

## Overgeared 1041

### [Chapter 1041](#)

It was a reunion that took place after a long time. The dukes unraveled the years of misunderstandings and grudges and then returned to reality. They first mourned Duke Diworth. The mourning didn't last long, but the shortness didn't mean it was insincere.

Despite having little affection for each other and having different ideologies and political stances, Diworth had been a colleague who served the same imperial family. Consequently, it was natural for the dukes to mourn his death. It was just that this was an attitude derived from a minimum of justification.

The dukes didn't feel sorrow or regret. Wasn't it strange to feel sadness for the death of a person they didn't know very well? The dukes operated in different territories and didn't have much contact with each other unless they had a particularly close relationship.

It was rumored that Diworth had been addicted to alcohol every day since he was middle-aged and he was particularly violent. Additionally, it was said that it was common for him to abuse or kill his soldiers under the guise of military discipline. Diworth's death was rather cold. It wasn't a problem to feel regret about. They didn't know if they should look forward to the future of the Tiphon family, which would be led by his son now.

'It is right for those who lose their qualification to leave.'

Suddenly, Grenhal wondered what the assessment of him would be when he died. He was afraid to think about this. Morse spoke to Duke Grenhal who was making a bitter expression, "At the very least, I will cry for your death."

"Hahat, that is very kind of you."

The time for mourning was over. Duke Grenhal turned his gaze toward Grid. "The moment we return to the empire, we will hold a great funeral for Duke Diworth."

Diworth might've threatened Grid's life, but the dukes couldn't compromise about this part. Since he was a duke of the empire, Diworth's death would be paved with heroism. Grenhal wanted Grid to understand that his words contained this meaning. Understanding what Grenhal meant, Grid nodded. "The work of the empire isn't something I should interfere with. You don't have to tell me about it."

"Thank you for your understanding."

Now the situation was roughly over. It was time to discuss further exploration of the ruins. In fact, only a few hours ago, the dukes had suggested for the expedition to be discontinued. The followers who had learned six secret techniques were difficult to deal with and also appeared often. Thus, it was better to retreat before their physical strength and mental strength were exhausted. However, things had changed.

"Duke Grenhal!" 10,000 troops led by Marquis Fulbas were running toward them from afar.

"Hmm... There are too many nutrients in the soil, so the crops are rotting quickly..." Additionally, there was Piaro by their side now.

That's right. The dukes relied on Piaro. It was a habit they had learned from the days when Piaro was the pillar of the empire. Everywhere on the continent, there were powerful people threatening the empire, and the empire had suffered from several major wars. It had been Piaro who emerged and saved the empire. His presence had helped them overcome crises and allowed the people to enjoy peace of mind, including the dukes.

In particular, Duke Grenhal had received great help and considered Piaro as a spiritual mentor. For the dukes, Piaro was such an existence. The belief that Piaro would prevent all future hardships encountered at the ruins gave courage to the dukes.

Despite this, an unexpected figure spoke like he was rebuking their attitude, "We will stop the expedition for a while."

It was Grid.

"Huh?"

The dukes had seen Grid's greed from the beginning. Grid's desire for new strength and treasure was stronger than anyone else. They had realized it the moment they witnessed the greed that appeared in his eyes when he saw the Secret Technique Box. Yet he was going to abandon his greed and stop exploring...? At this moment, the empire's reinforcements had arrived and Piaro had been called. The exploration would be much easier than before, so it was hard to understand why the exploration should stop.

Grid explained to the somewhat puzzled dukes, "I'm worried about the great demon running wild on the continent."

A little while ago, Grid blamed himself for causing Piaro to feel guilt. Then there was a sense of strangeness when he heard the whispers of his colleagues comforting him. Originally, wasn't this a place where all communication and teleportation magic was blocked?

Since arriving at the Ruins of the War God, the whisper system hadn't worked. Once Piaro was summoned with the permission of the war god, this rule collapsed. He didn't know if it was the war god's mistake or not but the whisper system was opened.

Lael quickly sent whispers to the Overgeared members and heard the news in real time. There was news that Berith had just entered Fort Taleren which was the last gateway to the capital of the Haken Kingdom, and a group of people had gathered to block him. It included Kraugel, Hao, and Alexander. The Overgeared members also reported that the continent's best spearmen, Kirinus and Rachel, were gathered at the fortress.

Once Lael received the news, Grid became nervous. There was Zibal and the magic machine Raiders, and Grid didn't know how much stronger Kraugel had become. Hao had taken a step forward by contracting with Grid, and while Grid didn't like Alexander, he acknowledged Alexander's skills. If they were joined by Rachel and Kirinus, who were at least on the level of Grenhal...

'They might raid Berith without us.'

It couldn't happen. The reason the Overgeared Guild turned away from the Berith raid was to save as much power as possible, not to concede Berith to others. Even if the other person was Kraugel, Grid had no intention of giving up on Berith. It was an act of neglecting his colleagues.

'We have to take a share of it!'

Grid looked at the faces of his colleagues. As they crossed the Red Sea and explored the ruins, they had gained between two to six levels. In particular, Faker's development was remarkable after mastering the secret technique. Yura, who had been pointed out by the war god, seemed to gain a sense of enlightenment. Euphemina had copied skills that could be called fraudulent from the followers of the war god.

The journey of the past month had not been in vain.

'It is enough for now.'

Grid and Lauel had been planning a large-scale raid on Berith. They intended to mobilize the core power of the Overgeared Kingdom, from the hundreds of Overgeared members to Piaro, Mercedes, Jude, Sticks, Noll, Kasim, and Maxong. In fact, they intended to rely on everyone's power and give them an opportunity to gain experience and levels. Now the proper growth that the key members needed to achieve in order to protect everyone was complete.

'I achieved my first goal.'

Grid had reached level 399 and could acquire the 200,000 Army Swordsmanship. It was now the time to shift their attention. The priority of the historical site and Berith should be switched. Of course, they couldn't just leave like this. It would be painful if the dukes got something from the historical site while they were gone.

'Additionally, one of the Seven Dukes was killed.'

It would be sad. There shouldn't be any more deaths if a bridge between the empire and Overgeared Kingdom was to be created. The dukes' deaths weren't desired. Grid suggested to the dukes, "Stop the exploration for a while and go with us to kill Berith."

"...?" The dukes responded in an unconvinced manner. The ruins were where they could get the secret techniques of the war god. On the other hand, Berith was only a modest villain. Was it necessary to say which one should have a higher priority? Time was limited. It was much wiser to remain here and explore the ruins than return to the continent in order to defeat Berith. The value of the ruins was far higher than the rewards from killing Berith.

"I'm also reluctant to say this but... For the empire, it is better to let Berith be more active. The more that other kingdoms receive damage from Berith, the more they will rely on the empire." Duke Grenhal honestly stated their position.

Grid no longer thought of a way to persuade them. Then Lauel came forward. "The sense of crisis on the continent is already high enough. At this time, if the Overgeared Kingdom comes and defeats Berith, all kingdoms on the continent will praise the Overgeared Kingdom and the empire's position will weaken."

"..."

“You still don’t know? The reason why King Grid proposed to fight Berith together is to protect the empire’s status as our strong ally. Are you going to kick away His Majesty’s favor?” Lauel deliberately went out hard. He was somewhat forceful.

It was because he calculated that the dukes’ affinity with Grid was high after encountering Piaro. Sure enough, it worked.

“...I hear what you are saying.” Grenhal and Morse nodded. Meanwhile, Basara only made a meaningful smile. She glimpsed the pretense in Lauel’s remarks, but she didn’t reveal it. Basara calculated that it was better to cooperate with the Overgeared Kingdom in this matter in order to achieve a full friendship. There was nothing to lose, and it would be difficult to explore the ruins without the Overgeared Kingdom.

The atmosphere started to flow as intended, and Grid interjected, “Additionally, we can shorten the time it takes for us to cross the Red Sea. The great sage Sticks will arrive here in a moment and take all of us using Mass Teleport.”

“I’ve heard of the great sage’s reputation, but in principle, this is a space where teleportation magic is blocked. It is impossible even for a great sage.”

“No, not anymore. The environment has changed. Try and check using communication magic.”

The story proceeded smoothly. The dukes used communication magic to talk with their family members and confirmed it was possible. Now the group had come to the point where they would unite to defeat Berith. Marquis Fulbas and his troops were stunned by the situation unfolding in front of them.

‘Why are the dukes standing with the enemy king?’

‘The dukes seem too friendly to the Overgeared King...’

‘What the hell is going on... Heok?’

The puzzled Marquis Fulbas and the 10,000 troops looked shocked simultaneously. Grid and the dukes were in the middle of a serious conversation. Then the unidentified man squatting to the side and doing something to the soil approached Grid. They saw his identity.

“P-Piario...!”

It was the traitor Piario. The responses from the 10,000 troops were varied. Those who believed Piario wasn’t a traitor shook with joy at the return of the old hero while those who regarded Piario as a traitor were alarmed. Of course, there were far more people in the latter group. The imperial family had declared a long time ago that Piario was a traitor. They had charged him with the crime of rebellion and killed all of his family members. There was already such a result, so very few people believed that Piario was actually framed.

Marquis Fulbas was one of those extremely rare people. He was a great noble and had experience building up achievements with Piario early on. The marquis froze like a stone statue for a moment before his eyes reddened. He noticed the truth when he saw Piario standing alongside the dukes.

“I’m relieved to see you in good health.”

“...Are your parents still well?”

“Yes, they’ve lost all their teeth, but they are healthy.”

“I believe they will live for a long time. They always opened the barn doors and took care of the people whenever there is a disaster, even if they went skinny from hunger... The people praised them as gods and believed they would be blessed and live a long and healthy life.”

“However, their bellies are fat now, unlike me who was so greedy that I sold my daughter instead of sacrificing myself.”

“If there is someone who opens the barn doors, there must be someone to fill the barn. Don’t you know that? You must’ve had a hard time.”

“Sir Piaro.”

He was still the same. The short conversation purified the marquis. A hero wasn’t a hero for nothing. However, the marquis was in a position of a servant who shouldn’t doubt His Majesty the Emperor. Thus, Marquis Fulbas had believed the treason instead of doubting it.

“I’m sor... I’m sorry.” Marquis Fulbas lost strength in his legs and shed tears. The nobles, who had recently become distant from him because of someone’s work, also cried with him. The cracks that had just occurred started to mend again.

Huroi, disguised as Earl Baget, frowned. ‘Piaro is trolling...’

How much had Huroi struggled? Then it happened the moment when Huroi banged on his stuffy chest.

-I want to see it,the voice of War God Zeratul rang in Grid’s ears. -Can you safely escape from here?

‘What is he saying suddenly?’ The frustrated Grid looked around.

Just then, a group of people approached from afar. They were 100 knights armed with transparent white armor, and the atmosphere they gave off was unusual. Duke Grenhal recognized them and cried out, “Kyle! Four units of reinforcements were supposed to arrive. One of them turned out to be Kyle’s unit...!”

‘Kyle?’ Grid had an expression like he was chewing shit. Kyle was one of the Five Pillars of the empire. In the past, Grid had fought against Kyle face-to-face. If Braham and Mumud hadn’t opened up their power because of the quest at the time... Grid and Agnus would’ve died without being able to cope with Kyle’s overwhelming strength.

Kyle might be the weakest of the Five Pillars, but he was still a threat. He was different from the Seven Dukes as he hadn’t shared a past with Piaro, so he would be thoroughly hostile. The war god gave an even bigger threat to the nervous Grid.

-He listened to me, unlike you.He acknowledged his shortcomings and climbed the path that I suggested.

“...!?”

-In order to leave this place, you have to beat my new follower.

[A new quest has been created!]

[Follower of the War God, Kyle]

[Difficulty: SSS

One of the Five Pillars, Kyle visited the ruins under the command of the emperor.

Then he met the War God.

He believed that the path of martial arts proposed by the war god was a blessing and became an ardent follower.

Fight and win against him who came running to kill you under the order of the war god!

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

Quest Clear Reward: Free access to the Ruins of the War God.

Quest Failure: Level -5. Remove the effect caused by the whim of the war god (communication and teleportation magic allowed at the ruins). Interest in martial arts will increase.]

"Shit!"

It was a level he had worked hard to raise over the past few months. He had finally reached level 399, and the 200,000 Army Swordsmanship was right in front of him. If he failed this quest, he would lose a lot of time and effort that couldn't be replaced with money. The terrified Grid shouted at Piaro and his colleagues, "We have to stop him!"

Then...

"It is you!"

Lightning was released. The gray-haired and one-armed Kyle quickly arrived in front of Grid. Kyle emitted a strong lightning that wasn't comparable to the past. His presence itself seemed like a natural disaster.

"You dared to ignore the favor of the war god...! Eh?" Kyle was screaming with a scary expression when he suddenly looked amazed. He saw Grid's face and recalled an old memory. It was the face of the Undefeated King's descendant peeking at him from under a straw hat. He could never forget the face of the absolute person who cut off his right arm with overwhelming force.

"...I think I got the wrong person." Kyle suddenly stepped back.

"...?" Grid was dumbfounded.

"Then I'm going now." Kyle hurriedly left his position.

[The quest 'Follower of the War God, Kyle' has been completed!]

[In the future, you can freely access the Ruins of the War God!]

"...???"

-....???

There was an awkward silence. Neither Grid or the War God could grasp the situation and were quiet for a while. It was silent for a long time when a magic circle was drawn in the air, and Great Sage Sticks appeared. Grid spoke politely to the war god who was watching him from somewhere, “I-I’m going.”

-...

“Uh, let’s go.”

-...

