

## Overgeared 1051

### [Chapter 1051](#)

‘When will it recover?’

Grid became impatient over time. He thought the classes, titles, and skills that Berith’s distorted reality had taken away would be restored soon because the word ‘temporarily’ was mentioned, but it had been over 20 minutes. Maybe he was wrong...

The concept of time was different for each individual, so Grid was filled with tremendous anxiety.

‘For a great demon with eternal life, a human’s lifetime is a short moment.

The system was rubbish... There was a possibility that the distorted state wouldn’t be resolved. Everything he lost might not be restored. Grid had been hit in the back of the head more often than others and seriously considered it.

‘It might be better not to go back.’

The Magic Swordsman of the Epics was a class that was just growing. Nevertheless, it surpassed Pagma’s Descendant, and its combat power overwhelmed that of Pagma’s Descendant. Returning to Pagma’s Descendant was technically going backward. The moment that Magic Swordsman of the Epics was judged as a third class again, it was possible that Grid’s Swordsmanship and the transcendent senses he gained would be sealed.

‘Still, I...’

Grid was Pagma’s Descendant. No, he saw himself as a blacksmith. Hundreds of thousands—no, he made countless items. Sometimes, he sold items for just a few coins. Other times, he got tangled up in hard events. Additionally, he built up many relationships. The reason he could meet Khan was that he was a blacksmith.

This one line was a shortened description of all that: the blacksmith class was Grid’s backbone. For Grid, the blacksmithing class was the most precious thing that couldn’t be taken away.

“Give it back to me...”

It was okay even if he was weakened again. He wanted it back.

“Stop playing and give it back.”

The canyon was destroyed. Surrounded by Piaro, Kraugel, Kirinus, and the dukes, the bloody Berith roared loudly and the battle intensified.

“Niyooong!” Noe cried out anxiously from where he sat on Grid’s shoulder. Overgeared Corn kept licking Grid’s cheeks with a small black tongue. While doing so, Overgeared Corn snorted with an annoyed expression. His noble and beautiful self was licking the cheeks of a male... It was a dissatisfied attitude, but he still licked Grid’s cheeks carefully. It was because Grid looked pained and lonely.

[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.]

Grid came to his senses upon seeing these messages. He had anticipated the worst, so he was filled with relief and joy. The lost powers and blessings started to rekindle in his body again. The forces he had thought he would lose were still in his body. Grid was aware of the transcendence that still remained. Magic Swordsman of the Epics returned to being the third class, but it still gave Grid a powerful force.

It was natural. His epic was what he wrote personally. It purely belonged to Grid. No one could deny it, and no one could take it away.

[You have discovered a mighty person of this era, and fighting energy has started to accumulate!]

[Every time fighting energy increases by one point, your strength, stamina, and agility will by 0.5%.]

The red-purple aura started to rise. It was the symbol of the Hero King. The former Hero King was Sword Saint Muller.

““You!””

Berith's gaze was focused on Grid through the seeds, hand plow, spears, and swords striking him. With 30% of his health left, Berith no longer looked at Piaro, the dukes, or Sword Saint Kraugel surrounding him. He appreciated the potential of Grid, who pioneered his own path while carrying the ability of the two humans that even great demons couldn't take lightly—Pagma and Muller.

Now Grid himself was a person who attracted the aggro of a great demon. For Grid, it was bad luck. Berith emitted metal spines in every direction to shake off the people around him and formed a long blade. The blade was three kilometers long. It was enough to bridge the gap between Grid and Berith, immediately penetrating Grid's heart. No, it was about to penetrate him.

““ ....!?””

The man who was the Master of Swiftiness before he became the successor of Lantier's techniques...

Faker, who was given a favorable assessment in 'speed' due to his class-specific characteristic, had evolved a notch after gaining Fly on Top of Grass. He responded to the blade that Berith fired and stepped in front of Grid, who had yet to recover enough to avoid the attack.

Berith's blade and Faker's dagger collided. The tip of the blade had its direction twisted subtly, and it rose into the sky instead of Grid's heart. Faker's body flew far away to a cliff in the canyon.

“Faker!” Grid's astonished cry echoed through the canyon. The downside of an assassin was poor durability. In particular, it was questionable for them to fight elite monsters with high health and attack power. Additionally, Berith was a great demon. Grid saw that Faker would find it hard to survive when facing Berith's attack.

However, Faker was surprisingly fine. The moment he struck Berith's blade, he used Lantier's technique. Then when he collided with the cliff, he summoned shadow soldiers to help him. Faker emerged from the dust with a calm expression and spoke to the dumbfounded Grid.

“The person who is supposed to protect you shouldn’t be weak.”

After all, Faker was someone who was acknowledged by War God Zeratul.

“Grid, I will also join the front line.”

He was only a normal class at the time when he wiped out the Ice Flower Guild.

“You focus on recovery.”

Now...

“Kill Gate Opening.”

Faker, who studied Lantier’s techniques and the shadow techniques from Kasim, was pursuing the throne of assassins.

“God Killer.”

He became a flash of light itself. Faker passed through the canyon, and Berith’s red eyes lost their focus. His spirit was dizzy, and Berith instinctively felt something. This was a crisis. It was a situation where he was on the edge of the cliff. So...

““22nd Hell Summoning.””

Berith freed all his strength. He broke the rules that the world had imposed on him. In return, the goddess of light would gnaw at his soul. It didn’t matter if the other great demons laughed at him. The humiliation of losing his body to human hands should be avoided.

[The 22nd Hell has manifested successfully.]

[The earth and the atmosphere are filled with demonic energy.]

[22nd Great Demon Berith’s stats will increase by 20%.]

[All debuffs currently applied to 22nd Great Demon Berith will be released.]

[Humans cannot adapt to the environment of hell.]

[The power of skills and magic have decreased by 30%, and casting speed has decreased by 60%.]

[Magic resistance and physical defense are reduced by 20%.]

[The natural recovery of health, mana, and stamina has become impossible.]

[Stamina will fall more quickly.]

[Potions can’t be used.]

[Creatures of the 22nd Hell will emerge!]

『 Ah, this is what happened. .』

The broadcasters and viewers who were excited about Grid stopped feeling excited. They sobered up as they watched Berith being pushed on the defensive. Berith’s health kept decreasing. The more Berith

entered a new phase, the clearer the reality became. The last phase of hell summoning was imminent. It was the start of the despair they had learned from 32nd Great Demon Belial. This was the end of humanity.

Lightning struck in the sky as black ash started to spread. Between the canyons, hellfire hotter than lava poured out, and the barren land started to split apart. The ecosystem changed. The flowers on the cliff became cannibals, and the moles in the ground became as big as walls. Bizarre and ugly horses emerged through gaps in the cracked earth. At the heart of all this was Berith.

““Kukuk...! Kuhahahahat!”” Berith burst out laughing. He thought of humans as livestock and couldn’t help delighting in their fear.

『 He is very happy. 』

『 This means he can’t handle it. 』

The broadcasters and viewers were thankful to Grid, Kraugel’s group, and the dukes. Without them, Great Demon Berith would’ve trampled on humanity with a dull expression like they were ants. Yes, they had done well enough to push the great demon up to here. They were relieved when they saw Berith so happy.

The broadcasters and viewers expressed their gratitude to Grid and Kraugel. There were reports that the Overgeared Guild was at least 30 minutes away from the canyon, so they couldn’t expect a dramatic appearance of help like during the Belial raid. The audience and viewers were forced to judge that the Berith raid would end in failure. They simply wanted Grid and Kraugel’s party to minimize the damage. However, there was a reversal.

“So what if you summon hell?”

“How boring.”

““ ....!?””

There had never been such a Berith raiding party before. No, the problem was that their power was at an all-time high, and this party could never form again. Kraugel, Piaro, Kirinus, and the dukes of the empire—they were legendary or super named NPCs and were equipped with transcendent resistance. Hell’s debuff effect wasn’t fully applied.

On the other hand, Grid... His stamina was still recovering thanks to Overgeared Corn licking him.

““T-These guys...!”” Berith showed an upset expression and formed hundreds of weapons. His stats had increased by 20%. and he showed a more dangerous atmosphere than before.

“I won’t tolerate it.”

Basara’s red energy weakened Berith’s alchemy.

“Hahaha! It has become so hard that my hands feel better.”

“Don’t be too excited.”

Grenhal and Morse’s attacks shattered Berith’s weakened alchemy.

“Let me check if your skills have died out in the meantime.”

“...You have grown a lot.”

The long-lost connection between Piaro and Rachel left a new injury on Berith’s body.

“Meteor Sword.”

“Shadow Legion.”

Kraugel and Faker slaughtered the beasts together and opened the path. Kirinus formed a blue light at the end of the spear and threatened Berith. All those in Kraugel’s party had the Sword Saint’s Aura buff applied to them and could be called defenders of humanity.

Berith was overcome with a strange emotion they surrounded him. This was fear. It was a feeling of weakness that a supreme predator shouldn’t feel.

““You cowards...!””

The flag was finally planted. Cowards... The words that could be considered the final will of a villain popped out. Berith peeked at his approaching end, and Grid and Kraugel’s party knew the raid was a success. Then an uninvited guest appeared. He stood on a cliff, and his green hair fluttered in the strong wind.

“Lich Summon, Mumud.”

A victim who had been subjected to malice throughout his life—the losers chose to exploit him. He was once again disappointed by humans and finally became complete. The world in his vision was a stark ash gray. There were no expectations or regret.

“Die.”

Lich Mumud’s iridescent magic struck the raid party.

“Agnus!” Grid’s furious cry pierced the sky.

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A battle was about speed. There was nothing good about dragging it out for too long. This was a common idea for raid party members.

The hell environment that prohibited natural restoration was a big burden for both players and NPCs. Therefore, the raid party—led by Piaro and Rachel—gritted their teeth and fought hard. The party rushed through the canyon in order to speed up Berith’s death. They strengthened each other’s skills by linking their skills together and releasing the bombardment with no breaks.

The effect of the pincer attack was great. Berith’s defense and health were boosted once all his stats increased, but it was hard to hold out against the talents representing humanity. The biggest problem was that he couldn’t catch the timing for a counterattack.

Berith was a great demon. He was inherently strong and trampled on others with innate power. He didn’t learn or hone any combat skills, nor did he have the power to reverse the adverse situation.

““You cowards...!””

This was how it happened. For the first time since his birth, Berith let out a fear-filled cry. Then new magic power exploded from a cliff. The magic power was so intense that it captured the nerves of Berith, Piaro, Kirinus, and the dukes. The special magic power became a brilliant light that fell to the ground.

“Ugh...!”

“This power...?!”

Kraugel and Faker were seriously wounded, and the dukes groaned. Only three people... Only Piaro, Kirinus, and Rachel succeeded in defending against the rainbow colored magic power.

“It is a very strong magic power...” Piaro confirmed with his trembling fingertips and turned his gaze to the cliff. He saw a man with green hair. The man stood on the edge of the cliff. It was as if the blowing wind would push him to his death.

“Agnus...” Kraugel muttered when he confirmed the identity of the man. Agnus was the contractor of 1st Great Demon Baal. His original role was the enemy of humanity. He had justification to help the great demon who had descended. It was his duty to put humanity at risk. However, he had been silent so far, and Kraugel faintly guessed why. The fact that he would become hostile to everyone alone would be a great burden and pressure...

Yet at this moment, Agnus showed up and helped Berith.

‘It means he has abandoned his hesitation.’

Kraugel thought he knew the cause. What did the public do when Berith started to go crazy? They demanded a one-sided sacrifice from Agnus. Once Agnus refused to comply with their requests, they poured out criticisms and threats toward him. It was already a domain of violence. This was shameful behavior from the perspective of a third party. Kraugel knew the anger and loneliness Agnus would’ve felt.

“...I would’ve acted the same as Agnus if it were me.” Suddenly, Faker’s voice rang out. He held his wound that didn’t recover due to the effects of the hell and stared at Agnus with compassionate eyes instead of a grudging expression. “It wouldn’t be easy to tolerate the people who have been harassing me for days.”

“...” Kraugel also agreed. If Berith was raided, the public would be completely free from the pain and anxiety they had been suffering. They would be busy cheering happily and not even think about the pain they had brought to Agnus. From Agnus’ point of view, anger would soar to the top of his head.

Yes, Kraugel and Faker understood Agnus. This didn’t mean they intended to defend him. Regardless of Agnus’ circumstances, the tip of his sword shouldn’t be aimed toward them. Grid seemed to think the same way.

