

# 데미켄

파그마의 후예

MAYA & MARU GAME FANTASY STORY

박새날 게임 판타지 장편소설

마루&미야

# Overgeared

- 템빨 -

- Part 16 -

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[ Rainbow Turtle (Wuxiaworld) ]

# Chapter 701

[Your memphis Noe has harmed the degraded medusa.]

[Your memphis Noe has harmed the degraded medusa.]

[Your memphis Noe's level has risen!]

[The doppelganger of the Mysterious Forest Randy has harmed the degraded medusa.]

[Doppelganger Randy's level has risen!]

[The Overgeared Skeleton One has been petrified.]

[Due to continuous petrification, the petrification resistance of Overgeared Skeleton One has increased by 1.]

[The Overgeared Skeleton Two has been petrified.]

[Due to continuous petrification, the petrification resistance of Overgeared Skeleton Two has increased by 1.]

[The experience of God Hand (4) has increased by 0.01%!]

'Huh? Is this honey?'

Rock Forest. The medusa, which had been damaged by Grid's 100,000 Army Massacre Sword, turned to grey. Grid only summoned his pets in order to save his life, but ended up giving them experience.

'Almost all of the medusae were dying, so they were relatively easy for Noe and Randy to catch.'

On the other hand, the Overgeared Skeletons hadn't yet reached level 50 and didn't

have a chance against the medusa. They didn't get any experience. However, their unique ability to learn quickly raised their resistance to petrification. They were exposed to the petrification every time they met the eyes of the medusae. 10 minutes later, eye contact had evolved to the point of resistance.

[Fighting energy has reached 10.]

[All stats are restored to their normal values.]

Grid's penalty finished. The fighting energy that was fixed at 0 for 10 minutes naturally recovered to 10 and his stats were restored.

"Okay. Shall I take care of the children?"

The development of his pets was directly connected to Grid's development. The excited Grid put on Malacus' Cloak again. The bloody smell started to attract new medusa. Randy screamed as the medusa gathered like dogs.

"It's hard for Randy. Scary."

◇◇◇

[Fighting energy is at the maximum.]

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

"Pagma's Swordsmanship! Transcend."

*Pepeng!*

*Pepepepeng!*

The increase in stats due to fighting energy raised Grid's power to the extreme. As a result of Transcend, Grid's attacks were converted to ranged attacks. Four strikes were

released per second and the medusa couldn't cope. Two hours after arriving at Rock Forest. Now Grid understood exactly how to take advantage of fighting energy.

'I should seal 100,000 Army Swordsmanship.'

Rather than losing fighting energy by using 100,000 Army Swordsmanship, Grid would rather have his damage increased while using Pagma's Swordsmanship by keeping fighting energy at the maximum.

'Of course, 100,000 Army Swordsmanship is strong, so I might rely on it sometimes.'

Grid was very disappointed in the fighting energy consumption of 100,000 Army Swordsmanship.

'No matter how strong, 50 fighting energy is too much.'

At first, he thought it would be solved by relying on the Ring of Absurdity. But the 'all resources consumption reduction' of the Ring of Absurdity didn't include fighting energy. If he wore the Ring of Absurdity and used 100,000 Army Swordsmanship, only mana consumption was reduced.

'It's because fighting energy is a special resource.'

Grid was forced to accept it. It was because he already experienced the special stat called demonic power. The 'all stats increase' effect that occurred when making a certain level of item didn't affect the special stat that was demonic power.

'In the end, I need to use 100,000 Army Swordsmanship and fighting energy properly.'

It was just like this. Grid felt the need for fighting energy.

'It wouldn't be so unfortunate if I could accumulate fighting energy with large skills.'

Fighting energy only accumulated as a single attack. If he hit multiple targets at once with a ranged attack, fighting energy didn't accumulate. The restriction seemed to exist because easily accumulating fighting energy was too fraudulent. Grid returned the Enlightenment Lightning Sword to his inventory. Rock Forest was empty, because once fighting energy was at the maximum, the speed at which he hunted the medusa surpassed the medusa respawn speed.

Grid moved to the safety zone and pulled out Madra's diary. Fighting energy accumulated and the 100,000 Army Swordsmanship skill was activated.

'Now I can experience the contents of the diary.'

The moment Grid opened the diary.

*Flash!*

Grid's vision blurred. When he opened his eyes, Pagma was standing in front of him.

◇ ◇ ◇

"How trivial! How scandalous! How dare you deprive me of my burden! You deserve to die a hundred times!!"

Resurrection as an undead just for the burden of protecting the Hall of Fame? Regardless of my intentions? It was unacceptable and unforgivable.

"100,000 Army Massacre Sword!"

*Chukak.*

*Chukakakakak!*

I aimed my sword at Pagma. It was my sword technique that defeated more than 100,000 imperial troops. But.

"...!"

Pagma couldn't be cut. My body couldn't be controlled. My body refused to cut him. I tried to swing the sword again but unlike my will, my sword avoided Pagma.

Pagma explained with an indifferent expression.

"I wouldn't have revived you without a safety device. I'm your master. You can't attack me."

"..."

It was as described above. Now I was a death knight. Regardless of my will, this disgusting instinct called out for me to follow Pagma.

“Protect this place from the invasion of the great demons. It’s your mission.”

This was the end. Pagma left and I was left alone. It was the beginning of eternal solitude.



“...Sigh.”

The moment that the contents of the diary was finished, Grid wiped at his sweat. The mental pain he felt when he became Madra was very great. It led to extreme anger and confusion. He was dominated by an infinite sense of loss.

‘I don’t want to read any more.’

Grid was afraid. He didn’t want to experience the loneliness that Madra felt when trapped on the island alone. But Grid eventually opened the third chapter of the diary. This diary was Madra’s favor. Grid felt an obligation to confirm things.



The third chapter.

I counted how many days had passed since I opened my eyes. The body of an undead couldn’t fall asleep and the concept of ‘day’ dulled.

“ ... ”

A small island with nothing. I didn’t know if I felt the pain of being alone for a few days or a few years.

I forgot myself in my solitude.

I wish I could close my eyes.

I wish I could stop thinking.

I hoped to disappear.



“Hell...”

After being forcibly resurrected as an undead with memories of his life, Madra was alone for decades. The prison called eternity that held him was as terrible as hell. The fourth chapter, the fifth chapter, the sixth chapter. Madra only experienced solitude.

Grid felt deep sympathy for him. He resented Pagma, despite knowing that Pagma’s actions were for the peace of the world.

Then an event occurred in the seventh chapter. Finally a great demon appeared!



The seventh chapter.

“This is the last island.”

He said he was the 10th great demon.

“My name is Leraje. I am one of the 33 rulers who control hell.” Leraje covered half of his face with a deep hat. The red lips were a sharp contrast to the pale skin. “I’m a great ruler who combines power and strategy. The proof is that I easily made it to the 66th island. Huhut.”

“...”

It had truly been a long time since I have met other people. Maybe it was decades. But I wasn’t happy. I didn’t want it to be a great demon who was selfish and talked about trivial topics.

Leraje kept talking from the moment he emerged.

“My specialty is struggle. I have a habit of winning against anyone I compete with. The evidence is that I easily took care of all the previous legends guarding the other islands. Demon Slayer Alex who made great demons tremble? Even he couldn’t be my

opponent. Huhuhut.”

“...”

“Hrmm... It’s unreasonable to try and talk to a death knight who doesn’t have an ego. It’s no fun. But I’m looking forward to it. Based on the sword hanging from your waist, you must be Sword Saint Muller. Didn’t you seal several great demons, including Hell Gao? I have always wanted to meet you. I will use this opportunity to prove that I am better than Hell Gao.”

“I’m not Muller.”

Who would dare to mistake me? As I opened my mouth, Leraje smiled.

"Hoh, a death knight is talking? Yes, you aren’t Muller? What are you called?"

“Madra. I was king of Lubana.”

“Madra...? I have heard it a few times. How disappointing. I was hoping to meet Muller on the last island... The final battle will be worthless as well.”

“...”

My anger rose. Pagma, you resurrected me because you are afraid of this guy?

"200,000 Army Crushing Sword."

“...!”

I couldn’t find any meaning in this second life. I had no motivation and couldn’t move since I was trapped alone on the island. I stood in place and looked up at the sky. But my skills aren’t rusty. Fear filled the eyes of the arrogant Leraje.



[At present, you can’t reproduce Madra’s swordsmanship with your abilities. You can’t read the seventh chapter of the diary to the end.]

[In order to read the seventh chapter of the diary, you need to learn Madra’s swordsmanship.]

[Swordsmanship Textbook: 200,000 Army Swordsmanship has been acquired.]

[Death Knight Madra's diary is sealed until you learn 200,000 Army Swordsmanship.]

[Swordsmanship Textbook: 200,000 Army Swordsmanship]

Rating: Legendary

A textbook recording the basics of Madra's swordsmanship. However, it records the swordsmanship used after Madra became a death knight so the contents are weak compared to the original.

Only one swordsmanship technique, 200,000 Army Crushing Sword (Degraded) is recorded.

Learning Conditions: Those who have been recognized by Madra. Level 399 or more.

"A legend at Muller's level."

It was easy to guess when he heard Braham's evaluation. His reputation was low compared to other legends because his active area was limited to Lubana, but his skills were the best. It was certain since the 10th Great Demon reached the last island after beating Lantier, Alex, Kruger, Gis, and Povia had felt horror when he saw Madra's swordsmanship.

"Then... After 100,000 Army Swordsmanship, I got the textbook for 200,000 Army Swordsmanship..."

Would he eventually learn One Million Army Swordsmanship? The excited Grid became frustrated when he confirmed the level limitation of the swordsmanship textbook.

"Level 399. It will take many years to read this diary."

Unfortunately, what could he do? Sometimes there was content that continued over a long time.

'Let's return to Reinhardt first.'

Grid placed the diary back in his inventory and rose from his spot.

# Chapter 702

Do good work at least 50 times a month. This was the minimum condition for maintaining the Saintess class. If a Saintess didn't do any good works, she would be deprived of her qualification and she couldn't be a Saintess again. In other words, Ruby had been doing good deeds every day for the several years that she had been a Saintess.

Angel with lost wings, Rebecca's incarnation, etc. The large number of people that Ruby helped praised her with various names. Minstrels sang songs about her.

Grid might be the most famous player, but Ruby was the most beloved player. The words about the siblings delivered to the people were manipulated by Orator Huroi's cry. There were Overgeared members spreading it everywhere.

"Saintess, Saintess Ruby! Please try this. The bread is well-baked today."

"Saintess, will you accept this bracelet? I found it at the market in Winston and I bought it because I thought it would look good on you. Please accept it."

"This is a coat made with the leather of wild boar. The weather is getting colder recently, so it would be nice to wear this. Don't get a cold. I'll be sad."

"Saintess!"

"Saintess Ruby!"

[You have received 10 quality rye bread from Reinhardt's baker, Jackson.]

[You have received a low grade emerald bracelet from Reinhardt's merchant, Ale.]

[You have received a wild boar leather coat from Reinhardt's hunter, Revalo.]

[Reinhardt...]

...

This was a common sight every time Saintess Ruby appeared on the street. People who found her would come running over with gifts. Ruby originally rejected, but the persistent thanks of the people was big enough to surpass imagination. They felt frustration and sometimes depression when Ruby refused the gift, giving her no choice but to accept. As the people's love and respect for Ruby grew, so did the amount and quality of the gifts that she received.

The average value of Ruby's daily gifts was now around 80 gold. 80 gold! Converted to Korean won, it was worth 100,000 won. Thanks to the good work that she did over the years, Ruby could now make 100,000 won a day just from logging in. It was why she refused pocket money from her brother a few months ago.

Ruby joined the ranks of people making money from the game. Her surroundings started to tempt her. Why did she need to go to university when she could making money playing games like her brother? Many people were talking like this.

But Ruby's commitment to going to university didn't break. She couldn't believe in the uneasy future of Satisfy. Like all the youth of South Korea, Ruby had dedicated her elementary and middle school years to enter a good university. She didn't want her efforts to be wasted and she wanted to see for herself the values of a good university.

However, her goal of getting a job after graduating from university was becoming faint. She knew how desperately she was needed in the Overgeared Kingdom.

'Perhaps... Once I go to university, I will have more time to concentrate on the game.'

She didn't dislike it. Rather, it was good. She was happy to be able to help people and above all, she wanted to contribute to her brother's work. Even if she didn't like the game, she would've concentrated on it for her brother. It was natural. Just a few years ago, Ruby was worried about money every time she bought school supplies. She grew up in a house that wasn't economically stable, so even buying snacks on the street was a luxury. From her point of view, her recent affluent life was appreciated.

'This is all thanks to Oppa.'

A warm smile appeared on Ruby's face as he thought of Grid. The worry that appeared every time she thought of Grid in the past had changed to relief.

'Mother and Father are laughing every day. Thanks to Oppa, my family is full of happiness.'

She felt very grateful and proud of her brother. Ruby would do anything for her brother. And Lael knew this about her.

"Ruby, please encourage people to visit the Hall of Fame once every three days. Tell them to pray once every three days to the stone statue of Grid."

It was enough to give orders to the soldiers. However, the ordinary people were different. If the kingdom forced the people to do this, they could lose public sentiment. That's why Lael took advantage of Ruby.

"Please."

"...I understand."

After the Behen Archipelago was cleansed, Sticks dismantled the seals on most of the entrances to it. Now it was relatively easy to move from Reinhardt to the Behen Archipelago. But it was only 'relatively easy.' In particular, the Hall of Fame was located on the last island of the Behen Archipelago.

It took at least five hours to get to the Hall of Fame from Reinhardt. It meant that the people of Reinhardt had to waste five hours every three days. Ruby had this part in mind. But she couldn't refuse when she thought of her brother.

'Instead, I will treat them better. Let's try a bit more, Sehee.'

The intensity of the good deeds Ruby was doing increased over time. Ruby was also in danger. But Ruby was prepared to endure it. Ruby's red lips tightened with determination. Her eyes were lovely as she grasped both hands together tightly. Lael couldn't help smiling at the sight before coughing.

"There is no need to worry about the people. This worship will be a good thing for them. Won't their stamina go up if they regularly walk for five hours?"

"Bah... I don't trust you."

"Yes, please don't trust me. I don't want to be a sinner who disappoints you."

“ .. ”

Lauel was confident that his comments were perfect. He didn't doubt that the goddess' heart was romantic enough to be captured. But Ruby didn't listen to Lauel's words. Lauel was also a solo person since he was born.



[Visit Grid's Stone Statue]

Difficulty: Repeated quest in the Overgeared Kingdom.

Once every three days, go to the Hall of Fame and worship at Grid's stone statue.

Quest Reward: A Grid mass production item for every 20th consecutive visit.

“ .. ”

It was the contents of a new quest that players of the Overgeared received. The players thought it was absurd.

"I went to see the Hall of Fame the other day and the buff from Grid's stone statue is garbage..."

"It has no effect on combat classes like ours."

"How many classes are there..."

"Wow, isn't Grid really smart? He made a new quest to fulfil his own self-interest."

"It is more vulgar than smart."

"Ah, I'm angry. We have to do this quest to obtain Grid's set."

"Che, whatever. It takes a few hours to get to the Hall of Fame."

"Administrator Rabbit says he will sell movement scrolls to the Behen Archipelago..."

“Wow? Isn’t this a good business? The servant is like the king. They met each other very well.”

*Grumble.*

The Overgeared players were full of complaints about the new quest. But what could they do? They had moved to the Overgeared Kingdom in the first place to get the Grid set. They couldn’t refuse the quest that would give them one of Grid’s set items every two months.

“It’s really dirty. Once I collect all of Grid’s set, I will immediately go to the empire.”

“I’m going to Valhalla.”

There were many people who thought like this. For most players, the Overgeared Kingdom was just a stepping stone to another kingdom. Lael didn’t condemn this.

“Let’s increase the types of mass produced Grid set items.”

The current mass produced Grid set consisted of weapons, armor, helmet, gloves, and boots. There were only five parts so it was hard to keep players for a long time.

“Didn’t you learn the tailoring skill? Add a cloak and underwear to the set. Preferably socks as well.”

“...I can’t.”

The set effect of the mass produced Grid set was concluded with five parts. It was originally designed like this. If he added the cloak and underwear, there would be no set effect added. Lael smiled wickedly at Grid.

“Even if there is no set effect, can’t you fool them with the same name? Put the underwear and cloak as a quest reward first, so that players will slow down in collecting the Grid set.”

“...Don’t you have a conscience?”

“Aren’t I thinking about the players? Aren’t you the only player in the world who can produce underwear with options? Where will people go to get good underwear? They will be happy.”

“ .. ”

Yes, it at least increased defense by one point. Grid was convinced and threw the pile of underwear he made at Lauel.

"I will keep sending them every time I make new underwear."

"It's a good decision, Your Majesty."

"...I should also make socks."

If Grid had a conscience, he would think that 'I should make a good cloak.' It wasn't difficult to produce a quality cloak because Grid intended to mass produce Lantier's Cloak for the evil eyes. Unfortunately, Grid had no conscience. His mind was already full of a method to make cheap socks.

'No, I can't do this in the long run.'

Grid shook his head.

'If I want to tie up the player's feet a bit longer, I have to make a good cloak. In addition, learn how to make socks.'

Grid was at least better than Lauel. As a result, the Overgeared Kingdom was running well. The one problem was what the empire would do about Lubana's rebellion.



"You missed the descendant of the Undefeated King?"

The imperial capital, Titan. The emperor's voice resonated in the imperial palace, one of the most magnificent and beautiful palaces on the continent.

"Useless...! Does it make sense to miss the rebel army?"

Emperor Juander was furious.

His eyes were filled with disdain as he looked at Sword Duke Limit.

"The Red Knights these days are really trivial! This wasn't the case when Piaro was

here!"

"..."

Juander was a powerful person who could claim to be master of the continent. He wasn't stupid. He knew that the present day Red Knights were under the influence of Empress Marie and felt wary towards them. There were a number of cases where they were constrained and weakened.

"I will hold the commander of the army, 1st Knight Mercedes and 2nd Knight Lucas responsible! They will be on probation for three months!"

"Y-Your Majesty...!"

The bowing Sword Duke Limit cried out with surprise. Mercedes and Lucas were the backbone of the Red Knights. It would be a severe blow to the operations of the Red Knights if they were gone for three months. Juander also knew this. Juander spoke before Limit could ask him to reconsider.

"Don't worry. Kyle will take their place for three months."

'Kyle...!'

Kyle was one of the five pillars of the empire. He was the youngest of the five pillars and his ability wasn't perfect right now, but he had great potential. Therefore, he received a lot of favor from Juander. Limit immediately recognized the seriousness of the situation.

'Kyle has a high virtue, but he's actually a snake skilled in propaganda and manipulation.'

The Red Knights were tired from years of continuous warfare. The reason why they could fight without a break was because they were eager to jump forward. No matter how hard they tried, they weren't acknowledged like the Red Knights of the previous generation.

In the meantime, several Red Knights were killed in the former Eternal Kingdom and the 6th Knight Reidorn had recently gone missing. All sorts of rumors spread and the reputation of the Red Knights plummeted. Anxiety dominated them. If their spiritual pillars, Mercedes and Lucas, disappeared and that snake-like Kyle filled the vacancy...

‘Kyle will rule or break the Red Knights. This is His Majesty’s motive.’

This was a chance to concentrate the power distributed by the empress back to Juander, as well as increase the influence of Kyle, who was relatively weak in the five pillars. It was the worst situation for Sword Duke Limit, who belonged to the empress’ faction. But he couldn’t veto it. The leader of the rebel forces. The Red Knights missed the descendant of the Undefeated King, who was the greatest threat to the empire in history.

On the other hand, there was a man watching the conversation between the emperor and the Sword Duke in the form of a quest format. It was the first ranked necromancer and Agnus’ closest subordinate, Veradin.

‘The quest content will change depending on how Limit deals with this.’

Based on circumstances, Kyle was likely to aim the Red Knights at Valhalla. The emperor couldn’t forgive Ares, who dared to take in the descendant of the Undefeated King. What would Limit’s choice be at this time? Would he obediently watch as Kyle destroyed Valhalla and built up publicity?

‘Maybe Agnus and Ares might end up holding hands.’

# Chapter 703

[King's Quest]

It was a large-scale quest created after Grid became king. As the name suggested, Grid had already completed the first king's quest, the King's Role (1). The reward he got at that time was the method to make the King's Sword.

'The reward isn't worth the limited quest.'

Grid hadn't yet been able to proceed with the quest King's Role (2). The quest's level limit was 350. However, he reached level 357 after returning from the Behen Archipelago. It was now possible to proceed with the King's Role (2).

[The King's Role (2)]

You have experienced the lives of the people and learned their suffering.

Please resolve the troubles of the people.

Quest Clear Conditions: Give the necessary help to 5,000 people.

Quest Clear Rewards: Political Power stat will open. The next linked King's Quest.

\* It counts if other members of the royal family help the people.

"Crazy."

It wasn't 100 or 1,000, but helping 5,000 people? How long would it take? Fortunately, Grid had experienced the lives of the people as he proceeded through the King's Role (1) quest. Grid remembered how the people of each class had suffered and knew how to help them. But it was too much to help 5,000 people. It was obvious that it would take a great deal of time.

“Ah... I can't say anything bad.”

Yes, curses didn't emerge. He was aware of the intentions of the quest. The King's Role (2) was to supplement what was lacking in the kingdom. In other words, it was a guide to reconstruction the nation. If he steadily carried out the quest, the Overgeared Kingdom would grow. The problem was time.

‘It is a very long-term quest...’

If he helped 10 people a day, the quest would take 500 days. It would take even more time if Grid had to leave the kingdom.

“Hah... The quest will be completed in a few years...”

The moment Grid was giving a deep sigh.

[The royal princess Ruby has already helped more than 5,000 people. The condition for the King's Role (2) quest has been fulfilled.]

[The King's Role (2) quest has been completed.]

[As a quest reward, the political power stat will open.]

[You will be able to proceed with the next King's Quest 'Choice' at level 370.]

“...”

Grid couldn't understand the situation. Question marks appeared over his head.

“What?”

What was the relationship between this quest and Ruby? The puzzled Grid then confirmed the phrase, ‘It counts if other members of the royal family help the people.’

“Unbelievable... The good deeds Ruby as accumulated as Saintess counts?”

Of course, not all good works were counted. It only counted the good deeds after Grid set up the Overgeared Kingdom and Ruby became royalty. Yet she already helped 5,000 people...

Grid recalled that Ruby was the person with the biggest achievement when recovering from the damage after the war.

"My sister is really diligent and nice. I will kiss her when I log out later... No, I will be hit if I do that."

His sister was very good. Grid smiled.

At the same time, Valhalla.

"This is finally the 399th...!"

His level was higher than Grid so Ares quickly started the King's Role (2) quest. He was once again wandering the capital and doing 'good deeds.'

"Puah! It is really hard!"

He wanted to hit someone a few times in the middle. He was busy and often felt discomfort doing this. But Ares decided to think positively. It was a pleasure to see the people's happiness when he helped them but he was comforted to think that Grid, who just broke through level 350, would be suffering the same thing.

'Grid, would you have served 30 people by now? Puhaha, how pitiful.'

A laugh emerged.

"Have strength Grid! Let's share our hardships! Kuhahahat!"



[Political Power]

Improves efficiency of various domestic activities.

\* The higher the number, the higher the effect.

“Um.”

Political power was a stat held by politicians, some hidden classes, royalty, and merchants. Rabbit had a high political power stat. It would apply to various domestic affairs. For example, if he was appointed as head of market development, the rate of market development would greatly increase. Political power and intelligence were totally separate. The political power stat was a necessary virtue for politicians.

‘I got it.’

LaueI, who had been in charge of the Overgeared Guild and kingdom’s internal affairs for several years had only opened up political power after achieving the title of ‘prime minister.’ It was a stat that was difficult to obtain. Grid had believed that the political power stat would never open for him.

‘Good.’

The effect of the stat was absolute. In the future, Grid would be able to carry out the role of domestic affairs without any knowledge. He was moved by the fact that he finally became a king and moved. His destination was the smithy. It was to design Lantier’s mass produced cloak and to make a crown for himself. This was Grid’s next task.



“This is enough.”

Designing Lantier’s mass produced cloak wasn’t difficult. He solved it by using the original design of Lantier’s Cloak and replacing the materials with those that were cheaper and easier to obtain.

"Khan, please hand out this design to the blacksmiths. The advanced blacksmiths should be able to easily understand the design, right?"

“Um, I think so.”

Khan verified the contents of the drawing that Grid handed him and nodded. Grid’s

expression was very dark. It was because the wrinkles on Khan's face had deepened after a few months. He felt that time was running out whenever he looked at Khan.

'Is there no such thing as medicine for eternal life?'

Human life span wasn't infinite and the lifespan of an NPC was even shorter. Grid was afraid of parting with Khan. He wanted Khan to live forever. Khan saw Grid's expression and struck his own chest.

"Do you see this steel body? This old geezer is still fine. Your Majesty doesn't need to worry."

"..."

His health gauge decreased from his own attack. Grid's sadness grew so large that it couldn't be controlled. But he tried not to express it on the outside. He was afraid that he would bother Khan.

"I'm not worried about your health. Why would I worry when I know how strong you are? I only feel bad because the smell of a widower is getting worse."

"Hoh, smell of a widower?"

Grid sniffed his body and struggled to look bright.

"Don't you want to remarry? Won't a family appease your loneliness?"

Khan had been alone for a long time since his wife and son died. Grid was worried that Khan would live alone and closed his eyes. There were many cases where elderly people living alone were only discovered after a long time. Did he know Grid's heart or not?

"How can I be lonely? I have a family."

"..."

Khan's cheery smile struck Grid's heart.



‘How do I intentionally attach stats to items?’

Among the effects of the First King title, there was an item slot increase. Grid could wear a helmet and crown at the same time. He stood in front of an anvil before making a new crown and longed for the stamina stat.

‘Stamina not only increases defense and health, but also the rate of health recovery. It seems to be directly linked to health.’

That’s right. Now Grid had a desire to present Khan with a stamina item. He had the vague belief that Khan would live longer if his stamina could be increased. In addition, Grid needed the stamina stat. His defense was already so high that it was hard to increase. However, the defense value wasn’t fully applied to those with higher levels and many people had a defense bypass skill. Grid felt the need to increase his total health.

In the end.

“Sticks!”

Grid left the smithy and ran to the Overgeared Academy. As always, he was dependent on the sage’s knowledge.

“What is a way to make a battle gear that raises stamina?”

"You must use alchemy."

"Alchemy..."

Grid frowned. He still felt negative about alchemy that attached the coolness option to Iyarugt.

"I’m aware that you don’t believe in alchemy. But alchemy is a field that has a high probability of failure, but a great effect when succeeding. Rather than unconditionally distrust it, you should depend on it. Of course, you need to invest a lot of money."

Typically, high risk gave high returns. This was alchemy. Grid was bound to have the worst luck.

'But.'

It couldn't be avoided indefinitely. In the first place, didn't he invest a lot of money in the alchemy facility with the goal of making Reidan the second Talima?

'I can't avoid it forever. I have to use it.'

The determined Grid left the academy and he sent a whisper to Lauel.

*-What's the level of the alchemy facility in Reidan?*

*-Intermediate level 8.*

*-Still? Wasn't it intermediate level 8 a few months ago?*

At present, Reidan's alchemy facility had been steadily producing small quantities of the super restorative potions. Grid thought that the level of the alchemy facility would've gone up considerably. Now he felt confused and disappointed.

Lauel explained.

*-In order to effectively raise the level of the alchemy facility, we must focus on development rather than production. But a lot of money is required for development. Recently, we haven't been able to fund the alchemy facility because we've been offering a tribute to the empire.*

*-The damn empire...*

According to Sticks, the alchemy facility needed to be at least intermediate level 9 to have a high probability of attaching stats. The empire was always grabbing onto his ankle. Grid's grudge against the empire gradually deepened.

*-Is there a way to screw with the empire?*

*-There is one way.*

As expected from Lauel. He immediately responded to Grid's emotional question.

*-What is that method?*

*-Go to Valhalla. The emperor can't forgive Ares, who dared to take in the descendant of the Undefeated King. He will certainly dispatch troops to Valhalla.*

*-Go and help? But then won't the problem become serious?*

*-The situation is different from when you joined the Belto Kingdom war.*

*-If we fight with Valhalla this time, we will become the enemy of the empire. I don't know what to expect after that.*

*-Go by yourself. Hide your identity.*

*-...?*

*-As Your Majesty said, the problem will become more serious if the Overgeared Kingdom officially helps Valhalla. The next target after Valhalla will be Overgeared. Thus, help Valhalla secretly. While you are gone, I will plan a strategy to attack the vampire cities.*

*-Kukuk... This should be interesting.*

Grid's shoulders started shaking. He was glad that he had a chance to strike the empire in the back.

'I will do it properly.'

The excited Grid! Lauel warned him.

*-You do know that if you don't want to be found by the empire, you can't just cover your face, but Pagma's Swordsmanship as well.*

*-...? O-Of course. In the first place, can't I use a basic attack?*

*-... You didn't know. Act with moderation. Based on what's going on in the empire, Valhalla won't fall.*

At the same time, Titan.

[Secret Mission]

Difficulty: SSS

You have received a secret mission from Sword Duke Limit.

In order to prevent Kyle from building up achievements, support Valhalla and fight Kyle.

The imperial household has yet to identify the members of the Rose Knights, so you don't need to worry about your identity being discovered.

However, please avoid killing as many Red Knights as possible.

Quest Clear Conditions: Kyle's death or making him flee.

Quest Clear Reward: Death Ruler's Staff. Affinity with Sword Duke Limit will increase by 50.

"Kikikik, what type of quest is this? I have to help Ares fight the five pillars?"

"You should refuse. Kyle might be the weakest of the five pillars, but..."

"What if I don't want to~? Why would I refuse this interesting quest? Kikikik! Kuhahahahat!"

"..."

An unidentified person also headed to Valhalla.

# Chapter 704

[The Saharan Empire has declared war on the Valhalla Kingdom!]

[The relationship between the Valhalla Kingdom and the Saharan Empire has become 'hostile'!]

[There are various restrictions on exchanges and activities of the people of the two countries!]

These notification windows appeared to all the players belonging to Valhalla. But few people were confused or frightened. From the time when the Ares Army rescued the descendant of the Undefeated King, or when they refused to give a tribute to the empire, the people of Valhalla were ready for this event.

"I don't wish for war!"

*Chatter chatter!*

Ares' powerful voice resonated in the capital's square. The outward appearance of Ares planted awe and trust in the hearts of the people.

"In the future, we will enter into an infinite war with the empire! This war won't end until one of us is destroyed!"

Ares was the god of war. The battlefield proved the reason for his existence. He planned to develop himself and his army, then Valhalla, through wars. The Undefeated King's descendant candidate, Oasis, had a question.

'What is behind this confidence?'

After joining Valhalla, Oasis was surprised when he grasped Valhalla's power. After absorbing the Belto Kingdom, the population of Valhalla was now around 700,000. There were only 50,000 troops. The difference in national power with the empire, which was known to have a 10 million strong army, couldn't be disputed. Valhalla

couldn't survive the war with the empire. It could be destroyed within as little as a few days.

Ares came down from the podium after his speech and explained to the questioning Oasis.

"The army that I command directly gains 200% more experience during a war. I also have the Plundering skill. I can take away the food, property, and troops of the enemies or enemy territory. If I use it well, Valhalla will be able to make a breakthrough in this war."

Ares was an existence that specialized in war. His army wasn't just strong, but boasted an extraordinary persistence.

"A base that can be hostile to the empire. Well, it would've been more ideal to grow step by step fighting against a small country rather than the empire."

Unfortunately, it wasn't possible. Most kingdoms on the continent were already tributaries of the empire. If they touched anything belonging to the empire, then they would become hostile to the empire. Therefore, the first place he tried to stare at was the Overgeared Kingdom. But Ares chose to become allies rather than enemies with Grid.

Oasis asked him.

"I understand your abilities. But your opponent is the empire. If they dispatch a large army to destroy you instantly, your ability would have no meaning."

Ares laughed. It was an excited laugh.

"I don't move without thinking. The reason why I chose a war with the empire is due to the instability of the empire. The empire is currently divided into several factions and doesn't have the capacity to focus on one place."

"But the Red Knights..."

Oasis knew the terror of the Red Knights. Solo number knights. Among them, the fifth knight upwards was on a different dimension. Ares also knew this fact.

"The Red Knights right now aren't fearful." There was a meaningful smile on Ares' face.

“I’ve received intelligence that the first and second knights are on probation. We know from experience that the Fourth Knight only emerges in special cases and the third and fifth knights alone can’t stop my army.”

There was another reason why Ares was confident. People needed to move through Liberon Forest to go from the Saharan Empire to the Valhalla. It was filled with a large number of doppelgangers and Ares planned to fully exploit the area with difficult terrain.

“The empire will just be my army’s prey. Puhuhut!”



"Liberon Forest is visible in front."

The wave of 50,000 troops was spectacular. The best part was the Red Knights at the forefront of the great army. The Red Knights. The strongest knights of the continent, which symbolized the imperial power, were gathered at the front of 50,000 troops.

“Hmmm... Isn’t it much bigger than I thought?”

The white-haired man looking at the exterior of the forest was the Third Knight, Lorex. He seemed to be over 40 years old and one of the five pillars, Kyle, was next to him. Kyle was white from head to toe. White hair, eyebrows, skin, even lips and eyes. It was a bizarre impression.

"The forest is a good place to set traps and ambushes..."

Kyle started to observe Liberon Forest. It was common sense since the bushes were thick and not one animal sound could be heard. Lorex laughed. A respectful attitude couldn’t be found at all.

"Liberon Forest is different from ordinary forests. It’s so infested with doppelgangers that it’s difficult to place traps."

"But from the enemy’s point of view, isn’t Liberon Forest their territory? Won’t they be more likely to figure out the terrain?"

“No. You will soon experience it but the most terrifying aspect of Liberon Forest is its

high temperature and humidity. It is virtually impossible for ordinary people to work or wait in there. Especially if they are armored soldiers.

This was why Lorex stopped the march ahead of the forest. It would take around 4 hours and 30 minutes to break through the forest at normal speed. Lorex decided that it was important for the soldiers to recover their stamina prior to marching through the forest.

*Clap clap clap!*

Kyle nodded and firmly clapped. Then he laughed and praised Lorex.

“Sir Lorex is correct. I’ve heard a lot of stories about the Third Knight and there is a reason for it. You have a good grasp of the enemy’s position and are careful. I admire you.”

“Huh... This is really...”

Lorex made a cynical expression and scratched the back of his head.

Who was Kyle? He was one of the five pillars who hadn’t been able to accumulate any achievements, but he had obtained the emperor’s favor. The reputation of the five pillars was higher than the Red Knights, who had fought without rest, so Lorex really hated them. He perceived them as someone with the emperor behind them. He had been furious when he heard that Kyle would lead the Red Knights in place of Mercedes.

But what actually happened? Kyle was humble and knew how to respect the Red Knights. Despite being appointed as chief commander of this war, he delegated all authority to Lorex and was gracious to the Red Knights.

‘Indeed, the five pillars don’t have direct experience. They are raised so high because of His Majesty.’

It was the will of the emperor to replace Mercedes and Kyle was just performing the command of the emperor.

‘Limit says I should be on guard. I won’t release my tension, but I won’t bother to hate him.’

Hum hum, Lorex coughed before giving an order to the army.

"The break is over! We will enter the forest!"



"They're coming."

Liberon Forest. It was a completely abandoned land when it belonged to the Belto Kingdom. But from the moment Ares considered a war with the empire after capturing the Belto Kingdom, he regarded Liberon Forest as an important base. The rest reason was that all the Valhalla soldiers had the 'Climate Adjustment' ability to adapt to the temperature of the forest.

That's right. Ares' soldiers had adapted to the temperature of Liberon Forest. In addition, they were able to grasp the terrain of the forest through training.

"The Red Knights' ability to detect the presence of the enemy is the best. Wait for them to go deep into the forest. Attack as soon as you see them."

Ares commanded the soldiers and they nodded silently. They were stationed all over Liberon Forest. They couldn't make a sound to let the enemy know where they were.

"Now!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The rear of Liberon Forest. The 50,000 imperial army were already exhausted from moving through the forest for more than three hours. At this point, the 50,000 large Ares Army led by Ares emerged from the bushes and attacked with arrows or swords. The imperial army couldn't cope.

"W-What is this?"

"E... enemy! Kuaaaak!"

"Ambush...!"

The imperial army were exhausted from moving through the hot forest. They moved without considering an ambush and were helpless in front of Valhalla's surprise attack. The empire soldiers turned to grey while the Valhalla soldiers were surrounded by golden pillars of light. It was the signal of a level-up and was the

prelude to a fiercer onslaught.

“Keep the momentum up!”

Every time Ares attacked, the morale and stats of the Valhalla army increased. Due to the Valhalla army becoming stronger in real time, the confusion of the imperial army intensified.

"H-Hik...!"

“Kuaaaack!”

There was an unexpected ambush and the enemies became stronger as they fought? As the number of collapsing colleagues increased, so did the fear of the imperial army.

At this time.

“Areeees!”

Third Knight Lorex rushed towards Ares. He had fought Ares in the past and won. He thought he could subdue Ares in five strikes like before.

“This time I will have your head!”

He couldn't leave this mistake alone! Lorex was angry as he remembered the loss of the soldiers and leapt towards Ares, his large axe moving in a half-moon arc. In the past, Ares had commanded 10,000 troops and failed to defend against this attack, suffering serious injury. But Ares was currently leading an army of 50,000. This caused a 25% increase in his stats! In addition, there were a separate slight increase in attack and defense.

“I'm different from before!”

*Peeeeeeong!*

"What?"

Lorex's axe was stopped? Lorex was startled. He couldn't believe that the guy who had fallen to one blow of his axe a few months ago could now exert such power. Lorex wielded his axe in rapid succession.

"Let's see you stop this!"

"Oh my, isn't this disgusting?"

Ares' right hand was numb just from defending against a blow. He had no confidence in defending himself. Ares hurriedly avoided the axe and left it to Scott and Luck.

"Tie up the feet of that monster!"

"We'll both charge!"

*Peeng!*

Luck answered energetically! His small shield hit Lorex in the back of his head and attracted the aggro from Ares. Then it was Scott's sword. Both of them used high class skills.

"Silly things like this!"

It didn't even make a dent on Lorex's health gauge. The Third Knight. He was weak compared to the first and second knights, but he wasn't at a level that players could deal with.

*Kwajak!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

The axe swung by Lorex blew away Scott and Luck's bodies at the same time. However, the Ares Army didn't shrink back. Lorex's dance was in the range they had foreseen.

"Block it all together!"

The top rankers of the Ares Army started to help Scott and Luck. Lorex was preoccupied as dozens of third advancement users attacked at the same time.

"These people! Help Sir Lorex!"

The Fifth Knight and other Red Knights busy with the army belatedly tried to help Lorex. Ares saw the scene and shouted.

“Now! Activate the trap!”

“...!!”

The eyes of the Red Knights widened. The ground suddenly fell and they were swallowed up by a large pit. Ares held his belly and laughed from above them.

“Puhahat! You morons~ I wouldn’t be unprepared against monsters like you... gasp!”

Ares screamed. The 20 meter deep pit that he had his soldiers dig. The Fifth Knight jumped up from the huge pit that had taken a fortnight to complete. It was a ridiculous physical ability.

"Hey, isn't this a scam!?"

It was bad. Ares, who tried to kill as many enemy soldiers as possible while the Red Knights were tied up, was frustrated since the physical abilities of the Fifth Knight surpassed his expectations. The moment Ares detected danger.

*Peng!*

*Pepepepeok!*

Large explosions were successively heard from the imperial army. The eyes of the Red Knights, Ares and everyone else on the battlefield turned in that direction.

“What is this...?”

Red lightning fell from the sky. It penetrated the bodies of the armored soldiers and broke through the empire’s military camp.

"Did a demon king appear...?"

Black flames swallowed up the entire imperial camp in the forest. There was constant splash damage and hundreds of soldiers were continuously destroyed. It was unbelievable attack power.

“W-What? A monster without mana restrictions?”

What type of crazy creature could kill a great army with infinite use of such skills?

Ares gulped. He didn't think such a boss monster would be sleeping in Liberon Forest.

"Ares! We can't let our army get caught up! We should retreat!"

Scott escaped from Lorex in the turmoil and shouted. He expected the mysterious monster to reach here after cutting through the empire's forces. It was the same for Ares. He was unable to visually confirm the appearance of the monster because it was hidden by the army, but he could imagine that it wasn't ordinary.

"Full retreat! Retreat!"

Lorex and the Red Knights were busy trying to control their army. Now was the time to retreat. The moment Ares gave the order without hesitation and turned his horse.

"I am the Basic Attack King."

The unidentified monster who penetrated through the imperial army appeared and introduced himself as the 'Basic Attack King.'

# Chapter 705

On the surface, the Overgeared Kingdom was neutral. Recently, they stopped giving tribute to the empire and even had two tributaries, so many people misunderstood the Overgeared Kingdom as a great power.

But what was the reality? They were surrounded by enemies on all sides. There was no statement more appropriate to express the reality of the kingdom. The Saharan Empire was a male lion and the Overgeared Kingdom was a deer stuck in a group of female lions. From the perspective of the empire, the Overgeared Kingdom was a meal to be cooked and eaten at any time.

Grid was resentful of this reality. The kingdom that he and his colleagues worked hard to build up was just like a sand castle.

*Sigh.*

‘Don’t look at me.’

Grid couldn’t miss the opportunity to weaken the empire’s power. He believed that every time he defeated an imperial soldier, he would save the life of one Overgeared resident. He abandoned any recognition.

◇ ◇ ◇

[You have dealt 17,870 damage to the target!]

[The option effect of the Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires has added 5,000 fire damage!]

[You have dealt 20,100 damage to the target!]

[The target has died!]

[Your demonic power has increased by one.]

This was the result of combining Grid's 3,000 points in strength and the power of the Enlightenment Lightning Sword. The imperial soldiers couldn't withstand two of Grid's strikes and turned to grey. There was no meaning in the level that was over 230 and their armor.

The Enlightenment Lightning Sword increased physical attack by 20%, fire damage by 30%, dark damage by 30%, and lightning damage by 15%. In addition to the options, Grid's passive ability itself was very outstanding.

Weapons Mastery that was obtained in the Behen Archipelago was intermediate level 5 and added 17% attack power, Pagma's Swordsmanship Lv. 4 increase attack power by 34% when deactivated and the Dominion's Blessing on the pavranium increased attack power by 15%.

Bufs, bufs, bufs, and Pagma's Swordsmanship overlapped to give Grid's 'basic attack.'

Was that all?

[The option effect of the Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires has summoned a red lightning bolt!]

[You have dealt 44,900 damage to the target!]

[The target is caught in an electric shock for 1.2 seconds!]

[The target has died!]

[The option effect 'Black Flames' has activated from the Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires!]

[Splash damage equal to 300% of your total attack power has hit all targets in a 10 meter radius!]

[The target has died!]

[The target has died...]

[The target has died...]

[The target has...]

...

[Your demonic power has increased by 232.]

The various options attached to the Enlightenment Lightning Sword exploded out with Grid's basic attacks. It was the continuous manifestation of mythical skills that didn't consume resources. It was an invincible figure.

"Kuaaaaak!"

Pandemonium! Grid's 'basic attack' that was stronger than a player's skills instantly destroyed the camp of the imperial forces.

"The enemy...! The enemy is behind us!"

"Hundreds of people collapsed in one blast...! It must be a great magician!"

"When did a great magician come to Valhalla? Che! Be careful of large-scale magic!"

The imperial army was the strongest army on the continent. They quickly resolved the chaos from Valhalla's ambush and Grid's subsequent attack. What was the identity of the enemy that emerged in the rear, how many numbers, how to cope with it, etc. The imperial army moved quickly based on their good command system. They identified the explosion of red lightning and black flames in succession as part of a magic system. The soldiers set up special magic shields against magic in the front while the minstrels sang songs that slowed the casting of magic.

It was a foolish move.

"What? Why are you digging your own grave?"

Grid's sword swept across the sea of enemies. He felt that the battle had become easier because the troops had less armor than before. He wondered if there were spies hiding inside the empire that were helping him.

"I don't know what it is, but thanks!"

*Puk!*

*Puuok!*

Four times per second! Grid's attack speed when armed with Alex's Quick Gloves was like a flash itself. The soldiers targeted by Grid died within one second and dozens of those within 10 meters of the target were affected.

*Peng!*

*Pepepepeong!*

The terrain of the forest was rough. The explosion of the black flames was like a disaster itself from the viewpoint of the imperial army. Every time the black flames exploded, hundreds of people turned to grey. It seemed like it wouldn't take long for the 50,000 army to be annihilated.

Captain Beit of the imperial army couldn't close his mouth.

"W-What? What is that monster?"

It was five minutes after the enemy's surprise attack. Beit broke through the rear of the army and was able to visually confirm the approaching enemy. The opponent wasn't a magician like he expected. He was holding a sword in one hand and there was only one opponent. Every time he swung the sword once...

"Kuock!"

Blood would spurt.

*Kwajijjik!*

*Peeng!*

There was either a red lightning bolt or black flames. The camp of the imperial army that was as solid as a fortress? It didn't function in front of this monster.

"I didn't know there was such a talented person in Valhalla...!"

The opponent wielded the sword at a pace that was hard to follow with the eyes. How

much infinite mana did he have to keep using flames, lightning, and dark power? Beit saw the man whose face was covered with a straw hat as equal to the solo number knights. It should be worth at least the 5th one!

“Sir Lorex...! Ask for support from Sir Lorex!”

The distance with the swordsman was gradually narrowing. Hundreds of troops were slaughtered every time the man got closer. Beit felt a great crisis. He saw that the rear of the army would collapse if this kept continuing. He thought that the power of the Red Knights was necessary.

He cried out urgently. “The Red Knights have fallen into the enemy’s trap!”

"Lorex is being attacked by the enemy leaders...!"

Only desperate reports were heard in succession.

“This... Everyone retreat! I will stop him!”

In the end, Beit moved directly. He was a captain of the empire. It might not be comparable to the Red Knights, but he was confident in his ability. He didn’t doubt that he could tie up this monster for a brief time.

‘Lizzie, I’m sorry. I can’t keep my promise to return safely.’

Beit kissed the pendant around his neck before confronting the monster. It was a farewell to his beloved wife.

“For His Majesty!”

"Waaahhhhhhh!"

Captain Beit was determined to change the atmosphere of the battlefield. He wouldn’t cower against the monster and raise the morale of the soldiers...

*Puk!*

*Puuok!*

“Kuock!”

...Or he tried. Beit was running wonderfully on horseback. He was slain by the unidentified monster in the straw hat. It was eight strikes compared to the other soldiers but there was only one or two seconds of difference.

"T-The captain was so easily..."

"Hiik...! Run away! Run away!"

It was poison, since Beit was a person who was usually envied by the soldiers. The morale of the imperial soldiers fell and reached a point that couldn't be controlled.

"He isn't an ordinary person...! Not only are his skills excellent, he also knows our internal situation!"

The other captains were surprised when they witnessed Beit's death. They interpreted it as the intentional sniping from the enemy.

The enemy knew the army would fall into a bad shape after Beit's death and planned thoroughly.

"An amazing guy...! Shit! There's no time to fix the army! Retreat to where the Red Knights are!"

A player above a certain level couldn't be overpowered with numbers. The captains of the imperial army were aware of this grim reality thanks to watching the solo number knights. Therefore, they decided to quickly retreat. It was easier thanks to Grid's activities. He reached the head of the imperial army, cutting down the treating imperial forces.

Why did he move forward towards where the Red Knights were? Of course, it was to attack the Red Knights.

"I am the Basic Attack King."

It was the battlefield where the Ares Army and the Red Knights were fighting fiercely. Grid arrived there and declared after feeling attention on himself.

"The Red Knights of the empire. The empire is overpowering because you exist. Thus, I won't allow you to exist."

“...”

There was an awkward silence. There were two reasons for this. The Red Knights were overwhelmed by Grid’s presence while the Ares Army...

“Grid...?”

“...”

A chuuni with the worst naming sense! Was there anyone in the world other than Grid? The Ares troops had seen the video of Overgeared King Grid shouting 100,000 Army Massacre Sword and were convinced that the monster’s identity was Grid. Of course, Grid denied it.

"Grid is the Overgeared King and I am the Basic Attack King."

“...I-I see.”

Ares nodded. He realized it wouldn’t be good if Grid’s identity was discovered here. He decided to follow Grid’s actions. Then he felt excited at the same time.

‘How strong is he?’

Ares admitted that there were many people stronger than him. There was Kraugel, Grid, Agnus, as well as Luck and Scott. He respected and admired many people. But unconsciously, he had the idea that Kraugel was unique. That was, until now.

‘The one who reached the sky.....’

The video of the 2nd National Competition passed through Ares’ mind. Grid was the one who had pushed Kraugel to the verge of death. Now he was...

'Does he have the power to break the sky?'

*Hwaruruk!*

Ares gulped while the red color of the sword in Grid’s hand heated up. The Enlightenment Lightning Sword. The best sword made by Grid aimed at Third Knight Lorex.

“Let’s fight.”

“Come!”

Lorex roared. He had no intention of forgiving the monster who suddenly appeared and slaughtered his soldiers. The opponent wasn’t someone that the soldiers could overpower, so he knew he had to do it himself.

"In front of our Red Knights, you’re just a frog in a well! I will paint despair on the face that is covered by that hat!"

*Kurururung!*

The red armor that Lorex was wearing became redder. It was the true power of the Red Armor that had the ability to amplify the wearer’s stats. It meant that Lorex acknowledged Grid. At this time.

[A strong aura has been detected. Your fighting energy reacts and has started to boil.]

[From now on, fighting energy will naturally rise by 1 every 10 seconds.]

Grid smiled widely as he realized the true value of fighting energy.

"Let’s see."

A knight who represented the continent and the hero of heroes. Who was stronger?

# Chapter 706

'He isn't shrinking back?'

Lorex was startled. It was because he confirmed the smile that spread on the face of the enemy.

'Is he insane?'

Who was this person?

The Third Knight. As one of the powerhouses in the empire and the whole continent, everyone feared Lorex. However, the man in front of him was smiling. Lorex couldn't think he was anything but crazy.

"I've seen many people who are terrified and sick when they see me..."

Surprise turned into anger. The blood vessels on Lorex's forehead bulged.

"This is the first time I've seen someone smiling!"

*Peeng!*

Lorex didn't feel the need to speak for long. It was shameful that the man in front of him killed all his soldiers. He would erase this person from the world.

"You broke through 50,000 troops? I can also do that easily! I will let you know how wide the world outside the well is!"

*Sukakak!*

Lorex roared and the glow around his axe caused the atmosphere to shake. It was a shockwave generated by a mighty force. The stones became ashes in front of it. Ares saw it and shouted urgently.

"Don't take it head on! He has a strength of at least 5,000! You have to unconditionally avoid it!"

Ares was aware that his advice to Grid was pointless. Lorex wasn't a stupid fool. He was agile and clever. There was no avoiding it, despite knowing the attack was strong. It was too fast, the orbit was perfect, and it couldn't be defended against. The moment it was blocked, there would be a big shock that would lead to the road of destruction. Ares' evaluation of the Third Knight was 'overwhelming even at Kraugel's prime.'

'I don't want to admit it, but this is reality!'

The level of the players hadn't yet reached 400. The solo number knights were the top talents that couldn't be defeated unless the player had their fourth advancement. That's what Ares thought.

"How do I avoid this?"

Grid's hobby was destroying common sense.

*Peeeeeeok!*

Lorex's axe struck Grid's chest.

[You have suffered 14,300 damage.]

It was great damage despite the fact that Triple Layers greatly reduced physical damage. But he stood firmly.

*Puk!*

*Puuok!*

Four times per second. It was a counterattack against Lorex.

[You have dealt 6,900 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 7,630 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 8,400 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 9,390 damage to the target!]

[The option effect of the Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires has summoned red flames. Additional 5,000 damage will be dealt.]

That's right. He was overgeared and he struck harder with his items. It was the unique overgeared battle style.

“Kuk...?”

Lorex's eyes shook after being hit by the four blows. He felt strange anxiety for the accumulated damage on his side.

‘It's amazing that he survived my attack, but his attack seems to grow stronger with every hit...?’

*Kwajajajak!*

Lorex was one of the strongest in the world. Despite being embarrassed by the counterattack, his body was constantly moving. While allowing Grid's attack, his axe struck Grid's shoulder.

[Critical!]

It was a proper hit. Lorex believed that Grid's body would naturally break apart. He tugged at the axe in Grid's shoulder and tried to tear the armor. However.

‘It isn't budging?’

An armor with multiple layers. The extreme sturdiness didn't fit its elegant appearance and Lorex's axe didn't crack it one bit. Well, there were no problems up to here. There were many excellent armor in the world. Lorex's axe was famous for

tearing steel like paper, but he didn't always cut down armor.

The real problem occurred afterwards. The barbs of the armor started to damage Lorex's axe.

*Kkirik!*

*Kiiiiikik!*

"...!!"

The surprised Lorex wanted to retrieve his axe, but it was already too late.

*Pasak!*

Lorex's axe barely escaped from the gap in the barbs and cracked slightly. It was the effect of the 'Sword Breaker' option attached to Triple Layers.

"Hit me as much as you want. Let's see if I will die first or if your axe can't be used anymore."

*Gulp gulp.*

Grid declared to Lorex while drinking a health potion. He stabbed at Lorex's side without a break. Whenever he accumulated an attack to the same target, his attack power increased.

[You have dealt 14,300 damage to the target!]

"Huup!"

On the 10th blow, Lorex's side was slightly dented. It was a phenomenon caused by physical pain.

"This guyyyyy!"

*Wuuong. Kwang!*

*Wuuong! Kwajak!*

Lores swung the axe successively and Grid couldn't escape. But every time he was struck by a counterattack, damage accumulated.

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

An awkward silence filled the battlefield as the confrontation between the two people deepened. Ares made a blank expression as he uttered.

“Isn't this a complete dog fight...?”

No high rated skills could be seen in the confrontation. It was like little kids fighting.

*Nod nod.*

Everyone nodded as if they agreed with Ares. It was friends and foes alike.

‘Well, I'm not joking.’

Ares' expression became deeply shadowed. Grid and Lorex. The difference between the two was obvious to anyone. They were a player and NPC. The player's health was decided by stats, titles, and items, but the NPC's health level was adjusted separately. In particular, the health of a named NPC was as high as a boss monster, making it tens or hundreds of times higher than a player. While Grid's health gauge dropped by 1/7th or 1/6th every time he allowed an attack, Lorex's health gauge was still healthy.

‘In this state, Grid has no chance. Let's get rid of the Fifth Knight and look for an opportunity to help... ’

The moment Ares thought this.

“Eh...?”

Sounds of admiration were heard. Liberon Forest had a high temperature and thick water vapor. Now a red and purple aura started to be emitted from Grid's body, which

had been hidden by the thick water vapor. It was fighting energy. In fact, Grid was wrapped in fighting energy since he first appeared but other people couldn't see it because of the blood and water vapor. But as the color became thicker, it became visible through the water vapor.

[Fighting energy has reached 50 points.]

*Jjang!*

*Jjeejeeong!*

"Kuoh...!"

Lorex's eyes widened as he allowed an attack from Grid. He couldn't believe how much stronger the attack was.

"I see...! You're a berserker!"

He felt that Grid's defense was too high for a berserker, but he was forced to think like this. Grid shook his head at Lorex's shout.

"Berserker? No."

"????"

"It's a basic attack."

"Ik...! What nonsense does this guy keep saying!?"

Lorex was filled with anger. He was furious at Grid's response. He roared like a beast and unleashed an onslaught.

◇ ◇ ◇

[You have suffered 14,600 damage.]

[Fighting energy has reached 60 points.]

[You have dealt 15,660 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 15,710 damage to the target!]

[You have recovered 1,885 health thanks to Elfin Stone's Ring!]

[The experience of Elfin Stone's Ring has increased by 0.3%!]

'This bastard, his endurance is monster-like.'

Two minutes had passed since Lorex started the battle. But it felt like Grid had been fighting for 30 minutes or 1 hour. It was a battle that allowed one hit per second and four counterattacks. Grid's stamina could afford it, but his mental power couldn't. He needed to focus his concentration and power every second.

That's right. Grid felt a strong sense of mental pressure.

*Kwajak!*

'I think he is equipped with a passive blood-sucking ability.'

Grid coughed up blood as his chest was hit by the axe and watched Lorex's health gauge. It seemed to be rising a bit.

'Damn bastard... It seems to be a passive skill since he doesn't use too many active skills. That makes it stronger.'

Grid was well aware that Lorex was stronger than him. It was because his flat damage was much stronger than Madra and the experience of items such as Elfin Stone's Ring, Tiramet's Belt, and the God Hands increased more than when he fought Madra. He thought carefully about it. He concentrated carefully in order to not miss anything. Then he reached a conclusion.

'I don't have a chance of victory.'

It seemed virtually impossible to defeat Lorex, who had more than 10 million health,

with basic attacks.

'It might be possible with Pagma's Swordsmanship.'

This monster-like persistence? He would be able to neutralize it with the overwhelming offensive power of Pagma's Swordsmanship. But the current Grid couldn't use any techniques that symbolized the Overgeared King. It was because his identity couldn't be discovered.

So? Was he going to run away because there was no chance?

'No.'

It felt different from when he met Yangban Garam and First Knight Mercedes. Lorex's presence fell far short of them. In addition, Grid had a high opinion of himself. It wasn't arrogance. A hero of heroes, was it an easy title to obtain? Grid trusted his skills.

'Think about it, Youngwoo. How can I beat this guy?'

"Kuhahahaha! You must be tired!"

'This!'

He had been thinking too deeply. Grid blanked out for one second. He didn't strike back and in the gap, Lorex used a skill. The blue black aura around Lorex's axe flooded towards Grid. The ripple of energy at the end of the axe looked like it was about to explode. It was likely to be an attack in the form of splash damage like the black flames.

'I can't stop it when I can't even stop his basic attacks. Shit, I have to use Quick Movements for evasive purposes...!'

But it was better than losing the immortal passive. Grid determined and was about to use Quick Movements.

'Wait? Explode?'

An object passed through his mind. As Lorex's axe flew towards his face, Grid pulled out a large fabric.

Cloak?

No, it was a piece of cloth.

“Grid...! Eh?”

Ares judged that Grid was in danger when Lorex used the skill. He ran out to help Grid only to freeze in place. He felt something when he saw Grid pulled out a piece of cloth. Right then, Lorex’s axe hit Grid. No, he cut the piece of cloth before it hit Grid.

Lorex snorted.

‘This guy really is crazy!’

He must be crazy to block Volcano Axe that could destroy the whole area with a piece of cloth. Well, he could understand. Volcano Axe was a strong technique that couldn’t be blocked or avoided. There was nothing strange about doing something crazy when it was meaningless to resist.

“...Eh?”