## [Chapter 1042](#)

Ellelua was one of the major cities representing the Haken Kingdom. Cultural prosperity was built, and it was called the sanctuary of artists as tourists visited it every day. Now, it was still. In the aftermath of Great Demon Berith, it turned into a wasteland. The buildings that inspired the artists and the works of high value were shattered.

A huge magic circle was drawn in the sky where dust was blowing. Dozens of lights fell to the ground, and people could be seen inside the light. They were Grid’s party and the dukes. The other imperial forces remained at the historical site to assist with Skunk’s study.

“Is this Fort Taleren?”

The landscape was a city where everything had crumbled. The Overgeared members cocked their heads at the desolate landscape that showed no traces of people. Berith was said to be raiding Fort Taleren, so they naturally thought their destination was Taleren. Could this place be called a fortress?

Someone approached the puzzled group and explained, “No, this is Ellelua. Fort Taleren is the last bastion of the Haken Kingdom. The moment the war started, they blocked teleportation magic, making it inaccessible by magic. That’s why we chose the city closest to Fort Taleren as the gathering place.”

The explanation sounded like it was read from a script. The identity of this friendly man was the first ranked wind magician, Zednos. Toon, Laella, Ibellin, Zirkan, Coke, and so on—they ranged from the elites to the new members of the artillerymen unit. Hundreds of Overgeared members were gathered behind Zednos. They had gathered here first while Sticks brought Grid’s party over. All of them would be involved in the Berith raid.

“I see. How long will it take to get to the fortress?”

“If the speed buffs are maintained, approximately 10 hours?”

“What? We aren’t soldiers yet we have to march for so long? I don’t want to feel like I’m re-enlisting!”

“I’m envious that you went to the army.”

“If you’re envious, you should get naturalized to South Korea and enlist.”

“That is a little...”

“Hey, isn’t 10 hours too long? Won’t the fortress be occupied before we arrive?”

Through slaughter, Berith collected human souls and used it as a resource to open the gates of hell to summon an army. If he broke through the fortress and reached the capital, there would be plenty of resources for him to summon a new army and the difficulty of the raid would be even higher.

Toban shook his head. "Zibal gathered 30,000 elite soldiers with the nobles of the Haken Kingdom. The fortress is advantageous for defensive battles, and Berith won't be able to capture it quickly. Additionally, Kraugel, Hao, Alexander, Kraugel, and Rachel will arrive at the fortress one step ahead of us, so we'll have plenty of time."

"Toban is correct. We aren't in a position to worry about the safety of the fortress. We should wish that Berith isn't raided before we arrive."

"Indeed..."

Others might not know it but Kraugel and Zibal were strong people who were of a totally different level. The rankers who could face them could be counted on one hand. There was even the continent's best spearmen with them... It wouldn't be strange if Berith was raided before they arrived.

"By the way, what did Kraugel do to get Kirinus and Rachel as colleagues? Didn't Grid only get named NPCs after he became a noble?"

"Kraugel is Kraugel. He is a monster who has been preempting quests since the beginning... Eh?"

This was their first reunion since the creation of the artillerymen unit, but the gathered Overgeared members quickly shut their mouths. It was because they saw bright gold names. They belatedly discovered the named NPCs with the names of Grenhal, Morse, and Basara around Lauel.

"Why are these people...?"

"Oh, I was late to brag. No, the introduction was late. Please exchange greetings. They are the dukes of the Saharan Empire."

"Dukes of the empire? Heok!"

"The Seven Dukes?!"

The dukes were an absolute power that couldn't be touched by players, and they were the most feared dangers of the Overgeared Kingdom. During the war against the empire, the Overgeared members had always been uneasy and frightened because of the dukes. The people who are the leaders of the enemy—why were they here?

Lauel's colleagues reacted dully.

"Huhuhut... It is thanks to Grid," Lauel laughed and spoke proudly.

"..." The Overgeared members were speechless. Those who had just praised Kraugel completely erased Kraugel from their minds.

'Truly God Grid...'

'Kraugel brought two people while Grid brought three people of the boss-class...'



'By the way, they look really strong.'

Grenhal and Morse, who were on top of the two-headed hippopotamus and the saber tiger, were impressive at first sight. In particular, Grenhal with his brilliant armor was the ultimate tanker. It was certain that he must be a zombie that a handful of rankers could never knock down.

'I heard he is called the Immortal King...'

Who would've imagined that Grenhal took off his armor when fighting seriously? The Overgeared members misunderstood Grenhal as a tanker and greeted him politely, "It is an honor to be with the dukes. I will entrust my back to you."

"The companions of the Overgeared King are extraordinary. It is nice to meet you."

They were allies who would be on the same boat for a while. The dukes were strong allies who would protect them from the mighty enemy, Great Demon Berith. The Overgeared members treated the dukes with great care, and the dukes didn't lose their politeness. They greeted each other and measured their power. Toban wanted to increase his affinity with the evil eyes king and tried to use gifts, but it was very difficult to build up affinity with the best NPCs.

No matter what means and methods Toban used, his affinity was fixed to zero and there was no progress. The same was true for the others. The dukes of the empire were harder than the evil eyes king. So, how did Grid win their hearts? The group looked at Grid like he was a monster.

Meanwhile, Grid was thinking about something else, 'The Five Pillars...'

Grid had cleared the SSS grade quest and was granted free access to the Ruins of the War God. It was a tremendous benefit since he could return at any time to the place that required 10 days of sailing. However, he didn't feel comfortable. He was disheartened when he learned that the potential of the Five Pillars surpassed the dukes.

'An empty shell that has consumed all their talents.'

This was the expression used by the war god to describe the dukes. The war god wasn't interested in the dukes. He treated them like nothing. Yet Kyle was different. Kyle was believed to have arrived at the ruins at almost the same time as Marquis Fulbas. He was chosen by the war god after only a few days of coming to the ruins. This meant he was strong enough that the war god coveted him despite considering the dukes insignificant. It was a great pressure considering that Kyle was the weakest of the Five Pillars.

'The other pillars are more likely to be chosen by the war god.'

Kyle became a follower of the war god and looked stronger than ever. If the other four pillars also became followers, their power might be unbearable.

'Maybe a yangban level...'

Grid had a headache. He believed that his relationship with the empire would improve after receiving the dukes' favor and that the dukes would play a big role in the process. However, there was now the war god's intervention to deal with. He wondered if the dukes could go against the stronger Five Pillars.

'By the way... why did Kyle pretend not to know me and run away?'

At first, Grid didn't think Kyle was actually running away. He thought Kyle didn't recognize him and went on another path. Once Grid regained his composure and looked back, Kyle had clearly run away. The evidence was that the quest was cleared. What was the reason for that?

'Ah, perhaps...?'

Grid thought for a long time before recalling the old memories.

"What is this small fry?"

"A foolish guy like you is showing a violent temper? Do you want to die?"

It was a terrible indifference. In the past, Braham borrowed Grid's body to fight Mumud and treated Kyle as a rock by the roadside. Kyle, who had lost one arm at the time, seemed to pee in his pants before running off. It was a memory without any distortions.

'He panicked.'

It was for certain.

'He remembered my face and panicked.'

Braham's personality created this butterfly effect. Thanks to it, Grid easily overcame the crisis that was originally difficult to handle. Grid once again realized that Braham's existence was like light. He made a vow, 'Once I meet Kyle in the future, I have to go hard against him.'

Trauma was hard to overcome. He knew this terrible fact because he too suffered from trauma. Grid planned to take full advantage of Kyle's trauma toward Braham. This wasn't difficult. Grid was famous for being cheap and thoughtless in his past. He would reveal his old personality only in front of Kyle.

'Kyle might be the key later...'

"King Grid."

"Huh?" Grid looked up from where he had been locked in thought for a long time.

It was Lauel. He had used Basara's advice and Sticks' wisdom to complete the marching plan. Then he politely told Grid, "Please give an order to depart."

"Ah." Grid regained his spirit and gazed at the faces of his colleagues. It ranged from the Overgeared members, the dukes of the empire, and Earl Baget. They were strong and dependable people...

"...Huh?"

Earl Baget...?

"Who is that person?"

The presence of a stranger was absurd for Grid. He didn't know why a noble of the empire was here.

Huroi, disguised as Earl Baget, blinked. 'He doesn't recognize me...'

The Berith raid meant that the Overgeared Guild summoned all guild members capable of fighting here. Huroi was naturally included. However, Huroi was currently disguised as Earl Baget. Huroi's appearance

couldn't be seen, so he was replaced by Earl Baget. Huroi thought that Grid would definitely notice his identity based on the circumstances. Yet Grid didn't know him at all. He didn't realize that Huroi wasn't present.

"..." Huroi gritted his teeth as he was filled with sadness. The moment he released his tension, tears of chicken poop flowed down. The suffering he experienced over the past few months passed through his mind.

"Hum hum." Grid noticed Earl Baget's identity in hindsight and was embarrassed.

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The 70-meter-high canyon and its fully integrated walls were majestic. There was a story that even the empire abandoned its campaign against these walls in the past. It was Fort Taleren. The roars of the soldiers in the fortress echoed.

"Zibal, Zibal, Zibal..."

The soldiers continued to cheer for and praise their former boss who came back with the magic machine.

『 This raid will be different. I'm sure they'll do well. 』

『 The influence of the former 2nd ranked player is great. I never dreamed that he would rally the nobles of the Haken Kingdom and gather so many elite troops. 』

『 In fact, the army doesn't mean much. The thing we need to focus on is if Zibal's own force, or Raiders, will play a role. 』

Broadcasters from all over the world gathered to capture the appearance of the white giant—the 4th National Competition's PvP winner. The sight of the giant gazing at the horizon while holding a spear that seemed to support the sky was noble and magnificent.

The horizon shook as an army containing thousands of demons appeared. At the forefront was Berith on a sickly horse. He was still bizarre and ugly. The appearance of Raiders became even more sacred. If Berith was a demon who climbed up from hell, then Raiders seemed like an angel descending from the heavenly clouds.

"A relic of the giants," Berith muttered. The magic machine—a product of recklessness and ignorance which was made to oppose the gods—was a weapon that threatened the great demons. Still, this was only when the giants manipulated it directly. Berith was fully aware that a human's intelligence couldn't fully deal with the magic machine.

"It will stop working after a few seconds."

His army would devour the fortress. It would sink before Berith came forward. Berith's intelligence meant his guess was a foregone conclusion.

"Let's go," Berith commanded the army of 3,000 demons. All types of demons who were at least level 360 started climbing up the canyon.

『 The war will begin! 』

The entire world was breathless. Would Great Demon Berith, who had been trampling on the continent for months, finally be defeated? Or would another kingdom be wiped out? Hundreds of millions of viewers gathered in front of the TV and computers to watch the broadcast, filled with anticipation and anxiety. Then...

'I don't need honor and glory this time.'

Zibal climbed onto Raiders' shoulder and observed the advance of the demon army. Raiders held the ego weapon that had been produced by Panmir a very long time ago, Golden Cudgel. Zibal had been strengthening it with the effects from all sorts of quests and hidden pieces. Now the Golden Cudgel had been enhanced to +8 and contained the 'amplification' and 'penetrating' effect.

'I will fight to protect.'

There had been countless conflicts and wars during the history of humanity. Most of the fighting stemmed from greed. Zibal, who had been second in the rankings and head of the Seven Guilds, never denied the history of humanity. Rather, he was deeply sympathetic and only fought for wealth and honor.

However, he had been changing and developing steadily over the past few years, and he was fighting today for new reasons. He was enlightened about the nature of the honor he sought to achieve.

"Grow!"

The demons climbed the walls in an instant and bared their sharp teeth at the soldiers. A huge club fell like a spear from Zibal's giant hand.

"Waaahhhhhhh!" The soldiers and viewers cheered as the demons turned to grey ash. This was the moment when a new hero was born from frustration, despair, suffering, and adversity.

### [Chapter 1043](#)

Debirion, the god of hunting, was one of the numerous indigenous gods born from the myths. His status was considerably inferior when compared to Rebecca, Hexetia, and Zeratul. In the Saharan Empire, worshipping him was classified as heresy. He was an existence that was only at this level. Yet for Zibal, Debirion was an object of absolute faith.

"Grow!"

[Due to Debirion's favor, PvE damage has greatly increased and experience gained has increased slightly.]

The passive effect was triggered as soon as he entered combat. This was the driving force that allowed Zibal to stay in second place in the past. Debirion's Envoy was a class that specialized in hunting and growth, so Zibal was convinced he could surpass Kraugel the moment he got the class. It was just that it had obvious limitations in PvP. Thus, Zibal had been forced to switch to Sky Rider tearfully. The loss of gold to Grid in the National Competition's raid event had also been decisive. The moment Zibal became a Sky Rider, he lost all class traits of Debirion's Envoy.

Still, Debirion was a loving god. Rather than punish one of his few believers for leaving him, Debirion gave a blessing and allowed Zibal to perform excellent hunting skills. Any target that was classified as a monster, no matter the race, was forced to be helpless in front of Zibal.

“Increase!”

The function of the Golden Cudgel could be easily described. Grow or become smaller—that was it. However, its difficulty of use exceeded the highest level, and the Golden Cudgel was classified as the worst. The biggest problem was the recoil the moment the volume and weight increased.

[The skill ‘Lengthen’ has been used to the maximum!]

[The attack power of the +8 Golden Cudgel has increased significantly, and a critical hit will occur unconditionally. The critical damage is hit by three times.]

[The target has been destroyed!]

[The weapon you’re using is very heavy. You can’t endure the strength.]

[The muscles in your right arm are torn, and the bones are broken!]

[You can’t move your right arm!]