“Agnus!”

Was the rising status directly related to a rise in sense of presence...? Grid’s voice was much clearer than it used to be. The emotion in his cry was conveyed to all.

“This X bastard!”

“...”

...No, it seemed to have nothing to do with the rise in status. The anger was so intense that it couldn't not be conveyed to others.

“...Act moderately and get out of here!”

Many things were omitted in the cry. It was a scene where the terminology of ‘moderately’ came to mind. That's right. Grid also knew what Agnus had been through. He knew Agnus' position better than anyone else because he had gone through similar things to Agnus. He fully understood and was sympathetic to why Agnus would want the Berith raid to fail.

“I'll take care of you if you don't quit now.” That's why Grid didn't draw his sword. He already confirmed the damage that Agnus dealt to Kraugel and Faker but ignored it.

“...” Agnus' face stiffened. Cracks started to occur in his frozen chest. Then heat spilled out of the cracks.

“...Don't sympathize with me.” Agnus' face became severely distorted.

““Kuhahahahat! Very well done! Baal's Contractor! You aren't useless, unlike the former contractor!”” Berith was excited. Thanks to the brief amount of time that Agnus bought him, Berith succeeded in setting the stage for reality distortion.

““Humans are a savage species. They can't handle tools.””

[A million lies have distorted the truth.]

Berith no longer disparaged Piaro, Kirinus, and the dukes. He didn't deny the power they built but used the distortion as a way of denying the human race. The effect was great.

“...!”

All the raid party members lost the weapons in their hands. The spears, swords, and various agricultural tools fell to the ground. Weapons couldn't be used. It was the effect of Berith's distortion. Those who were bare-handed were struck by the creatures of hell.

“Agnus!!” The anxious Grid shouted as the canyon fell into chaos. He wanted Agnus to step down. They had to hold on for 20 minutes until the Overgeared army arrived. Agnus had grown significantly in the past few years, and his intervention was too dangerous. Additionally...

‘I can't let Braham wake up.’

The hidden quest ‘Braham and Mumud’ had a devastating impact on Braham. Whenever the quest was activated, Braham's soul fragments were consumed, and Braham would be greatly affected. Braham had already lost too much power and was in hibernation. There could be irreversible consequences if he woke up in response to Mumud's soul.

“...” Agnus on the cliff stared at Grid on the ground. There was a familiar feeling from Grid's eyes. Agnus had made that expression when he reached out to ‘her’ through the window.

“...Kikik,” the quiet Agnus suddenly shrugged and laughed. The situation had reversed, and Berith responded with a cheerful laugh, ““Hahaha!””

The raid party was in a crisis, and Grid was frustrated.

“Kihahahahat!!”

““Kuhahahat!””

The madness of a human and a great demon mixed and echoed in the canyon. The viewers got a horrified chill down their spines, and Grid’s jitters grew. Then it happened.

“...Hah.” Agnus stopped laughing. He glanced slowly at the cameras of the broadcasting stations that were filming him. “Once the next great demon comes to this earth, I will smash all of you by its side.”

‘However, not right now...’ Agnus swallowed the last of his words and turned to leave the canyon.

“Agnus...” Grid looked at Agnus’ increasingly distant back with a complicated expression. The two men were emotional as they broke the shackles of mutual debt. The next time they met, they would be aiming their swords at each other.

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“Sowing Seeds! Harvest!”

Among the people who lost their weapons and were in a crisis, only Piaro and Kraugel were still struggling. Even Berith’s distortion of reality couldn’t take the sword from a Sword Saint, and Piaro repelled the beasts by farming without any tools. However, the battlefield wasn’t very good. Kirinus, Faker, and the dukes lost their weapons and couldn’t attack. They were quickly isolated because they couldn’t kill the swarming creatures fast enough.

““Die! Hahahahat!”” Berith was still excited. He gained some time and started to show off his dignity again.

‘This can’t continue.’

They couldn’t hold up in this state. They would be wiped out before the army arrived. Agnus’ intervention was only for a moment, but the repercussions were too great. The battlefield was completely turned upside down. A new wind was needed. Yet who would help them?

Grid was biting his lips when a white giant was captured in his field of view. It was Raiders. Zibal’s magic machine rose from the fortress and rushed toward Berith.

“Zombie bastard! Now you will die!” Zibal’s cry echoed through the battlefield. A huge spear pierced Berith’s body.

““Cough...!””

Finally, Berith stopped laughing. White blood poured out, and his health gauge noticeably decreased.

““A human can’t handle this artifact properly...””

However, Berith quickly regained his composure. He already knew...



The magic machines were a relic of the giants. They weren't things that could be handled by the trivial human race. It was as he had expected. Raiders swung the spear several times with a strong force that Berith couldn't react to. Berith shook and soon fell to one knee. This lasted for the 21 seconds that Zibal could control Raiders.

““It was a very cute trick.””

Berith confirmed the falling Raiders, and his eyes curved in a half moon shape. He was delighted despite his body being turned into rags by Raiders. Now all the risks were gone.

““This is the end of the boring show.””

Tens of thousands of blades started to form around Berith. He was going to put an end to it. Berith planned to kill all the humans who dared fight him here and then take a rest after occupying the fortress. Zibal emerged from Raiders and scoffed at the guy who was already convinced of victory. “You're right. Will you cry soon?”

““What nonsense is this?””

“Isn't that right? Grid.”

““...?””

Zibal's gaze was directed behind Berith's back. Berith followed his gaze and was terrified. ““Don't tell me? Those eyes?!””

‘Ahhh, these are Baal's eyes.’ ...If it were Lauel, he would've answered like this. The smiling Grid triggered a skill that sacrificed an item he no longer used.

“Pagma's Eyes.”

[Checking the target item's stats, options, and production method.]

[The Item Replication skill has been activated!]

[The legendary rated item 'Legendary Blacksmith's Hammer' will be used as the material for the artifact-rated item 'Magic Machine: Raiders'.]

[The duration of the replication is one day! At the end of this period, the replicated item will be permanently destroyed!]

A shadow was cast over Berith's face. In front of him, a new giant armed with steel gloves rose like a mountain, and something huge crumpled Berith's head. The canyon shook because it couldn't bear the great weight. The bodies of the creatures attacking the dukes scattered in all directions, and the tens of thousands of blades in the air dispersed like glass.

““K...Kuock...”” Berith groaned. His health gauge was now at 20%.

“It is up to us to decide when to end the fight,” Grid declared. His transcendent senses felt something familiar. Then the space distorted like it was swallowed by a black hole. The woman who appeared on the stage was able to arrive at the 22nd Hell after several Hell Leaps. It was Demon Slayer Yura.

“Hell Regulation.”

[The Demon Slayer has exerted influence on the 22nd Hell.]

[The debuffs of the 22nd Hell are temporarily turned off!]

[The power of the 22nd Great Demon Berith has sharply fallen!]

The habit of passing on responsibility for failure onto others and cursing wasn't only in humans.

““B-Baal, you son of a bitch...”” Berith cursed and resented the crazy Baal who gave power to two humans.

“Light of Destruction.”

The Demon Slayer's ultimate weapon—which boasted more than 2000% physical damage, 4000% magic damage, and the effect of 'getting rid of the target's magic'—struck Berith's head. Berith was greatly weakened, and the effect of the reality distortion ended. Kirinus, Faker, and the dukes regained possession of their weapons and pushed Berith violently along with the black giant.

““U...Uhhh...””

'Once again...Once again, give me another chance...' Berith prayed earnestly. He wanted someone to come and save him, just as Baal's Contractor suddenly showed up.

“We aren't too late?”

As if to grant his wish, new people appeared from everywhere. Berith checked their faces and felt despair. In particular, he fixed his gaze on Saintess Ruby and realized that the first defeat didn't just signify the loss of his body. Today, he would completely cease to exist.

“Who...! Who the hell are you? Pagma's Descendant! Hero King! Great magician! Baal's Contractor! Why the hell are you monopolizing so much power?!”

This question transcended even his emotions of a violent killing intent and resentment.

“Me?” Grid stood on Raiders' shoulders and replied quietly, “Grid. I... I am Grid.”

After that, Berith resisted with the last of his strength, but he was helpless before the oppression of Demon Slayer Yura and Saintess Ruby. The raid party buffed by Pope Damian pressured Berith with an unprecedented firepower, and the Overgeared members thoroughly assisted them. Every time the Overgeared Cannon fired, the progress of the monsters stopped, and the Snake Guild succeeded in helping Zibal.

“Waaaaaaaaah!” The soldiers of Fort Taleren confirmed the fallen Berith and cheered. The hell creatures hurried to escape while the hell gradually disappeared. After a long struggle...

[You have succeeded in raiding 22nd Great Demon Berith, who has terrorized the continent!]

[The soul of the 22nd Great Demon Berith has been destroyed and won't be able to reincarnate!]

[The position of 22nd monarch has temporarily become vacant.]

[Among the players in the Berith raid, only those who have performed to a certain level will receive the title 'Savior of the World.']

[Player who already holds the title will have the title effect enhanced.]

[All players who participated in the Berith raid will receive different compensation based on their performance!]

[The first place in the raid...]

Kraugel, Zibal, and the Overgeared members' gazes headed to one place. The cameras from all over the world were also focused on one place. All of them knew the identity of the person with first place.

[...Player Grid!]

"Waaaaahhhh!" Viewers all over the world cheered enthusiastically. Nationality and gender were irrelevant. Everyone praised Grid.

### [Chapter 1053](#)

[Grid has obtained the raid's 1st place prize.]

[Rachel and Kirinus have gained the raid's 2nd place prize.]

[Piaro has obtained the raid's 3rd place prize.]

[Kraugel and Yura have obtained the raid's 4th place prize.]

[Basara has obtained the raid's 5th place prize.]

[Grenhal has obtained the raid's 6th place prize.]

[Morse has obtained the raid's 7th place prize.]

[Zibal has obtained the raid's 8th place prize.]

[Faker has obtained the raid's 9th place prize.]

[Chris and Jishuka have obtained the raid's 10th place prize.]

[★ Saintess Ruby has obtained extraordinary rewards in exchange for annihilating the soul of the great demon!★]

[Other personnel will be rewarded for participating in the raid.]

The viewers who saw the world messages were buzzing with activity. Kirinus and Rachel had shaved off the most health from Berith, but that was only during phase one. It wasn't strange that their contribution was less than Grid. Piaro's contribution was also convincing because he had played steadily, no matter the phase.

The thing they honestly wondered about was Yura's fourth place ranking. Of course, Yura had joined more quickly than the rest of the Overgeared Guild. She had also neutralized the hell summoned by the

great demon. Additionally, she utilized Hell Leap and arrived at the canyon ahead of schedule, serving as a great help in the raid.

However, it was too much to say that her contribution was the same as Kraugel's, who had strengthened the party members with Sword Saint Aura and reduced Berith's health at a level similar to Grid. The audience weren't convinced of Yura's contribution, but Kraugel and the Overgeared members took it for granted. In the first place, they had the premise that 'it is impossible to fight a great demon without Yura.'

In the somewhat raucous atmosphere, Grid read his personal notification window.

[The title Savior of the World has been strengthened, increasing the 200 points stats increase to 300 points!]

[You have acquired Berith's Human Skin Mask for being first in the raid!]

[You have acquired Berith's Hoof for being first in the raid!]

[You have acquired two vials of Berith's Blood for being first in the raid!]

[You have acquired five pieces of Berith's Mane for being first in the raid!]

[You have acquired 30 blessed weapon enhancement stones for being first in the raid!]

[You have acquired 60 blessed armor enhancement stones for being first in the raid!]

[Berith's strength is engraved on the Rune of Darkness.]

[...!!!]

[Three great demons have been sealed in the Rune of Darkness! This is the evidence that you have killed at least three great demons and proof that you are following the great demon achievements of Muller and Pagma! If you someday achieve the same level of achievement as them, your status will rise greatly!]

It was good so far. Of course, it was all good news. Grid was pleased that seven guild members had earned the top 10 rewards. Additionally, his relationship with the dukes had become more solid, his understanding of the magic machine Raiders had increased, and all the rewards given by Berith were satisfactory.

One of the most disappointing aspects was the absence of Mercedes. It was a shame that he missed the chance to raise Mercedes' status. However, it wasn't a big problem when he recalled why she wasn't present. She had gone on a business trip at Asmophel's request. Since Asmophel was in charge of exploring and tracking down the whereabouts of the former Red Knights, Mercedes' business trip meant a new alliance.