A dark smile appeared on Lorex’s face as he imagined the man being killed by an explosion. His mind went blank for a moment. It was because his axe, which should’ve emitted a powerful energy, became silent the moment it was wrapped in the cloth.

‘What?’

He felt possessed! Lorex couldn’t understand it, but he retreated because his vision was blocked. Grid’s sword stabbed his side. A basic attack as usual? That’s right. But this time, he immediately linked a skill between the basic attacks as usual.

“Unbreakable Justice!”

*Peeeeeeong!*

“...!!”

Lorex’s eyes turned white.

# Chapter 707

[Unbreakable Justice Lv.1 (93.1%)]

Deals 300% of your attack power.

Skill Mana Cost: 350

Skill Cooldown Time: 100 seconds

It was a skill Grid acquired due to the Apostle of Justice title. Pagma's Swordsmanship, Braham's magic, Madra's swordsmanship, etc. Unbreakable Justice was obviously a shabby skill compared with the legendary skills, but it was also classified as a top skill.

The damage coefficient was remarkable. A level 1 wide area skill usually had less than 100% attack power while Unbreakable Justice boasted 300% attack power. Unbreakable Justice was also a skill that activated immediately. It was easy to use because it wasn't a skill that required certain motions like Pagma's Swordsmanship. In fact, the Apostle of Justice's Partner Huroi had long since mastered the skill after obtaining it.

Why? Why did Grid neglect Unbreakable Justice? It was naturally because of Pagma's Swordsmanship. The aforementioned benefits of justice cannot defeat Pagma's swordsmanship and ended up second when compared to justice. The advantages of the above mentioned Unbreakable Justice were minor compared to Pagma's Swordsmanship.

Of course, this didn't mean that Grid didn't use the skill at all. Grid used Unbreakable Justice, Continuous Stab, and Spear Shot in the right place when needed. In particular, Spear Shot was useful in the Tiramet raid and the 2nd National Competition.

*Peeeong!*

[You have dealt 15,730 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 47,200 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 15,710 damage to the target!]

[Fighting energy has reached 61 points.]

[You have dealt 16,050 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 16,090 damage to the target!]

[The black flame explosion...]

[You have dealt 48,040 damage to the target!]

"Kuoh...!"

Unbreakable Justice was linked between basic attacks and once the black flames exploded, Lorex received over 160,000 damage in a second. Grid thought after being hit by Lorex's counterattack.

'It has supplemented some of my lacking attack power. If both the red flames and red lightning summoning options are activated at the same time, the maximum damage will increase to 200,000.'

This was the damage per second. Theoretically, Grid could inflict one million damage in 10 seconds to Lorex. If Lorex boasted tens of millions of health, it was meaningless in front of Grid. The problem was that Lorex wasn't a scarecrow. Lorex countered every time he was hit and Grid's health was less than 100,000. If they kept hitting each other like this, Grid would eventually fall first.

'If this was Kraugel...'

He could've avoided Lorex's axe. Grid was sure Kraugel would one-sidedly attack Lorex without being hit by a counterattack.

'...No.'

Grid shook his head and got rid of the thought. He was tired of comparing himself to Kraugel every time.

'I'm overgeared. The way I fight itself is different from Kraugel.'

He couldn't avoid it? Then it was fine. So what if it hurt? He would have to hurt them back. Grid abandoned the sword.

[You have equipped the Motley Flail.]

"...???"

Lorex was stunned beyond confusion. In the middle of a battle, abandoning the sword to pull out farming equipment?

'Isn't he a real idiot?'

Lorex got goosebumps. It wasn't because the mutt was scary, but because it was dirty! Lorex unknowingly flinched back from Grid. It was apparent he didn't want to associate with Grid. In the gap, Grid swung the flail a few times in the air.

*Buong~ Buong~*

'Okay. Thanks to Alex's Glove, I can also wield the flail four times per second. I am expecting the debuffs.'

The buff expectation value was... Grid disregarded the worst situation.

[Motley Flail.]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 259/259 Attack Power: 143~191

- \* A special effect will occur every time the target is hit. The effect is unpredictable.
- \* Thrashing speed will increase by 150%.
- \* There is no guarantee how the condition of the thrashed grain will change.

It was a farming equipment he made a long time ago. No, a weapon. In the past, Grid determined he had no chance of winning against his clone and depended on the random ability of this flail.

‘I don’t expect the dramatic effect that occurred when I fought my clone. Just a little. It’s enough to drop the attack power for a short time.’

The health loss rate could be made up using potions, Doran’s Ring, and the blood-sucking abilities. It was just enough.

“Go!”

Grid screamed and rushed at Lorex.

“You bastard...!”

Lorex instinctively moved back. Previously, he experienced being incapacitated by the mysterious cloth. He had no choice but to be wary of this farming equipment.



“Unbreakable Justice!”

“...I thought he was the Basic Attack King.”

Ares said as soon as Grid used a skill, but the members of the Ares Army felt admiration. It was because Lorex was greatly shaken by the new skill. Lorex’s health gauge was visibly reduced. The Ares members gulped.

‘Isn’t Grid’s damage crazy?’

‘The attack speed is a scam.’

The Ares troops had fought him a few times and knew how high Lorex's defense was. Even Luck, who had the highest attack power of the Ares members, only dealt 5,000~7,000 damage to Lorex. Grid's basic attack was at least two times stronger than Luck's basic attack and it was twice as fast. It seemed to be even stronger and faster.

'Overgeared...! Is this being overgeared?'

The eyes of the Ares members followed Grid's weapon and gloves. It was the first time they saw both items. Scott trembled.

'Making new items...!'

This was the unrivalled power of a legendary blacksmith. It was a wake-up call.

'A presence that destroys the balance itself.'

There were two main types of players. One levelled up and the other experienced a jackpot. However, it wasn't easy to experience jackpots. In order to get better items, you had to go on more difficult raids. Even if you succeeded in the raid, you couldn't always get the items you want.

This was why there was a limit to the growth rate of players. Most players had a long stagnation period. Particularly for high level players whose level up speed was slow. In many cases, their combat power would be similar to what it was a month ago.

Then what about Grid? He could make and wear top quality items by himself, making the necessity of finding a jackpot obsolete. He could become stronger day by day. After not seeing him for a long time, he was incomparably stronger. Scott was really afraid of Grid.

'There's no answer if he's an enemy. Ares was clever when he decided to become Grid's friend. Huh?'

Scott, who was staring at Grid with awe in his eyes, became stunned.

Grid suddenly put away his sword and pulled out a strange item.

"What is this?"

It wasn't an item he had seen before. Scott frowned as he pondered on it. He realized

that the item Grid pulled out was exactly like the tool that farmers used to thrash grain.

“Flail...? What is he doing when he was fighting so well?”

A confrontation with the strong. He suddenly pulled out farming equipment in an important match that would determine the situation? Scott couldn't understand Grid's actions at all. He wanted to dissect Grid's mind. The soldiers and Ares troops! Everyone had fallen into confusion when Ares shouted.

"I understand...! I know Gri... No, I know the Basic Attack King's intentions!"

“...?!”

Ares quickly figured out the intentions behind pulling out farming equipment during a battle?

“It truly is Ares...! Gri... No, you know the Basic Attack King's intentions?”

The Ares troops admired it and asked questions. Ares made a meaningful look and explained to them.

“It's a taunt. It's taunting him.”

“A taunt?”

“Yes. The Basic Attack King is telling Lorex. I can beat you with a farming tool!”

“...No way.”

The Ares troops absolutely trusted Ares. But this time it was too much. It was impossible to accept Ares' interpretation. Who was Lorex? He was the Third Knight. It was hard to find a presence stronger than Lorex. He was almost at the level of a final boss. How could Grid beat him with farming equipment? It was impossible, no matter how strong Grid was.

The moment everyone thought this. Grid struck Lorex's face with the flail.

"What...?"

They didn't know why but Lorex was shocked. His face was white.

At the same time.

“Quick Movements! Blacksmith's Rage!”

Grid used the saved buff skills and swapped back to the Enlightenment Sword after striking Lorex several times with the flail. It was the connection of basic attack, basic attack, and basic attack. But every time he was struck, Lorex's health gauge visibly fell.

“...”

Ares and the Ares members stopped thinking.

◇◇◇

[The target will receive three times the damage due to the effect of the Motley Flail. This effect will last for one minute!]

“This much...!”

Grid had only hoped for Lorex's attack power to be lower. It was in order to avoid being hurt in the process of repeating the hits. Conversely, Grid's attack power itself could be increased. The fact that the damage Lorex received would increase meant that Grid's attack power increased.

“This will hurt!”

There was a one minute debuff but the opponent was the Third Knight. Grid thought that Lorex would resist the debuff in 30 seconds and rushed. He increased his agility with Quick Movements and raised his attack and attack speed again with Blacksmith's Rage.

*Peng!*

*Pepepeng!*

He was affected by the steadily rising fighting energy and could do six basic attacks per second.

'I have reached the highest speed.'

"Crazy guy...! Now I see that you are an assassin!"

An attack speed reminiscent of a legendary assassin! Lorex was frankly frightened by Grid's attacks, which were much faster than before. It was to the point of goosebumps. But he didn't fall into confusion. So what if the attack speed was faster than before?

These attacks weren't threatening. He could return it...

"Keeek!"

Lorex screamed as he was brandishing his axe. It was because the moment he was stabbed in the side, he felt pain that transcended the range he assumed. Grid smiled.

[Fighting energy has reached 70 points.]

[You have dealt 69,100 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 68,930 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 70,800 damage to the target!]

This was a 'basic attack.' It was a result of Grid's attack power rising by 25% due to Blacksmith's Rage and Lorex receiving three times the damage.

[The black flame explosion...]

[Critical!]

[The effect of the title 'Death in One Shot!' has been...]

[You have dealt 489,300 damage to the target!]

"Kuaaaack!"

So far, no matter how much Grid attacked, Lorex had only let out a small groan. But now he was screaming. He felt terrible pain and his health gauge fell rapidly. Even if he struck back, the amount of blood-sucking couldn't keep up with the lost health.

'Why did he suddenly become so strong?'

Lorex couldn't imagine that this situation was caused by a farming equipment! A chill went down his spine.

'Don't tell me...! Has he been hiding his strength?'

Lorex couldn't gauge the real ability of this freak. The anxious Lorex shouted at the Red Knights.

"How long are you going to watch? Help me!"

In fact, Lorex wasn't a person suited for a one on one match. He used a large axe as a weapon and was a war specialist with many skills to destroy the terrain and sweep away many enemies at once. It was disadvantageous for him to fight in a one on one match against an enemy equal to himself.

"Cowardly bastard...! We will help the Basic Attack King!"

"Yes!"

Once Lorex called the Red Knights over, Ares gave a command and the Ares members responded.

"No, don't come."

Grid restrained the Ares Army. He leapt up high, Lorex and all the Red Knights filling his vision.

"100,000 Army."

"...?"

"Blockade Sword!"

"...!!"

*Peng!*

*Pepepepeok!*

Dozens, hundreds of stems of fighting energy flooded down from the sky with a red and purple light, causing Lorex, the Red Knights, and Oasis to feel shock and panic.

"The Undefeated King...!"

# Chapter 708

It wasn't a dragon or a great demon that the empire was most afraid of. It was the king of Lubana, Madra. The empire waged 97 wars against him, but never won once.

The soldiers who accumulated experience in the process of winning over the continent, the strategists who turned the world upside down with mysterious tactics, and the knights that caused the empire to dominate with strong force. All of it was nothing in front of Madra. They were just novices.

In front of Madra's valor, the empire's soldiers became cowards. In front of Madra's tactics, the empire's strategists were nothing, and the empire's knights couldn't endure Madra's strength. The empire's people didn't know this because a lot of information was concealed, but it was clearly described in the imperial history record books.

〔If Madra had lived for three more years, other nations would've sought to become Lubana's servants. If Madra lived for five more years, the empire would've lost half its territory. If Madra lived for 10 more years... The empire wouldn't exist.〕

The Undefeated King! The name had been imprinted with fear into the imperial royal family for hundreds of years. This was why the empire unusually oppressed the Lubana tributary. The empire was afraid of the kingdom that produced the Undefeated King. They were worried that the second or third Undefeated King might be born in Lubana and crippled Lubana and its people.

How surprised must they be? Once the news that a person who claimed to be the descendant of the Undefeated King appeared in Lubana, Emperor Juander forgot his dignity and his body shook.

"Destroy the descendant of the Undefeated King!"

The emperor immediately gave an order. The elite army of the empire and the Red Knights advanced to Lubana. But they couldn't fulfill the empire's order. Due to the intervention of Ares, king of Valhalla, they lost the descendant. That's why the current situation was like this.

The Red Knights were given the responsibility. Punish Valhalla who dared to rebel against the empire and destroy the descendant that they took in. It was the new mission that Lorex and the Red Knights were assigned. Now Lorex was watching the mission fail. It was easy to punish Valhalla, but the descendant of the Undefeated King was hiding somewhere like a rodent. They thought it wouldn't be easy to find him.

However.

“100,000 Army Blockade Sword.”

The descendant appeared before their eyes.

“The Undefeated King's descendant...!”

Lorex's eyes widened and sweat flowed down. The identity of the strange man he had been fighting against was the descendant of the Undefeated King?

‘I can't believe it!’

Not long ago, Lorex had met the descendant in Lubana. It was highly likely that the descendant of the Undefeated King was fake. Unlike the legendary Undefeated King, the descendant's force was at an ordinary level. He didn't even use the swordsmanship that symbolized the Undefeated King.

Then what was this strange ghost? Only two weeks later, a person used the swordsmanship that symbolized the Undefeated King.

100,000 Army Blockade Sword. It was a cursed technique that had been spoken about through Lorex's family for generations. The Undefeated King pulled out his sword and tied up an army of 100,000?

"It's absurd!"

Lorex shouted and denied the legend. The legends of the Undefeated King were too unrealistic and Lorex couldn't accept them as fact. A sword that sealed 100,000 troops? Lorex was convinced that it wouldn't appear in novels of the third generation. He asserted that everything related to the Undefeated King was false and the man in the sky was just bluffing. But.

*Peng!*

*Pepepeng!*

The firecrackers of red and purple fighting energy that filled the sky and earth. Lorex realized it after him and the Red Knights were hurt. The legend was true.

[You have been blocked! You can't move for 3 seconds and can't use any skills or spells!]

“This...!”

It was a real story? Lorex paled and his legs weakened. It was the same for the Red Knights.

*Supaak!*

A sword of light descended. It was the sword that Grid wielded after using 100,000 Army Blockade Sword.

“You...!”

Lorex hurriedly tried to defend with the axe. However, Grid's attack speed had reached the peak with Quick Movements and Blacksmith's Rage. Lorex couldn't completely defend against the sword that struck six times per second.

*Peeeeeong!*

A dark sword energy flew towards the center of the helmet.

*Peeeeeong!*

Then black flames exploded. Lorex, who was the target of the attack, and all those standing like stones around him suffered great damage and bloodshed. Ares and the Ares troops shivered.

The Red Knights. The strongest group in the Saharan Empire that dominated the continent. Grid was sweeping away those who caused fear and respect on his own.

"Nonsense...!" Ares gulped and squeezed out some words. "You...! You're the best!! You are the best, Grid!"

Grid. The first legend, the first king and also the hero of heroes. If he couldn't be called the best then who could be recognized as the best? Ares called out honestly. None of the Ares troops denied his cry. Then Grid...

'The best...!'

His eyes were red.

*Duguen!*

His heart was greatly affected by Ares' cry as he struck Lorex.

'I am the best...!'

He wasn't mistaken. Everyone acknowledged it. Grid acknowledged that at this moment, he was the best player. He lived a lifetime as a fool and suffered countless failures due to a lack of talent. Now he was given a title that geniuses had monopolized.

[Fighting energy has reached 60 points.]

Nothing was more pleasing to Grid, who had been ignored and ridiculed most of his life. Not to mention, it wasn't an ordinary person. Ares was the one praising him for being the best. Tears filled Grid's eyes as he was moved.

"Youuuuu!"

Lorex escaped from the influence of the Blockade Sword and roared while wielding his axe. It was different from the forms of attacks he used so far. His axe was divided into three and hit Grid from three orbits at the same time. The Three Point Axe was Lorex's persistent active skill. This was one of Lorex's symbols.

"You won't be able to avoid this attack just by being fast!"

Lorex shouted with confidence!

Grid retorted, "That's if you are correct."

"...!!"

Lorex noticed his mistake. The person in front of him. No, the Undefeated King's descendant. He was a bit quicker and avoided Lorex's attacks. But in retrospect, hadn't the descendant been enduring the attacks up until now? Avoiding the attacks weren't necessary. Being hit by the attack itself was meaningless.

*Peeeeek!*

The moment Lorex's axe hit Grid's chest.

*Puk!*

*Puuoooook!*

Grid fiercely countered it. Lorex still had the debuff where he received three times the damage.

"Kuaaaaak!"

It was Lorex, not Grid, who felt a greater pain in their exchange of strikes. The Red Knights tried to help Lorex.

*Pepepeng!*

An explosion of black flames stopped them.

"What the hell...!"

How could he keep using such a strong skill? Did this person have no limit on his mana?

A shaken Red Knight muttered. "This... This is the strength of the Undefeated King..."

"...!"

The Undefeated King. Yes, the enemy in front of him was the descendant of the Undefeated King. He couldn't be measured with their common sense. The moment everyone realized it.

[Fighting energy has reached 70 points.]

Grid's fighting energy, which had weakened after using 100,000 Army Blockade Sword, thickened again. It was the power of Quick Movements and Blacksmith's Rage. The speed at which fighting energy accumulated was much faster than before.

[Fighting energy has reached 71 points.]

[Fighting energy has reached 72 points.]

[Fighting energy...]

Fighting energy accumulated more quickly. The Red Knights who joined the battle to help Lorex was a problem. The several people surrounding Grid dealt more harm than good. Finally.

[Fighting energy has reached the maximum!]

There were only 10 seconds remaining on Quick Movements and Blacksmith's Rage. Notification windows appeared in Grid's field of view as he barely maintained his life with Doran's Ring, Tiramet's Belt, and the First King title.

"Push!"

Lorex and the Red Knights increased their momentum. They confirmed that Grid sustained his life with intermittent recovery skills and was on the verge of dying, so they determined it was time to put an end to this fight. Grid made the same judgment. Grid had a 50% increase in strength, agility, and stamina thanks to fighting energy reaching its maximum. He used a somewhat obscure, special power that symbolized the Overgeared King.

“Blackening.”

*Kuwaaaaaang!*

Demonic power exploded. Then.

“100,000 Army Massacre Sword.”

“...!!”

*Chukak.*

*Chukakakakak!*

30 times per second. The fastest swordsmanship poured out at a speed that couldn't be pursued with the eyes. The air darkened with the energy blades. Lorex and all the Red Knights were attacked.

[You have dealt 65,900 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 67,800 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 66,670 damage to the target!]

[The black flame explosion...]

[Splash damage equal to 300% of your total attack power has hit all targets in a 10 meter radius!]

[You have dealt 32,100 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 29,500 damage to the target!]

[The black flame explosion...]

[Splash damage equal to 300% of your total attack power has hit all targets in a 10 meter radius!]

[You have dealt...]

[You have dealt...]

The reason that Grid favored Link was because the opportunity of activating the black flames option of the Enlightenment Lightning Sword increased. Of course, this logic applied equally to 100,000 Army Massacre Sword. And unlike the single-target Link, 100,000 Army Massacre Sword was a wide area attack skill. It hit many enemies several times, meaning the probability of the black flames exploding was high. Much higher!

*Kwang!*

*Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa! Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

“ ... ”

The best magic that a player had yet to encounter, Meteor, was falling from the sky several times? Ares and the Ares troops were unable to close their mouth as black fire constantly exploding, destroying Liberon Forest. And on this day.

[The 23rd Knight Rove has been defeated.]

[The 26th Knight Kent has been defeated.]

[The 29th Knight Ordo has been defeated.]

[The 12th Knight Theo has been defeated.]

[The 14th Knight Shen has been defeated.]

[The 15th Knight Vio has been defeated.]

...

...

The knights from number 30 to 20 collapsed. In addition, the knights in the 10's also lost their lives. Then.

[The Third Knight Lorex has been defeated.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[The Red Knights' Red Armor has been acquired.]

[Lorex's Red Armor has been acquired.]

[Lorex's Large Axe has been acquired.]

The Third Knight Lorex also met his end.

“U-Unbelievable...!”

“You! The Undefeated King's Descendant!”

The surviving Red Knights gathered around the Fifth Knight. They were relatively fine. Damage hadn't accumulated like Lorex and they didn't have the debuff of having damage increased by three times. Thus, they were able to protect their bodies with defense skills.

On the other hand, Grid was exhausted.

[The duration of Quick Movements is over.]

[The duration of Blacksmith's Rage is over.]

“Pant... Pant...”

He was in a state where all his survival skills were exhausted. His buffs had ended. His health had fallen by half due to the use of Blackening.

‘I can’t keep fighting this way.’

It would be difficult to lose his immortality. The immortality was his last, last resort. Grid determined that he should leave the battlefield before the duration of Blackening was over. He tried to get as far away as possible from the Red Knights. But he couldn’t move.

*Pajik!*

*Pajijjik!*

[A powerful lightning attack has paralyzed you!]

[You can’t resist.]

[The effect of high composure has reduced the duration of the restraint.]

“I've never seen the Red Knights pushed so far. You are truly the Undefeated King’s descendant. His Majesty will be very pleased when I give your head to him.”

A voice was heard from empty space. The irresistible force caused a shiver to go down Grid’s spine.

‘What?’

Grid was confused. A figure started to appear in front of his eyes. It was a person with transparent skin. The appearance of the skin gradually whitened while the owner also had wide hair, eyebrows, and even pupils.

"Hello? I am called Kyle."

One of the five pillars supporting the empire. It was the moment when the still unknown people emerged in front of Grid.

"Now, die."

*Pajik!*

*Paijijik!*

"Kuk...!"

[There is one second left until the restraint is lifted.]

Kyle's hand became covered with lightning and he pointed it at Grid's face.

"Raising Corpses."

*Peeng!*

Behind Kyle. A death knight rose from the spot where Lorex died and attacked Kyle. Lorex had become a death knight.

"...Huh?"

Kyle flinched from the unexpected attack.

[You are free from the restraint!]

Grid shed the lightning energy that was holding his body. He hurriedly opened the distance from Kyle as he heard a familiar, unpleasant voice.

“Kik... Kikkik, you are mine. I won’t let you fall to someone else.”

“You...!”

Grid was astounded.

Dark eyes with dark circles. It was Agnus, a man with pale skin and green hair. Baal's Contractor had emerged.

# Chapter 709

‘Why is he here?’

In fact, such a question was pointless. Agnus was also a player and it was unknown what quests he had. It wasn’t strange for him to appear anytime, anywhere, or in any form. Grid always had to keep the possibility of encountering him in mind. At this moment, Grid should be having other doubts.

‘Why did he help me?’

Grid was caught by the unknown strong person called Kyle and this was a crisis for everyone. The Ares troops tried to help him, but it was hard since the imperial troops intervened while giving up their lives. At this time, Agnus helped Grid. It could only be interpreted as an obvious favor. Grid found it hard to understand. Even if there were no personal feelings, wouldn’t the quest development make Agnus his enemy?

‘From Agnus’ perspective, he should welcome my death.’

Why?

‘Why did he help me?’

The moment Grid was feeling confused.

[The level of the corpse that you raised is too high.]

[Control can no longer be maintained.]

Death Knight Lorex turned grey after attacking Kyle’s back. It was only three seconds after his appearance. A wide smile spread on Agnus’ face.

“3,000 dominance was consumed just to control him for three seconds? Kilkik! Grid,

you defeated this monster?”

“...”

“Hero King...! Hero King!! I want to see how much stronger you have become! Kihahahahat!”

“...!!”

Grid hurriedly backed away. Agnus laughed like a madman and started attacking him. Agnus helped and now he wanted to kill Grid.

"What the hell is this?"

Grid screamed wildly as he avoided the attack. Agnus chased after him and stabbed his sword.

“Kik! Kikikik! A last ditch effort! Do it! Give me more fun! Kihahahahat!”

“This crazy bastard...!”

Grid realized. It was impossible to understand Agnus. Yes, Agnus was just crazy. Grid must not make the mistake of feeling like he owed Agnus for his life.

'Saving me was just a mere whim...!'

Grid judged. Agnus' sword grazed his cheek. It was a sword made of bones.

[You have been cursed.]

[You have resisted.]

'A weapon that triggers a debuff...! Did he get a new item?'

“Kikikik! What are you doing staring blankly? Don't run away! Hit me! Kuahahahat!”

Agnus became crazier. He wasn't aware of the Red Knights and Kyle surrounding him and Grid. Fifth Knight Dia grinded his teeth.

"Treating us like a folding screen...!"

Dia was a person specialized in combat. His overall stats were inferior to Third Knight Lorex but he was better in a one on one match. The moment that he furiously tried to fly towards Grid and Agnus.

"Stop." Kyle restrained Dia. "As you have seen, the descendant of the Undefeated King is strong. The same is true for the unidentified man who appeared late. It is better to induce the two of them to fight."

"Kuhum...!"

Dia didn't like Kyle very much. He hadn't been seen at all when Lorex and the Red Knights were in a crisis, only showing up when the descendant of the Undefeated King was exhausted. If Kyle went out a bit earlier, then Lorex could have lived. But.

'I can't criticize him!'

Dia also failed to save Lorex. He was no different from Kyle. Dia barely suppressed his anger at Kyle and nodded.

"I understand."

The descendant of the Undefeated King was strong and the man who showed up late didn't seem weak either. Dia thought it would be better for the two of them to fight each other as Kyle said. But the development didn't flow according to what they wanted.

"Agnus! Calm down!" Veradin belatedly arrived on the battlefield and grabbed Agnus' reason. "You can fight him at any time, but not Kyle! If you miss the chance today then you might not encounter Kyle again!"

Kyle and Agnus' factions were different, but they belonged to the same empire. Originally, they couldn't be hostile to each other. Depending on the story development, it was highly likely they would be allies the next time they met.

"...Kihhi!"

Agnus, who was chasing Grid, barely regained his reason and stood in place. Kyle was classified as one of the strongest NPCs. Agnus thought that fighting Kyle would be much more fun than Grid who was running away.

“Well... I’d rather fight a tough guy than a weary coward... Kik.”

“Pant... Pant...”

Grid was relieved when Agnus stopped chasing him.

‘I almost died.’

It wasn’t just because he was tired. Grid was unable to reveal that he was the Overgeared King,. There was no chance of winning if he couldn’t fight Agnus with all his strength. There was no chance unless Agnus summoned Mumud and forced Grid to use Assimilation.

‘But Agnus won’t summon Mumud unless he is an idiot.’

Summoning Mumud would initiate the Braham VS Mumud quest and Grid would receive the level 400 correction. In addition, the assimilated Grid and Lich Mumud would be forced into combat. Grid was convinced that Agnus wouldn’t summon Mumud after being aware of this fact.

Indeed.

*Kukukukukung...*

Agnus summoning his death knights and liches except for Mumud. Then he ordered them to attack Kyle. The death knight that Veradin summoned also hit Kyle.

‘It’s dangerous.’

Grid wore Braham’s Boots and flew into the sky to move as far away from the battlefield as possible and anticipated Kyle’s crisis. He was familiar with how strong Agnus’ death knights and liches were.

‘Kyle is at least on the same level as Lorex.’

But he couldn’t endure the pincer attack of Agnus and Veradin. They were monsters

who blocked both Grid and the Ares Army. Grid judged this, but Kyle laughed at this judgment.

*Pajik!*

*Kurururung!*

Kyle summoned a storm of lightning around himself. It was powerful magic. The death knights were swept away by the lightning storm and fell in all directions.

‘It is beyond Ashur’s magic?’

More than a great magician! Grid was taken aback when he realized that Kyle’s skills were more than imagined. He was reminded of one of the empire’s greatest powers, beyond the solo number knights.

“Don’t tell me, the five pillars...!”

Grid now noticed Kyle’s identity.

“I don’t know who sent the assassin, but it’s stupid. Do you think you can beat me with such skills?”

*Pajjik!*

Kyle, surrounded by lightning, disappeared from his place and reappeared. He appeared behind Agnus without anyone in the battlefield knowing, a dagger in his hand. He wasn’t just a magician, but a person specialized in combat itself.

*Puk!*

*Puk puk puk!*

Kyle’s dagger stabbed Agnus’ side again and again. Six times per second. Kyle reached the maximum speed that the buffed Grid was capable of.

“Agnus...!”

Grid flinched in the sky.

‘Should I help?’

He didn’t like Agnus. Grid was clearly enemies with Agnus and was in a position to desire Agnus’ death. However, he was aware that Kyle was a much more threatening enemy than Agnus.

‘As long as the five pillars exist, the empire will maintain its power and pressure the Overgeared Kingdom forever.’

Maybe he should take advantage of this opportunity? It was a great opportunity to break down the five pillars and weaken the empire!

‘...I don’t want to have a debt owed to that crazy man.’

His health, mana, and stamina had recovered to an adequate level. Grid checked his condition and pulled out the Enlightenment Lightning Sword. At the same time, the Ares Army broke through the imperial army and joined Agnus. The Ares Army made the same judgment as Grid.

“Agnus! I know roughly what you are up to! But it’s okay! I will use it! If I can get rid of the five pillars, I will join hands with a mad dog!”

*Jeeeong!*

Agnus’ death knights had been swept away by the lightning storm and scattered all over. The members of the Ares Army attacked the rear of the Red Knights fighting them. Thanks to this, Agnus’ death knights were able to regain their freedom. Agnus kept up the onslaught on Kyle using all means and methods. He laughed on the battlefield.

“Okay! Good! Furfu’s Power!”

The moment a great demon was mentioned.

*Swaaaaah.*

The sky stained by the setting sun was filled with a white light. It was a change in landscape caused by the frost that started to pour down like rain.

*Kiyaaaaah!*

*Kuoooooh!*

This was the power of Great Demon Furfu! Agnus' death knights became more powerful and the isolated Kyle clicked his tongue.

'How annoying.'

In fact, Kyle's goal was achieved the moment Lorex died.

'As a result of the Third Knight leading the army, the imperial army was routed in combat and the Third Knight and numerous Red Knights died. It was proof of the incompetence of the Red Knights. "There's no need for the Red Knights.'

The emperor would be delighted when Kyle made this report to him. That's right. Kyle's real mission this time was the collapse of the Red Knights. As a result, the empress' power would be weakened.

'It would be better if I could handle the Undefeated King's descendant here but... '

The two necromancers who unexpectedly appeared were difficult. In particular, the crazy necromancer was a skilled man who escaped from common sense.

'The power of a great demon... I'd rather leave while the surviving Red Knights are serving as shields.'

Valhalla was a rural area from the standpoint of the empire. Kyle didn't want to make his official debut in this village. He felt this place was too small a stage to announce his dignity, so he decided to leave.

"Blue Dragon's Dance."

*Pajik!*

*Pajijjik!*

Kyle used the power obtained from the East Continent to maximize his physical abilities. He planned to escape the death knights persistently sticking to him. But his plan was ruined by an unexpected event.

"Summon Lich! Mumud!"

"Hey, you crazy guy!"

"?!"

As soon as Agnus summoned Lich Mumud, Grid fell towards Kyle and his black hair turned white.

"Fireball!"

"Kiyaaaaah!"

*Kuwaaaaang!*

Braham and Mumud fired magic at each other at the same time. It was natural for Kyle in the middle to be caught in the blast.

# Chapter 710

Kraugel was the first person to be mentioned when it came to geniuses in Satisfy. The whole world recognized Kraugel as a collection of talents. They thought the reason why he reached the peak of two billion users was because he was a genius among geniuses.

But what was the truth? The world was wide and there were many monsters. If Kraugel was a human only blessed with natural talent, he would never be the best. The reason he could be the best was because he worked hard. In order to be the best, Kraugel was also striving to keep his top position and to climb higher. Strictly speaking, he was a superior version of Grid.

On the other hand, this place.

‘Kikik, yes, the fool finally figured it out. Otherwise it wouldn’t be worthwhile saving him.’

There was a person who became the best with relatively little effort. Agnus. The person who stayed at 7th in the unified rankings despite being one of the first to obtain an epic hidden class. The world tended to underestimate him. He didn’t take first despite his epic class, so his talent was somewhat lacking. But those who knew Agnus’ disposition didn’t undervalue him.

Unlike other rankers, Agnus wasn’t afraid to die. He only pursued pleasure. He played this game in pursuit of the fun of the moment, rather than profit. Therefore, he received countless penalties and caused others to fear him. If an ordinary person played the game like this, he could never be a high ranker. Agnus not only held the 7th place in the unified rankings, he also had the title of one of the strongest. He had a collection of talents gathered in his body.

At this moment, Agnus saved Grid’s life and summoned Mumud based on instinctive calculations.

One of the five pillars of the empire, Kyle. He was the weakest of the five pillars, but his level was at least 450. Agnus determined that a special method was necessary to beat him and he instinctively grasped that particular method. It was the power of

Mumud and Braham, who received the quest correction.

“Summon Lich! Mumud!”

[Lich Mumud has been summoned!]

[Mumud has detected Braham’s soul!]

[The quest Braham VS Mumud has been triggered!]

[Lich Mumud’s level is increased to 400. Some of the sealed magic will now be available. However, control is impossible.]

Mumud who was magician whose talent transcended legends. He pulled out some of his strength.

“Hey, you crazy guy!” Fireball!”

The magic of Braham, a top talent and legend, could also be used. What was the destructive power that would occur when these two powerful forces collided with each other? Agnus estimated it would be enough to kill Kyle.

*Kuwaaaaaang!*

Giant flames emerged from Lich Mumud and Braham and collided. The two spells exploded with Kyle in the center.

“Avoid it! Everyone avoid it!”

The panicked Ares hurriedly moved his army back. On the other hand, the imperial army was confused after losing their commander and didn’t escape. The result was terrible.

*Kwarururung!*

*Kwa kwang! Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

Liberon Forest was ruined by the subsequent explosion and the imperial army was swept away. Agnus burst out laughing as he saw the blood and corpses all over the place.

“Kik...! Hahahahahat! Interesting! Interesting!! Go on a rampage! More! More! Rampage further! Mumud!”

“...Agnus, please don't forget your original purpose.”

Veradin had a hard time calming Agnus, who was constantly losing focus.



[Braham's soul has found Lich Mumud!]

[The quest Braham VS Mumud has been triggered!]

[Your level has increased to 400. Some of the sealed magic has been opened because of increased intelligence. You can't control your body.]

[Braham has taken control of your body and equipped Belial's Staff.]

“Fireball!”

After Agnus summoned Lich Mumud, Braham controlled Grid's body and used magic. He targeted only Mumud and Mumud responded by releasing his unique magic power. At this time, Grid thought that things were ruined. But.

‘Eh?’

*Kwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaang!*

There was a white man, Kyle, at the point where Braham and Mumud's magic collided. He couldn't escape the magic flying from both sides and experienced a catastrophe.

[You have dealt 3,250,900 damage to the target.]

This was the power of a legendary magician using Fireball with a myth rated staff! The heaven and earth shook as Kyle suffered terrible damage.

‘Don’t tell me...!’

A shiver went down Grid’s spine as he experienced what happened with Kyle. He wondered if Agnus had deliberately induced this situation. He couldn’t help thinking that the position of himself, Agnus and Kyle was exquisite. But that thought disappeared.

“Hahahahahat! Interesting! Interesting!! Go on a rampage! More! More! Rampage further! Mumud!”

‘...No, that crazy person can’t do such computations.’

Once again, this situation was dangerous. Braham and Mumud were only aiming at each other. There was no stopping Kyle if he recovered from his wound and started acting.

‘Kyle can hit us in the back if we fight against each other. Braham, please calm down!’

Grid shouted.

“Mumud...! I will give you rest!”

It didn’t reach Braham. His consciousness was focused only on his old disciple.

‘...Damn troll.’

Grid cried out.



“Ugh...!”

On the burning ground. The entirely white man was lying with ragged clothes. It was Kyle.

“What are those monsters...?”

Kyle’s eyes shook as he confirmed Braham and Mumud’s appearance. He sensed that the magic coming from the two beings was comparable to himself. Kyle was confused. Since acquiring a magic power that was far superior to a great magician, he also prided himself on surpassing the legendary magician.

Then what on earth was this? There were two magicians as good as him? In particular, the descendant of the Undefeated King.

‘How can the descendant of the Undefeated King use magic...?’

The legend of the Undefeated King was so great that it was unbelievable. The absurd record of him killing hundreds of thousands with a sword wasn’t false. However, there was no record of the Undefeated King using magic. But now. The descendant of the Undefeated King was using magic! The magic power that transcended the magic of a great magician!

“Fireball.”

“Kiyaaaaaah!”

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

The descendant of the Undefeated King and the lich used magic against each other.

“Kuk...!”

Kyle was once again touched by the magic bombardment of the two monsters and moved away fearfully. He had no choice but to get out of here first. But there was a problem. The descendant of the Undefeated King and the lich were fighting around him.

*Kwang!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

“Cough!”

Due to the clash between powerful magic, the radius of the explosion was huge. Kyle

was swept up in the explosion and coughed up blood. He couldn't believe it.

'This is Fireball? It isn't Meteor?'

Fireball was the lowest grade magic. The only advantage was that the casting speed was fast. The weakness in power and accuracy meant it could only be given the lowest rating. That's right. The original Fireball couldn't threaten Kyle. But the Fireball cast by the descendant of the Undefeated King was different from an ordinary Fireball. The casting speed was as fast as the lowest rated magic but the accuracy and power was as good as the best magic. It was reminiscent of the legendary great magician Braham... It contained such a force.

'No, it doesn't make sense to think of Braham in regards to the Undefeated King.'

*Shake shake.*

Kyle viciously shook his head and denied it. The descendant of the Undefeated King acquired Braham's magic? It was a ridiculous assumption!

'What... There's something I don't know.'

He needed to escape. Please, quickly. He needed to go back to the empire and analyze today's big events. Kyle barely moved his trembling body and opened the power of the blue dragon.

"Kyle, you have excellent natural magic power, but your ability to understand magic formulas is significantly reduced. It's useless for you to walk the same path. I will give up my hopes for you. Leave. Just looking at your face is hard."

*Kwaduduk!*

Every time the power of the sacred creature filled his body, he recalled the moment when he was abandoned by his teacher and father figure. The moment that Kyle was surrounded by lightning.

"Fireball! Fireball!"

"Kiyaaaaah!"

"...!"

*Kwa kwang! Kwa kwang!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

The Undefeated King's descendant and unidentified lich accelerated their magic casting. They continued shooting at each other, causing massive damage to Kyle in the middle. The result was terrible.

"Kuaaaaak!"

Kyle was surrounded by light. He was able to escape from the range of the explosion but lost an arm from the shock. He was a pillar that supported the empire. He couldn't be hurt like this.

"Ik...! Ick!"

Kyle's eyes were bloodshot.

*Kwaduk, kwaduduk!* His gaze focused on the descendant of the Undefeated King.

"Someday...! I will pay you back...!"

"What is it, smallfry?"

"Heok!"

Kyle would run away now but it would be different when they met again later! Kyle was in a hurry as he was making this resolution. It was because the descendant of the Undefeated King, who was watching only the lich, suddenly turned his gaze to Kyle. It was like Kyle was a bug. There were no emotions in the eyes. The moment he met the descendant, Kyle felt like a bug.

"A guy like you has an unusually violent temper. Do you want to die?"

The Undefeated King's Descendant. In other words, Braham borrowed Grid's body and threatened Kyle in his distinctive tone. It was towards one of the five pillars of the empire, Kyle.

"I-I'm really sorry!"

He bowed his head and ran away. Kyle wouldn't forget the face of the Undefeated King's descendant that he saw underneath the tip of the straw hat. Yes, it was Grid's face. Later, this would be a huge variable.



[Kyle has retreated!]

[The quest Secret Mission has been completed!]

Agnus completed his purpose for coming to this place.

"Kill me."

He ordered his closest subordinate, Veradin. He chose the extreme method of death in order to recover Mumud who had flown into an uncontrollable state. Was it because he didn't want to hurt Grid who he fought with for a while? No way.

It was because due to the intense attack from Grid and the Ares Army as he made his way through the forest, he was about to die. Agnus didn't care about dying, but it would be a huge loss if the Braham VS Mumud quest was considered a failure. It was a good idea to end his own life and stop the quest. Veradin also respected his choice.

"I'm glad your mind has returned."

"Kikikik!"

*Puok!*

Agnus died and Lich Mumud also disappeared.

"Then I'm going now."

As Grid's black hair started returning, Veradin immediately left the battlefield.

# Chapter 711

"Chase the enemy! Don't let a single one of them leave alive! Show no mercy! Carve fear into the empire!"

After Braham and Mumud turned up in Liberon Forest. The Red Knights and imperial army started their retreat without looking back. A last hurrah to destroy Valhalla and the Undefeated King's descendant? It couldn't be done. After the defeat of the Third Knight, there was nobody left to deal with the descendant of the Undefeated King, the monster who even chased away one of the five pillars.

"Kuack!"

"Hiiik!"

The imperial army wanted to escape from his hellish place as soon as possible. Unfortunately, their retreat rate was very slow. The rugged terrain and climate of Liberon Forest captured their ankles. On the other hand, the Valhalla soldiers had been trained in Liberon Forest. Their morale rose and they quickly caught up with the imperial army.

*Puk!*

*Puk puk puk!*

*Chukakakakak!*

A terrible sight! The Valhalla soldiers were like devils. They didn't spare the imperial soldiers begging him to live. They didn't accept the surrender. It was a warning to the empire not to take Valhalla lightly.

"These guys...!"

The Fifth Knight gritted his teeth as he witnessed his soldiers being slaughtered. He deeply hated Valhalla, who dared to go against the empire. But he didn't move to help the soldiers. He had to take care of the Red Knights, not the soldiers who could be replaced at any time.

‘While Mercedes wasn’t here, our Red Knights suffered great damage. I don’t deserve to see Mercedes if I lose all these knights.’

*Kwajak!*

“Kuak!”

Dia blew away the enemies chasing after the Red Knights. He was relieved by one fact. It was regarding the emperor.

‘Kyle, who His Majesty so favors, couldn’t stop the descendant of the Undefeated King. It’s natural that our Red Knights would fail this mission.’

The emperor couldn’t punish the Red Knights. If he wanted to punish the Red Knights, he had to punish his favored Kyle.

‘...But it’s surprising.’

Dia recalled Kyle, who became helpless in front of the magic bombardment of the lich and Undefeated King’s descendant.

‘He’s weaker than the rumors. Even if he is the weakest of the five pillars, he is below Lorex.’

Kyle couldn’t defeat the Undefeated King’s descendant, who killed Lorex. It meant Kyle was weaker than Lorex. The reputation of the five pillars was exaggerated.

‘What about Mercedes and Lucas?’

The First Knight and Second Knight. Their reputation, which was incomparable high, was much weaker than the reality. It was the result of the emperor not acknowledging their achievements.

‘In fact, Mercedes is superior to the five pillars.’

Dia was running at the very rear of the Red Knights. It was a location where he intended to protect the Red Knights from the pursuit of the enemy. It was a dangerous situation and he had to take responsibility.

"Look at the Red Knights running like rodents! Puhuhu!"

Luck of Valhalla. He held a horse's reins in one hand and a huge guandao in the other hand as he moved to Dia's side. (Guandao: type of Chinese pole weapon) Once the distance was narrowed.

*Peeeeeeong!*

Luck's guandao moved in an arc and Dia's upper body shook after blocking it with a sword.

"You...!"

Dia was surprised. He had fought Luck several times, but it had always been an exchange of swords on the ground. At that time, Dia had overwhelmed Luck. Now Luck's attack power was twice as strong when he was using a spear on the horse. Dia became alert. Luck laughed.

"My horse riding ability level is really high. And a sword isn't a weapon suited to being used on a horse!"

*Jeeeeong!*

Luck's guandao fell at a right angle this time. It was with great power. Dia's balance slightly collapsed as he blocked it with his sword.

"Sir Dia!"

Once he heard a cry from behind, he turned his head towards the Red Knights. Dia called out as he saw them turn their horses around.

"Keep moving forward! You should go to Mercedes' side!"

"B-But...!"

The Red Knights knew the situation. Dia, who overcame thousands of Valhalla soldiers while Lorex was dealing with the Undefeated King's Descendant, was already weary. Now he was facing the enemies with high morale alone.

The Red Knights were worried.

"I am the Fifth Knight! My duty is to protect you!"

Dia shouted.

He thought. A leader should be willing to protect his subordinates. Just like Mercedes.

"I will protect you! Go! Don't think about anything and head to the capital!"

*Jjang! Jjang! Jjeejeeong!*

Dia groaned while defending against Luck's bombardment. He gave up on survival. He turned around and stood in front of Luck. There were dozens of famous enemies, including Scott, supporting Luck. But Dia wasn't afraid.

"The Red Knights are eternal...!"

Piaro, whose name it was a sin just to mention. As a young man, Dia had been a member of the Black Knights and admired him. He dreamt of someday destroying the enemy in the front as a Red Knight and protecting his friends.

'In the end, I couldn't achieve my dream...!'

*Jjejeong! Jjang!*

His sword twisted and cut at Luck's chest.

"Cough!"

Luck coughed up blood.

"I have no regrets!"

Dia roared. Scott leapt from behind Luck and stabbed Dia's chest, but his sword didn't stop moving for a moment. He kept cutting at the approaching enemies, keeping them firmly in place. In the end.

"...A brilliant guy."

Due to Dia's skills actions, the Ares troops missed the Red Knights. The Red Knights had completely disappeared from view. There were even dozens of Ares troops killed. He was truly a solo number knight.

"Your last will?"

Ares admired Dia's outstanding dance and sacrifice and asked him. It was the greatest honor given to an enemy in a war.

"I..."

Dia's eyelids were growing heavy. His vision blurred.

*Flop!*

Dia, who endured to the last moment, finally fell to his knees. His legs were weak and he couldn't stand anymore. But he still didn't let go of the sword in his hand.

"...I... Believe in Piaro... I never once doubted you..."

One day.

"One day, your stigma as a traitor will be washed away."

*Swaaah.*

Who was this last will for? Dia coughed up black blood and his body turned to grey. Ares was silent.



Kyle fled and Agnus took his own life. Grid sat to one side and regained his stamina. He watched the strength of Valhalla's army end this war. Then Braham's heavy voice was heard.

*-Grid.*

"What, you're fine?" Grid grumbled at Braham. "You fainted the last time you saw Mumud. How did you hold on today? Oh my, how great."

Braham never helped in the critical moments. This time, the result ended up well, but Grid still didn't like it. Braham sincerely said to the dissatisfied Grid.

*-I'm sorry.*

“...?”

A person who thought he was the best in heaven and earth! There was no phrase more suitable to describe Braham. Yet he was apologizing to a human?

“W-What? Did you eat something bad?”

Braham questioned the confused Grid.

*-I failed to recover my body and went to meet you in the Behen Archipelago. Do you remember what I said when I borrowed your body?*

“...?”

Unlike usual, Braham’s voice was gentle. It was almost kind.

‘Why is he doing this?’

Braham was different from usual! Grid was feeling confused when he suddenly recalled a quest.

[Legendary Great Magician]

★ Hidden Quest ★

Braham has failed to recover his original body. He wants to stay in a safe space until he recovers his exhausted magic power, and has chosen your body as that space.

If you accept Braham’s soul, you will gain a powerful force.

Quest Acceptance Reward: 50% increase in affinity with Braham, the legendary second class ‘legendary great magician.’

It was an ongoing quest. Grid got a legendary second class thanks to this quest and since then, he had been with Braham’s soul. Then Grid realized one fact.

'That's right... Braham asked to borrow my body for 1~4 years.'

Now it had been three years since they were together. This was in terms of Satisfy time.

"...Have you recovered your magic power?"

Grid's voice shook as he asked the question. Once he was reminded that he wouldn't be with Braham forever, he felt agitation and sorrow. Grid couldn't help feeling affection for Braham. He liked Braham. Despite being a troll, how much had Grid won thanks to Braham? There were many enjoyable days. Braham was a strong assistant and also a precious friend.

Braham read Grid's feelings and sniffed.

*-Yes, I have recovered. It's something to be happy about. But what is with your reaction? Do you really like me?*

"..."

Grid didn't deny it. Braham was too precious to deny just because he was ashamed.

~...

Braham remained silent when Grid didn't speak. In fact, this wasn't the normal Braham. After being expelled from the world of vampires and living as a human, he became aware of feelings of affection. He treasured Pagma, felt jealous and worried of Mumud, and now he liked Grid. In the midst of this awkward atmosphere, Braham spoke in a forced cheerful voice.

*-This is a happy occasion. Now you and I are free. I will restore my body and you don't have to be hurt by my actions.*

Hurt. Braham's words made Grid's chest feel numb. Grid noticed. Braham blamed himself for being out of control every time he met Lich Mumud. Grid hurriedly denied it.

"No, Braham. You have never done any damage to me. Think about it. Can't I be here now because of your presence? I was always happy and thankful to be with you."

-... *Thank you.*

Braham said with difficulty. His voice was also trembling. There was a lump in Grid's throat.

*Paaaat!*

A source of great power was nestled deep in Grid's chest. Braham's soul started to stir. He was going to leave.

Grid hurriedly exclaimed. "What? Why are you in a hurry? Take it slowly! Slowly leave!"

*-Kukuk, I have been waiting for this moment for three years. I want to leave. I want to recover my complete body as soon as possible.*

'But even so! It is too abrupt! Haven't we been together all these years? Unburden your innermost thoughts!'

Grid shouted tearfully. It was difficult for him to accept the sudden separation.

*Brrururung.*

Braham's soul shook. He was deeply moved by the fact that he became a precious person to someone.

*-... I will give you a present. I will put my magic formulas into your body. Later, you will be able to learn new magic once you have sufficient intelligence. You won't feel my absence.*

"Braham...!"

*-Kukuk, don't be a girl. Didn't I tell you? I will reclaim my flesh. We live in the same age. We will meet again.*

*Paaaat!*

Braham's soul emerged from Grid's chest. Braham's voice was no longer heard.

"Braham!"

Grid reached out to Braham's soul which had reached the sky in an instant...

'Stay well.'

Braham's soul disappeared into the sky without looking back. A blue soul moved as a beam of light.

*Jjejeok! Jjejejeok!*

It cracked little by little.

'In my current state, I can't guarantee victory against Lich Mumud. I will drive Grid to death.'

Braham knew from the beginning. His presence was becoming disruptive to Grid. Of course, he didn't care at first. Grid was just a vessel to stay in while his magic was restored. But it changed once they were together. He didn't want to trouble Grid anymore.

'Don't worry. I will repay you, even if I die and fall into hell. Be well. Live life with no regrets.'

*Jjeok! Jjejejeok!*

More and more cracks appeared in the blue soul. But Braham didn't care. He focused on saying goodbye to Grid.

'New legend, I praise you, feel awe towards you and love you.'

# Chapter 712

[Braham's soul has left.]

The friend he built up many memories with had left him, but there was only a short notification window.

The system didn't understand the friendship between the two of them.

"Braham..."

Grid was left alone and felt depressed. He could no longer feel Braham's soul in his chest, causing him to be overwhelmed by a sense of loss that was difficult to describe.

"..."

His legs wouldn't fall. Grid stood firmly in place, looking at the blue trail that Braham's soul left in the sky. He continued for a long time after the trail had completely disappeared.



Oasis. He became a candidate to be the Undefeated King's descendant, but he was gradually moving away from his dream. He was stunned in this war. Pagma's Descendant, Grid. The hero of this era who became the first king with natural talent (?). Wealth, fame, and women. Having secured everything, now he used the Undefeated King's swordsmanship.

Oasis felt a sense of deprivation. Why was the world so unfair? This world was for main characters only! The awful reality made Oasis sad. He felt that Grid was dominating all the luck in the world and resented the world's unfairness. But now.

'...He is truly an amazing person. Yes, like Ares said, good luck doesn't exist. Grid was qualified, so he could become a main character.'

Oasis no longer blamed the world. He couldn't envy Grid. The five pillars. Oasis shook as the Ares Army dealt with the remnants of the empire and observed Grid.

'Grid... He has been locked in thought for five hours...'

Why was Grid staring up at the sky after the battle?

'He's replaying the fight.'

Oasis was convinced. Grid was like this all the time.

'After experiencing some incidents... Grid always spent hours replaying the situation. Then he would use it as food for growth to develop constantly.'

Replaying the battle. It was easy to say, but who could do it every time? In particular, Grid invested a few hours.

'Amazing... Really amazing. I can't even be jealous. Grid is different from me.'

Well, of course. While he was an ordinary person, Grid was the best ranker who achieved countless great feats. No, he was one of the best. He couldn't be compared.

*Kkuok.*

Oasis gripped the Undefeated King's old sheath tightly. He was conflicted. Could he really keep this sheath? He had lost his qualification to become the Undefeated King's descendant. After much struggling.

'I can't.'

The Undefeated King. It was impossible for Oasis. He realized reality.

'The rightful owner of the sheath is Grid.'

Grid already had the Undefeated King's swordsmanship. If he obtained the old sheath, he would be immediately chosen as the Undefeated King's descendant.

'He is already Pagma's Descendant... He has a second class.'

*Step, step.*

The determined Oasis approached Grid.

*Dugun dugun!*

He looked like a tycoon from afar. Oasis' heart beat like crazy. Finally.

“H-Hello?”

Oasis was so nervous after greeting Grid that he bit his tongue. Grid glanced at him.

“...!”

The moment he met Grid's black eyes, Oasis got goosebumps all over his body. Grid's eyes were so deep that he couldn't believe they were the same age. It was a totally different feeling from looking at a distance or through the screen. Oasis was confronted with the reality of Grid and gulped.

“What can I do for you?”

Grid asked politely. If someone who knew Grid was in this place, they would be shocked. Why? It was because originally Grid wasn't polite. Since a long time ago, Grid rarely used honorifics on his opponent. In fact, this wasn't a problem of Grid's nature.

It was an overall feature of Korean gamers. Korean gamers lost politeness due to the AOS genre game 'rules' in the past. Since a certain point in time, informal conversations in game was a basic culture. But at this moment, Grid's thoughts changed. It was a change that occurred when he looked back at himself and regretted that he had never been polite to Braham, who was hundreds of years older than him.

Grid didn't know if he would develop a relationship with the person in front of him in the future, but he shouldn't make this person disgusted with him. He came to know the concept of 'respect.'

“Ah, t-that...”

Oasis was confused and nervous, since the image of Grid that he knew was different than the one he faced. He was in a muddled state.

“I don't know what's going on, but feel free to speak your mind.”

Grid smiled kindly. He could see his past self in the obscure Oasis. He always lacked confidence so he bowed his head and was afraid of even meeting people's eyes a few years ago. Now Grid knew. Even pathetic people deserved respect. He had wanted to be respected in the past.

'But now I am.'

He had never respected the weak. He never harassed anyone unless they were an enemy, but he only helped his allies if they were in distress.

'I never thought about the position of that person.'

He was vigilant and suspicious of everyone before he got to know them. Yes, it was the same with Braham. He was wary and didn't feel respect because Braham was a demonkin.

'Just once.'

If only he talked to Braham about being betrayed by Pagma, if only he said words of warm comfort. When Braham encouraged him, Grid could also give Braham hope.

'Why didn't I show any interest in Braham?'

Grid knew his position. He could try to help Braham with his resurrection. But Grid didn't. He just treated Braham the way he wanted. Nevertheless.

'Nevertheless, you... You liked me...'

*Kkuok!*

Grid bit his lower lip hard. He was trying to stop himself from crying. Oasis had a great misunderstanding after seeing Grid.

'I don't know anyone who is so kind and looks at me with such friendly eyes...?'

King Grid. It wasn't just limited to Satisfy. He had a reputation and power to reign like a king in the real world. But rather than being arrogant, he was such a warm person. It was surprising.

'He can control his mind... That's how he was able to succeed...!'

The arrogance exposed through various types of broadcasts was a false production. He didn't want his true self to be seen by potential enemies. It was indeed admirable. 'Yes, this is the ideal Undefeated King's descendant.' Oasis' tension was released once he saw Grid as such a big person. He had a warm heart like believers in front of a Buddha statue.

"Please accept this."

Oasis handed the old sheath of the Undefeated King to Grid. Of course, it wasn't without good reason. He wasn't a fool. In any case, if he made Grid the descendant of the Undefeated King, he might get a separate reward in return.

'It might be a few legendary items.'

He would be able to live a different life. The moment that Oasis thought so.

"Hey, sh... Is this a joke?"

"?????"

Grid frowned after being given the old sheath of the Undefeated King. The gentle atmosphere had completely disappeared. His eyes looked like he was going to curse at Oasis.

'W-What? Why so suddenly?'

Oasis panicked. The angry Grid threw the old sheath back to him.

"A person is trying to suppress his emotions. Why are you giving this japtem to me? What is wrong with you? Eh? What is it?"

"Jap... tem?"

An item that provided a legendary class change quest was called japtem? It was impossible. Oasis thought that something was wrong with the Undefeated King's old sheath. Then he heard a voice that hadn't been present since he failed the quest in Lubana.

*-Do you think you can surrender ownership at will? The choice isn't your burden.*

“...I didn’t lose my qualifications?”

Oasis asked in a quivering voice. The voice from the old sheath hummed.

*-It’s a problem for me to judge. Don’t think about it.*

“ ... ”

Oasis’ eyes turned red. Deep emotions flickered as the dream he thought was long gone appeared again. Grid’s eyes were flat when they looked at Oasis.

‘Talking alone in front of a person... He is completely crazy.’

Once again, he shouldn’t be kind to anyone. This was just a strange and twisted person. Then someone on a horse ran towards Grid. It was Ares returning after the war. Ares got down from his horse and bowed deeply to Grid.

"I really appreciate it this time. Thanks to your help, I was able to achieve a bigger victory than I expected."

In the war that Ares planned, Liberon Forest was just the ‘first interception.’ Despite taking advantage of the terrain and climate of Liberon Forest, Ares knew that this line of defense would eventually be overcome. He prepared other traps in various places, but was able to get rid of the imperial troops before they were exposed. It was a tremendous benefit in the long run. Ares was truly thankful and grasped Grid’s hand.

"No, I didn’t do it for your thanks."

"I know."

The reason that Grid participated in this war was for the future of the Overgeared Kingdom, not Valhalla. Ares also knew this fact.

"But it’s clear that Valhalla greatly benefited as a result. Allow me to repay you."

*Clap clap.*

Ares clapped and 500 soldiers ran over. At a glance, they were clearly well-trained.

“They are elites who have been given top attributes. The war raised their level to 270.

Maybe they can grow into knights?"

"...?"

"I will give them to you."

"Huh?"

"These soldiers, please accept them."

"..."

Valhalla would supply troops to the Overgeared Kingdom, while the Overgeared Kingdom supplied items to Valhalla. This was the ideal alliance that Ares dreamt of.

"I hope that the exchanges between the two kingdoms will be more active from today."

"...I understand."