“Kuek...!” Zibal’s eyes reddened, and he gritted his teeth. His right arm, which was using the Golden Cudgel to smash the demons, turned black and twisted in a strange direction. Strength was lost from his fingertips. At this rate, he would let go of the Golden Cudgel and lose ownership. Due to this powerful constraint, Debirion’s Envoy couldn’t bring out all of the Golden Cudgel’s potential. However, it was different now.

“Pegasus!”

A horse that appeared in fantasies like the unicorn—it was one of the decisive things that led Zibal to become a Blue Sky Rider. The pegasus licked his right arm like it was familiar with this work from before. Then Zibal’s limply hanging right arm recovered quickly. It took him only two seconds to go through this whole process. As one of the most powerful people among two billion users, Zibal had control over the realm of time and felt senses returning to his fingertips. He immediately shouted, “Become smaller!”

The Golden Cudgel rapidly shortened like an elastic spring and returned to its original size.

“Kuhum...!” Zibal couldn’t handle the rebound of the Golden Cudgel and took a few steps back. He stopped when his back hit Raiders’ leg. Then he drank a potion and shouted to the soldiers on the wall, “Keep your formations!”

There were hundreds of demon species. They had a variety of races like monsters, and Berith’s army was the same. Some demons resembled insects, and others resembled beasts. The insect-like demons were small but swift enough to climb the walls in an instant. Meanwhile, the beast-like demons were large, massive and slow but they were durable. It wasn’t easy for Zibal to harm them with the Golden Cudgel. The surviving demons climbed the walls and shot fire or poison from their mouths at the soldiers.

“Waaaah!”

The soldiers, who had been in high spirits due to Zibal, were swallowed up by the flames and burned. Meanwhile, the soldiers hurling rocks below the walls were shocked when the guards escorting them disappeared without a trace. The ranks of the soldiers started to collapse, and the demons' climbing speed increased. Even those who shrank back from Zibal's attacks chuckled and spread their wings.

They were small demons that resembled flies. The flies shot out their saliva, and hundreds of thin needles that were hard to grasp with the naked eye flooded toward the soldiers.

"Protect the soldiers!"

The nobles, including Earl Flenitium, jumped over the walls and used magic. Transparent barriers started to fend off the demon attacks on the soldiers. They were the pillars of the Haken Kingdom. The nobles who ignored the royal family that despaired at Berith's march were Zibal's former bosses and old comrades. They trusted Zibal when he was a beginner and gave him many quests that increased Zibal's confidence and allowed him to live up to their trust. Without them, the current Zibal wouldn't exist.

"Don't overdo it."

Zibal looked at the nobles behind him and smiled. He felt the passage of time. The nobles who reigned over players a few years ago now depended on players... The times had changed.

"Pegasus, let's handle the pigs during this gap."

Pegasus carried Zibal on its back and soared into the sky. The demons coming over the walls entered Zibal's gaze.

'These guys.'

Zibal targeted the large monsters at the head of the demon army. The demons boasted a huge physique like a bear's, were covered in gray fur, and had four faces on one head. Their appearance was bizarre, but they were very durable. Most of the arrows and rocks shot by the soldiers on the walls were blocked by their bodies, and they helped the other demons. They were tankers of hell. Zibal determined he should handle them first and swung the Golden Cudgel.

"Grow!"

The size and weight of the Golden Cudgel increased dramatically, and the blood vessels in his right arm rose and burst. Still, Zibal endured the pain. His right arm became completely ragged the moment the Golden Cudgel fell on the heads of the huge monsters.

Pegasus cried out anxiously as Zibal trembled. The eyes of the huge monsters looked at Zibal simultaneously. The huge monsters didn't die when Zibal hit them with the Golden Cudgel. Only their health was shaved.

"These dirty guys are hard."

The huge monsters weren't elite monsters. They were classified as normal. Yet they endured the most powerful attack of the Golden Cudgel. Zibal was frankly upset. He felt frustrated at the sight of the demon army crossing the plains and climbing the walls. Rather than stopping Berith's advance, he might be eaten by the demons before meeting Berith.

'...I'm really a used thing.'

He couldn't help smiling. Zibal hadn't been frustrated with any hardship or adversity in the days when he was aiming for first in the rankings. He had endured much more frustrating situations than his current circumstances. Of course, there were many things he had endured and failed to overcome. He had tasted failure so much that he realized reality and became the person he was now.

'Let's not push the limits today.'

There was no certainty that he could drive away this swarm of evil demons. Still, he shouldn't become frustrated. He had to keep fighting. It was time to go back to the days when he was a daredevil who knew nothing. His courage would invigorate the morale of his former colleagues and the soldiers.

"Ohhhhhh!" A thunderous roar echoed in the battlefield. The earth was turbulent whenever Zibal wielded the Golden Cudgel. His right arm was broken many times, and Pegasus's aura was quickly exhausted as it healed him. In the end, the huge monsters at the forefront of the demon army collapsed one by one. The arrows fired by the soldiers on the walls finally started to hit the demon army.

"Wahhhh!"

"Zibal, we believe in you!"

The morale of the soldiers rose sharply. The complexion of the nobles dealing with the flies brightened. They had hope that they could protect their country with their hands.

On the other hand, Pegasus' expression was pained. The tongue licking its master's arm trembled. The white wings flapping in the sky stopped.

"Pant... Pant... Pant..."

Zibal was on the verge of exhaustion. His stamina window was flashing red.

"Not yet... Not yet."

Just a bit more. At the very least, he wanted to stay strong until he got rid of the demon army's snipers. However, his vision kept blurring. This was the end. Eventually, Zibal's gaze returned to Raiders standing inside the fortress. Originally, he planned to operate Raiders when confronting Berith, but now that he was about to die, his plan changed.

'Use Raiders to break through the demons and kill Berith.'

The determined Zibal stroked Pegasus's head. Pegasus read the will of its master and turned its head with sadness. The moment it descended toward Raiders.

""Nasty, nasty. How long do you think I will let a trivial human have his way?""

There was a terrible stench as a voice entered Zibal's ears. It was a voice that he had heard over a hundred times through the broadcasts—the voice of Great Demon Berith.

""You hurt my soldiers and will have to pay the price.""

"...!"

Zibal's eyes widened. It was absurd to hear Berith's voice when Berith was so far away. It was also absurd to see the dust rising from the battle solidify into metal.

““Stop it and die.””

The sharp metal joined together and rotated, forming a storm. It tore through the hard flesh of the demons and flew to Zibal. Pegasus flew vigorously and tried to endure the metal storm, but it wasn't easy. Pegasus had already exhausted most of its strength and lacked stamina.

“Pegasus, go back.”

It was enough for Zibal to die alone. He would receive more damage if Pegasus died. Pegasus shook its head stubbornly and ignored Zibal. Zibal canceled the summoning and started to fall to the ground.

‘I'm dying sooner than planned, but there is still one more chance.’

Zibal had already set Fort Taleren as a revival point. Even if he died, he could be resurrected immediately. His stamina would completely recover.

‘I will fight again.’

Of course, a second death meant he would experience the penalty where he couldn't connect. While he was away, the Haken Kingdom would have a harder fight, but it couldn't be helped. The metal storm approached as Zibal neared the ground. Would he die from being swallowed by the storm or by falling to the ground? The moment Zibal had this trivial thought, someone grabbed Zibal's hand and pulled him up.

Then a low and cold voice was heard, “Take a break.”

It was an unforgettable voice. Zibal had felt envy and jealousy. Then he felt envy and longing. It was the first of the former supreme one.

“Kraugel...!”

A silver robe with a large golden dragon embroidery on it flapped in the wind. Soft silk wrapped around Zibal's injured body.

“Tearing the Sky.”

The claw of a mighty beast was carved into the sky. The metal storm stiffened in place. This was something that would've torn Zibal apart. Now it reversed its route. It returned to where it came from, sweeping through the demon army and engulfing Berith. Just before it reached Berith, the metals that formed the storm changed back to dust and scattered.

““Sword...””

“Space Sword.”

““...Saint.””

The world was split into two. The earth, the sky, the thousands of demons, and Berith—all of them were cut.



## [Chapter 1044](#)

『 Hup...! 』

What was this spectacular skill? It reminded most people of Pagma's Swordsmanship. In particular, when Grid sword danced using Iyarugt with the 'coolness' option attached, it was as beautiful as a painting. However, when it came to scale, there was no skill more gorgeous than Space Sword.

It was one of Kraugel's ultimate skills. The super skill maximized the basic characteristic 'there is nothing you can't cut' of a Sword Saint to cut the world itself.

[Critical!!]

[The target has received 15,300,599 damage.]

[The target has received 17,900,143...]

[The target has received...]

....

...

[The target has suffered irreversible damage! All stats are reduced by 20%, and all speeds are reduced by 50%!]

[The target has exposed his weakness! If you hit the target within 30 seconds, an unconditional critical hit will be applied! The critical damage applied will be 1.5 times higher!]

[...!]

[!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!]

[Your powerful sword has separated the world!!!]

The massive walls that made up the canyon were split in half. A line was drawn through everything in the world, including the demons that resembled flies infesting the sky and the winding earth of the canyon. Many of the demons advancing along the narrow path, those climbing the walls, and those in the sky had their bodies cut and turned to gray ash. If Zibal rode on Pegasus and killed more than 100 demons, then Kraugel produced a miracle that devastated thousands of demons with a single blow. Space Sword was fatal to the advancing army because it had the effect of 'cutting all enemies that exist in the path.'

[The earth god Garion has exerted his power. All things split in half are restored like the split was a lie.]

The canyon walls and earth, that had been split apart, reattached into their original state. The demons fell into the gaps formed in the walls and the earth and disappeared. Additionally...

““ ... ””

Berith's left arm was precisely struck by the Space Sword and cut off. White blood rose like a fountain from the cut surface, shocking the world. The demons' eyes widened, and they stiffened.

『 U-Unbelievable...! The demon army's advance has stopped instantly! 』

『 Oh, my god! The moment he appeared, he cut off the great demon's arm! Tens of thousands of people and rankers struggled to achieve this...! 』

『 Really! This is amazing! Great, Kraugel!! 』

Commentators around the world shouted with excitement, and all of the world's viewers cheered. However, Kraugel's face didn't show any excitement. Kraugel evaluated the space as an 'empty cart.' Unlike the flashy performance that made the world loud, it didn't kill the target in one blow.

Although it boasted the highest damage coefficient among wide-area skills, it didn't completely deviate beyond the limits of a wide-area skill. This was the somewhat weak part compared to other ultimate skills. It was just that the special nature of war highlighted the merits of Space Sword. The topographical advantage of the canyon also played a big part. The demons were vulnerable to Space Sword as they marched on the narrow road.

'His physical defense is twice as high as Belial's. Is it around three times the health?'

Kraugel compared his current specs with his specs during the Belial raid. He checked the damage that had been inflicted on Belial and the health gauge of Berith, and he came to a conclusion. Once again, Kraugel concluded that Berith couldn't be raided with his current power.

'It isn't possible without Grid, Damian, and Ruby.'

Grid's Four Heavenly Kings that had appeared during the Demon King's Subjugation were Piaro, Asmophel, Noll who played a big role in Reidan recently, and the woman whose exact reality still wasn't known. Kraugel couldn't help thinking of those four people. Grid had almost lost Piaro in the Belial raid, so it was unlikely he would let NPCs join this raid.

'Let's slowly buy time.'

Normally, Kraugel linked Space Sword with another skill. This was due to the 30-second period when critical damage was increased. It meant attacking Berith could cause significant damage. Still, Kraugel didn't overdo it. He knew that he didn't need to overdo it because the Overgeared Guild was currently on the way here.

How did he know? It was naturally thanks to Hao and Alexander. China's top ranker and Russia's top ranker were Kraugel's limbs. Kraugel's information network went beyond the days of when he was alone. Well, in this case, he didn't need his information network.

-I'm going to kill him. Leave a share for me, Grid sent him this whisper.

Kraugel turned his attention to Zibal. Zibal, who was saved just before death, looked very uncomfortable. The moment Kraugel's gaze fell on him, Zibal grumbled, "Dammit, I still can't tell who the main character is."

"It has been a long time since I was pushed into the supporting role."

"You have thick skin."

Zibal descended to the ground alongside Kraugel and captured the scene of the battlefield. Hundreds of demons had perished, and hundreds more moaned due to their wounds. Thousands of demons stiffened like statues when they saw their master had lost his arm. Only one presence completely changed the atmosphere of the battlefield.

It was overwhelming, and it was certain that Kraugel was definitely stronger than the days when he was the sky above the sky. This was quite different from the weak self he showed in the two years after becoming a Sword Saint. It seemed that he could finally use the power of a Sword Saint properly.

“...The competition for the top will soon be fierce again.”

“No, I still have a long way to go.”

As much as he grew, Grid would've grown beyond that. Grid had built up the largest player-based power on the continent, and his growth environment wasn't comparable to a single player's. It was fundamental that he monopolized all types of information and riches while his utilization of talent was unmatched.

One example was Great Sage Sticks. Thanks to Stick's Mass Teleport, Grid could move anywhere at any time. It was completely different from the activity radius of one player.

‘Truly amazing.’

Who would've imagined that Grid could grow the Overgeared Kingdom to this point? Most people thought it was lucky if he could keep it. However, Grid was very resourceful, and the kingdom developed rapidly. They advanced ahead of kingdoms hundreds of years old and were able to compete with the empire. Grid was a great person.

“By the way, I couldn't even help damage the great demon,” Zibal muttered as he gazed at Berith in the distance. The cut-off limb was like rotten meat on the ground, and blood was still flowing down from the severed shoulder. The bleeding from the amputation was something that even a great demon couldn't avoid. Berith's slightly consumed health gauge gave Zibal some hope of winning.