'The items are unusual...'

The hoof, blood, and mane were made of metal. Grid checked the items that Berith had dropped. Suddenly, something strange happened to him.

[...!!!]

[Too much of the great demons' power is contained in the Rune of Darkness. The capacity of the rune has been exceeded, and the rune is running wild!]

'What? Hey, this!'

The Rune of Darkness—the item that belonged to the inventory—started to shake and scream. Grid had been enjoying the attention and cheers of many people, as well as sharing the joy of his colleagues. Then a chill suddenly ran down his spine. The Rune of Darkness exploded. Surprised by the sudden shock, Grid groaned and flopped down.

“Oppa!”

“Grid!”

Ruby, Sexy Schoolgirl, Jishuka, and Yura turned pale and rushed toward Grid. The frowning Grid was gasping while grabbing at his chest. In his inventory, the shattered fragments of the rune were slowly melting.

“W-What? What is this? Don't mess around! It's scary!”

“Get your spirit together, Youngwoo-ssi!”

What was happening all of a sudden? One, two... More people rushed to Grid's side. They were Piaro, Kraugel, and the Overgeared members. Each of the expressions contained a different intensity, but they were equally concerned about Grid. Meanwhile, Grid was in a great deal of confusion.

Thump thump thump thump.

His heartbeat was so loud that it rang in his brains. Cold sweat flowed like rain and ate away at his field of view. He couldn't regain his senses at all. The Rune of Darkness had shattered. It completely melted and lost its shape, turning into black demonic energy that permeated Grid's body. The black demonic energy entered his skin, blood, bones, and heart. The bizarre sensation was unfamiliar and frightening.

...Duguen.

Duguen.Duguen.

His heart, which had been beating like it was going to explode, regained its composure.

“Pant... Pant...” Grid barely regained his mind and breathed in deeply. A new notification window appeared in front of his trembling eyes.

[Your high demonic power has guided the Rune of Darkness to you.]

[The Rune of Darkness, which was in danger from being unable to cope with the excess capacity, has joined with you, saving it from extinction.]

[In the future, the Rune of Darkness will become part of you.]

[The activation of the Rune of Darkness will cause the demonic power stat to rise by 200.]

[Your demonic power is currently over 30,000...]

Demonic power—it was a stat that Grid had obtained when he raided Hell Gao, simultaneously gaining Noe and the title of ‘Man who has Touched Hell’. So far, demonic power had benefited Grid. It was thanks to demonic power that Grid could tame Noe, use Blackening, and have the function of Blackening upgraded.

However, from Grid’s point of view, demonic power was an unstable element. It was a force to be vigilant about, rather than trust fully. As the name suggested, the essence of demonic power was to demonize humans. Grid’s conjecture was that increased demonic power allowing free access to hell was the process of demonization.

‘It isn’t good if it is too high.’

Anything else was good. If he were forced to become a demon then the aftermath of the mutation... then it was best to just avoid it in advance. Thus, Grid had tried not to kill as much as possible. During the Eternal War, the clash with the Red Knights, the battle against Kir, and so on, he had slaughtered a large number of people in unavoidable circumstances. However, he had always tried to avoid killing humans. It was a means of suppressing the demonic power.

Now all his efforts were wasted. His demonic power would rise by 200 when the Rune of Darkness was activated. This was a little too much. The frowning Grid quickly controlled his mind.

‘It’s okay. It isn’t a skill I use often.’

The only time when he used the Rune of Darkness was when he faced a situation or enemy he couldn’t handle with his own strength. So far, it was nothing new.

‘Well, the increase in demonic power will increase the power of Blackening.’

Due to his status increase, Grid was liberated from the top speed limit. Precise experimentation was needed, but it seemed possible for him to do 10 basic attacks per second when he fought Berith. The value of Blackening—which increased his attack power, magic power, and agility by 50%—had risen even further. It meant that he wasn’t in a position to take demonic power as the worst.

Grid tried to think as positively as possible. He was also thankful that the Rune of Darkness hadn’t been destroyed.

“Ah. I’m okay.”

Grid grasped the situation belatedly. His colleagues were standing around him with a worried expression. In particular, Ruby and Jishuka were cute as they looked like they were going to burst into tears at any moment. Yura looked like she was trying to stay calm.

“Your Majestyyy!!” Piaro let out a big wail.

“...”Grid calmed the mood and checked the rewards earned by his colleagues. The participants received a small number of blessed weapon and armor enhancement stones, but his colleagues who received compensation for their contribution were able to secure at least one mane. The stretched out mane looked like fur on the surface, but once it was touched directly, it would feel like a hard and sharp metal.

‘If it’s applied as a neck armor, both fashion and defense are possible.’

Maybe they could get the reflect damage option. Then it would be the best. The power of a set of reflective items made by the by-products of a great demon was terrible just imagining it. Grid was sitting with his colleagues and checking their items when the dukes approached him.

“We’ll be going back.”

Aside from Rachel, the dukes looked happy as they glanced between Grid and the still tearful Piaro. Rachel, however, was staring at Piaro with a surreal expression. Grenhal bowed politely on behalf of the dukes. “Overgeared King, we have been indebted to you since the historical ruins. We will never forget our journey with Your Majesty.”

“You aren’t going to the ruins? Don’t you have to go back to the ruins as soon as possible?”

“I think it is a priority to report to His Majesty the Emperor about the great demon subjugation. We’re going to seriously discuss our relationship with the Overgeared Guild.”

“I see. I look forward to the changing relationship between the empire and Overgeared Kingdom in the future.”

“Yes, look forward to it.” Grenhal bowed politely and turned around with the dukes.

“Wait.” Rachel approached Grid with a rather distasteful expression. The blonde in the red dress shone under the sunlight. Her beauty was greater than that of the Rebecca’s Daughters, and her innate dignity gave her an aura that was comparable to that of Marie Rose, the vampire duke. She hesitated for a moment before opening her mouth, “Rigal’s death happened during the war. I won’t let my personal feelings affect how I deal with you. Rest assured.”

“...I understand.”

Grid had already heard that Rigal and Rachel were friends. Honestly, he was afraid of her resentment. However, she was a duke of the Saharan Empire. As a duke, she was a powerful person who knew how to control her emotions. She was aware that her misjudgment could cause huge wavelengths and clearly distinguished between public and private matters.

‘By the way, Rigal was killed by Piaro.’

He felt a bit of displeasure, but Grid decided to accept Rachel’s heart. Rachel turned around.

“I’ve heard a lot about you from my disciple. You are a man with great potential.” This time, Kirinus approached Grid to shake his hand. His deep eyes observed Grid.

“I’m sure I’ll meet you again someday. Huhu, then I’ll be going.”

“Stay well, Grid.”

“The dragon wings... I believe they will be shown in a more wonderful scene next time.”

Kirinus, Kraugel, the Hao siblings, and the Russian rankers also left.

“Let’s postpone our game for next time.”

“What? I won.”

Kirinus and Rachel were bickering, but Grid didn't know why. Kirinus, Kraugel, and the dukes gradually disappeared from Grid's sight. The somewhat unhappy Zibal and Box approached Grid.

"Honestly, the raid succeeded thanks to my magic machine, right? Do you admit it? Thus, I'm not very grateful," Zibal snapped this out with a sulky expression and disappeared.

"...Thank you. In addition, I'm sorry. Someday I will clean up my mistakes." Box bowed politely and led the Snake Guild members to the south. Now, only the Overgeared members remained at the scene. After a few minutes of silence...

"Let's go home," Lauel smiled and said.

Simultaneously, at the end of the canyon...

"I have captured the scene of a rebellion." 4th Imperial Prince Edan smiled on a black magic machine that looked ominous and wicked, unlike the pure white Raiders. He clearly witnessed the dukes bowing and greeting an enemy king instead of executing him. Edan also confirmed the appearance of the living Piaro. He could predict the conversation that had occurred between them. One of the main causes behind Piaro being declared a traitor was Edan himself.

"I must first hit them before they hit my mother." Edan looked behind him with a smile. "My mother must be present if I want to be emperor. Isn't that right?"

Edan's legion of magic machines bowed their heads with firm expressions.

#### [Chapter 1054](#)

[(Breaking News) 22nd Great Demon Berith has been destroyed!

After a bloody 81-day march, Berith—the one who terrorized people—was killed. At the heart of the raid were Grid, Kraugel, and the Seven Dukes.]

[(Column) Satisfy related organizations should give an award to Grid and Kraugel.

We must not forget that the destruction of the Rotemon Kingdom has caused millions of players to be without a home. If Grid and Kraugel hadn't brought the empire's dukes together, the Haken Kingdom would've been destroyed by now and many people would've lost their place. If their activity were converted into economic value...]

[(Analysis) The Resilience of the Great Demon

During the raid, Berith's left arm was cut a total of 13 times, and his right arm and leg were cut off 9 times each. He suffered fractures 51 times and the number of critical injuries was 21, but Berith immediately recovered from all injuries. Omitted. It is assumed that high-ranking great demons who will emerge in the future won't be affected by wounds of the flesh...]

[The 'Hidden First Place Merit' chosen by the players is Saintess Ruby

Who could forget the brilliant effect of the wide-area heal that Ruby used the moment she appeared? Ruby gave new power to the team already at their limits. Thanks to her presence, the raid could be



finished neatly. The Saintess, who is famous for her usual good deeds, can be described as a blessing for the entire human race...]

[What rewards did the raid participants obtain?

It is unknown. The Overgeared Guild is well known for its tight security compared to the size of the group, and information isn't leaked. However, I can dare to guess that the value of the top 10 rewards will exceed the value of a legendary rated item. It is clear that the Overgeared members, the empire's dukes, Kraugel, Zibal, and those who received rewards in this raid will develop more rapidly than before. Still, no one is jealous of them. Rather, it is a phenomenon where many people are congratulating and blessing them...]

[What was Grid's epic?

We peeked into Grid's life through the epic. It was well known that Grid has experienced difficult times. Omitted. This reporter has a foreboding feeling. The more he writes his epic, the stronger Grid will become.]

[The teenage boys and girls, the one we admire most is Grid.

The survey shows that boys and girls in their 10s voted on Grid as the one they want to imitate the most. The same is true for surveys of those in their 20s and 30s. Grid, who shows a new growth every year, has received the respect of the younger generation in combination with the image of 'person who has overcome adversity. In the publishing world, there is a growing demand to compile Grid's works...]

[I want to be Korean too.

Recently, the number of foreigners trying to migrate to South Korea has increased. It is believed that the Overgeared members who have already moved to South Korea have influenced people...]

No matter what newspaper or TV channel was opened, there were hot stories about Youngwoo and Sehee all over the world.

"Haha. Hohoho."

Youngwoo's parents couldn't stop smiling. How much of a joy was it to have the world praise their children?

"Honey, did you see this article? We need to make a great love exhibition for Youngwoo."

"I've already framed it. I bought 20 magazines. Huhu. Huhuhut."

"Did you only buy 20 copies of the same magazine?"

"...I-I bought it with my secret stash, so it isn't too much."

"No, why did you buy only 20 copies? You should've bought 100 copies, distributed them to our friends and relatives and left some behind as heirlooms! It is disappointing that Grid's father is so cheap!"

"...I actually ordered 200 copies, but I heard they were already out of stock. I already booked it so it should be delivered when production is increased. Don't worry too much."

“Omo, I didn’t know that... Sure enough, you are really bold. You are the father of Youngwoo and Sehee.”

“Huhu, you are wise as the mother of two great kids. It is really good that I married you.”

“You...”

“Honey...”

“...”

They were going to make a younger sibling. Sehee was pleased as she watched her parents.

They had rebuked themselves for not believing in their son during his wandering days and engaged themselves more faithfully to their business, stating that they couldn’t make trouble for their son. This caused their skin to darken. They were doing field work in the sun every day and seemed to grow old.

However, Sehee knew that they were healthier than anyone else. They were proud of their son and lived happily every day. This positive mind sublimated their main job, which should’ve been labor, into exercise. In both body and mind, they were healthier than they had ever been before. They donated on behalf of their son, who was too busy, and did volunteer activities, seeming happier and healthier by the day.

Yes, the reason they could laugh like this was because of her brother. He was a proud and respectable brother. These days, Sehee often thought that she wanted to resemble her brother.

‘He is a great man.’