The grateful Grid left Valhalla with the soldiers. Oasis looked at his back and questioned the old sheath.

"Isn't he a fit for the ruler you're looking for? Honestly, won't he fulfil your wish?"

The answer he received in return was:

*-He is already a ruler. His vessel is too big for the small part of my soul in this sheath to handle.*

"..."

An amazing person who was recognized by an arrogant ego item. Oasis' eyes filled with envy as they looked at Grid's back.

'Someday, I will stand side by side with you... No, I will become a person you will be aware of. Until then, please win.'

The footsteps left by a hero of heroes, countless people followed them. Now Grid was someone else's goal. Just like Grid's goal was Kraugel.

# Chapter 713

Name: Hail

Level: 271

Occupation: Soldier

Strength: 1,090/1,700

Stamina: 1,047/1,700

Agility: 600/1,000

Intelligence: 306/800

Skills: Intermediate Sword Mastery Lv. 1, Intermediate Spear Mastery Lv. 1, Beginner Bow Mastery Lv. 7, Beginner Shield Techniques Lv. 7, Beginner Horse Riding Lv. 3, Beginning Swimming Lv. 1.

Hidden Attributes: Terrain Adaptability Increase, Climate Adaptability Increase, Increased Amount of Experience Gained, Recover all Resources at Level Up, Status Resistance Correction, Decreased Morale Drop Rate.

Status: Depressed (I was abandoned by King Ares... Did I do something wrong?)

Name: Kan

Level: 275

Occupation: Soldier

Strength: 1,290/1,400

Stamina: 1,347/1,500

Agility: 810/1,100

Intelligence: 106/500

Skills: Intermediate Sword Mastery Lv. 2, Intermediate Spear Mastery Lv. 2, Beginner Bow Mastery Lv. 9, Beginner Shield Techniques Lv. 9, Beginning Horse Riding Lv. 5, Beginner Swimming Lv. 1.

Hidden Attributes: Terrain Adaptability Increase, Climate Adaptability Increase, Increased Amount of Experience Gained, Recover all Resources at Level Up, Status Resistance Correction, Decreased Morale Drop Rate.

Status: Confused (It is an honor to serve the famous Overgeared King... My family is left at home...?)

'...Crazy.'

On the way to the Overgeared Kingdom. Grid was astonished as he observed the 500 soldiers with the King's Sword. Was it due to the outstanding talents of the soldiers? No, that wasn't it. The measure of a NPC's talent was the maximum number of stats they could obtain and their special skills. From a general point of view, these 500 soldiers were all had plain talent. That's why it was even more amazing.

'Being able to raise the ordinary soldiers to this level...'

The more talented the NPCs, the better their learning ability. In other words, ordinary soldiers were slow when it came to increasing their skills. The 500 soldiers that Ares gave him had a very high skill level despite being ordinary. Moreover, the separate attributes they possessed were also the best.

'In particular, all resources are recovered when levelling up. This is the reason why Valhalla soldiers show great fighting ability in a war.'

It was hard to give original attributes.

They reason why the Overgeared soldiers had the Increased Adaptation in Rice Fields attribute was the result of steadily training there. The Overgeared soldiers did intense drills all day but unlike the Valhalla soldiers, they didn't have a wide range of

attributes. Recovering all resources when levelling up... Grid had no idea how to give that attribute.

‘How strong is Ares’ Fostering Strong Soldiers skill?’

Imagine it. The appearance of Ares as he commanded one million soldiers.

‘...Scary, scary.’

Grid never wanted to be hostile to Ares. If they had to be enemies...

‘I have to hit while Valhalla still isn’t developed.’

Grid was confident. If he, Asmophel Chucksley, Maxong, and the best members of Overgeared devastated the enemy while Kasim and Faker assassinated them in the turmoil, they could conquer Valhalla. But instead...

‘Our damage will be big and we will show a gap to the empire.’

Eventually, they would be destroyed.

‘I don’t want to be enemies with Ares in the first place.’

Grid had a great deal of liking towards Ares. How many people in the world would hate Ares’ straightforward and bold personality?

‘...He has the candidate for the Undefeated King’s descendant by his side.’

Oasis. The man who came to him and handed him an old worn-out sheath. Grid was reminded of him and cheered him on.

‘Don’t be discouraged.’

In fact, he had been confused when a man he didn’t know came up to him and handed him the sheath. Then he used the Legendary Blacksmith’s Appraisal on the sheath and felt anger and sympathy at the same time.

[Undefeated King’s Old Sheath]

★ Quest Item ★

A sheath used by the Undefeated King when he was alive. A part of the Undefeated King's will is contained in it.

Conditions of Use: A player. After changing to the current class, unable to have died once.

A quest item associated with the Undefeated King. Grid quickly grasped Oasis' identity. He was the rumored descendant of the Undefeated King. No, he was a candidate to be the descendant.

'It is a precious opportunity you have won for yourself. You shouldn't give it to other people.'

Why did Oasis try to hand over the sheath to him? Grid grasped the reason for it.

'He wanted to give up.'

It could be seen in the eyes and the shadows on the face. Oasis didn't have any confidence. Just like Grid in the past.

'I used to talk to myself all the time...'

That's right. Grid was projecting himself onto Oasis. Thus, he hated Oasis while at the same time, felt sympathetic and wanted to cheer him on.

'Right now, the quest is difficult and you want to run away. But don't give up. Hang on.'

Setting his private emotions aside, wasn't Grid greedy for the Undefeated King's old sheath? Didn't he want it? Certainly not. Grid and his colleagues were people who weren't afraid of failure. There was no one among them who met the conditions to use the old sheath.

'Well, there is nothing free in the world. If I received the sheath, I would have to give something else instead.'

Rather, it was more urgent to get rid of the depression in the 500 soldiers. Grid

reassured the soldiers.

“Don’t worry if your family is in Valhalla. In the name of the Overgeared King, I will take all your family members into the Overgeared Kingdom.”

Of course, Ares would willingly cooperate if he knew. The soldiers were thrilled when they saw Grid’s trustworthy face.

‘Unbelievable... Despite us not saying anything, he saw our anxiety and prepared a solution...’

‘He’s truly great... As expected from the famous Overgeared King!’

Grid used items to build up the people.



"What?"

50,000 soldiers wiped out, many Red Knights died, and Kyle’s left arm was gone. Emperor Juander was upset when he heard the report. He wanted to suppress the Red Knights and the soldiers could be replaced at any time. But the fact that Kyle was hit was a problem. It became impossible to pass the responsibility of this war to the Red Knights and the position of the five pillars would become weaker. As a result, Juander was unable to achieve his intended purpose. His prestige even dropped.

“Kyle...! Kyle, this guy! I believed in you!”

*Kuwaaaang!*

The energy of the Saharan imperial family passed down through generations filled the area. Once Juander became angry, the powerful red energy exploded and shook the great hall. Kyle’s face became paler.

"I'm ashamed..."

Kyle couldn’t lift his head. He was ready to die. The emperor’s plan was broken because of him and his position was weakened. However, Juander was cold. No matter how angry he was, he wouldn’t be stupid enough to cut his own flesh.

“Confinement...! Don’t show yourself until I call for you again!”

“...You are sparing my life?”

“Don’t flatter yourself! I’m only leaving you alive because it’s necessary!”

“...I will surely make up for this one day.”

Kyle bowed deeply to Juander and left the great hall. Once left alone, Juander’s body started to tremble.

“The Undefeated King’s descendant...!”

He destroyed half of the Red Knights and damaged Kyle with magic? It was something that couldn’t be compared to what was witnessed in Lubana!

‘He can even use magic?’

Magic was an area that even the Undefeated King in the legends didn’t use. Juander became uneasy.

“Don’t tell me... The descendant of the Undefeated King is stronger than the Undefeated King?”



Many people knew that the East Continent had a higher level of difficulty than the West Continent. It was no surprise that the people from the East Continent brought over by Grid to the Overgeared Kingdom performed better than the existing Overgeared Kingdom’s residents.

By default, their level was high and they were distinguished in each field. A prime example was the four blacksmiths, the Red Phoenix Group, Sua, and Han Seokbong. Additionally...

“Uh, it’s time to water the garden. I have to hurry.”

“Don’t worry. Yang Fei has already watered it.”

“Ugh! Prince Lord’s snack hasn’t been completed yet!”

"Don't worry. I already brought him a homemade pie made by Yang Fei."

"I'm in big trouble. Tomorrow is cleaning day, but I can't find the supplies."

"Don't worry. Yang Fei has already figured it all out."

"Prince Lord's escort, Sir Chucksley has asked for a vacation because of back pain. I will summon Jude, who will temporarily be in charge."

"No, Sir Chucksley withdrew the request. His back pain was gone after Yang Fei gave him a massage."

"Yang Fei..."

"Yang Fei..."

Super maid! It was the nickname attached to Yang Fei. Grid's hand techniques... No, after moving to the Overgeared Kingdom, she was truly very versatile. It was possible because she had to support a large family alone. She was able to cope with any situation and became a senior maid representing the Overgeared Palace. She was from the common people and became a royal maid!

'I will devote myself even more!'

Yang Fei was very motivated. Being able to show off all her skills was a vocation for her. This was like heaven compared to working in Idan's restaurant.

"If I work hard... One day King Grid will..."

"What about Father?"

"Come to me at night like the old days..."

"At night?"

"Massage... Kyaaack!"

Yang Fei blushed as she spread her imagination. She belatedly realized and screamed. The cause was the 5 year old boy standing next to him. The black hair and high nose resembled his father. On the other hand, the eyes that resembled his mother was as

blue as the sky. His eyes were gentle. The face was a perfect oval shape. It was an amazing small face with that nose and mouth!

“P-Prince Lord...!”

That’s right. The smiling boy whose eyes were shining like lanterns was Lord. As usual, he was covered in grease and dirt. It was incredible that he was the prince of a kingdom. It was inevitable since he worked in the fields in the morning, did martial arts in the afternoon, and royal business in the evening.

“Hello Yang Fei.”

“...”

A bright expression. Yang Fei was absorbed in Lord’s beauty and was stunned for a moment. Lord’s beauty was so perfect in all respects that even the great Yang Fei was amazed. This was despite the fact that he was only 5 years old. Lord asked an innocent question to the staring Yang Fei.

“Does Father massage Yang Fei every night? Is it good?”

“N-No! It was only a few times in the past! It hasn’t happened in recent years!”

It was just a normal massage. But what Yang Fei felt was different. Therefore, she felt guilty for some reason. She couldn’t deny it completely. A strange smile appeared on Lord’s face. The innocence disappeared like it was washed away. He felt more like a sly uncle than a 5 year old boy.

“Teach me how to give a massage. I want to give my girlfriends massages.”

“...”

“I will keep it a secret from Mother. Yes? Shall we go to my room?”

Lord smiled again like he didn’t know anything! Yang Fei, who was known for always been calm and impersonal, couldn’t help feeling embarrassed in front of Lord. Lord was enjoying her reaction when a voice was heard.

“King Grid has returned. Prince Lord, please change clothes and greet him.”

The voice heard from the ceiling came from the King of Shadows, Kasim. Since the situation with the empire became uneasy, he devoted himself to escorting Lord and handed over leadership of the Overgeared Shadows to Faker.

“Father!”

Lord's face brightened. He was delighted to be reunited with his father, who he respected and loved most in the world. He really looked like a child when this happened.

# Chapter 714

‘Where did it go wrong?’

Recently, Kasim’s worries had been deepening. It was because Prince Lord was quite wicked at age 5. His actions were gradually becoming perverse. Was it a cause for concern? Yes, it was. If Lord was a normal child, his spiteful nature wouldn’t be a problem. What 4~8 year old didn’t act out? Lord was the same as children of the same age.

The problem was that Lord wasn’t normal. His innate intelligence was extraordinary enough to understand when taught and his talent was outstanding enough to adapt quickly to any field. Looking at him, Kasim was convinced that Lord would become a legend in the future. Was that all? He even had power. It was a serious problem for such a smart and influential person to have a spiteful nature.

Look at what happened just before. He had Yang Fei in his hand and Yang Fei wasn’t able to resist simply because Lord was a prince.

‘It is still at the level of a joke.’

But what if Lord became eviler?

‘A prince’s joke can ruin a person’s life.’

The King of Shadows had made assassination as his business and knew the dark side of the world. He saw how dangerous crooked power was.

‘I worked hard on his emotional education but...’

Kasim wasn’t Lord’s only teacher. The legendary farmer Piaro, Sage Sticks, Blacksmith Khan, and occasionally Pope Damian all taught Lord. They all tried to instill the correct way of thinking into Lord. Piaro taught him how to understand the minds of farmers and soldiers, Sticks taught him the moral sense of the whole species, Khan the unassuming spirit of a craftsman, and Damian the spirit of faith. Nevertheless, Lord was gradually becoming distorted.

‘This is a serious problem.’

Kasim had started guarding Lord right after he was born. He no longer recognized Lord as a means of going against the empire and thought of Lord as his own child. That’s why he was more worried. However, he didn’t have an idea of how to fix Lord’s crooked character. Fortunately, his worries were quickly resolved.

“Huh? What? My Lord. Did you suffer from studying today?”

King Grid returned from a war. He saw the sweat and dirt on Lord and anxiously hugged him.

“It’s good to study hard, but I would rather you make a lot of friends and play around. Lord is still young. You don’t have to live with excessive responsibility.”

“Father...”

Lord’s eyes turned red as he was hugged by Grid. The best genius of the continent, the only successor to the Overgeared Kingdom, a legend’s descendant, etc. Lord had the expectations of millions of people on him since he was born and had always been compelled to fulfill these expectations.

It was always stressful. He felt resentment that he was overworked just because of his father and his natural talent. But Lord wasn’t able to express this to anyone. He was afraid of disappointing the people around him and didn’t want to disgrace his great father. Yet at this moment...

"I will be happy if Lord is healthy and happy. I want Lord to make a lot of good friends rather than being alone. It would be great if my Lord is always happy and makes other people happy."

“...”

The most respected and loving father in the world was revealing his heart.

*Kkuok...*

Lord buried his face in Grid’s chest and bit his lip. He was trying to stop himself from crying. At the age of 5, Lord had started to become skewed from his burdens. This little boy was getting his act together today.

'Father, I'll study harder from today onwards. I won't make other people embarrassed. I will be a great person like Mother.'

The smell of iron from his father's arms was too good. The feeling of his father's large and rugged hands stroking his head made Lord feel happy. Lord barely managed to hold back his tears and smiled. Kasim gave a warm smile from where he was watching in the shadows.

'I can't fill a father's role.'



"You're safe."

Grid's office.

Lauel came to see Grid. He was still unfamiliar with the sight of Grid whispering to Lord in his arms. Wasn't it just a few months ago that Grid was trying to teach Lord everything? Grid laughed bitterly.

"Whenever I see a sweaty young child, I'm reminded of Sehee."

"Do you mean Ruby?"

"Yes."

A child who received the expectations of their parents due to her terrible brother. Sehee went to all types of private academies and would come home late at night. Grid knew how hard it was.

"There is no reason to be overworked just because a person is talented. Well, he needs the minimum level of education as a prince, but..."

"It's not that I don't understand your mind. But Prince Lord will be the biggest power in the future of the Overgeared Kingdom. Stopping the gifted education will directly lead to weakening the power of the Overgeared Kingdom..."

"Do I have to rely on my son? This time, I have obtained the political power stat. I will try harder, so let's stop putting the burden on Lord."

“..”

Grid was trying to be more responsible since Braham left. At this moment, he realized he hadn't been trying his best. He made up his mind to do even more.

"Have you decided on the strategy to attack the vampire cities?"

The named bosses sleeping in a vampire city dropped the best items. It was important to raise the power of the Overgeared Kingdom by occupying the vampire cities.

"Yes, I have excluded the 2nd city, which is believed to contain Marie Rose and the 1st city, which is estimated to have the highest level of difficulty, from the attack list. We will clear the remaining seven cities sequentially."

"The raid group members?"

"A party will be formed with Your Majesty and the viscount members."

The viscount members included the top members of the Tzedakah Guild: Jishuka, Pon, Regas, etc. There was also Peak Sword, Euphemina, Chris, and Katz.

"It's great..."

"At first, I thought to include a wider variety of people in the party. But I thought an overall power boost was necessary."

The empire failed to destroy Valhalla and the cause of the failure was placed on the Undefeated King's descendant. Right now, they were afraid to approach Valhalla and might detour to the Overgeared Kingdom first. Lauel thought it would be better to raise the power of the Overgeared Kingdom.

"If the third advancement users don't grow now, they won't have the ability to deal with the solo number knights. I think it would be better to focus on raising the high level members in preparation for going against the empire."

Grid had directly witnessed the skills of the solo number knights and agreed.

"That's true..."

In particular, the growth of Chris, Faker, and Regas were necessary. If they became

more powerful than they were now, maybe they could fight one on one with a solo number knight. Grid nodded and Lael added.

"Ah, Ruby and Sexy Schoolgirl will also go with you."

"...Do they have time?"

"The two of them have decided to focus on Satisfy rather than their studies."

"Y-Yes..."

Grid felt sorry for the vampires. And at this moment, Grid's misfortune was triggered.



"..."

The national cemetery of the imperial capital, Titan. The Red Knights were gathered where the empire's lords were sleeping. They were dressed in black mourning clothes. It was to honor their colleagues who died in the war against Valhalla.

"A moment of silence."

The black outfit made her white skin more noticeable. Mercedes bowed her head and everyone followed her.

"...Sir Lorex, I will surely avenge you."

"Sir Dia... I won't forget your sacrifice."

"..."

The Red Knights started to sob. Pain filled their chests. However, their leader Mercedes was silent and didn't shed any tears. Her role wasn't to share in the sorrow, but to get revenge.

"Prepare to leave."

After the funeral. Mercedes broke through the heavy mourning and gave an order to her aide, Sky. At this moment, a quest window appeared in front of Sky.

[Blood Revenge]

Difficulty: SSS

First Knight Mercedes wants to honor her deceased colleagues. She's determined to go to Valhalla and find the Undefeated King's descendant in order to kill him.

As Mercedes aide, you have the obligation to act with her and help her achieve her goal.

Quest Clear Conditions: The death of the Undefeated King's descendant.

Quest Reward: Join the Red Knights. Once you join the Red Knights, you will gain benefits such as increased stats and new skills.

Quest Failure: Level -5.

'Finally...!'

He was the first player to receive the opportunity to become a Red Knight. The ambitious Sky had been working only for this moment.

'...Climb up the ladder step by step.'

One day, he would become a solo number knight and stand side by side with Mercedes.

'Then I will make you my girl.'

An ugly smile appeared on Sky's face. His gaze swept over Mercedes' white neck.



"Three brothers have died."

The nine direct descendants of Shizo Beriache. Among the vampires, they had transcendent power, but were under the Curse of Idleness. They spent most of their

life sleeping. They belatedly received the news that Elfin Stone, Tiramet, and Latina had died.

"I don't know about Tiramet and Latina, but I can't believe Elfin Stone..."

Earl Elfin Stone. The nine. No, if Braham was included, then Elfin Stone was one of the top members among the ten direct descendants.

"But to be killed by humans..."

"Is it one of the rumored legends? People like Muller?"

"Hasn't it been a few hundred years? Muller and the other legends are long dead."

"Eh...? Then who killed Elfin Stone...? Um... Ummmm..."

"...Kuooh... Kuoooh..."

"...Drrrool!"

The direct descendants gathered after hundreds of years. Apart from Duchess Marie Rose and Marquis Fenrir, all of the direct descendants gathered in one place started to fall asleep. It was the fearful Curse of Idleness.

# Chapter 715

There were a total of 15 vampire cities. The Overgeared Guild had already conquered cities 10~15.

“The bosses who protect each city are true blood vampires or direct vampires. Everyone here has faced the true blood vampires a number of times, right?”

The entrance to the 9th city. Lauel’s briefing started before they entered.

“The direct descendants are super named bosses. Once killed, they won’t respawn again. Instead, a true blood vampire will appear as a boss.”

Chris nodded.

“Since taking over as lord of Reidan, I have hunted the true blood vampires 53 times. They are all named bosses and are strong.”

"53 times...? You have attacked the cities 53 times in just three months?"

Pon was amazed when he heard Chris’ words. He knew how high the difficulty of the vampire cities was. Unless Grid was with them, it took at least three days to capture a city once. Of course, this was a story for when the top members set up a party.

Chris modestly responded to Pon.

"It’s thanks to the actions of my captains."

The five captains of the Giant Guild! They were the best talents, including the 1st ranked swordsman Zirkan. They were comparable to the top players of the Tzedakah Guild.

‘If we form a party with them, it will be easier to conquer the cities... ’

The convinced Pon nodded.

“Wasn’t Chris hunting alone before?”

“..”

Grid was the one who asked the question.

Pon was shocked.

*Hum hum.* Chris coughed and explained.

"That day, I specifically challenged myself. Up to that point, I had always been with the captains. I built up my know-how and was able to challenge it by myself."

"No, stop. You don't have to be so considerate." Pon interrupted Chris' words. "There's a large gap between us. I will try to narrow the gap in this raid."

Chris was 1st on the unified rankings and Pon was currently 7th. He didn't think he was lacking so much. His provocative words stimulated Chris.

"...I will be looking forward to it."

Chris realized how much he had grown. He had never once won against Jishuka, Regas, and Pon during the days of L.T.S. Now their positions were reversed. Regas' eyes were blazing as he watched the two people.

"I hope to see a direct vampire. It will be a lot of fun."

Regas was always longing for a fight with the strong!

"...What fun? It would be awful."

Vantner clicked his tongue. He was nervous because he had experienced fighting a direct descendant.

"At this point, Elfin Stone would be comparable to Belial."

Monsters also grew. Just like Satisfy players levelled up over the passage of time, a monster's level also rose significantly. Once he recalled Elfin Stone's presence in the past, he wouldn't be surprised if the current earls were as strong as Belial a few months ago.

Lauel nodded.

"It's a reasonable reasoning. From now on, the direct vampires we meet will be tough. But..."

*Suook.*

Lauel examined the Overgeared members. Overgeared King Grid, 1st ranked Chris, godly archer Jishuka, god of killing Faker, Asura Regas, White Knight Pon, bald-headed Vantner, Blood Warrior Katz, conditional powerhouse Euphemina, Peak Sword, Paladin Toban, Huroi, etc. The best people who deserved to be praised were gathered together. There was also Saintess Ruby, who had the strongest healing ability, and the Saintess' Knight Sexy Schoolgirl, who protected her.

"Even if we meet Belial again, we don't have to be afraid with all the members here. Although Yura's presence would be nice."

"Yura..."

It had been a few months since Grid had seen Yura. Her beautiful face was like a drug and he sometimes deeply missed her.

"Yura still hasn't returned from hell?"

"Yes, I haven't been able to communicate with her."

"I'm looking forward to when she comes back."

In contrast to the smiling Grid.

"She has to come back before the National Competition."

Peak Sword was worried.

Then.

"Our stamina has recovered."

Saintess Ruby and Saintess' Knight Sexy Schoolgirl reported. They had just reached level 200 so they were exhausted from crossing Reidan's desert.

"Okay."

Grid nodded and got up. Then he took the lead with the strongest rankers behind him.

"This is the Overgeared Guild."

"Ohh!"

"Let's go!"

They were the ones with the highest pride. Even the 1st ranked Chris was willing and happy to follow Grid. They all recognized Grid as the best. It had been from the time when Grid wasn't recognized by the world.



The 9th vampire city.

"When is Earl Cray coming back?"

"I don't think he's coming back..."

"..."

One year ago. The master of the 9th city and descendant of Shizo Beriache, Earl Cray had left the city. He left for a 'short' meeting and said he would be back. Yet he still hadn't returned. The vampires of the 9th city had half given up. The Curse of Idleness had a stronger effect on the top ranking vampires. The vampires of the 9th city knew that Earl Cray had fallen asleep during the meeting and wouldn't wake up for decades.

"What will happen if the humans that kill Earl Elfin Stone attack at this point?"

"At that time."

"We should have the true blood vampires go out."

"True."

"Blood."

"Vampires."

True blood vampires. Vampires made by the direct descendants. They had high pride. In particular, Earl Cray was better than Earl Elfin Stone, so they believed that they could stop the enemy invasion. At that moment, intruders appeared in the city as if to prove that belief.

"Around 20 humans have entered?"

"Heh, humans are crazy. Invading our city with such a small number of people."

The true blood vampires who were the guardians of the 9th city! Three of them barely shook off their sleepiness and raised themselves from their coffins.

*Shaaaaaah-*

The flesh of the vampires scattered into smoke and flew through the city where sunlight didn't enter. Then.

"There they are."

"How long has it been since I smelt human blood?"

"Dinner, dinner! Kihahahahat!"

The true blood vampires discovered the intruders and regained their original bodies. Their red eyes watched from the sky in the position of a hunter. The humans surrounded by hundreds of vampires were just good prey.

"The vampire who eats first will be the owner!"

The three excited true blood vampires descended to the ground. It was fast enough to exceed the ridiculous speed of a griffon descending to snatch prey. Usually humans couldn't follow along with their eyes!

*Sukakak!*

*Puok!*

*Peeng!*

The true blood vampires rapidly descended and attacked the humans with their claws,

magic, and weapons. The humans buried their heads in the cold floor without being aware of it. The true blood vampires believed so and smiled coldly. However...

*Kwajak!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

'Keok... Huh?'

'Ugh... Eh?'

Those whose faces were on the cold floor weren't human, but the true blood vampires. All of them were attacked without noticing and crashed into the ground.

'...What?'

A technique? The confused true blood vampires raised their bodies.

--!

---!

----!

Three sharp flashes of light moved silently in the darkness. At the same time, blood rose from the back of the true blood vampires. The god of killing, Faker. Despite having a normal class, he was a master of swiftness who won against the sun-grade Black. His master level Assassination skill exerted maximum power due to his exquisite control skills.

"Kuaaaaak!"

"Kuk...!"

They felt pain in the necks. The true blood vampires grasped the situation late and screamed. The moment they noticed Faker's existence, Faker's assassination skill was already lifted.

*Chwarururuk!*

A man with cold eyes appeared in the darkness. There was no fear on his face despite standing alone among three true blood vampires. It was enough to disturb the true blood vampires.

“You’re crazy!”

“Damn humans!”

“You son of a bitch.”

Due to the assassin’s surprise attack, the anger of the true blood vampires pierced the sky. Their feelings were evident in their attacks.

*Peng!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

Brilliant magic aimed towards Faker. The true blood vampires were planning to slaughter the assassins in front of them and then the humans fighting the vampires in the rear. But their plan didn’t work. The assassin was so fast that 70% of the magic bombardment missed.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.” The power was enough to remind them of Earl Cray’s magic. It was due to the strong aura. “Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.”

*Chukak. Chukakakakak!*

*Pajijjik!*

*Kurururung!*

“Ke... ok.”

“Kuaaaaak!”

“Hiik!”

The true blood vampires. As long as a direct descendant wasn’t present, they were the head of the general vampires. They forgot their bodies and gave a terrible scream. They were embarrassed by the acute pain.

‘These humans...!’

‘They are well prepared...!’

After they were surprised by the assassin, a powerful person attacked. Indeed, humans were smart. The moment the true blood vampires barely endured the pain by using the unique resilience of the species to counterattack.

“Your parents are sloths! You are lazy and don’t care about food, only sleeping!”

“What...?”

Someone cried out the truth that couldn’t be denied and the defense of the agitated true blood vampires fell. At this time.

“1,000 ton Sword!”

“Rail Spear!”

“Fly Up!”

"Draw Sword, Extinguish!"

It was the skills of the most powerful members of the team after they received the Overgeared Guild’s buffs.

"Kuaaaaack!"

The 9th vampire city was conquered in just two hours.

[The party ‘Let’s Obtain Loot!’ has succeeded in capturing the 9th vampire city!]

[The party leader ‘Grid’ has acquired a intermediate vampire ring.]

[The party leader ‘Grid’ has acquired a strength elixir.]

[The party leader ‘Grid’ has acquired 21 weapon enhancement stones...]

...

...

[The level of party member 'Ruby' has risen!]

[The level of party member 'Sexy Schoolgirl' has risen!]

"...I didn't have to do anything."

Toban and Vantner, the tankers of the party, felt isolated. It was because the vampires died without giving them a chance to tank the monsters. They just stood still and ate experience! It was like a meal.

# Chapter 716

Among the players, there was one party called the 'all-time best grade.' It was the Belial Raid party. The party contained Grid, the top rankers of the Overgeared Guild, Sword Saint Kraugel, and Pope Damian. It was the evaluation of most people that the strongest party wouldn't be born again twice.

But now, breaking the expectations of people, another strongest party was born. The name of the radiant party was 'Let's Obtain Loot!' party.

[The party 'Let's Obtain Loot!' has succeeded in capturing the 8th vampire city!]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired two advanced vampire rings.]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired a stamina elixir.]

[The party leader 'Grid'...]

...

...

1 hour and 48 minutes. After capturing the 9th city in two hours, the Let's Obtain Loot! party set a new record again. It was the advantage of the guild party. There was great teamwork because the party gathered people who shared the same ideals.

"Wow, aren't we invincible?"

"That... We can't lose with these members."

The power of the current party was comparable to the Belial raid party.

Kraugel's space was filled by Chris, and Damian's space was filled by Saintess Ruby. In particular, Ruby's percentage heal, great heals, and divine power abilities exerted a unique power in party play. The only areas where Ruby was inferior to Damian was that

her personal combat power was weak and she couldn't use various buff skills. This was despite the fact that she was only level 200.

In addition, compared to the time of the Belial raid, the average power of the members was very high. It was natural, since most of them were equipped with weapons made by Belial's items.

"As Lauel says, the current members can raid Belial."

"Yes."

*Haha hoho!*

The 9th and 8th cities were easier than they expected, so the Overgeared members had a friendly atmosphere among them. They were especially delighted with the drops of the vampire rings and the elixirs.

Advanced vampire's ring. It had a longer cooldown and less effect than Elfin Stone's Ring that Grid possessed, but that was when compared to Elfin Stone's Ring.

A vampire item with a healing effect; the value of the vampire rings in Satisfy was so rare that it was hard to find an alternative. Among them, the Advanced Vampire's Ring was the most effective. The drop rate was so low that only a few members of Overgeared had them. The vampires rings were popular with the Overgeared members, but most of them had inferior ones.

What about the value of the elixirs, which increased a stat permanently by 10? The elixirs had the worst drop rate. Since becoming lord of Reidan, Chris had only drunk an elixir three times. The value was astronomical. But the elixirs dropped continuously in two cities!

"Luck is following us. We will be able to grow tremendously during this expedition."

All the party members were excited. All of them were hopeful for the future. Except for Grid!

'...I'm anxious.'

Grid was gripped by an anxiety that couldn't be expressed in words. The reason? He was too lucky. The elixirs that he never found dropped in succession in two cities?

Unfortunately, Grid was fortunate enough to experience it.

'It's unusual... In the 9th city, three true blood vampires appeared at the same time.'

Originally, it often happened. Looking back at the city that Tiramet guarded, the direct descendant Tiramet and several true blood vampires appeared at the same time. Yes, Grid's anxiety didn't have a clear basis. But Grid's emotions didn't dissipate.

'What if Marie Rose appears in a city other than the 2nd city...?'

No, he wanted to believe that wouldn't happen. Grid trusted Braham.

'...Or will several direct descendants appear at the same time?'

Was it because he experienced so much misfortune? Grid was getting better and better at anticipating it.

*Chill!*

As Grid got goosebumps, the morale of the party members rose into the sky.

"Next is the 7th city! Number 7 is lucky in South Korea! Haha! As the chairman of the South Korea Patriotic Society, I will confidently say that two elixirs will drop in the next city! Puhahat!"

"Ohh! You're feeling good? Okay, let's move onto the next city!"

"..."

Don't be too excited. Grid wanted to say this, but he couldn't open his mouth. He didn't want to lower the atmosphere for no reason.

'It's sad that I haven't played around with friends... There's no need to unnecessarily worry them.'

He could worry about it alone.

*Shake shake.*

Grid shook his head and headed to the next city with his colleagues.



As it became two months to the National Competition, the attention and expectations of the world focused on it. What countries would be active this year and what types of scenes would be produced.

[[Once the new rules are applied, it's clear that the United States will win an overwhelming number of gold medals. It can't be denied. The United States will be number one.]]

[[There are so many players from the United States... Zibal's whereabouts are still unknown, but won't Kraugel fill his empty seat?]]

[[Yes, it's the most noticeable part of this National Competition. Kraugel's nationality changed from Russia to the United States.]]

[[In interviews with the Russian people, it seems that Kraugel had suffered considerable racial discrimination in Russia. It's understandable that he moved countries. But why the United States instead of South Korea? Considering his Korean background, shouldn't he move to South Korea?]]

[[There's a lot of speculation about this part. Among them, the most likely speculation is... ]]

Kraugel was dreaming of a rematch with Grid. He deliberately avoided South Korea with the aim of fighting Grid.

...Many people guessed this. However, the credibility was low because it wasn't what Kraugel himself said.

*-There are rumors that it is because of his mother's illness. It seems that the United States promised to fix his mother's illness. Well, it might be tricky.*

*-It's much more realistic than the speculation that he is conscious of Grid and avoided going to South Korea. Didn't Kraugel already win against Grid last year? Does he need to be conscious of Grid?*

*-Right. Kraugel doesn't seem to care about Grid.*

The confrontation between Kraugel and Grid was so gorgeous and fierce that it was

always in the top 3 best scenes of the National Competition. Regardless of nationality, countless people watched the video of the confrontation between the two. Again and again, repeatedly again and again.

There were many people expecting the reunion between the two and the S.A. Group recognized this fact. It was enough to insert the confrontation scene of the two people from last year into the opening video of the 3rd National Competition.

But people knew the reality. This year, there wouldn't be a great showdown in the National Competition. It was clear. Last year, Kraugel was praised as the sky above the sky, but he was still a normal class. Nevertheless, he beat Grid, who had a legendary class.

What about Kraugel of this year? A legend. He was also a Sword Saint, the strongest among the former legends. It was clear that this year's Kraugel would be several times stronger than last year's Kraugel and Grid wouldn't be able to endure it. If there was a rematch between the two of them, it would be a one-sided fight.

*-It isn't that Grid is weak. It's rare to find someone stronger than him.*

*-Who doesn't know this?*

*-Just.*

*-Kraugel is too strong.*

*-He's the sky above the sky!*

*-Kraugel is special among the special people. The most outstanding of all.*

*-It doesn't make sense that he would avoid South Korea because he's aware of someone he defeated.*

*-The issue this year isn't the confrontation between Grid and Kraugel. It's which country will take second place in the overall medals rank.*

*-Right. The United States will certainly be number one.*

After the United States, Canada and China were emerging as Satisfy superpowers due to their population. Which country would take second place? Attention was focused

on this. South Korea wasn't even mentioned and the interest in Grid was very faint compared to last year.

There was a person who was stimulated by this.

"...South Korea isn't a country that could be ignored."

The protagonist was Dungeon Maker Eat Spicy Jokbal. Recently, he'd been going through many internal changes while drinking with Peak Sword. He contacted the three friends who he set up Blood Carnival with.



[You have entered the 7th vampire city.]

"It's the same everywhere."

The vampire cities all had one thing in common. It was dark without any light. 10 minutes after entering, they couldn't see anything. And this was a tremendous risk.

*Kkiiiiiii!*

*Kwaaaaah!*

It was before the party members' eyes had adapted to the darkness. The wild beasts hanging around the city came to them. The vampires' familiars. This timing was one of the most dangerous moments. Most of the first time visitors to the vampire cities were unable to resist the familiars and died.

On the other hand, the Overgeared members had a lot of experience. They had already attacked the vampire cities several times and were aware that they would be attacked by the familiars, so they could cope with it. Even if they couldn't see in front of them, they could estimate the enemy's path and use a skill.

Yes, the familiars at the entrance of the city couldn't threaten the Overgeared members. This was normal. But the 7th city was strange.

"Kuk...!"

"Why are they so strong?"

"Shit! Don't relax and be alert!"

From the thick darkness, numerous familiars came from all directions. They were different from the other familiars. Their level was well over 50 and there were many of them. The Overgeared members became aware that they weren't ordinary familiars.

*Kwang!*

*Kwarururung!*

"Ugh! Take your formations!"

"Stay close until you adjust to the darkness! Be careful not to attack a teammate!"

It was a crisis! The Overgeared members were passive in front of the familiars' onslaught.

"Ahaha! Finally it is our turn!"

It was Toban and Vantner, who didn't have anything to do in the 9th and 8th cities.

"Sun Guard!"

*Flash!*

Splendid light poured from Toban and Vantner's shields. It was a bright light that caused catastrophic damage to the familiars who had adapted to the darkness for tens and hundreds of years.

*Yelp! Yipppp!*

*Grrrrr!*

The wolf and bat familiars became blinded. They completely lost sight from the two shields and Vantner's brightly shining head. The Overgeared members started the onslaught and barely overcame the crisis. But the real crisis was just beginning.

"Hrmm... I guess they aren't the ones who killed Elfin Stone if they're having trouble

with the familiars.

"They're trivial. Let's handle it quickly."

".....!!"

The party members were astonished at the voices that came from the sky.

[Earl Cray]

[Earl Yetima]

[Earl Ruson]

[Earl Noll]

The best monsters with gold names shining brilliantly...

Four Elfin Stone level vampires gathered and were looking down at them!

"XX..."

Why was it always him? Grid could only curse.

# Chapter 717

*Flash!*

The remnants of light flashing off Vantner's bald head was still dazzling. Due to this, he felt eyes focused on him from four directions.

"Hahaha... The helmet designs these days..."

"..."

There was an awkward silence. Pon, who would've normally laughed at Vantner, could only gulp. The appearance of the four direct descendants was still shocking.

"...Seven is a lucky number?"

"..."

Peak Sword couldn't react to someone's comment. Four direct descendants in one city. The four earl-class vampires appeared at the same time? It was the worst case scenario that no one expected. How could Peak Sword imagine it?

"How did this happen...?"

Lauel's eyes were shaken. According to the results of his research, the direct vampires were strongly affected by the Curse of Idleness. They didn't leave their cities and slept in the coffins for tens or hundreds of years. It was against the setting for them to leave their cities and gather in a certain area.

"The four of them are all city owners?"

Lauel started to get a headache. He was stressed because the plan changed with unexpected variables.

"I'm sorry."

Lauel opened his trembling lips and apologized. As the initiator of the city conquest

plan, he thought he should bear all responsibility. He wanted to sacrifice himself to give his colleagues time to retreat. But in order to escape from the vampire city, they had to defeat the owner of the city. Until then, they couldn't leave the city. Lael's sacrifice wouldn't solve the problem. The party's chances of survival were zero.

'This is bad...!'

His carelessness weakened the power of the Overgeared Kingdom. Lael's face was white and stricken. Someone placed a hand on the shoulder of the guilt-stricken Lael. It was a big and warm hand. Lael couldn't not know the owner of this hand.

"King Grid..."

Lael turned his gaze and met Grid's cool eyes.

"Use your brain if you have time to apologize. Isn't this the time to be calm? Try it. Regain your spirit."

"..."

Yes, Lael was aware of his weakness from a long time ago. If things flowed differently from his thoughts, he lost his composure and the ability to deal with it. This was a fatal weakness for a strategist. A strategist should be able to cope with any variable calmly and do their best.

"Don't look like it's over!"

Four earl class direct descendants? There was no possibility of fighting and winning. But he didn't have the slightest intention of being helpless. This was Grid.

"Think while we buy some time. That's the best thing we can do right now."

The morale of his colleagues had fallen to the bottom. Regas, who desired fighting against the strong, and Katz, who had a strong spirit, were fine. But not all members of Overgeared were the same. In particular, Ruby was terrified.

'I promised to be a dependable person.'

A leader had responsibilities. Especially in a tricky situation!

*Teong!*

Grid looked up and flew into the sky. He would confront the four direct descendants alone.

“Grid...!”

This was the end. They would all die. Some Overgeared members were frustrated and desperate at the thought of losing experience and items. They belatedly noticed Grid soaring into the sky. Black demonic energy covered Grid’s body as he reached the four direct descendants.

“Blackening. Quick Movements.”

[Your black magic power has increased.]

[You don’t have any black magic power. It will be replaced with demonic power.]

[While Blackening is activated, your species will change to half-demon.]

[As a half demon, your maximum health is reduced by 50%. Your attack power, magic power and agility will increased by 30% each.]

[All attacks will be converted to the dark attribute.]

[Your evasion rate is increased by 30% and your agility doubled for 1 minute.]

Grid would directly confront the four direct descendants alone! He put a lot of effort into survival. He was determined to grasp the power of the direct descendants and show the way to his colleagues.

*Pit!*

*Pipipipit!*

“Hoh.”

The eyes of the four direct descendants, looking down at the humans with no inspiration, widened slightly. They thought a trivial human was coming to commit suicide but he was as agile as a flying squirrel.

"Interesting."

*Pit!*

*Pipipipit!*

A storm of dark energy blades poured out! Blood started to appear on the skin of the four direct descendants. They weren't able to avoid the attack of Grid who had reached the highest speed.

'Not even fighting back or defending? Okay, there isn't completely no answer.'

Grid slightly grasped the agility of the direct descendants and performed a sword dance. This time he intended to measure their defense.

"Link!"

*Chukak.*

*Chukakakakak!*

The 20 strikes per second, which was more powerful than normal, cut at the body of Earl Cray. The God Hands firmly guarded Grid against the counterattacks of other earls and Grid identified the notification windows that came into view.

[You have dealt 16,900 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 18,780 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 20,600...]

...

...

'Not bad!'

The defense wasn't at a very good level. It was slightly less than the defense of Third Knight Lorex. Grid had hope.

'If we all join forces, we can hunt two of them.'

In the end, it was okay to fail in attacking the city. If they took out two out of four, they would unconditionally succeed in attacking the city in the next challenge. The moment Grid thought this.

"Ohu, that's right. That ring shows that you're the human who sealed Elfin Stone." Earl Cray smiled at Grid after being hit. His gaze was focused on Elfin Stone's Ring. "Looking at this, Elfin Stone must be pathetic. Well, unlike me, he wasn't a candidate to be a marquis."

*Paaaat!*

"...?"

Time stopped? Grid fell into an illusion for a moment. The blood that flowed from Earl Cray's wounds rejected the laws of gravity. The drops of blood floated in the air.

"What are you doing?"

"...!"

Time hadn't stopped. Grid heard Earl Cray's voice and tried to swing the sword again, but it was already too late.

*Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa! Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

The large amount of blood shed by Earl Cray. The massive amount of blood gathered in the air and shot towards Grid.

*Peeeeeeong!*

"Kuk...!"

Grid's face distorted with pain and shock once he was struck by the blood.

[You have suffered 19,500 damage.]

[All of your lost health is absorbed by the target.]

A powerful blood-sucking ability! Earl Cray's bloody attack didn't stop at massive damage to Grid. 100% of the damage done to Grid was restored as Earl Cray's health.

'Shit, this is a direct...!'

Earl Cray wasn't an intimidating opponent because his physical ability was relatively normal. Just as Elfin Stone specialized in swordsmanship and magic, and Tiramet specialized in physical abilities, Cray specialized in the ability to absorb blood. He wasn't an easily dismissed opponent. As Grid was hit in the chest and started to fall to the ground, Cray's hand grasped Grid's face.

Next.

"Blood Tornado."

*Puhahahak!*

Pillars of blood uncoiled around Earl Cray's body like living serpents. They started to swirl in response to Earl Cray's order. Grid's body started to be torn apart.

[You have suffered 17,500 damage.]

[You have suffered 15,900 damage.]

[A great king puts his safety first. Due to the First King title effect, a shield with all the health lost in the last minute will be created.]

[All terrain adaptability has increased by 100% while movement speed and defense has increased by 10%.]

“Um...?”

The pillars of blood wouldn't stop until the target was completely dead. Earl Cray, who was convinced that the man trapped inside would soon die, was amazed. It was due to the strong shield created around the human's body.

*Kukwak!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

The human body, which should've been torn easily in the bloody storm, suddenly started to resist the storm. This was because Grid swapped from Triple Layers to the Holy Light Armor set.

“Linked Kill!”

*Puk!*

An energy blade shot through the storm. The terrible attack hit Earl Cray's chest.

*Puk puk puk!*

Two times, three times, and four times.

“Cough!”

Earl Cray coughed up blood and hurried away from Grid.

“Hahahat! This is too interesting!”

Unlike the others who suffered from the appearance of the four direct descendants, there was one person who was happy.

“Black Lightning Ascension!”

*Pajik!*

*Pajijjik!*

It was Asura Regas, who wished to fight strong opponents at any time. He couldn't fly in the sky like Grid, so he climbed the wall of one building and jumped from the roof towards the four direct descendants. This was the point where Earl Cray moved away from Grid.

"A pincer attack...!"

Earl Cray was surprised when an enemy appeared in an unexpected place!

*Puaaaaaaaaaah!*

Regas' punch struck his face. At this time.

"Fly Up!"

"Rail Spear!"

The other Overgeared members responded by starting the attack. 20 attack skills that killed the true blood vampires at once hit Earl Cray.

*Sukakak!*

*Peeng!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

Hit, hit, hit, and hit again! The Overgeared members' attacks caused Earl Cray's wounds to increase, as well as the amount of blood shed. It was the prelude to a disaster.

"Hmmm... I'm surprised that humans are so strong."

Earl Cray sincerely felt admiration. The number of blood pillars around his body increased from one to four. The more blood he shed, the stronger he became. This was the reality of Earl Cray. All of the Overgeared members, including Grid, tensed up. They couldn't imagine how much stronger he had become now that he had four blood pillars.

"Cray has made four 'tails' after a few hundred years."

"Isn't it the first time since he fought Braham with six tails and was beaten up?"

"These humans are pretty good."

All three direct descendants, who hadn't yet participated in the battle, were assured of Cray's victory. Until a crazy person came forward.

"Kuk...! Kukukuk! Using blood as a weapon in front of me?"

Blood Warrior Katz. He had complained about why they had to all gather together to hunt. He had sat with folded arms when the party conquered the 9th and 8th cities.

"I'm the master of all the blood in this world."

*Kwaruk!*

*Kwarururung!*

"...!!"

The eyes of all four direct descendants, including Cray, widened. It was because the four blood pillars around Cray's body started to run wild.

# Chapter 718

*Kurururuk!*

The large amount of blood shed by Earl Cray. The four 'red tails' moved away from Earl Cray's control and moved according to Katz' will. The tails that should've killed Earl Cray's enemies bit at his body instead.

*Kwajak!*

*Peeng!*

Earl Cray was nervous as the tails squeezed him and dug into his neck. He felt that the flow of blood wasn't under his control! It felt like he was going to be crushed into powder.

"Damn human...!"

The vampires who perceived humans as a subspecies. In particular, Cray was a direct descendant, so the situation was very shocking and humiliating.

"These humans dare trifle with my noble blood!"

Earl Cray was someone who showed little emotion, despite being attacked by Grid and the Overgeared members. He just treated them like livestock playing around. But now he was different. His face was furious like a demon. The other descendants watched him being threatened by his own tail and laughed.

"Hahaha! Cray! What is this pathetic state? A descendant of the blood ruler is humiliated by a human?"

Blood ruler. It was one of Shizo Beriache's numerous titles. In her lifetime, she was the master of all blood. She could even use the blood of the target to control them. She showed the transcendental ability to control the blood in the body of any living creature.

The person who claimed to be the descendant of the blood ruler was none other than

Cray. Earl Cray was especially prideful among the earls and felt tremendous pride in the fact that he inherited one of Beriache's abilities. But now he was suffering from humans. The other earls thought it was funny and ridiculed him.

"Shut up!"

Earl Cray screamed at his laughing brothers. Two of the four tails moving from left to right were destroyed. The two remaining tails no longer reacted to Katz and followed Cray's will. It was a scene proving that Earl Cray was still incomplete. The reason he didn't become a marquis was because he could only control two tails perfectly. Once he grew three tails, he could exert a higher destructive power, but he couldn't control it.

"You...! This garbage dares to give me such shame!"

Earl Cray looked shabby with only two tails wrapped around him. He glared at Katz on the ground.

"Die...! I will remind you that you are just prey! I will bite your neck, suck your blood, and eat all your flesh and hair!"

A cruel declaration of murder!

[Vampire Earl Cray has used Direct Suppression.]

[It's a force that mortals find difficult to resist! You have fallen into the 'fear' state.]

"Kuk...!"

The Overgeared members started to tremble. Their stats declined dramatically as they felt a strong sense of anxiety. At that moment.

"Purification!"

Saintess Ruby's warm light covered the Overgeared members. The Overgeared members were able to overcome the fear and felt fine. Earl Cray and the other

descendants were surprised.

“What is that strength?”

Every creature had a natural role. Just as livestock like pig were destined to be eaten by humans, humans were destined to be eaten by vampires. It was natural for humans to feel fear towards direct vampires. But what was this power that twisted destiny?

The direct descendants shifted their gaze from Katz to Ruby. The aggro shifted from Grid to Katz and now to Ruby. Regas, who fell to the ground after dealing a big blow to Earl Cray, felt alienated.

"No, pay attention to me..."

Was he a small fry that the direct descendants didn't even care about? Regas was stimulated.

“Haha... I must devote more time to training.”

*Pajik!*

*Pajijjik!*

While the direct descendants were staring at Ruby, Regas' body started to transform. It was the precursor to the descent of an Asura.

Katz said to him, "Why are you turning into an Asura when you can't even fly in the sky?"

“...”

As with most transformation skills, Asura had a time limit and a penalty. And Regas only had a high jump. He couldn't fly in the sky. On the other hand, the vampires had the ability to fly. A normal vampire could fly by transforming into bats or smoke, but the direct descendants had a passive flying ability. They moved in the air with no restrictions. Regas and most of the Overgeared members couldn't exert their full strength while the direct descendants were floating in the sky.

Katz decided to change this. He took advantage of the fact that Earl Cray had a big grudge against him.

"Hat!"

Katz snorted as loudly as possible for Earl Cray to hear. He shrugged at Earl Cray, who proclaimed that he would kill Katz.

"You have a big mouth for someone who's so scared that you're hiding in the sky. Aren't you talking so far away because you are scared?"

Katz was famous for his personality in the past. He also spoke provocative words. But there was a fact that shouldn't be forgotten. He was also a top ranker aiming for the top and had always been competing. Unlike his outward behavior, his thinking ability was always keen and calm. On the other hand, Earl Cray was born naturally strong. There were few competitors and he wasn't used to fighting. He had a high pride and quickly lost his cool.

"Who's afraid of whom?"

Earl Cray roared! His eyes moved from Ruby back to Katz.

*Kuwaaaaaang!*

As soon as Earl Cray fell to the ground, it was shattered by the magic power he emitted. The entire city was shaken by the powerful shock, including Katz and the Overgeared members.

[Vampire Earl Cray has used Magic Power Emission.]

[The earth is turbulent and the mana in the area has reversed!]

[You are affected by the 'balance loss' condition. There is a big restriction on your behavior.]

[You have fallen into the 'mana containment' state. Mana can't be used as a resource.]

"First I will tear off your mouth!"

“Kuk...”

Sweat trickled down Katz’ cheek as he faced the angry Earl Cray.

‘It’s a tremendous pressure. It’s the absolute difference in species in Satisfy.’

Hidden classes had a special concept. Most of them were specialized in one trait. This was sometimes a weakness, but it was mostly a strength. The ultimate concept of the epic class ‘Blood Warrior’ is ‘master of blood.’ He had the ability to control the flesh of anyone, including himself. This was the greatest strength that Katz boasted.

But Katz had realized from the time he controlled Cray’s tail. His epic rated ability wouldn’t work against the direct descendants. This was sufficient evidence. This was because his special resource ‘Blood System,’ consumed when capturing the blood of a target, had fallen rapidly the moment he took control of Cray’s tails.

According to Katz’ calculations, the maximum time that Katz could control Earl Cray’s tail was only one minute. Yes, even if Earl Cray hadn’t reduced his tail to two, the tails would’ve eventually reverted back to Earl Cray’s control. But Earl Cray didn’t know this. He reduced his tails to two and Katz looked big.

“Well, I don’t have to use blood magic.” Katz barely moved his trembling hands and pulled out the sword at his waist. “I’m a warrior. Kukuk! I’ll kill you!”

*Shuaack!*

Katz flew forward with his sword that contained a powerful blood-sucking ability. The attack speed was around three times slower than Grid’s full buff state. However, Earl Cray wasn’t specialized in physical abilities. He couldn’t avoid Katz’ attack and was stabbed in the chest. No, in the first place, he had no intention of avoiding it. It was just like humans showing no fear towards puppies.

*Kukwak!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

Katz’ sword penetrated Earl Cray’s heart. Earl Cray’s two tails spread out like a net and swallowed Katz’ body, squeezing tightly. It was a lasso of blood. Katz was unable to counterattack. His health was cut by two thirds with a single strike. But Katz knew.

"This should be enough right?"

Earl Cray reduced the number of tails and came down to the ground because of Katz. He had abandoned his strengths. Katz now believed that his colleagues could take care of it. It was a strong trust. Katz was now melting into the Overgeared Guild. His colleagues repaid his trust.

"Katz! Hide behind me!"

Toban and Vantner rescued Katz from the blood lasso and hid him behind their shields. Then Regas transformed in Asura, Chris raised his sword energy to the limit, and Pon rode on a white horse before simultaneously attacking Earl Cray. This wasn't the end.

*Peng!*

*Pepepepeok!*

Jishuka's arrows, Zednos and Laella's magic, and Lauel's qigong skills assisted their colleagues.

"Aren't I the most reliable in a boss raid?"

*Puooook!*

Ibellin's 'thorn', which inflicted damage to the target in proportion to their health, moved at the perfect timing and struck Earl Cray's heart. All of this was possible due to the healing abilities of Saintess Ruby.

"Pant... Pant..."

The best healer in Satisfy who gave a heal whenever her colleagues were hurt and a cleanse whenever they were affected by a status condition. The three direct descendants were still watching her. They could feel her mental and physical pressure as she sequentially used magic.

"This isn't good. It's a dangerous presence."

"I agree."

No matter what happened to Earl Cray, the direct descendants just laughed and watched. But their reaction was different towards Ruby. There was no room for it. The vampires instinctively sensed danger from the Saintess, who could even destroy the souls of great demons.

"I will surely kill her."

The three direct descendants moved to the ground and surrounded Ruby.

"I will protect Sehee!"

Saintess' Knight Sexy Schoolgirl always tried to protect Ruby.

"Bah."

However, it was impossible for the level 200 Sexy Schoolgirl to protect Ruby from the direct descendants who were stronger than the top rankers. She could block a few attacks with the Sacrifice skill but that was the limit.

"Die."

"I don't want to drink your blood. Turn into ashes."

*Chiiiiing!*

Dark magic power flowed from the hands of the direct descendants towards Ruby's small face. Ruby sensed death while the Overgeared members sought to rescue her, but they were caught by Earl Cray.

"Where do you want to go?"

*Kwa kwang!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

"Kuaaaack!"

"S-Shit...! Miss Ruby...!"

The two tails swirled in all directions and swept through the Overgeared members.

The Overgeared members were turned into rags but didn't care. They only reached out to Ruby. Everyone in the Overgeared Guild knew she was the most important person in this raid. But unlike their eagerness, the distance between them and Ruby was too far. The hands of the Overgeared members didn't reach Ruby.

On the other hand.

"I will guard my sister."

Grid was already next to Ruby. He felt hope the moment Katz appeared and played an active part. He had been sitting in a corner and using Item Combination. He combined the Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires with Failure.

"Revolve."

*Pepeng!*

*Pepepepeok!*

He returned the dark magic aimed towards Ruby back towards the direct descendants with greater damage.

[Fighting energy has reached 80 points.]

In the process of fighting Earl Cray, his fighting energy increased and his purple and red aura became thicker. Grid's fighting energy exploded as he shouted.

"God Hands! Noe! Randy! Iyarugt!"

*Kwarururung!*

It was the God Hands armed with Mjolnir, Noe the best demonic beast of hell who temporarily took away the highest stats of the target and transferred it to his master, Randy who transformed in Grid, and the best swordsman of hell, Iyarugt. Everyone appeared at the same time and tied up the feet of the direct descendants for a while.

“Open Rune of Darkness! Blacksmith's Rage!”

Grid maximized his damage. Then.

“Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.”

He used the strongest skill in Satisfy on Earl Cray, who already had large wounds. Earl Cray's eyes widened. No, it seemed he was trying to figure out why he was attacked when the other three direct descendants were nearby.

Huroi shouted instead of Grid, answering the question.

“I always hit the weakest one!”

“What...?”

He was weak? Earl Cray became agitated and his defense fell!

*Kurururung!*

The consecutively exploding red lightning bolt and black flames combined with the option of increasing attack power in the dark and the option of increasing skill damage hit him.

# Chapter 719

*Puk!*

*Puk puk puk!*

The union of Link and Kill led to a new state. It was the appearance of Linked Kill which was the precursor to Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. Earl Cray was struck four times in a row! Black blood poured out from him. He was overwhelmed by the terrible pain.

'How can a human exert such power?'

Earl Cray's eyes shook. Grid opened the Rune of Darkness, used Blacksmith's Rage, and his fighting energy had reached 80 points. His attack power when he wielded the ultimate weapon made with Item Combination was so high that the direct vampires were dismayed. The more desperate thing for them was that Grid still had a lot of power remaining.

[Fighting energy has reached 83 points.]

[You have hit the target with Linked Kill more than four times! The damage of Linked Kill is increased by 200% and Wave is summoned!]

*Puk! Puk puk!*

'Kuk...! He is getting stronger?'

Earl Cray was hit by the Linked Kill of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle seven times. Earl Cray coughed up blood again after he was hit another three times by Linked Kill.

*Kwaruk!*

*Kwarururung!*

Then a turbulent energy started to rise from the end of Grid's sword. The energy soared and seemed like it was blow everything away in the sky and on the ground. It was the usage of Wave. This was something not even Yangban Garam could avoid. The wide area skill Wave was aimed at only one person, making it unavoidable. It was a definitive attack.

*Kurururung!*

“Kuk...! Kuaaaaak!”

Earl Cray was trapped by the energy and gave a terrible scream. He felt his skin being peeled and his flesh and bones separating.

[Critical!]

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

[...The option effect 'Black Flames' has activated!]

[Wave has reduced the speed of all targets hit by 60%.]

[The target has resisted.]

*Kwarung!*

*Pepepepeng!*

Strong damage continued to accumulate. Earl Cray had just been hit by the Overgeared members' pincer attacks and now his health fell down to 40%. Was this the end? No. There was still the final blow.

*Supaak!*

The energy around Earl Cray started focusing above his head.

*Sakak-!*

It was Pinnacle, which ignored 80% of the target's defense and deals 1,800% of his attack power as physical damage. It was aimed exactly at the crown of Earl Cray's head.

[Fighting energy has reached 90 points.]

[Critical!]

[The effect of the title 'Death in One Shot!' has been...]

[The black flame explosion...]

[A red lightning has been summoned...]

“Kuock!”