“Let's join forces this time. I'll use Raiders, so let's work together to wound Berith through a gap.”

“The ultimate goal of alchemy.”

“...?”

“It isn't just about making gold, it is about creating life. The existence of the Stone of Life is the evidence.”

“What?”

Zibal wanted to cooperate, only for Kraugel to suddenly speak nonsense...? Kraugel pointed at something while responding to the confused Zibal, “It is easy for Berith to recover his flesh.”

“...!?” Zibal's eyes widened.

The blood flowing from Berith's shoulder was as hard as metal. It soon became bones, flesh, and skin. The sight of Berith instantly restoring his left arm stunned the viewers watching as well as Zibal.

“This damn monster.” Zibal clicked his tongue. Was it useless to cut the body? It was the first time he realized that alchemy was so great. Even the alchemy of the best nation of the continent, the Saharan Empire, was at a level that was little better than making potions and metals. Toward the stiff Zibal—no, it was toward Kraugel standing beside Zibal, Berith spoke.

““The Sword Saint of this time is weak,””he said quietly from a distance of several kilometers, but his voice entered their ears clearly. ““Sword Saint Muller sealed many great demons. I think it’s impossible for you.””

Kraugel didn’t deny it. “That’s right. It will be hard for me with my current strength.”

Muller was the strongest human in history. If the potential of a named NPC could be classified from 1 to 10, Muller’s potential would be 100. It was impossible for the player Kraugel to be as strong as Muller. However, Kraugel wasn’t alone.

“Sorry for being late.”

“It took me a while to collect the kids.”

Hao, Alexander, and dozens of Russian rankers rushed to Kraugel’s side. It was a much more splendid party than any other Berith raiding party, including Zibal’s party. The audience’s hearts pounded. Yet from Berith’s perspective, it was just a group of small fries.

Berith scoffed, and 10 magic circles appeared in the air around him. They quickly transformed all the elements around them. From dust, dirt, stones, rocks, water, and the air, they turned into metal harder than steel as they formed 10 large and threatening spears that shot at Kraugel.

““Die.””

“Gulp!”Kraugel’s group swallowed their saliva. They were full of fighting spirit, but once they directly met Berith, the power felt from him was beyond imagination. Could they hold on until the Overgeared Guild arrived? To be honest, they didn’t feel confident.

The 10 spears crossed the battlefield. They flew past all the obstacles in front of them and struck Kraugel’s group. The 10 spears were of a totally different dimension. The viewers thought this as they watched the canyon collapse more every time a spear grazed it. Then the flying 10 spears suddenly slowed down, gradually losing their shape and scattering.

『 What? 』

The commentators and viewers couldn’t understand the sudden phenomenon. The same was true for Hao, Alexander, and Zibal. Only two beings knew. Only Kraugel and Berith could see why the alchemy lost its momentum.

“...Intangible will?”

A power with no form—it was a realm for the absolute masters who could knock down objects with just their willpower. Two powerful wills were extinguishing Berith’s alchemy. Berith looked rather surprised and moved his focus from Kraugel’s group to the back wall of the fortress. Hundreds of cameras followed his gaze.

“It is an ugly horse.”

“This great demon has an arrogant tone.”

A man and woman who held spears were standing there. The somewhat short middle-aged man had the name Kirinus, and the beautiful blond woman whose age couldn't be determined had the name of Rachel. Both their names shone a bright gold color. The commentators and viewers doubted their eyes.

『The best spearsman on the continent, Kirinus! 』

『 Spear Saint Rachel!! 』

『 H-How are they here? 』

The powerhouses of the continent that the average players would never have a chance to meet—why had they appeared beside each other in this place? In particular, Rachel was one of the empire's Seven Dukes. The empire was ignoring the crisis of the Haken Kingdom, so no one could easily guess why she was visiting the Haken Kingdom. Kraugel greeted the two of them, “You came.”

“Yes,” Kirinus and Rachel responded lightly. Kraugel seemed close to the two of them.

『 D-Don't tell me... .』

Kraugel was the one who brought the powerhouses here? An inflexible general—this was what the world had evaluated Kraugel as. Most people believed that Kraugel had fallen once and would never be able to catch up with Grid. After all, what could Kraugel do on his own?

Grid had hundreds of rankers and the monstrous Four Heavenly Kings. In the end, Grid would stand as an eternal presence. The people had to think like this, but their minds changed at this moment. A duke and the best spearman of the continent....

Those who witnessed Kraugel appear with two super-grade NPCs saw that Kraugel had the potential to surpass Grid. They might not know the best spearman of the continent, but the Saharan Empire was the greatest power on the continent. Even Grid's Four Heavenly Kings would just be babies in front of the Seven Dukes...

The people thought like this.

## [Chapter 1045](#)

The war situation changed greatly after Kraugel emerged. First of all, the gates of the fortress were wide open. The soldiers of the Haken Kingdom stopped waiting for the demons on the walls and emerged from the fortress. They stood in the winding paths of the canyon and helped Kraugel's group fight the demons. No longer crouching like a tortoise, the soldiers swarmed bravely toward the demons like beasts.

“Die! Damn demons!”

“Go to hell!”

“Disappear from our land!!”

It was a fierce counterattack. The advance of the demon army started to be pushed back little by little. Now the demons weren't close to the walls. The durability of the walls, which decreased every time the acid and fire demons climbed the walls, slowly started to recover. It was just like Zibal's stamina.

"Artillerymen, cover!"

Above the walls, Zibal briefly withdrew from the battlefield while his stamina was recovering and directed the soldiers. He used to be a noble of the Haken Kingdom, was the former leader of the Seven Guilds, and was now a soldier of the empire. Consequently, his commanding ability was excellent. Every time the guards and artillerymen fired at Zibal's orders, allies on the battlefield were saved. Of course, not everyone could be protected.

"Cover! Cover fire!"

"Ah, I'm still loading!"

"Dammit!"

The weapon called the bow was too heavily influenced by the archer's skill and the wind direction. The cannon also had a fatal weakness, which was that they couldn't be fired immediately. Zibal and his soldiers were forced to watch as the demons grabbed the soldiers. Every time this happened, they felt great anger and hatred. They held a terrible killing intent toward the main culprit, Berith.

'Son of a bitch.' Zibal's gaze turned to a small battlefield on the horizon.

Far from the battlefield beneath the walls, a fierce battle was occurring between Berith, Kirinus, and Rachel. Kirinus' spear moved like flowing water, while Rachel's spear boasted explosive energy that was like a dragon's breath. At first glance, the two spears pressured Berith.

Berith tried to counter their attacks, defending against their tactics with alchemy. Kirinus' and Rachel's intangible wills didn't allow Berith's alchemy to form. Berith's alchemy was shattered every time it was cast.

The dance of alchemy...

The helpless Berith reached a point where he had to pull out the sword hanging from his waist. Berith blocked Rachel's red spear with a crude sword and rolled his pupil-free white eyes. It was as if he was laughing.

""The power of thought isn't infinite.""

There was a limit to mental power. Kirinus and Rachel might be two of the strongest beings on the continent, but it was still a burden for them to use their intangible wills in succession. In fact, the speed at which their intangible wills dispersed Berith's alchemy was slowing down. If this continued, Berith's alchemy creation speed would surpass the speed at which they formed their intangible wills. No, they were both likely to self-destruct before they could catch up with the speed.

Kirinus' and Rachel's foreheads were already covered with sweat. Even so, Kirinus and Rachel didn't care.

"Our purpose—"

“—isn’t to knock you down.”

“We’ll do it appropriately.”

“Yes, that’s right.”

““ ....?””

The two of them had spent almost three months together. Kirinus and Rachel had met each other on a daily basis and acknowledged the other as a rival. They didn’t forget why they were standing in front of Berith now. This was only a game. It was important to know who dealt more damage to Berith, but they had no plans to lay down their lives for Berith. They would act moderately in this situation. Kirinus and Rachel had no intention of dying in this place. Still, if possible...

‘I will stay as long as I can.’

This race was far from the concept of training and performance. The two people used their innate strength to deflect Berith’s clumsy sword and stabbed their spears. Then they glanced back. Far away, Kraugel was struggling with the demons along with his companions.

Kirinus and Rachel wanted to buy as much time as possible for Kraugel. They planned to hold on to the great demon until Kraugel defeated the demon army. For Kirinus, Kraugel was his only disciple and friend. For Rachel, Kraugel was fairly interesting to observe and he captivated the hearts of her knights.

‘I can’t let him die in a place like this.’

Kirinus and Rachel nodded. The two people competed with perfectly equal skills. Those who acknowledged and respected each other let their backs face each other’s.

“Moonrise Spear Secret Technique.”

"Dehake! 5th style."

"Eclipse." Kirinus’s spear moved in a circle and swallowed up the light around it. The path couldn’t be read.

“Salamander!” Rachel’s spear moved in a straight line and emitted a yellow flame. It obviously couldn’t be stopped.

““ ....!”” Berith’s eyes widened.

Without knowing it, his heart started to burn, and he screamed.

『 B-Berith’s health has been greatly reduced! 』 The commentators from each country gulped as they relayed the situation, and all the chat rooms were boiling over.

Emoticons such as surprise, thumbs up, and applause bombarded the chat. The skill of Kirinus and Rachel were greater than the rumors claimed. The two people broke the concept of the ‘strongest’ in the minds of the public. The people realized that even the farmer of Overgeared, who had been active in the Belial raid a few years ago, was merely trash in front of them. This was natural because the people couldn’t properly predict how much Piaro had grown over the years.

“I think I hit him harder.”

“It was only possible because I exposed his weakness.”

“In any case, didn’t I do more damage?”

“It is possible because of me so my contribution was higher.”

“Do you have such thick skin?”

“That is you.”

Kirinus and Rachel bickered while pushing back the bleeding Berith. It was a childish argument, but it was important for them. This was because the direction of the battle could determine the problem that hadn’t been resolved for more than two months.

Two spears hit Berith’s chin and side. The shocked Berith fell from the horse, and his face slammed into the ground. Berith’s dry and elongated body twitched from the pain. The great demon was like this in front of only two humans. Kirinus and Rachel were easily able to achieve meaningful results when tens of thousands of challengers had died because of Berith.

It was due to a difference in level. Just as it was pointless for hundreds of level 100 players to go against a level 300 player, the thing that mattered in Satisfy was strength, not numbers. Both Kirinus and Rachel were better than the thousands of rankers who faced the top boss. It would be hard if the thousands of rankers had to fight against both Kirinus and Rachel.

Well, in any case. Kirinus and Rachel weren’t too nervous about Great Demon Berith. It was the reason why the Saharan Empire hadn’t acted when the Overgeared Kingdom raided Belial. For an empire that had a large number of powerful people, there was no need to fear the great demons.

Of course, this was just arrogance. Hadn’t the empire already suffered a crushing defeat because of Astaroth? The great demons were the nemesis of humanity. They were never easy opponents.

““...You guys,”” Berith said, chewing the soil in his mouth as he slowly raised his elongated body. He asked Kirinus and Rachel, who were standing side by side, ““Aren’t you mistaken about something? You are just my prey.””

“Hah?” Rachel frowned. Naturally, she knew this. She knew that she and Kirinus had a very short time to gain an advantage over Berith. Once a little more time passed, they would run out of skills and stamina, and the situation would gradually reverse. However, not yet. After all, they still had an overwhelming advantage. They could take the lead in the battle because they sealed the alchemy that was Berith’s main force. That’s what Rachel thought.

““The two of you, aren’t you already dying?””

“...?”

Berith’s power wasn’t only alchemy. His true power was the ability to lie, and his lies deceived the entire world.



“Cough!?” Rachel cocked her head at the absurd remark, only to cough up blood. Her clear skin was covered in blood. Her entire body was full of wounds that she had suffered without her knowledge. Kirinus was the same. When had his legs gotten cut? Kirinus sat on the ground and gazed at the wounds on his legs. The sight of the blood soaking into the earth was imprinted in his mind. The soil that Berith was chewing on turned into metal in his mouth. Dozens of sharp nails filled his mouth.

““I told you. Mental power isn’t infinite. The mental power of lower-minded humans is quickly drained.””

At this moment...

“...!?”

Rachel’s wounds disappeared without a trace. The various pains that accompanied the wounds disappeared like they were a lie. The same was true for the deep wounds on Kirinus’ legs. Kirinus rose from his position, and the blood staining the earth was erased as if they had never been there. The world itself had been deceived. Berith’s lies lost their effect.

Rachel and Kirinus realized that what they just experienced was an illusion and hurriedly adjusted their spears. However, it was too late. Berith spat out the dozens of nails filling his mouth and turned the bodies of the two people into rags. This was reality, not a lie.

“Ugh...!” Blood flowed from their bodies, and the nailed Kirinus and Rachel stiffened briefly. They temporarily lost their senses. Berith didn’t miss this gap.

““Hahaha, humans are really simple.””

He grinned as he transformed everything around him into metal. Dozens of sharp blades were quickly created and aimed at Kirinus and Rachel.

““Die.””

Berith didn’t waste time. He neatly dealt with all obstacles in front of him at a quick speed. The great demon didn’t delay as he moved his sword and tore at Rachel’s and Kirinus’ bodies.

『 T-This is ridiculous... 』

The commentators around the world confirmed Kirinus’ and Rachel’s rapidly decreasing health gauges. The viewers lost the small hope they had just obtained and sat own with a sense of helplessness.

‘Berith won’t be defeated until the Saharan Empire comes out.’

The experts made a prediction. Kirinus and Rachel lost their composure and were now busy protecting their lives. Those who were watching the two people struggle to avoid Berith’s rain of blades abandoned their vain dreams.