It had already occurred many times in artistic and physical fields. There were often cases where a person was uniquely successful in their fields and became a protagonist. In South Korea, there had already been a great comedian. Even so, this wasn’t common. It was a big event that might occur once in decades. In particular, this was the first time a gamer was called a great man. Just five years after Satisfy was released, people’s perception of the game changed dramatically.

‘The game... Ho... nor... Parents... Game...’

Sehee’s thoughts became complicated. Sehee’s generation had grown up with the saying, ‘In order to become a successful person, education is important.’ Then what about now? With Satisfy controlling the world, was the only answer to study? That wasn’t the case. Her brother was living proof of that.

The life she had dreamed about since she was a kid—to have a decent job and become rich enough to support her parents and brother—could be achieved through Satisfy. Sehee seriously considered the future and came to a surprisingly quick conclusion.

Dok dok.Dok.Sehee turned on her smartwatch and started to tap on the hologram keyboard floating in the air. The recipient was her best friend Yerim. The contents were shown below:

-Will you take a leave of absence to level up?

The answer came back straight away. It seemed like she had been waiting for a long time.

-o 人 o / Okay.

“...”

Sehee was the only one who was out of date. Was she an inflexible person? Was that why she didn't like Jishuka who was too open?

'Am I an old person?'

A new text message arrived as Sehee was feeling shocked.

-Let's get those aunties away from Oppa! >\_<

'Aunties' was referring to Yura and Jishuka. Yura who had confessed to Youngwoo publicly while Jishuka, who had moved in next door, launched a daily offensive. This caused Yerim to feel very alert and disgusted. Sehee sighed as she read the message. She was really sorry for Yerim, but out of the three, the one she wanted to be her new sister-in-law was Yura. Yerim was a really good friend, but as her brother's wife... Well, her brother would have it too hard.

-Oh, I'm going to be a bit late today. I have a date with my new boyfriend. Teehee ★

Look at this...Yerim wasn't possible. She was free to love, but she changed her man three times a month. Yerim was a free spirit. It wasn't something her brother could endure.

'Yerim... eliminated,'Sehee wrote a new note in her mind.

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In the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom, Reinhardt...

After a long time, Grid returned to the castle and spent a happy time with Irene and Lord. Irene was now older than him, but she was still beautiful and would be beautiful all her life. They took a stroll through the garden, ate, and drank tea. Grid enjoyed a daily routine that he hadn't experienced in a long time.

'This is the best time.'

He should take time off from all responsibilities and just stay with Irene. Grid wondered if he should retire and live like this for the rest of his life. His heart sank when he saw Irene rejoicing. He felt sorry for not being with her all the time. Irene's white fingers poked Grid's cheeks as he made a sickly expression.

"Don't think like this. No matter where you are, I can feel you. I'm not lonely."

"Irene..."

She read his heart just by looking at his face. This was a woman who looked at Grid before herself. Her presence itself was a great blessing to him. This was a moment when Grid felt gratitude and hugged Irene tightly.

"Since ancient times, it is fine if a husband doesn't come home often as long as he made money..."Irene laughed.

"Huh?" Grid doubted his ears and asked with a blank expression. "Who said that to you?"

Irene replied with a pure smile. "Sexy Schoolgirl."

“...”

“I heard the words of Sexy Schoolgirl and observed the wives around me. The wives who are with their husbands every day often quarrel with their husbands. Isn't that sad? I think it is better to maintain a proper sense of distance between a couple.”

“...”

Yerim was the person who made the pure Irene...

Grid felt like crying, but he quickly let out a faint smile. He also realized that Irene was thinking about him.

“If our relationship with the empire has improved recently and the situation is stable, let's go on a trip. We can spend a few days at the beautiful waterfront that you like.”

“I'm already looking forward to it.” Irene quietly kissed Grid on the cheek. She admired her husband. Her husband was a commoner who became a noble of a kingdom, established a new kingdom, and then tried to make friends with the empire. How blessed was she to meet a man like this? Irene recalled the day she first met Grid and expressed her deep gratitude to the gods.

On the other hand...

“Heheh.” Lord happily watched his parents hugging each other from a distance. The Overgeared prince grew up watching a great couple and realized that love was the most beautiful rapport in the world. Kiss. Even today, Lord kissed the Rebecca's Daughter who was always with him.

Coke, Lord's knight, shook his head.

‘His lips are fine despite doing that every day.’

Frankly, Coke was envious of the young prince's harem. On the other hand, his expectations were also high. Since Grid's grandchildren could be born from dozens or hundreds of people, the future of the kingdom was very strong.

‘If there are 100 or 200 third generation Grids...’

The future of the kingdom seemed enormous in many ways.

\*\*\*

There was a refreshing breeze late at night. Grid came out to the terrace after confirming Irene's sleeping figure. He spoke to the empty air, “Well?”

Surprisingly, there was an answer. “We can't be one-sided forward. Once the Overgeared Kingdom and the empire have a friendly relationship, I will go and receive the favor.”

“He is a stubborn man.”

On the way back to the Overgeared Kingdom, Grid suddenly remembered something. He had forgotten his promise to heal Grenhal's wound. Grid had been so excited about finishing the raid safely that he overlooked it. As such, Grid belatedly asked Faker to bring Grenhal to him.

However, the result was like this. Grenhal said that he would seek treatment in a better future. He was an inflexible man, but he was also trustworthy.

'I was really lucky.'

Grenhal, Morse, and Basara—Grid was lucky to have a relationship with these three people. It was important that he listened to Lael and made the Ruins of the War God a top priority. As expected, listening to Lael's words meant he would get bread while sleeping. Grid smiled and returned to his bedroom.

Simultaneously, in the capital of the empire, Titan...

'His Majesty the Emperor went out personally? This is a rare occasion.'

It was after the Berith raid that Duke Grenhal returned to the empire and asked to see the emperor, only to be told to wait 10 days. The reason for this was that the emperor was absent due to a sudden schedule. It was quite unusual, so Duke Grenhal felt a bit puzzled. He felt glad that the emperor was personally looking into state affairs and headed to his villa in Titan.

Then he was confronted with someone. Magic machines were controlling his villa.

"Grenhal, I will detain you for treason." It was 4th Prince Edan.

"Can you please explain about the context of rebellion?"

"I will tell you in prison."

"An imperial prince doesn't have the authority to detain me."

"I don't have the authority, but I have the strength."

"..."

The prince had thoroughly made up his mind. Grenhal determined it was dangerous and stepped back. The power of the magic machine seen in the canyon surpassed his imagination, so Grenhal was cautious. It was just that Edan didn't give him a break.

"Take it seriously," Edan commanded the riders. The magic machines boarded by the riders flashed with colorful lights.

Grenhal unleashed the power of a berserker.

### [Chapter 1055](#)

The empire's largest port city, Galest, had been invaded by the water clan during the war. Thanks to the dukes' quick support, there were fewer casualties, but it was clear that Galest had suffered significant economic losses. Emperor Juander personally went to Galest in the name of comforting the people.

"His Majesty the Emperor, hooray!"

"His Majesty the Emperor, hooray!"

"The empire will be eternal!"

Galest's people were thrilled by the emperor's visit and cheered with tears streaming down their faces. The people's trust in the Saharan emperor was as absolute as faith. The emperor was embraced as a god, and Juander took it for granted.

A god...This was one of the decisive reasons why the emperors of the past were able to control the continent.

In the Galest Castle, the emperor ordered the lord to step down and asked with a sigh, "Why did you want to meet in this place?"

Standing by the emperor's side, Bain stared at a shadow behind a pillar, and something emerged from the shadow. It was the third imperial prince, Benoit. He had been born with the greatest talent among his brothers, but he had been interested in useless things since childhood, causing the emperor to have a rotten impression of him. Since his mother's death, Benoit had been wandering about, and the emperor had already given up on him. Yet Benoit asked for a meeting, stating that he had something to say.

"I greet the great emperor—the legitimate master of Saharen, the owner of the continent, and the one who deserves the blessing of eternal life," Benoit politely greeted the emperor who had a displeased gaze. This was the bow of a servant. It was a far cry from the attitude of a son reuniting with his father after years.

"The imperial palace has many eyes and ears. Thus, I broke etiquette to meet you here."

Galest was the stage of a battle. No one would doubt the emperor's intentions for his visit, making it a good meeting place. Benoit shrugged when he saw how displeased the emperor looked upon hearing his answer. "Well, isn't it also good for you to win the hearts and minds of the people? The story of Your Majesty personally coming to comfort the people will spread, and people throughout the empire will praise your Majesty."

"Don't be sarcastic and get to the point. Why should we meet secretly? Did you want me to stop the great demon you summoned before he causes further misfortune on the continent?"

"I can already feel that Berith has been beaten."

The basic sacrifice required for the summoning of a great demon was the soul of the summoner. Prince Benoit had mortgaged his soul to the great demons he summoned. Then not long ago, his soul was liberated. It was the same as when he summoned Belial. This was evidence that Berith had been killed.

"It doesn't matter if the great demon was killed. If it is known that you are the one who summoned a great demon, the world will blame and hate you. It will be hard for you to handle."

"It isn't just me but the entire imperial royal family. The whole world will doubt Your Majesty as well as the empire."

"Does the Yatan Church know that you have summoned the great demon?"

"Indeed. Your Majesty knows about this."

“This person... If you intend to threaten me by colluding with the Yatan Church, it is useless. The mouth of the Yatan Church has already been sealed thoroughly. Do you have another problem? Then I will return now. I can't control my boiling anger when I look at you.”

“By the way...”

“...?”

The lord of Galest had hurriedly prepared a throne after hearing about the emperor's visit. The emperor was raising himself from that gorgeous chair which didn't fit the practical interior of Galest Castle, only to stop suddenly. He saw terrible resentment and anger in the eyes of Prince Benoit gazing up at him. Prince Benoit's face twisted, and he growled out, “Why don't you know the truth about my mother's death?”

“...?”

There was nothing in the world that the emperor didn't know. The will of the emperor was realized even in the emperor's absence. No one would dare to deceive the emperor...

This was a fact which was well known to the world. Benoit had also believed this. Yet what was the truth? The emperor hadn't noticed what had happened right next to him. He had never dreamed that Marie was the one behind Empress Aria's death, and he had even replaced Aria's empty seat with Marie. The love that should've been directed at Benoit's mother was directed toward the villain who murdered his mother.

“You...”

“...”

“You! You!!”

Once he learned the truth, Benoit vowed to unleash all the abusive language in the world toward the emperor. However, he couldn't speak because the emperor was his father. The only man in the world whom his mother loved was the man in front of him. At the very least, he shouldn't make his mother in the ground feel sad alone.

Benoit had these thoughts. This was the only filial piety he could achieve. Therefore...

“Your Majesty has the duty to know the truth behind Empress Aria's death,” Benoit said calmly, suppressing his resentment and anger toward the emperor.

“...!” The emperor's body trembled as Benoit's story progressed.

“I...” Benoit honestly told the deeply shocked and dazed emperor about how he felt, “I feel terrible resentment toward Your Majesty. I wanted to make you feel the pain and anger that my mother had suffered. However, I think that isn't possible when thinking about my mother's feelings. I... I'd rather leave. I will watch Your Majesty kill Empress Marie from a distance and then say goodbye to this sick country.”

A country where discrimination was treated as normal...

A country full of arrogance and self-righteousness...

It was a country where conspiracy and danger couldn't be removed. Even if it hadn't been for Empress Marie, his mother would've been threatened for the rest of her life. His mother's death was caused by this cursed nation. Benoit didn't want to be involved with such a nation anymore. In any case, he also had to pay the price for summoning the great demon.

"Then I'm going."

3rd Imperial Prince Benoit held his left arm, which had started to rot in exchange for opening the gates of hell with his human body, and left quietly. The emperor couldn't stop him.

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On the outskirts of Titan, Duke Grenhal's huge villa—which was made entirely out of a small mountain—had become a battlefield. Dozens of buildings collapsed due to the heavy winds, the horse-riding grounds disappeared without a trace, and the observation platform that gave a panoramic view of Titan collapsed. At the center, one man was standing alone.

"Cough! Cough, cough!" There were many wounds on his muscular body, and he coughed up blood every time he breathed. These marks were a medal of when he protected the empire and its people, but they were currently an object of ridicule.

"How long do you plan to resist with such a broken body? You should've stepped back as soon as you saw me. Why dig your own grave? Tsk tsk." It was the 4th Imperial Prince Edan. He succeeded in excavating six magic machines, but only five were actually operating. This was because it was extremely rare for a rider to be able to control a magic machine. It was still impossible for a human to fully control the relics of the giants.