Earl Cray let out a scream as he was hit on his head. Earl Cray became stronger when bleeding and could absorb 100% of the damage done to the target. The concept of health wasn't important to him in everyday life, but now it was different. This was why Earl Cray's combat method was to summon as many tails as possible and use the blood as a wide range weapon, inflicting damage on the enemy and absorbing their health. This was now useless.

Why? It was purely due to Blood Warrior Katz. Earl Cray was unable to summon any more tails because of him. He feared that the damage would be bigger if he summoned more than three tails and lost control of them. As a result, he couldn't exert his unique combat power.

'Should I run away?'

After being hit by all stages of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle, Earl Cray only had 20% of his health left. The image of him becoming a dog with his tail tucked in filled him with rage.

'Run away...? I...! A great earl has to run away from humans?'

Braham's ridiculing words echoed in his head.

"A person who believes in the power of his mother and has become a big sloth. You're insignificant compared to Elfin Stone, who's full of trivial emotions. You're someone who shouldn't have become an earl, let alone a marquis candidate."

'Braham...!'

A lunatic who murdered his kin using the excuse of getting rid of the Curse of Idleness. Earl Cray having to flee despite all the taunts and humiliation from Braham remained a strong trauma. Earl Cray swore to never run away again. He firmed up his heart and faced the crisis.

"Innate power is also my strength...! I will prove that I'm better than Elfin Stone!"

The unlucky guy who looked down on Earl Cray despite not even being a marquis candidate. The vampire who talked about love. The vampire, who due to the awful Curse of Idleness, fell asleep in front of Braham, who killed his lover!

"I...! Don't look down on me!"

He was above all of them. He would prove it by tearing apart the human who killed Elfin Stone!

*Kwaduk!*

*Kwadududuk!*

Earl Cray roared and summoned six red tails. Power. It was proof that he would no longer pay attention to Katz. He was worried that he might lose control of the tails, but he would rather use his whole power to resist than to run away. No matter what the consequences might be, he wanted to leave with no regrets.

'Six?'

Grid's eyes widened after driving Earl Cray to the extremes. Earl Cray had previously overwhelmed Grid with four tails, and now there were six? It was a frustrating situation for Grid, who didn't know that Earl Cray had such hidden strength.

“Grid!”

*Peeng!*

*Pepepepeng!*

The Overgeared members continued to support Grid. All of them made an effort to attack Earl Cray. This was possible because the other three direct descendants were once again taking the attitude of a bystander.

“A Memphis and Iyarugt? This human really isn’t ordinary.”

“I’m not... curious about his identity. Everything is annoying.”

“Nyang...”

“Shit... Once I regain my power of the past, you vampires...!”

The four God Hands, Noe, Randy, and Iyarugt were defeated by the three direct descendants. Yet they still didn’t help Earl Cray. They forgot their purpose of destroying Saintess Ruby and stood idly in place. It was due to the Curse of Idleness. Not only were they annoyed, they felt a strong desire to sleep.

Right now. The Overgeared members judged that they couldn’t miss this moment to kill Earl Cray. In particular, Lauel was eager.

“We must get rid of him!”

Grid and the Overgeared members only attacking Earl Cray was due to Lauel’s plan. It was unlikely that the four direct descendants would rule one city. The owner of the 7th city was just one vampire and if they could kill the owner, they would be able to retreat.

In addition, the owner of the 7th city was likely to be Earl Cray. He was the one who took the most active position among the four direct descendants who appeared. In other words, killing Earl Cray would open the possibility of escaping from the 7th city.

That’s why the Overgeared members and Grid focused on Earl Cray. Until a little while ago, they felt hope. Then Earl Cray roared and summoned six red tails.

“I’ll show you the difference between us!”

*Kwarururung!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

The six red tails summoned by Earl Cray. Some of them unfolded like a net and captured several Overgeared members, while some of them acted like a whirlwind and blew several Overgeared members into the sky. Some of them struck the earth, causing a lot of damage to all members of Overgeared. Based on this, Earl Cray’s health was recovering.

*Peeng!*

The tail shot like a missile and caused a serious injury to Grid.

[You have suffered 29,000 damage.]

[All of your lost health is absorbed by the target.]

“Kuock...!”

Grid barely refrained from screaming as a red tail pierced his heart. He feared that if he looked weak, the morale of his colleagues would fall. Therefore, he had to push through the pain.

*-Katz, can you control the tails like before?*

The pain Grid hurriedly sent a whisper and Katz replied gloomily.

*-I’m sorry. As mentioned earlier, it’s impossible with my remaining resources.*

*-I understand. Don’t worry.*

Rather, he was in a position to be grateful to Katz. He gritted his teeth and started thinking.

*Peeng!*

Due to the God Hands attacked the attention of the three direct descendants, Sehee's heal managed to fall on Grid who was defending himself against the red tail.

[Saintess Ruby has restored 18,900 health.]

A warm light. The pain became blurred. However, Grid wasn't misled by it.

"Heal the others!"

Grid felt how powerful Earl Cray's attack power was after he used his full strength. Even Sehee's percentage heal couldn't cope with Cray's attack power. Also.

"I'm immortal!"

Grid was currently the only legend among the party members. He was the last fortress remaining.

'Focus the aggro on me!'

Grid was prepared! There was around 40 seconds left on the duration of Item Combination so he flew into the sky. Earl Cray floated in the sky with six tails and welcomed him.

"Come human! I'll pay you back for the shame from before!"

Earl Cray was several times more stronger than before. This was his true appearance. The confident tails of Earl Cray shot towards Grid.

*Flap.*

First, one tail spread out as a net.

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

The two tails behind it shot forward like missiles. It was to capture Grid and then deal a powerful blow. But Grid avoided all it with Freely Move.

“You...!”

What was this perfect movement compared to the past? Earl Cray was amazed and made the three tails around him into a blood tornado. It dominated the field by expanding three large-scale zones at the same time. It was a perfect decision to neutralize Grid’s ‘no-targeted skill and approach the target.’

*Kwajak!*

*Kwajajak!*

[You have suffered 8,900 damage.]

[You have suffered 8,730 damage.]

[You have suffered 9,100 damage.]

[All of your lost health is absorbed by the target.]

‘Shit...!’

Blood tornadoes spread all around Earl Cray, grabbing Grid and tearing his body apart. Grid’s vision started to flash red. It meant his health was depleted.

“Grid!”

“Oppa!”

The Overgeared members did their best to help Grid, but once Earl Cray’s focus was on Grid, it didn’t shift to any other place. He only aimed at Grid.

“Kukuk...! Kuhahahaha!”

Earl Cray burst out laughing. He was thrilled watching Grid be trapped in the blood tornado.

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

Then Grid pulled out his last hand.

"Ohhhhhh!"

"What...?"

Grid believed in his immortality and broke through the blood tornadoes.

"Pinnacle Kill!"

*Sakak-! Puoook!*

The most powerful combination of Failure + the Enlightenment Sword was stabbed. Then he tried to grab a way to win.

*Teong!*

The problem was that the damage of Pinnacle Kill was too high. Earl Cray was wary and threw his body higher into the sky, opening the distance from Grid.

"Che...!"

Grid hurried to catch up with Earl Cray.

"I won't allow you to approach!"

Earl Cray's six tails spread out like a net.

"...!"

[The duration of immortality is over.]

The worst notification window came up as Grid evaded the net in a breathtaking way with Quick Movements, whose cooldown had run out.

“Die!”

The six tails that scattered in the air without being able to restrain Grid was changed to missiles and hit Grid.

“No!”

“Grid!”

Everyone. Everyone thought it was the end. They all predicted Grid’s death. At that moment.

[You have entered the Ecstasy of Desire state.]

*Sururuk.*

Grid’s black eyes turned purple.

# Chapter 720

Grid was able to have an even match with Earl Cray not because he was as strong as Earl Cray. It was only possible due to the support of the Overgeared members.

"Peacock Shield!"

*Flash flash!*

Vantner put away his axe and launched an aura in the shape of a peacock from his very large shield. The purpose was to attract Earl Cray's attention.

"Holy Roar!"

Toban's cry that caused distress to evil beings slowed down Earl Cray's reactions by paralyzing his ears.

"Your mother...!"

Huroi kept up a barrage of insults against Beriache, who was long dead. There was an unbroken connection between provocation and debuffs. The three of them used various skills without a break in order to help Grid. Earl Cray's resistance was so high that he resisted most of the provocations and debuffs. Despite being provoked and debuffed, he recovered within seconds, but even that short gap was an opportunity for Grid.

"Flower Lance!"

Pon saw that Earl Cray paused in attacking Grid due to Huroi's attack and threw a spear. It was an attack that perfectly captured the moment when Earl Cray's rear was unprotected.

*Puok!*

The spear pierced Earl Cray's back.

*Supaak!*

A flower bloomed. It was a skill that caused massive bleeding and an inability to recover by simultaneously tearing apart the target's whole body. Pon judged that it was the key to blocking Earl Cray's blood-sucking ability. But the more catastrophic the effect, the lower the accuracy rate.

[The target has resisted.]

"Fuck."

Pon had become proficient in cursing during his time spend with Grid. Many female fans attracted to his noble and handsome appearance on a white horse would be disappointed if they saw him now.

"Cowardly western ghost! Come down here! Draw Sword, Annihilate!"

"Rising Sword!"

"Dagger Throwing."

"I have to throw one rock..."

The close combat members such as Chris, Peak Sword, Faker, and Ibellin. The Overgeared members were restricted the moment Earl Cray had fled 15 meters into the sky. But once the cooldown of a few mid-range skills returned, they used those skills without stopping. If the skills weren't available, they picked up chunks of rocks and threw them at Earl Cray to accumulate damage.

"It's ridiculous!"

At first, Earl Cray ignored the small damage.

*Suook- Puook!*

*Puuooooook!*

"Kuk...!"

Earl Cray's relaxation disappeared from his face as the overwhelming damage from Jishuka's myth rated Red Phoenix Bow came constantly. Zednos and Laella's magic was also a great threat. But.

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

Earl Cray was only focused on Grid. Grid could fight evenly due to the Overgeared members, but the scene suggested that Grid was the most threatening person.

"Die!"

Shortly after being attacked with Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle and Pinnacle Kill. Earl Cray resisted the Overgeared members by summoning six tails and eventually won. He failed to constrain Grid with the net of blood and the tails changed to missiles. It created a situation where Grid would be hit from all directions.

"Kuk...!"

"Grid!"

"No!"

Grid was isolated in the threatening onslaught at the same moment the duration of his immortality was over. He felt a sense of crisis and the Overgeared members also expected his death.

Earl Cray. In many ways, he was weaker than Elfin Stone, but his abilities were enormous. Looking back, he had an extensive range of CC that was as threatening as Elfin Stone. Without Katz and Ruby, it would've been a much tougher fight. Indeed, an earl was an earl.

*Syuuooooook!*

The powerful attack caused the God Hands to stiffen and six red tails reached Grid!

"Oppa!"

Ruby's scream reached the sky.

*Sururuk.*

Grid's black eyes were purple.

[The option effect 'Ecstasy of Desire' has activated from the Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires!]

*Susuk.*

*Sususuk.*

"...!!"

"What?"

The eyes of Earl Cray and the Overgeared members widened. They couldn't help feeling surprised that Grid avoided the six attacks with an exquisite orbit. Every time he moved, the purple light in the darkness caught everyone's eyes.

"What's this?"

The circle lens were the representative item of millions of people in real life. The circle lens weren't just loved as an item. They made a person's pupils very large. Just enlarging the pupils by 1mm made a person look better. It was also noticeable if the eyes changed color.

"What type of transformation is this?"

That's right. Now all the Overgeared members noticed Grid's change. Inside the dark vampire city without any light. It was inevitable that the purple light scattered by Grid would be visible. Anyone who didn't recognize this change must have severe colour blindness.

Earl Cray was furious.

"A trivial human...! How many times do you want to humiliate me?"

The fight was full of disgrace and Earl Cray wanted to finish it quickly and believed it

was finally over. He didn't doubt that his tails would kill Grid. But Grid survived once again. In the past, vampires called humans 'walking cockroaches' and there seemed to be a reason for it.

"Why won't you die?"

*Kuwaaaaaang!*

Once Earl Cray roared, everyone on the ground was affected by a status condition. The cooldown time of Direct Pressure had returned. However, Grid was a legend. He resisted abnormal conditions.

*Chukakakakak!*

Grid's strongest weapon cut at Earl Cray's heart.

*Peeeeeeong!*

The black flames exploded. They swept over Earl Cray. He let out a rare loud scream. It was the power of Ecstasy of Desire, which raised fighting energy to 100 and attack power by three times. The current Grid was three times stronger than before.

*Supak!*

*Peeeeeeong!*

Grid wielded the sword again and Earl Cray was caught up in the black flames. He spread two tails over himself as a net in order to restrict Grid's movements, while the remaining four tails attacked Grid from all directions. It was the same technique as before. Grid's purple eyes shone like jewels.

"It's a simple battle."

Obvious ridicule! Did he ever think there was a day where humans would laugh at him?

"...!"

The furious Earl Cray was amazed.

*Susuk.*

*Sususuk.*

It was because Grid avoided all six tail attacks in a single action.

‘It wasn’t a coincidence?’

Grid’s movements were projected into Earl Cray’s eyes. A dance. He was dancing. He avoided all the red tails coming from everywhere.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Link.”

*Pit!*

*Pipipipipit!*

*Pepepepeng!*

It was 20 strikes with the 100 points in fighting energy and the triple attack power of Ecstasy of Desire, exerting havoc that surpassed Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.

“Ugh...! Yes...! I see...!”

Earl Cray just noticed.

A dark sword with red flames flashing. There was also an intermittent blue light coming from the weapon whose attack power transcended common sense.

“That’s a dragon’s weapon!”

Dragon. The strongest creature on the earth that could threaten a god. Ironically, there were times when the absolute beings became interested in trivial human culture. At one time, they transformed into human form and travelled around the world, equipping humans with weapons and armour. It was a legacy left behind.

Yes, Earl Cray was trying to rationalize the current situation. It was a rationalization that originated from a firm belief that he wouldn’t be hit by a human unless the human was armed with a dragon’s weapon. Grid gave him a cruel reality.

"A dragon's weapon? No, I made this."

"Nonsense! I don't believe you!"

As expected, there was no limit to a human's bluff. Earl Cray determined that this conversation was pointless and produced a tornado with all six tails. It was to create an inevitable despair for the human who couldn't escape anywhere.

"It will soon end."

"I'm sleepy. I will go to sleep."

"Me too."

The direct descendants watching the battle with blank expressions started to leave. They were convinced of Cray's victory once they saw the six blood tornados that controlled the entire area.

*Kwaduk!*

*Kwadududuk!*

The vicious tornadoes started swallowing the ancient structures, barren trees, and towering cliffs.

"This...!"

"Avoid it!"

The blood tornadoes fused together and the increased momentum swallowed up the Overgeared members on the ground. It was a gigantic whirlwind that would undoubtedly destroy the entire city. The Overgeared members couldn't do anything. Laella was especially scared and fell into a panic. It was Jishuka, leader of the Tzedakah Guild, who calmed and led them.

"Earl Cray is also in a critical condition. If Grid can endure this blow, we will be able to counterattack. Understood? We must protect Grid."

In this situation, they had to succeed in the Earl Cray raid. They had to kill him here. Then once they re-challenged the 7th city in the future, their odds would increase.

"Guard Grid with all your power!"

"Good!"

*Jiing!*

*Paaaat!*

The Overgeared members' defense magic and skills started to focus on Grid. At the same time, explosion magic and skills were used to slow down the momentum of the whirlwinds hitting Grid. The whirlwinds covering the Overgeared members? Nobody cared. Everyone was preparing to sacrifice themselves for Grid.

"Grid! Be sure to kill Earl Cray!"

This cry was delivered. The Overgeared members had doubts as they shouted towards Grid inside the whirlwind.

Then.

*Chukak.*

*Chukakakakak!*

[You have suffered 12,430 damage.]

[You have suffered 11,650...]

The whirlwind started to hit the bodies of the exhausted Overgeared members. Death had arrived.

*Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa! Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

The Overgeared members heard the roar of the giant whirlwind swallowing the city. They felt resentment for always relying on Grid at important moments and closed their eyes. At the same time.

---!!

The whirlwind that tore at their flesh and the roaring sound in their ears disappeared like a lie.

*Hwaduuk.*

*Shaaaaaah-*

Rain fell. No, it was blood. The blood that had been moving with force fell like rain.

“...?”

The Overgeared members didn't understand the situation. Then they saw it. Earl Cray was started to turn to grey and Grid held a sword that pierced his heart. Grid's hair was raised from the effect of Transcend.

"Tornado? I can avoid it."

He wanted to reassure his colleagues. The ragged Grid laughed brightly as he endured the suffering in his entire body. His purple eyes were returning to black.

# Chapter 721

‘The direct descendants are outstanding.’

Grid was reminded of one person throughout his fight with Earl Cray. It was Elfin Stone, the former owner of Iyarugt. Earl Cray was strong enough to remind him of Elfin Stone. Tiramet and Latina were no comparison. Grid had a question once he remembered Elfin Stone.

‘What if Elfin Stone appeared in the present time?’

Ruby’s one-shot Purification skill couldn’t resolve Blood Field and most of the Overgeared members would be neutralized. Grid wouldn’t have benefited from the instantaneous skills and would’ve lost his immortality.

‘He might’ve even summoned Iyarugt...’

Grid had suffered several crises during the Elfin Stone raid and eventually died. From Grid’s perspective, the Elfin Stone raid was one of the most difficult raids. But now he thought it was fortunate that he met Elfin Stone at an early stage.

Grid broke through the widespread Tornado. The blood tornadoes were a magic that dominated the field itself by overlaying with each other. The field magic that disarmed all ‘avoid non-targeted skills’ was useless in front of the present Grid. Grid’s evasion rate in the Ecstasy of Desire state reached 99%. Grid’s consciousness left his body and evaded all the winds of blood.

But.

[You have suffered 8,700 damage.]

“Kuk.”

After all, 99% wasn't 100%. Furthermore, the higher Earl Cray's accuracy rate, the more likely it was for the 99% evasion rate to fall further. Grid's skin started to tear as he broke through the area of blood tornado. Immediately after avoiding the red tails that became six pillars, his potions cooldown had ended. Otherwise, Grid would've died at this moment.

"Transcend!"

His health was so dicey that approaching closely was difficult. Grid judged and entered transcendent mode. It was the Pagma's Swordsmanship technique that raised attack power by two times while converting basic attacks to ranged attacks.

*Pepeng!*

*Pepepepeng!*

The more powerful Grid started aiming ranged attacks towards Earl Cray beyond the blood tornadoes.

"Youuuu!"

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

The blood tornadoes responded to Earl Cray's emotions and became wilder. But this momentum didn't last long. Thanks to the Enlightenment Sword, Grid's basic attack displayed a power that could kill an army and it wasn't inferior in the Transcend state. Earl Cray continued to be hit by red flames and black flames and his health soon reached the bottom.

"Keook...!"

Beyond the bloody whirlpool, Earl Cray's face was white. At the same time, the blood tornadoes' momentum weakened and Grid didn't miss this gap. In the end, he used Ecstasy of Desire to reach Earl Cray and fired Pagma's Swordsmanship, Pinnacle and Kill.

*Shaaaaaah-*

The blood tornadoes that had grown to devour a city started to disappear. Earl Cray shed tears of blood as he was stabbed by Grid's sword.

“Cough! Kuhuk...! I...! To a human, I...!”

“...”

Grid’s face was full of compassion as he stared at Earl Cray, who had started turning to grey. The moment that Earl Cray transformed all six tails into a whirlwind, Grid had interpreted it as manifesting an obvious need for survival. It seemed to be an obstacle disallowing access to Grid and to remove all risk factors to the city. In other words, Earl Cray felt a crisis from the beginning.

Nevertheless, he didn’t ask for help from his brothers. Pride? No, it was probably because they wouldn’t help in the first place.

"How poor..."

People couldn’t live alone in the world. Grid had always been alone, so he knew this fact.

"It’s not because you are weak. I just have companions and you don’t. That’s the difference."

Was he reminded of himself in the past? Grid gave a meaningless and uncomfortable comfort to Earl Cray. Oh my god, was there anyone other than Grid who would sympathize and comfort a monster at the end? If someone saw this scene, they would be scared or laugh.

“...A human is taking pity on me. You should be careful of Marquis Fenrir and Duke Marie Rose. Fenrir inherited two powers from Mother and Marie Rose is the second coming of Mother...”

As he stared at Grid with eyes that were losing light, Earl Cray gave him advice. Braham and Elfin Stone, who ignored and degraded Cray, despite being kin. Compared to them, he thought Grid was better. It was the unexpected result of combining the Qualification of a Blood King title and Pangea’s Duke of Virtue title. At the end, Earl Cray felt favorable towards Grid.

*Swaaaaah!*

Eventually, Earl Cray scattered as ashes.

“...Your personality seems to be similar.”

Grid gave a bittersweet smile as he was reminded of Braham.

[Owner of the 9th city, Vampire Earl Cray is forced to sleep after exhausting all his powers.]

[The level of the party members including ‘Grid’ has risen by 1.]

[The level of party members ‘Sexy Schoolgirl’ and ‘Ruby’ have risen by 3.]

[The party leader ‘Grid’ has acquired the Cray’s Bracelet.]

[The party leader ‘Grid’ has acquired the the Finest Opals.]

[The party leader ‘Grid’ has acquired 12 blessed weapon enhancement stones.]

[The party leader ‘Grid’ has acquired 16 blessed armor enhancement stones.]

[Cray’s Strength is engraved on the Rune of Darkness possessed by party leader ‘Grid.’]

[Party member Chris’ ‘Rune of Supplementation’ has been engraved with ‘Direct Descendant Resistance,’ ‘Blood Magic Resistance,’ and ‘Blood-sucking Capabilities.’]

“ ... ”

The raid’s difficulty was naturally rewarded. Grid confirmed the rewards and became filled with joy and bitterness. In particular, he noted the power attached to the rune that Chris had recently acquired.

‘As the name suggests, it is a rune that compensates for lacking parts?’

It was a rune that would have tremendous value over time. Grid felt proud. He was glad about combining strength with his colleagues and sibling and knocked down one of the strongest. But that joy was brief.

“What...? He isn't the owner of the 7th city?”

Grid belatedly confirmed it. Earl Cray was the owner of the 9th city, not the 7th city!

“This!”

The Overgeared members, including Grid, fell into shock. They hoped the exit would open when they raided Earl Cray and this unexpected reversal was confusing.

“Wait! Everybody, calm down!” Lauel exclaimed urgently. “All the direct descendants have left this place. We still have time to recover. And just like Earl Cray, the rest of the direct descendants will deal with us on their own without cooperating.”

Yes, it meant there was hope. So what if there were three direct descendants? Each one fought separately. Everyone expected that they could escape the 7th city safely if they defeated the direct descendants individually. But this expectation was broken. Coincidentally, it was due to Grid.

[You have sealed four of Shizo Beriache's direct line. The title Qualification of a Blood King has been promoted to 'Blood King Candidate.']

[Blood King Candidate] Lv. 1

You have become a candidate to be a blood king.

You will give a sense of pressure to ordinary vampires. All general vampires hostile towards you will have their stats decreased by 15%.

You will give a sense of hostility to true blood vampires. All true blood vampires hostile towards you will have their stats decreased by 8%.

Direct vampires will be interested in you. Any direct vampires facing you will temporally awaken from the Curse of Idleness.

“Ah...?”

Qualification of a Blood King reduced a general vampire's stats by 10% and a true blood vampire stats increased by 10%. It also had the effect of making the direct descendants interested in him. Thus, Earl Cray liked Grid at the last minute. However, the influence of Blood King Candidate was completely different. It created a vigilance in the direct descendants that caused them to overcome the Curse of Idleness.

"XX, this sucks..."

The moment Grid cursed.

"Cray was defeated?"

Earl Yetima. He was one of the three direct descendants who took a bystander's attitude throughout the attempt to fight Earl Cray.

"This damn thing!"

The Overgeared members were exhausted in the aftermath of the Earl Cray raid. All types of skills were on cooldown and their stamina was lacking. Given the fact that Earl Yetima was the same rank as Cray, the probability of the Overgeared members' survival was 0%.

Huroi came forward.

"Your Majesty! I will buy time so take the others away!"

Always, always. Huroi sacrificed himself every time there was a crisis in order to guard Grid.

Grid looked at him and pledged. He wouldn't sacrifice his colleagues again. In order to do that, he had to be stronger.

"Huroi, it's my job to protect you from now on."

*Step.*

Grid took a big step in front of Huroi. His fighting energy was still at 100 points so he pulled out the trump card he had been saving.

*Hwaruruk.*

Grid's body was surrounded by flames. It was from head to toe. The red flickering covered Grid's eyebrows and hair. Belial's Power, the power of fire was opened.

"I'm certain. You're weaker than Cray. Isn't that right?"

Cray had said that he was a marquis candidate. He had warned Grid to be careful of Fenrir and Marie Rose before he died. On the other hand, he didn't even mention the remaining three direct descendants. It was clear that Yetima was weaker than Cray.

"Kukuk, what does a human know? Even if I'm weaker than Cray, what can you do now?"

Yetima noted that Grid's body was injured. He was like an intense flame in front of the wind. At that moment.

*Peeng!*

Grid flew up. He was like a comet.

"Item Transformation!"

*Paaaat!*

The hands behind Grid transformed into Lifael's Spear.

"Trivial humans!"

In the sky, Yetima pulled out a greatsword. Yetima aimed an overwhelming horizontal slash towards Grid. He believed that the human was injured and attacked Grid without fending off his strike. It was to tear flesh off bones. This was the first step.

"Linked Kill!"

The Power of Fire boasted overwhelming resilience, so Grid had already regained a considerable amount of health.

*Puok!*

*Puk puk!*

[You have dealt 539,000 damage to the target!]

[You have recovered 100% of the damage deal to the target due to the effect of Cray's Power, attached to the Rune of Darkness.]

[Cray's Power]

Passive.

Cooldown Time: 5 minutes.

Absorb 100% of the damage done to the target. Once the blood volume exceeds the maximum health, a red tail will be summoned with a duration that is proportional to the amount of health exceeded. You can have up to two red tails and can't control them.

In addition, Grid had a new power. It was a mighty force that couldn't be met by Yetima, who was less than Earl Cray.

"Kuk...! What?"

The moment Earl Yetima was struck by Grid's Linked Kill. Unlike his expectations, Grid didn't die. Then Earl Yetima found two red tails behind Grid and was shocked again.

'Stupid Cray! Your power was absorbed by an inferior human!'

*Teteng!*

It was a matter of being conscious of Earl Cray's strength. Yetima defended against the red tails with the greatsword, but couldn't defend against the four Lifael's Spear that came after him. It was the second cause of his defeat.

*Puk!*

*Puuok!*

“Keok!”

The deadly power of one of Rebecca’s three divine artefacts. Yetima flinched as he was skewered by four spears. Grid whispered to him.

“Small fry.”

*Hwaruruk!*

Gigantic spheres of fire rose before Yetima’s body. It was Queen’s Flames of Hell which dealt damage proportional to the target’s health.

*Puaaaaaaaaaah!*

The explosion shook the ground. Then it was followed up with Pagma’s Swordsmanship. Due to the influence of the power of fire, the flames that repeatedly came from Enlightenment Sword struck Yetima. He was also assisted by Jishuka, who boasted infinite stamina thanks to the Red Phoenix Bow. The other Overgeared members also started to join the battle.

On the other hand, Yetima was alone. It was the third cause of his defeat.

After a while.

[The owner of the 7th city, Vampire Earl Yetima is forced to sleep after exhausting all of his powers.]

The entrance to the 7th city, where the Overgeared members were trapped, was opened.

# Chapter 722

[The owner of the 7th city, Vampire Earl Yetima is forced to sleep after exhausting all his powers.]

[The level of party member 'Faker' has risen by 1.]

[The level of party member 'Jishuka' has risen by 1.]

[The level of party member 'Ruby' has risen by 2.]

[The level of party member 'Sexy Schoolgirl' has risen by 3.]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired Yetima's Greatsword.]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired Yetima's Gloves.]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired the ??? Piece.]

[Party leader 'Grid' already knows the information of the ??? Piece. The ??? Piece has been updated to the Red Mirror Piece.]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired 7 blessed weapon enhancement stones.]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired 10 blessed armour enhancement stones.]

[Yetima's Strength is engraved on the Rune of Darkness possessed by party leader 'Grid.']

[Party member Chris' 'Rune of Supplementation' has been engraved with 'Cutting Attack Resistance' and 'Vampire Swordsmanship' techniques.]

[The entrance to the 7th city has opened.]

"Pant... Pant..."

Yetima was an easier opponent than Earl Cray. Yes, he was easy compared to Earl Cray. However, he was a strong and demanding opponent infinitely more powerful than other normal named bosses. It was a relatively quick raid due to Grid's overwhelming attack power. But in the process, the damage caused to the Overgeared members was great.

In particular, Grid was physically and mentally exhausted. It was strange if he wasn't tired because he played the role of tanker and damage dealer in two consecutive raids. Grid was very tired because he had to keep up his high concentration. He wanted to log out and rest right away.

"Isn't it always too hard?"

No matter how strong he became, it was hard every time. It would've bought a deeper despair to the average player. But it wasn't enough to frustrate Grid.

"It's good that it's always rewarding."

A dark smile appeared on Grid's face as he checked the items he acquired.

[Cray's Bracelet]

Durability: 8/30

Rating: Epic (Growth)

\* If you are in the 'bleeding' state, your magic damage and defense will increase by 19%.

\* The lower the health, the faster the magic casting speed.

\* If this bracelet grows to a legendary rating, the wearer can summoned Vampire Earl Cray.

A bracelet that contains Earl Cray's unique magic power.

The more that the wearer falls into crisis, the more power that can be achieved.

Weight: 5

[Yetima's Greatsword]

Rating: Epic (Growth, Set)

Durability: 609/1,300

Attack Power: 500~2,890

Attack Speed: -5%

\* When the maximum damage is achieved, twice the damage will be applied.

\* When worn in a set with Yetima's Gloves, the critical damage will increase by 100%.

\* If this greatsword grows to a legendary rating, the wearer can summoned Vampire Earl Yetima.

A greatsword favored by Earl Yetima.

It is safe to say he had no sense of aesthetics based on the crude appearance. In addition, it is very big and difficult to handle.

However, if you can bring out the function perfectly, you will achieve ultimate attack power.

User Restriction: Level 320 or higher. More than 3,000 strength. Advanced Sword Mastery level 6 or higher.

Weight: 3,200

[Yetima's Gloves]

Rating: Legendary (Set)

Durability: 29/100

Defense: 65

\* There is a low chance of activating 2 Joint Attacks.

Attack speed will increase by 1.8 times.

\* When worn in a set with Yetima's Greatsword, the chance of a critical hit will increase by 10%.

Leather gloves loved by Earl Yetima.

It is easier to swing a greatsword when wearing them.

User Restriction: Level 320 or higher.

Weight: 20

[Red Mirror Piece]

Pieces of a round mirror made of blood stones.

The exact function of the mirror isn't known.

The third prince of the Saharan Empire is looking for this mirror. It is recommended that you gather all the pieces and give them to him.

\* If you collect two more pieces in the future, the Red Mirror will be completed.

This was the list of loot from the raid. In addition, he obtained 19 blessed weapon enhancement stones and 26 blessed armor enhancement stones. The rewards were tremendous since it was a tough raid. If he converted the value of the items he received today into cash, it would've easily passed billions of won. It was obvious but the distribution of items was a sensitive and important issue since it had substantial economic value. The party members couldn't take unjust gains or losses. It must be

carried out fairly.

“If you need the dropped item, please raise your hands.”

In the past, Grid would've kept them due to his pure greed. But not now. He felt a strong sense of responsibility since he was in charge of the party. Despite them being items that could summon a direct descendant vampire, he didn't have the desire to monopolize them. Once Grid started to distribute the items, Euphemina, Zednos, and Laella raised their hands.

The item they coveted was naturally Cray's Bracelet. Cray's Bracelet gave the magician the necessary magic power and the lacking defense. It was natural for them to covet it. The condition that they had to suffer from 'bleeding' was difficult, but the increase in magic casting speed when health declined was a reliable and stable function.

"Well, is there anyone else who needs Cray's Bracelet?"

Grid was conscious of Lael and asked again, but Lael never raised his hand to the end. It was because it was more suitable for damage dealers like Zednos, Laella, and Euphemina than Lael, who adjusted the weather and environment. It was similar to why Grid didn't covet Cray's Bracelet.

Despite the fact that Braham had left, Grid still maintained his second class of great magician. He could use magic and as his intelligence increased, he could learn new magic. But for him, magic was just a secondary concept. In particular, the stronger the opponent, the less he tended to rely on magic.

Just look at this raid. Grid didn't use magic throughout the battle with Cray and Yetima. No, he couldn't. Grid wasn't able to calculate magic one by one against opponents who unleashed an offensive without rest.

“They didn't give me any room, just like Kraugel in the National Competition.’

Well, in the first place, he was unlikely to fall into a bleeding condition. Even if he had Cray's Bracelet, he wouldn't be able to bring out the functions completely. Grid knew this and gave up ownership of Cray's Bracelet. In the end, only Euphemina, Zednos, and Laella seriously competed for ownership of the bracelet. Everyone watched as they focused intensely.

“Rock, paper, scissors!”

“I won!”

“Ugh. I lost.”

“Sob... Congratulations.”

It was truly a fair fight...

As a result of the game, the owner of the bracelet was Euphemina. There was a cute smile on her cute face as she spoke to her teammates.

"After deciding the value of the bracelet, I will divide goods worth the same value equally."

“Yes, take your time.”

The next item to be distributed was Yetima’s Greatsword and Gloves. Grid also didn’t covet these items. It was natural. First, there was Yetima’s Greatsword which had the strongest conditional attack power. Grid didn’t want it because it was only strong in attack power and lacked separate options. It couldn’t compare to the Enlightenment Sword. There was no reason for Grid to covet it.

‘In the first place, my luck is too bad.’

Grid was sure that if he swung it, he wouldn’t be able to achieve the maximum attack power. On the other hand, Chris greatly desired Yetima’s Greatsword. The average stats were definitely below Grid’s Greatsword, but the maximum damage value was too high. In addition, Chris prided himself in being the best with the greatsword. He believed he could easily achieve the maximum damage.

All the Overgeared members gave up ownership to Chris. The problem was Yetima’s Gloves. There were no warriors who didn’t covet the 1.8 times increase in attack speed and 2 Joint Attacks. Apart from Grid, who had the Holy Light Gloves and Alex’s Quick Gloves!

The conclusion.

“This must be a set with the greatsword.”

"Chris, you take the gloves."

“Thank you!”

All the Overgeared members yielded the item to Chris. Chris was grateful to his companions.

“One day I will pay you back.”

“It’s natural to have the right type of items.”

A warm sight! As Chris and the Overgeared members smiled at each other, Pon was squatting in a corner with a dreary face.

“Please have a spear come out next time... Please a spear...”

“...”

He kept repeating ‘spear.’ Vantner clicked his tongue and asked Grid.

“The Finest Opals is an accessory? Grid, can you handle it?”

“No, it isn’t my field. I can handle it with my dexterity, but the items won’t be good.”

“It’s a pity that there are no jewel craftsman in the guild...”

Most production class players were based in the empire. It was difficult to bring over those who greatly benefited from the empire.

“I will keep the jewels safe. Someday I will find a jewels craftsman. The only thing left is the Red Mirror Piece...”

If he collected two more pieces in the future, the Red Mirror would be completed. There was also the Amethyst Shield. Why was 3rd Prince Benoit looking for such items? There was no way of knowing his ulterior motives.

“Well, I will know someday.”

Grid put the Red Mirror Piece into the inventory. Then it was the turn of the blessed weapon and armor enhancement stones.

“Let’s share this fairly.”

At this moment, Lael came forward.

"Your Majesty, why don't we share the armor enhancement stones while you keep all the weapon enhancement stones?"

"Me? Why?"

They fought together. Of course, looking at the achievements, Grid was the most brilliant. But Katz, Ruby, and Jishuka also played a role. If even one of the party members hadn't been present, the Cray raid wouldn't have succeeded.

"I don't need such consideration. I'll share it fairly."

Until now, Grid had always monopolized the best items in each raid with the Overgeared members. A typical example were the items from the direct descendants. Every item that could be useful to Grid was given to him by the Overgeared members. Grid couldn't forget that favor. He didn't want to take all the necessary items like the blessed enhancement stones.

Katz snorted as Grid rejected it.

"I don't need japtem that I can buy with money."

"..."

Grid and the Overgeared members would've once been offended, but they now knew Katz' personality. Katz took care of Grid in his own way.

"You have a weapon to enhance. You have been suffering the most and we want to see you enhance your sword."

[Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires]

The myth rated weapon that Grid produced. The Overgeared members hadn't forgotten. The weapon still hadn't been enhanced. That's right. Grid's weapon hadn't been enhanced at all, yet it had killed the imperial army, the Red Knights, and even the direct descendants. It clearly showed the fraudulent ability of the myth rated weapon.

"Then I should share with Jishuka..."

Jishuka's Red Phoenix Bow was also at 0. But Jishuka frowned and refused.

"Are you going to make me even more in debt? I won't accept it. Don't make me owe you anymore."

"..."

Jishuka still needed to pay Grid off. She wanted to use this opportunity to pay back a bit of her debt and give Grid a boost. In the end.

"Okay, I understand. Thank you."

Grid agreed. He was eager to see the brilliantly glowing Enlightenment Sword after it had been enhanced. Of course, he needed to succeed.

[The enhancement has failed.]

"Sigh."

# Chapter 723

[The enhancement has failed.]

[The enhancement has failed...]

[The enhancement...]

Fail, fail, fail in a row! Grid kept failing in his weapon enhancement. Every blessed enhancement stone was worth 1,200 gold. The Overgeared members started sweating.

“...Doesn't he have a passive that increases the probability of enhancement?”

“That's right. Therefore, every time I need to strengthen an item, I asked Grid to strengthen it instead.”

Ibellin replied to Vantner. It wasn't just him. Most of the Overgeared members ran to Grid when they needed to enhance something.

“But looking back...”

“...I feel like the probability when Grid enhances it is similar to when I enhance it...”

“...”

It was a fact that was hard to deny. He had the ‘increased probability of enhancement’ passive and was the first to succeed in the ultimate enhancement, but looking at his total experience, his enhancement ability wasn't very good. His probability of success wasn't much different from a regular player.

The reason? Grid believed that the probability of the ‘increased enhanced probability’ itself was bad. Otherwise, it was hard to understand why he was so bad with enhancement. Now the Overgeared members dimly noticed it. The real reason why Grid didn't do well.

‘...A poop hand.’

The Overgeared members’ interpretation wasn’t wrong as another blessed weapon enhancement stone vanished.

*Shake shake!*

Grid’s eyes were bloodshot as he started shaking. He thought he would cry at any minute. It was natural since a huge amount of money was disappearing into thin air. It was a normal Grid reaction, since he didn’t have money like Katz.

"G-Grid, wouldn’t it be better to take it easier?"

"Do as Toban says. I don’t think this is the time."

There were countless myths about enhancement. Many people believed that a particular time or place had an impact on enhancement probability. An average person would give up on the enhancement and wait for a better time. But not emotional people like Grid. Having failed so far, he couldn’t stop the unfounded belief that he would succeed next time. He was too angry to make a reasonable judgment.

"Uwaaaaaah! Let’s see who will win!"

Grid cried at the expense of destroying the enhancement stones while continuing to try enhancing the Enlightenment Sword.

[The enhancement has failed.]

[The enhancement has failed.]

There was no reversal. The odds hit Grid in the back of the head as usual. Goosebumps crept over the skin of the Overgeared members as they watched Grid failing continuously.

‘Grid has no luck. We should leave now.’

'Maybe the probability of enhancing myth rated items is lower than expected?'

Normal items could be enhanced up to +6, while myth rated items had a probability of failure from +0. In addition, every time an item failed to be enhanced, the enhancement value would drop. This was what Grid and the Overgeared members knew.

Nobody knew the percentage of successful enhancement for a myth rated item. They vaguely guessed that it would be a similar probability to a +7 normal item. But now they realized it wasn't +7. The odds were more similar to a +8 enhancement.

"Jishuka, haven't you already tried enhancing the Red Phoenix Bow?"

Once he saw Grid's stress, the worried Peak Sword asked Jishuka. His expression was reproachful since she could've given Grid information about enhancing myth rated items. Jishuka shook her head.

"I only attempted a few enhancement attempts.'

"Why?"

It was a myth rated item. It would have explosive growth even at +1. Why didn't she try to enhance the Red Phoenix Bow when she knew this? Jishuka explained to the confused Peak Sword with a depressed expression.

"How can I afford to buy enhancement items when I'm so busy paying Grid off?"

"Ah..."

It was rare for anyone to live in this world comfortably. Peak Sword once again realized this timeless truth.



\* If this bracelet grows to a legendary rating, the wearer can summon Vampire Earl Cray.

\* If this greatsword grows to a legendary rating, the wearer can summon Vampire Earl Yetima.

As Grid was drinking a bitter cup of hardships, Euphemina and Chris couldn't help looking at the information of the bracelet and greatsword they obtained. Items that could summon a vampire lord! Putting aside their performance, Cray's Bracelet and Yetima's Greatsword had tremendous value alone as a summoning tool.

That's why Euphemina and Chris appreciated the fact that Grid gave them the items. They fought together and succeeded in the raid. Didn't they have the right to claim ownership of the items? Why did they thank Grid? The reason was simple. Grid acted modestly, but he clearly was 1st in this raid. Grid had the strongest right to claim ownership over items. If he claimed the items, Chris and Euphemina could only give up. But Grid didn't claim ownership of the items. He wanted his companions to use the dropped items more appropriately. This was despite the fact that it was a direct summoning item.

'As expected, not just anyone can become king.'

When Chris was leading the Giant Guild, he had monopolized the small number of elixirs dropped in his castle's dungeon. In fact, most organizations benefited from this structure and Chris thought he was exercising his right as a leader. But Grid was different. He gave a lot of concessions despite being a leader. As a typical example, he created, enhanced, and repaired items for his colleagues.

'Respect.'

'Thank you.'

There was a strong feeling of trust in the eyes of Euphemina and Chris, who were looking at Grid. Like their other teammates, they knew that Grid had the Qualification of a Blood King title (although they didn't know it would be promoted). There was the possibility of him becoming the king of the direct descendants. From Grid's viewpoint, it was better for him to possess as many direct descendants summoning items as possible. The fact that he suppressed his desires for the sake of his colleagues caused Euphemina and Chris to feel respect. They vowed.

'I will raise the item rating to legendary.'

'Then I will return it to His Majesty.'

They weren't just thinking and acting for Grid's sake. Items could be replaced from time to time. As time passed, it was natural to get stronger items. By the time the

bracelet and greatsword grew to the legendary rated, Euphemina and Chris would be armed with superior items.

‘Even if it isn’t the case, Grid will make me a better item. Isn't that right?’

They had faith because the other person was the legendary blacksmith Grid. They thought it was really good that they joined the Overgeared Guild. A wide smile appeared on Chris and Euphemina’s faces.



“It’s better to stop for a while.”

Lael said as he came up to Grid, who was still busy strengthening.

Grid just snorted.

"If a man pulls out the radish, he has to slice it. I won’t stop until I use all up the enhancement stones.”

"What if you don’t have a knife to cut it?”

Lael who knew Korean better than an actual Korean! He spoke without hesitation and gave Grid a warning.

"I’m worried about the two direct descendants left.”

“Ah.”

Grid came to his senses. The two direct descendants who disappeared with Yetima and didn’t return. If one of them came back, the party would be completely annihilated. It was impossible for the currently exhausted party to deal with the direct descendants.

‘I’m relieved that the city’s entrance is open.’

Grid put the remaining six enhancement stones back in his inventory and told his teammates.

"Let’s leave the city first. Today we’ll rest and tomorrow will be an expedition...”

Before Grid finished speaking.

*Peeng!*

A bloody magic power aimed at Grid's face.

“Grid!”

The surprised members were still relieved. It was because the God Hands guarded Grid. Everyone turned their heads in the direction of the magic. They saw the earls floating in the sky next to each other.

‘Che, it’s too late.’

The reason why the direct descendants left Earl Cray earlier was purely to sleep. Lauel didn't miss this. The possibility of the direct descendants reemerging was very low. He knew that the direct descendants wouldn't wake up for a long time after they fell asleep. However, Yetima appeared directly after the Cray raid and now the direct descendants appeared after the Yetima raid. Lauel thought that Yetima overcame the sleep because he was the owner of the city. But that wasn't the case.

"After Cray, you defeated Yetima?"

“They're insidious bastards. We shouldn't go out alone, so why don't we hunt half each?"

“It's a good idea.”

“...!”

Once the vampires in the sky talked about cooperation, the faces of the Overgeared members paled. Assuming that they were at least Yetima level, it would be impossible to defeat both of them at the same time. In particular, it was hard to deal with both of them at the same time when they were exhausted.

“I will buy time while you run away.”

*Step.*

Grid stepped forward. He was ready to die. He planned to sacrifice his life to open the

path for his companions. But the plan wasn't needed.

“No. Just retreat. The escape route has already been made.”

Lauel had secured a retreat route while Grid put on a strong show in front of their colleagues. Grid had a confused expression.

“That... Really?”

Grid scratched his head and Lauel reassured him.

"I don't want to repeat my mistakes. Now, let's go."

“You! I won't let you escape!”

The direct descendants followed as the Overgeared members started escaping with Lauel. They tried to narrow the distance to the Overgeared guild members, making full use of their ability to fly. Originally, they would've caught up with the Overgeared members. But it was strange.

‘What?’

‘Why is it so hard to catch them?’

The direct descendants couldn't catch up with the Overgeared members. It was because their flight path was full of stalactites so it was difficult to speed up. It was Lauel's plan. He had observed the terrain since he entered the city and resorted to this route to block their flying capabilities. Thanks to this, the Overgeared members were able to escape from the city without any sacrifices.

“Good! Well done Lauel!”

“We're alive thanks to you!”

The sunny desert. The Overgeared members escaped through the city's entrance and started to praise Lauel.

Lauel covered half his face with one hand and laughed.

“Kuk... Kukukuk, the residents of the night are helpless in front of this body, who is

master of the darkness. They are small fries. Hut.”

“...”

It had been a long time Lauel contributed.

"Hum hum, let's split up here and gather tomorrow."

Grid settled the atmosphere and logged out. It was the same with his colleagues.

“Eh?”

The laughing Lauel realized after a while that he was left alone. He missed Damian and the evil eyes. It was less than two months before the National Competition.

# Chapter 724

Who came to mind when thinking about assassins? From a 3 year old child to an 80 year old person, most people would think about the shadow protecting the Overgeared Kingdom. The killing god, Faker. Despite having a normal class, he showed the strongest PK skills and his stage was increasing every day. It was natural to think of him first among assassins.

However, the story changed when it became ‘assassin who plays in the National Competition.’ Since Faker had never made public appearances other than the Overgeared Kingdom’s founding ceremony, people naturally thought of Tarma.

Assassin Tarma from the dark gamer group, Blood Carnival.

At the time of the 2nd National Competition, he entered for money and showed off his skills. At least, until he met Grid.

‘I will avenge my loss in the National Competition.’

Since Blood Carnival was destroyed by Grid, Tarma had hid in a sandy kingdom of the East Continent. Over the past few months, he performed all types of quests, learned to deal with sand and wind, and realized how much stronger he was. He was able to easily hunt the creatures that he couldn’t three months ago, so it was impossible for him to not realize. Grid, who felt so strong every time he looked back, now seemed inferior.

‘If I have this power, even Grid...!’

The fox’s sword was caught in Tarma’s hand and it instantly turned to sand. It was the power of Erosion, a racial special skill that Tarma had obtained. It was the ability to decompose’ objects classified as ‘things.’ Items that monsters or players were armed with were classified as ‘things.’ It was an ability that was the perfect counter for Grid’s items.

‘The duration of Erosion is 5 seconds.’

After destroying the monsters in the canyon, Tarma closed his eyes and concentrated.

It was the beginning of the simulation. He imagined a battle based on the past Grid who had grown stronger. The result?

‘Victory!’

Tarma saw it. Grid’s appearance after all the new items he was proud of became eroded!

“Okay...”

A sly smile crossed Tarma’s sharp face. He was convinced that he could pay back the grudge from the National Competition and raise his reputation to a higher level than before.

‘Then I should find a sponsor.’

Who would benefit the most if Grid was damaged? As he pondered this, Tarma was reminded of the Belto Kingdom war.

‘Wasn’t Agnus hostile to Grid?’

He was the master of Immortal who proclaimed to be the king of the living and the dead, but he retreated before Grid and Ares. Agnus would definitely perceive Grid as a big barrier.

‘If I make it so Grid wins only one gold medal in the National Competition, it will be a temptation that he can’t resist.’

Like the previous National Competition, the S.A. Group promised special rewards to the medalists. Making Grid unable to obtain medals would be a big loss and it would be a tremendous boon from the perspective of Grid’s enemies. Tarma was convinced of this and contacted Agnus. Then he realized why Agnus was called crazy.

“You want money to kill Grid? I don’t understand what this mad dog is saying. Huh~~?”

“Why don’t you understand me? Don’t you know what a huge profit it will be for you if Grid can’t win a medal?”

“Kikikik? Grid is my target. Do you think you can beat him?”

"No, what does beating Grid have to do with him being your target?"

"I will kill those who touch my prey."

"...??"

Was he crazy? The conversation kept going wrong and didn't make sense. It was like talking to an alien. Tarma clicked his tongue.

'Is he just acting because he doesn't want to pay me? He's this type of person.'

.....No, it was better to assume that he was surprisingly clever than a miser.

'He knows that I will defeat Grid, even if he doesn't accept my request.'

The fact that Tarma had a grudge against Grid was something that most people in the world could guess. Agnus was also the same. Tarma guessed this and nodded.

"Then I will search for other clients."

*Sururuk.*

Tarma escaped into the darkness. Agnus stared at the spot where he disappeared and asked Veradin.

"Who is he?"

"Haha, you don't remember small fries? I don't know if you should be treating him as a small fry..."

Veradin smiled pleasantly. His eyes were filled with anticipation.

'Tarma has already fought against Grid several times. He must have a sure basis for being so confident about hunting Grid.'

Wouldn't Tarma unexpectedly play a big role?

'I'm especially looking forward to this year's National Competition. It's unfortunate that Agnus can't participate.'

Agnus had already appeared to the world since the battle in the Belto Kingdom. But he still wasn't in a position to attend the National Competition. He was unable to control himself, so it was unknown what he would do in an event with rules.



The sky would never fall. Hao was confident of this as he followed Kraugel.

"Congratulations on reaching level 260."

He was full of admiration and dismay. Kraugel's overwhelming levelling ability was already beyond common sense. It was hunting that didn't allow any wasted movements or time. He demonstrated optimum efficiency in any hunting ground and overwhelmed the monsters with force.

Kraugel's levelling ability was so perfect that it couldn't be compared. Hao's levelling speed also increased by 1.4 times as he watched Kraugel from the side. However, Kraugel felt that he was lacking.

"In the last fortnight, Grid had gained close to 10 levels. I'm lacking compared to him."

Alexander denied it.

"Wasn't he able to grow quickly thanks to the clear reward of the Behen Archipelago? He also seems to be focusing on named raids after that."

Yes, Grid's current levelling speed couldn't be explained unless it was a named grade boss raid. In addition, the named boss raid target wasn't always present. Named grade bosses weren't so easy to find. Kraugel appreciated this part about Grid.

"It's great to have an environment where we can concentrate on named boss raids. How many people in the world can monopolize hunting grounds where named bosses appear?"

Of course, Kraugel also monopolized many named bosses. Kraugel hunted named bosses that popped up in places that ordinary people couldn't imagine.

The problem was that Kraugel had trouble finding hunting grounds where a large number of monsters and bosses appeared at the same time. In other words, he wasn't

able to secure a hunting ground like the vampire's city. Most of the named bosses that Kraugel secured were in weed-infested places.

'This is why I might not catch up.'

Kraugel smiled as he thought this. The feeling of impatience stimulated him positively. He had always been at the forefront and now he was following someone else. He found it fresh and fun. A heavenly gamer.

'I would like to achieve level 300 before the National Competition... But at my current speed, I will be level 272 in two months.'

Did he read Kraugel's grieving expression?

Hao asked carefully.

"Are you going to participate in PvP?"

Grid and Kraugel's had a close to 80 level difference. Furthermore, Kraugel hadn't reached level 300, so his stats hadn't awakened at the third level. Now Grid's stats were overwhelmingly high. Should Kraugel participate in PvP, which was sure to include the top rankers including Grid? It was a huge penalty. It was an unfair fight. Hao hoped that Kraugel wouldn't participate in the PvP this year. It would be a painful experience to watch his idol be defeated.

Kraugel nodded at the anxious Hao.

"I will participate."

Alexander was surprised.

"What? Are you a complete fool? Putting aside Grid, can't you lose to someone like Chris or Damian? Do you need to decrease your reputation like this?"

"I agree with Alexander. In particular, I don't want you to fight against Grid."

Hao respected Grid as much as Kraugel. He knew they considered each other to be rivals. Fighting in a disadvantageous situation was painful for both of them. No, everyone in the world would feel sorry for them.

Hao expressed his opinion. "I believe that your rematch should only occur when you are perfectly prepared for each other. Everyone will share my opinion."

Indeed, it was a confrontation of the century. Everyone in the world expected a memorable battle between the two. It shouldn't be meaningless. Hao was certain of this and Alexander nodded in agreement.

At that moment.

"Are you assuming that I will lose?"

Kraugel's eyes sunk. It was a calm look that was reminiscent of the days when he was alone and was hard to read.

"I am determined to fight and I believe I can win."

Hao and Alexander shouldn't forget. Kraugel was the sky above the sky. Now that he had the strongest legendary class of Sword Saint, he wouldn't be caught by the notion of level.

"In the first place, my odds are the highest this year."

"...?"

Hao and Alexander were pushed by Kraugel's force and felt puzzled. It was because Kraugel implied that this year was his highest chance of winning. Kraugel shrugged at them.

"How many times have you told me? Grid's potential is the strongest. He will grow stronger over time. If I try to match my level with him as much as possible, I might not be able to win again."

"..."

It was ridiculous. Someone might've thought so. But Kraugel was sincere.

'He's different from me, who can only use swordsmanship.'

Grid could use swordsmanship, as well as items and magic. At the present time when Kraugel didn't have a second class, he judged that Grid's potential was higher than his.

Of course, the basis for this judgment was Grid's talent.

'His unyielding spirit will spur his growth.'

When they competed the first time or when they competed the second time. Kraugel couldn't forget Grid's eyes. The more desperate the situation, the more his eyes blazed with determination.

*Duguen, duguen, dugeun.*

Just like when Grid thought about Kraugel, Kraugel also got excited when he thought about Grid.

# Chapter 725

"Did you calculate all your actions?"

The 7th vampire city.

Lauel asked Grid after he logged in.

Grid was surprised when he heard a voice as soon as he logged in.

"W-What is it Lauel? Why are you already here? There is still a long time until the appointment time."

"I was working diligently to create a plan for the raid attack. Isn't it the same for you?"

Unlike the previous direct descendants, the two remaining in the 7th city would cooperate.

Grid and Lauel knew they couldn't afford this. Unlike the other guild members, they were the leaders. It was necessary to act quicker than the others and make more plans.

It was truly Lauel. He was reliable.

Grid thought about it and belatedly cocked his head.

"But what action did I calculate?"

Lauel smiled slyly.

"The act of yielding Cray's Bracelet and Yetima's Greatsword to Euphemina and Chris."

"...?"

"Didn't you learn from experience that raising the rating of an item isn't easy? Didn't you give them the items so that they can raise the item rating instead of you?"

"...?"

"You can be the king of the direct descendants. Euphemina and Chris knows this so they will be willing to return Cray's Bracelet and Yetima's Greatsword depending on the circumstances."

".....??"

"Well, it won't be a big loss for them if they return it. At that time, they will return it and ask for a new item from Your Majesty in return."

"..."

Grid never thought about this part. He just yielded the item to his teammates. He never thought they would give back the item later after raising the rating of the item.

But it was quite plausible when he heard Lauel's words. Grid, Euphemina and Chris, it was a win-win for all of them.

"Great... I didn't think so deeply..."

Lauel shrugged at Grid's bemused mutter.

"You don't have to act stupid. I have already witnessed many times where your thinking power has evolved."

'I am acting stupid...?'

He would be a fool if he told the truth.

In the end, Grid found it hard to deny Lauel's speculation.

"Ha... hahaha, right. I guess I can't fool you. Yes, as expected. I planned everything in advance and gave the items to the two of them."

"Huhuhut... No matter how smart Your Majesty is, it is still far from deceiving me."

Lauel didn't know the truth and laughed.

Grid vaguely felt some remorse.



“Keep this in mind. If I send a signal, retreat immediately using the retreat path you have already seen. Don’t look back. Understood?”

“I understand.”

"I will keep it in mind."

After the Yetima raid, the boss of the 7th city hadn’t regenerated yet. The city still didn’t have an owner and the entrance was always open.

The two surviving direct descendants didn’t leave the city. The existence of this open entrance became a great support for the Overgeared members.

‘There is zero chance that we can fight two earl class vampires at the same time and win.’

The purpose of today’s expedition was simple. They had an understanding of the earl class vampires. Their goal today was to figure out who was weaker among Ruson and Noll.

‘Then we will try again tomorrow and attack the weaker vampire.’

Once one earl was defeated, they could challenge the remaining earl the next day.

“It is better to check the side that has lower physical resistance than magic resistance. Then the full damage of our main damage dealers will be applied.”

"As soon as the two earls appear, launch a full-fledged attack. The magicians will check which side has higher magic resistance.”

*Sakak-!*

*Puok!*

The Overgeared members moved slowly with the earls in mind. They hunted the familiars and vampires as they headed into the deepest part of the city. They reserved their skills and magic for the earls.

Then.

“Ho...?” Those guys came back?”

“Look, what did I tell you? You said they wouldn’t return?”

“Bah, the stupid Cray and Yetima reduced the dignity of our line to nothing.”

It was around an hour after the Overgeared members entered the city.

Thanks to the hunting of many vampires, the experience gauge of Ruby and Sexy Schoolgirl went up by 10%. Then Earl Ruson and Noll appeared.

They once again emerged in the sky.

They looked like bats as they hung upside down from the ceiling. No, it was really cool.

Grid frowned.

‘Good looking guys are cool even when they do something crazy.’

Why was the world so unfair?

Why wasn’t he handsome?

Grid embraced his anger and shouted.

“Zednos, Laella! Start!”

“Yes!”

*Hwaruruk!*

Laella’s powerful fire magic combined with Zednos’ wind magic.

The fire hurricane hit Ruson and Noll at the same time.

[You have dealt 41,700 damage to the target!]

[The target has resisted.]

“.....!!”

Zednos and Laella were surprised when they saw the notification windows.

They were upset because their cooperative magic damage was too weak. Noll even resisted it.