## [Chapter 1046](#)

“Wait a minute. Let’s wait. We have to wait and observe a bit more.”

Kraugel appeared with Rachel and Kirinus and caused a worldwide stir. Most people had predicted the raid’s success and headed for Fort Taleren. It was to benefit from the raid that would succeed anyway.

The opponent was a great demon. They would get a great reward even if they made a small contribution. That's right. If it wasn't for Fort Taleren blocking teleportation magic, all the rankers scattered throughout the continent would already be gathered at Fort Taleren.

'By the way, why is there such a stupid sight?'

Box, a ranker of the Haken Kingdom, was the first ranked Linker—a class that was classified as the most difficult to grow after the Asura. He was the closest aide to Zibal during Zibal's prime and became the leader after Zibal abandoned the Snake Guild and left Haken.

Presently, he came to Fort Taleren in order to gain a free ride from the Berith raid. He had been staying near Fort Taleren, so he could arrive at the scene on time. Box imagined a dying Berith surrounded by tens of thousands of rankers. Yet once he arrived at the scene, the sight in front of him was completely different. He couldn't see the rankers who should be defeating Berith.

In fact, he only saw a few people like himself hiding in corners of the canyon. It was due to the magic barrier. The other rankers didn't arrive on time because of this magic barrier.

'Shit.'

The situation was bad. The continent's best spearmen, who were considered the strongest NPCs by the media around the world, started to struggle against Berith. Kraugel's group was still struggling against the demons. Among the demons, there was a distinction between 'normal' and 'elite', and the elite demons weren't easily struck by Kraugel's sword.

In particular, the plant-type demons that had multiple tubes coming from their bodies seemed tricky. Once smoke emerged from the tubes, the battlefield was covered with fog. Then when sounds emerged from the tubes, the soldiers of the Haken Kingdom were brainwashed and attacked each other. Meanwhile, the insect-like demons consumed the honey flowing from the tubes and were temporarily strengthened as they focused on attacking Kraugel.

Their combat power and intelligence were better than all field boss monsters in all respects. They were the core power of Berith's army. Box, who thought the raid would fail, clicked his tongue and stared at the nobles on the wall.

'They are fools. I can't believe they raised a barrier against teleportation magic in a situation where they have to borrow other people's hands.'

Still, Box knew the reason for their decision. The danger was too great if outsiders were allowed access. The raid difficulty would rise due to the appearance of hostile forces like the Yatan believers or those hoping for the collapse of the Haken Kingdom.

However, weren't they just going to die like this? Box felt that the Haken royal family was pathetic for blocking hope in order to prevent some risks. Well, they were one of the smallest countries on the continent because they were so timid and stupid.

"This is a failure."

The ultimate alchemy...

Kirinus and Rachel were caught in the crossfire of a sharp metal rain. Kraugel, the Hao siblings, Alexander, and the Russian rankers changed their formation as if they had already given up. He ignored the demons in front of him and gazed at the retreating Kirinus and Rachel.

‘We can’t enter this battle.’

Apart from dying and losing experience, they would have the disgrace of being added to the list of raid losers. The reputation of the Snake Guild would be lost.

..Box almost drove his guild members to their deaths. He sighed and ordered the guild members, “Let’s leave. There is no hope here.”

“Don’t you want to help Zibal?”

The Snake Guild—Zibal founded it, but the prestigious guild was now led by Box. The members had a glimpse of Box’s heart. He had shouted about a free ride on the surface, but the reason Box came to this place was because of Zibal. It was because of the old emotions Box held toward the only person he had served. However, Box was someone who led 300 guild members. He wasn’t stubborn enough to drive his guild members to death because of personal feelings.

“Zibal? I don’t care about that retired person.” Box pretended to be casual and started moving. The direction he headed in was outside the canyon, which was the opposite direction of the city he originally stayed in. He was about to leave the Haken Kingdom.

‘I don’t want to lose the fame and achievements I’ve accumulated in Haken, but I have to let it go. I will change to the Saharan Empire.’

A small country had its own advantages. There were relatively few active players, and there were many opportunities to monopolize the high-level quests and hunting areas. Compared to the more populous countries, competition in all sectors of Haken was low. This was a particularly beneficial environment for rankers like Box. It was being the head of a snake, rather than the tail of a dragon. Box wanted to live like that in the Haken Kingdom, rather than being at the bottom in the empire.

However, the recent situation with Berith dramatically changed his idea. He realized it when he saw the fall of the Rotemon Kingdom. It was foolish to live in a nation that couldn’t protect its people. A person had the right to choose a better country.

‘It is different from knocking while sitting on the streets and knocking while the door of your house is still open.’

He had to go to the empire before the Haken Kingdom was destroyed, and he had to negotiate while his value was still high. Box was moving along the river when his nostrils flared. Everywhere he looked, he spotted people heading to the canyon. They wanted an easy ride on the Berith raid. They never dreamed that the raid would fail.

‘They will go back soon with regret. Huh?’

Box was glad. He found a procession of people moving in the same direction as himself. They were refugees. They foresaw the destruction of the Haken Kingdom and were leaving their homeland. Box

was relieved when he saw them. It wasn't just him who abandoned the country. They were many people like him who gave up. His choice was wise, and he wasn't a traitor...

These thoughts revolved around Box's mind.

"..." Box was leading the guild members when he stopped in place. Perhaps it was because he found himself in the procession of refugees that he felt guilty about his choice. This question soured Box's heart. It reminded Box of the past.

At the beginning of Satisfy, Haken was the first country he chose. He had grown up interacting with the people of Haken. At the time, he met Zibal and the Snake Guild. He could be what he was now because of Haken. Did he really want Haken's destruction?

"..."

Why was he being foolishly nostalgic? Why did he keep looking back even when he knew it was useless? The guild members spoke to Box who had frozen like a stone statue, "Let's go back."

"..."

"If we leave this way, we will regret it for the rest of our lives."

"...Shit."

In the end...

"Yes, we should go back."

If he ran away every time there was a crisis, he would eventually lose a place to flee to. Then it happened the moment Box turned to go back the way he came.

"Hey."

"...?"

There was a huge shadow cast over him, and he heard someone's voice. By the way, this voice was somewhat familiar.

"...!!" Box's eyes slowly widened.

A black-haired man on the back of a mountain-sized hippopotamus was looking down at him. "Did you come from the fortress? What is the situation there?"

"..." Old memories came to Box's mind. He couldn't forget the man in front of him who was the cause of one of his few failures.

"...They will all die if this continues." Box felt like he was grasping a straw as he spoke to this man—the man who became the new supreme one.

"I guess I better hurry," the man who had Box's attention said. Then he urged his colleagues, "I'll go ahead. Catch up as soon as possible. Faker, Piaro. Let's go."

“Quick Movements,” the man shouted the name of the skill and quickly disappeared. The surprising thing was that there were five people who kept up with his crazy speed. There were four big NPCs with flashing golden names. By the way, the names of the NPCs were a bit strange. They were familiar names. He had heard them before.

A woman approached Box with a smile. The world’s most glamorous beauty emanated an irresistible force. “You, follow us. You are the number one Linker and should be useful.”

“I...”

“Don’t talk nonsense and come with us.”

The woman’s eyes sharpened, and Box nodded.

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『 This raid has also failed. Still, I want to applaud them. 』

『 Yes. They fought well enough. 』

Unlike the gorgeous appearance, the result was rather futile. Even so, there were few people in the world who would deny Kraugel’s performance. They stopped the advance of the demon army, which no one had ever stopped, and dealt a terrible wound to Berith who ridiculed the people.

It deserved respect. They were heroes who stood up for the suffering people even though they knew it would be a tough fight. In other countries, the broadcasters praised Kraugel’s party. Hundreds of millions of viewers applauded them, but there were no cheers.

““There are many souls.””

Berith gathered the bodies of the Haken soldiers and summoned a fourth army. The people were gloomy as they saw Berith build up an even greater force.

“Avoid it!” Kraugel was blocking Berith’s path.

He had yet to surpass Kirinus and Rachel, but he still stepped forward. Kraugel hid the two people behind his back and confronted Berith alone. Kirinus shouted, “Are you making fun of me? I will open the retreat, so you avoid it!”

Since his only love, Aria, became empress, Kirinus lost his purpose in life. On the day she died, Kirinus’ life became meaningless. He was the only one who could die. Kirinus had no intention of sacrificing the proud disciple he had accepted late, the Sword Saint who was the last hope of humanity.

Kraugel shook his head. “You know that I am an immortal. For me, death is a concept I can afford.”

‘However, you are different. Death is the end for you,’ Kraugel sent this message to Kirinus with his eyes.

“You might be immortal, but I know that death is still a loss. It might not be the end, but you will weaken.”

“I can afford it.”

“No, the Sword Saint shouldn’t crumble.”

“...”

“The Sword Saint is the lantern of humanity. They shouldn’t see you being beaten.”

Rachel also stood alongside Kirinus. “The game isn’t over yet. I will have the title of the continent’s best spearman.”

“...” Kraugel frowned. He sighed at the mortal who wanted to sacrifice himself for a player. In the end...

“I’m asking the both of you,” Kraugel asked Hao and Alexander. Hao and Alexander nodded and grabbed Kirinus and Rachel’s wrists.

“Let’s go. You must not die for Kraugel’s sake.”

“Survive so that you can train Kraugel even further.

““You are all fooling around.””

The rain of blades finished. Berith watched the humans talking in front of him and shook his head as if it was absurd.

““I will kill all of you. It’s pointless to discuss it among yourself.””

Hundreds of magic circles appeared around Berith. It was the precursor to a massive attack.

““The other world exists as a pasture for us.””

The hundreds of magic circles started to transform the entire canyon into metal. Tens of thousands of blades emerged from all types of topographic formations.

““Humans are livestock for us.””

Berith’s white eyes formed a half moon shape.

““All you have to do is become food. That is what destiny means.””

The alchemy was complete. Tens of thousands of blades aimed at Kraugel’s group. This was the first time the ultimate attack of 22nd Great Demon Berith was revealed. It happened months after Berith appeared in the world.

“Shit!” Zibal swore and hurriedly boarded Raiders. He wanted to deal at least one blow to this damn guy, even if he died.

『 Ah... Ahh... 』

It was a sight that was bound to be alarming. The broadcasters were dumbfounded when they witnessed the tens of thousands of blades floating in the air. They couldn’t say anything. In the face of Berith’s overwhelming force, their knowledge and words became meaningless.

-It is really turning around in circles.

-Yes, the next ruined game.

The viewers were already disengaged. Seeing that Berith easily overpowered a duke of the prestigious empire, they abandoned their dreams and hopes. Who could stop Berith after he summoned a fourth army? They thought that even the Saharan Empire wouldn't be useful now.

““Go to Heaven.””

It was Berith's worst curse. The moment that the tens of thousands of blades were going to hit Kraugel's group.

“200,000 Army Crushing Sword.”

A massive explosion occurred. The tens of thousands of blades scattered in ash.

““ ...!?”” Berith was more surprised than when he witnessed the emergence of the Sword Saint. Kraugel's gaze shifted to one side, and hundreds of cameras followed him. On all the broadcast screens around the world:

[Grid].

The name of the man with fluttering black hair was captured. There were four named NPCs by their side. Were they Grid's famous Four Heavenly Kings? The spellbound people concentrated on observing the names of the NPCs. Then they doubted their eyes. They rubbed their eyes a few times and double checked the names of the NPCs.

Then they soon realized it was real. The Immortal King Grenhal, Beast King Morse, and Golden Crown Basara—the dukes of the Saharan Empire were standing alongside Grid. The funny thing was that they were all looking at Grid like he was a monster.

-...A great game.

The supreme person was the object of envy and a target. The viewers saw their future through Grid and no longer shouted about the game. The hearts of people all over the world pounded.

“I have been waiting.” Then Kraugel opened up all the power he had stored. Hundreds of swords appeared around Kraugel. It was the execution of Control Sword, which had been strengthened compared to the National Competition.

## [Chapter 1047](#)

『 It isn't fake. They are some of the Seven Dukes. 』

Johannes, a German, was a young genius who was noted as a once in a century pianist. Then he suffered from a terrible accident. He was involved in a terrorist incident in Britain and lost one arm and both legs. Of course, modern medicine gave him good prosthetics. Johannes got a new arm and legs that were almost no different from the real thing.

Yes, the problem was that there was a slight difference. Johannes succeeded in restoring 99% of the function but not 100%. He wasn't satisfied with his own performance. It was a terrible pain for a young genius. The frustrated Johannes announced his retirement. However...

『 I saw them in the imperial ballroom. 』

Johannes resurrected in a brilliant manner. He gained a complete body in Satisfy, chose the class of musician, and showed off his infinite talent. As he dreamed of music, he was recognized for his skills and joined the Saharan Imperial Orchestra through which he saw the empire's social circles up close and personal. He was an ordinary player who remembered the tone and habits of the grand nobles who he didn't have a chance to see in real life. Additionally, he helped viewers by appearing as a panelist on a German broadcasting company relaying the Berith raid.

『 Duke Grenhal and Duke Basara are among the Seven Dukes vying to be the most powerful. I heard that Duke Grenhal's territory is the largest while Duke Basara is a close relative of the emperor. I heard that all three of them, including Duke Morse, are undefeated. They are all very prideful. 』 Johannes paused.

The camera zoomed in on Duke Grenhal. Then Johannes' additional explanation continued, 『 Duke Grenhal only bows to the emperor. This means that he only recognizes the empire. 』

『 Huh, this... Do the other royal family members dislike them? 』

『 No. Duke Grenhal is a descendant of the founders and has a number of achievements. Moreover, the imperial princes don't dare to disapprove of him because his actual force is greater than anyone apart from the emperor. There are rumors that the imperial princes are eager to be acknowledged by Duke Grenhal. 』

The camera captured Duke Morse's image at this time.