However, there was nothing wrong with this. Edan had no reason to rush for complete control. Even if the magic machines could only be operated for an average of 30 seconds, they were able to beat the strongest people in the empire. There was Trauka that wasn't operational at the moment, Nevartan that resembled a human, and Raiders being operated by Zibal.

Edan leaned on a black giant and asked his question in a ridiculing tone, "What were you going to tell His Majesty the Emperor when you met him?"

"I wanted to announce Marie's sins," Grenhal replied honestly. The sharp claws of the lion-shaped and leopard-shaped magic machines were aimed at his neck, but his eyes weren't shaken. It was an imposing attitude that made Edan uncomfortable.

"Do you want to lower your gaze? Otherwise, if you say something wrong, I will pull your eyes out."

"I'd rather you kill me. As long as I am alive, your mother's sins will be revealed to the entire world."

"I can't kill you."

For Edan, the worst thing was his position weakening when his mother's sins were revealed. However, he had to worry about the worst if he killed Grenhal. He would become a criminal like his mother and lose his right to succession. So, he had to calm his agitation. Edan took a deep breath and murmured,



“Calm down. Be patient, even if you want to act according to your personality. It is enough to start acting after I become the emperor. At that time, I can enjoy it...”

“Pffft! Puhahaha!” Grenhal burst out laughing after he heard Edan’s words. He sincerely found it funny. “4th Imperial Prince, do you believe you can be emperor?”

“Then who?” Edan asked seriously. “1st Prince Roland is too submissive, and 2nd Prince Dulandal is incompetent because of his impatience. Even his red energy isn’t up to par. Do I even need to mention the 3rd Prince? Perhaps a princess? Basara? Can she sit on the throne of emperor?”

“It isn’t about gender.”

“There is definitely a gender limitation. Look at my mother now. She was stupid and didn’t do it properly, leaving a tail behind. That’s why I’m doing this right now. I never dreamed that Piaro would still be alive. Tsk, females are really incompetent.”

“...Your personality is broken.”

“Is personality part of the qualifications to be an emperor? Kukuk.”

“Imperial Prince!”

“Hmm?”

One knight ran to Edan and whispered something. A smile spread on Edan’s face. “The Sword Duke has secured Morse and Basara. Now I have to go after Rachel. Let’s finish our conversation here.”

Edan made a gesture, and the knights started to surround Grenhal. Grenhal was able to identify the short operating time of the magic machines because of Zibal’s past demonstration and focused on escaping during the battle, but he was completely exhausted. Edan enjoyed watching Grenhal being tied up, and his nostrils flared. “Trying to use a human body to drive away a magic machine... Raiders must’ve seemed ridiculous. Well, it was easy to capture you thanks to it. Should I at least reward the deserter?”

“Why do you think you can detain us? If His Majesty returns, he will give an order for our release. Then the truth will be revealed. What is the point of this for you?”

“Everyone has a plan. Don’t worry. I’ll take care of you guys and use you well. Oh, before that.”

“...?!”

The darkness came accompanied by a sharp pain. Edan devoured Grenhal’s screams as he lost both his eyes to a sword. Prince Edan was smiling. “I told you to lower your eyes.”

## [Chapter 1056](#)

“This is the last island.”

He revealed himself as the 10th great demon.

“My name is Leraje. I am one of the 33 rulers who control hell.”

Leraje covered half of his face with a deep hat. The red lips made a sharp contrast to the pale skin.

“I am a great ruler who combines power and strategy. The proof is that I easily made it to the 66th island. Huhut.”

““ ... ””

It had been a long time since I met with others. Maybe it had been a few decades. However, I wasn't happy. I was already bored and lazy.

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

““ ... ””

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

““I'm not Muller.””

Who would dare to mistake my identity?

As I opened my mouth, Leraje said, “Hoh, a death knight is talking? Yes, you aren't Muller? What are you called?”

““Madra. I was king of Lubana.””

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

““ ... ””

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

““200,000 Army Crushing Sword.””

“...!”

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

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It had happened before Grid learned 200,000 Army Swordsmanship. The past that he viewed in Madra's diary stopped here in the middle of the seventh chapter.

However, things were different now. Grid, who had achieved level 399 and acquired 200,000 Army Swordsmanship, was able to read the back pages.

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“Cough! Cough! Death... I am going to die from a death knight...!”

““A person who can’t stop this much is a loser.””

“You said you were the king of Lubana? You...! You aren’t Muller. How are you capable of this swordsmanship?”

““I am the Undefeated King. I haven’t experienced defeat, be it in life or death.””

“A bluff!”

Leraje tried to resist but it was useless.

My sword struck his flesh and bones.

‘...’

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In the contents of the diary that followed, Grid saw the true power of 200,000 Army Swordsmanship. In the face of the true 200,000 Army Crushing Sword that couldn’t be compared to the degraded version, Leraje was literally crushed. He desperately unfolded his magic, but everything was cut equally in front of Madra’s sword.

‘Looking again, the difference is greater than the difference between heaven and earth.’

It was on a totally different level. The glimpses that Grid got of Pagma, Braham, and the yangban Garam weren’t comparable to Madra. Undefeated King Madra was the strongest.

Duguen!Duguen!Duguen!Grid’s heartbeat started to accelerate. His admiration for Madra spurred his assimilation with Madra.

I didn’t know a single defeat.

I...I am Undefeated King Madra.

[★ Warning ★ You have assimilated with Madra in the diary and shared his memories and feelings. You need to be careful because you are psychologically feeling a great amount of anxiety and pain.]

[You are in extreme confusion.]

[The system is checking your brain waves and pulse. If it is determined to be dangerous, Death Knight Madra’s diary will be sealed.]

[Danger! Danger! Madra’s diary will be sealed!]

“...!”

The seventh chapter ended. Grid, who had completely assimilated with Madra, opened his eyes. He was drenched in sweat as he gritted his teeth. It was to distinguish between virtual and reality. He was Grid, not Madra. He tried his best to realize that he was Shin Youngwoo before he was Grid.

Duguen!Duguen!Duguen...

His frantic heartbeat started to stabilize.

[You are free from the confusion.]

[Your vitals have returned to normal. The eighth chapter of Death Knight Madra's diary is unfolding.]

[Do you want to read it?]

"Heok, heok... Yes, I'll read it."

"..."

This challenge also failed. After learning 200,000 Army Swordsmanship, Grid re-read the seventh chapter several times to confirm the back of the diary. He experienced Madra's great pain and despair, but he endured it. Grid wanted to read the eighth chapter. He wanted to understand Madra and Pagma more, and he wanted to get a glimpse of the 300,000 Army Swordsmanship.

However, the eighth chapter was completely unreadable. It was in a language that wasn't human. Why? At first, he couldn't understand what was going on. Then Grid was soon able to guess the reason.

'It was the chaotic period.'

Madra defeated all the great demons that invaded the Behen Archipelago and was then alone for hundreds of years. He would've gradually lost the need for language because he had no one to talk to. The thoughts he wrote in the diary were likely transformed into something that only he could recognize. It was something completely different that couldn't be defined by the concept of language. It meant that only Madra himself could read the eighth chapter of the diary.

'Is this the end of the diary's role?'

Grid had expected it. Death Knight Madra whom Grid had met on the Behen Archipelago hadn't used 300,000 Army Swordsmanship. The weak body of the undead, that had undergone hundreds of years of storms, couldn't withstand the destructive power of 300,000 Army Swordsmanship. Considering the time, it was highly likely that 300,000 Army Swordsmanship wouldn't be written in the diary.

'Even if there is 300,000 Army Swordsmanship, will I need to be level 499 to learn it?'

Level 499... At this point, it would take at least 5-6 years to reach that level.

'There is no real answer.'

Grid opened his own status window. He was level 399. It was at 97% experience. He hadn't leveled up despite beating Berith. Of course, there were many high-level NPCs among the raid party members. He had to consider that most of the experience had been distributed to the NPCs. It was common sense that the greater the level gap was between party members, the more disadvantages the lower leveled members received. Even so, the opponent had been a great demon. The amount of experience he dropped would've been beyond imagination. Frankly, this was too much.

'I never dreamed that I couldn't go up by even one level.'

From level 399 onward, the amount of experience required to level up seemed to double.

'Isn't this a point where I can't level up through hunting?'

Grid suddenly realized this and stopped making the underwear that he was doing out of habit. His steady growth in the Tailoring Technique meant he was able to produce women's underwear as well as men's underwear. It was a sight where those who didn't know about it would mistake him for an underwear thief or pervert, but it was an ordinary and familiar sight to the Overgeared members.

'It's too big.'

'It is Jishuka's underwear.'

'How do you know the size?'

'Well, that... we lived together.'

'I envy Jishuka.'

'...?'

In the midst of the Overgeared members' murmurs, Grid brought up his list of ongoing quests.

[Tailoring Technique Training]

[Class Quest

The possibilities for your development have become greater after learning the Tailoring Technique.

If you get to the point where you can combine blacksmithing and tailoring, your foundation as a blacksmith will expand exponentially.

However, it is still difficult to utilize the Tailoring technique.

The gap between the intermediate Tailoring skill and legendary blacksmith skill is too large.

The intermediate Tailoring technique is likely to degrade the quality of the legendary blacksmith's work.

Raise the level of your Tailoring skill to the point where it can be combined with blacksmithing.

Quest Clear Conditions: Master the Advanced Tailoring Technique.

Quest Clear Reward: Level +6 The opening of craftsman level Tailoring Technique.]

This was the reason why Grid made underwear whenever he had time. It was an inevitable class quest, and it also gave a huge reward. When he first received the quest, Grid was merely eager to see the craftsmanship. Now his thoughts had changed.

'I have to stop making men's underwear.'

He no longer coveted the craftsman level Tailoring Technique. If he received the craftsman level skill, he planned to apply it to blacksmithing and didn't want to make underwear. Rather than the skill, Grid focused on the reward of six levels.

'This is a real jackpot.'

Now it was hard to gain a level when fighting against a great demon. The quest gave six levels as a reward, so the value was astronomical. Grid made a judgment, 'Don't try to clear it too quickly.'

The higher his level, the higher the value would be. It wasn't good to delay it too much, but he wasn't in a hurry for the reward. Grid realized that he needed to be more relaxed.

'The thing I need to focus on right now...'

It was to gain the remaining 3% experience and reach level 400. The right thing to do would be to reach the fourth stats awakening and then make items using Berith's by-products.

"Okay. Ah, before that..." Grid made a plan and shouted, "Sticks!"

Was this the feeling when Jin X Gu called Dorae X Mon? Grid was excited every time he called Stick's name. He had the confidence that Sticks would surely live up to his expectations.

"Ha... Why are you calling during class?"

Sticks was the principal and teacher at the Overgeared Academy. A few days ago, he gave Grid the 'long-distance communication earphones' which had been developed at Reidan's alchemy facility, and this allowed him to hear Grid's voice within the range of a certain distance. Grid got to the point straight away, "Take me to Reidan."

"No, think about it. You can use the city's warp facility..."

"It will waste Reinhardt's magic power. That is money."

"Don't I charge Reinhardt's magic power core anyway?"

"I-Is that so? As expected, isn't Sticks really great?"

"Haha... Mass Teleport."

Sticks was a busy person. It was his job to educate the children of the Overgeared Kingdom. He didn't want to waste time, so he immediately used magic and sent Grid to Reidan. It was a waste of magic that ordinary players would never experience in their lives.

"W-We greet Your Majesty!!"

In the desert city of Reidan, the knights ran over after detecting the flow of magic power and recognized Grid. Chris, who was in the castle, immediately frowned upon arriving at the scene. "You have to send a whisper in advance if you aren't going to use the warp facility. I was surprised at the thought of the enemy intruding."

"Sorry, sorry. I'll definitely do it next time," Grid apologized with a smile before stepping forward. He moved in the direction of the alchemy facility.

Chris' eyes shone as he followed Grid. "Has Berith's Power finally been recharged?"

"Yes," Grid answered with a confident smile on his face.

"Let's see the real power of alchemy."

## [Chapter 1057](#)

[Alchemy Research Institute]

[Facility Level: Advanced level 2.