“Both of them have higher magic resistance than Cray and Yetima. In particular, Noll...!”

Laella hurriedly explained.

Then Earl Ruson fell towards her.

White pale skin and transparent red eyes like rubies.

A vampire who gave off a mysterious atmosphere. His sharp fangs were visible between long hair.

“You dare to attack me? I will get your blood in return... Kuk!”

Ruson groaned as he was grabbing Laella’s neck.

Blackening, Blacksmith's Rage, Quick Movements and 100 points in fighting energy.

Grid struck his back in a full buff state.

Then black flames exploded and Ruson’s’ silky long hair became ruined.

“You!”

Ruson shouted indignantly at Grid but Grid didn’t even see him. He flew towards Noll, who was fighting with his other colleagues, and hit Noll’s back.

“Kuak! A coward who strikes from the rear!”

Noll was angry like Ruson when he was suddenly attacked.

But Grid just snorted and muttered.

“Noll’s physical resistance is also higher.”

“These humans!”

Ruson was furious at being ignored!

Their aggro was completely focused on Grid.

It was natural.

It was the fate of the dealer with the highest attack to attract aggro. Grid had the highest attack power in Overgeared so he always monopolized the aggro.

And most damage dealers were weak in defense. A powerful attack was a double-edged sword since the dealer’s life was always threatened.

Unfortunately, Grid was an all-rounder.

Both his defense and attack power were high.

*Peeok!*

*Kwajak!*

At the same time, Grid avoided the attacks of Ruson and Noll.

Grid didn’t fight back as he spoke to his colleagues.

“Noll’s magic resistance and defense is much higher while Ruson has overwhelming superior attack power.”

The members nodded.

“That's right. Our test results are the same.”

Like Grid, the Overgeared members were attacking Ruson and Noll. It wasn’t an exaggeration to say that they poured out all the skills they had.

In the process, the characteristics of Ruson and Noll that they identified coincided with Grid.

Grid confirmed Noll and Ruson’s strengths and opened Belial’s Power.

It was 100% power.

“Okay. We will come back tomorrow and attack Ruson. Retreat while I buy time.”

“Understood.”

“Yes!”

The Overgeared members didn't hesitate. Even Huroi left immediately. They weren't worried about leaving Grid alone.

They believed in him.

Now that Grid used all his buffs, they believed that even two earl class vampires couldn't kill Grid.

*Pepepepeng!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

Magic and swordsmanship.

The injuries on Grid grew as the Overgeared members retreated first.

'These bastards, they are dirty.'

[The duration of Blacksmith's Rage is over.]

[The duration of Quick Movements is over.]

Various buffs began to turn off. Blackening would soon be over.

In addition, Grid's health gauge was now dropping out of control.

"Don't think that you can leave alive!"

“You are too naive!”

Dark smiles appeared as Ruson and Noll followed Grid. They were delighted at finally being able to eat humans.

But that joy was brief.

*Peng!*

*Pepepepeok!*

300 metres before reaching the exit.

Several Alarm spells that Grid had installed in advanced were fired.

“Kuaaaaak!”

“Trap?”

Ruson and Noll suffered great damage from Grid’s Magic Missiles, which ignored magic resistance. Their momentum while chasing Grid was weakened for a moment.

Grid used that gap to safely escape.

“See you tomorrow.”

◇ ◇ ◇

"Good work."

"Thank you for the hard work."

The Overgeared members’ faces brightened as they found Grid.

Grid smiled wickedly at his pleased colleagues.

"Tomorrow, we will challenge Ruson as planned."

Kill the weakest one!

The key players in tomorrow’s raid would be Vantner, Toban and Huroi.

“The three of you have to tie up Noll as much as possible. The raid will be difficult if he attacks our damage dealers or Ruby. The slightest slip can cause failure.”“Okay. Let’s keep a tight formation.”

"I have prepared many things for Noll to focus on me. Don't worry."

"...Ruby and Sexy Schoolgirl are present, so refrain from speaking too harshly."

"Yes..."

Then the next day.

Grid confirmed that everyone's skills were back and led the party.

"Go again. As I said yesterday, the target is Ruson."

"Yes!"

They had to take damage.

The Overgeared members and Grid speculated that quite a few people would die today.

Vantner, Toban and Huroi would try but it was impossible to completely bind Noll while raiding Ruson.

But today's sacrifice would lead to tomorrow's success.

The Overgeared members had faith and entered the 7th city without hesitation.

Five hours later.

Another direct descendant left the world.

# Chapter 726

[The duration of immortality is over.]

“Pant... Pant... Kuk...!”

Grid’s vision flashed red as he coughed up blood. It meant his health had reached a dangerous level. It wouldn’t be strange if he died. Then Noll’s voice was heard. His voice was filled with killing intent.

“You guys... You trivial humans...!”

[Vampire Earl Noll has used Direct Suppression.]

*Kurururung!*

The air shook. There was a river of blood that Ruson had spilt. Direct Suppression gave fear and despair to all inferior species. It was a power that served as a big barrier to the Overgeared members in the process of today’s raid. But at this moment.

[You have resisted.]

Grid was the only Overgeared member left in the city. The pressure of the direct descendant was no longer meaningful. It was because all the Overgeared members, except for Grid, were killed in the process of raiding Ruson. Grid gazed into the red eyes of Noll.

“Shouldn’t I be the angry one, not you?”

He knew it wouldn’t be easy to deal with two direct descendants at the same time. However, Grid wanted to minimize the damage to his party members. That’s why they prepared well in advance. As well as the terrain of the city, he grasped the personal characteristics of Ruson and Noll, procured various buff potions from Reidan’s alchemy facility, and installed Alarm magic traps all over the city.

The Overgeared members did everything they could. But the raid didn’t proceed as they planned. It was due to Noll’s power. Noll wasn’t just a tanker with excellent

defense and resistance. His skill composition ran more towards a supporter. He specialized in recovery and initializing abilities.

The blood tsunamis and aftershocks occurred from time to time, breaking the formation of the Overgeared members. He also healed Ruson who was in a critical condition several times due to the Overgeared members. In particular, his ability to recover with Blood Donation was a problem. Noll donated his blood to increase Ruson's health and defense. Thanks to this, the damage to the Overgeared members was bigger than expected. It took too long to hunt Ruson and in the process, the Overgeared members died.

Grid got goosebumps. What if Ruson had been faithful to his role as a supporter in the Earl Cray raid? It wouldn't be possible to capture the 7th city. He couldn't be certain of winning, even if NPCs such as Piaro and Asmophel were invited to the party.

'The Curse of Idleness...'

It was fortunate for Grid that the direct descendants were affected by the curse and wouldn't cooperate. Looking back, the reason why he was able to raid Elfin Stone in the past was the Curse of Idleness. Therefore, Grid hated the Blood King Candidate title.

It temporarily released the direct descendants facing him from the Curse of Idleness. The effect was equally applicable to Duke Marie Rose and Marquis Fenrir. There was no possibility of raiding them when they were several times or tens of times stronger than the earls. But.

"You're an exception."

Grid's smile contained poison.

"You will pay the price for hurting my colleagues today."

"Shut up!"

Noll rushed towards Grid. He was freed from the Curse of Idleness, so he willingly attacked.

*Puok!*

It was just before the cooldown of his health potion ended. Grid's vision changed to black and white as he was stabbed in the heart.

[You have died.]

[You have lost 36.2% experience.]

[Grid's Boots have been lost.]



"The scale of the damage?"

Outside the 7th vampire city. Grid instantly asked once he resurrected and Lauel, who had done the research beforehand, reported to him.

"We lost experience and 14 people dropped equipment items."

"What? 14?"

Death in Satisfy was dreadful. It was a huge penalty to players. The experience loss was in proportion to level and there was also the possibility of dropping some items in their possession. The worst was dropping equipment items. Basically, the value of the equipment item was high. If they lost the item they used as their main power, their strength would be reduced. Instead...

"Isn't the probability of dropping equipment items only around 1%?"

That's right. When a player died, the drop rate of equipment items was quite low. Grid felt that it was actually at 50%.

'It can't be... Did my bad luck spread to everyone?'

Grid was frustrated by the fact that more than half of the party members had dropped equipment items! He felt extreme guilt and Lauel told him more desperate news.

"Among them, Pon and Vantner have lost their main weapon and shield."

"..."

Grid was experiencing extreme mental pain just losing Grid's Boots, which he often swapped to when using Grid's Greatsword. It was due to the value of the item. However, Pon and Vantner lost the weapon and shield that must be used immediately. From Grid's position, it was like losing the Enlightenment Sword. Grid was worried about how much pain they were in. His gaze moved towards Pon and Vantner. They were already looking at Grid.

"My spear..."

"Shield..."

"..."

Grid wished he could make a new shield and spear! The two men, who couldn't bear to ask him for a new spear and shield, were like brothers. The difference was that Pon was handsome while Vantner was bald.

"I'm prepared to make new items. Anyway, if we want to challenge the raid again, we have to wait for everyone's skills to return. It won't be difficult to recreate the items while waiting."

Item making was the source of Grid's power. He couldn't ignore the rise in stats by making items. In addition, Pon and Vantner weren't people who wanted freebies. They always paid a reasonable price for Grid's items. It was good for Grid to make items in the remaining time. However, there was a problem.

"There are no materials."

"..."

"..."

The Black Dragon Spear used by Pon and the Flame Shield used by Vantner were the best items made by Belail's dropped items. It was impossible to recreate the same things. Grid trembled.

'If only I was stronger.'

It wouldn't have been so hard to raid Ruson. Jishuka spoke to the regretful Grid.

"It isn't that you are lacking. We are the ones lacking. Don't blame yourself."

Pon and Vantner nodded.

"That's right. This is the result of our weakness. It isn't because Grid is weak."

"..."

The mood was depressed. Most of the party members lost valuable items, increasing the pressure. In particular, the fact that the National Competition wasn't far away raised the burden. The National Competition was the place where the best rankers representing each country gathered. Everyone's hearts were heavy at the thought of participating in the National Competition in a weakened state. On the other hand, Lauel's expression was bright.

"Actually, you don't need to worry about that. We can find the items you lost."

Dropped items weren't destroyed. They literally existed in the place where they fell. Then why was dropping an item a problem? It was due to the users of Satisfy. Since it was impossible to block a user from the hunting grounds, it was almost impossible to regain an item once it was dropped. By the time they resurrected and ran to the place where the item dropped, the item wasn't present anymore. It was because another user took it.

But the vampire cities weren't an ordinary hunting ground. The vampire cities existed secretly in the vast desert of Reidan. The difficulty itself was very high so it was hard for ordinary players to approach. In addition, Lauel controlled the vampire cities from the beginning. It was because he didn't want a valuable hunting ground for the Overgeared members to be occupied by other players. This mentality wasn't wrong. Controlling the hunting grounds within a territory was a privilege of the guild that owned it.

"The items that we dropped are still here. Tomorrow we will go back to the 7th city to raid Noll, retrieving the items on the way."

"You're right. We don't have to worry about someone else taking it."

"We will guard the entrance to the city."

"Okay, tomorrow we will regain them."

"Come on!"

The atmosphere was cleared up. Everyone was looking forward to tomorrow. Lauel gave them a warning.

"Don't be too distracted. Noll is a support type, but he's still an earl. His comprehensive battle strength is comparable to other earls. A strong opponent. If you're careless, then you will die again before retrieving the item."

Also.

"Noll is likely to lead a large number of vampires and familiars to maximize his support capabilities. He's fighting diligently after overcoming the Curse of Idleness thanks to Grid."

"..."

Grid's chest hurt but Lauel was just reminding them of the facts. It wasn't his intention to criticize Grid.

"The key to tomorrow's raid is how quickly we can retrieve the dropped items. If we encounter Noll before we collect all the items, we are likely to be killed."

Chris confirmed it.

"That's right. Noll lacks attack skills compared to the other earls, but he has CCs and high endurance. It's impossible to get rid of him without full preparations. Don't forget the point where you each lost an item."

Lauel added a final warning.

"Noll must be raided. If we can't raid Noll and Fenrir or Marie Rose joins..."

*Gulp!*

The sound of swallowing could be heard everywhere. At the same time, they all imagined the worst. If Noll's support abilities were used on Marquis Fenrir or Duke Marie Rose...

"Fenrir and Marie Rose might never be able to be raided in the future."



"Everyone remembers, right?"

After adequate rest. Grid asked before they re-entered the 7th city. It was excessive concern. The party members responded confidently.

"Of course I remember. Grid, could you forget the point where your precious items were dropped?"

"I also remember."

Grid spoke after confirming their answer.

"Okay. Let's move as secretly as possible until we arrive there. We will get hurt if we are caught by Noll before we manage to collect the items."

"Understood."

The Overgeared members had experienced the vampire cities many times. According to their experience, the boss would never appear when they just entered the city. There would be a big disturbance as the battles proceeded. The boss would become aware of the intruders and reveal themselves.

Of course, the Overgeared members believed it would be the same again. But was it a matter of having too much faith in Grid? Their faith was betrayed.

"Huhuhut, I was waiting."

"..."

The moment they entered the 7th city. Grid and the Overgeared members encountered Noll. Noll knew that Grid and the Overgeared members would come again and waited in advance. There were 500 vampires and familiars with him. This was the amazing artificial intelligence of a top grade NPC.

"I... I'll come back. Haha."

Grid laughed awkwardly and ran away with the Overgeared members.



“XX... Call all of our kids.”

The entrance to the 7th city.

Grid gave a command to all the Overgeared members who were afraid to enter the city again. It was a royal order. A king who had the power to move thousands, tens of thousands at will!

# Chapter 727

"Haap!"

"Hiyaaack!"

"Hey! How can you roll to avoid the attack? Every side of the battlefield will be full of enemies waiting to kill you! Stop! Grit your teeth!"

Capital Reinhardt. Constant bellowing sounds were heard from the training grounds. In the morning, daytime, and evening, sound rang out without stopping 24 hours a day. It was due to the unique training policy of military commander Asmophel. Asmophel advocated that 'war was just a matter of time' and emphasized night-time training.

Of course, it didn't mean to train 24 hours a day. He rotated the soldiers and paid attention to their stamina. Thanks to this, the Overgeared soldiers were able to demonstrate their abilities at night. The same was true for the Red Phoenix Group who had come from the East Continent.

"I realize that I'm getting stronger every day. I can't help acknowledging this training method."

"Lady Sua acknowledges it."

Despite his high position, Asmophel was at the training grounds every day. Sometimes it was hard to distinguish him from a soldier. He was always there among the soldiers and trained with them. The members of the Red Phoenix Group genuinely respected him.

"How many people in a high position would try and understand the poor soldiers?"

"Pangea's Duke of Virtue... No, he's the aide of King Grid."

There were good people under a great master!

The Red Phoenix Group believed there was a subordinate like Asmophel due to Grid.

They also aspired to become like Asmophel. They didn't despise the soldiers because they were stronger, nor did they seek special treatment. They were always enthusiastic about training with the soldiers.

Therefore, the knights of the Overgeared Kingdom felt a sense of crisis.

"The people who are already strong are training harder than us..."

The Western Nova, Royman. She was originally an ordinary soldier of Reidan until she was unearthed by Asmophel and became a knight. Since then, she was trained directly by Piaro. As a named NPC with no limits on her stats, Grid had high expectations for her.

She had the best potential. In fact, she was one of the most powerful knights, despite only being promoted a few years ago. But compared with the Red Phoenix Group, she was still somewhat lacking. It was because the Red Phoenix Group of the East Continent had very high levels by default.

"We can't catch up to them if we spend the same amount of time in training. We have to work harder in training."

"Okay! We can do it!"

The knights were filled with great passion, beginning with Royman. The existence of the Red Phoenix Group was a positive effect to further develop them. This was the fun part.

'Cute.'

Now most of the knights knew that Royman was a woman. They had been living together for a few years, so it was natural to find out. However, Royman didn't know that she was discovered. She was still trying to pretend she was a man. She used pressure bandages and tried to use the bathroom or changing room with her colleagues. She didn't know that her colleagues fled every time she went into the bathroom.

"Yes! It's good to be sociable among colleagues!"

Piario was still unaware of Royman's reality. Despite being the closest to her due to training her, he never imagined that she was a woman. He believed Royman without a

doubt because she had declared herself a man. As a result, Piaro didn't realize that the knights were treated Royman like their sister. He thought that people followed Royman well because she was a great leader.

"Hah..."

Asmophel sighed deeply. He was worried his old friend would forever be a bachelor. At that moment.

"A royal order!" Several horses entered the training grounds. They shouted loudly so that all the soldiers and knights could hear. "Apart from the defense troops. the Overgeared King has ordered all troops to gather in the desert of Reidan tomorrow morning!"

"...!!"

Piario and Asmopehl's eyes widened. They were worried something had happened to Grid.

"I will go first!"

Piario was the commander of the army and he tried to leave Asmophel alone. Asmophel stopped him.

"If His Majesty was in a critical situation, he would summon his knights. Don't worry too much and take command of the soldiers."

"Umm... You are right."

He was so worried about his king that he got carried away. Piario was able to calm down thanks to Asmophel and directed the soldiers.

On this day. All the troops of Reinhardt, except for some defenders, made their way to Reidan. The training grounds always filled with the shouts of soldiers was as quiet as a mouse.



"Huh, what the hell is going on?"

Duke Steim. He was regarded as the man closest to becoming a grand duke in the Overgeared Kingdom. He ruled six cities in the north and was always dignified. As the father-in-law of Overgeared King Grid, he always made sure not to lose face. But today, he couldn't stay calm. He was filled with worry when he heard that all of Reinhardt's troops were going to save Grid.

"What happened?"

Duke Steim forgot about his dignity as he worried about his son-in-law. The young knight Laden, who was once praised as the Northern Nova and was now the 'Strongest in the North' tried to reassure him.

"If he was in a dangerous situation, he would've sent a request for troops from the north."

However, Grid didn't make a request for troops from the north. It meant he didn't need the north. Laden judged that Grid's situation wasn't dangerous enough to Duke Steim to worry. But the older one got, the more anxious they became. Duke Steim couldn't erase his worries.

"I just don't know. I just don't know."

Grid was the Overgeared Kingdom itself. Grid set up the Overgeared Kingdom and the Overgeared Kingdom revolved around Grid. If there was a mishap to Grid, the whole Overgeared Kingdom would obviously be shaken. In addition, Duke Steim didn't want to see his beloved daughter Irene and his grandson Lord sad.

"Maybe I should send the army."

It would take some time for the army to get to Reidan. Unlike the western Reidan, the north was very cold and the soldiers in the north were weak to the heat. Even if he sent troops, could he really help his son-in-law?

"It's better than nothing."

Duke Steim controlled his mind and was about to give an order to call the army.

"I will lead the army." Laden offered. "I have already experienced the desert of Reidan. I think I am eligible for this campaign."

It was during the time when the Eternal Kingdom still existed. Prince Ren had invaded Reidan. At that time, Laden had fought to defend Reidan.

“Um, yes. You’re the right person.”

Duke Steim sent his usual gaze towards Laden. His eyes were filled with trust.

“Lead the Gale Troops. They are able to advance three times faster than normal horses so you can arrive in time.”

“Gale Troops...!”

The Gale Troops were the strongest cavalry that the north boasted. In addition, Phoenix had been in charge of the Gale Troops for over 10 years already. The fact that Duke Steim granted them to Laden meant Laden would be Phoenix’s successor. The deeply excited Laden bowed.

“I will be sure to repay your expectations and return.”

“I hope Your Majesty will be safe.”



“There’s news that a large army is moving from Reinhardt.”

The Water Clan kingdom, Siren.

“What? Tell me more.”

“Yes.”

“Um... Ummm...”

Maxong’s face darkened as he received his son’s report. Due to the situation in the Overgeared Kingdom, it seemed that Grid, the savior of their kingdom, was in danger. There was no reason for Maxong to hesitate.

“Convene the whole army immediately! I will lead the army myself to help the Overgeared King!”

“Yes!”

There was no disagreement. The moment Maxong gave an order, the army assembled immediately. The water clan. Their innate physical abilities and magic transcended humanity. It was the opinion of scholars that if they weren't obsessed with the aquatic life, the human-dominated lands would be much smaller than they were now. They were a powerful race.

“Depart!”

"Ohhhhhh!"

They came to land only to save Grid. The water clan king, Maxong led them!



“Son. *Chew chew.*”

"Yes. *Lick lick.*”

The fortified city of Patrian. High on the walls, Ashur stood with his son. It was like a picture as the father and son faced each other.

“I will tell you honestly. *Lick lick.* I hated Grid. *Chew chew.* I didn't feel very good about joining his side.”

“...I know. *Lick lick.*”

Marquis Ashur and Earl Bland were eating steamed potatoes as they talked. The taste of the rainbow potato was incredibly shocking and addictive from the viewpoint of the rich nobles.

“But now it's different.”

Marquis Ashur devoured the big rainbow potatoes. His act of wiping his hand with a handkerchief was full of refinement. He was indeed different from ordinary people. Until he licked the potato pieces off his cheek instead of throwing them away.

"I think it's good to serve the King Grid, looking at how fast the Overgeared Kingdom is growing.”

The fortified city of Patrian was a city that could be occupied at any time due to the geographical nature. It was normal for a large number of troops to be stationed there at all times. However, the Eternal Kingdom was incompetent and Patrian always suffered from a shortage of troops. Due to this, the residents of Patrian were always nervous. But now? The faces of the Patrian residents were full of vitality. It was because there were strong soldiers guarding the city and the powerful royal family cared for them.

“I know about His Majesty’s past. Thus, I can faintly imagine how much effort His Majesty has put in. Now I admire him.”

“...”

Bland smiled softly. He was glad that his father admired a person he respected. Marquis Ashur cut to the chase.

“Grid is this kingdom’s power... No, he’s the treasure of this continent. The hero who can resist the Saharan Empire. He must always be safe. Thus, my son, I want to send troops to Reidan.”

“It’s a reasonable idea.”

"But I can't leave because of the Gauss Kingdom. Bland, lead the army. Be sure to protect King Grid and return alive. This isn't a command, but a request."

"I will live up to your expectations."

The average level of the Patrian soldiers was the highest in the country. Due to the geographical nature of the border with the Gauss Kingdom, both Grid and Lauel were aware of the importance of defending Patrian and didn't spare any assistance. These soldiers...

“Go to the desert now!”

“Yes!”

The son of the great magician Ashur and disciple of the farmer Piaro, the magic swordsman Bland left through the gates.

# Chapter 728

Titan, the capital of the Saharan Empire, had the biggest Rebecca Temple on the continent. The size of one temple was large enough to overwhelm the size of the Vatican. It was a place where people could see the close relationship between the empire and the Rebecca Church.

"Your Majesty, it's urgent."

The temple built on the blood and sweat of countless immigrants. A statue of Rebecca, goddess of goodness, actually existed in this ugly place? People against the empire didn't appreciate Titan's Rebecca Temple. However, from the viewpoint of Emperor Juander, this temple was the symbol of absolute power and the sole home of the 'real' Goddess Rebecca. Someone came to this sacred place.

"Urgent..."

Juander, who was sitting in front of the statue and praying, opened his eyes. He was grumpy at his prayers being disturbed. Earl Lisha, who ran to give the report, bowed his head deeply.

"There is a strange trend in the Overgeared Kingdom. It is said that they are gathering a large army in Reidan by mobilizing all allied troops.

"...Hrmm."

Reidan was a city that bordered the empire. The act of gathering troops there could be regarded as a threat to the empire. Juander could send an army to the Overgeared Kingdom under the 'sin of making the people of the empire nervous.' But Juander was unable to move his army. It was because most of the empire's main forces were dispatched to Valhalla.

"Moving after knowing this fact... As expected from the Overgeared King."

The reason why Juander placed a large number of troops near Valhalla was to keep the Undefeated King's descendant in check. Juander was very alert to him, who killed tens of thousands of imperial troops, killed the Red Knights, and damaged Kyle. He

didn't express it to anyone, but the feeling was almost like fear. He wondered if it was the second coming of the Undefeated King.

Thus, Juander posted an army near Valhalla to guard against the Undefeated King's descendant. But Valhalla and the Overgeared Kingdom didn't know this. They interpreted it as the empire going to invade Valhalla soon. Therefore, the Overgeared Kingdom gathering the army in Reidan was a type of warning. It was a warning that if they invaded Valhalla, the Overgeared Kingdom would strike their rear.

"Sigh... Kuk, kuku! Kukukuk!"

Juander gave a deep sigh before bursting out into laughter. It was laughable. A mere kingdom just born dared to warn the empire. He never thought there would be a kingdom that ignored the empire. Juander was amazed by the changes in this era. He was so pathetic that it was funny.

He laughed for a while before asking Earl Lisha.

"What's the exact number of the Overgeared army gathering in Reidan?"

The empire had eyes and ears throughout the continent. The empire's spies existed in every country and region. Any of Juander's questions could be answered immediately. But not this time.

"I'm ashamed. I haven't figured out the exact number yet."

"..."

Earl Lisha, the head of the empire's intelligence agency, had already tried several times to plant spies in the Overgeared Kingdom. But it was difficult. All territories of the Overgeared Kingdom were strictly guarded. Even if a spy was planted, they were caught immediately. In particular, the spies that were planted in Reinhardt were close to zero. Most of the 300 spies dispatched to Reinhardt were unaccounted for. That's why there was a big restriction on their 'eyes' in the Overgeared Kingdom.

Juander frowned.

"The information network in the Overgeared Kingdom is still weak. How disappointing, Lisha."

"I'm ashamed... It seems that there are many high level assassins in the Overgeared Kingdom... But I will come up with a solution soon."

"Then can you roughly guess the number of enemies?"

The exact number wasn't known, but it was possible to guess. Lisha replied once Juander asked again.

"Approximately 40,000."

40,000. It was an insignificant number. From the viewpoint of the empire that had an army of millions, 40,000 was a number that could be erased at any time. But war wasn't all about numbers. In particular, there were many people in the Overgeared Kingdom who were as good as the Red Knights. Among these, the Overgeared King had already destroyed two kingdoms and established two new ones. There would be no Valhalla without the Overgeared King.

'The hundreds of thousands of soldiers and my strong people sent to Valhalla... '

They were just good prey. Juander judged this and was filled with big regret.

'There's no talent.'

Sword Duke Limit and the Red Knights were on the side of the empress and it wasn't the time to send the Five Pillars to the frontlines. They were busy raising knights and magicians who would surpass the Red Knights. Kyle was somewhat idle, but he'd lost one arm to the descendant of the Undefeated King.

Juander wondered when things had become so twisted. Looking back, it had been a long time. Since he lost Piaro...

In the end, the descendant of the Undefeated King appeared and the balance of power collapsed.

"More than this..."

*Step.*

Juander beckoned and a guard came up to him, handing him a cloak. Juander wore the cloak, walked outside the temple and muttered.

"For the time being, I need to drink a bitter cup. Let's try diplomacy."

Diplomacy. Juander had never tried diplomacy before. From the time he took the throne of the empire, he became the ruler of the continent and only gave orders to other countries. They were one-sided deals, not diplomacy. But now the times had changed.

"Send an envoy to the Overgeared King. Tell him that we won't invade Valhalla for the time being. I will ask for a truce with Valhalla as proof."

"...!!"

The emperor of the world was declaring that he would take a step back? It was unbelievable. Earl Lisha's eyes widened while the guard captain Bain's face was red with anger.

"Your Majesty! I would rather go to the battlefield! Instead of the useless Red Knights, this Bain will obtain the heads of the Undeclared King's Descendant and the Overgeared King."

"That can't be. Bain, if you aren't around then I can't feel comfortable for even a moment. I can't even sleep well."

"..."

Who could be in charge of escorting the ruler of the continent? Guard Captain Bain was someone recognized by Juander. Bain was the person Juander trusted most in the world. He was able to walk down the street thanks to Bain.

"The Undeclared King's descendant..."

After calming Bain down, Juander thought about the description of the Undeclared King's descendant that Kyle gave. He got goosebumps.

'A monster who can use the legendary 100,000 Army Swordsmanship as well as magic... It's better not to move until all of the Five Pillars have returned. Yes, today's choice is wise, not a disgrace.'



"Hahahaha! Did you see it? Those scandalous fools ran away!"

The vampire earl Noll. Currently, he was in a peculiar state. He had overcome the Curse of Idleness. It was difficult for him to understand. He just knew that after encountering the human called Grid a few times, the word 'annoying' disappeared from his head.

Noll believed this change was based on his feelings of anger. There were humans who weren't afraid of direct descendants. The moment that his anger rose to his head, Noll interpreted that he was free from the curse. Then he felt joy. It was the first time he felt a distinct emotion since he was born hundreds of years ago. He realized that he was alive now.

'Now I see why Braham and Elfin Stone tried to overcome the Curse of Idleness.

Braham had a desire for knowledge and Elfin Stone longed for love. Those who opened their eyes to desires and emotions earlier than their kin wouldn't like the Curse of Idleness. That was why they struggled so hard.

"Kuk...! Kuahahaha! But in the end, I overcame it first!"

Noll thought that he was superior to Braham and Elfin Stone. Then a true blood vampire approached him and asked carefully, "Excuse me... Earl Noll, can we go to sleep now?"

"..."

The true blood vampires and ordinary vampires received only a small bit of the Curse of Idleness compared to the direct descendants. But that was just when compared to the direct descendants. They were all annoyed and wanted to go to sleep. However, they couldn't leave because they had to follow the orders of the direct descendant.

Noll clicked his tongue.

"Sleep here if you're tired. I don't know when that human will come back."

"..."

They were noble vampires who slept in coffins, not on the ground! The true blood

vampires and ordinary vampires wanted to protest, but couldn't. Just like the direct descendants honored, loved, and feared Beriache, the true blood vampires and ordinary vampires also felt the same towards the direct descendants.

Some of the vampires who noticed it carefully gave their opinions.

"That... Earl Noll. Humans aren't stupid. Isn't it likely that they won't come back?"

"It would be completely crazy to come back when they know we're camped here."

Yes, it was a very common sense interpretation. Grid wouldn't come back here unless he was a madman. Thus, Noll believed they should stay camped here. Noll was aware that Grid was a psycho!

"That human is crazy. He came back to this place several times, struggled when there were no odds, and killed my brothers one after another. It's evidence that he's crazy."

"You mean he will come again?"

"That's right. He will surely come."

And.

"He will be killed by me. Kuk, kukukuk!"

Noll had already killed Grid once. He enjoyed the blood. It was very sweet. The moment he drank the blood, it felt like his strength reached boiling point. Evolution. It was similar to a class advancement when comparing it to players. After wiping out the Overgeared members, he was stronger than ever. He was confident because he was aware of this fact himself.

"Was it 10 years ago? Do you remember the human army that entered our city?"

"Yes, at that time, there were thousands of humans."

"It was a full feast. It was the first and last time I ate so much."

"There will be another feast soon."

"Huh?"

"Just like ants, weak people like to gather together because they can't do it themselves. The crazy human will certainly bring reinforcements to resist us. The number will be similar to ours."

"Ohh...!"

The eyes of the drowsy vampires shone. By nature, humans were weak. They were a species that was the vampire's prey. A lot of them coming at once wasn't a threat, but a buffet. In this warm atmosphere, Noll shouted joyfully.

"Come...! Come at any time! Bring it on! I will feed on all your humans and gain the strength to reach another level!"

At that moment.

"Yes, I'm here."

A human voice was heard from the entrance of the city. The owner of this voice was unforgettable. Grid. He was completely crazy.

"Kik...! Kihahahaha! You came! You really came back!"

Noll shuddered with joy when he discovered Grid. It was great to see the prey that had come to him. It was so lovely that he wanted to kill. The other vampires also shouted excitedly.

"He didn't come alone, did he?"

"Did you bring a lot of friends this time? Baby."

The vampires were too excited! Grid nodded at them.

"Yes, I have a lot of friends."

*Kurururururuk!*

Footsteps could be heard from the doorway. It wasn't the sound of dozens or hundreds of footsteps. Thousands? It wasn't that either.

*Kurururururuk!*

“...?”

Noll and the vampires cocked their heads at the sound. The number of people entering through the doorway seemed to be more than expected. There was a problem.

*Kurururururuk!*

There was still a lot of noise. Humans were constantly entering the city. The number...

“...I can't count them.”

“Me too...”

It was a number they were seeing for the first time in their lives! The vampires shrank at the emergence of a large army. In the meantime, humans were constantly entering. Eventually, Noll cried out.

“Why are you so stiff? The long-awaited banquet is right in front of you! Dinner! Shouldn't a predator be rejoicing?”

“Ohhhhhhh!”

Noll's cry woke up the stunned vampires. It was the power of a direct descendant. The vampires lost their fear and flew to the humans. Noll was naturally in the lead. He was only looking at Grid. He didn't care about the other humans.

“I will eat something delicious again!”

Noll proclaimed in a threatening manner! Then above Noll and the vampires following him.

“Pounding Mortar.”

“...?”

Something very big fell from the ceiling of the city.

*Kuuuuuoung!*

The vampire city with hundreds of years of history started to collapse.

# Chapter 729

Pounding Mortar. It was the Free Farming technique that the legendary farmer Piaro created. It was a technique that created a mortar that was as big as a house in the sky. It lasted for two seconds and the radius was 180 meters. The most remarkable aspect of this technique was that it could distinguish between allies, despite the overwhelming range of the skill.

*Jjirak. Jjirak.*

‘What?’

Noll who was only aiming for Grid. A large shadow appeared over his head and the air became heavy.

*Kurururung!*

Thunder. No, the sound was more artificial, intense, and threatening than thunder. Noll instinctively felt fear and created Blood Shield.

*Kurururung!*

An unimaginable weight hit the Blood Shield.

*Jjejeok! Jjejejeok!*

*Jjejejeoook!*

The Blood Shield shattered. Blood Shield was a magic and robust defense created to protect the direct descendants!

‘What strength is this?’

Originally, Noll would ask this question. But Noll had no doubt about the power that destroyed Blood Shield with one blow. It was due to the terrible pain.

“...!!”

*Kwajak!*

*Kurururung!*

*Kwajajajak!*

The unbearable pressure crushed Noll's skin, flesh, and bones. Noll couldn't even scream. As soon as his mouth opened, the pressure caused his eyes to bulge out. It was useless to grit his teeth.

*Kwajajak!*

Noll continued to be squashed. The body that had been floating in the air was pressed close to the ground, while the ground continued to sink in like a meteorite attack.

*Peeng!*

*Pepepepeng!*

Hundreds of vampires and familiars around Noll were already turning to grey. It was the scene of a massive number of enemies being crushed to death.

"Kuk...! Kuaaaaah!"

Noll tried to endure and let out a loud scream. It was to emit magic and defy this transcendent power. Then the duration of Pounding Mortar was over.

"Pant... Pant... Pant..."

The pain of experiencing a huge pressure. Noll breathed roughly once he was freed from it. His red eyes looked around as his body shook. The city, familiars, and vampires were all ashes. Everything that stood in a dignified manner was gone. Noll was shocked and lost for a moment.

"A force deadly to a vampire... Did that guy bring one of Rebecca's dogs?"

"..."

The strength that was powerful enough to almost crush him must be divine power. That's what Noll believed. It was a reasonable idea from his position. But reality was

much different from what he thought.

“The city’s soil... It is very unusual since it has sucked in a large amount of blood without seeing the sun for so long.”

“...?”

Normally, humans confronted with a direct vampire were likely to suffer from heart attacks and die. It was because the difference between direct descendants and humans was too big. And Noll was a direct descendant. In particular, he was an earl. Except for a few special people like Grid, most humans couldn’t even raise a finger in front of Noll.

Noll was emitting a fearsome killing intent even in his current state. In fact, the vast majority of the thousands of soldiers who entered the city were frozen in place. All of them were pale and didn’t dare look at Noll. But at this time.

“Hrmm... If I farm here, I might be able to grow something very interesting.”

“...”

One human kept making fun of Noll. At first glance, it was a man in shabby attire. The clothes he wore were covered with dirt and his hands held unfamiliar tools. It was a small tool that looked similar to a sickle but it wasn’t as sharp. It was clearly not a weapon.

“Interesting, how interesting. It’s certainly interesting soil.”

“...”

Noll, who had been living in the city for a lifetime, didn’t know about human society. But he still had common sense. He instinctively perceived that a human armed with strange tools and the old, dirty attire was a slave or lower class among humans. However, the slave couldn’t grasp the atmosphere. He kept on touching the ground in front of Noll, mumbling something.

“...All humans are crazy.”

He believed that the Rebecca’s believer who used the technique would need a long time to reuse it. Noll was determined to take care of Grid before Rebecca’s believer

could act again. But before that.

"I will drink this slave's blood as an appetizer."

Noll wanted to take care of the slave who was disrupting him. He snorted and waved a hand lightly to destroy the slave smelling the ground, intending to leap over and fly towards Grid. However.

"What?"

The simple slave. The dirty human who didn't even have a weapon lightly blocked Noll's attack. Then he took out an unknown tool.

*Puk.*

"Eek!"

Noll was hit by the unknown tool and suffered terrible pain. He forgot his dignity and let out an unseemly scream. Then he moved away from the slave. He grabbed his injured forehead with a disbelieving expression.

'Divine power...? Is his attack so painful because he has divine power?'

Then this person who looked like a slave was actually one of Rebecca's dogs?

"What...? I heard Rebecca's dogs always wear white and clean clothes!"

"..."

How pathetic. After Pounding Mortar, Grid and the Overgeared members watched Noll being hit. Noll felt worse.

"What? What are all of you doing?"

Noll's confusion reached the extremes! If his magic resistance wasn't so high, he might've suspected that he was caught by a spell without knowing it. But as it happened, Noll was highly resistant to magic. It was safe to say that there was no possibility of him being enchanted. This confused Noll even more. How was that human called Grid able to draw some many supporters and what was the identity of the powerful force that crushed the vampires and familiars? More than anything else.

“You... Who are you?”

The identity of the slave was the thing he was most curious about. The man mistaken for being a slave, Piaro replied.

“A farmer.”

“Farmer?”

“Yes.”

“A farmer...!”

As mentioned earlier, Noll had some common sense. He knew that food was necessary for humans to live and there was a group of humans who grew the food. Yes, he knew what ‘farmer’ meant.

“This crazy guy!”

Noll was agitated, It was scandalous that a mere human could cause him such confusion. It was the first time since Noll was born that he met such a nasty person. His anger soared.

“Eat...! I will eat you!”

*Kuwaaaaaang!*

Blood magic was released as Noll roared. It was the manifestation of the high grade blood magic that only the direct descendants could use.

*Kurururuk!*

The blood magic that burst out swallowed up Piaro. Noll was invigorated by the sight. He thought that the damn madman who appeared once in one hundred years would disappear without a trace. It was just for one second.

“The ability to breathe blood like water...! I think I need to build a farm here!”

“...!!”

Piaro was surprisingly alive despite being swallowed up by Noll's blood magic. It was natural. He was someone who survived Great Demon Belial's attacks several times. In addition, he was now being thoroughly supported by Ruby. The strong support from Grid's party meant that Piaro's death should never happen.

*Flash! Flash!*

The heals of Saintess Ruby were overlapped on Piaro's body. Holy Weapon was also included. The hand plow in Piaro's hand started to shine brilliantly.

"Hit me now!"

"Shut up...! Just shut up!"

It wasn't enough that this crazy person much stronger than Grid lied about being a farmer. The farmer dared to directly challenge him. Noll felt extreme confusion and anger every time Piaro opened his mouth and his composure fell. It was due to the Farmer's Provocation skill that the legendary farmer Piaro acquired unintentionally. It was a powerful skill that Piaro learned in the process of training many powerful people including Kraugel and Damian.

"Die...! Die!"

He cried out dialogue different from predators who saw humans as food usually said. It was 'die' instead of 'be eaten.' This meant that he recognized Piaro as special. Now his eyes didn't see anyone other than Piaro. Now only Noll and the farmer were in this place... No, he focused only on Piaro as Piaro was the only one who existed. That was the problem.

"Wrath of the Sea!"

"Grey Strike."

Maxong summoned a tsunami using powerful magic and the eternally second place Asmophel wielded a glowing sword at Noll. The two attacks were powerful enough to threaten Noll. In particular, the current Noll had lost his composure and the impact was greater.

*Kurururung!*

*Puooook!*

“Keok!”

Noll lost his balance as he was swept away by the tsunami and the sword stabbed his heart. Piaro didn't miss this gap.

“Fated to Perish.”

*Puk!*

The hand plow deeply pierced Noll's chest. Noll couldn't even scream. Grid checked Noll's health gauge and clicked his tongue.

“...How did this happen?”

“Hey look. Shouldn't you wait your turn?”

“What do you mean? Don't you know that our Gale Troops arrived one second earlier than you? It is our turn to enter next.”

“Ha...? One second? Is there any evidence? I will swear on this potato.”

“...”

On the other hand, at the entrance of the gate behind Grid, the soldiers who couldn't enter the city were still making a fuss. Grid and the other Overgeared members only played a 'part' of the disaster.

“Isn't this a complete cheat key?”

Vantner muttered. It was the power of the 'royal order' used by Grid.

# Chapter 730

“You...! You!”

Was it towards the water clan’s king, Maxong? No, it was Piaro and Asmophel. Noll no longer used the expression ‘human.’ Yes, Noll was forced to admit it. The human species wasn’t insignificant. Their power was too amazing to be dismissed as mere livestock.

‘I can’t believe it!’

The hand plow caused terrible pain and Noll’s chaos accelerated. He was a direct descendant. He was the child of the great mother Beriache. A great demon’s blood flowed through him. At the very least, he would reign as an absolute being in this middle world.

‘Then what is this situation? Am I actually an insignificant being?’

Noll never dreamt that the people he was dealing with were the strongest party that even destroyed a great demon. He fell into a frenzy.

*Chaaeng!*

*Chaeeeeeng!*

He blocked Maxong’s trident and magic with a shield, as well as Asmophel’s sword with blood magic.

*Puk.*

He was struck with a hand plow again due to the gap that was revealed when dealing with the two.

‘Why is it so painful?’

The tool that the human calling himself a farmer wielded was too ambiguous to be called a weapon. The efficiency was very low compared to conventional weapons. It

hurt every time he was hit. This made Noll angry. At the very least, he was embarrassed and humiliated about being hurt by this tool.

“I’ll take it seriously!”

Thanks to Piaro, Asmophel, and Maxong, Noll’s health was reduced to 40%. Like most named bosses, Noll entered a new phase.

*Kukukung!*

*Kukukukukung!*

Direct Suppression Lv. 2. Due to eating Grid in a previous battle, the Direct Suppression had evolved to be much more powerful than those used by the previous earls. By overwhelming all targets that he was ‘aware’ of, it dramatically lowered stats and at the same time, caused the abnormal state of fear and silence. The duration had doubled.

“Kuk...!”

“Uh!”

Asmophel and Maxong spat out as they felt their minds and bodies shrinking back. The inherent gap was difficult to overcome. Maxong of the water clan overcame fear more quickly than Asmophel, but the gap between them was a big one. There was a grim smile on Noll’s face.

“Kik...! Kikikik! Yes, things are finally aligning. People in front of me with frightened expressions... Eek!”

He would reverse the situation. He would transfuse the blood of humans, who were frozen like mice, recover from his wounds and fight back. Noll suddenly screamed. It was because a hand plow hit the back of his head. Noll’s eyes widened.

“Why are you perfectly fine?”

Noll shouted with an incredulous expression.

“A legend doesn’t yield.” Piaro started to introduce his real self. “In fact, I’m not usually a farmer.

'Indeed!'

*Gulp!*

Noll swallowed his saliva. As soon as Piaro resisted the Direct Suppression, he realized that Piaro was a legend, just like Grid. But the question was, what type of legend? Maybe Piaro was the strongest among legends, a Sword Saint. In other words, he would have to fight against a frightening new Sword Saint.

'What legend are you?'

Noll trembled as he watched Piaro, waiting for his introduction. Then Piaro revealed himself.

"I am a..."

"L...?"

"Legendary..."

*Gulp!*

"Farmer!"

"X%#@~!!!"

Before the vampires were kicked out of hell. It was the evil language that vampires used hundreds of years ago. Noll might be born in this middle world, but he knew the demonkin language because of his natural knowledge as a direct descendant. The vast majority of the demonkin language consisted of terrible profanity...

Piaro's face hardened as the worst language emerged from his mouth. Piaro naturally couldn't understand the words of the demonkin language. However, Piaro noticed they were curses because the words used were similar to those usually spoken by Grid and Huroi.

"Perhaps... Did you curse me just now?"

"What are you going to do?"

"I will find your dead parents!"

"What?"

This was too much. Even great demons didn't mess with their parents.

'I'm not evil like that fellow!'

Noll's gaze moved towards Huroi, who was standing far away from Grid. He was a bastard who cursed at the dead Beriache several times. Noll hated that he was being treated like that by a garbage human. He wanted to actively deny it.

"It's hard to forgive...! You will have to fix this habit if we will do field work together in the future!"

Piario was already emitting killing intent. It was the first time since the Great Demon Belial raid that he had such a ferocious expression. His momentum seemed like he would strike Noll immediately. But it wasn't so easy in reality. Noll had very high innate stats as an earl class vampire while Piario had already consumed Pounding Mortar and Fated to Perish. In addition, Maxong and Asmophel were suppressed and couldn't actively support Piario.

"This guy is great, greater than necessary. But does he believe he can win against me in a one on one situation?"

Noll's red eyes calmed down. He was looking for a safe victory. Yes, he was too focused on Piario that he forgot reality. The fact the he was alone while Piario had an army!

"Purification!"

"Eh?"

Saintess Ruby's skill! She was able to restore all of the allied forces caught by Direct Suppression. At the same time, Asmophel and Maxong struck Noll while Piario used Free Farming and gave Noll another critical strike. This wasn't the end.

"Shoot!"

*Puk!*

*Puuooooook!*

*Peng!*

*Pepepepeok!*

The elite soldiers of Reinhardt started firing their bows and using magic. Thanks to Ruby's Purification, the soldiers overcame their fear and started acting.

"We are going too!"

Laden and Bland, who arrived late into the city, joined the front lines. The amount of damage increased to a different level than before.

"These small fries!"

*Kurururung!*

Noll no longer clung to just Piaro. He threatened all the Overgeared soldiers who stepped into the city with a wide area spell. The new phase, berserk mode.

"E-Everyone avoid it!"

"Open...!!"

The knights tried to minimize the damage to the soldiers but the problem was that too many troops were gathered in a narrow city. The soldiers could barely move. If the Overgeared members tried to avoid the flying magic, they would cause greater damage to each other. But the Overgeared soldiers were elite soldiers trained by the best commanders. They realized that moving back and forth was counterproductive. All of them stood still, closing their eyes tightly without escaping the magic flying towards them.

At this moment, there were hundreds of soldiers ready to die. No, there were thousands. However, the actual damage was small. It was because there were Overgeared members beside the soldiers.

"Protect the soldiers!"

These people, the army was their national power! The Overgeared members moved

actively, despite Grid and Lauel not commanding them. Each one of them came up with the best method to protect the soldiers.

Katz consumed special resources to block the blood spell while the tankers, including Vantner and Toban, defended the soldiers using all types of defense skills. Meanwhile, the damage dealers like Chris and Pon tried to weaken the power of the magic. They even threw their own bodies to defend the soldiers.

“Kuk!”

"Cough! Cough!"

The screams and groans of the Overgeared members resonated through the city. Noll was truly strong. He was a direct vampire for a reason. However, it was somewhat shabby in front of the legendary farmer Piaro.

“Fly Up!”

Jishuka fired the Red Phoenix bow. It was an effort to damage Noll and heal his allies. Thanks to her, the damage to their allies was smaller than expected. But Noll in berserk mode didn't stop.

"Die! All of you will die!"

*Kuwang-!*

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

Noll used wide area magic again. It was at this point that the soldiers started to grab the ankles of the Overgeared members.

Due to the nature of the Overgeared members, who were unable to recognize the soldiers as consumables, the Overgeared members were obliged to protect the soldiers from Noll's wide area attacks. This caused the Overgeared members to suffer damage.

"Block it!"

The water clan were also acting. They continued to use magic to weaken Noll's blood magic. Then Piaro, Asmophel, and Maxong trio also continued to attack Noll,

attempting to stop his running wild mode. But Noll's infinite health recovery after using the wide area skill was phenomenal. It was the vampire's unique ability to convert the damage done to the target into health. This ability along with the large number of enemies combined to give Noll wings. The hundreds of soldiers and Overgeared members were hit by Noll's magic and his health gauge kept on going up.

"This monster has no waiting time on his cooldown...!"

Vantner shouted as the durability of his shield fell to a dangerous level. It was the aftermath of protecting the soldiers with the shield and blocking big magic. He couldn't endure the speed at which the durability fell.

Finally.

*Jjejeok!*

*Jjejejejeok!*

Vantner's shield cracked. It wouldn't be strange if it was broken. A chill went down Vantner's spine. He was worried that if the shield broke, him and the soldiers he was guarding would be destroyed. He was feeling frightened when he heard a hammering sound in his ears.

*Teeong-! Teeong-!*

[The durability of the Lud Shield has been restored.]

[The durability of the Lud Shield has been...]

"Grid...!"

Vantner opened his eyes again and grasped the situation. Was there anyone other than a legendary blacksmith who could restore the durability of the items at such a fast pace? Grid put his hand on Vantner's shoulder.

"I'll finish it soon, so hold on a bit longer."

Grid was also protecting the soldiers in real time. In the process of counterattacking against the large scale magic spell with Revolve, blocking with a shield, and offsetting the power with attack skills, his fighting energy rose to 80 points. He was surrounded by a purple aura as he used Blackening, Blacksmith's Rage, and Quick Movements.

Next.

*Teong!*

His body flew up. His goal was naturally Noll.

“You...! You finally came!”

Noll was wielding a weapon against Asmophel, Piaro, and Maxong when he discovered Grid and roared. It was an opportunity to get revenge on the person who created the situation, making him full of enthusiasm. He ignored Piaro's attack and only reached out to Grid.

“Die!”

“Pagma's Swordsmanship!”

Grid had already used Item Combination. The combined Enlightenment Sword and Failure aimed at Noll's heart. At this time, Piaro, Asmophel, and Maxong also attacked. Here, Grid had a new experience.

[You have joined forces with people you absolutely trust!]

[The player common hidden piece 'Cooperative Skill' has been opened for the first time!]

[As a reward for first opening the skill, the damage when using the Cooperative Skill has permanently increased by 20%!]

"Splitting the Sky!"

Piario's skill, which Kraugel copied, broke the sky.

*Puhahahak!*

Blood gushed out like a waterfall from Noll's chest.

"Fire Sword!"

Asmophel's sword was surrounded with fire and repeatedly cut Noll's side. Noll's wounds became ashes and the direct recovery ability of a direct descendant was blocked. Then...

"Sea Sting!"

Maxong's trident shone with blue magic power and stabbed at Noll's heart with the force of a tsunami.

"Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle!"

Grid's sword followed. The Cooperative Skill was activated when a player used a skill at the same time as an NPC they had the maximum affinity with and the target was the same. It was the moment when a powerful system hit one of the strongest beings. Now it seemed like Noll had no choice but to pray for his soul.

But the abnormal character Grid inadvertently blocked the natural flow.

[The title 'Pangea's Duke of Virtue' is activated!]

# Chapter 731

'I didn't want this to happen...'

Grid wanted to show off the numerical superiority he could wield as the king of a kingdom. It was absolutely upsetting to see a person who didn't know what the real power of numerical superiority was. Thus, Grid assembled the main force in Reinhardt.

The final number was over 30,000. It was a large army worthy of the Noll raid. It was enough to make Noll experience the fear of a numerical superiority. Grid didn't want any more troops. Yet things became twisted.

"Maxong, king of the water clan, has led his army to help the Overgeared King!"

"..."

"Laden and the Gale Troops have arrived! Duke Steim sent me!"

"..."

"Bland. My father has commanded me to protect Your Majesty."

"..."

*-Grid-sama, I heard rumours that you are in danger. I'm running over with Rebecca's Daughters right now, so hold on for a while.*

*-... Please don't come.*

The power of a royal order was much bigger than Grid imagined. The lords and players at various places misunderstood that Grid was in danger and constantly sent troops to Grid. It was hard to even enter the vampire city. It was useless.

'All the food consumed moving here... What should I do...?'

The soldiers consumed more food in wartime than in peacetime. A simple march

consumed more food than usual, which was a real economic burden on a kingdom. In particular, the Overgeared Kingdom tended to depend on food exports as an agricultural kingdom. Food was precious. Grid sighed as the troops gathered like dogs.

‘What is this... ’

From the first time he convened the troops, Grid only need Piaro and Asmophel’s power. He had no intention of the soldiers participating in the battle. He just wanted the soldiers to stand in place and scare the vampires. Why? The first reason was that if the soldiers joined the battle and died, it would be a big loss for the kingdom. There was a second important reason.

‘I don’t want to share the experience with many soldiers!’

Grid knew that even if only Piaro and Asmophel joined the raid, the experience of the party members would be greatly reduced. Grid didn’t want to dispatch soldiers who would gain the experience. How impractical would it be to raid a direct vampire and only gain experience the size of a rat’s dropping? Thus, Grid tried to make the soldiers wait and only take Piaro and Asmophel into the raid...

“Help the alliance! It is time to repay the favor!”

"Cause a tsunami!"

“...”

This plan was wiped out when Maxong, who led an independent army, told the water clan army to participate in the raid. Now it was a war, not a raid. Grid and the party members couldn’t hope for experience even if they hunted Noll.

“Hah...”

Grid sighed as he lost motivation. He stood idly as he watched Piaro, Asmophel, and Maxong’s struggle. He didn’t think of participating in the raid. There was no enthusiasm. But he couldn’t lose his motivation for long.

“I will kill all of you!”

Noll started to run wild as he became furious at Piaro, Asmophel, and Maxong. His huge magic was invoked without rest, causing damage to the Overgeared soldiers. It

was a scene that woke Grid up. Grid stopped regretting the missed experience and came back to reality. He defended the soldiers and used all sorts of buff skills before attacking Noll.

Then.

[You have joined forces with people you absolutely trust!]

[The player common hidden piece 'Cooperative Skill' has been opened for the first time!]

[As a reward for first opening the skill, the damage when using the Cooperative Skill has permanently increased by 20%!]

Piaro, Asmophel, Maxong, and Grid. These four people didn't intentionally link their skills. They just read the perfect timing and trusted each other. The result was amazing.

[The power of all skills have increased by 240% thanks to the Cooperative Skill! Your skill damage has increased by 260%!]

*Kwajajak!*

Piaro's Splitting the Sky, which boasted the power of Pounding Mortar, was deadly to Noll.

*Kwaruruk!*

*Kwarururung!*

Asmophel's sword contained a similar power. The effect of the sword perfectly sealed off the target's healing effect.

“Sea Sting!”

Maxong’s ultimate technique, which boasted a proportional damage to the target, also showed a power reminiscent of Piaro’s Fated to Perish.

“Kuock...!”

The skills of the three people hit at the same time and Noll’s health gauge dropped to a dangerous level in an instant. The Cooperative Skill of the three people was extremely lethal to Noll, who lost his defense ability in his berserk state. Noll lost momentum and coughed up blood. In his blurred vision, he could see Grid’s appearance.

“Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle!”

“You...!”

It was the four linked sword techniques that Noll clearly saw kill his brother. Noll couldn’t help sensing his death. Of course, he wasn’t willing to accept this. He was hundreds of years old. Due to the Curse of Idleness, he could only sleep. He finally overcame the Curse of Idleness and was going to enjoy life. He didn’t want to see this world disappear. He had to live no matter what. He would get out of the city, get out of the desert, and walk the world.

But.

*Puk!*

*Puk! Puk. Puk! Puok!*

“...!!”

The power in Grid’s attack was enough to exceed Noll’s imagination. It was the havoc of the Cooperative Skill. Grid’s attack was a death penalty itself to Noll.

*Kwarururung!*

*Peng!*

*Pepepepeong!*

Noll was continuously pierced and stabbed as black flames swallowed his body. It was a momentum that would turn him into ashes.

'Ah... Ahhh...'

Noll's mind became increasingly blurred. He no longer felt the pain that dominated his body and mind. Now he felt only one thing. Foolishness. It was only a craving for life.

'This is also a curse...' Noll thought.

If he was still suffering from the Curse of Idleness, then this moment of death wouldn't be so scary and sad. He was convinced that leaving the world wouldn't be so bad if he thought it was a nuisance. But now Noll had overcome the Curse of Idleness. He was in a state where he desired to enjoy life. It was terrible for him to be killed in this state. The feeling of sadness dominated him.

*Flash!*

Energy emerged from Grid's sword like a wave and then sunk like a thunderbolt. It was the final blow.

'Mother... This stupid son who shouldn't have been born... This unworthy existence is leaving the world. I wanted to make you feel like it was worthwhile giving birth to me, but the fate of a natural curse is difficult to overcome.'

The only things he saw in the kaleidoscope of life was the coffin that was his bedroom and his mother's face. Noll felt empty as he realized this. He was sorry towards his mother.

'If... If another chance comes to me...'

He wanted to live a life completely different from this one. But it was just wishful thinking. It was already the end. Noll closed his eyes. He was ready to accept death. Grid's sword was now right in front of his nose.

But.

"...?"

Noll had a question as he was ready to die. It was because Grid's sword, which should have split apart his skull like a watermelon, seemed to stop in front of his nose.

'Am I mistaken?'

Had he already been killed and his soul was wandering in the eons of chaos? Yes, he had already died. It was without feeling any pain. After a short amount of time passed, Noll arranged his thoughts opened his eyes. He feared the landscape of 'Chaos' that his cursed soul would live in forever. However.

"Pant... Pant..."

It wasn't the scenery of 'Chaos.' It was Grid breathing roughly. The gigantic greatsword held in his hands stopped just before Noll's eyes.

"..."

There was an awkward silence. Everyone was paying attention to Grid. They all wondered why he didn't kill Noll.

"Wh... at?"

Noll's gaze was the same. He couldn't understand Grid's intention behind not killing him,

"..."

Grid didn't say anything. He just swung his sword, only for it to once again stop in front of Noll's nose. Noll frowned.

"What...? Why aren't you killing me?" It couldn't be. "You... Are you sympathizing with me?"

"..."

Grid didn't say anything. He just had a complicated expression on his face as he opened and closed his mouth repeatedly. Noll was convinced.

"Right... You sympathize with me. You realized my yearning for life and my weak heart..."

Noll had an unbelievable experience for someone who lived for hundreds of years. He had the appearance of a beautiful 13 year old boy. His delicate body and voice started to tremble.

“Human...! This human...!! Feeling sympathy for a direct descendant...!”

Tears flowed from Noll’s eyes as he cried out. Did he feel shame that a human felt sympathy for him? No. It was because he was glad. He was a person who hadn’t been able to prove his reason for being born and just existed. He never even dreamt that someone would sympathize with him and save him.

Yet that person appeared in front of him. It was also an opponent who had fought with him several times over the past few days. Noll dimly noticed it.

“Yes... You... You must’ve noticed my value. Through your experiences over the past few days, you have become convinced that I am a good vampire.”

“...?”