『 As for Duke Morse... he is a hooligan. He is lacking in dignity and is rowdy. He is different from the other nobles. Every time he enters the palace, the people of the imperial palace can't hide their discomfort. He acts like he has nothing to fear in the world. He seems to be someone who only lives for today. 』

Finally, the camera captured Duke Basara's image. Her eyes were so beautiful that the camera stopped on her for an unusually long time.

『 She is the most elegant person. Her every action is prudent and gentle to her subordinates. Everyone in the imperial palace admires her. There is a rumor that she is blind because she always has her eyes closed... 』

『 Huh? Isn't she opening her eyes now? 』

『 That's why it is weird. Considering the nature of the three dukes, it is unthinkable that they would be so amazed at others. 』

『... 』

By this time, the commentators had grasped the situation. The viewers also sensed something strange. Why did Grid arrive at the scene with the dukes when he was hostile to the empire? Everyone was paying attention to the superficial situation, but Johannes knew the nature of the Seven Dukes and was paying attention to a deeper aspect.



『 We've always admired Grid. It is because Grid always shows us things beyond our imagination. Now I think Grid has surpassed the dukes' imagination. 』

『 No, what... 』

In what way did he surpass the imagination of the dukes? 200,000 Army Crushing Sword—based on the name, the skill was obviously very powerful. He literally smashed the tens of thousands of blades aiming at Kraugel's party. Despite this, the concept of 'neutralizing' a skill had already been seen.

Of course, it wasn't a common skill, but the other people were part of the Seven Dukes. For those who had seen much more than players, would the 200,000 Army Crushing Sword be a special skill? To think it was enough to make Basara open her eyes when there was always the misconception that she was blind...? Honestly, it was hard to understand.

『 The formula to neutralize a skill with another skill isn't surprising. Berith's skill might be on a great scale that hasn't been seen before, but isn't it theoretically possible to neutralize it with one skill? If Kirinus and Rachel were in full condition, they would be able to use their intangible will to get rid of all the blades. 』

『 Um... I don't think it is as simple as that since Rachel has been stiff since Grid appeared. 』

『 Isn't Rachel's reaction particularly strange? That is a completely haunted look. 』

『 ...Let's just watch. 』

The experts couldn't form speculations. This was none other than Grid. There was a time when people talked about him using their knowledge and information, but they were scolded for being wrong. This was the power of repetitive learning. The viewers' chat window was plastered with criticisms for the panelists, but it was better than having their pride shattered when they were wrong.

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[You have been injured by the recoil from 200,000 Army Swordsmanship.]

[You have lost 50% of your health!]

“Kuek...!”

[200,000 Army Crushing Sword (Degraded) Lv. 1]

[Fires a wave of energy blades that inflicts 200% attack power to all enemies in sight and crushes the enemy's attack skills. The crushed skills will lose their effectiveness and disappear.]

However, if there are many types of skills that are crushed, then the greater the power, the greater the recoil.

Skill Resource Consumption: 8,000 mana, 50 sword energy or fighting energy.

Skill Recoil: Decreased health (a minimum of 10% to a maximum of 50%)

Skill Cooldown Time: 30 minutes.]

## 200,000 Army Crushing Sword...

Grid thought it would be different based on the number, but the skill's power was beyond imagination. Just like 100,000 Army Blockade Sword, it damaged all targets within his field of view, but the damage was 10 times larger. Of course, it didn't cause the 'blocked' state, but it had the effect of 'crushing' the enemy's attack skills. It wasn't even a probability. It was a definitive effect.

'Crazy.'

There hadn't been such a skill up to now. It was a real fraudulent skill. He thought this as he hurriedly pulled out a potion and roughly wiped at the blood that was flowing from his mouth. It consumed a lot of health... The burden was huge.

'I also don't like the cooldown time.'

30 minutes was a long time. Battles that lasted for more than 30 minutes were extremely rare, and it was safe to say he couldn't use it more than twice in one battle. However, the cooldown of 100,000 Army Blockade Sword was also 30 minutes. It was comforting to know that the cooldown of the higher ranked skill—200,000 Army Swordsmanship—was only 30 minutes.

'I am used to skills with a long cooldown time.'

Transcend had a cooldown time of 40 minutes. To others, Grid might be invincible, but in reality, he was suffering from all types of troubles and weaknesses. This didn't mean he needed to wait around for the cooldown time to end.

'I have God's Command.'

It was a passive skill that could reset the cooldown of a skill. The probability of triggering it was 50%, but it was still a type of insurance.

'By the way...'

Grid looked back with a heated gaze. All of the dukes were making awed expressions. It was shocking to see the Undeclared King's swordsmanship. They must be confused by the misunderstanding that the Undeclared King's descendant who had troubled the empire for a long time was the Overgeared King.

Grid told them, "I'm not the descendant of the Undeclared King who rebelled in Lubana."

Even so, he was the Undeclared King's descendant who killed the Red Knight Lorex and cut off Kyle's arm. Grid didn't dare say these words. There was no need to reveal it.

"...Certainly. I didn't think so," the wise Basara immediately announced that Grid's words weren't false. What should she do if the Overgeared King was the Undeclared King's descendant who had been causing a stir for a while? She would've tracked the movements in reverse to determine the authenticity of his words. Of course, if her affinity with Grid wasn't so high, she might not even confirm the authenticity of his statement.

That's right. Grid was able to show off the Undeclared King's swordsmanship in front of the dukes because he believed in the trust he had built up with them.

In the months after the National Competition, Grid was swept away by many events and gained a lot of achievements. He achieved the 200,000 Army Swordsmanship and accomplishments such as creating the Overgeared Cannon, acquiring a hidden class, and strengthening his sword dances. It was noticeably rapid growth compared to the past.

However, Grid's most significant development was the expansion of personal connections rather than personal growth. He gained affinity with the dukes and planned to actively utilize his relationship with them.

'It is the right timing to show the Undeclared King's swordsmanship now.'

The Undeclared King whom the empire was afraid of and felt hostile toward... Originally, the moment it was revealed that Grid was a descendant of the Undeclared King, the empire would be committed to killing Grid. Yet it was different now. The dukes drew a future with Grid and willingly accepted that Grid had a power they were afraid of. It was like he had expected.

"The Undeclared King's descendant... There isn't just one person qualified but two."

"I'm glad that one of them is King Grid."

"Haha."

Luckily, it worked. A grotesque voice entered the ears of Grid who was smiling with relief, "'A hybrid.'"

"Hybrid?" Grid turned to Berith.

Berith's skin was a pale blue that was the color of his rotten lungs before turning bright red again. Clearly, the stinking odor that was filling the canyon rose from a small hole in his waist. It was disgusting. Yes, disgusting. Grid's observation of the great demon was over. Unlike most people, he didn't feel fear. This was immediately after meeting War God Zeratul, so the great demon didn't give Grid any special feelings.

Berith's mouth twisted as he read Grid's emotions. "'Pagma, Braham, Madra, Muller... The power of all these existences is inside you... It is truly arrogant.'"

The names of four legends were mentioned. Everyone on the battlefield and the viewers around the world doubted their ears.

"'But is that power really yours? No, absolutely not. You have only borrowed their power for a while and haven't built it up yourself. The moment you lose your qualifications, you will end up losing. Just like right now.'"

[A million lies have distorted the truth.]

[The first class Pagma's Descendant has been temporarily lost.]

[All effects and skills related to Pagma's Descendant will disappear.]

[The second class Duke of Wisdom has been temporarily lost.]

[All effects and skills related to Duke of Wisdom will disappear.]

[The title Hero King will be temporarily lost.]

[All effects and skills related to Hero King will disappear.]

[The skills 100,000 Army Swordsmanship and 200,000 Army Swordsmanship have been temporarily lost.]

“...!?” Grid looked like he has been struck by lightning and stiffened like a statue. It was ambiguous to classify it as an abnormal status. Therefore, even his resistance to it was blocked. Grid was confused in the face of Berith’s power to even distort the system.

Berith was smiling with satisfaction. ““Die.””

Pagma, who had blocked the invasion of the Behen Archipelago, was the most famous human known to the great demons. With Pagma’s power, Grid couldn’t be ignored, even by Berith. In fact, Grid had the power of Belial and Astaroth. This was proof that he had already killed two great demons. Berith’s top priority was to get rid of him, and that was very easy for Berith.

The ‘falsehood’, which could only be applied once to a target, was a winning tool that could completely destroy the target. However, there was a variable. It was a variable caused by the fact that Berith didn’t properly define the person called Grid.

[The third class Magic Swordsman of the Epics has replaced the first class!]

[(Braham’s Favor) Great Swordsman Pagma’s Swordsmanship has been activated!]

Grid was the protagonist of the mythological story and the heir of both Pagma and Braham. Thus, he had a status that transcended Pagma’s Descendant. At this moment...

[An unknown person is writing down the first epic.]

[The beginning of the story comes from the Taleren Canyon.]

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

Grid was complete.

“Transcended Link Flower.”

““Why?””

[He sprinkled blue petals on the canyon dyed with red blood.]

The world messages that emerged in real-time described Grid. A melodic theme appeared in Johannes’ mind. It was the prelude to a great epic.

### [Chapter 1048](#)

[Fires 40 swords with 200% physical attack power, leaving a mark on all visible enemies. An additional two sword energy will be generated per mark, and the added sword energy will aim at their targets.]

As it was described in the explanation, Transcended Link Flower was a skill where the size of the enemy didn't matter. It was also a skill that maximized the power of the blood-sucking items Grid possessed. Grid had no sense of irrationality and helplessness when he dealt with a large number of enemies alone.

A mark appeared on the heads of Berith and the demon army within Grid's field of view. Thousands of blue petals filled the canyon. The war-devastated canyon was transformed into a beautiful place.

[He sprinkled blue petals on the canyon dyed with red blood.]

"Wow..."

With the sentence marking the beginning of the epic, there was resilience everywhere. Everyone looked up at Grid, and his chest became hot when he felt their gazes. Did he feel that he was superior to them? No. It was a pure sense of fullness that came from being acknowledged by others.

Grid had suffered many things in his life, and the enthusiasm and support he had received during the past few years were still new and exciting. Maybe it was something he would never get used to.

[He was an underdog who was used to insults and contempt.]

[A loser who was exploited and couldn't stand alone...]

'...No, why is it bringing out these old things and telling the people?'

It would've been nice if it wasn't for the world messages. Grid blushed as he was shamed in front of the people of the world. Then the petals from the sky struck the demons on the ground. The more beautiful the petals, the more dangerous they were. The demons screamed sharply from getting hit by the petals.

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

Against an army, this was an overwhelming power. The shouts of the Haken Kingdom's soldiers pierced the sky. and Grid's sense of fulfillment grew even greater. Despite this, the epic denied Grid.

[He was still weak.]

[It was because his slaughtering of the demons in the canyon wasn't his own feat.]

[He woke up using the strength of others, and it wouldn't be strange if he fell down at any moment.]

40 black energy blades emerged and struck Berith.

[The target has received 33,250 damage.]

[The target has received 32,999 damage.]

Transcended Link Flower dealt 200% damage per energy blade. An ordinary monster couldn't handle even one of the 40 strikes. Yet Berith was hit by two in succession. The first moment that Kraugel appeared caused Berith to increase his defense and he now completely neutralized the power of Grid's strikes. However...

""Why?""

Berith's face was covered with shock. He was confused because he couldn't fathom how Grid was fine in spite of his distorted reality. A human denied his power...? Anxiety sprang up in Berith's mind. He had glimpsed Pagma and Muller from Grid. It was the appearance of a non-standard human who had destroyed a great demon with transcendent power.

[The great demon of the canyon dismissed him.]

““As expected, I really should get rid of you.””

Berith decided to be vigilant. He disappeared like smoke from his position. The sickly horse that carried him was much faster than a unicorn or pegasus and seemed to easily escape from Transcended Link Flower.

[Braham's Detect Force has been triggered.]

[Transcend's sword energy has read and kept track of the target.]

At least, until Braham's magic was triggered.

““What?””

[He was finally complete.]

[His body was tempered by hammering and remembered the sword dances that he performed daily.]

[The magic at the end of his sword was evidence of him pioneering his own path.]

[He was overshadowed by the shade of certain names, but he had already accumulated enough.]

A bizarre and unrealistic scene was being directed. Dozens of energy blades plummeted to the ground and turned as they tracked Berith.

““Disgraceful!””

His movements were being read by a human...? Berith's ego was shattered along with his injured face, and he triggered his alchemy. An iron wall that offset physical attacks circled his body. He was determined that the petty human attacks would have no effect against a lord of hell. However, the complaining of an unqualified person had no meaning.

““...?!””

The wind damage that came from every four strikes was severe. Braham's Wind Cutter magic attacked to Link split the iron wall in half and tore at Berith's skin. The petals cutting the bodies of the demons exploded and generated electricity. It was the emergence of Braham's Lightning magic.

The demons were shaken. Some of the insect-type demons with relatively low health were bombarded severely while the beast-like demons roared. Hundreds of blind demons stared at Grid in unison because the impact was too great. It was a terrible sight, but Grid wasn't daunted. He watched Berith without worrying about the mobs that had been electrocuted and stuck in place.

[He was the first human to taste the inviolability of the great demon in the canyon.]

[He was the one who built up the legends with his own strength.]

....

...

[An unknown person has completed the first page of the epic!]

The world messages ended. The viewers became solemn as they took a glance at the life of the famous Grid with a few short sentences.