\*List of Products that can be Produced\*

Intermediate~ Super Health Recovery Potion. Intermediate~ Super Mana Recovery Potion. Low~ Super Buff Potions. Weapon and Armor Enhancement Stones. Low-grade Sunglasses. Low~ Intermediate Orbs. Adjusted video communication. Magic power detection tower. Seven magic traps. Telecommunication earphones, etc.

\*List of Metals that can be Transformed\*

Steel. Silver. Black iron. Orichalcum \*metal's performance is enhanced\*.

\*List of Options that can be attached to Items\*

Increased strength (small). Increased agility (small). Increased stamina (small). Increased intelligence (small). Increased movement speed (small). Reduced resource consumption (minimal). Skill enhancement effect (small). Coolness ★Added skill★ ★Added attribute★]

This was the current state of Reidan's alchemy facility. It was a very good facility just looking at the basic functions. The super-grade recovery potions and buff potions were goods that boss monsters didn't drop easily. They were expensive enough to be called 'chaebol exclusive items' and boasted excellent performance. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the best source of Grid and the Overgeared members' performance during the Berith raid was the potions made by the alchemy facility.

Additionally, it was worth noting that orichalcum was a high-value metal, and there was a variety of options that could be attached to items. It was clear that there would be a big social impact if Reidan's alchemy facility were released to the media. Indeed, many people were willing to make deals with the Overgeared Kingdom, that could exclusively produce high-end goods and attach options to items.

'They don't know it is an empty strength.'

All facilities had something called the 'maintenance fee'. If the maintenance fee wasn't paid on time, the level of the facility would drop and the operations would stop. It was common sense that 'maintenance of military facilities' was the most expensive, but it was actually the alchemy facility which boasted a unique maintenance cost. The cost of maintaining one alchemy facility was higher than the cost of maintaining 30 advanced barracks which could raise and sustain 1,000 soldiers.

Of course, the maintenance cost was the minimum cost. The investment cost was even higher. Over the past few years, more than half the revenue of the Overgeared Kingdom had been invested in the single alchemy facility, and it was able to achieve this high level thanks to the investment. Still, there was a bigger problem.

[-List of Materials needed to Produce Health Potions-

3 lagui. 3 long tea herbs. 2 red lotus flowers. 0.5 litres of purified water. One glass bottle.

There is a 40% of the potion production failure.

40% chance of producing an intermediate health potion.

15% chance of producing an advanced health potion.

4% chance of producing a super health potion.

1% chance of producing an ultimate health potion.]

All alchemy products had a probability section. Money was constantly wasted when producing items, transforming metals, or giving an option to items, but the final results were uncertain. Money and luck were needed in order to get the desired result. The option attaching function even had a cooldown time. This was why more kingdoms, apart from the empire, neglected alchemy and why Grid scorned the alchemy facility.

'It is a money-eating hippopotamus.'

The alchemy facility boasted an exceptionally mysterious and beautiful appearance compared to other buildings. Grid arrived at the entrance of the money-eating facility and started cursing. It was almost a reflexive behavior. Grid still couldn't forget the 'coolness' option attached to Iyarugt.

'It was really bad for the value.'

He wanted to close the alchemy facility many times. The reason he didn't do it was because of the possibility for magic engineering. The field of magic engineering was presumed to exist in an area that couldn't be achieved by individual blacksmiths. Thus, Grid needed help from alchemy.

"We deeply welcome Your Majesty!"

The alchemists rushed out to greet Grid. Alchemy was disparaged in all other kingdoms. For alchemists, the Overgeared Kingdom was one of the few stages where they could prove their worth. They didn't want to lose this stage and struggled to look good to Grid.

"A while ago, I succeeded in transforming orichalcum! I got one orichalcum with 100 steel!"

"You can't be praised for one orichalcum. The report showed that you invested a total of 13,000 steel pieces in a month and only one orichalcum was obtained," Chris, lord of Reidan, replied on Grid's behalf.

Chris' blunt and negative reaction represented Grid's mind, and he intended to save Grid's dignity. Wouldn't the king lose his dignity if he questioned his subordinates one by one? Chris had operated a large guild and was good at this area.

"I-I'm ashamed. However, things will surely change once the facility reaches advanced level 3," the facility chief said while bowing his sweating head.

Then Chris raised his voice, "Next time it will be different, next time. You say the same thing every time. How much more money should we invest?"

"Stop," Grid restrained Chris.

'Why is he talking loudly when it is my money being invested?'

This was what he thought. Grid was smart, but he was still lacking when it came to interpersonal relationships. Grid asked the chief, "How long will it take to achieve advanced level 3?"



“... So far, we’ve been able to accumulate experience and raise the level every time the alchemy succeeds. Therefore, I was able to roughly guess the time when the facility level would rise. However, this time is different. I can’t guess.”

“Why? Is there a separate condition for accumulating experience?”

“That...” The facility chief wiped away his sweat. He couldn’t make eye contact with Grid. His attitude made Grid feel uneasy.

“Speak quickly.” Grid frowned.

The facility chief explained in a trembling voice, “Since the facility level reached advanced level two, it has changed so that experience is only accumulated when the ultimate performance is achieved...”

“Eh?”

“What?”

Grid looked horrified while Chris’ eyes became bloodshot. Chris stepped out on behalf of Grid. “So, what...? In the past, the experience value of the facility rose even when you only made low-grade potions. Now in the future, experience will only increase with the ultimate grade potions? Am I understanding correctly?”

“...That’s right.”

“This is crazy!”

The cost of producing a single health recovery potion was similar to the trading price of a super health recovery potion. This was extremely inefficient. It was much better to buy potions directly than to manufacture them from the alchemy facility. Nevertheless, the reason all Overgeared members used potions from the alchemy facility was to gain ultimate health recovery potions and improve the level of the alchemy facility. Once the alchemy facility was up and running, they were forced to keep using it to accumulate experience and increase the level.

Now the investment itself had become meaningless. Only the ultimate result would accumulate experience...? It really would be the beginning of ‘pouring water into a bottomless pit’ from now on.

“They are crazy.” Grid finally lost his temper. He forgot that the alchemists were watching and expressed his thoughts. The alchemists looked like the sky had fallen.

“Your Highness, please don’t say that! We aren’t crazy!”

“That’s right! We are sane! We are just explaining it!”

“No, I’m not talking about you.”

It was the S.A Group. The majority of alchemists were NPCs, so Grid swallowed the rest of his words. His stomach was burning. Alchemy! Ah, alchemy! It was the culprit that emptied his pockets, and it always hit him in the back of the head, making the stars visible!

‘XX... Even the CEO of the Sasung Group can’t reach advanced level 3 unless he is lucky.’

Grid was convinced of this. Alchemy—its efficiency was terrible compared to its potential. It wasn't content that existed for players. Rather, it was merely a fantasy responsible for vague expectations.

Chris seemed to think the same way, "This isn't a problem that can be solved by being impatient. If we invest money in order to raise the level quickly, our finances will be ruined. Let's not hurry and just utilize the facility while maintaining the current operating policy. Then the level will rise slowly."

"Do you want to reach advanced master level in 20–30 years?"

"..."

It might not be possible in 20 or 30 years. The alchemy facility couldn't reach the advanced master level until their children's generation. Chris became miserable when he thought seriously about it. "Fantasy content... Well, okay. I like it. It is worth it."

A wide smile appeared on Grid's face. Chris found it absurd that Grid was so happy.

Step, step. Grid walked forward. He stood in front of the nucleus at the center of the institute and opened the Rune of Darkness. A black and ominous demonic energy rose around Grid's body.

[The activation of the Rune of Darkness has increased demonic power by 200!]

Grid ignored the rising notification window and placed a pale hand on the magic power nucleus.

Duguen!Duguen!

The magic power nucleus of Reidan's alchemy facility—the giant amethyst breathing like the heart of a living being—started to react to the force inside Grid. The wide smile on Grid's face couldn't be erased.

"Grid?"

"Chris, have I told you exactly what Berith's Power is?"

The 22nd Great Demon Berith's power to produce every material that existed in the world at will was born at Grid's fingertips. Berith's Hoof emerged from Grid's inventory and floated around the magic power nucleus. It was the activation of the Transformation system.

"Wait! Grid!!" Chris was shocked. Transformation was a system where a specific materials was used to enhance the inherent performance or transform it to steel, silver, black iron, or orichalcum. In other words, if the value of the materials used exceeded orichalcum, the system was likely to cause a loss. Enhancing the performance of Berith's Hoof would fail. Berith's Hoof would be changed to either steel, silver, black iron, or orichalcum.

"Hey! Stop!"

It was too big a gamble. The best metal that Berith dropped would be lost. Chris reached out to stop Grid.

"Transformation."

He was one step too late. Grid had already activated the Transformation system using Berith's Hoof as a material. Simultaneously, a brilliant golden light surrounded the entire laboratory and emerged through

all the windows of the laboratory. The entire city of Reidan, which had a population of one million, had turned golden. After the light was cleared, Chris and the alchemists made the same sound, "Ah..."

They saw it. Berith's Hoof emitted a mystical brilliance.

"This is Berith's Power."

Grid placed the hoof in his inventory and shared some of the Rune of Darkness' information with Chris.

[★Special★

\*22nd Great Demon Berith's Power.

The ultimate falsehood distorts reality.

The ultimate alchemy manipulates all things.

-When activating the ultimate alchemy-

Activate the Automatic Transformation and Ultimate Transformation skills.]

[Automatic Transformation]

[Passive skill.

If you are targeted by a projectile, a metal shield made of defensive metal will be automatically generated in real time.

10,000 damage will be absorbed per shield.

\* The duration is one minute.]

[Ultimate Transformation]

[Active skill.

The best result will be obtained when using alchemy.

\* 10 days of charging time is needed after use.]

"I was angry at first."

It was due to the preconditions attached to Ultimate Transformation. What was the prerequisite to use alchemy when Grid was a blacksmith?

"At first, I thought of it as a skill to be used in conjunction with the Automatic Transformation passive skill and that it would be possible to defend myself temporarily."

Then Grid noticed that he could take advantage of the alchemy system. It was a matter that could be simply resolved by using the alchemy facility.

"However, as you can see, there is a separate method of use."

Fantasy? It couldn't exist before Berith's Power. He had the power to make fantasy into a reality.

[The success of Ultimate Transformation has increased the alchemy facility's experience by 1%!]

"...!" Chris saw the lord-only notification window in front of him and raised his fists.

"Waaaaahhhhh!" The alchemists embraced each other and cheered enthusiastically. They thought that Grid's presence itself was a blessing.

### [Chapter 1058](#)

-Really? As expected, the value of the options is the greatest.

For the last week, Grid had devoted himself to hunting in the jungle, the first gateway of the Ruins of the War God. The followers in the jungle couldn't easily stop him, Noe, Randy, Tiramet, the light elemental, and the Overgeared Skeletons. Randy was particularly active. The 'doppelganger of the Mysterious Forest', who could copy skills as well as the appearance of the target, evolved further with the development of Grid's Swordsmanship.

"Let's take a break."

Once his stamina gauge flashed, Grid sat down and summoned Overgeared Corn. Overgeared Corn confirmed that there were no women and ushered in Sage Time. He started to lick Grid's cheek in a humiliated manner like he was a prisoner kissing the feet of an enemy leader.

Noe laughed. "Overgeared Corn is swearing about how his master doesn't have a lover. A man who walks alone without a woman is the most pathetic and unsightly person in the world."

Overgeared Corn responded like it was refreshing for his words to be heard.

Grid snorted. "I'm a married man. You are the solo one."

Overgeared Corn gave up. He bowed his head and cried. Grid stoked Overgeared Corn's mane, pulled out his portable furnace and anvil, and focused on the whisper. He was contacting Chris.

-So, who is the lucky protagonist?

-Vantner.

During Grid's absence, Chris had carried out a campaign. It was a campaign that said 'make things for yourself.' The campaign was to keep the alchemy facility running non-stop while not putting the burden on the Overgeared Kingdom's finances. The Overgeared members participated in it actively. Hundreds of Overgeared members came to Reidan every day. They provided the materials and used the Production system.

Sometimes, they used the Transformation system. Other times, they used the Option system. Of course, the Option system could only be used by a limited number of Overgeared members as there was a 48-hour countdown. Well, the utilization wouldn't be high even if there was no cooldown time. There was a limit to the number of options that could be attached to each item, and there was a great risk that the value of the item would be slashed entirely if they ended up with the 'coolness' option like Iyarugt.

However, one lucky person had been born. It was Vantner. He was fortunate to have the best 'Add Skill' option added to his main weapon. There was a celebration throughout the entire Overgeared Guild.