“...Thank you. For not denying me, for giving me the benefit of the doubt. I am moved for the first time since I was born.”

“...??”

“I am able to live thanks to you. My remaining life will be given to you. I will prove my value and repay your favor by your side.”

“...”

Grid didn’t say anything to the end. Noll thought it was because he was excited. It was natural. A human becoming the master of a direct vampire. It was unheard of. It was a legend that no one would believe, even if it was written down in history. Of course Noll thought that Grid was excited.

At that moment, Piaro opened his mouth instead of Grid.

“It is a good idea to serve King Grid. Work in the field with me.”

“[email protected]##...”

Noll couldn't help cursing. This crazy Sword Saint kept pretending to be a farmer and was treating him as a fool was very unpleasant for Noll to deal with. Noll liked Grid, but was hostile towards Piaro.

# Chapter 732

‘What? What is this?’

‘What is this situation?’

A perfect chance! Grid, in conjunction with Piaro, Asmophel, and Maxong, had a great chance to end the battle. As they saw the health gauge go down, the Overgeared members were looking forward to what items would drop. But what was happening? Grid didn’t deal the final blow to Noll. He stopped the attack at the last moment.

"Purification!"

Saintess Ruby thought that Grid was affected by a status condition. She hurriedly used Purification on him but it didn’t work.

[Target is in a normal condition.]

The notification window popped up and Purification didn’t work.

“Oppa...?”

Surely he wasn’t disconnected? Would her brother start a lawsuit against the Internet company? Ruby’s worry was realistic since she knew Grid’s personality better than anyone. It was at that moment.

“...I am able to live thanks to you. My remaining life will be given to you. I will prove my value and repay your favor by your side.”

As Grid was frozen, Noll bowed humbly towards Grid. At this moment, goosebumps spread over the skin of all Overgeared members, including Ruby.

‘Direct descendant...’

‘Taming?’

It was an incredible result! The Overgeared members couldn’t understand the situation. It was natural. It was a common thought in Satisfy that even the famous tamers couldn’t tame named grade bosses. However, the non-tamer Grid made a named boss his subordinate. It was a scene that completely violated common sense.

The moment that everyone was feeling stunned.

“Truly God Grid!”

“As expected from My Lord!”

“Kukukuk...! Your benevolence can even capture the heart of a monster?”

Peak Sword, Huroi, Lauel. The famous Grid worship trio started to praise Grid.

"The correlation between the Blood King Candidate title and showing mercy results is the gratitude of the direct descendants? This is a method that only Grid who has a complete understanding of Satisfy’s world view and setting can implement! Truly God Grid!! The pride of South Korea!"

"My Lord has already captured the hearts of many named NPCs... It isn’t strange for him to capture a monster’s heart. It’s a tremendous accomplishment that transcends my imagination by taming a direct descendant. I respect you, Mr Lord!"

“Kukukuk... I have noticed since His Majesty tamed the evil eyes. His power that penetrates the past and former is invaluable. Kukukuk...!”

Peak Sword, Huroi, and Lauel overrated Grid more than necessary and arbitrarily interpreted the situation.

“Ah... Um.”

Grid tried to deny the truth only to shut up. Tens of thousands of soldiers were watching him enviously. If he told them the truth then they would be disappointed. In the end.

“Hahaha! Well, that’s right. Your interpretation is right. I figured out how to grab Noll’s heart and put it into action. Thanks to Noll’s cooperation, things are going as planned.”

"Ohhhhhh!"

"Hooray King Grid!"

"Hooray Overgeared King! Hooray Overgeared King!"

Tens of thousands of soldiers began to praise Grid. Every one of them felt more respectful of Grid than before.

'...I will tell the truth to my teammates later.'

Grid ignored the bright eyes of the soldiers and organized the army.



'It's better.'

Grid expected to gain experience, items, and a new power for his rune by raiding Noll. From his point of view, he had to blame Pangea's Duke of Virtue. It hadn't been activated once since he acquired it. No, Grid had been hoping the damn title wouldn't activate. He had been very angry when he was unable to raid Noll when it activated at the final blow. It was the feeling of experience, items, and a new rune power flying away. But the subsequent development caused Grid to change his mind.

Noll declared that he would follow Grid. It was an earl class direct descendant! Experience, items, and a rune power weren't things to obsess over. In the first place, what did Grid most want to gain by hunting a direct descendant? It was a direct descendant summoning item.

However, it was very difficult to raise the rating of a summoning item. Even if he later achieved the rating and summoned a direct descendant, the level of the direct descendant would be initialized. There was also a duration to the summoning. It was like normal pets.

But Noll became Grid's subordinate while he was alive. Grid could obtain the loyalty of a direct descendant with no penalty. In particular, Noll was a strong supporter comparable to Asmophel and Piaro. Grid was already looking forward to how strong he would make the Overgeared Kingdom. It was as if he had obtained thousands of troops.

"Hrmm."

Grid smiled as he faced Noll. Grid looked at him with pure eyes that were filled with affection.

"Noll, I'm a human who you vampires think of as livestock. Can you truly serve me?"

It was a matter of concern. Grid asked seriously and Noll answered without hesitation.

"I decided to serve you because you acknowledged my existence. I don't care what your species is."

Grid was a person who acknowledged him. Noll felt thankful to Grid for giving him the opportunity to prove his worth.

"I promise on my mother's name that I won't look down on you because you are a human or look at you as an object to eat. Only."

"Only?"

"I don't know about other humans. You know that my food is human blood."

*Suruk.*

Noll looked at Grid's teammates and soldiers that were far away. There was a strong desire in his eyes. Hunger. Noll recognized all humans as prey except for Grid. It was inevitable. Eat and be eaten. It was the intrinsic relationship between vampire and human.

'Yes...'

Grid became unhappy as he faced the unrealistic problem. There was a need to constantly provide Noll with humans for food.

'If the rumor spreads that the king of a kingdom placed a vampire near him and feeds him humans spread...'

Grid's reputation would certainly fall. It would be used as a propaganda tool by other kingdoms and he would lose public opinion. Grid had a headache as he pulled out the King's Sword.

'Character Observation.'

*Ttiring~*

Name: Noll

Age: 219 years old Gender: Male

Species: Direct Descendant Vampire

Title: Fourth Child of Shizo Beriache

\* Has inherited Beriache's attribute of compassion. Can use blood magic that has a beneficial effect on his allies.

Title: Vampire who has Overcome the Curse of Idleness.

\*Has a strong desire for life. If his health falls below 10%, he will become a coward. He will lose his purpose and only strive to survive.

\* Has a strong desire to broaden his horizons. He will actively want to learn.

Title: A Predator

\* Once hungry, his true power will be exerted. The current hunger level is 5/10.

Level: 433

Strength: 3,500 (▼) Stamina: 2,449 (▼)

Agility: 1,980 (▼) Intelligence: 3,500 (▼)

Skills: Direct Suppression (SS), Blood Transfusion (S), Blood Donation (SS), Blood Magic (S+), Run Wild (SSS)

A child who Shizo Beriache particularly loved. Beriache was excited about the attribute of compassion sleeping deep in Noll's heart. She hoped he would give great strength to his brethren and to overcome trials with his brethren. But like the other

direct descendants, Noll couldn't meet Beriache's expectations. The Curse of Idleness was to blame.

Noll was terribly bitter about this fact.

[Run Wild]

The cooldown of all magic will be 3 seconds. However, mana consumption will double.

"Wow."

Grid couldn't help exclaiming. It was because Noll's stats were much higher than expected.

'How strong is he in a full state?'

Of course, it was weak compared to Noll in boss mode. In boss mode, Noll boasted a health of tens of millions. This was tens or hundreds of times higher than it was now. However, it was obvious that the stats of a boss and a NPC would be different.

'An existence who is strong as an enemy becomes weaker as a friend.'

This rule was thoroughly applied to every game!

'Given this rule, Noll is much stronger than I expected.'

Thus, it was more regrettable. The fact that Noll was a vampire. Grid sighed and Noll asked, "What happened? Is there a problem?"

"I wonder if you can eat food other than human blood. As you know, I am a human king. I can't give humans to you as food."

"Why?"

"Isn't it a moral problem?"

"Moral...? I don't understand this concept. In any case, there is one food that can be eaten instead of human blood."

"What is it?"

There was no need to kill anyone! Grid's eyes shone was lanterns as Noll explained.

"Elixir. I can eat elixir when there is no human blood."

"Ah, is that why you drop elixirs occasionally? It is the concept of carrying it as emergency food and then dropping it..."

Grid's bright face turned dark again. He couldn't afford to give elixir as food. Noll reacted to Grid's deep sigh.

"My food isn't a problem for you to care about. I can procure my own food. It is enough to hunt humans."

"That is the problem."

The reason why Grid thought it was necessary to procure food for Noll was to prevent him from running wild. It would cause great confusion if Noll randomly hunted humans in Reinhardt.

"Human blood... How much do you have to eat until you are full?"

Grid asked in a blunt manner.

Noll replied honestly. "If I sleep, I can starve for decades. But I need blood equivalent to three people to work properly for a day. To be in a full state, I have to eat 100 servings of blood."

"What happens to the people you suck the blood of?"

"They die or become a vampire."

"...Can't the blood be drawn separately and placed in a cup?"

"It is meaningless since it isn't fresh."

"Oh."

Noll was worth an army of thousands but there were many restrictions. As Grid was feeling confused, Piaro approached.

"Don't worry about the vampire's food, Your Majesty."

"Piaro...? Do you have a solution?"

Grid was looking forward to it while Noll snorted. He was laughing at the idea that the madman pretending to be a farmer could solve the food shortage. Piaro smiled.

"I think it is possible to use this city's soil to grow plants with a lot of blood. The vampires can eat them."

"What...?"

Noll was astonished. Plants?

"Vampire...! In addition, I am a direct descendant. I can't be a vegetarian!"

Noll raised his voice from this absurd nonsense and Piaro laughed.

"But what if you can't drink human blood?"

"I'd rather drink the elixir...!"

"No, being vegetarian is good."

"Hey!"

"Then shall we start farming?"

"This crazy bastard...!"

"...I added one more noisy person."

It was even an old grandfather. Grid was seriously worried if his body gave off the smell of a old bachelor.

# Chapter 733

Grid highly appreciated Noll's value. At least in the field of combat, he was superior to Piaro. Not only were his stats superior to Piaro, he also had great healing skills and defense buffs. Above all, there was one thing Grid liked.

'He has a strong desire for survival.'

The reason why Grid was reluctant to participate in battle with named NPCs like Piaro and Asmophel was because their lives were finite. Unlike players, they couldn't be resurrected. Grid didn't want to lose them. However, Piaro and Asmophel had the chivalrous spirit of a knight. They threw away their lives too easily for Grid. Grid was afraid. He didn't want to let them go to war.

Noll was completely different from them. His motivation for life was too strong. If he was in danger he would forget his purpose and retreat. Some people would mock him for being a coward. But Grid's thoughts were completely different. He considered it worthy of praise to cherish your life, not criticism.

'I can use him without being burdened... No, I should send him to war.'

Grid's expectations were amplified as he envisioned Noll taking over the battlefield as a general of the Overgeared Kingdom. His heart pounded. Imagine it. A named NPC. The shockwave that would occur when the world found out that a direct descendant became a user's subordinate!

'Ah, they will make a fuss again.'

Grid laughed. His shoulders and nose had already risen into the air. It wasn't a bluff. He was proud of his new achievements.

'Anyway...'

The smile disappeared from Grid's face. He was reminded that there was a real problem with Noll. It was the food problem.

'...I have no choice but to do what Piaro said.'

Piaro was certain that he could grow new crops here in the vampire city and these crops would be Noll's food. Grid was forced to look forward to it. The determined Grid spoke to Noll who was still roaring at Piaro.

"Noll, for the moment, help in the field by Piaro's side."

"What?"

Noll's face became pale.

A vampire. He was an earl yet he was expected to work in the fields? Noll couldn't imagine it so it must be a joke.

"Bah! I'm not accustomed to the pun in human words!"

He was certain that Grid was joking. Grid explained to him.

"I'm sorry, but I'm serious. It can't be helped. I'm afraid of what will happen if you go outside in this state."

"Shit... This is a moral issue? Don't worry about it. I won't hurt your people. I will take the people of other kingdoms as food."

"No, it will cause a diplomatic problem. And in the long run, it's better to solve your food problem."

"Kuk...!" Noll gritted his teeth. He was really angry. "You're going to make me work in the field because you fear for the lives of a few humans? Don't you know my value? My power! I am a powerful force! It's a power that can make you the ruler of the human world! Yet you want me to work in the fields?"

"..."

Grid could understand why Noll was offended. Grid's pride would be hurt if he was in Noll's position. But what could he do?

"Humans have their own circumstances and society has its own rules. You should understand this part if you have to live with humans in the future."

"I understand what you mean! But working in the field is too much!!"

“..”

Grid flinched at Noll's words and whispered to Piaro, "I also think it is a little too much. Making a direct vampire work in the fields... Do you really need Noll's power for farming?"

"Yes, that's right." Piaro answered without any hesitation. "A vampire's blood will be a great help in growing new crops. In addition, field work is a good experience for learning how to live in the human world, as well as cultivating the mind and body."

"R-Really..."

Grid's confidence in Piaro was absolute. Grid nodded without denying it and asked something he was curious about.

"By the way, how is the golden walnut cultivation going?"

"There is no answer yet."

"Yes... It won't be easy."

It was a half elixir. There was no easy way to grow elixirs. Maybe it would be impossible forever. It was because the wavelengths generated if a user grew one would be too big. It was possible that the S.A. Group had blocked it.

"Well, okay. We will all return except for Piaro and Noll."

"Hey! Really?" Noll shouted. His voice was as loud as a train compared to his young appearance.

Lauel approached Grid. "Wouldn't it be nice to capture the rest of the cities with this much power?"

"I don't think it's worth it."

Grid decided that at the present time, it was impossible to raid Marie Rose and Fenrir. There was absolutely no chance against Marie Rose and Fenrir should only be challenged after the fourth advancement since he was several times stronger than an earl. It would be a big blow to lose so many troops if he challenged them now. Then he had to target cities that didn't have the two. They were cities without direct

descendants.

“There are few rewards that can be obtained if we capture a city without a direct descendant. There isn’t much time left until the National Competition. Until then, I think it’s better to raise our growth.”

"I admit it." Lauel was convinced and nodded.

"Return the whole army."

“Yes!”

The king’s order was absolute. The tens of thousands of soldiers moved the moment Grid gave the order. The power to move tens of thousands with one word...

Grid felt refreshed.

‘King. Yes, I am a king.’

Now he was responsible for numerous people. He had to remember that his honor was their honor.

In that sense...

‘I will give a good show in the National Competition.’

He wouldn’t lose. Even if his opponent was Kraugel.

‘This time I will win.’

He would pay Kraugel back for last year’s defeat and take this year’s victory. Grid’s eyes were blazing. He was full of enthusiasm and joy just thinking about Kraugel.



“How active can Japan be in the National Competition this year?”

*Click!*

*Snap snap!*

Camera flashes went off here and there. Damian was surrounded by hundreds of reporters. He was one of the top-ranked players of Japan and the first user to become the pope of the Rebecca Church. Despite the fact that he was a fan of the Korean Grid, Damian was a hero to the modern Japanese people.

Putting aside personal tendencies, his abilities were recognized by the Japanese people and they had a great expectation for him. In particular, this year's National Competition would be held in Japan and people wished for Damian and the Japanese rankers to play a bigger role than usual.

"A century ago, Japan was classified as country weak in e-sports. But that is due to the Japanese people's tendencies to neglect online games, not because they lack gaming talent. The Japanese have excellent gaming skills because they are placed in an environment where they can easily access the game from a young age."

Indeed, this fact was proven in Satisfy. There were quite a few Japanese on each class rankings list. Damian believed in them.

"This year, Japan will be able to reach the top 5. I think this is enough to be proud of as the host country."

Most reporters nodded silently. Damian's analysis was realistic. On the other hand, some reporters questioned it.

"Aren't you evaluating Japan too low? There are many talented people in Japan including you and Katz. There are a lot more rankings compared to China and India, which has 10 times the population of Japan. When it comes to population ratio, aren't we the country with the most number of rankers?"

"Won't Japan be in at least the top three? In particular, this year's National Competition is different from the previous year. It is a system where one excellent person can't monopolize medals. We might not have a dominant person like the United States, Canada, Brazil, and South Korea, but isn't Japan's average power enough to rank in the top three?"

'It's starting again.'

Damian frowned. He already knew based on previous experience. They were speaking with unnecessary malice.

"Maybe you want to claim that South Korea will be in third place?"

Indeed. The journalists of the right-wing media outlets wanted to create a conspiracy around South Korea.

"Sigh."

Damian looked like someone else when he sighed. The reporters who saw him sighing at the official press conference were surprised. In the Japanese society that emphasized manners, Damian's behavior was very rude. Damian shrugged without caring.

"Even at this year's National Competition, whose rules are aimed at suppressing South Korea, you're still conscious of them? It's pitiful. Are you unable to sleep every night out of fear of South Korea?"

"What...?"

"What a rude person!"

The reporters were red with agitation. The same was true for the right wing Japanese watching the press conference broadcast. The Internet was filled with posts condemning Damian. But Damian wasn't conscious of it at all. He was a person with strong beliefs. He wasn't afraid of irrational evaluations.

"Perhaps the most interesting part of your question is how I evaluate Grid? There is always a good story when I mention Grid."

"..."

He saw through it exactly. No reported denied it.

Damian opened his mouth. "Two gold medals."

"...?"

"Due to the S.A. Group, people can only participate in two events. Thus, this year's Grid can only win two gold medals."

Other players would find it hard to obtain one gold medal but Damian evaluated Grid

as obtaining 'only' two gold medals. Questions poured out.

"So far, Grid has always been involved in PvP. He actually won a gold medal in it at the 1st National Competition. But in the 2nd National Competition, a barrier called Kraugel appeared and he missed the gold medal."

"This year, only a handful of people believe that Grid will beat Kraugel. But Damian, you are promising that Grid will win two gold medals?"

"In other words."

"Grid will avoid the PvP event this year?"

This was the point. Grid would avoid fighting with Kraugel. The quietly listening Damian laughed.

"There is no doubt."

"...?"

"He will chase Kraugel!"

"...??"

"Grid will take part in both of Kraugel's events and beat him. Maybe that is Grid's goal this year. I know that he is such a person."

"...!!"

Not being afraid of losing after last year! The reporters started to write the breaking news.

[Can Grid reach the sky above the sky this time?]

[Grid, aiming at Kraugel!]

And so on.

The exciting titles caused a stir overseas. Thanks to that, Grid was suffering.

"Oh, that brat Damian."

If it wasn't PvP, Grid was planning to avoid Kraugel. He wanted to reliably secure at least one gold medal. He wanted to play in the blacksmith event. However, the atmosphere meant it wasn't possible. Grid would be branded as a coward if he avoided Kraugel.

"Ah... This bastard treats his benefactor like this."

He was unhappy. As usual, Grid had many things to think about.

# Chapter 734

Shortly after the Noll raid ended.

“Won’t the soldiers need a break? Let’s take a break in Reidan.”

"Thank you for your deep consideration!"

Chris encouraged the soldiers to take a break before returning home. The soldiers were in tears from the consideration. The soldiers marched without a break because they thought Grid was in danger, then they fought the vampires after crossing the desert. They were physically and mentally in a difficult state. Their eyes were dark at the thought of crossing the desert again to return home. It was recommended that they take a break. It was a break in Reidan, the second capital. It was obviously sweet honey.

"Leave the rest to me and return."

Chris told Grid as he smiled at the cheering soldiers.

Grid expressed his appreciation. "Thank you for taking care of the soldiers. It will cost a lot of money to provide accommodations and meals to tens of thousands of people..."

"It's natural as a duke of the Overgeared Kingdom. It isn't something to be thankful about."

"...It feels good."

Grid was fulfilled. The presence of strong colleagues made him happy. The melancholy of the days when he was alone was washed away.



“What? What force is that?”

"Is this the power of the Overgeared Kingdom?"

'If you want to interview me, come to Reidan.'

This was the words of Chris, the hope of Canada. Since he was busy as duke of the Overgeared Kingdom, he refused to hold a press conference in reality. He couldn't afford to waste that much time. Canada's media agreed to his position. They dispatched reporters to Reidan.

At this point, the reporters' only concern was the National Competition. The most prominent Canadian ranker, Chris, received overwhelming support from the Canadian people. He had been in the top position in the rankings for more than a year. They wanted to know what he thought about the 3rd National Competition, what vision he had and how much he could achieve. The reporters had hundreds of questions to ask Chris, many of which were related to the National Competition.

But now.

"Duke Chris is returning in triumph!"

*Tuong!*

*Tung! Tung! Tudong!*

The procession of tens of thousands of soldiers following Chris as he returned changed the interest of the reporters.

'The total force of the Overgeared Kingdom was estimated to be 60,000...?'

'The information was wrong...! Rumor has it that the Overgeared Kingdom only has 60,000 troops. Yet how could there be 40,000 troops in Reidan when it isn't the capital...! The Overgeared Kingdom must have at least 100,000 troops!'

'The Overgeared Kingdom...! How can a new kingdom have this much power...? This is Grid's power!'

The media paid attention to the great procession of soldiers following Chris. They were excited to find proof that the power of the Overgeared Kingdom was more than the rumors. It was a scoop. But the real scoop occurred afterwards.

"An envoy from the Saharan Empire has arrived!"

“What?”

“Huh?”

Chris and the reporters were surprised. The empire sent an envoy? Why?

‘Haven’t the two nations become completely hostile since the tributes stopped being offered?’

Chris looked troubled at the sight of the envoy. He was already worried about what the dog of the empire would talk about.

‘The reason why an envoy was sent here might be to test a reconciliation... Of course, it will be accompanied by threats.’

It was upsetting now that he was targeted by the empire. Chris was extremely worried about how the empire would pressure him. He was feeling anxious when the empire’s envoy came up to him. The people of Reidan and the Canadian reporters paid attention.

The envoy declared to Chris, “I came to tell you the will of His Majesty the Emperor.”

“What...?”

Chris’ voice was filled with tension. The tens of thousands of people gathered around him, the people of Reidan and the reporters of Canada were all nervous. It was a message from Juander, the ultimate person who could change the map of the continent with a few words.

What did he want to convey? It didn’t seem to be anything good. They could only assume the worst. The moment that everyone was feeling uneasy.

“His Majesty the Emperor wants to make peace with the Overgeared Kingdom. If the Overgeared King doesn’t want the empire to invade Valhalla, the empire will make an immediate truce with Valhalla.”

“...?”

"?????"

The buzz in the air suddenly died down. Reidan fell silent. It was difficult to believe even when they heard it from the empire's envoy. The empire wanted to make 'peace'? They would make a truce with the enemy if the Overgeared King wanted it?

Was there ever such a big event in the continent's history? No. The empire's emperor always exercised absolute power. Everything was resolved according to his will. He only knew how to give commands. He didn't look at the will of others. This was Emperor Juander.

Due to that...

'A scoop...!'

'This is be an overseas topic!'

The reporters were convinced. The story of the empire's envoy would be a featured article.

"Um... Let's go to the great hall."

Chris belatedly noticed the atmosphere and led the envoy elsewhere. Due to this, the reporters didn't know what happened afterwards but it wasn't a problem.

"Logout!"

The reporters forgot about their original purpose of interviewing Chris and started to leave.



[The Saharan Empire's emperor, Juander has requested to make peace with the kingdom!]

[The power of the Overgeared Kingdom is much more than revealed.]

[(Column) For the first time in history, the empire is engaging in 'diplomacy'...The meaning of this incident is much greater than imagined.]

The world was overturned. The presence of the Overgeared Kingdom, which made even the absolute ruler of the West Continent aware of it, overwhelmed the public.

The media was shaken. Every day, they were busy talking about the greatness of the Overgeared Kingdom and Grid.

Grid thought it was absurd.

“What’s this situation?”

Why was the emperor doing this? Why was he requesting to make peace with them? In order to make peace, he was even willing to sign a truce with Valhalla.

"In fact, isn't there an ulterior motive?"

The Overgeared King's office. The uneasy Grid was making underwear with the God Hands. He was feeling confused when he heard a knocking sound.

“It’s Lael.”

“Good! Come in!”

Grid welcomed it. The situation had changed recently so he thought that Lael could resolve his questions. Grid wanted to know the truth and be rid of the confusion. Lael gave him a thumbs up.

"Great."

“What?”

"It's a result of Your Majesty assembling an army in Reidan in a matter of days."

“...?”

Grid made an expression like he couldn't understand.

Lael smiled and explained, “Your Majesty convened an army to raid Noll, but the timing was exquisite. It's because the empire gathered most of their troops in Valhalla, while you gathered a force in Reidan, the rear of the empire. The emperor thought you were a threat to the empire.”

“...”

“This is the result. The empire recognized that it was dangerous to deal with both Overgeared and Valhalla at the same time, making them pull out a carrot. The emperor had to start diplomatic actions. I am sure that the name of Your Majesty will remain in the history of the empire.”

“Um...” Grid understood the situation after hearing Lauel’s explanation. But he was stunned. “I can’t understand why the empire felt a threat? Can’t the power of the empire destroy both Overgeared and Valhalla? Why do they feel threatened?”

“That is also because of Your Majesty.”

“Because of me?”

Lauel laughed.

“Didn’t the descendent of the Undefeated King appear in Valhalla and push the Red Knights to the point of collapse? The emperor is frightened of the Undefeated King’s descendant.”

“Ah...”

The moment he used 100,000 Army Massacre Sword in the war, Grid was misunderstood as the descendant of the Undefeated King. This was the repercussion.

“The rumor that the empire is afraid of the Undefeated King’s descendant is true.”

“Maybe it’s more than rumored.”

“Indeed... They’re afraid.”

Grid was reminded of the Undefeated King’s death knight and his body shook. Grid couldn’t imagine how strong the Undefeated King was when alive. He felt pity for the imperial army who fought with the Undefeated King.

“It all worked out in the end. We won’t have to fear any problems during the period where we’re at peace with the empire. The minimum period of a truce is two years. We have to build up maximum power during this period.”

“The period of peace is so short?”

“No. It can go from one year to twenty years. Up to twenty years.”

“Then isn’t it possible for us to set the period of peace as long as possible?”

“Long-lasting peace requires a good talker with a high diplomatic stat. They need to use diplomatic skills and conversation to negotiate with the opponent. Unfortunately, there is no one with this talent in the Overgeared Kingdom.

“Huroi?”

“He is unchallenged in the art of communication but... He doesn’t have the diplomatic stat.”

“It’s too bad. It would be useful in many ways if Huroi has the diplomatic stat.”

Lauel’s eyes shone.

“Then will you give the command to Huroi?”

“What command?”

“A command to proceed with the diplomatic quest.”

“What is the diplomatic quest?”

“It is one of the quests for high ranking nobles.”

“Those who perform this quest can gain a diplomat’s status and open the diplomatic quest?”

“Yes, that’s right. Of course, the degree of difficulty of the quest is very high. It will take at least half a year to complete the quest.”

“Kung...”

Grid couldn’t say anything. Huroi was also a ranker. Grid knew better than anyone how much effort Huroi put in to be by Grid’s side. Grid didn’t want to force Huroi to stop levelling up and to go on a difficult quest. It was likely that Huroi would lose the ranker position that he worked so hard for. After a moment, Grid shook his head.

"If no one has done the diplomatic quest so far, it means they don't see the merit in being a diplomat. It's okay. I have no intention of interfering with Huroi. I would rather pick a new person."

"Is that so...? I understand."

Lauel was inwardly disappointed, but he already anticipated Grid's reaction. The moment that Lauel nodded and bowed.

"My Lord! Nooooooooooo!"

The door of Grid's office burst open and Huroi ran in. Huroi was someone who tried to stay by Grid's side as much as possible. Even today, he was guarding the front of Grid's office in the name of an 'escort.'

"I heard the two of you from the front door! Leave it to me! A diplomat! I will become one! I will make excellent conversation with foreign diplomats and make them puppets of the Overgeared Kingdom!"

"...Is that a diplomat?"

He didn't think a diplomat would use such methods. Grid's eyes were red with anxiety but he smiled. The appreciation he felt for Huroi was always big.

'Before the start of the National Competition, I need to create a new item for Huroi.'

Grid decided.

The National Competition was approaching.

# Chapter 735

"Has the old man finally become senile?"

The 4th Prince Edan. The son of Empress Marie, he was originally low in the line of succession. Regardless of the order of birth, there was a big drop in his reputation compared to the other children. But this story changed after the death of Empress Aria and Empress Marie took power. Marie's faction actively supported Edan and recently, Edan boasted a position comparable to 1st Prince Roland. A person who thought he was the best in heaven and earth!

Jean warned Edan, who always moved through the world without fear.

"Try not to speak like that. If anyone hears it, it isn't just Your Highness, but countless number of people who follow you will lose their heads."

"What's wrong with saying an old man is old? Hey, Teacher Jean. Do you think the emperor is sane?"

"..."

"Tell me honestly. No? If His Majesty was sane, he wouldn't have asked for peace with the Overgeared Kingdom. Isn't that right?"

"He must have a deep meaning behind it."

"It's one small kingdom. He's afraid of a new kingdom without a deep history. He's just crazy."

"..."

It fell on deaf ears. Jean couldn't say anything. He gave up on teaching Edan two years ago. That's why he wasn't thrown away by Edan.

*Clang!*

Edan threw an empty glass at the wall. The knights hurriedly entered, followed by

maids who cleared away the remnants of the wine glass. Idan clicked his tongue.

"It's because that old man is old and senile that he signed a truce with Valhalla. It has delayed the first appearance of the magic machines."

Magic machines. A giant robot that moved with magic power as the energy source. It combined ancient alchemy and magic essence.

It was a robot that people rode on. The agility was greatly reduced, but the robustness and destructive power wasn't comparable to humans. The magic machines could smash a mountain and could blow up a city with their magic power, so their strength was comparable to a great demon.

The problem was that few people could control the magic machines. In addition, the magic power supply problem wasn't completely solved. The magic machines were considered ancient artifacts. That was all. But Edan saw the possibilities of the magic machines and invested a lot of time and money into them. In order to solidify his succession to the throne, he needed to prove the value of the magic machines.

Edan sighed deeply and rose from his seat.

"Tell the riders. They have a vacation."

"Yes."



In the early days, Satisfy had two legends.

God of War Ares? Overgeared King Grid? 1st on the unified rankings Chris? Godly archer Jishuka? The god of killing, Faker? No, they were obscure people in the early days of Satisfy.

Since the opening of Satisfy, the legends that people envied were Kraugel and Zibal. They were characters who sped up to the first and second place in the rankings at a different speed than others. Among them, Kraugel still kept his reputation as the sky above the sky...

"The weather is good."

The capital of the Saharan Empire, Titan. A man on the walls smiled as the morning sun revealed itself. It was Zibal. From the opening of Satisfy to the 2nd National Competition, the 2nd ranked Zibal was a bigshot. He was once a hero of the United States and held the hopes and dreams of millions of people.

“Hey! Zibal! Are you crazy? Why are you goofing off?”

“I’m sorry!”

Now he was an ordinary soldier in a place where no one knew. The only rival of Kraugel, head of the Seven Guilds, god of raids, etc. The countless titles he gained over the years were nowhere to be seen. The public’s forgetfulness was severe and he had long been forgotten by the people.

“Did you confirm that Raiders are successful maintained?”

“Yes! That’s right!”

“Are you sure? When did you come out?”

“I did it as soon as morning training was over!”

“The meal?”

“I can eat bread on the go!”

“Ha, this brat. We can’t afford it. I told you not to goof off again.”

The Imperial Army’s 14th Division, 21st Battalion. The unit, secretly located on the outskirts of the capital, was an officially nonexistent unit. The size of the battalion was also very small. There were only 80 members. The surprising thing was that there were only four combatants.

One of them was Zibal. He was the lowest of the four people and had the rank of a private, but the class carved on his military uniform was ‘chungik.’ Apart from his direct supervisor, he was a special officer who could veto an order even if it came from a member of the imperial family.

Why? A player who was a noble of the Haken Kingdom and leader of the Snake Guild, why was he in the imperial army? He obtained a new secret hidden class.

'Blue Sky Rider.'

\* You can ride on all 'vehicles' and drive them perfectly.

\* On a 'vehicle,' your stats will increase significantly.

A unique class. One of the distinct advantages of the class was that it was only specialized in riding. Zibal had been very disappointed at first. When he heard 'riding,' he could only think of horses and some monsters. He regretted that he changed his class. But that disappointment and regret turned to amazement. He was thrilled the moment he checked the contents of the rider class quest. He gained the hope that he could stand next to Kraugel and Grid.

[Blue Sky Rider]

\* Class Quest

Go the 4th Prince Edan of the empire. If you prove your talent and swear allegiance to him, you will be able to get the strongest vehicle in return.

A magic machine! From a player's point of view, it was an ancient weapon that could only be recognized as a fictitious thing in mythology.

'I never even dreamt that I could become the master of it.'

The 4th magic machine 'Raiders' was a vehicle that could fly in the sky.

"Look forward to next year."

Zibal knew it was meaningless to participate in the 3rd National Competition. The level of Raiders was still low and there were various restrictions, so he couldn't show off the proper use of Raiders in the National Competition. If Zibal participated, he

would be crushed by Kraugel or Grid. However, Zibal believed the story would be different in the 4th National Competition.

“Grid, I will show you what it truly means to be overgeared.”

Now Zibal acknowledged Grid’s skills. To be honest, he respected Grid. But Grid was the one who stigmatized Zibal as a punching bag. Zibal planned to pay Grid back next year and clean up this relationship. He would do so.

“Then I can move forward.”

The sky above the sky. He would become it. The determination on Zibal’s face was extraordinary.



Title: Informing all participants of the 3rd National Competition.

Sender: S.A. Group

Contents: We are aware that many people are disappointed that the number of personal medals that can be won has been reduced to two. We feel the need to prepare a special event to apologize to the participants.

If you wish to participate in the event, please allow us to collect and use your personal information.

Please be aware that we can’t announce the exact date and time of the event.

\* The event contents and progress will be broadcasted to the world the moment the event starts. This may infringe on some human rights of the event participants.

\* We will ensure the safety of all event participants.

\* The event compensation will be paid with Satisfy goods.

\* There is no disadvantage if you don’t participate in the event.

"What?"

After a workout. Shin Youngwoo was entering the bathroom when he frowned at the e-mail.

"Why aren't they disclosing the contents of the event?"

Was there such an unfriendly event?

"I won't participate."

If he agreed to his personal information being collected, Shin Youngwoo was worried that his phone would be flooded. He closed the mailbox without hesitation when he received a phone call. The caller was Yura. Youngwoo's heart pounded the moment he heard her name. It jumped quickly.

'It has been a long time.'

It had been almost three months since they were in contact. He was nervous at the thought of hearing Yura's beautiful voice after a long time.

*Hum hum*, Youngwoo cleared his throat and picked up the call.

"What is it?"

Indeed, there was a reason why he couldn't be in a relationship. Shin Youngwoo was a young man with no clue about manners. If Yura was a sensitive woman then she wouldn't call Youngwoo again.

(Did you receive the event announcement email?)

"..."

Yura's voice over the phone was really sweet. Youngwoo's heart throbbed and he answered in a trembling voice.

"Yes."

(Are you going to participate?)

"No?"

(I thought so. Please join us.)

"Why? Do you know the contents of the event?"

(I don't know. But when you consider the intent of the event, you can imagine that the rewards will be at a level to replace the medals. Please participate).

"Well, if you say so..."

Youngwoo was unaware of it, but he was smiling. He was delighted that one of the world's greatest beauties cared for him and a blissful smile emerged. He wanted to record the contents of the conversation and disclose it on the Internet.

'I'm like this with Yura. Are you jealous?' He wanted to brag in the papers.

(Then I'm hanging up.)

"Ah, wait a minute."

(.....?)

"Are you also participating in the National Competition?"

Yura had participated in the National Competition every year. In particular, she had been South Korea's only hope in the 1st National Competition. Since it was striving to gain honor for South Korea, Shin Youngwoo expected her to participate in the National Competition this year.

(Of course. Didn't I receive the same email because I applied to participate?)

Yura's voice was slightly raised over the phone but the insensitive Youngwoo didn't notice it. Even if he had noticed, he wouldn't have known why.

"Yes, I understand. Then I will see you soon."

Youngwoo's voice was excited. He was glad to see Yura's face after a long time.



“I’m afraid there will be some complaints about the event.”

“There is already a conspiracy that we reduced the number of gold medals to two because of a certain person and now there is this event...”

S.A. Group’s headquarters. The members of the board of directors expressed their concerns about the event. It was natural to be worried.

[Battlefield]

All event participants fought against each other with the goal of surviving to the end in an isolated field. At the beginning of the game, all levels, abilities, items, and titles were equal. It was a concept event that was reminiscent of the mock games that were popular in the previous century.

It was an event that seemed to be aimed at a certain person whose strength was being overgeared.

Yoon Sangmin laughed at the concerned executives.

“That’s correct. Maybe many people will blame us. But I’m sure that Grid himself will be delighted. He finally has a chance to prove it.”

“What...?”

What would he prove? The executives were puzzled while Yoon Sangmin spoke meaningful words.

“As soon as Grid proves it, the people’s accusations will turn into cheers.”

# Chapter 736

'Considering Kraugel's level during the Belial raid... '

Ahead of the National Competition, Grid's nerves were concentrated on Kraugel. It was a phenomenon caused by his desire to win the rematch that was taking place after one year and three months.

'At present, the level difference between him and me should be at least 150?'

Until now, the total was 1 to 1. This would be the game that determined victory or defeat. The winner would be the real winner.

'No, Kraugel's level up speed will be beyond my calculations. Maybe the level difference is less than 100.'

Well, even if the level difference is less than 100, there was no problem.

'Even Kraugel couldn't have passed level 300 yet. He wouldn't have achieved the third awakening.'

In a game, the level difference was as absolute as items. A higher level player would be stronger than a lower level one. In particular, the stats awakening every 100 levels caused a tremendous difference. In the past, the level 299 Grid failed to defeat Elfin Stone while the level 300 Grid succeeded. It was an example that showed the gap.

'Okay. This is sufficient.'

*Kkuok!*

Grid was convinced and formed fists. Some people might think it wasn't fair because of the level difference, but not Grid. It was natural. Levelling ability was also a skill. It was talent that Grid's level was higher than Kraugel's.

"Huhuhut... Kraugel, this is the difference in skill. Don't blame the level reset. I also experienced it. It's the same thing I went through."

A level reset at level 300 compared to a reset at level 80. The former was much more disadvantageous and pitiful. The damage was completely different. But there was an eternal truth.

'I am the strongest person in the world!'

It was this. Grid's level reset and Kraugel's level reset were on the same line.

"Compared to knowing everything, I had a much more difficult time when my level was reset. But now I have a much higher level than Kraugel. In the end, it means that I'm more talented than Kraugel. Isn't that right?"

Grid didn't have a conscience! Anyone who saw him now would've cut out his tongue. But Huroi just nodded. He didn't intend to disturb his lord who was trying to reduce the burden with a mental victory.

"My lord is a genius of geniuses and above the sky. I have no doubt that you will win in the 'fair' battle that will take place at this year's National Competition. It is only natural that My Lord, the incarnation of Genghis Khan, will reign over the world as its master."

"Indeed, you have a discerning eye. As expected from Huroi. But isn't Genghis Khan a Mongolian? I'm a Korean."

"Do you need to dwell on nationality in this global age? Everything is out there. Are you ruler of a global kingdom?"

"You are right. Huroi, don't you have deep thoughts? Hahaha!"

"Hahaha! My Lord the best!!"

"..."

One person was making an item while the other was preparing for the diplomat's exam. Lauel's gaze wasn't good as he looked at the two people sitting side by side.

"Your Majesty, too much confidence isn't good. Even if the level difference is large, the opponent is a Sword Saint. It's the strongest combat class. It will obviously be a tougher fight than last year. Please don't be careless."

In addition to Huroi, Lauel supported Grid as well. He wanted Grid to win and develop even further. The problem was that the opponent was too strong. Thus, Grid had to pay attention.

“A sword that can even cut the world... It will be difficult to handle with Your Majesty’s items.”

Lauel saw Kraugel as a bad opponent for Grid. Grid’s combat style was more about items than control. He thought that Grid sticking to this attack style against Kraugel, who was the ultimate combat class, wouldn’t be effective.

“Be quiet.”

The alert Lauel spoke the right words, but he angered Grid. Didn’t Grid know that it would be hard to win against Kraugel? What Grid wanted now was to be cheered up, not made to worry.

“Are you trying to decrease my morale right now?”

“Huh?”

“You are on the American team with Kraugel in the National Competition. Do you want to decrease my morale so that Kraugel will win?”

“What... Ah.”

Lauel realized his mistake. He belatedly discovered that Grid was more sensitive than expected. The person right now was Grid before he became a king. It was a state where his dirty and stingy nature was revealed. Huroi was already aware of this fact from the beginning. Thus, he flattered Grid very well.

“My Lord! I will drive out this evil tongue with my own hand!”

“Yes, I can only believe in Huroi. I will pay attention to your loyalty and raise your item to higher heights.”

“It will be the glory of future generations!”

“No, I was joking just now...! Huroi, I... Ack!”

This was the end of a loyalist! As he was caught and dragged away by Huroi, Lauel felt like he was in a historical drama. Today, the Overgeared Kingdom was peaceful.



Time was bitter. It couldn't be reversed and it flowed quickly. The 3rd National Competition, which had been delayed three months later than usual, was only three days away.

*Snap!*

*Snap snap!*

John F. Kennedy International Airport was crowded with a large number of reporters. It was to interview the representatives leaving for Japan. The prestigious representatives. They were the people's pride and idols, causing them to receive much attention and love. Of course, there was an outstanding person among them. It was Kraugel.

"Player Kraugel! How do you feel about becoming the American representative?"

"What has your life been like living in the US for the past six months? Do you think you did well to immigrate to the US?"

"What event will you participate in?"

"There's a rumor that Grid will participate in all the events you are. Grid isn't denying anything. How do you see this excessive competition?"

And so on!

Kraugel was flooded with many questions. While the other representatives listened to one question, Kraugel alone was listening to 10 questions. There were also a lot of beautiful blonde reporters around Kraugel. Kraugel might be Asian, but he was popular because he had the ultimate beauty.

"There's a lot more interest than when we had Zibal."

"I agree. He's on a different dimension."

The top US rankers who participated in the National Competition every year clicked their tongues. As far as they knew, the most popular person in the world was Zibal. But it was surprising that Kraugel transcended his popularity.

“Haha... Wherever we go, a superstar...”

That’s right. All the US representatives were popular rankers. They received excessive love and interest whenever they went. But it was different when standing next to Kraugel. They were just folding screens. It was a strange feeling for them, but they didn’t dislike it.

“First of all, I have adapted well to life in the US. It’s thanks to the kindness of everyone around me. For them, I am honored to fight for the honor of the United States.”

Kraugel skillfully dealt with the group of reporters. He started making public appearances since the 2nd National Competition and now he had fully adapted to the life of a superstar. He gave an interview where everyone could feel good while mixing in the appropriate lip service.

“As you all know, one of the events I will be participating in is PvP. But I won’t reveal the other one at this moment. I think it will be fun to wait to disclose it at the opening ceremony in three days. And about whether Player Grid is conscious of me...”

Kraugel stopped and stared at the camera in front of him. His big, black eyes were mysterious and beautiful. The female and male reporters were shocked by his charm. In this atmosphere, Kraugel opened his mouth again.

“I’m pleased. I’m also conscious of him.”

“...”

Was it due to Kraugel’s gender neutral appearance? The reporters felt like Kraugel was confessing to the opposite sex. It felt like there was a deep bond between Grid and Kraugel. Amidst the strange atmosphere...

“He isn’t gay.”

Lauel arrived at the scene. He was the latest of the US representatives to appear.

“Lauel...!”

The prime minister of the Overgeared Kingdom! The right arm of Overgeared King Grid! The emergence of someone bigger than Kraugel attracted the attention of reporters at once. Lael saw that the cameras were focused on him and laughed.

“Kraugel and the Overgeared King are good competitors and friends. I hope you don’t misunderstand their feelings towards each other.”

Lael disguised Kraugel’s gay soul while mixing in humor. His intention wasn’t to help Kraugel, but to elevate the position of the Overgeared Kingdom. Kraugel was the friend of Overgeared King Grid. In other words, Sword Saint Kraugel was friendly to the Overgeared Kingdom. If they were hostile to the Overgeared Kingdom, they would be hostile to a Sword Saint. Lael encouraged the people to recognize this.

"Grid and Kraugel, both men will fight each other."

A huge smile. Lael smiled as he thought about how this was a success.



"You can use this lounge."

“Wow...”

The 1st National Competition was held in South Korea, so there was no flying. The 2nd National Competition was held in France and Shin Youngwoo used Yura’s private plane. This was the first time he experienced a specific airline’s services.

“Wowww...”

Youngwoo’s mouth gaped open as he entered the exclusive lounge available to first class passengers. This lounge was more spacious than a playground! On one side, there was a variety of food ranging from cup noodles to delicacies. The panoramic view of the airport seen through the outer walls made of glass was overwhelming beautiful. Above all, the amazing thing!

"A-A private bathroom?"

The nervous Youngwoo cried out when he arrived at the bathroom.

There were dozens of rooms on both sides of the long corridor and all the rooms were

private bathrooms. There was a sink, urinal, and toilet in each room. They even had the finest toothpaste and toothbrush. The quality of the toothbrush couldn't be compared to the one that Youngwoo usually used.

"A profit... Huh?"

Youngwoo placed the toothbrush in his pocket and came across Kang Daehan (Peak Sword) in the hallway. Kang Daehan was in a confused state.

"What? I definitely entered a bathroom but why is it a hotel room? What are these rooms?"

"It's a bathroom..."

"..."

It was also the first time that Kang Daehan used the exclusive first class lounge. It was because a person normally couldn't afford to use the first class lounge, which normally went from millions of won to tens of millions of won. Shin Youngwoo, Kang Daehan, and the other Korean representatives. The reason why they were able to use the first class hotel today was due to the S.A. Group.

The S.A. Group provided first class seats to all delegates around the world. Those who read the information in the contents of the announcement 'Please board the airplane provided by our company' were already alerted, but Youngwoo and Daehan hadn't read it. They just enjoyed this moment.

"I want to live here."

"Huhuhu, yes. I can see beautiful sisters every day. Wouldn't it be perfect if there was a capsule here?"

Youngwoo and Daehan giggled with each other over a plate of food. The other representatives watched them with embarrassed expressions.

'What... Their atmospheres are different than usual.'

Shin Youngwoo and Kang Daehan. They were recognized as emerging chaebols in South Korea who had accumulated a lot of wealth due to Satisfy. It was normal for them to have enough resources to use the first class lounge every day. However, they

were making such a fuss over the lounge that the other representatives were shocked. An unexpected person appeared in this awkward atmosphere.

"Can't you act like an ordinary person? Who doesn't know what you are capable of?"

"You...?"

*Munch.*

Shin Youngwoo's eyes widened as he chewed on dongpo pork. Dark... No, Eat Spicy Jokbal. The former head of Blood Carnival, who Youngwoo fought with over the insane dragon egg, appeared in front of him.

"Why are you here?"

Surely he didn't want revenge in reality? Daehan explained to the wary Youngwoo.

"He's my friend. He will be a good companion who will fight with us during the National Competition.

"What?"

Dungeon Maker. It was the moment when the top player unknown to the world joined the Korean national team.

# Chapter 737

"God Grid, after hearing your story, I developed great interest in Eat Spicy Jokbal and kept in steady contact with him. But it was hard work. I looked all over the country for Eat Spicy Jokbal and learned to distinguish the taste of makguksu in every store..."

"..."

Various expressions crossed Daehan's face as he recalled it. All types of memories seemed to come to mind.

"I wanted to give up several times. But I didn't give up. Why? I searched for Eat Spicy Jokbal. I am convinced that Eat Spicy Jokbal is a person that the Overgeared Kingdom needs!"

"..."

"The result is what you see now. I became friends with Eat Spicy Jokbal. Hut, how about it? Isn't it great? Kuahahahat!"

Daehan laughed excitedly while putting a hand on Eat Spicy Jokbal's shoulders. They seemed really close.

One second later.

"Where are you putting your hand?" A cold attitude! Eat Spicy Jokbal broke away from Daehan's hands and warned Youngwoo. "Don't get me wrong. I am fundamentally different from you guys. We can never be friends."

"Fundamentally?"

"Yes, I'm evil. The reason why I'm participating in this National Competition is different from you. I'm not participating in the National Competition for the sake of the country. I'm not a person with high patriotism."

"..."

"My purpose is only money! Money! I will recoup the damage of the egg you stole with the gold medals!"

"...Um."

Youngwoo wasn't participating in the National Competition for the country. It was also to satisfy his individual desires. However, Eat Spicy Jokbal misunderstood. No, it wasn't just him. Most South Koreans considered Shin Youngwoo to be a patriot.

It was natural. From an objective point of view, Youngwoo was better off not participating in the National Competition. If he hadn't participated in the National Competition, he could've hidden the true powers of Pagma's Descendant and would be able to play the game in a better position. Youngwoo was a person who could make money by producing more items. There was no need to covet the rewards of the National Competition.

But Youngwoo participated in the National Competition every year. People had no choice but to misunderstand that Youngwoo was participating in the National Competition out of pure patriotism.

'Well, that doesn't mean there is no patriotism.'

As a former member of South Korea's army, he had a minimum of patriotism. It was good that he helped his country. But the real reason why Youngwoo participated in the National Competition was honor, not patriotism. He wanted to prove himself in public and be recognized as a better person.

In addition, there was additional compensation from the National Competition. Youngwoo could receive myth-rated materials as a reward for gold medals. They couldn't be obtained even with money. In particular, the compensation for this year was expected to be larger than last year.

'Last year, the only myth rated material I knew was adamantium.'

He was different from before. This year's Youngwoo knew the existence of various myth rated materials such as the sacred creatures byproducts and the Goddess' Hair that he could demand as a gold medal compensation from the S.A. Group.

'I have to win two gold medals.'

He wanted a byproduct of the sacred creatures, such as the Red Phoenix Breath. He was eager to make a second and third Enlightenment Sword.

“Um... Our relationship will gradually become established. Either way, it’s nice to meet you.”

Youngwoo woke up from his thoughts and shook hands with Eat Spicy Jokbal. Youngwoo felt good at Eat Spicy Jokbal’s desire to ‘make up for the damage of losing the dragon egg with the gold medals.’ He seemed to be a straightforward person.

What if Eat Spicy Jokbal was a bad person? He would threaten Youngwoo to pay back the debt from the game. At a minimum, he would express hostility. But Eat Spicy Jokbal’s gaze towards Youngwoo was clean. He declared he would recover the damages in a fair manner.

‘The fact that he’s a good person is why he’s in Peak Sword’s heart.’

Youngwoo smiled as nicely as possible. Eat Spicy Jokbal responded to the handshake with an expression that said he had no choice.

“Well... We are colleagues during the National Competition so we should shake hands... Huh?”

Eat Spicy Jokbal was surprised when he shook hands with Youngwoo. It was because the strength was amazing. The big hand full of calluses showed the hard lift that Youngwoo lived.

‘In reality, he’s a hard worker?’

Eat Spicy Jokbal was 36 years old. Youngwoo looked like he wasn’t even 30 years old yet. He was a legendary blacksmith in the game, but Eat Spicy Jokbal expected him to be timid in many ways in reality. But that wasn’t the truth at all. From the moment they first met, Youngwoo showed the same attitude and eyes as he did in the game. He was overflowing with dignity.

Eat Spicy Jokbal gulped.

‘Grid... He was born like this.’

Indeed, it was obvious. If he was an ordinary person, he wouldn’t have become the

king of a nation. Eat Spicy Jokbal misunderstood and decided not to be hostile to Grid.

On the other hand.

“...Surely your name isn’t Eat Spicy Jokbal?”

"Aish... Of course it’s my game ID."

"Isn’t Eat Spicy Jokbal too much even for a game ID?"

“...”

The representatives gathered on one side murmured. Eat Spicy Jokbal prayed for an ID change item to be released quickly. At that moment.

"Oh my, everyone is here."

A man and woman approached the place where the Korean representatives were gathered. It was a woman in a hanbok and a blond male. The woman was in her 30s and had a refined elegance. It was an appearance that could be seen on Korean promotional brochures for foreigners. The blond male was mixed race. He seemed to be born between a Korean and a Westerner and was wearing a riding jacket. It was a couple with an extreme contrast.

“Who...?”

All the representatives were puzzled. It was the first time they saw the man and woman who arrived late. In particular, the woman’s behavior was too unusual. The man and woman introduced themselves.

“I am Viola. I’m also a representative at the National Competition this year.”

“I am Ma Bongshik. It is the same for me.”

“?? Are those your game IDs?”

"They are our real names."

“Ah, yes...”

What strange names. This was the first impression of the two new Korean representatives.



“Who are they?”

Eat Spicy Jokbal, Viola, and Ma Bongshik.

Peak Sword continued to show great interest and favor to the three people. One of South Korea’s giants, Peak Sword, wouldn’t show such an attitude to ordinary people. Therefore, the other representatives surely that that these three people were big. The problem was that they were unfamiliar. The representatives couldn’t guess who they were.

“Um... I have never heard of their names before.”

Despite belonging to the same country, the representatives weren’t obliged to disclose their information. The game still continued after the National Competition was over. If there was an obligation to disclose information, there would be fewer rankers in the National Competition.

“Rather, Grid is really cool.”

“That's right. He actually looks better.”

“Look at his back muscles. He’s cool even to a man. I’m envious.”

The attention of the representatives was soon focused on Grid. Grid didn’t know this, but more than half of the 30 Korean representatives participating in the National Competition this year respected Grid. They were the ones who dreamt about becoming Grid while watching Grid, especially after he competed with Kraugel in the National Competition last year. They were buds who grew watching Grid. For them, Grid was a special existence. They wanted to use this opportunity to get close to Grid. But no one was able to approach Grid. It was hard to talk to such a great figure without inhibition.

‘I will be very active in this National Competition.’

'Let's attract Grid's attention and enter the Overgeared Guild... Eh?'

Suddenly, the minds of the enthusiastic Korean representatives became blank. It was due to the appearance of the last Korean representative in the lounge, Yura.

"I'm sorry I'm late."

"..."

Was the world originally black and white? The representatives stared blankly as Yura smiled gently and apologize in a sweet voice. Yura's overwhelming beauty caused everything to fade except for her.

"I-It has been a while."

Even Youngwoo stuttered. He was nervous and his heart jumped as he saw Yura after a long time.

'Her skin is like a new baby... Has she been eating and living well?'

Youngwoo felt uneasy as he looked at Yura's white skin. Yura tilted her head as she looked at him.

"Is there something on my face?"

"N-No. You have become prettier after a long time... Hup."

What nonsense was he saying now? Youngwoo spoke without thinking and covered his mouth when he discovered it. And Yura...

"..."

Yura's milky white skin turned red. The eyes of the Korea representatives blurred as they watched.

'It's the prime of their lives.'

'I'm envious...'



A total of 50 countries were participating in the 3rd National Competition! Unlike the previous year, the size of this competition amplified the expectations of gamers all over the world. What interesting and cool scenes would be produced in this year's National Competition? Countless people were filled with expectations as they waited for the National Competition to begin. There were many people hoping for three days to pass quickly so the National Competition to begin.

Did they sense this desire?

[[A special event for the National Competition will now be held.]]

Representatives of various countries started boarding the plane. Game-related broadcasters from all over the world started a live broadcast. It was a broadcast produced by the S.A. Group. Orlando, a world-class pop star and Satisfy ranker in the top 100,000 was the MC.

[[At this time, 1,500 representatives from each country have completed boarding flights to Japan. And the S.A. Group is planning a special event for all of them.]]

"Event?"

It was a live broadcast that started without any notice but it was powerful since it was related to the National Competition. Word of mouth spread and many viewers flocked. MC Orlando had a cheerful expression and started explaining.

[[All players on board have a capsule instead of a seat. It's a capsule that allows them to enter the Battlefield server.]]

"Battlefield?"

[[It's a secret server that Satisfy has borrowed. From this moment on, 1,500 players from all over the world will enter a certain area with the same level, same stats, same items, same skills, and everything is equal. It's a small mini-map. From there, the players will... ]]

"...?"

[[They will continue to fight until there are three survivors.]]

“What?”

"A survival game without levels and items?"

"No, isn't the S.A. Group too obvious? Isn't this event aimed at Grid?"

“Wow, it's really too much.”

The criticisms of the Korean public started to pour out once they learned of the event. But the reaction of the overseas viewers was hot.

“Isn't it interesting? Who's the best player when it comes to pure talent?”

“It's naturally Kraugel.”

"No, maybe an anonymous person we don't know might be better than Kraugel.”

Grid 'naturally' wasn't mentioned in the winning candidates. It was hard to imagine he would win after losing his items.

# Chapter 738

“From this moment on, you will be connected to Battlefield.”

It was a special event where the details hadn't been disclosed. All 1,500 National Competition participants this year hoped to take part in the event. It was somewhat unreasonable that the contents weren't disclosed, but it was inevitable that they would covert the rewards. The moment the representatives of each country boarded the plane.

“The battlefield is a mini-map around 10,000 pyeong. It isn't large enough for 1,500 people, but it boasts diverse terrain that makes it easy to develop a strategy. You will have to fight each other until there are three survivors remaining.”

The event details were released. There was a backlash.

"It sounds like a solo show. Isn't this too unreasonable?"

"A battle in a limited space is unconditionally advantageous to those with higher specs. Isn't this an event for just a few people?"

Viola and Ma Bongshik expressed their concerns. The other representatives were sympathetic. However, it was difficult to read Grid and Yura's minds. The host explained in more detail.

"No, it's a fair game. Battlefield is a completely separate server from Satisfy. Satisfy's account information won't be passed onto Battlefield and all players will receive a new character with the same stats."

“...”

*Gawk.*

Everyone looked at Grid. Once he heard that the character he trained so hard wouldn't apply to this event, how would he react? Everyone expected him to be angry. From Grid's perspective, this event would be awfully unreasonable. But Grid's expression was calm. He just sat in the capsule and listened to the explanation without any

reaction.

'His vessel is big...'

'Truly God Grid. If I was Grid, I would be arguing right now.'

As Eat Spicy Jokbal and the Korean representatives were admiring Grid's attitude, what was the truth?

'Wow, shit. Am I the only rotten person here?'

Grid's insides weren't mature. But he knew there would be no change so he remained silent.

Meanwhile, the host's explanation continued.

"After entering Battlefield, you will have 10 minutes to select your class. There are four types of classes, all with the same stats, but different characteristics. Please think carefully and decide. After 10 minutes, the game will automatically start. Be sure to decide your class within 10 minutes. If you don't, a class will be selected randomly for you.