A talentless supreme person... A person who deserved more respect than anyone else... His 'beginning' was like the many stars in the sky, and he was cheered on by many people.

[Someone is paying homage to the Hero King's Stone Statue.]

[Someone is paying homage to the Hero King's Stone...]

[Someone is...]

....

...

[There is a rumor that the procession to your stone statue is endless!]

....

...

[The Hero King's Stone Statue has reached the maximum level of 15!]

[The current ration of respectful bows to the stone statue has reached the maximum! Over the next month, your dexterity stat will rise by 30%, and the probability of making a high rated item has increased slightly! Additionally, the speed of sword-type attack skills is 20% faster!]

Following the good news, the contents of Grid's notification window was updated.

[The first page of the epic has been completed.]

[The effect of the epic has changed (Braham's Favor) Great Swordsman Pagma's Swordsmanship to Grid's Swordsmanship.]

[You have witnessed Braham's magic many times. Your swords dances are designed to optimize Braham's magic formulas. The magic power of the sword dances is greatly enhanced.]

[You are the first player to gain a skill derived from yourself.]

[You have acquired one Skill Creation Right as a reward for the amazing achievement.]

[Skill Creation Right]

[You can create one active skill.]

[Your status has risen by one level with the completion of that epic.]

[The maximum speed limitations, vision limitations, and senses limitations will be partially lifted.]

[Your Deity stat has increased by 1.]

[Based on the contents of the epic, you have gained the new title 'Legend of the Canyon.']

[Legend of the Canyon]

[All stats will increase by 10%, and the power of wide-area skills will increase by 20% in a canyon terrain.]

You have instilled fear in 22nd Great Demon Berith. Berith's defense and magic resistance will decrease by 10% when encountering Berith.

The same effect will apply to demons ranked lower than Berith.]

[Your vision and body's senses are better than the effect of the current item, Slaughterer's Eye Patch. The Slaughterer's Eye Patch is just an obstacle to your vision.]

“...”

Dust fluttered in the sky. Despite floating fairly high in the sky above the battlefield, the smell of blood entered his nose. Grid exchanged gazes with Berith.

“Sigh.”

He took a deep breath and closed his eyes for a moment before opening them again. The world had changed. It was the minimum preparation needed to adapt to these changes.

“It is worth a try at this point...” Grid murmured and took off the eyepatch he always wore. Hundreds of cameras focused on his left eye. The shadows seemed to split in half around the small point of the red pupil. It was an evil eye.

[Your delicate senses are controlling the rampant magic power of the Castration Eye.]

“Hat.”

He could see the wind sweeping over his skin. His extended vision gave the impression of contemplating the existence of 'I' from the sky. The passage of time split in increments of sub-seconds. He felt like a superhero appearing in a movie. His species itself seemed to have evolved.

Grid wasn't unfamiliar with this sensation. It was the sense of transcendence he had felt when he experienced Chreshler's past. Of course, this fell far short of Chreshler's senses, but Grid was certain of it. Grid was now reborn on the same level as the Seven Dukes.

““What is this? That relaxed mug.””

It was just before Grid arrived in front of Berith. The great demon had already fought a long battle. He had only dealt with two humans, but they could be called his fiercest opponents so far. Berith had consumed a lot of health. In this state, he was hit by Braham's magic and Transcended Link Flower. It meant he was ready for a new phase.

““Disgusting... It is really disgusting. I'll teach you a good lesson.””

The greatest power that collapsed the largest expedition, including Ares' army, appeared. The entire canyon was shaken by the wave of energy, and the morale of the wounded demons skyrocketed.



““There is no presence in this world that can harm me.””

It was a distortion of the truth.

““My breath will destroy the forest, and the mountains will collapse with my steps.””

Berith overlay himself with the lie of being ‘invincible.’ For the next minute, he would be immune to all sorts of damages and have his damage amplified by several times. It was the strongest buff skill that frustrated Ares’ army. This was the moment when the viewers were reminded of Berith’s ultimate power.

“I won’t allow your comfort,” Grid declared these words with a red face.

『 ...? 』

-...?

Why all of a sudden? The moment when the broadcasters and viewers around the world were cringing, the false buff that surrounded Berith’s body shattered like glass and disappeared.

『 ....!! 』

-....!!

““ ....!!””

People were choked by the opening of heaven and earth. Of course, the most shocked one was Berith. Something emerged in front of him as he was feeling astonished. It was Grid. Grid used Blackening in his evolved state, and his speed was literally transcendent.

“Grid’s Sword Dance.”

““ ....!?””

“Kill.”

The absolute technique pierced Berith’s heart.

““Y-You...””

The dirty mouth that insulted humanity was smashed. As he linked the sword dances, Grid appeared on Berith’s left side, above him, or behind his back every time lightning burst out.

## [Chapter 1049](#)

““This guy!””

““Disgraceful!””

““Kuaaah!””

The relentless connection of the sword dances caused Berith to feel the greatest humiliation since his birth. He moved his long waist and roared as he was stabbed. However, it failed this time. He missed Grid’s movements. The wind turned into a storm. This was a wavelength generated by Grid’s swiftness.

It had been a long time since Grid disappeared from view. He reappeared with the sound of thunder and completed the final move of his sword dance.

“Pinnacle.” Grid cut Berith’s head.

Grid’s skin was white, and his mouth was twisted wickedly as demonic energy rose from him like a haze. Blackening—the power that Grid had accumulated over the years had become a powerful force that strengthened him. The limits of the human species didn’t bind him.

‘Amoract!’ Berith gritted his teeth when he noticed the Dark Bus’ Earrings on Grid’s ears. The great demon of conflict, Amoract—this scumbag, who claimed to be a faithful servant of Yatan, gave various powers to humans in the name of it being ‘for all demons.’ He handed out tools to the Yatan Church to gain control of the human race, and these earrings were one of them.

‘You stupid fool!’

It was definitely stupid. This situation occurred because power had been given to humans. Berith was now suffering this humiliation because some fucking human couldn’t properly keep the tools he had obtained.

‘Amoract, Amoract! Amoract!! This came from you. The hell tools that you left behind became a variable, giving birth to the current variant in front of me! If it wasn’t for you, I would never be humiliated like this!’

That’s right. Berith saw that the reason for Grid’s evolution was purely Blackening. He didn’t know about Grid’s awakening. It was misleading since Grid triggered Blackening the moment he completed the epic.

Then Grid reappeared. Immediately afterward, he executed the final moves of Pinnacle Kill.

[The effect of Braham’s Enchant Weapon has been triggered.]

[The attack power of the weapon currently equipped is increased by 60% for 5 seconds, and there is an extra 20% armor penetration power.]

Originally, the Enchant Weapon spell attached to Pagma’s Swordsmanship increased the attack power by 50% while the sword dance was maintained. Now Grid’s Swordsmanship was enhanced by the effect of the epic, and it increased the effectiveness of Enchant Weapon, making it much more lethal. Enchant Weapon surrounded the Enlightenment Sword and glowed incandescently.

Grid’s swordsmanship left behind a trail that glowed like the Milky Way. Many people were fascinated by the beautiful sight. On the other hand, it was a threatening sight to Berith.

““What the hell is that magic?!!””

Every time Grid used a sword dance, magic spells—which contained a rare mystery hard to see in humans—were invoked. It was just basic magic, so the power itself wasn’t great. Still, it completely defeated the concepts of defense and resistance from Berith’s alchemy. Berith had never experienced as much pain as he did today. His body was like a piece of meat at a butcher’s shop as he was cut and stabbed.

Blood flowed, and his health fell below 45%. At the time of Grid's appearance, Berith had a bit more than 50% of his health left. This meant that Grid had inflicted billions of damage on his own.

There was no one who wasn't impressed. People were overwhelmed with anticipation. They imagined the great demon, who had made players tremble in the last few months, was returning to hell, and they were prepared to welcome the return of peace.

Grid activated Blacksmith's Rage and further pushed Berith. However, Berith's resistance was formidable. He used alchemy to surround himself with hundreds of metal thorns. The moment that Grid cut Berith, the thorns sprang up and pieced Grid's body.

"Ugh...!"

[You have suffered 19,500 damage.]

The unavoidable reflected damage turned Grid into a rag at once. However, Grid didn't stop and attacked Berith again. He swung his sword as he was divided into two people. Grid received new damage from the reflected attack that occurred again. He divided into four bodies as his sword pierced Berith's heart.

It was Belial's Power attached to the Rune of Darkness. Grid had four fields of view, but he wasn't confused. He contemplated every view and controlled his bodies and the bodies of the clones.

"Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle."

"Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle."

"Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle."

"Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle."

The light elemental invoked Flash while the four Grids unfolded a sword dance simultaneously.

[The effect of Braham's Enchant Weapon has been triggered.]

Four incandescent swords struck Berith's body a total of 28 times.

"" ....!"" Berith was unable to scream from the pain that was incomparable to the previous one. An endless affliction was waiting for him.

"" ....!?""

Dozens of Wind Cutters ripped through the metal barrier. The blossoming petals descended in the gap between the barbed wall and penetrated Berith's wounds. A huge explosion occurred. If Grid and Berith were fighting on the ground instead of in the sky, the explosion would've collapsed the ground and buried the canyon.

[Critical!]

[The effect of the title 'Death in One Shot!' has been activated, adding 40% critical damage!]

[The target has received 8,990,600 damage.]

[The target has received 899,060 damage.]

[The target has received 899,060 damage.]

[The target has received 899,060 damage.]

[The effect of God's Command has reset the skill's cooldown time!]

It was immediately after the development of Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle. The four Grids, who took a step back to retrieve their swords, swiftly started a sword dance again. Then soon...

"Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle."

"Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle."

"Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle."

"Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle."

He showed the same strides as he did before.

"" ...A legend.""

Berith gazed at the four rushing swords and realized. The human in front of him hadn't evolved by borrowing the power of the demonkin.

\*\*\*

『 Wow... Wooow... 』

The broadcasters all over the world had already forgotten about their job for a few minutes. Rather than commentating on the battlefield for the viewers, they repeated their exclamations. It was the attitude of a viewer. The PDs had dark expressions because they thought the viewers would criticize them, but there were few viewers who criticized the media. After all, the viewers were just as mesmerized as the broadcasters. The viewers were fully engaged in Grid's battle and weren't even aware that the broadcasters were silent. If the broadcasters had made comments, then the viewers would feel it was noisy and mute them.

-The game chat window?

After two consecutive explosions, Berith fell to the ground and the battle entered a temporary lull. Then this line appeared in the chat window of a broadcasting station. This was the signal.

-Crazy.

-God God!

-I don't like Grid but this time I have to admit it...

The viewers belatedly recovered their minds and started to bombard the chat window. Even the world's best streaming sites failed to cope with the flood of text that appeared, and a lag occurred. Thousands of broadcast stations fell into chaos at once.

On the screen...

“Pant... Pant... Pant...” Color returned to the skin of the roughly breathing Grid as the white appearance faded. Blackening was over. Grid recovered his clones, looking exhausted. The white horse with the strange name Overgeared Corn was licking Grid with its tongue.

The viewers weren’t particularly anxious. They couldn’t even imagine Grid collapsing. There were still the dukes by Grid’s side, and people believed that Grid would raid Berith at this rate.

““ ...”” Berith, who had been trapped on the ground, slowly rose up. The existence that had always been regarded as absolute, who had brought despair for countless people, looked completely shabby. His health gauge was still around 40%, but he was shabby.

On the other hand, there were four dukes, the continent’s best spearman Kirinus, Kraugel, and Zibal. The battle would be over soon. It wouldn’t be long before the great demon died. The moment that people’s beliefs deepened.

““ ...I can’t use this body anymore,”” Berith murmured meaningfully. Yes, it was definitely Berith’s voice. Yet Berith’s mouth was shut.

“...?” The viewers and Grid naturally wondered about it. Then they noticed in hindsight. The owner of this voice they were hearing was ‘that.’

“...!” The viewers were stunned, and Grid was on alert. The sickly horse—the guy who was always carrying Berith on his back from the moment Berith first appeared was opening his mouth.

““This was my favourite piece of clothing.””

It made sense. Berith opened his snout widely. The mouth stretched like it was rubber and became over two meters wide, swallowing the existence that had been known as ‘Berith.’ The flesh was crushed, and the bones were broken. Inside Berith’s mouth, the Berith clone was chewed up and swallowed.

“Keeok,” Berith burped. White blood ran down the long snout. Berith’s skeleton started to twist at a bizarre angle. His shoulders and pelvis spread out to the left and right, with small muscles forming all over the body. Three fingers protruded from the horse’s front hooves, and his hind legs became thick enough for bipedal walking.

Soon, he was more than four meters tall. A large shadow engulfed Grid. The horse looked down at Grid.

““You can take pride in the fact that you made me use my original body. I heard that all the legends of the present age are unfinished.””

It was the trigger of the third phase. Contrary to his previous appearance, Berith’s true appearance of a human body with a horse’s head gave off an enormous pressure.

-...Looks really strong.

The hopeful viewers once again felt troubled. Berith proved it—the fact that a person was powerful when they were wearing the right clothes. The alchemy, that was previously carried out through the steps of ‘collecting materials’ and ‘reconstructing materials’, was completed without any precursors and launched at Grid. The metal spear had already arrived in front of Grid’s nose.

The speed of Berith's alchemy was comparable to what Grid had shown in his Blackening State. Grid was trying to evade it using the dragon's wings, only to stop. It was because dozens of swords flew around him and protected him.

“...Hah,” Berith snorted. A human whose gender was ambiguous was standing next to Grid. Berith knew the identity of this person. It was the Sword Saint. Berith was alert to the weight of this name, but the Sword Saint was only one person.