The ultimate result in normal alchemy led to the facility's experience rising by 0.01% percent. The best result in transformation increased experience by 1% while the best result in the field of adding options increased experience by 5%.

-A skill was added...I'm jealous.

-I thought I was going to die from a stomach ache watching him.

Vantner was the lucky one. Thanks to Vantner's personality, he would probably boast about it for the next few years, making their ears sore. Grid grumbled for a moment before smiling.

-Well, I'm glad that the experience of the alchemy facility has increased dramatically.

-Yes.Grid, you guarantee 1% experience every 10 days.If this luck keeps up, the facility will level up faster than we think.

The situation was optimistic, and the campaign had greatly reduced the financial burden. The problem was the members who failed appeared one after another. In the worst case, the number of members using the alchemy facility could plummet and the rate of experience gain would slow.

-It is too much of a strain on the guild members.I will instruct them to increase the investment in alchemy at the national level, so distribute alchemy products to the members.

-Yes, I understand.

Chris was a top ranker. Among the two billion players, his power was at the top, and he had great experience running a large guild. Since he had many faithful subordinates and was a tycoon in the pursuit of founding a country, his actual pride was very high. Yet he was like this in front of Grid. He faithfully followed Grid no matter the circumstances.

Was it because Grid's power transcended Chris'? No, humans weren't animals. They didn't simply give into power. The biggest reason Chris followed Grid was his absolute trust in Grid's nature. As Grid grew up, Chris genuinely came to respect Grid's attitude that abandoned his arrogance and looked around. Chris always felt the desire to stand at the top with this man.

"Then let's start again."

Grid intended to be the first player to reach level 400. He recalled Overgeared Corn and got up. Then a follower from a bush came upon him. The follower used a bull-like rush similar to Bubab and instantly narrowed the distance to Grid. The bushes and branches shook in response to the wind that blew belatedly. By this time, the follower's sword was already drawing a frightening arc. The sharp end of the weapon headed toward Grid's neck.

However, Grid didn't respond. He didn't have to go out on his own.

Kyak kyak!Kyakyakyak!

"...!?"

The Overgeared Skeletons dancing and laughter attracted the eyes of the follower, and the follower's weapon naturally transferred from Grid's neck to the Overgeared Skeletons. The weapon ended up

hitting Tiramet's chest, not the Overgeared Skeletons. Blood gushed out, but Tiramet didn't blink. Rather, he scoffed and hugged the follower tightly around the waist.

"Nyahahahat!"

"Grid's Sword Dance! Link!"

Noe's claws and Randy's swordsmanship turned the followers into rags. The furious follower shook Tiramet off and tried to fight back.

Flash!

The light elemental temporarily destroyed the follower's vision. Grid's basic attack slammed into its back. One time, two times, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, eight times, nine times... Alex's Quick Gloves, which increased general attack speed by three times, worked well with his transcendent status.

Previously, Grid was limited to the maximum speed and could only achieve six basic attacks per second. Now it was possible to go up to nine. He was even in a no-buff state. The follower kneeled down with a moan. Grid didn't even look at the follower who was swept away by the black flames and turned to ashes. There was a smile on his face as he praised Noe, Randy, Tiramet, the light elemental, and the Overgeared Skeletons, "It was a great teamplay. Well done."

"Heh, this is no big deal. These low-level guys are ordinary food for the best demonic beast of hell."

"Grid becoming stronger means Randy is stronger. I'm happy..."

Kyak kyak!Kya kya kyak!

Clack!Clack clack!

Flash flash!

Noe, Randy, the light elemental, and the Overgeared Skeletons clearly expressed their delight at Grid's praise. Only Tiramet was unresponsive. The true blood vampire was still unable to understand the reality of being a human's pet. All the true blood vampires that Grid met so far had their noses in the air, so he thought it was right to give Tiramet time to adjust.

'It will be different if we keep staying together.'

Clack clack!Clack clack clack!

"Stop dancing," Grid scolded the Overgeared Skeletons and moved deeper into the forest. He planned to keep on hunting until the cooldown time of Ultimate Transformation ended.

\*\*\*

The vampire cities and the Galgunos Temple were the exclusive hunting grounds of the Overgeared Guild. Both hunting grounds had distinct advantages. In the vampire cities, a large number of vampires appeared, and it was good for raising the Overgeared members' skill proficiency. It was also possible for them to obtain jackpots like the vampire items and elixirs.

On the other hand, the Galgunos Temple guaranteed overwhelming experience instead of fewer monsters and dropped items. The high-levelled Overgeared members were using the Galgunos Temple while the low to mid Overgeared members were using the vampire cities as hunting grounds.

“Wow, I’m going to die. It is so hard here. What about the Ruins of the War God?”

In the Galgunos Temple, Peak Sword returned the beautiful Iyarugt to his sheath and sat down. He was still stunned. Considering how Grid could play solo at the terrible Ruins of the War God... he felt more and more like a distant existence in the world.

Vantner replied with a grin, “The ruins aren’t a big deal for Grid. Well, I’m also going to move my hunting grounds to the ruins.”

“You?”

“I’m too strong because of the new skill attached to my weapon. It is boring here. Huhuhut.”

“Don’t drink a potion and tell me that. You will die.”

“Hum hum.”

It was hard. In the Galgunos Temple, the frequency of the followers was too high. Peak Sword, Vantner, Pon, Regas, Jishuka, and others of the 10 meritorious retainers hunted together, but the Overgeared members faced new crises every time. Ibellin and Zednos, the strongest members after the 10 meritorious retainers, had died three times in the past 10 days. Losing concentration for even a short period of time caused death, so the 10 meritorious retainers encouraged guild members to hunt in the vampire cities.

“Sigh. It is hard because we don’t have enough buffers and healers.”

The healers were particularly problematic. Due to the nature of Satisfy, they were forced to hire NPC priests of the Rebecca Church if they wanted healers. However, the Galgunos Temple was too dangerous for the Rebecca priests. The priests became reluctant to go to the Galgunos Temple, and the healing drought in the Overgeared Guild became more severe. At this moment, the drought was over.

“Please let us into the party.”

“Eh?”

The 10 meritorious retainers were helping the guild members hunt while blocking the paths of other followers. They were tired from the ongoing battle, but their eyes looked back. Only one person had the title of Saintess. Grid’s sister Ruby appeared in the temple with her friend and escort knight, Sexy Schoolgirl. The moment they entered the party, the Overgeared members were perfectly restored thanks to Ruby’s wide-area heals, and the members were happy and surprised.

“What’s going on here?”

Ruby and Sexy Schoolgirl had joined the Overgeared Guild since high school and were two of the few light users in the Overgeared Guild. They were studying, so their gameplay time was very low. Due to their low level, they were generally active in low level hunting grounds. Sometimes they were spotted in

the vampire cities, but it was only sometimes. Why were they in the Galgunos Temple, which had a great level of difficulty? Had they gained so many levels after not being seen for a while?

Sexy Schoolgirl raised a V sign to the blank Overgeared members. "I'm a former university student who has transitioned to being a professional gamer."

"..."

The power of the Overgeared Guild... The players they hoped would be their greatest power in the next few years were finally...

"Yes!" Vantner's cry represented the joy of the Overgeared members. All guild members welcomed Ruby and Sexy Schoolgirl, and the party's hunting speed increased by four times.

\*\*\*

"Look. That's him, that person."

"The farmer of the Overgeared Guild!"

"The Seven Dukes... No, the one who made the Five Dukes of the empire bow their heads!"

"Piaro!"

A group of people flocked to Reinhardt's granaries. There was only one reason why tens of thousands of tourists came here every day. It was to see the legendary farmer Piaro. People didn't forget the absolute supreme person who caused the proud dukes of the empire to bow. The sight of the farming tools he used to smash Berith...

"Wow! Look at that! Piaro has started to dig up potatoes!"

"Ah! Ahhh! His hand plow is sexy..."

The bright-eyed people gazed at Piaro with envy and respect. Now Piaro was the hero and idol of all players, not just Grid and the Overgeared members.

Some people argued that Piaro should be Satisfy's mascot and some of the Korean markets famous for rice created characters in Satisfy to meet with Piaro. It was said that Vietnam's prime minister, a country famous for its rice noodles, also started Satisfy through a back door, but it was impossible to confirm this.

Piaro, who was responsible for the army and food, was one of the greatest powers of the Overgeared Kingdom. It wasn't easy for newbies to meet him.

"Huhuhut," Aura Master Hurent laughed as he worked with Piaro on the fields. He was thrilled to know that so many people admired his master.

Administrator Rabbit approached Hurent as he was humming. "Look over here."

"Huh? Ah, yes. What did you need?"

"Please take this."



“Isn’t this the rainbow potato?” Hurent cocked his head. Hurent couldn’t understand why the administrator was showing him a cart with dozens of bags of potatoes.

Rabbit explained to the puzzled Hurent, “Take it to the people and sell it. We shouldn’t miss this opportunity to sell to tourists.”

“...?”

“Sell the potatoes.”

“...”

“We can get five times the price for potatoes grown by the legendary farmer Piaro... No, it can be sold at 10 times the price. What are you doing? Hurry up.”

“...”

On this day...

[Title: Today, I went to the Overgeared Kingdom and encountered Aura Master Hurent]

[He is selling potatoes...

↳ afsij\*\*’s comment: Then Huroi is reading a morals book.]

There were posts in communities all over the world about sightings of Aura Master Hurent but few people believed them.

\*\*\*

In the capital of the Saharan Empire, Titan...

“Don’t resist and accept it. It will be more comfortable for you.”

Edan sat in front of the captured dukes and pulled out the Yatan Essence. The irresistible demonic energy started to harass and manipulate the minds of the dukes.

Dark clouds hung over the empire.

## [Chapter 1059](#)

Tellius Plains—as the name suggested, it was a place with no obstacles. A player was guaranteed a wide field of view and could intercept monsters all over the map from a distance. This was why the Tellius Plains was called a magician’s paradise. The monsters of the plains were helplessly killed in front of the magical bombardment of the magicians who were in a party with each other.

“It is really comfortable. I wish I had known about this sooner.”

“Before level 320, you can’t learn magic resistance skills. You wouldn’t have been able to catch these silver armored cavalry if you came before level 320.”

“That’s right. It is timely. Huhu, watch the experience rise. We will dominate the top rankings if we continue like this.”

“It is a completely possible goal. The existing high rankers have challenged the Berith raid and died many times. Now is our time.”

“The Overgeared members died many times during the war.”

Generally, a party was organized with various classes. This was because there were too many vulnerabilities that would arise when only one class was gathered in a party. However, the Tellius Plains were a hunting ground for magicians.

Many monsters in the mid-300s popped up, and most of them were less resistant to magic apart from the silver armored cavalry. Instead, they had a higher level of physical defense and health. However, third advancement magicians acquired magic that dealt damage proportional to health, and the plains' monsters were easy prey for magicians.

On the plains where it was hard to find cover, the monsters had no means to fight against ranged spells. This was the power of unity. The number of high-level magicians—who came to the plains after hearing the rumors—grew, and their hunting speed gradually increased. Their level rose sharply enough to upset the rankings.

These days felt like a dream. The Tellius Plains—which were originally part of the Rotemon Kingdom—lost its master due to Berith, and the empty land was flooded with magicians. ‘The descent of Berith was a great blessing’ had started as a joke, but it became the mantra of the magicians.

“Eh?”

The magicians witnessed monsters that they hadn't been able to meet on the plains so far. There were three death knights with a purple aura around their bodies.

“Boss mobs? Is there a boss here?”

“I haven't heard about this... Based on the force, they seem to be boss mobs. The appearance cycle is just so slow that we haven't discovered them yet.”

“Hoh...”

Boss monsters with a slow appearance cycle were stronger. The stronger the boss monsters were, the greater the rewards would be. The monsters started moving closer from a distance. The magicians gazed at the approaching death knights and knew they had found the perfect opportunity. Their eyes burned with enthusiasm. The more than 100 magicians scattered around the plains gathered in the center and set the ranks for each party.

“Start with your ultimate skill the moment they enter into range.”

“Don't spare your mana potions and buff potions! Hit as hard as possible! Our party will gain the first-place reward!”

“Focus on using explosive magic. After all, a death knight is an undead and has weak durability.”

Resting was sometimes poisonous. There was no sense of crisis for the magicians who had experienced easy fights on the plains. They believed in their victory and didn't suspect the fraudulent opponent.

