ordinary... That cloak is garbage... The only accessory is a ring that looks simple... But the boots are tremendously expensive. Yes, he must be a high level.'

Rolling was far from the centre of the continent. It was difficult to come here without being a high level because the roads were difficult and full of monsters. Dong Pao was pleased at the thought of Grid being a high level user.

'He will have a high value.'

Dong Pao's eyes curved into a half moon as he suggested to Grid, "I am also on my way to the Vatican. Do you want to accompany me?"

If a healer accompanied him, how much money would he save on potions? Others had to pay money to party with a healer, but he could party with one for free? Grid readily accepted this.

"Of course I would like that."

Thus, the two people formed a party. Grid was surprised when he saw Dong Pao's level in the party window.

"Level 160? I know that priest is a difficult class to level up, so isn't this level very high?"

"There are many quests to be done, so there's no time to raise my level. However, due to the nature of the class, it's easy to find a party. I hunted with a high level party and quickly raised my level. But Mister Grid... You're level 147? That is surprisingly low."

"Haha, I don't have much time to raise my level. I've only been able to raise it lately."

"Ah, yes..."

Dong Pao made an uncomfortable expression.

'He crossed the Suaz Mountains alone at this level? Did he avoid the ogres and gargoyles? He has good luck... Damm, I thought he would be at least level 160...'

Dong Pao used his status as a priest to lure high-level travellers to a certain place that couldn't be logged out of. He made money by intimidating, killing or ransoming travellers.

'Level 147...'

It was obvious, but the higher the level of prey, the higher the ransom value. Level 147 was ambiguous. It was higher than the average level, but it wasn't that high compared to the rankers.

'If he's level 147, he can recover the experience lost through dying by hunting... He won't pay a large amount of money for his life... Tsk, this is annoying. I'll have to make money by killing him and selling the boots.'

Thus, the two of them went on a short journey to the Vatican. There was a group watching them from the entrance of the village.

"Dong Pao has started the game."

"Okay. We can follow slowly and eat up the profit."

They were three people. They were assassin users who joined hands with Dong Pao. The fifth ranked assassin Shay, the 11th ranked Kerb, and the 13th ranked Sniffer. The three of them had managed to assassinate a user who was 51st on the unified rankings, so there was no doubting their skill.

Grid was the target of some bigwigs. But Grid didn't know this and was just excited at the thought of partying with a priest.

CHAPTER 120

‘What? What’s this?’

Dong Pao was greatly confused.

The road from Rolling to the Vatican was originally very peaceful. The paladins regularly scouted, so it was difficult to find thieves, monsters and beasts. It could be called one of the few safe zones on the continent.

However, today the monsters popped out without any hesitation. Just like water pouring from a collapsed dam, the monsters swooped down and attacked Grid and Dong Pao.

“Pant... Pant... There are so many monsters in the vicinity...”

Thanks to that, Dong Pao was exhausted.

It had been less than a hour since they left Rolling, and they had already fought over 100 monsters without a break. His mana had been depleted a few times, making him drink mana potions. Now his stamina was going to be depleted.

“Pant pant! Strange! Really strange! I’ve used this road several hundred times, but it is the first time I’ve seen this! Pant pant!” Dong Pao couldn’t accept the current situation. He struggled to use Heal on Grid, who was killing the lizardmen surrounding them. “Why are there so many monsters here... Strange!”

They needed to move 15km more to reach the point he was supposed to lure Grid. But monsters kept showing up, so it seemed like the two people would lose their lives before even reaching the target. How many people met and died from monsters in the safety zones? Perhaps he would be the first. How unfair and embarrassing was this?

Dong Pao despaired.

Then the source of this incident, Grid furtively took off his cloak.

‘I currently have a healing shuttle... Unfortunately, it’s time for a break.’

[Malacus' Cloak has been unequipped.]

Malacus' Cloak gave off a bloody scent that attracted all types of monsters hiding in the vicinity. As soon as Grid put the cloak into the inventory, no more monsters appeared. But Dong Pao was too busy to observe Grid properly, so he didn't realize that Grid was the source.

Grid dealt with the remaining monsters.

Kiyaaaaak!

[You have defeated a giant salamander.]

[Party leader 'Grid' has acquired the salamander's gallbladder.]

[Party leader 'Grid' has acquired the rare pearl.]

[203,000 experience has been acquired.]

[You have defeated an iran clan lizardman.]

[Party leader 'Grid' has acquired the Usable Scimitar.]

[Party leader 'Grid' has acquired a sapphire.]

[255,000 experience has been acquired.]

Dran Valley, where crystal clear water flowed!

The monsters here were much stronger than the monsters of Suaz Mountains. They had a minimum level of 190 and higher, so even Grid struggled if there were more than seven monsters. However, he had Dong Pao's healing, so he could successfully hunt them.