“You aren't my opponent...” Berith shrugged as he spoke, only for his eyes to widen.

Since when...? When had the dozens of swords surrounding Grid become embedded in Berith's body? The baffled Berith was ignored by Kraugel. His eyes, as deep as a galaxy that couldn't be measured, were only looking at Grid.

“Leave it to us and take a break.”

As Kraugel spoke, Piaro, Kirinus, and three dukes stepped beside him. Only one person was different. Only Rachel was still standing far away, staring blankly at Piaro.

“I will protect Your Majesty, even if Your Majesty is stronger than me,” Piaro declared.

“Yes.” Grid nodded with a pleased smile and punched Kraugel. “Please.”

The other person was Kraugel. Unlike Grid, Kraugel was smart, so he wouldn't need a long explanation. He would know that the 'Summon Hell' phase remained and would be aware that he had to consume Berith's health as much as possible before the Overgeared members with Yura and Ruby arrived. More than anything else...

“Yes, he is also precious to me.” Kraugel was also willing to defend Piaro.

Kraugel's and Grid's fists met.

“Heart Sword.”

Then the imperfect swordsmanship of 'the highest realm' was embodied by Kraugel in his current capacity as a Sword Saint. Berith's shoulder flew away.

## [Chapter 1050](#)

It was after the end of the 4th National Competition that Kraugel placed the constraint of 'not being able to leave Kirinus' side for three years' on himself. This drastically reduced the range of his activities. It was an unimaginable penalty that placed shackles on Kraugel. Even if the weather was clear or cloudy, even if it was snowing or raining... Kraugel merely continued guarding by Kirinus' side.

A small mountain with a shabby hut became his world. During the time when other players were exploring hunting grounds across the continent and growing with all sorts of achievements, Kraugel stayed in the mountain and his level remained unchanged.

Still, this didn't mean he stayed stagnant. The entire process of studying with Kirinus were nutrients that developed Kraugel. He completed a quest and his class of Sword Saint blossomed. Kraugel obtained

Heart Sword. Heart Sword wasn't as flashy as Space Sword. However, it was the ultimate sword technique that proved why a Sword Saint was the strongest.

[Heart Sword - First Entrance]

[Strike the target with the sword of will.

Deals damage equivalent to 10% of the target's current health and causes critical damage.

\*It isn't affected by the user's attack power or the target's defense.

Skill Resource Consumption: Half of the maximum sword energy.

Skill Cooldown Time: 24 hours.

Skill Health Consumption: 10% is consumed.]

This was an absurdly low amount of damage considering the cost and cooldown. No class' ultimate attack was this weak. Kraugel had been very upset when he first got Heart Sword. He had been disappointed with the performance of Heart Sword and wondered if it was a bug.

Then he peeked at the potential of Heart Sword. He learned why Muller became able to fight the great demons alone by confirming a few facts in the testing process.

First of all, it was a must-hit. The moment Kraugel decided to 'cut' the target, the target was cut. There were no precursors to Heart Sword, giving the target no chance of avoiding or defending against it. This effect was also applied to Kirinus, a transcendent named NPC. This was clear evidence, proof that the power of Heart Sword could also be used against boss monsters. The power of Heart Sword would someday surpass the initial stage and compete for first place among all skills in Satisfy.

'Since you showed off your power, it is my turn to show it.'

The power was originally hidden for the eventual re-confrontation with Grid or the moment when danger struck.

"Heart Sword,"Kraugel revealed it when the attention of everyone around the world was focused on him. This was Kraugel's law. First, it was a courtesy toward Grid who had exposed his power.

[The sword of will is aiming at the target.]

"" ....?"

[The target has received 290,654,000 damage.]

[The damage from a percentage skill doesn't affect the achievements.]

Berith's shoulder flew away. Berith was filled with an indescribable shock and stared blankly without any response.

"...!"

"...!"

"...!"

The eyes of Grid and the dukes widened. In particular, Grid looked at Kraugel like he was a ghost. Grid couldn't believe that the damage Kraugel inflicted in one strike was similar to the damage he had dealt in a few minutes. The viewers were also shocked.

Cutting the target with just a few words...? He inflicted hundreds of millions of damage on Great Demon Berith who destroyed tens of thousands of rankers! It was a chaotic atmosphere.

"I only had a good opponent. It is far less than the power of your sword dances," Kraugel spoke bullshit with a casual expression.

"What...?"

What was he saying? Grid clicked his tongue. Wasn't this humility almost a tease at this point? Grid thought about it and laughed unknowingly. His fingers were trembling. A tremendous joy was overwhelming him. His rival was healthy. Kraugel was returning to the days when he was at the top...

These thoughts filled Grid's mind and he was happy. He could relax and get stronger.

'Let's keep becoming stronger.'

There was the pride of reaching the peak and the roar of pure aspiration.

"...I like that reaction." Kraugel smiled as he read the emotions in Grid's gaze. At this moment, the two people shared the fact that they needed each other. The moment one of them disappeared, the remaining one would suffer from a terrible solitude.

'You.'

'You.'

'You are my guide.'

'You are my goal.'

Super Sensitivity was overflowing. Grid's transcendent power could be called a 'process' that gave Kraugel speed. Kraugel appeared right before Berith. "Crying Tiger."

The technique of a Sword Saint penetrated through the walls of metal that extended reflexively.

"..."" Berith's torso was crushed, but he didn't vomit blood. The health gauge didn't even decrease noticeably. Kraugel's damage was in the category of common sense, unlike Grid's. A normal skill couldn't deal a blow to Berith. Still, it was enough to break Berith's posture. Kraugel was strong in a different way from Grid. His power came not from his stats but his insight and control.

"Earth Dragon's Ascension."

Berith's posture collapsed as the sword struck his chin, causing him to be slightly detached from the metal barrier. Berith was stabbed by the attack that entered through a one centimeter gap, but he didn't suffer much damage. Rather, his claws dragged against Kraugel's chest in a counterattack.

[You have suffered 31,500 damage.]

"Die!"



“Kuek...!”

Kraugel’s and Berith’s offense and defense continued fiercely. Berith was weakened in exchange for escaping from hell. The reason why he failed to respond to Grid’s movements was because Grid overlapped Blackening with his transcendent senses. He might be weakened, but he wasn’t incompetent enough not to react to Kraugel’s Super Sensitivity.

The White Tiger Sword interlocked with Berith’s claws, causing sparks. He seemed to lose momentum, but it was actually the opposite.

““ ....!””

The weight of the White Tiger Sword increased rapidly, causing Berith’s posture to collapse. Simultaneously, a chain and cloth flew out, binding Berith’s only remaining arm. It was the intervention of the Hao siblings. The ultimate techniques of the Russian rankers bombarded Berith.

““These little pieces of garbage!”” Berith snorted and swung his arm as hard as possible, causing the bodies of the siblings to fly through the air. The Hao siblings responded calmly. Mei Xiao discarded the cloth and swung her whip while Hao transformed into a half draconian and shot out a breath.

Kraugel didn’t miss this precious time that his teammates had bought. In this short period of time, he captured Berith’s gap and used his skill. Among them was a sword technique that caused the enemy to lose defense. Kraugel had done enough for his role, which was to lay the groundwork for the strong.

“Free Farming Peak Style!” A huge shadow appeared above the head of Berith, who was distracted by Kraugel’s party.

“True Clouds!” Kraugel fell off Berith and summoned blue clouds in the area. The clouds spread out like dense fog, interfering with Berith’s vision and senses.

“Pounding Mortar.”

““ ...This!”” Berith, who was starting to feel annoyed by Kraugel’s unseemly tricks, looked up. The veins on the horse’s head bulged. One of the strongest weapons of the present human race was falling from the sky. It was a power that even a great demon couldn’t endure easily.

““Don’t take me lightly anymore!”” Berith declared. The blue clouds in the area instantly hardened into metal. Kraugel’s technique, which should’ve weakened Berith, was instantly transformed into a metal umbrella that protected Berith.

‘Cough!’

The huge metal umbrella stretching into the sky made Piaro’s face freeze. He instantly noticed that the power of this defense would greatly weaken Pounding Mortar. However, Piaro currently wasn’t alone. During the Belial raid, Piaro had to protect the weaker Grid and Overgeared members alone, but things were different now. There were people he could rely on. Grid had reunited him with his old colleagues.

“Sir Piaro! We will help!”

“I’m not the novice of the past either!”

Grenhal and Morse joined the battle. They didn't bring out the power of the berserker and the beast because of their personal circumstances, but even if they didn't do their best, they could still destroy Berith's alchemy. The giant umbrella casting a shadow on the ground was separated by Grenhal's flying sword and Morse's phantom. The sun once again shone in the world of darkness.

"I said, don't take me lightly!" Berith turned to 'her'. He rebuilt the fragments of shattered metal in real time. The world quickly became dark again, but there was a variable.

"I'll break it." Basara opened her eyes.

Her eyes were glowing with a mysterious red light. It was the red energy that symbolized the lineage of the imperial royal family. The power of Haicyen Saharan, the strongest emperor in history. It had the property of penetrating into matter. This was why the armor of the Red Knights was red. The red energy strengthened or weakened the target material. As if thousands of years had passed, the large metal umbrella quickly rusted and weathered.

Something fell over Berith's head. It was clear that this was precisely timed. After this, Berith opened the umbrella again but it was too late. The umbrella unfolded only after a large mortal crushed Berith's torso. On the shaded ground under the umbrella, Berith's body was crushed by the blow and crumpled into a strange angle.

White blood flowed like a river. Then large metal vines sprang up, tying up the bodies of Piaro, Kraugel, and the dukes.

"Kuek...!"

The damage was weak, but the problem was that it had the property of physical bondage.

'The more I know, the stronger he seems?'

The center of the world was the Saharan Empire. The great demon might destroy all of humanity, but the empire was the exception. Just as Astaroth was defeated in the imperial palace, the great demon wasn't the empire's opponent. However, Morse's conviction changed. He got nervous when he felt the magic of the metal vines that were constraining his limbs.

'It will be hard to get rid of this unless I transform...'

Chill.

Suddenly, Morse imagined Berith invading Titan. If all the substances in the capital turned into metal and attacked the people and soldiers... Could the empire really withstand this? The grandmaster, whose thinking was unknown, would turn his back and ignore the dying people. He was only looking for interesting experimental tools. It was the same for Magician King Goldhit.

'Bain will only protect the emperor's side. At most, only Kyle and Chensler will go out.'

Was it possible if they both fought? It was possible. Kyle, who they recently met at the ruins, was stronger than ever and Chensler 'never died.' If they joined forces, they would be able to defeat Berith after a few days of fighting. Then once the fighting was over, the people of the capital would be dead. Unless the remaining five dukes all protected the capital, the damage that would occur if Berith invaded the capital would be beyond imagination.

'Shit!'Morse finally realized how foolish he had been in the past when he heard of the emergence of the great demon and ignored it. The great demon must be killed here.

'King Grid, it is thanks to you!'

Morse planned to transform. It wasn't a situation where he should be concerned that disclosing his strength could expose a weakness and weaken the position of the empire's dukes. Morse turned and turned his gaze to Grid—the hero who wasn't bound by the concept of a nation but who fought for the sake of all humanity. Thanks to Grid, they could preemptively get rid of the demon who could be a disaster for the empire.

Morse's muscles started to swell as he grabbed the metal vines around his neck with both hands. It was the moment when silvery hairs started to rise. Yellow flames rushed like waves and melted the metal binding Morse. Everyone, including Morse, escaped from the bondage and regained their freedom.

"Duke Basara, you must guard the rear during the battle. Only then can the red energy deal with these sudden situations. What will you do if you are swept up in it?"It was Spear Saint Rachel—one of the strongest among the dukes who retained the same power as the beast form Morse. The person who had remained silent so far finally came forward and saved everyone from the crisis.

"It is a mistake that isn't like you. What excited you so much that you would hurt yourself?" She pointed out Basara's mistake and then chastised Morse. "Additionally, Duke Morse, what were you thinking when you were about to use that power?"

"..."

"Do you want to spread the weakness that you are less intelligent than a dog?"

"I'm a wolf, not a dog."

"Whatever."

Rachel's gaze turned toward Piaro. After being dull since Grid's appearance, she finally returned to the public's attention. She spoke while unaware that billions of eyes were watching her, "The former captain of the Red Knights, Piaro. I didn't know you were serving the Overgeared King."

『...!』

-...!

"Well... I knew you were alive. Who would've been able to harm you, my hero and the greatest of the empire?"

『...!?!』

-...!?

Grid's knight, the crazy farmer of the Overgeared Kingdom, was actually the greatest in the empire? He was so great that Spear Saint Rachel called him her hero...? The viewers around the world were shocked to find out the amazing truth and spat out the beer or coke they were drinking. A Korean viewer eating chicken was in tears. Indeed, eating chicken with kimchi was dangerous...

『 Grid, who had been at war with the empire not long ago, arrived with the empire's dukes... The mystery seems to have finally been solved... 』

The audience got goosebumps. Grid's subordinate was formerly the greatest person of the empire. When did he use Piaro to improve his relationship with the empire? Maybe this was something that Grid had intentionally planned when the emperor invited Grid a few years ago? It wasn't at the level of looking ahead by one or two things. Grid's insight had already reached the point of observing the future.

Gulp.

The sound of the commentators swallowing their saliva permeated the audience's ears through the speakers and headsets. People couldn't keep their eyes off Grid, who was just sitting still and resting. Meanwhile, Grid was inwardly crying out with delight.

[The duration of the truth distortion is over.]

[The lost classes, titles, and skills have been restored.]

[However, since the status of Magic Swordsman of the Epics is higher than Pagma's Descendant, Grid's Swordsmanship is kept active.]