The host explained the following rules:

1. The 1,500 participants will all be masked. The ID and face won't be exposed to each other. The voice is also modulated. It is a measure to prevent certain forces from cooperating. However, the IDs will be shown to the viewers.
2. Immediately after entering Battlefield, all participants will have bare hands. Weapons will be scattered through the battlefield. It will be advantageous to find a weapon as soon as possible.
3. The game's time limit is three hours. Once one hour passes, the map will gradually disappear and become narrower. The people located in those parts of the map will be destroyed. The alert window that appears before the map disappears shouldn't be ignored.
4. It is a survival game aimed at being the last three, so there is no need to kill. You can stay hidden throughout the game. However, it is impossible to hide 10 minutes before the game ends because the map is very narrow. In order to win, you will have to fight.

5. Health and mana won't recover normally. You have to unconditionally drink potions. When taking a potion to restore health, you will regain 7 health points. When taking a mana potion, you will regain 6 mana points. Recovery potions will fall from the sky every 5 minutes. The maximum number of health and mana potions that can be held are two each.

"It's a separate game system, so you will quickly get used to it when playing directly. If you are the top rankers among two billion users, it's easy to adapt to the new game."

'Eh...? It sounds difficult?'

No, shouldn't he be given a more detailed manual? Unlike the other representatives, Grid alone was panicked.

[You will now access Battlefield.]

The capsule started to work.



[You are now connected to Battlefield.]

[The character will be created automatically.]

[Please select a class.]

[The classes that can be selected are 'warrior,' 'magician,' 'cleric,' and 'producer.' The attributes are different, but all stats are the same.]

[Warrior]

Health: 20/20 Mana: 15/15

Attack Speed: 1 Movement Speed: 2

Deals 1 damage to the enemy with a fist.

You can wear all types of weapons. Once a weapon is equipped, you will deal 2 damage

to the enemy.

However, it is possible to equip a bow and ranged attacks (up to 10 meters) will only deal 1 damage. The bow will also consume an arrow with each attack.

You can wear the class specific 'shield.' If you block an opponent's attack with the shield, your damage is reduced by 50%.

[Magician]

Health: 20/20 Mana: 15/15

Attack Speed: 1 Movement Speed: 2

You can't damage the enemies with your fists.

You can equip all types of weapons except bows. Once a weapon is equipped, you can deal 1 damage to enemies.

You can wear the class specific 'magic wand.' The magic wand will deal 3 damage to the enemy. The magic wand can do ranged attacks (up to 10 meters), like the bow. However, ranged attacks will cost 7 mana. It won't activate if there is no mana.

[Cleric]

Health: 20/20 Mana: 15/15

Attack Speed: 1 Movement Speed: 2

You can't damage the enemies with your fists.

You can equip all types of weapons except bows. Once a weapon is equipped, you can deal 1 damage to enemies.

You can read the class specific 'scriptures.' The scriptures are found all over the map. When you read the scriptures, your health will be restored by 10. When reading the

scriptures, 2 mana is consumed.

[Producer]

Health: 20/20 Mana: 15/15

Attack Speed: 1 Movement Speed: 2

You can't damage the enemies with your fists.

You can wear all types of weapons. Once a weapon is equipped, you will deal 1 damage to the enemy.

You will receive a pickaxe as a default item. The pickaxe isn't a weapon. You can use the pickaxe to gather resources such as clay, wood, metals, etc. You can create an item based on the collected resources.

The performance of production items are no different from the items available in the field.

However, if the creator equips the item then they will deal 2 damage per hit. It also applies to the bow.

\* The total time required to produce one item is 15 minutes. You can move while making items. 10 mana is consumed when making items.

All 1,500 participants connected to Battlefield faced the class selection window. And this scene was being broadcast all over the world. The audience's attention was focused on the magician and producer class.

"If a magician finds a magic wand, won't they have the greatest power? It's a scam."

"Hrmm... But there are restrictions on ranged attacks. I think that ranged attacks will be most advantageous due to the nature of the game."

"When I look at it, the producer will be the best in the second half if they can survive

unharmed and make a bow.”

“Yes. They can hide and attack people with 2 damage.”

“Won’t the producer class be selected by the production rankers, including Grid?”

From a general point of view, the warrior class seemed to be the best. It was particularly advantageous in the early stages because it boasted stable attack and defense ability. But the viewers guessed that the rankers would be different. The rankers confident in their control would generally pursue high returns. The viewers thought that the rankers would bear the initial risk and turn their attention to a magician or producer class.

“The cleric class won’t be so bad if they can find the scriptures well.”

“That’s right. Other classes have to rely on supplies falling from the sky and there is a danger of encountering an enemy or their supplies being snatched. Meanwhile, the cleric seems more stable.

“But if you are unlucky enough not to find the scriptures, the class won’t survive.”

“I also think that the cleric class is the most garbage. It’s a class that lacks combat power and has to rely purely on luck.”

“Um... Apart from the cleric class, the other classes are a matter of taste.”

Warriors, magicians, and producers had obvious advantages and disadvantages. The viewers saw that the 1,500 participants would chose a class to their own liking. The people with a warrior class in Satisfy would choose the warrior, the people with a magician class would choose magician and the people with production classes would choose producer.

Why? It was because they were most familiar with that class. It was a simple matter. The viewer’s engagement reached the peak.

*Pak!*

*Pa pa pa pa pak!*

The 1,500 participants completely their class choice within the 10 minute time limit

and simultaneously entered Battlefield. The location was different for each person. They all appeared at vertical intervals.

“Kraugel?”

“Where is Yura?”

The viewers were busy searching for the most expected rankers. This included Grid. It was determined that Grid had a chance with the producer class. People wondered what type of material the legendary blacksmith Grid would use. However...

[Grid]

Occupation: Cleric

"?????"

"Is this real?"

Unlike predictions, Grid chose the cleric class. This was a remarkable situation for viewers who thought that Grid would naturally choose a producer.

"No, why is it a priest?"

It wouldn't have been that surprising if Grid had chosen a warrior or magician. Grid was a blacksmith, but he could also use the sword and magic. Yes, whether it was warrior, magician, or producer, Grid could easily adapt to any class. Except for the cleric. But unlike predictions, Grid chose the cleric class. It was ridiculous.

[[This is amazing! Grid, who was expected to choose a producer or warrior class, actually chose the cleric class!]]

[[This is a total unexpected development since it's the class with the worst ability.]]

The cleric was a class that had no distinct traits if a scripture couldn't be found. The scriptures might be scattered all over the field, but that didn't mean they could be

obtained. It was a class that relied almost entirely on luck. From the point of view of the professionals, people who didn't have the ability might rely on luck and choose the cleric class.

Yet Grid chose a cleric. In other words...

[[Grid seems to have no confidence in his abilities. I guess he is aiming to survive as long as possible, depending purely on luck.]]

It was natural to come to this conclusion. The viewers' chatter followed.

*-Wow... Look at Grid... He has such a high level, but he has no faith in his skills?*

*-It was the end the moment he lost his items.*

*-I can see how much Grid normally relies on items.*

*-Look. Isn't the analysis that Grid's control skills suck and he relies on items true? Perhaps most of Grid's items have the options to raise mastery skills?*

*-Sigh, it's starting again. Aren't you tired of underestimating Grid now?*

*-Grid is the best. He's different from us. He will have his own deep thoughts. There is definitely a reason why he selected the cleric class.*

Whose thoughts were right? The Internet became heated up.

"It's as I expected. The cleric isn't a simple class that relies on luck."

Grid's eyes shone as he connected to Battlefield and saw the locations of the shrines displayed on the mini-map.

# Chapter 739

'It's like this. Why are they always aiming for the back of my head?'

Grid loved Satisfy. He was very enthusiastic about it. Thanks to Satisfy, he was able to grow up, make precious bonds, and to succeed in life. But interestingly, he felt something close to hostile towards the S.A. Group. It was natural from Grid's position.

There was some doubts about manipulation in the game and every time the National Competition was held, Grid thought that the S.A. was deliberately guarding against him. That's why Grid didn't trust the S.A. Group. He also had doubts about this event. While the other representatives were discussing the event, Grid tried to find a trap hidden in the game system. He took note of the limited number of potions that could be held. He used his experience and instincts to spot the potential trap.

Then in the class selection window, he noticed the trap that was hidden.

'Cleric.'

It was a very bad class when he first saw it. The warriors were powerful from the beginning, while magicians and producers could become more powerful when certain weapons were acquired. Compared to those, the clerics didn't receive any items. They lacked explosive power and seemed to be disadvantageous in the second half. However, all the classes had 20 health and there was no means to regain health except for potions. Therefore, Grid's thoughts were different.

'Players can only possess two potions, but there's no limit on the number of scriptures a cleric can possess.'

In other words, it meant a cleric could hold a large number of scriptures.

'Based on this, a priest has superior potential.'

Let's say he went one on one with a magician who had a magic wand. The magician would deal 3 damage to the cleric while the cleric could only deal 1 damage to the magician. The cleric would die in seven hits while the magician would die in 19 hits. But what if the cleric secured a large number of scriptures? Every time they read the

scripture, the priest would recover 10 health and would be able to win. Yes, this was only relevant if the cleric could secure a large number of scriptures. The cleric who failed to secure scriptures was the weakest of all the classes.

But out of the 1,500 delegates, the number that selected a cleric was so small that he didn't consider the possibility of not securing scriptures. People perceived a cleric as a very risky class. Grid thought differently. He was convinced that it would be relatively easy to secure the scriptures and chose the cleric class. He chose this considering the S.A. Group's inclination to hit players in the back of the head.

'In the class description, the scriptures are described as being all over the map.'

It wasn't stated that it was difficult to obtain the scriptures. The merit of the scriptures was too big compared to the sculptures. While people perceived it as 'difficult' to obtain, Grid was the opposite and this was the result.

The shrines. The small buildings indicated on the mini-map seemed to scream out 'there is a scripture here!'

'Indeed, it isn't difficult to find scriptures.'

Of course, this could also be a trap. In addition, the total amount of scriptures could be surprisingly small. But this was something that could only be seen if he moved directly.

'Besides the shrines, there might be scriptures elsewhere. They exist everywhere in the map.'

Grid decided and started moving to the nearest shrine. He focused on understanding his physical abilities by jumping, running, swinging his fists, kicking, etc. The result?

'It's like a level 10 character.'

In Satisfy, a basic character had 1 attack speed and 3 movement speed. Of course, the movement speed was faster. In any case, these were the stats in Battlefield.

'Attack power and health are fixed, so strength and stamina are meaningless... The problem is my vision.'

Grid felt that his vision was able to follow if it was one attack per second. If he

concentrated as much as possible, it seemed that he could avoid an enemy's attack once every three times. This was where the problem occurred.

'It's possible for others to do the same thing...'

Can a cleric with a fixed attack power of 1 really push the enemy to death? Especially if his opponent was a master of control like Kraugel or the Overgeared members?

'It's the worst.'

Grid grasped that like Satisfy, Battlefield was a game that required control and became stressed. Rather than being insecure about his control, he knew too many people with excellent control.

'I think most of them would've selected the magician class.'

Grid was a different type of ranker. Thus, he knew the characteristics of the rankers with good control. Those who were confident in their skills would look into the distance. Given their inclination, they were more likely to chose the powerful magician over a warrior. On the other hand, it was unlikely that they would chose a priest who had high survival possibilities and low damage.

"Gulp..."

Grid's mind and body became stiff and he gulped nervously. Since there was a chance to MISS, it was doubtful if he could fight against the skillful people even if he had a lot of scriptures.

'I will do 1 damage if I hit, but if I miss... No, don't shrink back.'

During the past few years of playing Satisfy, he had seen the value of a highly disciplined mentality. Grid's tense body and mind became flexible again.

'Right now, I'm not lacking a great deal of control. If I use the scriptures well, I can hold on.'

Grid was confident as he replayed the countless battles he had against numerous enemies. His eyes were determined as he moved to the shrine. There was no hesitation. He just moved straight.



“There’s a high probability that there will be a scripture in here.

More than half of the 1,500 players connected to Battlefield were concentrating on the shrines. There was no reason not to watch over it, despite being a space for clerics. Every small shrine had at least 100 people around them. All of them hid and held their breaths as they watched the shrine entrance.

Despite not being priests, they coveted the scriptures because the scriptures could be used as a trading tool or to lower the potential of clerics. But a few minutes later, no one entered the shrine. It was natural. They knew there were enemies hiding in the surroundings. The first one to act would be an obvious loser. Then one person appeared.

“Oh! The door is closed. This means nobody has entered yet? Isn’t this a profit?”

“...?”

A mysterious figure rushed towards the shrine without hesitation! People didn’t know it, but he was Grid. While other people were worried about all types of dangers and couldn’t move, he just unabashedly showed up? It was difficult for people to understand Grid.

‘Can I believe this?’

‘It could be a trap!’

1,500 people participated in the event. People had a lot of thoughts and couldn’t act easily. On the other hand, Grid was already opening the old door to the temple. He was confident that he was safe. It was as he expected.

‘There’s no danger of a sniper. Isn’t it too early for people to obtain a bow and arrows?’

Based on the character selection window, Grid understood that the weapon called a ‘bow’ was very useful. Grid was confident that it wouldn’t be easy to obtain the weapon capable of ranged attacks and his confidence was right. Of the dozens of people who watched Grid enter the temple, none of them had secured a bow. None of them were able to shoot Grid. Even if they had a bow, they couldn’t use the arrow since it was a consumable item.

'In the first place, shooting a bow means becoming the target of the people around here.'

There would be people intent on stealing the bow.

*Step, step.*

Grid entered the shrine safely. He searched for the scripture and smiled. It was because he found a scripture and bow in one corner.

[A scripture has been acquired.]

[A bow has been acquired.]

[Scripture]

Opening the book will restore 10 health.

Available Classes: Cleric

[Bow]

A weapon capable of shooting an enemy from 10 meters away. An arrow will be consumed when fired.

Available Classes: Warrior, Producer

"Okay!"

Grid was delighted because he gained the scripture far more easily than expected and even got the bow as an extra. He felt good because the work went smoothly from the beginning.

'It would be better if I got a weapon I could use rather than a bow. Well, I have it, so I will put it to good use.'

Grid placed the bow in his inventory that could hold 30 items. Then he prepared to leave the temple.

"Wait."

A woman entered the shrine after Grid and blocked his path. Unlike Grid, she held a sword in her hand and threatened him with it.

"Give me the scripture. Otherwise I will kill you."

'Damn.'

He thought things were going too well. The frowning Grid heard the sound of fighting and screaming outside. Fights were taking place outside the shrine.

'Did the people clash among themselves after they saw me safely entering the shrine?'

He had to get out of here quickly. Grid pulled the bow out of his inventory. Then he spoke to the woman wearing a mask.

"There was no scripture here. There was only this bow."

"How can I believe that?"

"It can't be helped if you don't believe it. But I'm telling the truth."

Grid was a warrior, a legendary blacksmith, and eventually a king. His experience in Satisfy was incomparable to ordinary people. Therefore...

Unlike others, he could easily make judgments to enter the temple and to calmly cope with this moment. Grid didn't realize it himself, but everything about the way he thought and behaved was naturally different for ordinary people.

"Isn't the bow a weapon that is difficult to obtain? It is a strength that isn't easy to get in the beginning. Unfortunately, there isn't the scripture that you want, but I have this bow. Let's exchange this bow with your sword."

Grid's suggestion confused the woman.

"Why should I?"

In response to the woman's question, Grid lied like it was natural.

"Isn't the bow a lot better than the sword? Isn't it more profitable to trade with this? It's a big loss for me, but I don't want an unnecessary struggle."

The woman refuted.

"The bow is a weapon that can't be used without arrows. Now you don't seem to have a weapon other than the bow. I am in a situation where I can easily overpower you..."

"Then do it." Grid interrupted her in the middle. He put the bow in his inventory and raised his fists. "Seeing you refuse the bow, you must be a cleric or a magician? Your attack power with the sword is the same as my bare hands. Right? Then let's fight. Let's have a dog fight."

"What...?"

The woman panicked.

'He's a warrior, not a priest?'

The scripture was a tool needed by the priest. The woman saw Grid enter the shrine to search for the scripture and naturally thought he was a priest. But now he was a warrior. Things didn't look good. Grid confirmed that she was shrinking back and said again.

"How about it? Do you want to exchange the sword with a bow, or fight?"

"I-I guess it is better not to fight. But I won't exchange weapons. Just go."

"Okay."

Grid nodded and left the shrine. Some of those fighting saw him but no one was able to pursue him straight away. After a while.

"Sigh..."

Grid was relieved once he arrived at a safe area. The commentators spoke words of admiration as Grid sitting in a tree was broadcasting.

[[I'm amazed at the wit and bold judgment that allowed him to escape from a crisis. He's a charming person.]]

[[This isn't the Grid we know. This is how an ordinary player became a legend and a king... I feel like I got a glimpse of that strength.]]

Grid was Grid, even if he lost the power of a legend. He demonstrated his strength. The viewers' appreciation of Grid rose sharply.

At this moment, the number of participants in Battlefield were dwindling fast.

# Chapter 740

Some people looked for weapons from the beginning, while some people hid in safe places. In addition, some people eliminated others by killing them. Hide and seek, defeating and looting were repeated without stopping. There was no safe zone here so the thoughts and strategies of 1,500 people intersected. Battlefield progressed rapidly, with the survivors shrinking to 900 in the first 20 minutes.

Grid confirmed the number of survivors marked on one side and frowned.

‘I thought it was dirty because it was 100,000 pyeong.’

Actually, a size of 100,000 pyeong was big. It was around half the size of any town in a province. The first time he entered Battlefield and saw the various hills, valleys, buildings, and forests, Grid wondered how many people would die in three hours. He thought that most people would be looking for each other when the time limit was over.

However, he was mistaken. The 100,000 pyeong land felt small due to the pursuit, hiding and fighting of 1,500 people. Grid looked at the mini-map while looking for the next route.

‘I will pass the shrine closest to here.’

The shrine closest to Grid’s present location was 110 meters away. It was closest to the shrine where Grid secured the scripture. Grid judged that it was too dangerous.

‘The people who watched the entrance of the shrine will move to the nearest one and follow the same procedure.’

Right now, it would be pandemonium. A massive battle might happen. Grid was afraid he would be in danger.

‘Should I use an underpass?’

Battlefield had an underground area. There were entrances everywhere so it was easy to enter. There was also a sense of covertness because the mini-map didn’t show the

detailed structure of the underpass. Objectively, the underground seemed like the safest area.

'It isn't the case.'

He couldn't think the same as other people. Many people would've fled to the underground and would be fiercely competing.

*Flinch.*

Grid felt a sense of discomfort as he looked at the mini-map. His hands were empty.

'Speaking of bare hands...'

He needed a weapon. It was the minimum condition to survive. Grid stayed above ground and started looking around. He didn't miss the niche in the thick forest. Weapons were relatively easy to find.

"A mace."

He found a mace between thorny vines and swung it several times. The blunt weapon didn't have a distinctive weight. It felt like wielding an ordinary sword. Every weapon in Battlefield had the same formula except for the bow and the magic wand.

'But there's a slight difference.'

Grid noticed that the blunt weapon was 50cm in length. It was much shorter than the average length of swords. In fact, the blunt weapon that Grid was equipped with now was much shorter than the sword that the woman he encountered in the shrine was using.

'It doesn't feel good in my hands.'

Grid used various weapons as Pagma's Descendant but in the end, his favorite weapons were the greatsword and long sword. Blunt weapons didn't receive the corrective effect of Pagma's Descendant so he was somewhat unfamiliar with them.

'I better find a sword.'

Scriptures weren't only in the shrine. They might be out in the open like this blunt

weapon. Grid was able to relax because he had such convictions. He could think flexibly because there was no need to obsess over the shrines.

‘Oh?’

How good would it be to find a sword after a scripture? Grid was filled with expectations as he moved through the forest and found a cabin beyond lush bushes. It was an old, narrow cabin that seemed cramped when only one person entered.

‘Can I get something from here?’

It was a situation where he could get items on the path. It was expected that various tools would be available in specific buildings.

So...

‘Let’s not enter.’

Grid decided that there would already be someone inside the cabin. ‘Hiding the tools and unleashing a surprise attack on anyone who enters.’ Grid hid in the bushes and thought carefully about the structure of the cabin.

‘There is a window on every side so it’s impossible to approach it in secret. I will wait for someone else to appear first.’

Once a person blinded by greed found the cabin and approached without thinking, there would be a dogfight with the person already hiding in the cabin.

‘I will watch quietly and come out later.’

It was ideal to take the items from mindless competitors fighting each other! Grid smiled grimly as he thought about it. There was nothing as happen as eating something free in the world. But his smile didn’t last long.

‘Well, there will be few idiots who will approach the cabin... It is better to abandon any lingering attachment... Eh?’

Grid thought realistically and was about to leave. He knew there was no reason to be obsessed with the cabin where obvious danger lurked. At that moment.

*Step.*

“...!”

Grid threw himself flat on the ground. A man was approaching the cabin. Grid covered his mouth to block his breathing, smiling as he watched the man.

‘A fool like this actually exists in the world!’

It was like seeing himself in the past. Grid realized his own growth as the man entered the cabin. However, the sight that unfolded before his eyes was beyond Grid’s expectations.

*Snap!*

“Hiyah!”

As the man opened the door of the cabin, the woman hiding in the hut waved her sword. It was the ideal timing for a surprise attack. But the ideal timing meant it was predictable.

*Peok!*

The man who opened the cabin door. He closed the door again and used it to block the sword. Due to that, the woman’s sword that should’ve pierced the man’s body ended up only piercing the cabin door. The man confirmed that the sword pierced the door and immediately opened it again.

Then.

“Kyaaak!”

The woman’s body fell out of the cabin with her sword still stuck in the door. The man’s spear struck her.

*Puok!*

A spear that precisely struck the heart! Battlefield had fixed damage. In Satisfy, this attack would have a 100% chance of causing a critical strike. Perfect response speed, the ability to use the environment and the skill to handle the spear. Grid was convinced

as he hid in the bushes and witnessed it.

'High ranker...!'

This man wasn't stupid. He knew someone would be hiding in the cabin and approached anyway. It was because he was confident that he could overpower the person hiding. On the other hand, what about Grid? He was also a high ranker so why?

'Why don't I have such confidence?'

*Paruru...*

Grid's eyes shook as he saw the unidentified high ranker overpowering the opponent with pure ability. It was the moment when the blood of the Overgeared King, who fought against the empire and vampires, started to boil.



[[It truly is the genius of fighting...! He has tremendous skills!!]]

In Battlefield, surprisingly one-sided battle scenes were unfolding. All 1,500 people started in equal conditions, but their strategy and control skills were different. In the same circumstances, one person could easily overcome the crisis while another person would be frustrated.

There were people who had better weapons but lost against fists. Most of the winners were high rankers. The giants who had been reigning in Satisfy solely through their skills. Their skills were being fully demonstrated in Battlefield. Among them, the most prominent one was Hao.

As the miracle of the continent and number one ranker in China, his combat ability was the most impressive. Maybe it was because he was conscious of the other bigwigs, including Kraugel, but he chose a magician, which had more potential than a warrior. He beat all his competitors with just an old spear that dealt 1 damage. In the eyes of ordinary people, his ability to control most attacks with the same physical ability and vision as others was amazing. His control was close to a supernatural feat.

"Kyaaak!"

Despite having the advantageous position, the Japanese woman in the cabin was easily beaten. As they saw Hao use an old door to neutralize the opponent, people realized why he was the master of battle. They felt awe at his ability that was beyond the level of ordinary.

*-Hao is one of the players closest to Kraugel... It wasn't a futile claim from the Chinese.*

*-I agree. It wouldn't be a joke if Hao has the same levelling ability was Kraugel.*

*-If it hadn't been Grid VS Kraugel in the National Competition last year, it would've been Hao VS Kraugel.*

Those who witnessed Hao's true talent were sure that Hao would be in the last survivors of Battlefield.

What about Grid who was hiding in the bushes and watching the one-sided massacre?

It could be said that he showed a surprising performance, but it was poor compared to Hao.

*-How long will Grid hide like this...?*

*-He will wait for Hao to leave.*

*The participants don't know each other, but Grid witnessed Hao's skill in real time. He would feel that Hao isn't a regular person.*

*The possibility that he will take a risk and struggle with Hao was close to zero.*

*-It seems humiliating, but it's smart.*

*-That's right. Grid is doing well enough.*

In Battlefield, where items couldn't be used, it was natural that Grid would be perceived as weak. Grid was the person known as overgeared and the Overgeared King. He seemed aware that he was less talented compared to other high rankers. In fact, Grid was avoiding combat as much as possible.

He was meek compared to his reputation. But people didn't blame him. They appreciated that he was aware of his own ability and was playing the game to match

it. No one looked at him badly.

[[Ah! As soon as I spoke, Hao has logged out Satsuki!]]

[[This is really worthy of admiration. He only suffered two damage.]]

[[In other words, he hit Satsuki 20 times while only being hit once. I don't know why high rankers have such good control... As an ordinary player, I can't even imagine it.]]

[[Due to these scenes, there is a theory that a specific DNA gene for virtual reality exists... Eh? W-What is this?]]

[[No, what courage is this?]]

The commentators were startled while praising Hao. A man had been hiding the whole time Hao was fighting. Then Overgeared King Grid jumped up and moved in front of Hao.

*-What?*

*-Does he want to fight Hao?*

*-Grid has already showed some excellent skills. Maybe he's trying to show off his talent again by facing Hao?*

As everyone was feeling expectant.

"Pon? Regas? Or perhaps Kraugel? I don't know who you are."

Grid held his blunt weapon and pointed to Hao.

"Let's fight. I'm curious. What level am I at now?"

*Flinch.*

Hao saw Grid's eyes, which were visible through the mask, and instinctively sensed something. The opponent was a predator like himself.

"I preferably want to win..." Hao smiled bitterly. Then he let out a sigh and took a fighting stance. "I can't avoid the fight, since you asked so proudly."

# Chapter 741

'It's difficult to adjust to this body.'

Hao was a martial artist ahead of being a high ranker. In reality, he was a monster who practiced martial arts around the world to the limit. He had a transcendent body in Satisfy and the real world. Thus, he was forced to feel a lot of dissatisfaction with the newly granted body in Battlefield.

It was a rotten body equivalent to a level 10 character in Satisfy. Heavy, slow, and weak. Hao's perception was already far away while his body was still in place. Hao filled that his whole body was covered with shackles. He was shocked that he wasn't even aware someone was watching him.

'But.'

Hao thought. This unreasonable situation, it wasn't just him. All other participants were experiencing the same thing. He wasn't the only one disadvantaged. It was an equal situation. Hao tried to identify the man in front of him.

'It isn't Kraugel.'

Kraugel was the strongest person that even Hao envied. It was absurd that such a person would say that they wanted to test their abilities. Hao identified the blunt weapon in the man's hands and thought of a few people.

'Damian, Vantner, Toban, Bubat, Shane, Ronam...'

They were the rankers who focused on blunt weapons. Among them, Damian favored the sword. But he was a paladin, so he was probably used to blunt weapons. Hao thought about it and came to a conclusion.

'Damian.'

Hao decided since Vantner, Toban, Bubat, Shane, and Ronam were two or three levels below him. He was sure that this was the truth.

'If they saw my skills, they wouldn't dare come forward.'

On the other hand, Damian was different. Damian, one of the few people who played a close match with Grid in the last National Competition, was Hao's competitor.

'But that's in Satisfy.'

In Satisfy, Damian reigned as the pope. As the pope, his skills composition was beyond the realm of a player. Hao couldn't guarantee victory. But this was Battlefield. This was a separate world where he didn't need to be afraid of Damian's fraudulent skills.

'If we fight under the same conditions, I will definitely be superior.'

*Supak!*

Hao promised and moved the spear in a straight line. It was the basic thrust of the spear. Hao had steadily trained in the sword for 20 years, but he also had considerable skill with the spear. Moreover, he had Weapons Mastery and often used the spear in Satisfy. He was able to use spear techniques with a lot of difficulty.

Then why use a basic thrust? Difficult techniques would just grab his ankles. Hao judged that it was counterproductive in his present body. It would just expose gaps. Thus, he decided to rely on the most familiar and efficient basic operations. The result?

*Puok!*

Hao's basic thrust was very powerful. Hao guessed that his opponent was Damian. In other words, Hao's spear pierced Grid's chest. Grid couldn't respond to Hao's spear, which moved through the shortest route. Grid recognize that Hao's spear was coming almost at the same time that Hao's spear reached Grid's chest.

'This is my chance!'

Hao immediately withdrew the spear. He wanted to accumulate damage with continuous stabs. But he couldn't pull the spear back. It was because Grid moved forward the moment Hao started to retrieve the spear. The distance between Grid and Hao narrowed in an instant. It was a distance where Grid's blunt weapon could be effective.

*Peng!*

Grid rush and the blunt weapon narrowly brushed by Hao's head.

'Once again, a non-threatening action won't stop the enemy from attacking.'

As he listened to the ringing in his ears, Hao felt pity that he could only deal fixed damage. Normally, that attack would be enough to threaten the opponent's life. But how could the opponent in front of him be so brave?

*Puuok!*

Hao avoided Grid's attack and retreated, security a safe distance for the spear. Then he stabbed without hesitation. Grid was hit again as he rushed forward.

*Peng!*

Grid's blunt weapon once again brushed by Hao's face. This time, he twisted his body to avoid Grid's attack. He turned his spear to recover. Once his waist was back in its original position, he wielded it again.

*Pakak!*

Hao's spear struck Grid's forearm! Grid accumulated 3 damage in an instant.

'Vantner or Toban?'

The level was lower than expected. Hao realized that his opponent wasn't Damian and the audience sighed.

*-Ah... He couldn't even hit Hao once while he was hit three times.*

*-The result is too obvious. What is Grid thinking?*

*-A fool mistakenly gained courage and his illusion was dissipated.*

*-That's the current Grid.*

The audience clearly saw Grid's talent and thought that Grid was stupid and frustrating to challenge Hao. Did Grid upset himself with unfounded self-confidence? Was he crazy or stupid? The moment everyone thought this.

*Cheook!*

Grid was hit in the forearm with Hao's spear. Hao retreated to reclaim the spear again. Then Grid moved to the left and right in front of Hao. The movement was too ludicrous to be simple evasive action. It was like a dance. At that moment.

'These movements...!'

Hao's eyes widened.

*-Eh...?*

*-Isn't this vaguely familiar?*

The viewers felt something strange. Then Grid's blunt weapon struck once.

*Peng!*

The second blow.

*Peeng!*

The third blow.

*Kwajak!*

Hao allowed several blows. On the other hand, Grid avoided all of Hao's stabs. It was the side to side movement of Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link, performed by a level 10 character.

"Grid...!"

Hao shouted in a trembling voice after finding out who he was fighting with.

Grid retorted.

"It's best with behavior the body is familiar with. Right?"

Grid became familiar with Hao's basic motions of stabbing and used the Pagma's Swordsmanship that he was accustomed to. Pagma's sword dance had been used

repeatedly over the years and was the 'base' of Grid. Grid reminded himself. Unlike other skills that could be activated just by crying out the skill name, this damn skill had the disadvantage of going through a 'process' before Pagma's Swordsmanship could be used.

The experience he had in Satisfy was shown here in Battlefield. The unavoidable accumulation of experience was sublimated into a powerful weapon at this moment.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship."

Grid started moving again. It was the skilled footwork that had been repeated hundreds of thousands of times. The moves he used to approach Hao weren't ordinary. It was evasive and charging forward. Therefore, Hao shrank back. Hao's excellent eyes grabbed his ankles at this moment.

"Kill!"

*Peeng!*

A technique that rushed towards the target while raising the killing intent. Unlike Satisfy, the damage was only 1. However, the momentum expressed was scary. Hao forgot that this was Battlefield and sensed his death. But it was only an illusion.

[You have suffered 1 damage.]

"Kuk...!"

He forgot to breathe as he was beaten by Grid's attacks. The notification window reminded Hao of reality. He recovered his composure. But Grid already had the momentum.

"Endless Pagma's Swordsmanship!"

No mana consumption! No cooldown! Grid didn't rest but kept moving. He used the footwork for Link, Kill, Wave, Pinnacle, and Revolve. He started to avoid, attack, and counterattack. Finally.

*Peok!*

*Puk!*

*Jjejejeok!*

Grid's attacks now hit once every three attempts while Hao's attacks fell to one hit every three attempts. The situation of the two people was temporarily the same. The commentators and viewers couldn't close their mouths as they watched the fierce fight.

*-Grid and Hao are even...*

*-Is this a dragon fight?*

*-Wow, Grid is cool. He's the best even without items.*

*-Where are all the people saying that Grid's skills are only because of items?*

*-Grid has proved it.*

*-How he managed to get recognized as a legend. How he became king and how he got into the Hall of Fame.*

He showed his experience winning, losing, fighting strong enemies, and winning to the world as he fought Hao. He was also a high ranker!

*"Uraaaaaat!"*

*"Ugh...!"*

*Peng!*

*Peng! Pepeng!*

Was he too excited? Grid roared like a beast and kept wielding the blunt weapon. In order to make sure that Hao couldn't use the long reach of a spear, Grid got up close and used the threatening nature of the blunt weapon. Due to the thick end, it was difficult to completely avoid the blunt weapon and it boasted a relatively wide attack range.

'It truly is Grid...!'

Grid was already acknowledged by Hao since the 2nd National Competition. He praised Grid so much that he probably would've followed Grid if he hadn't met Kraugel first. But he didn't give up.

'He has fully grasped the use of the blunt weapon with his natural talent.'

Hao's gaze temporarily moved away from Grid to behind Grid. It was the side of the cabin. Since they started fighting, Grid had been backing up towards the cabin.

'I made a sufficient gap in the beginning. In the end, I will be victorious. But it is difficult to suffer from this damage.'

Hao's eyes were caught by the long sword dropped by the competitor he previously defeated. It was at the side of the cabin entrance. Hao decided that if he could get the sword, he would be able to fight against Grid in a melee. He believed he could overpower Grid without any more damage. He was much more accustomed to a sword than a spear in the first place. However, there was a problem.

"Why do you think our positions have changed this way?"

Grid was aiming for the sword from the beginning. Grid was approaching the side of the cabin because Grid guided it this way. On the other hand, Hao had only recently become obsessed with the sword. At first, he didn't even care about the sword. He was confident that he could overpower the opponent with just a spear. His brow furrowed.

Grid opened the distance from Hao and picked up the sword! He laughed at the despairing Hao and opened the scripture in his other hand.

At the same time.

*Shaaaaaah-*

Light covered Grid's body and his health was restored. Even here, it was the power of items.

# Chapter 742

‘What?’

As soon as Grid pulled out the blue booklet, Hao got goosebumps. He knew what the identity of this book was.

‘Scripture...!’

*Swaaaaah.*

Grid’s body was surrounded by light. The wounds that proved the fierceness of the battle disappeared like a lie. Hao’s eyes shook.

‘He selected a cleric?’

In the character selection value, Hao saw the cleric’s value as low. A magician exerted a unique attack power after getting a magic wand, while a producer could make bows and arrows themselves. Both were excellent classes. In particular, Hao thought that Grid would choose the producer class. It was a speculation considering his identity as a legendary blacksmith. Yet he was a cleric?

Hao gulped.

‘Grid, did you know from the beginning?’

In the character selection window, Hao saw the cleric as a bad class. Immediately after entering the battlefield, he realized after seeing that there were dozens of shrines on the mini-map. In fact, the cleric was the class with the greatest potential. Why? The scriptures, which he thought relied on pure luck, were actually items that could be secured strategically. If a cleric secured a large number of scriptures, Hao predicted that the cleric would be the greatest hurdle.

But he didn’t worry much. He was sure that no one among the high rankers would choose a cleric.

‘I don’t anyone would’ve realized that the scriptures can be secured so easily just by

looking at the character description.'

The scriptures were described as being all over the map. There was no explanation that it could be secured in a specific area. The other rankers were likely to evaluate a cleric lowly. But Grid was different. He selected a cleric.

'Grid, you read a few steps into the future. Indeed, you are the person that I acknowledge. I can only say that you are great.'

Hao was impressed and thrilled. Now he had 7 health left. On the other hand, Grid read the scripture and had 15 health.

'I need to hit him 15 times.'

The situation had become worse. The word 'defeat' entered Hao's head. However, Hao didn't know how to give up.

'There's still a chance. The possibility that Grid has secured two scriptures is very unlikely.'

He had to do two or three hits for every time he got hit! Hao held his spear and raised his concentration to the extremes. He had already become accustomed to Pagma's Swordsmanship.

'Grid turns when he uses Link and Wave, while he can respond with a faster thrust when he uses Kill. He doesn't attack when using the footwork of Revolve and will narrow the distance when he uses Pinnacle.'

Hao was a person who was praised as the master of fighting. His ability to identify the enemy's strengths and weaknesses and reverse the situation were excellent. He had excellent analytical abilities and improvisation so it wasn't difficult for him to grasp Pagma's Swordsmanship. Hao believed that he could observe the direction of Grid's feet during the sword dance and cope with it, allowing him to easily win.

At that moment.

*Teong!*

Grid stepped forward. The weight on his leg was different from simply moving. It was the precursor of Kill and Pinnacle.

Hao quickly identified it and moved his right foot backwards. He watched clearly how Grid's feet moved and took preliminary actions to cope with a stab or avoidance. At this point, Grid moved forward again. He narrowed the distance to Hao more than necessary.

'Pinnacle!'

Hao detected it! Hao didn't want to confront it with his low health and took one step back. He chose to take evasive action. At the same time.

*Sakak-!*

Grid's sword moved through the area where Hao had just been standing. It was an attack with more sharpness compared to using blunt weapons. A smile appeared on Hao's mouth.

'Now!'

It was time to counterattack. Hao moved his right foot in a wide manner. The spear in his hand stretched out like a flash. It was aimed precisely at Grid's heart. Hao was confident that he would completely stab Grid. But at that moment, Grid's sword falling towards the ground stopped in the air. The moment Hao came closer to Grid. The descending strike was converted into a stab.

Pinnacle Kill.

'What?'

*Puk!*

Hao's spear stabbed at Grid's chest.

*Puook!*

Grid's sword pierced Hao's heart. Of course, Grid was faster. Before Hao could reclaim the spear, Grid retrieved the sword and attacked a second time. It was possible because the length of the sword was shorter than the spear.

*Seokeok!*

“Kuk...!”

Hao’s shoulder was cut. Grid recovered his sword again and Hao, who already finished retrieving his spear, belatedly struck a second time. Hao tried to maintain his composure. If he could hit two more times, they would return to the starting point. Therefore, he decided not to fret. However, Hao’s second blow didn’t hit.

*Jjejeong!*

Just before Hao’s spear reached his chest. Grid turned his sword in the air and blocked Hao’s spear. Revolve.

‘What happened?’

Hao’s eyes twitched. Not only did Grid’s swordsmanship become more diverse, but it was surprising since it was linked at a faster timing than before. It might be a small change when other people saw it. But in Hao’s case, he was directly dealing with Grid and Grid seemed to have been transformed into a different person.

Hao was confused.

“Sword dance, sword dance. It is no wonder that a sword is more appropriate for it than a blunt weapon.”

Grid informed him of the situation. That’s right. Grid changed the moment he switched from a blunt weapon to a sword. Now he was showing off his true talent.

‘I can’t lose with a sword!’

From the beginning, Grid saw Hao as a tough opponent. Thus, he was keenly looking for a sword from the moment the battle began. On the other hand, Hao saw Grid as below him. He wasn’t obsessed with the sword at first.

‘This is the result of carelessness!’

Hao realized the difference between himself and Grid. Grid was humble, while Hao was arrogant. This difference showed in the current results. Hao thought so. But the reality was somewhat different. Hao used various weapons thanks to Weapons Mastery. He was skilled with all weapons because of his excellent talent. That’s why he wasn’t obsessed with a specific weapon. On the other hand, Grid had no talent like

Hao. He used a variety of weapons but he wasn't accustomed to weapons other than swords. Therefore, he had no confidence with other weapons. This was why he was so obsessed with the sword.

One who had talent and one who had not. The two of them were divided here. It wasn't because Grid was humble. It was a truth that no one knew.

'I can't win.'

Hao judged. He sensed it the moment Grid used two sword dances in a row.

'Achieving such complicated sword dances with the stats of this body... His talent is comparable to Kraugel.'

The difference between heaven and earth! Hao was enlightened and abandoned the weapon on his hand.

"I lost. Kill me."

"Huh?" Grid was confused when his opponent surrendered at the end. "Why are you surrendering? Shouldn't you accumulate as much damage on me as possible, even if you lose?"

"I would've done this if I hated you."

Hao had a great liking for Grid. That's why he visited South Korea. He didn't want to cause damage to Grid by fighting to the end. He wanted to cheer on Grid rather than grab at Grid's ankle. Grid noticed his heart and smiled.

"You are truly Pon. Thank you."

"..."

This guy, he still didn't know Hao's identity despite fighting for so long? Hao became frustrated once he realized how weak his presence was.

'My skills are lacking.'

Hao was once Grid's enemy. If Grid had been impressed by Hao, it would've been possible for him to identify Hao in this match. But Grid didn't know Hao's identity. It

meant Hao didn't leave an intense impression on Grid. Hao blamed himself for being lacking. But it wasn't true. The reason why Grid mistook Hao as Pon wasn't because he trivialized Hao's ability. It was the opposite.

"How about it? You are Pon right? Only Pon can use the spear in such an amazing manner."

"...Haha, I am Hao."

A big smile appeared on Hao's face.



*-Hao is pathetic!*

*-Surrendering without fighting to the end...! It's the disgrace of a great nation!*

The Chinese viewers were indignant. The top ranker of China was defeated by the ranker of a 'small country.'

*-Hao should be banished forever from China!*

*-Right! It is unacceptable for a representative of 1.5 billion people to kneel to a Korean representative! The entire world is watching as China surrenders to South Korea! It's an absolute disgrace!!!*

*-Banish Hao!*

*-Send him to the trash!*

The Internet was in chaos. The Chinese people were angry on various communities and social networks. Of course, this wasn't all Chinese people. But some people disgraced the country of China with their selfishness and arrogance.

*-I pity Hao.*

*-Yes. How many medals has Hao obtained for China so far... One result has caused him to be called a complete traitor.*

*-Aren't they particularly sensitive because Grid is Korean? The Chinese seem to ignore*

*South Korea quite a bit.*

*-Why are they taking the competition between Grid and Hao like the competition between South Korea and China? It's a solo exhibition anyway.*

*-That's right. What does a person's nationality matter?*

The moment when netizens of each country were accusing some of the Chinese netizens, the Korean netizens felt a great deal of pleasure.

*-God Grid alone can turn the continent upside down. ㄷ ㄷ ㄷ ㄷ Really amazing.*

*-South Koreans seemed to be genetically excellent. Our population isn't high, but one person in each field is always unique.*

*-Ah, I really like Grid. Thanks to Grid, I'm happy at every National Competition.*

*-Eh? What is this?*

*-Wow. It is big.*

The people watching Battlefield grew restless. As Grid and Hao were facing each other, an Australian representative aimed at Grid through the bushes. Just before Grid was caught off guard.

*-Avoid it!*

*-Notice it!*

No matter how fast the netizens typed or the shouts of the audience, the contents couldn't reach Grid. Grid was thinking if it was better to kill Hao, who already acknowledged defeat, or team up with Hao. Then.

*Teong!*

An arrow flew through the bushes and hit Grid.

[You have suffered 2 damage.]

“Kuk...!”

High destructive power! Grid turned a perplexed gaze in the direction that the arrow came from.

“Take this. If you beat me then you better win.”

Hao handed the blue booklet to Grid and rushed through the bushes.

*Puk!*

An arrow struck Hao’s chest. Now Hao’s health fell below 3. His vision started blinking red as a warning. However, Hao didn’t stop. He moved accurately in the direction of the arrow and stabbed the spear in the opponent who ambushed Grid.

“Shit...! I thought I could eat for free! Aren’t you enemies?”

The Australian representative shook as he was stabbed by the spear. He was also in a state of low health from fighting against other representatives.

*Paaaat!*

Hao and the Australian representative turned grey at the same time.

“Hao!”

Thanks to Hao, Grid preserved his health. There were now less than 400 people left on Battlefield.

# Chapter 743

“Reap what you sow...”

Grid remembered how he treated Hao to jjampong when he came to South Korea. It was also 1,000 won more expensive than ordinary jjampong.

“I will repay this favor.”

Grid vowed as he watched Hao turn to grey. He would live by killing many people in the future. He wouldn't sacrifice himself, but he realized it was better to help people in the proper limits.

‘I will pay back those who helped me, like Hao!’

A heart full of evil intentions! Grid's intentions to advance weren't pure. However, he was developing. Grid was originally a person who hated the act of giving to others. But this was changing. It was bit by bit in the process of making friends, sharing with colleagues, sharing love with his family, and making new bones.

“...Thank you once again, Hao.”

Grid confirmed the blue booklet that Hao gave him. It was a scripture. Hao had stopped by a shrine at the beginning of the game.

"The next time you go to South Korea, I will treat you to more expensive jjampong..."

Grid placed the scripture on one side of his inventory and approached the place where Hao and the Australian representative had died. He was hoping they would drop items. Unfortunately, all five items that dropped were arrows.

‘Not all items that you own will drop if you die. The drop rate is like Satisfy.’

The cleric couldn't use a bow. Grid took the arrows and moved to the rear of the cabin. The cabin was located at the edge of a cliff and a small village could be seen beneath the cliff. This was the end of the forest.

'I should stop there and secure a few more swords.'

The Battlefield items also had durability like Satisfy. Every time he used it, the red gauge on the weapon was slightly reduced. Grid assumed that the item would be destroyed when the gauge disappeared. He needed extra weapons because half of the gauge was reduced when he fought against Hao.

Grid decided and went down to the village. He moved secretly and carefully so he wouldn't be seen by people in the village.



There was a small village on the mini-map with the name of 'Caroline.' It was a village located below a high altitude forest. Located on the outskirts of Battlefield, there were only nine small houses in this village. Now in this place.

"Pant... Pant..."

Brazil's representative, Jishuka was isolated. It was a mistake to stop by Caroline in order to get an item.

'I didn't think a team would be hiding.'

As soon as she entered the village, she was attacked by three people and barely survived. Now she had only 7 health left and her weapon was on the verge of breaking.

'If only I had a bow...'

Jishuka was a person praised as a godly archer. The weapon she was most familiar with was the bow. The bow was a tool to prove her true abilities. But she had no luck after entering Battlefield and couldn't see the bow.

"Girl, you will die anyway, so don't waste time. Huh?"

"What are you doing? You're also a representative of a country. Aren't you ashamed to hide like a rodent?"

"Or do you have no honor because you are the representative of a poor country? Kilkil."

The three men surrounded the house where Jishuka was hiding and shouted. For safer

hunting, the French representatives provoked and attracted their prey. Those who were allies created a signal to confirm their identity immediately before accessing Battlefield. Since then, they were lucky to find each other and had been working together as a team of three. The number of people they hunted in this small village of Caroline had already reached 40 people.

"...She isn't coming out to the end."

"Dammit, we have to be careful. This woman is a ranker."

The French representatives trembled as they looked at their injuries. They were trying to hunt the women hiding in the house and suffered great damages. They were nervous. They had to deal with this fierce beast before starting the next hunt. Drain, the leader of the three men, calmed his teammates.

"It's time for the supplies to fall. We can recover using the potions, but not her. Wait calmly. In the end, that woman will become nervous."

Time was on their side. The map might become narrower and they had to fight more competitors, but there were three of them.

"We will be the last three people."

"That's right."

"Yes, let's wait."

His teammates leaned on Drain. He was always cool with facing the enemy and his unified ranking was as high as 10,000. His strength was also excellent. The moment that the French representatives believed they could be the final three with him.

*Flap.*

A parachute fell from the sky. It was a parachute loaded with a supplies box.

"It came!"

"Potions!"

The French representatives shifted their gaze to the sky at the same time. Fortunately,

the supplies were falling near here. It was 40 meters away.

Drain said, "You stay in your positions. I will bring the potions."

"Understood."

"She isn't weak, so defend well."

*Nod.*

Drain confirmed his colleagues' trustworthy answers and moved away. The place where the supplies dropped was inside Caroline. Drain judged that the risk was low since they had occupied this area for more than an hour.

Indeed.

'There!'

The box of supplies was still in its place. Drain smiled as he rushed out of the alley which had four houses side by side. Drain left the alley and his hand stretched out to grab the box of supplies.

"Link."

*Pipit!*

"Kuk...!"

Something sharp flew twice in a row and cut at Drain's hand. Drain was physically shocked from suffering 2 damage and missed the supplies box.

"What bastard...?"

Someone sneaked into the village without them knowing? Damn, they paid too much attention to the female high ranker. They didn't guard the boundaries. The angry Drain hurriedly pulled out a weapon. Then he swung it in the direction that the sword was flying.

*Jjejeong!*

The two sounds let out a loud sound as they collided in the air. Drain threatened the intruder.

"I'm a warrior...! I'm different from you who can only deal 1 damage!"

*Teong!*

Drain used all his strength to bounce the other sword back and then pushed against the opponent's hard shoulder. Once the opponent lost his balance, he wielded his sword. As a ranker in the top 10,000 of the unified rankings, he had excellent combat ability. However, the viewers watching this scene didn't admire Drain's abilities.

Drain was ordinary compared to Hao, who was the main character of the screen a while ago. The intruder he was dealing with right now was the 2nd ranked on the unified rankings, who even beat Hao.

"Revolve."

*Kwakakakang!*

"What?"

The opponent naturally rotated his body as he was falling to block the attack and counterattack at the same time? Not only did Drain's blow fail to hit, he also suffered 1 damage. Now he realized.

'This guy is a high ranker...!'

The opponent was a different level from him. The top 5,000. No, maybe this ranker was in the top 1,000.

'I have no chance!'

He had to join his teammates. Drain judged and started running without looking back. He was heading to where his teammates were. He easily gave up the supplies box. Thanks to this, Grid could easily obtain the supplies.

[One health potion has been acquired.]

[Two mana potions has been acquired.]

"There are three potions?"

Grid especially welcomed the mana potion. This made it possible to use a few more scriptures in the future.

"A dog profit."

He could easily obtain this without receiving any harm! Grid wanted to hum but he was worried he might be discovered by someone else. He was about to search the houses when he stopped.

"Kyaaaak!"

It was because he heard a woman scream. The direction of the scream was the same direction that the man had run towards.

'Let's take a look.'

Of course, he didn't intend to help the owner of the scream. He wanted to watch the people fighting among themselves and then profit from it.



"Dammit! We have to finish soon!"

Drain was in a hurry after being struck by an unidentified high ranker and being deprived of the supplies box. His teammates thought it was strange since he was a leader who always kept his cool.

"Why? What's going on?"

His teammates were uneasy. Rather than bringing back supplies like potions, Drain was wounded. They were worried about what the problem was. Drain aimed his sword at the door of the house where Jishuka was hiding and explained.

"Another high ranker appeared. He will obviously aim for us. We have to get rid of the

woman in this house before he comes.”

They could run away and abandon the village. However, the unforeseeable danger from moving to another place was too great. Drain didn't want to leave this place. His companions read his intentions and responded. One pulled out a mace and the other pulled out an axe. The three of them attacked the door at the same time.

“You guys...!”

Jishuka hurriedly pulled out a sword from where she was hiding in the house. She intended to fight, but it wouldn't be easy.

*Jjang! Jjejejeok!*

*Puk!*

"Ohh!"

It was a tough fight because she was attacked by three people in a small space. In particular, Jishuka wasn't proficient at close combat. It was absolutely impossible for her to overpower the French trio who had good control. In the end.

"Kyaaaaak!"

Jishuka suffered a series of critical blows and screamed. The pain and fear she received psychologically was tremendous as she was hit by the weapons. In particular, the French trio were warriors. Jishuka drank all the potions she secured in advance but she only had three health left.

"It is really terrible.”

“This is the end.”

Jishuka was also a warrior. The French representatives were also damaged by her fierce resistance. But it was finally over. The French representatives completely suppressed Jishuka. Now the fight would be over if Drain dealt the last blow. The moment Drain was about to stab Jishuka's chest.

“Wave.”

*Tong!*

*Teteteteng!*

Suddenly, there was an eerie voice behind them and the three French representatives were simultaneously hit.

‘Wide area?’

The French representatives made disbelieving expressions. Weren’t there no attack skills on Battlefield? How were they suddenly hit at the same time? As they turned their heads with trembling eyes, Grid retrieved his sword.

"Three men shouldn’t be mean enough to attack one girl. Come here."

“...”

Grid and Jishuka’s eyes met across the French trio. The two of them immediately recognized each other. Jishuka used Pagma’s Swordsmanship as a clue while Grid used her chest as a clue.

‘Grid...!’

‘E cup...’

Grid was convinced the masked woman was Jishuka. Both the size and shape matched. He could tell even if he couldn’t identify her face or voice. Grid know only one woman in the world with this ideal figure.

*Chaaeng!*

Grid swung his sword at Drain again, before pulling the bow and arrows out from his inventory and throwing them to Jishuka.

"Fly up!"

“Yes...!”

The advent of the godly archer.

“A bow in this narrow place...! Keok!”

The arrows fired at the French representatives in succession and Grid was able to finish them off easily. The moment the scattered bonds gathered together.

*-He's completely a prince on a white horse.*

*-He's protecting his girl.*

*-Jishuka is really sexy and pretty... I really envy Grid.*

Grid's anti-cafe members started to increase as much as his fan cafe members. It happened every year due to the men's jealousy.

Finally, Battlefield was moving to the second half. The current number of survivors was 166.

# Chapter 744

“How did you know it was me?”

Jishuka’s eyes were shining brightly behind the mask. She was happy that Grid recognized her instantly. It was a happiness that couldn’t be satisfied even with her natural beauty and wealth.

“That...”

“That?”

“...I knew when I took a close look. Haven’t we been together for a few years?”

Grid didn’t answer honestly because he was concerned that he might be accused of sexual harassment. His roundabout words would cause anyone else to be suspicious, but Jishuka just laughed.

“You recognized me despite changing my voice and covering my face...? Huhut.”

“Huh...? I’m not a stalker. Please don’t misunderstand.”

“How interesting.”

“...”

Grid was worried because he didn’t understand Jishuka’s mood. It was because he couldn’t assume she liked him, when she had topped the list of women that men were attracted to for the third year in a row.

[An axe has been acquired.]

[A long sword has been acquired.]

[A tanto has been acquired.]

[A short bow has been acquired.]

[Four arrows have been acquired.]

[A ★ backpack ★ has been acquired.]

[★ Backpack ★]

Hidden Item.

Increases the maximum number of health potions and mana potions that can be held by one.

“Oh...?”

The French trio had taken over Caroline and hunted numerous competitors so they obtained plenty of good stuff. It was natural that Grid would see great benefits from killing them.

*Lululala~*

Grid hummed with pleasure and handed the bow and arrows to Jishuka.

"The Red Phoenix Bow is more of a short bow than a great bow right? Use this as a replacement."

"Grid, you're giving me this?"

Jishuka had been thinking of returning the bow that she received before to Grid. It was originally Grid's item. Grid thought she didn't want to be in debt to him and explained with an uncomfortable expression.

"I'm a cleric, so I can't use the bow."

"Cleric?"

“Yes.”

“...”

Jishuka naturally thought that Grid was a producer. Yet he was a cleric?

“...You’re not a magician or warrior? A cleric?”

“Yes.”

“...”

Grid and a cleric. Was there any combination stranger than this? Grid shrugged at the confused Jishuka.

"I would’ve given it to you even if I could use the bow. Your archery is the best. Now drink this potion.”

That’s right. Grid had already made up his mind.

"Jishuka, team up with me. Survive together.”

“Yes...!”

Jishuka smiled and nodded vigorously. This was a terrible survival game where only three players could survive. She was relieved and happy that she could be with someone more reliable than anyone else.



One and a half hours after Battlefield started.

[[Now it’s hard to see a solo exhibition.]]

Most of the 166 survivors started teaming up. It was a natural phenomenon. As the number of survivors decreased, the participants in Battlefield could be identified relatively easily. They used their connections and ideas to hold hand with people of the same purpose.

[[Battlefield is an event designed to just every player’s abilities... It’s doubtful that the

current flow is precisely what the S.A. Group wanted.]]

It was clear that a solo exhibition had been transformed into a team game. While there were people who thought like this...

[[Communication can also be considered to be an individual's ability. Anyone who can get a competent and trustworthy team in this difficult situation has already proven their worth. I don't think it's a problem.]]

Teaming up was also an ability. There was many people who welcomed the situation. Generally, there were more of the latter.

*-It's a survival game of three people, so it isn't strange to have teams of three.*

*-The ability to enter a good team or not depends on personal capabilities.*

The Internet started to heat up. The 166 survivors were big names so the audience engagement increased. Who would be the last three among these strong people of each country? One person was for certain.



The moment Battlefield started, many people escaped to the underpass. The relatively weak judged that it would be easier to defend in the dark and complex underground rather than the relatively open ground. After escaping to the underground, they picked the right terrain, hid themselves and took the ideal defense posture. It was with the belief that they would be safe for a limited time, unless the map disappeared. But it was wishful thinking.

A disaster occurred. The identity of this disaster was Sword Saint Kraugel.

Dark visibility and narrow, complex terrain. From a general point of view, the underpass was a disadvantage to attackers. It was beneficial to the defenders that were established first. Other people didn't go underground but Kraugel's interpretation was different. Kraugel determined that it was possible to complete hunting in an enclosed underground space. The defenders lost items and lost escape routes in exchange for safety. He personally descended underground in order to knock down competitors who would be a potential threat. All the people he encountered died.

Words were lacking to express the godly talent. Therefore, he was praised as the sky above the sky. In a battlefield of control, Kraugel was invincible. While people couldn't avoid his attacks, Kraugel neutralized attacks that came from all over the place. He was definitely beyond the category of a human. He was like an absolute figure in a movie.

'Is it settled here?'

He succeeded in defeating the hundreds of competitors in the underground. He was the only one remaining.

*Step, step.*

Kraugel was the only person to kill over one hundred of the 1,500 Battlefield participants. To be exact, it was 127 people. This was in a record one and a half hours.

"Um."

Kraugel put all the usable items into his inventory and stopped as he was about to climb back up to the ground. The number of survivors had stopped at 166 for two minutes.

'Are they starting to form teams?'

Given the size of the field, it was too early to see a lull in the 166 players remaining. Kraugel instantly realized that Battlefield was no longer a solo exhibition. Therefore.

'I have to wait.'

Wariness. What did he have to be afraid of when he was invincible? It was naturally Grid.

'Grid is likely to have assembled the Overgeared members.'

Kraugel was a person who appreciated Grid's potential from the time when Grid hadn't yet been acknowledged by the world. He was always wary of Grid. Control, speed, and communication were all considered. As a result of this calculation, he judged that he had low chances of winning at the moment. If Grid gathered the top talents of the Overgeared Guild then even Kraugel would suffer.

'I will wait.'

Kraugel hid in the darkness of the underground. He was prepared to wait until the number of survivors decreased further. In the meantime, he would knock down anyone who came underground.



It had been two and a half hours since Battlefield started. There were only 30 minutes left and the map had shrunk by a third compared to the beginning. The surviving 32 participants struggled while Kraugel also prepared to move from the underground.