'The Heal of a level 160 priest is truly tremendous. Kukuk, I can wait to go to the Vatican as long as I have this heal shuttle.'

Grid was delighted because he gained a tremendous amount of experience, despite being in a party with Dong Pao. However, he made a disgruntled facial expression and groaned. “Phew, I thought I was going to die. This is the first time I’ve seen so many monsters. Was this area originally like this?”

Dong Pao shook his head at Grid’s words. “I don’t know what’s going on. Originally, this is a place where monsters rarely pop up... I didn’t even know that there were so many monsters here. I have goosebumps... Sigh...”

Dong Pao peeked at the dagger held in Grid’s hands while he was lamenting.

‘There is a deep blue aura like sea around that dagger... It’s a weapon enhanced to at least +8. Huge.’

It was after he joined the party with Grid. He originally thought that Grid managed to come to Rolling alone, despite being only level 147, was purely because of luck.

Now that they’d fought together, he realized that Grid was really strong compared to his level. The reason Grid was able to cross the Suaz Mountains wasn’t because of luck, but because of strength.

‘The secret of his strength is that +8 dagger... A dagger might be weak in attack power compared to a one-handed sword or blunt weapon, but... A dagger enhanced to this extent can deal more damage than a blunt weapon.’

A dagger had a fast attack speed, but weak attack power. However, Grid’s dagger had both excellent attack speed and attack power.

‘He must be quite rich if he is carrying that weapon. Okay, I can get more profit than I thought. If I can take this dagger...!’

‘This is enough rest.’ As Dong Pao was smiling nastily, Grid put on Malacus’ Cloak. He got up from his seat and urged Dong Pao. “It is time to move. We don’t want to be too late.”

“Yes... But before that...”

Dong Pao stared at Grid with sharp eyes. Grid thought Dong Pao noticed Malacus’ Cloak and gulped. Then Dong Pao said to him. “Item distribution... Can you change it to sequential distribution instead of party leader distribution? Brother, let’s be fair.”

“...Just keep it as party leader distribution for now. With sequential distribution, the expensive items might be given to only one person and that isn't fair. We'll split the proceeds in half once we arrive at the destination, so don't worry.”

“No, but...”

Grid's destination was the Vatican. But Dong Pao's planned destination was a place where Grid would die before he arrived at the Vatican. If the item distribution method wasn't changed now, Dong Pao wouldn't receive the items. So he wanted to change it to sequential distribution.

But Grid was stubborn. He was already walking.

'Damn bastard!' Dong Pao cursed to himself. Then he tried to think positively. 'Yes, I will get a lot of money from him.'

Dong Pao smiled as he watched the quickly walking Grid. He thought that Grid's urgent demand was funny. But the smile on Dong Pao's face quickly disappeared. Had it been five minutes since they started walking again? New monsters appeared like a cloud and Dong Pao went crazy.

“What the hell is this? Why do these monsters keep constantly appearing?”

“Didn't you do hard quests as part of the Rebecca Church? Perhaps this is a trial from Goddess Rebecca?”

Grid was using method acting. He was good at pretending that he wasn't the source attracting the monsters. As a result, Dong Pao didn't suspect Grid at all.

“No! I've never heard of a trial that involved hunting monsters! And a quest window didn't pop up...!”

“Hrmm... Please support me while I'm taking care of them. Thank you.”

“Yes...”

Dong Pao was depressed at the thought of consuming so many expensive mana potions. On the other hand, Grid was rejoicing.

'I have a free heal shuttle so I should use it as much as possible!'

That's right. Grid had been aiming for this since he got a party with a healer for free. Until they arrived at the Vatican, he was going to rely on Dong Pao's healing for infinite hunting. Dong Pao was aiming for Grid's life while Grid was aiming to use him.

The two men continued the repeated hunting and...

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

"Yes!"

"Ohh! I also levelled up...!"

Just 12 hours after leaving Rolling! Grid gained three levels while Dong Pao gained one level.

It was surprising for Dong Pao. They were hunting high level monsters with only two people, so their level rose quickly. It was better than hunting with a few high level parties. Like Grid, he wanted to stay in this place for a while to hunt. If he could do that, he could challenge becoming a ranker. But he was soon reminded of his original goals.

'Money is more important than levelling.'

Crime Forest.

Originally, they should've arrived here 3 hours after leaving Rolling. But it took them 12 hours. Dong Pao wondered if the assassins were tired and resentful from waiting. He felt anxious and urged Grid.

"Brother, let's take a break in that cave over there."

Grid turned his head in Dong Pao's direction and was able to discover the entrance to a cave. Then he said with a reluctant look.

"Do we need to rest? Shouldn't we go straight to the Vatican with this momentum?"

Dong Pao tried to convince him, “Unlike Brother, my stamina has reached its limit several times. I need sufficient rest. My mana regeneration is too slow right now... It is to the point that I can only use Heal a few times.”