"My Lord...!"

The plane containing the Mongolia representatives. As soon as he entered the Battlefield, he cast a wide area taunt and was honored to be the 'first'...No, Huroi suffered a bitter cup of hardships. He was watching Grid on the monitor. Since joining up with Jishuka, Grid's team had focused on securing arrows and scriptures. On the other hand, the other survivors had teams of at least three to five. Kraugel was alone, but he was an outlier.

"My Lord is at a disadvantage...!"

If only he was competent! When he first logged onto Battlefield, he should've sworn at only one person instead of using a wide range provocation.

"If I did, I would've been by My Lord's side right now! It's an irreversible mistake!"

"...Sigh."

The other Mongolian representatives sighed with relief at his words. If Huroi had survived and kept cursing, they thought that Mongolia would've been disgraced. They thought it was good that Huroi was eliminated early.



[After two minutes, this space on the mini-map will disappear.]

*Beep beep!*

The intervals between the warning windows gradually shortened. The survivors found it hard to find a space to hide. The distance between each other narrowed until they could see each other among several small buildings.

"Now the real fight will start."

"There is no party greater than ours."

The 32 survivors were filled with confidence. In particular, the party of Regas, Pon, and Lauel were amazing. The strongest party that combined the best brain and best control. They believed that they could fight any opponent and win. In fact, they had consecutive winning streaks until now. No one could stop their momentum.

"Huhuhut... Even His Majesty can't stop us."

Lauel gave a wicked laugh. In fact, the viewers recognized these three as candidates for the championship. They thought that even Kraugel couldn't win. So far, the abilities that Pon, Regas, and Lauel showed were great. But they had a poison. It was Grid.

"Everybody listen!"

"...?"

The survivors gazed at one side after hearing a voice. There was a duo consisting of a man and woman. The man was shouting.

"From now on, I will make an item for anyone who surrenders!"

"...?"

Who was suddenly saying such nonsense? As everyone was feeling confused, Lauel paled.

"That's cheating...!"

"I am the Overgeared King!"

"...!"

The survivors started to shake.

# Chapter 745

28 minutes until Battlefield ended.

The Battlefield map had undergone a lot of destruction and the only area left was 'Trion.'

Trion was a small town with five six-story buildings and around 40 one-story houses. The boxes and drums left in the alleys, the large fountain in the central square, and the side roads created a number of variables by serving as cover. The six-story buildings were connected with clotheslines that were exceptionally thick and sturdy.

Like the other survivors, Grid was forced to move into a tree.

'The odds are low.'

Why? Grid had only teamed up with Jishuka, while the other survivors had at least three team members. There was even a team with five people.

'Most of the people here are rankers.'

Considering that Kraugel, Chris, and Pon would be present, Grid wasn't convinced of his superiority. In such a situation, the numerical disadvantage was a huge burden. Above all, the biggest problem was the narrow map.

'It's hard to find a sniping point.'

Grid was a cleric. The warrior Jishuka had to perform the role of damage dealer. She currently had a total of 136 arrows. Theoretically, it could exert sufficient attack power. However, the bow was a weapon that showed its true power when a certain distance was secured.

'For Jishuka to be active here... We must enter a high building...'

It would be easy to enter a building. However, as soon as Jishuka settled on a high floor and started shooting, it was obvious that the competitors' aggro would be concentrated on her.

'I have to guard the stairs to give Jishuka time to deal with them.'

However, clotheslines connected buildings. People could use the clotheslines to come from the building next door. It was impossible to contain all of them at the same time.

'In the first place, I don't know if I can protect the stairs.'

They had a numerical disadvantage and it was an environment where Jishuka couldn't fully demonstrate her archery. In the end, he came to the conclusion that he must play passively.

'I should look at the flow...'

Even that seemed difficult. The other competitors were already paying attention to Grid and Jishuka. It was because they were alone. They were branded as relatively easy prey. As soon as the lull was over, Grid and Jishuka were destined to be chased.

'Shit, these rotten bastards. Why are they pushing me to this point?'

Now Grid was familiar with the camera. He had awareness as an influential person in society. He was inwardly complaining but had a poker face on the surface. Jishuka's murmur was heard in his ears.

"Indeed... Everyone who has survived to the end is skilled enough to team up. It won't be easy."

"Skilled?"

Was forming a team also a merit?

"How can it... Ah?"

Then Grid realized something.

'That's right, it is a skill.'

In Battlefield, a solo exhibition wasn't a 'rule.' There was no provision that they couldn't form a team. That's why Grid teamed up with Jishuka.

'It isn't easy to form a team.'

How easy was it to turn competitors into teammates? It was virtually impossible to build a team here in Battlefield unless they had extraordinary competence or had a special charm. A person who didn't have skills couldn't get a team. Grid shook the moment he realized this.

'The means of proving my skills to people is far more diverse than I thought. I don't have to be obsessed with just showing off combat skills.'

Proof. That's right. Grid recognized Battlefield as a place to prove himself. It was a game where everyone else was in the same situation. Grid wanted to prove himself to people by surviving to the end. The rankers had pure talent who didn't rely only on his items or class. Grid hoped that he would be perceived as equal to those people. Foolishly, he confined his talents to combat ability. He was compelled to show he had better control skills. But not now. A ranker's skills weren't just about combat ability. It was much more diverse.

'I'll show them.'

Grid had skills. He would show everyone in the world why he could rise to this place. A smile crossed Grid's face. He found the answer and shouted without hesitation.

"Everybody listen! Surrender! From now on, I will make an item for anyone who surrenders!"

"...?"

There was awkward silence as the players in the trees tensed up. The survivors looked at each other with bewildered expressions.

'What nonsense is this?'

'Is he crazy?'

"I am the Overgeared King!"

In the confusion, Grid revealed his identity. He announced himself as the legendary blacksmith. He would take advantage of this ability to win. This was Grid's 'pure talent' that he advertised to the world and it was the proof of his 'competence.'

"This is a rare opportunity. Why are you hesitating to surrender?"

Grid was confident. There were few people who could resist his temptations. It was actually the case. The survivors started buzzing.

‘Grid?’

‘That bastard, pulling out something like this to win.’

‘But think about it. Isn’t it much better to surrender and earn items than to lose everything after failing to win an uncertain victory?’

‘It’s true. How easy is it to gain items that Grid produces? Doesn’t it go up to a legendary rating?’

‘He can even make growth rated items.’

*Gulp!*

The survivors started to realize what a wise choice it was. They bit the bait.

[... ]

The commentators were silent. The atmosphere of the survivors as they looked at each other showed they were willing to surrender. Looking at it objectively, there were few reasons not to surrender.

[[Why is this result...?]]

One commentator broke the silence. He wanted to relay a fierce and cool final match so he didn’t welcome Grid’s position. But he couldn’t condemn it. The way that Grid caused the survivors to feel conflicted wasn’t lousy. It was a strategy that caused admiration.

[[It’s a shame to those watching but... I have to acknowledge it. Grid is a wise person. He’s resourceful.]]

[[I agree. I never imagined he would use his ability to make items in order to manipulate the survivors. It’s a strategy I couldn’t imagine.]]

Currently, the survivors were playing the game called Battlefield. Wasn’t it cheating for Satisfy to intervene here? There were few people who thought this. In the end, the

survivors were Satisfy players and Satisfy was the reason why they joined Battlefield. It was natural for Grid to use his influence in Satisfy to survive.

Just.

*-Nobody did this except for Grid...*

*-They didn't use it because they couldn't. If it wasn't Grid, who else can make the survivors surrender?*

*-You're right.*

*-Really amazing. He will win without fighting.*

*-I felt it from the beginning, but Grid's wit is really great. He doesn't have enough strength? It isn't that either. He even beat Hao. He's a perfect combination of intelligence and strength. He's exceptional among the high rankers.*

*-He also has the quality of an alpha, allowing him to be the first king. There seems to be a huge difference between the Grid we know and the actual Grid.*

*-That's right. We only got a few glimpses of him from videos and the National Competition. If we watch by his side...*

*-... There will be a huge liking towards him. Look at the members of Overgeared. I know why the Overgeared members are so loyal to Grid now.*

*-Isn't this why Pope Damian likes Grid?*

The praise continued. They accurately saw Grid. He proved his abilities and his value to people.

Now.

*-I don't think there will be any more fools ignoring Grid.*

Grid was reborn as a complete existence. Just like Kraugel who Grid so envied.



"Now, what is everyone's choice?"

Grid didn't know the outside situation and was only focused on right now. He was expecting a few of the 30 survivors, apart from Jishuka, to surrender to him.

'Maybe not everyone will surrender?'

Grid was well aware of the value of his production items. Thus, he used his items as a means of transaction and diplomacy. He believed it would work again this time. He knew most of the survivors coveted his items and would surrender. But there was a problem.

Putting aside Grid and Jishuka, 14 of the 30 survivors were Overgeared members. The Overgeared members were able to get Grid's items even if they didn't surrender here. This was the part that Grid overlooked. It was evidence of his still lacking intelligence.

An achievement was an achievement. Just as Grid aspired to win, the Overgeared members also wanted to win.

"That Grid is fake!" Lauel shouted. "There is no way to prove that he is Grid! Don't be confused!"

He loved Grid. He wanted to be companions for all his life. This was Lauel's true heart. Lauel really liked Grid. That's why he had been by Grid's side for so many years and wanted to be with him in the future. But he clearly distinguished between priorities. Lauel never thought about giving up victory just because he liked Grid. He also wanted to win. He would do his best to win. It was for himself and the people of his country.

It wasn't just Lauel. It was the same for the other Overgeared members.

"That's right! Grid isn't that kind!"

"Grid isn't that kind!"

"What...?"

All of a sudden, a wave spread! Grid was confused by the unexpected development while the survivors, who were misled by Grid's proposal' felt overwhelmed.

"That's right. Maybe it is someone pretending to be Grid. I almost made a mistake."

"In the first place, will Grid really make us a 'free' item if we win?"

"No, I didn't mean I would make it for free..."

"That person isn't Grid!"

"No!"

"Oh!"

Grid had no chance to talk. The Overgeared members kept interrupted when Grid tried to talk.

Jishuka laughed. "Indeed, our kids aren't that easy."

"What? They are Overgeared members?"

"Yes, just look."

"You stupid bastards!"

Grid was irritated but he was smiling proudly. He liked that his colleagues were doing their best in their respective positions.

'Yes, if you want, then let's fight to the end.'

He would fight fairly like they wanted. The moment Grid became prepared.

"I won't surrender... I want to join your team. Will you make me an item in return?"

"...?"

In the middle of the bustling atmosphere, a man opened his mouth. He was alone. Unlike the other survivors, he didn't have a team. Everyone's gaze focused on the man. As if he was accustomed to attracting attention, the man approached Grid.

"You have two people, so it won't be a problem if I join?"

The man moved right in front of Grid.

Grid asked him, "Is it okay? I just pulled a lot of aggro because of this turmoil. Won't it be dangerous to team up with us?"

The man snorted.

"Who would be afraid with you and I together?"

"...?"

Who was this guy? The moment Grid cocked his head with confusion.

*-Cra... Crazy..... I can only say that it is crazy...*

*-Really ㄟ ㄟ ㄟ ㄟ It is an unthinkable development.*

*-Isn't this the dream team?*

The audience became excited. The community sites around the world were alarmed, as if they heard about Earth's destruction. A commentator shouted.

[[K-Kraugel...! Sword Saint Kraugel has announced his intentions to join Overgeared King Grid!]]

That's right. The only person who didn't pass up Grid's production item was the sky above the sky. The strongest person beyond the standards of a human.

"Why are you here...?"

As Grid looked stunned, the world sensed it.

Battlefield. It would end soon. The last three had already been set.

# Chapter 746

"Who would be afraid with you and I together?"

"...?"

Who was this guy? Grid felt deja vu as he saw the man who intended to join his team. It felt like he had seen the man somewhere before. Then someone popped up in his head.

'No, it's impossible.'

Grid denied it. The man he thought of wouldn't be someone tempted by items.

"Don't you see the other teams coming?"

The participants were heading towards Grid. They didn't want Grid to form a team of three like them. They had to act quickly before the three people could team up.

*Ping!*

*Piiing!*

There was a flood of arrows. Four arrows shot from various place flew towards Grid, Jishuka, and the unknown man.

"Che!"

Things had become twisted. He ended up getting more aggro. Grid clicked his tongue and avoided an arrow. He would've been pierced by it if his reaction time was 0.5 seconds later. Meanwhile, an arrow was stuck in Jishuka's forearm. She couldn't avoid the arrow like Grid. In addition.

*Chaaeng!*

"...!!"

The unidentified man struck two arrows with his sword. Grid, Jishuka, and the survivors admired the skill involved.

“You...!” Grid was forced to admit it. He knew the identity of the man who wanted to join his team. “Kraugel...?”

“That’s right.”

“...Why are you here?”

Yes, the sky above the sky. A person who combined skills with confidence!

Kraugel explained to the confused Grid. “Why am I here? Did you think I would be eliminated?”

“No, I don’t mean that. Running over here for an item doesn’t match with you.”

“Should I shake from a lofty position? I’m not stupid enough to turn a blind eye to a golden opportunity because of dignity.”

“Really? Even the great sky above the sky is like this?”

Grid’s rivalry with Kraugel was beyond imagination. Kraugel’s attitude of not even blinking when the enemies were rushing here was hateful. He could even afford to relax in a situation like this? Grid grumbled towards Kraugel.

“Kuk!”

Another arrow flew and stuck in Grid’s side. He frowned as he received 2 damage and shouted to Jishuka.

“Let’s first take refuge in a nearby building!”

“Yes!”

Grid and Jishuka didn’t hesitate. They rushed into a building that was right behind them. On the other hand, Kraugel was standing in the wrong place. Behind him was a group of 20 enemies flocking like dogs.

Grid hurriedly exclaimed, “Why aren’t you moving?”

"Do you accept me as a team member?"

"What...?" Had Kraugel been waiting for an answer? In this urgent situation? "This jerk...! Hey! Do I have a choice other than to join hands? Come quickly!"

By this time.

"...Yes."

*Step.*

Kraugel started moving. But it was already too late. He was surrounded by four enemies.

"Where are you going?"

"Do you think we will let you join hands?"

There were only three final winners! The participants in Battlefield were obliged to disqualify other competitors and it was wise to choose the relatively weak prey to be eliminated. Grid had only two people in his team and the unidentified man who hadn't yet joined them was alone. It was natural that they would be the first targets.

But.

*Sakak!*

*Chukakakakak!*

"Keok...!"

"W-What?"

One lone man was stronger than a group of 100. Number wasn't a measure of power. Kraugel fought back while avoiding the four attacks, causing each of the four people to look like they had seen a ghost as they suffered 2 damage. They suddenly realized it.

What was the identity of the lone man?

“The sky above the sky...!”

“Crazy...!”

Cries of shock were heard everywhere. The momentum of the group chasing Grid stopped. It was an incredible sight. The top rankers representing each other were overwhelmed by one person and standing as stiff as a stone statue. The impact of the viewers watching this was very large.

*-A different dimension...* Could anything else be said?

Kraugel stood alone. He stood between dozens of competitors and the building that Grid and Jishuka entered. But he wasn't like a moth in front of a lamp. He was looking down at the other people from a high position. No one was able to rush at Kraugel. It seemed like the winner was already Kraugel.

At that moment.

“Kraugel! I'm glad!” Among the crowd of dogs, a man rushed out. He was also a tiger. He took out the claws that he had been hiding among the dogs. “It is the first time I can compete with you on an equal footing. I'm so happy!”

The man cried out childishly. He was a top ranker of the Overgeared Guild and represented the United Kingdom, Regas. Kraugel noticed his identity based on personality and laughed.

“It doesn't seem like an equal footing.”

He was referring to the group Regas had been part of.

*Step.*

Kraugel took one step.

*Step.*

He took another step. In no time, he had reached the entrance of the building that Grid and Jishuka had entered.

“If you're really serious about fighting with me, chase after me.”

Kraugel knew Regas' nature. Once he said this provocative words as he entered the building, Regas would have to chase after him.

"Of course I'm serious!"

"Wait! Please wait!" Lauel shouted but it was useless. In Regas' eyes, only Kraugel was visible. He had already entered the building. "Shit...! That stupid fool! Chase after him!"

The moment Lauel and Pon were going to enter the building.

*Puk!*

*Puuok!*

Arrows flew from above and pierced Lauel and Pon's shoulders. The arrows were perfectly fired. Pon and Lauel were reminded of one person.

"Jishuka?"

A light flashed through their heads. In their field of view...

"Hi~ nice to see you kids."

A woman sat on the window and pulled her bow. It was the woman who had been standing by Grid.

'It's ruined!'

Lauel and Pon had a hunch.

"You should raise your hands if you don't want your head to be broken."

Jishuka made a surprise announcement and started firing rapidly. It was terrible for the people on the ground. Most of them were members of Overgeared and recognized Jishuka. They avoided the falling arrows by sticking close to the wall of the building and exchanged opinions.

"Shit, Jishuka secured high ground."

"We were too relaxed. We have to get out of that witch's sight."

"No, let's go into the building like that fighting idiot before. In any case, we have no choice but to work together."

A party consisting of Grid, Jishuka, and Kraugel. They hated to admit it, but it was the best party. Unless they cooperated, there was no way to stop the trio.

"First join forces to get rid of those three and then we will compete. How about it?"

"Wouldn't it be too bad to form an alliance? Won't the viewers criticize us?"

Someone expressed their concern. The rankers who represented their country were really nervous about their image. Someone replied to the hesitating participant.

"Are we are ones who are wrong? Isn't it a foul for those three to join together?"

"...You're right."

"Nobody would call us names."

"Okay! Then let's enter the building!"

"We will move to the building next door! We can use the clothesline!"

It was obvious that Kraugel and Grid would be guarding the stairs. It would be a tough fight because it was a difficult structure to try a pincer attack. But they had overwhelming numbers.

'As time goes by, Grid's party will reach the limits of their health and will eventually fall.'

Confidence! Momentum!

The participants smiled with satisfaction and started moving in teams. Those who were confident in their combat skills entered straight into the building where Grid's party was. Those with bows and arrows moved to the next building and secured sniping spots. They would use the window to fire at Grid's party and help their allies. Some also planned to use the clothesline to infiltrate.

The viewers watched them move and started sweating.

*-The purpose of the event seems to have changed a lot...*

-...

Battlefield was no longer a battlefield. It was catch Grid's team! This was what the game had become. The commentators called it a natural phenomenon.

[[It's the destiny of a strong person to rally the weak.]]

[[I wonder how long Grid, Kraugel, and Jishuka will last.]]

[[It doesn't matter how great the three of them are, they can't beat all these rankers. They were all intimidated by Kraugel, but look at Regas now. Isn't he fighting well? He might beat Kraugel alone.]]

[[Isn't it counterproductive to gather too strong team members? Grid's party will surprisingly be the first to fall... Heok?]]

The commentators hurriedly shut up. It was because while they were speaking a few words, Regas was in a fatal condition. Regas seemed so strong throughout the game, but now he was losing to Kraugel. At first, it seemed like a close match, but now he was being completely overwhelmed.

"Pant... Pant... Incredible. How did you become so strong?"

The injured Regas. On the narrow stairs, he struggled with Kraugel and foresaw his loss. Kraugel thought it was absurd.

'Does this man really want to win against me?'

There was a reason why Kraugel had this question. Regas was fighting with his bare hands. That's right. Regas fought Kraugel without a weapon. It was because he was a martial artist. He chose the warrior class that dealt 1 damage with bare hands and believed he could show his true skills without a weapon. That's why he fought on Battlefield with his fists. Of course, the same applied when dealing with Kraugel.

"..."

The Overgeared members were really great people in several ways. Kraugel dealt the final blow to Regas.

“Kuk...! Truly the sky above the sky!”

Regas expressed his admiration as he turned to grey! The viewers mourned and felt admiration for Regas who fought in Battlefield with his bare hands. Then Kraugel faced the next crisis. 10 enemies were coming.

‘I have surprisingly lost a lot of health.’

Regas’s fists and kicks had dealt five blows to Kraugel. He decided that he shouldn’t ignore the skills of the top-level talents and gripped his sword.

“Leave this place to me. Go protect Jishuka.”

"Grid, you..."

Kraugel became speechless. Grid belatedly appeared in front of him. He was holding 10 scriptures in his hands.

“Hiccup!”

The advancing enemies were amazed at the sight. Grid stood on the stairs and declared, “I am the Overgeared King?”

“...”

# Chapter 747

“...Are those scriptures?”

"No way... but the design is really similar."

The people climbing the stairs with dignity. They were just as good as Regas. They were the strongest people who everyone in the world knew. They survived to the end for a reason. It was natural for them to be filled with confidence. They didn't doubt that if they united their strengths, they would be able to win relatively easily. The characters in Battlefield only had 20 health. The maximum number of potions held was only two, so it was natural to think they would win. Until they witnessed over 10 scriptures in Grid's arms.

'This crazy guy...'

'Did he only collect scriptures throughout the game?'

A thin booklet with a blue cover. The identity of Grid's items was definitely a scripture. The scriptures, which were difficult for the other weak clerics to secure even a single one... The eyes of the people present shook. In the awkward silence, someone opened their mouth.

"Brother Grid, it's great that you are here. It's amazing. You have been only looking for scriptures? I know how important it is for a person to persevere every time I see you."

Ibellin, a member of Overgeared, laughed after speaking to Grid. There weren't many people who called him 'brother' so Grid recognized Ibellin straight away.

"Oh, Ibellin? You survived?"

"I was lucky. I was able to survive because so many people were eliminated earlier."

"Is it lucky that you are here?"

"We'll see."

The fact that Grid secured a large number of scriptures was confusing. No, it was almost the level of a disaster. At least 10 scriptures. Using simple maths, it meant Grid had 100 health. If he had two potions as well, Grid would have almost six lives. But in the end, he was a cleric.

*Clink!*

Ibellin opened his inventory and took out a magic wand. It was a weapon that dealt 3 damage.

“Wow.”

“Heok.”

“Where did you get that?”

Grid and the other people temporarily allied with Ibellin were amazed. It was the first time they saw a magic wand, the strongest weapon in Battlefield. Ibellin laughed brightly as the magic wand illuminated with magic power.

“Isn’t the game about items?”

“...I raised a tiger cub.”

Grid started sweating. There was an atmosphere of death. All the viewers and the allied forces shrank back.

Ibellin was the same.

‘Now!’

Ibellin was well aware that Grid’s power was much better than what was known. He had watched Grid’s growth right next to him. Ibellin still vividly remembered.

In the Mystery Forest, Grid had fought Pagma’s doppelganger 83 times before finally winning.

‘I can’t give Brother a chance!’

He had to break Grid from the beginning. The momentum of the ‘monster’ called Grid

rose as time passed. The determined Ibellin wielded his magic wand.

*Jeeeeeong!*

The railing of the stairs broke. It was the railing where Grid had been standing just before.

“...Wow.”

Grid barely avoided the attack and made a dumbfounded expression. He was impressed by the power. The other people saw it and thought.

‘He’s definitely shrinking back.’

Was it due to the obsession that he shouldn’t be hit by the magic wand? Just now, Grid’s eyes were only focused on Ibellin as he avoided the attack. He did his best to avoid the magic wand. His eyes were only chasing after the magic wand. It was obvious that all his nerves were concentrated on the magic wand.

‘This is our chance!’

Grid was currently distracted by Ibellin’s magic wand. The other rankers saw the best opportunity. They realized the right timing was when Ibellin wielded his magic wand again.

Then.

*Wuuong!*

Ibellin’s magic wand moved in a large circle and magic aimed at Grid.

‘Now!’

Three of the top rankers moved at the same time. They jumped up the narrow stairs and waved their weapons. They swung their weapons in the direction that Grid moved to avoid the magic wand.

‘Perfect!’

Conviction passed through the minds of the rankers.

"No...!"

Ibellin noticed the crisis. He noticed it from the moment he missed his second attack. Grid didn't shrink back at all despite his outside appearance. Grid's composure was still perfect. It was evidence that he was tracking Ibellin's attack orbit and reacting. But even Ibellin, who was directly competing with Grid, only noticed at the very end. The other rankers couldn't read Grid's real intentions. He was playing around.

Grid looked at the three swords heading towards their escape points and smiled. He had already used the movements of Revolve to avoid Ibellin's attack.

*Sururuk.*

"?!"

The eyes of the three people attacking Grid widened. Grid reacted as if he had eyes in the back of his head, turning to avoid two of the three attacks.

*Teong!*

The stairs were too cramped for five people. Grid was tangled up in the three people and used the weight of their shoulders to push them away.

"Eh? Ohhh."

The three people in an unsecure position were pushed back a few steps.

'Eh?'

A chill went down the spines of the three people. It felt like that feet were stepping on thin air. That's right. They were pushed to the ledge that Ibellin created. The result?

"Kuaaaaaaah!"

*Kwajak!*

*Ku tang tang tang!*

Falling down.

All three of them fell from the fourth floor to the first floor, suffering 10 damage each. It was a critical wound that couldn't be overcome with one potion. Grid spoke to the enemies who were looking blank.

"There is no room for carelessness. Isn't this the basics?"

Grid's previously shaken eyes looked different. They were sharp like a bird of prey. The Overgeared members, including Ibellin, knew these eyes. It was the eyes of their king.

*Gulp!*

It was unknown if this was Battlefield or Satisfy. Ibellin was frightened and stepped back. His attitude was like he wasn't holding a magic wand in his hand. The moment that Grid stabbed him without hesitation.

*Teeeeeong!*

A greatsword flew. The lower part of the blade blocked Grid's sword and then it tilted, causing the axis of Grid's sword to incline.

Then.

*Seokeok!*

The top of the greatsword approached Grid's neck. During this process, the master of the greatsword moved naturally and took control of Grid's rear.

*Chukakakakak!*

The blade descended. Grid hurriedly retreated. He escaped to the top of the stairs. The fourth floor landing was occupied by the enemies in an instant. It was faster than expected, causing Grid to laugh bitterly.

"Isn't this too big?"

The owner of the greatsword.

"I'm only a shade in front of you and Kraugel."

“No. Nobody would think so.”

1st on the unified rankings, Chris.

Grid inwardly grumbled.

‘Ah, why didn’t he go to Kraugel’s side?’

Chris’ greatsword contained an unparalleled force. The world acknowledged his abilities and Grid admired it every time he saw it. One of the reasons why Grid was greedy for the greatsword was due to Chris. Why? As long as Chris existed, Grid knew he couldn’t be the symbol of the greatsword.

‘Yes...’

Grid confirmed the time remaining in Battlefield and counted the number of enemies in front of him. It was 13 people, including Chris. Grid’s goal was drastically modified.

‘I won’t destroy them.’ The ideal thing to do it... ‘Hang in there until the others come.’

That’s right. Grid’s original purpose was to destroy all the enemies here. They were the highest rankers representing their countries. Was it pride? No, it was a realistic judgment based on solid grounds. Grid was above ordinary rankers from the moment he knocked out Hao. He was a master.

‘Well, I have a name.’

In addition, there was the sky above the sky and the godly archer. He believed they would block all the enemies coming from the rear and then help him.

“Now, the first one.”

*Shaaaaaah-*

Grid opened one of the scriptures and a light covered his body. The wounds on his body disappeared like a lie and his health was restored.

“I still have 11 scriptures left.”

“Cockroach...”

“ .. ”

Someone muttered. It was undeniable, striking a chord in Grid’s heart.



*Peng!*

“...Oh my.”

Dust fell on Jishuka’s head as she drew the bowstring. An arrow pierced the place right above her head.

“Are you aiming for a headshot?”

*Tiing!*

Jishuka fired arrows through the window of the building across the street.

*Puk!*

[You have dealt 1 damage to the target.]

"Amazing."

Kraugel felt admiration for the third time. Jishuka’s archery that pierced the enemies was astonishing even to the sky above the sky. Jishuka shrugged.

"It’s nothing. I’m no Grid."

“ .. ”

The nature of the Overgeared members was somewhat difficult for Kraugel. He didn’t know what to say and just wielded his sword. It was to cut an enemy coming across the clothesline. The moment Kraugel exposed himself through the window.

*Ping!*

*Pipiping!*

Three arrows flew from the building across the street.

“It’s dangerous...!”

Jishuka shouted. Kraugel twisted his body and avoided all three arrows.

“...Are you a person?”

“I am.”

It was an easy question to answer. Kraugel was pleased.

At that moment.

*Kwajajak!*

A spear flew through the window on the left. Kraugel blocked it and was alert, but the next move came through the right window instead of the left. Jishuka tried to cover him but she couldn’t cope with the arrows that suddenly focused on her. She had to hide in a corner to avoid the flying arrows.

‘They have realized it’s useless to shoot at Kraugel.’

It was stressful. Jishuka avoided the flying arrows and noticed two men. They surrounded Kraugel on the left and right. It was Pon and Lauel.

# Chapter 748

‘Why didn’t I see them?’

A tough clothesline that couldn’t be cut or sawed off. At the window, Kraugel was blocking the enemies crossing the clothesline. In other words, he was looking at all the clothesline connected from the building across the street. But he didn’t see Pon or Lauel at all. They suddenly appeared at the windowsill like ghosts.

‘This is it.’

Kraugel was feeling puzzled when his gaze landed on a spear stabbed into the wall. It was a completely dull spear, like the durability had been exhausted.

‘They crawled up the outer wall.’

This five-storey building they were gathered in was old and ugly. The exterior wall was rugged and cracked in places. It was a structure that could be climbed using a tool. However, the condition was showing agility, patience, and concentration.

*Suook.*

Kraugel watched the two men who surrounded him. One of them was armed with a spear while the other was holding a fan made of iron.

‘Who are they?’

Kraugel was feeling alert when they told him their identities. It was honestly without any lies.

"I am Lauel of the Overgeared Kingdom. Oh, should I introduce myself as American Representative Lauel. This is a separate event not related to the National Competition, but I regret that we couldn’t fight together..."

Shortly before Lauel’s words finished.

*Syuk!*

Kraugel swung his sword. His target was Lael. He judged that Lael needed to be taken care of quickly. What was the identity of the man holding the spear next to Lael? Of course, it was Pon.

‘Pon is strong.’

On the other hand, Lael was a schemer. His fighting skills were weak. Kraugel decided to take care of Lael first before focusing on Pon. That’s why he did a surprise attack. However.

*Jjejeong!*

“...!”

Lael blocked Kraugel’s attack, like he predicted it. He read the timing of the sword and opened the fan to defend. Kraugel was surprised by his unexpected skill. His eyes widened but there was no change in expression. Lael folded the fan back up and placed it against his mouth.

“I have also advanced. Well, it’s a different scale from you who is at the top of 2 billion users.”

Around three years ago, there were 10 geniuses who overturned the world. The young boys and girls topped the rankings despite playing late. They were the very first generation of the 10 Rookies. And Lael was the best of them. He was praised by countless people. After joining the Overgeared Kingdom, he became a flow master to direct the battle.

“But my basic skills are still present.”

In Battlefield where all characters were the same and strength was determined by control, Lael was a top player.

*Kukuk!* He laughed at Kraugel.

“In addition, I have the brilliant mind that allows me to predict your behavior pattern. Kraugel, you will have a pretty tough fight. The blood is boiling in my body. Huhuhut.”

“...”

He truly was an Overgeared member difficult to deal with. Kraugel got goosebumps from the words when a spear flew at him. It was from Pon. Kraugel rolled to the side to avoid it. Then he immediately rose and tried to counterattack.

*Jjejeong!*

Lauel's iron fan followed his actions. Kraugel defended and Pon's spear aimed at the back of his neck. Both of them were quick and fast. It was a perfect pincer attack.

*Puok!*

Kraugel was bleeding. It was a scene that shocked the world.

[[Kraugel was hit by the enemy first...!]]

[[It's a sight I never imagined!]]

The commentators of broadcasting companies around the world made a fuss. It was rare for Kraugel to allow a hit.

"Kraugel!"

Jishuka was surprised by the sudden development and tried to help, but...

*Puk! Puk puk!*

"Ugh...!"

The arrows constantly flying from the other side of the building made her unable to move. She was forced to hide behind a large leather couch.

'This is annoying!'

Jishuka felt angry at the situation. What was her role? Shoot as many enemies as possible before covering both Grid and Kraugel inside. But the situation was too difficult because the enemies allied with each other.

'I wanted to win with Grid.' She wanted to embrace him on the stage while everyone was watching. If the atmosphere was nice then she might've kissed him. But this seemed to be difficult. 'I'm incompetent! I am too incompetent!'

*Puok!*

An arrow flew as Jishuka was busy lamenting. The tip of the arrow pierced through the leather sofa. The leather sofa Jishuka was hiding behind had completely become a hedgehog.

‘There are almost no spaces left. I will be a hedgehog when I get out of here.’

The interior of the building was too bare and there were many windows. In order to shoot a bow, the target had to be followed with their eyes. But if she left the leather sofa, she would receive a flood of arrows.

‘...I can’t follow them with my eyes?’

Then...

‘I will have to use my ears.’

Jishuka took deep breaths to calm herself and closed her eyes. She focused on the footsteps of Kraugel, Pon and Lauel, who were fighting in this narrow space, and pulled her bowstring. At that moment.

*Puk puk puk!*

Several arrows flew and threatened her.

‘Ah, they can see what I’m doing because of the mirror over there.’

Who would place a mirror in an old building with almost nothing in it?

“The map designer had archers in mind. Hah.”

She put down the bow with a deep sigh. Surprisingly, she didn’t feel despair.

‘It is okay. There is a limit to the number of arrows.’

After joining Grid, Jishuka looked for arrows and scriptures and discovered it was actually very hard to find arrows. They were hard to find and even if she found some, there were only one or two. It was an item close to a consumable so a lot of effort was needed to collect it. It would also be the same for the other people.

Jishuka thought that the arrows threatening her would stop soon. On the other hand, what about her?

‘My arrows are now almost endless.’

In the dusty mirror, Jishuka’s beautiful face shone. The sofa and walls filled with arrows made her feel good.



‘I’m glad there’s Jishuka.’

The arrows from the other building no longer headed for Kraugel. Kraugel’s evasion rate was high but he was worried that Pon and Lauel would attack in that gap. It was good that the aggro of the archers were completely focused on Jishuka.

‘There’s a problem.’

The close range dealers. Earlier, they had unsuccessfully tried to cross the clothesline and now they were trying to move across again. Kraugel had to get rid of Pon and Lauel as quickly as possible. But Pon and Lauel wasn’t easy opponents.

*Chaaeng! Chaeng!*

A fan less than 30 centimeters long. Lauel was tangled up with Kraugel and quickly hit him with the iron fan.

*Swaeeeeek!*

Pon stayed at a medium range and stabbed his spear. As time passed, the two men were completely grabbing Kraugel’s ankles.

*Peok!*

Lauel, who was struck by Kraugel’s sword in exchange for a punch, smiled instead of panicking.

“A damage of 1 isn’t possible. Are you irritated because time isn’t on your side?”

Lauel confirmed that his allies had started to cross the clotheslines. Sooner or later,

Kraugel would lose his composure. It couldn't be overlooked that he was still a human. Lael knew it for certain because he served by Grid's side. Grid was at the top like Kraugel and didn't he often lose his composure?

'You will also in the end... Eh?' Lael was puzzled as he was immersed in wielding the iron fan. His vision spun and he felt his body being hit. "What?"

He was caught unawares and blown away? Lael became aware of his situation when he had already fallen to the ground. He was defenseless and Kraugel struck him with the sword.

*Puok!*

"Cough!"

The moment Lael was pierced in the chest, Pon's spear flashed towards Kraugel. Then it was blocked by the shield.

[The defense is successful!]

[The damage received has been reduced.]

[You have suffered 1 damage.]

[The shield's durability has fallen by one.]

The shield, a warrior only item. It was one of the items that Kraugel had obtained from the 'underground hunt.' It could definitely block the enemy's attack but it lost durability every time it was used to defend. The total durability was only 10. But Kraugel wasn't disappointed by the loss in the shield's durability. It was because of who the opponents were. The skills of the Lael and Pon duo were excellent. Kraugel felt it was worth using the shield against them.

*Snap!*

Kraugel gripped Pon's spear that was blocked by the shield. Then he used the elasticity

of his body to dig it into Pon's heart.

*Puk!*

*Puk puk puk!*

An attack that maximized the benefits of a dagger! He hadn't reclaimed the sword piercing Lael and there was already a small dagger in Kraugel's hand. Two strikes quickly accumulated on Pon's abdomen.

"Shit...!"

It wasn't an exaggeration to say that it happened in the blink of an eye. Lael lost concentration. But at this moment, the situation completely reversed. Lael got goosebumps. He rushed to help Pon but Kraugel had already grabbed Pon's neck and pushed him out the window frame.

*Peok!*

Kraugel grabbed Pon's ankle to tilt him out the window and Pon fell out.

"Pon! Kuk!"

What was this creepy and realistic battle? Lael got a chill as he was left alone. Kraugel dismissed the dagger and took out a new sword from his inventory. It was a great help that he secured many weapons in the underground hunting.

"This place is a big wide so it would be more advantageous for Pon. But as you can see, this is inside a building. From the beginning, the odds were low."

"You...!"

The word 'monster' almost popped out. Lael barely closed his mouth as he looked out the window. He could see his allies coming on the clothesline.

In addition.

*Piing!*

He also saw the arrow aiming at Kraugel. The situation started to change rapidly once

the archers fired. Lauel's judgment was quick. Surprisingly, he was running to Jishuka, not Kraugel. It was to create a situation where Jishuka couldn't control his enemies. Thanks to this, Kraugel was surrounded by arrows. His enemies managed to cross the clotheslines safely and reached the window frame.

*Seokeok!*

Kraugel judged that the answer wasn't to avoid the arrows. He used the shield to block the arrows. Then he abandoned the shield that lost its durability.

He took a potion while attacking the enemies hanging on the window frame. But potions were more limited than the shield and Kraugel couldn't hold out against the arrows forever. In the end, he only caused four enemies to fall and the remaining six enemies succeeded in entering the building.

"Lauel! You bastard!"

Jishuka shouted at Lauel while counterattacking. Lauel was amazed that she could fire an arrow again after being hit with an iron fan.

"Battlefield is great training. Thanks to the battle today, the Overgeared Guild will grow bigger. Please think about your trials as growing pains."

"The training instructor is a dog! A master at ganging up on people! You lousy bastard!"

"...Is it King Grid's influence? You use a lot of Korean curses. Well, it's a hundred times better than learning from Huroi's curses."

Lauel had regained his composure. Jishuka lost her motivation and her resistance started to weaken. Meanwhile, Kraugel was besieged in a narrow space.

'We will win.'

Lauel smiled as he watched a man competing with Kraugel. It was Soul Predator Seuron.

"You bastard! I will knock you down!"

*Chaaeng! Chaeng chaeng!*

Kraugel's momentum weakened quickly as he blocked Seuron's sword. He was already in a tired condition. In the first place, it was impossible to stop over 20 enemies. Were the enemies regular players? They were mainly rankers in the top 100. They were talented enough to be called the best wherever they went.

'I'm sorry, Grid.'

Jishuka felt a sense of defeat as she saw Kraugel's wounds. She couldn't help being disappointed that she got help from Grid every time. She was filled with bitter frustration. Then suddenly,

"Kuaaaak!"

"This damn guy...!"

Jishuka came to her senses as she heard an enemy scream. She shifted her gaze and saw that Kraugel was still fighting against the enemies with unshakable eyes. He didn't care that his health was in the single digits. He was focused. He always did his best. The arrows kept flying from the opposite building and he stood up to the six strongest people without flinching. Every time there was a wound on his body, he dealt two or three injuries to the enemy.

'Me too...!'

Jishuka's heart was grabbed. She was inspired by Kraugel, who did his best and didn't feel despair under the same circumstances. She took a step forward.

At the same time.

*Kwajak!*

The firmly closed door opened with a loud sound. It was the door connected to downstairs. Yes, the door that the intruders were so eager to open. In addition, it was the door Grid was guarding.

"Grid...!"

At the same time, Jishuka and Kraugel faced the door. They were waiting for Grid. How funny. Could Grid fight alone against 10 enemies? He came here after repelling all enemies. It wasn't a feasible fantasy.

Indeed.

“...It’s chaos.”

The person who opened the door wasn’t Grid. It was a man armed with a greatsword.

“Chris!” Lael knew his identity and shouted with pleasure.

‘Grid was defeated?’

‘It’s hard to see.’

Jishuka and Kraugel were forced to accept reality. They thought that Grid hadn’t survived. It was a reasonable judgment. So what if he could restore his health with scriptures? He could only inflict 1 damage on the enemy... Such a non-threatening attack couldn’t wipe out 10 of the strongest people. Jishuka’s face filled with dark clouds while Kraugel silently wielded the sword.

“Then... I wish you luck... Cough!”

Chris, who opened the door, suddenly coughed up blood and turned to grey.

Then.

"Ah, what is with you guys? Why are you so late? No matter how long I waited, I had to do it all by myself. Sigh, forget it."

Grid appeared among the grey ash scattering.

“Wave.”

Sharp flashes reminiscent of a crescent moon cut down many enemies at the same time.

# Chapter 749

“Wave.”

‘A skill?’

How was this possible? All players in Battlefield were given characters with the same abilities. There wasn't one active skill that could be used. But Grid was triggering a skill at this moment. It was even the famous Pagma's Swordsmanship. A legendary rated skill in Satisfy was being implemented in Battlefield.

‘A bug...? No!’

Grid approached using the sword dance. Seuron, who had been shrinking back from Grid, regained his mind. Grid's attack was just a simple slash. That's right. Grid's attack wasn't a skill but a basic strike. He just mixed in the attack with the motions.

"A trick!"

It was a low quality trick to shake them by pretending to use a skill. First of all, how could a skill emerge in a place where a system didn't exist?

‘I was playing so seriously that I was almost deceived!’

The Overgeared King, he was a treacherous guy. There were hundreds of sly foxes in his head.

‘He isn't a good king...!’

Seuron moved his sword to defend against Grid's attack. However.

‘What?’

Grid's orbit suddenly changed. It went down and then back up. As the name suggested, it had the momentum of a wave.

‘Crazy?’

*Chukakakakak!*

Seuron failed to defend because of the unexpected anomaly. Another ranked player next to him was simultaneously hit by Grid's sword.

[You have suffered 1 damage.]

Seuron's eyes shook fiercely as he checked the notification window.

'He has this much control?'

Grid was overgeared. He was merely a person who relied on the performance of his items, meaning his combat skills were low. Seuron couldn't deny that Grid's ability to use items was extraordinary, but this was how Seuron evaluated Grid. But now that assessment had changed.

'He grew this much in a year...? He has the best combat qualities!'

This was a talent from the heavens.

'Another sky above the sky...!'

*Chill!*

At this moment, Seuron got a chill.

'Grid has given me new enlightenment.' Kraugel was also surprised by Grid's technique that cut Seuron. It was more shocking than when Grid appeared with over 10 scriptures. 'He uses the motion of Satisfy's skills to add real power to the attack.'

Grid sublimated his skill in the game into real martial arts. Kraugel naturally felt admiration.

'Grid's idea has a clear basis.'

Satisfy's skills weren't realistic. Walking on water, smashing rocks, moving in a flash,

etc. It was ridiculous for such transcendental effects and powers to be manifested in the real world. But the motions when using the skill weren't foolish. Such motions weren't significantly different from the laws of physics. The supercomputer Morpheus based them on martial arts theories that existed all over the world. There were strangely realistic and sufficiently practical parts.

'Grid and his Pagma's Swordsmanship is a good example of this.'

*Sigh.*

'Being able to implement Pagma's Swordsmanship in reality, he will reap the benefits of fighting here in Battlefield.'

Wonderful. Kraugel's appreciation of Grid could be summed up with this one word.

'Making an effort to memorize, study, and become completely accustomed to the skill so that the movements could be used just by crying out the name... It's definitely far from normal.'

This moment proved it. Grid was a person looking 10 steps ahead.

"Kraugel!"

It could be expressed as a short moment. Kraugel heard Grid's voice and settled his mind. Grid's eyes were looking at the right side behind Kraugel. Based on this, Kraugel tilted his head to the left. Then a spear shot by his face. If Kraugel had been a little bit late, his head would've been pierced by the spear right now.

"...It seems the rumor that you have eyes in the back of the head is true."

Grid was astonished by Kraugel's amazing evasion and Kraugel explained.

"It is just instant analysis and fast judgment. It's nothing compared to your foresight."

"Foresight?"

Did he have foresight?

'It's the most ridiculous thing I've heard all year.'

Was this bastard teasing him? Two arrows flew toward the frowning Grid. They were shot by archers from the other building.

*Puk puk!*

[You have suffered 1 damage.]

[You have suffered 1 damage.]

“Kuk...!”

Grid couldn't escape. He wasn't free enough to respond to arrows flying from a distance. Seuron would strike when he tried to avoid the arrows.

"Che!"

Seuron had a nasty expression as he saw Grid defend against Seuron and his colleagues' attacks in exchange for being hit by the arrows.

"I understand that you are guarding against me, Soul Predator Seuron, but can you afford to keep accumulating damage? Aren't you going to become a hedgehog while worrying about my attack?"

'Ah, it was Seuron.'

Seuron believed that Grid had recognized him from the beginning but it was just excessive self-confidence. Grid only now realized his identity. In addition, he didn't care. Seuron was a threat in Satisfy, but it was different in Battlefield.

'He isn't Pon or Regas.'

*Jjejeong!*

Grid hit Seuron's incoming sword and kept advancing.

“Kill.”

*Puk!*

“Kill. Kill.”

*Puk puk!*

“Kill. Kill. Kill.”

*Puk puk puk!*

“Ugh...?”

“Barley.”

“?”

“A fake! Kill!”

*Puok!*

Grid’s attack was a mere stab. However, the momentum seemed more vicious than a normal stab. It was because Grid kept taking one step forward. Grid gave off a strange sense of pressure every time he got closer to Seuron.

‘This bastard, it’s clear that he has practiced stabbing tens of thousands of times.’

Seuron saw the skill and confidence in Grid’s movements. It was because Grid had been steadily training in swordsmanship every day.

*Chaeng!*

*Chaeeeeeng!*

“Cough!”

Seuron was pushed back by Grid, but he wasn’t one-sidedly hit. He blocked as many attacks as possible and sharply counterattacked. But he couldn’t fight to the end and let out a huge scream. It was because an arrow shot by an ally in the opposite building pierced him.

'A mistake?'

The flying arrows had hit the wrong target. The allied archers weren't experts like Jishuka, so he couldn't blame them for making mistakes. Seuron thought so but it didn't seem to be a mistake.

*Puk puk!*

"These scum...!"

It wasn't just Seuron. His other colleagues were started to get hit by the arrows flying from the opposite building. The atmosphere was strange.

"What are you doing?"

Seuron gritted his teeth and yelled as he pushed at Grid. There was an immediate reply to Seuron from the other building.

"You guys are useless. Just die together."

There was less than 10 minutes left in Battlefield. The map was gradually narrowing. It seemed like all areas were going to disappear and only one building was left. Therefore, the six archers in the opposite building agreed. They had to get rid of their allies and Grid's party before the map was completely destroyed.

"Son of a bitch!"

Seuron was irritated. The same was true for Lauel who was fighting Jishuka alone.

'I didn't imagine that it would take so long.'

Grid was too big a variable. Lauel never imagined he would crush Chris' team alone.

*Puk!*

*Chaeng!*

*Chaeeeeeng!*

It was pandemonium. Grid, Seuron, and Lauel fought hard as they struggled with the

rain of arrows from the other building.

‘There’s still hope!’

Seuron hadn’t given up. It was because Grid was much more tired than him.

‘There are no more potions left.’

It was shortly after Grid struggled with many competitors. It was safe to say that all his potions were consumed. On the other hand, Seuron still had one potion remaining. It was the power of numerical superiority.

[Battlefield will end in 7 minutes.]

*Kurururung!*

Along with the notification window, part of the map started to disappear. Now the only area remaining was this building. The other building with the archers and the clothesline started to collapse. Seuron saw this and shouted. "Let’s finish this off and then deal with the traitors... Heok!"

Even if he was hit two or three more times, he just needed to succeed with one counterattack.

The enemy’s limited health would soon be depleted. Seuron judged and shouted, only to close his mouth.

*Swaaaaah.*

Grid opened a blue booklet and was covered with light. It was a scripture.

“You monster...!”

Seuron had guessed Grid was a cleric based on the damage. He noticed that Grid had secured a large number of scriptures, allowing him to wipe out Chris’ party. But he hadn’t expected Grid to have scriptures left. Seuron was feeling astonished when a

sword flew from behind.

It was Kraugel's sword. As Grid was struggling two against one, Kraugel joined in and took care of the rest.

"Let's finish this."

"Pant... Pant... Yes, please finish it."

Grid and Kraugel's gaze headed to the window at the same time. There were new enemies crossing the clothesline.

*Kwajajajak!*

Without needing to say anything, Grid and Kraugel pulled out spears and stabbed them. The two of them made the same judgment simultaneously. The enemies were pierced and fell down one by one. They hit the ground and started to vanish.

"...I'll surrender."

Now the only one left to face Grid's party was Lael, who realized that he was outmatched and abandoned his weapon. The final three survivors of Battlefield was determined to be Grid, Kraugel, and Jishuka.

Shortly after arriving in Japan, hundreds of reporters and Japanese fans were waiting for the South Korean team representatives. The crowd was huge enough to paralyze the airport. Most of them were Grid's fans.

# Chapter 750

"A glass of beer."

Red Deer, Canada. It was a small town in southern Alberta. In this small city with 80,000 residents, the black-haired foreigner was conspicuous. But today was an exception. Due to the live broadcast of Battlefield, the streets were quiet and most people were focused on the TV.

Thanks to this, the black-haired man was able to sit in the seat without receiving any attention. His white skin, small lips, less developed brow bone, and ebony hair showed that he was a man with Asian blood in him. The eyes behind dark sunglasses were also black.

His name was Ray and he had a Korean father and a Canadian mother. His ID in Satisfy was Faker. Of course, people didn't know his identity.

"You never take off your sunglasses. It has been a while since you've come. Jennifer often asks about you."

A middle-aged man running the shabby pub alone handed him a beer. Was it because he didn't want to indulge in useless chatter or because of his original reticent nature?

"..."

Faker nodded silently and drank a mouthful of beer. Like the other guests, his gaze was on the TV.

"Oh, Grid's movements are fantastic.

"But Chris is a level above him."

"Hahaha! Chris is Canada's pride for a reason."

"Have strength Chris! Forget that Grid is your king for the moment!"

The customers were enthusiastic. They praised Grid's skills in protecting the stairs

alone and were excited by Chris' skills, which overwhelmed him. On TV, Grid was continuing to read the scriptures. However, he was being overwhelmed. There was too big a difference with Chris' skills.

'But Grid is doing well enough. If he puts in a bit more effort to protect his health, he will be able to hold on.'

This was Faker's impression.

'If it was last year's Grid, he wouldn't have been able to face Chris in Battlefield.'

It was a bright growth rate. And the root of this growth wasn't talent, but effort.

'Excellent.'

Faker wasn't aware of it himself but he had a habit of smiling every time he observed Grid. If Grid found out Faker had such a good impression of him, he would be moved to tears. A normal class user who was strong enough to beat sun-grade powerhouses. Faker was above a sun and Grid was one of his targets.

"What?"

"What's Chris doing all of a sudden?"

At this point, Faker's glass of beer was half empty. The development of Battlefield changed rapidly. Grid, who was being one-sidedly pushed by Chris, starting pushing back as if he had awakened. As Chris was on the defensive, Grid caught the other rankers in the confusion. The enemies turned to grey one by one.

Faker's gaze was fixed on a woman. Her name was Yura, one of the rankers allied with Chris. A South Korean representative.

'Her movements are limiting Chris' actions.'

Faker's saw her actions accurately. In fact, Yura was interfering with Chris. She blocked his path every time Chris tried to respond to Grid's attack. Of course, it wasn't blatant. The movements were very fine. There were few people in the world who would see that she was bothering Chris. Even the people in Battlefield couldn't read her intentions. Only Chris probably noticed her interference.

"Young Master is in a crisis... Yura's heart is for Grid."

Faker heard an old man's voice as he was concentrating on the TV. Faker turned his head and was surprised. The old gentleman had neatly brushed white hair. Zirkan. He was once the first ranked swordsman. But at some point, he devoted all his energy into raising Chris. He was Chris' mentor, a captain in the Giant Guild, and now a solid power in the Overgeared Kingdom.

"You... Why didn't you go to Japan with Chris?"

Faker wasn't surprised to see that Zirkan had found out his position. He knew what a big influence Chris' family had in Canada. It was easy for Zirkan to find out when he was a steward of Chris' family.

"It isn't easy to travel long distances at this age. Isn't it better for me to rest at home than to be a burden?" Zirkan laughed and sat across from Faker. The old man laid down his cane and tapped his knees. But Faker could see the solid muscular body beneath the coat. "Grid is blessed. He has the love of so many beauties. I would be jealous if I was 10 years younger."

Zirkan didn't have any hard feelings about Yura interfering with Chris. Yura was also a valuable colleague in the Overgeared Guild and above all, he liked her feelings towards Grid. It was from his years of experience.

"Love is good. Really good." Zirkan neatly folded his coat and gave an order to the owner. "A glass of Coke over here please."

"Yes, I understand."

The owner was very kind to Zirkan. It wasn't just because he was an elderly person. It was a pleasure to know that this young man had a friend.

"He's a good person."

"That's why I have been going to this store for a few years.' Faker swallowed back the words he wanted to say to Zirkan. It was better not to advertise this place.

"Please understand why I am only drinking Coke. My body is getting old and can't handle the alcohol properly. That's why I'm trying to stay away from alcohol."

Zirkan spoke shamelessly. Faker bluntly asked him, "Then why did you come here from Toronto?"

"I thought you would be lonely."

"...?"

The words were unexpected. What was this old man saying? Zirkan smiled benignly at the rarely embarrassed Faker.

"You have more talent than anyone else and are more passionate than anyone else. Like Chris and Grid, you can also play in the sun. You would surely win medals."

"..."

"But you're forced to stay in the shade because of your position. That's why you can't participate in the National Competition this year."

"..."

"Your blood will be boiling."

That's right. Zirkan saw through it exactly. Faker felt a desire to act in the National Competition. He wanted to compete with Grid and the other talented people in front of the public. He wanted to publicize his existence to the world. However, Faker was a person who could control himself.

"This boiling blood is easily settled. I know that much. Even if I don't participate, the public is already aware of me. This is sufficient."

"...Excellent." Zirkan was happy. "You're much better than the me last year. Was I like this at your age?"

The reason why Zirkan was focused on Chris' education was because Zirkan was old. Once he determined that international activities were difficult, he decided to concentrate on his role as Chris' steward and teacher. But he soon regretted it.

Zirkan liked the game more than he expected. He enjoyed standing in front of the public. He regretted it and realized that his retirement was too soon. When he failed to compete in the National Competition last year because of his rusty skills, his stress

was very great. That's why he came to Faker. Zirkan wanted to heal Faker, who would feel a similar grievance to him. However, he was mistaken. Faker was already well-centred.

'At a young age, your heart is mature without being overburdened by your talent... Is it the blood of your grandfather?'

Decades ago, when South Korea was still called a powerhouse in e-sports, there were many legendary gamers in South Korea and as a young man, Zirkan was fascinated with them. One of them was Faker's grandfather. The information wasn't officially disclosed, but Zirkan could see it when he first met Faker. Faker was the spitting image of his grandfather.

"...This talent might've been inherited from your grandfather."

Faker's gaze returned to the TV as he answered. Grid was rampaging.

"I have learned about hard work from Grid."

It wasn't a lie. Faker was originally a diligent person full of tenacity, but he was reasonable. No matter what, he didn't do anything that violated common sense. There was a limit. But Faker changed as he met Grid and watched Grid's changes. Now there was no limit to his efforts. That's why he could grow enough to defeat a sun-grade powerhouse.

"There's no greed to be in the sun as long as there is Grid. I will let Grid be the king in the sun while I will be king of the shadows."

"...Even your spirits are similar." Zirkan's eyes were blurred with memories as he called out to the pub owner. "A glass of beer over here please. I will have a drink. It's rare to get a chance to drink with a legendary bloodline."



"Kyaaaaak! Grid-sama!"

"God Grid! God Grid!"

"Yura! Yura! Yura!"

“ .. ”

The airport staff rushed to the Korean representatives after the immigration process. They requested for the representatives to wait while they extended the security.

‘I knew there would be a lot of fans waiting.’

Peak Sword saw the crowd and clicked his tongue.

‘It’s beyond imagination.’

It wasn’t thousands, but tens of thousands. Over 10,000 people gathered here to meet Grid and Yura. They were even Japanese. Peak Sword felt very proud.

‘Koreans are truly great! We have a small population, but we’re steadily becoming a global giant!’

He didn’t intend to denounce foreigners. He just ‘objectively’ saw Koreans as superior to foreigners.

"Um..."

Peak Sword felt proud as a member of the Korean Patriotic Association. He nodded with satisfaction.

"Player Grid, there are evaluations that your control skills have improved dramatically in one year. Can I ask about the secret to your improvement?"

"I did well from the beginning. It was just buried by my items."

"The Overgeared Kingdom is the first of the West Continent countries to establish an alliance with the empire. As a result, it’s speculated that the composition of the continent will greatly change. Now that you have the strong backing of the empire, what will happen to the Overgeared Kingdom?"

"It isn’t an alliance with the empire. We just signed a temporary truce agreement. It isn’t right to describe the empire as being behind me."

"Is there anything you like about Japanese culture? For example, manga."

“Hey... Hum hum, hum! I like baseball videos.”

“Baseball videos? Do you mean recorded videos of the Japanese Baseball League?”

“Ah, yes. That’s correct. Baseball is a representative sport of Japan... No, it’s significant in developed countries. I have great interest in it.”

“As a Japanese person, I am happy and proud that you like Japanese baseball. If you don’t mind, can I ask what team your cheer for?”

“Es O di?”

“Huh? There isn’t a team like that?”

“Too bad... No, I was confused for a moment because of all the questions at once. I like and cheer on every team.”

“You encourage everyone while cheering on a particular team? You are very considerate. As expected from the leader of a kingdom.”

“Excuse me. I have a question. What is your favorite food?”

“I like wraps.”

“You mean the popular style of wrapping beef or pork in lettuce?”

“Isn’t it eaten with canned tuna?”

“...?”

“I don’t eat meat with vegetables... The taste of the most expensive meat with the taste of vegetables is a bit...”

They were specific questions for Grid. In the past, he would’ve refused most interviews because he was uncomfortable or annoyed. But now he was well aware of his position. He never forgot that he represented a kingdom and answered all questions faithfully.

The result.

【 Lettuce, canned tuna, and hot pepper paste are temporarily out of stock. Sorry. We hope to secure more quantities quickly. Thank you. 】

Such signs were attached to various marts and convenience stores in Japan. It was the moment when a new Korean dish (?) was spread to Japan. This was the ripple effect of a huge star.



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