“It can’t be helped.”

“Thank you for your consideration.”

Grid received Dong Pao’s guidance and entered the cave. Then a notification window flashed.

[The Vampire Countess Marie Rose is sealed in this space.]

[Marie Rose’s evil influence makes your magic power turbid. All types of spells and skills aren’t available.]

[You have resisted.]

“...?”

Grid was bewildered.

“Is this a raid room? Vampire countess? The vampire barons are fearful enough, yet this is a vampire countess? Are we going to have our blood sucked and die here? Why are we resting in this dangerous space...?”

Dong Pao shook his head.

“Don’t worry. Marie Rose has been sleeping for hundreds of years since she was sealed by two of Rebecca’s Daughters... She never wakes up. It isn’t Marie Rose you should be worrying about right now.”

“...?!”

Grid was startled.

At the end of Dong Pao’s words, three shadows appeared from the darkness. They were assassins who were with Dong Pao. They blocked the entrance of the cave so that

Grid couldn't escape, and glared at Dong Pao.

"Why are you so late?"

Dong Pao explained, "Strangely, monsters kept showing up. We were forced to slow down while handling them."

The 13th ranked assassin, Sniffer didn't believe it.

"Monsters? If you want to lie, do it properly. Isn't it hard to find one wolf in the area, let alone monsters? This is why I hate the Chinese. You bluff every time you open your mouth!"

"It isn't a lie. If you don't believe me, check it out yourself later."

"Okay. I understand, so stop." The 11th ranked Kerb didn't want to waste any more time. He calmed down the situation and aimed two daggers at Grid. "Hey. If you don't want to die and lose experience, give us your money. Then we'll spare your life."

Assassins were specialized in assassination.

Their class change quest was assassination, and they received additional rewards depending on how many people were assassinated. The assassins steadily performed assassinations and gained a lot of experience fighting people.

Assassins were able to show off their unique presence in this place where all types of skills were suppressed due to Marie Rose. They also had numerical superiority, so Kerb didn't doubt that they could handle Grid.

On the other hand, Grid grasped the situation and asked Dong Pao.

"Dong Pao, don't priests of the Rebecca Church have to obey the laws? Isn't it against their doctrines to harm the lives of travellers for money? This act of betraying Goddess Rebecca, doesn't it have fatal consequences to you as a priest?"

Dong Pao shook his head. "A lot of people are confused. They think that Rebecca priests must always follow the laws and doctrines to keep their position. But the reality was different. We have to only obey the law during the quest period. It doesn't matter what wrongdoings I do if it isn't discovered by the church."

Grid didn't understand.

"Isn't your divine power stat strengthened by following the laws and doctrines? Rather than acting for immediate profits, isn't it better in the long run to follow the laws and raise your divine power?"

To Dong Pao, Grid seemed desperate to live. He felt very sympathetic towards the pathetic persuasion.

"Brother, have you forgotten what I said earlier? We have something called prayer. Divine power can be raised through praying, so I don't need to worry about following the laws. I don't deny Goddess Rebecca, despite committing evil. I deeply believe in, admire and love the goddess in my heart. My loyalty to the goddess is so deep that even now, my divine power is rising slowly and steadily.

"..."

"It is still unknown to the outside, but the Rebecca Pope is a very depraved person. The pope often breaks the laws and doctrines of the church. But his divine power is enough to transcend common sense. His belief in Goddess Rebecca is absolute."

"That's just a contradiction." The 7th assassin Shay came forward. He thought that the Rebecca Church was very silly. "The Yatan Church is the one that stands for pure evil. They believe that evil is the right way. But the people from the Rebecca Church commit atrocities, even though they realize they have to do good deeds. The front and back are different, so they are far sneakier and more dangerous than the Yatan Church. Well, it has nothing to do with us... Give us your money."

Grid examined Shay's body.

'He is armed with top-notch items. At least level 200...'

The Legendary Blacksmith's Discernment skill allowed him to gauge the level of the items that Shay was wearing. Thanks to that, Grid could see that Shay wasn't an ordinary opponent.

'Rankers. The other two people are even higher than Dong Pao.'

But.

'... They are boring compared to Faker.'

Grid was in the same guild as the 1st ranked assassin, Faker.. He had witnessed Faker's skills several times. Therefore, he didn't feel afraid in front of these people.

"You guys, you have picked the wrong prey to hunt."

Grid armed himself with two items that had been in his inventory the entire time he was with Dong Pao.

[Dainsleif (Reproduction) has been equipped.]

[Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet has been equipped.]

"...This guy?"

Dong Pao and the assassins were astonished when they saw Grid pull out a black greatsword and a bizarre skull helmet. Wasn't he the famous slaughterer who wiped out the Giant Guild not long ago? They didn't expect it at all.



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