“...?!”

Then it happened the moment the death knights were bombarded with magic. Suddenly, a rainbow curtain neutralized their magic, and they failed to respond quickly to the crisis.

“Heok!”

A curtain of iridescent light scattered and disintegrated over 100 magic spells. The magicians faced the three death knights and sucked in a breath. They realized that things were going wrong. The names of the death knights seen at close range were Cao, Doom, and Amy. Their names were as gold as boss monsters, but there was a modifier in front of them. It was a modifier called ‘Agnus’s death knights.’

“Crazy...!”

The name of a lich passed through the minds of the magicians. It was ‘Mumud’. Mumud was the best lich who used rainbow-colored mana and drove the Overgeared King to a crisis.

“Kyahahahahahat!”

“Agnus!”

It was as expected. There was no reversal. As the swords and axes of the death knights started to slaughter the magicians, Agnus appeared from the air above. He stood on Lich Mumud’s shoulders, causing the magicians to shudder.

“Why? Why us?”

This was overwhelming power...

The magicians fell down in front of the senseless violence and gazed at Agnus with anger and doubt. Agnus scoffed at the furious magicians and ignored the question. He just smiled and kept killing.

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Peace was as short as spring. It had been three weeks since Berith was killed. People came face to face with new fears.

『 There is news that Agnus has committed another massacre!! 』

The one-man army, Agnus. He had been quiet for a while after losing Immortal’s power, and now he was causing a storm. Every time he appeared at a hunting ground, the players lost their lives. It was a random massacre. This was a madness that wasn’t shown even in the days when he was called Mad Dog.

『 It is really unpleasant every time I analyze the video. Agnus’ violence has gone too far. He is the worst PK criminal of all time. He is a living witness to the fact that the wicked shouldn’t have power... 』

『 It is rumored that an ‘Agnus warning’ had been issued between rankers. Thanks to Agnus, there are empty hunting grounds all over the kingdoms and the level of the rankers are stagnating... 』

『 He should be held accountable for his crimes. We must fight the villain who is committed to the massacre without a reason. 』

『 A massacre without a reason? Isn't it reasonable revenge for Agnus? 』

『 What is reasonable revenge? 』

『 Just a month ago, we pressured Agnus to make a one-sided sacrifice and criticized him when he didn't comply with our demands. Consider it from Agnus' position. How angry and frightened would you be? 』

『 Paying back some accusations with murder? Is that a normal mindset? Agnus is a psychopath. Don't even think about defending his behavior. 』

『 Before we place blame, we should try to analyze and understand the cause. 』

『 No, isn't he a psychopath? Do we have to understand that type of person? Are you a psychopath? 』

『 Those words are serious! 』

Agnus, Agnus, Agnus! The story of Berith was over and the world was buzzing about Agnus. The world's media spotlighted Agnus' massacres. Some criticized Agnus while others defended him. Of course, only a few people defended him. Defending Agnus meant admitting their mistakes in the past.

People were tolerant of themselves but strict with others. How many people would defend Agnus, who carried out random massacres, if it meant acknowledging their mistakes?

“Lauel, what will happen?”

In the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom, Reinhardt...

Jishuka visited Lauel's office with a piece of paper in her hand. It was an Agnus suppression written appeal stamped with the names of famous guild masters from all over the continent. The 26 guild members asked the Overgeared Guild to participate. After all, they had paid attention to the incident during which Agnus betrayed the Overgeared Guild. They knew the Overgeared Guild would have negative feelings toward Agnus and feel threatened by him running wild. As such, they were undoubtedly convinced that the Overgeared Guild would take part in the Agnus battle.

“The 26 large guilds issued a kill order on Agnus... There will be pretty big restrictions on Agnus' movements.”

“Even so, they can't completely restrain his actions. Agnus is acting while knowing this.”

“He hasn't touched the NPCs at all, right?”

“Yes, he knows from experience that he can't handle being a criminal if he touches NPCs. It is different from the allegations. Agnus isn't in a berserk state. He is working on a thoroughly planned revenge drama.”

“Revenge drama...”

Was that all? From the time of Immortal's attack, Lauel had already seen Agnus as a surprisingly clever person. It wasn't right that Agnus would carry out random killings in the name of revenge. ‘There must be something he believes in. For example, the more he kills, the stronger he becomes.’ They shouldn't

overlook the peculiarities of the Baal's Contractor class. Baal's Contractor was the enemy of humanity. They needed to think of his potential and how he could awaken it.

Jishuka handed the letter to the carefully thinking Lael. "Just say no."

"A rejection?" Lael showed a surprised expression. Jishuka was from the Tzedakah Guild. The Tzedakah Guild had been dreaming of supremacy since the past. They were people who lived and ate with pride. Self-esteem was the biggest basis for their actions. Due to their personalities, he thought they would insist on participating in the Agnus subjugation, even taking into account the concerns of the world. Yet Jishuka didn't want to join?

"Agnus attacked us in the canyon, despite accepting our help in the past. Everyone in the world witnessed the scene. If we don't punish him, the world might laugh at us for being scared of him. Will it be okay?"

"Grid beat Berith. How many people in the world can say that we are frightened by the player called Agnus? A person who says that would have less intelligence than a monkey. Isn't that right?"

"...You know it very well."

"I'm no longer the small leader of an alley. The Tzedakah Guild is like a municipal authority, and the Overgeared Guild is currently on a different level. We will no longer be caught up in the standards of others. We know that few people will dare to dictate our will and choices."

"..."

"I don't know why but you are also unwilling to participate in the Agnus subjugation, right? Then do it. Don't participate."

"How do you know?"

"I can tell by your expression. I'm an old friend. How can I not notice this much?"

"..." Lael's face instantly turned red. Wasn't she a friend interested in profit before friendship and trust? Lael was frankly very embarrassed because he never thought someone would treat him this way.

"You are shy~" Jishuka teased as she ruffled Lael's silver hair.

Lael laughed because the attitude resembled Grid's.

"Well, I understand. Let me be honest. After this incident, I saw the possibility of Agnus's armed force developing dramatically."

"Then you don't want to be hostile to him?"

"Yes, I personally expect Baal's Contractor to be the strongest class in Satisfy..."

"What if Agnus hits us first, even if we aren't hostile to him?"

"Jishuka, as you predicted, Agnus isn't currently in a berserk state. I think it is unlikely that he will hit us first. It would be a different story if we announce that we will work with other guilds to participate in the fight."

“Right. I had the same thought. To add one more comment, Agnus’ personality might change one day.”

Agnus’ protection of Irene and Lord was well-known within the Overgeared Guild. Jishuka decided it was wiser to keep an appropriate distance from Agnus rather than be hostile to him. Lauel’s opinion was the same.

“Then I will refuse this.” Lauel dumped the Agnus subjugation invitation into the trash.

Jishuka confirmed his expression and relaxed. She was always worried about Lauel who struggled alone.

This was called comradeship. The solidarity of the Overgeared Guild was strengthening over time.

### [Chapter 1060](#)

The high ranker Resh was level 363. The release of the virtual reality game called Satisfy was a great blessing for him who had been obsessed with fantasy novels and movies since he was young.

A knight... He was able to experience the fantastic profession that he had been dreaming of for many years. After thorough preparation and planning, Resh started Satisfy to become a knight and finally achieved his dream. He became the exclusive knight of Dulandal, the 2nd imperial prince.

His level was low compared to NPCs, but he gained trust by studying under a senior and was able to perform the daily quest of ‘guard Dulandal’s side for four hours a day’. A knight of an imperial prince...

It was a noble status, and every day was fulfilling. Resh acted like the knights he envied. He was only loyal to his master, would sacrifice himself for his master, and felt proud of himself.

“Impertinent guy! How dare you treat me like I’m your brother in front of my subordinates?”

“...”

Prince Dulandal had an unusual expression as he returned. Resh heard he had visited the palace of the fourth imperial prince this morning, and something seemed to have occurred. A senior knight bowed politely and sighed after Dulandal closed the door loudly and entered the bedroom.

“It smells of blood.”

“Blood?”

The Saharan Empire was currently in a wartime state. No, it was always in a wartime state. They were at war with minorities all over the country. However, that story had nothing to do with the knights under the imperial princes. It was very rare for the imperial princes to directly go to the battlefield.

Resh was far from the battlefields of war. Yet there was a bloody smell...? The senior knight whispered to the puzzled Resh, “Strange things are happening all over the country. The dukes have quietly disappeared.”

“Are you speaking of the three dukes?”

Not long ago, Grenhal, Morse, and Basara had come to the capital to see the emperor. However, the emperor had been absent, and they decided to wait at their villas. Then they disappeared...?

“Haha, didn’t they go hunting somewhere?” Resh laughed unknowingly. The dukes were the most powerful people in the empire. In the first place, it was impossible for someone to harm them. Resh’s idea that they were missing was inappropriate, but the senior knight had a different opinion.

“The fourth imperial prince is suspicious. I received some intelligence a few days ago that the fourth imperial prince ordered the Abyss to be opened.”

“Abyss...?” Resh’s expression stiffened. The Abyss was the worst dungeon in the history of the empire. It was a very bloody place that held only the top political leaders who rebelled against the imperial family or tried to overthrow the empire. There was a rumor that something inside there drove the inmates crazy.

“Being imprisoned in the Abyss is a punishment worse than death. There are no records of it opening in the past few decades. Yet the moment the dukes disappeared, the fourth imperial prince opened it. Isn’t it strange in many ways?”

‘This...’ Resh sensed it. This was the intuition of a high ranker with a lot of experience. It was as expected.

[Hidden Quest ★ Abyss Exploration ★ has occurred!]

“The nobles and royalty above the rank of marquis have the authority to confine prisoners in the Abyss. However, only the emperor has the authority to view the list of prisoners.”

“...”

“Prince Dulandal is curious about the prisoners in the Abyss. If the prisoners trapped in the Abyss are the dukes... I don’t know what kind of severe suffering they will experience before the emperor returns. It is Prince Dulandal’s conjecture that the fourth prince will use them to create an uproar.”

“Wait. Wait a minute.”

The scale of the case was too large. He didn’t think it was something that a knight like him could handle. In the first place, there were too many things he didn’t understand.

“Isn’t this too exaggerated? The fourth imperial prince doesn’t have the authority to arrest the dukes.”

“There is no authority, but there is power.”

“...?”

“The second imperial prince officially denies it, but the ancient weapons called the magic machines are actually an enormous force. Additionally, the fourth prince’s innate ‘red energy’ is comparable to the level of the first imperial prince. Even the dukes can’t let down their guards against him.”

“N-No. Still, it is strange. Isn’t Duke Basara the sixth cousin of the fourth imperial prince? Yet he placed his sixth cousin in the Abyss?”

“What is strange about that? Prince Dulandal and the fourth imperial prince are half brothers, but haven’t they been pointing their swords at each other for a long time?”

“...Ah.”

Medieval times... Factions, power, empire... Now Resh realized that the world of knights that he had long dreamed about wasn't a beautiful and noble world. The senior knight patted Resh's stiff and tense shoulders. "I don't know why, but there is news that the emperor's return has been delayed by four days. There is enough time. Within the next six days, secure a list of prisoners in the Abyss. I'll take care of the rest."

"H-How can I do that myself?"

Resh had properly stepped in shit. Although he was ready to sacrifice his life at any time for his lord, wasn't this going to him dying a dog's death? He was in big trouble.

"Who told you to go by yourself?"

At this moment...

Ttiring~

There was a loud noise as the details of the hidden question emerged in front of Resh.

[Abyss Exploration]

[★ Hidden Quest ★]

Senior Knight Bell has high hopes for your connections as a wanderer knight.

Use your connections to explore the Abyss and secure a list of prisoners.

\*Two players can join you on the quest! Quest members will earn the same rewards!

Quest Clear Conditions:

1. Activate at least 15% of the Abyss Dungeon map.
2. Secure a list of prisoners.

Quest Clear Reward: Level +3 Affinity. with Dulandal will open. One unique rated skill book. The title 'Peek at the End of the Underground' will be obtained.

Quest Failure: Level -5.]

"..."

The rewards were tremendous. The difficulty was high, and there was a considerable penalty if the quest failed. Could he refuse the quest? Of course not. That was because a knight's obedience was more absolute than that of a soldier. After a moment of contemplation, Resh was forced to respond, "...I'll try it."

'A knight doesn't always walk along a comfortable road.'

Trials and adversities would naturally follow. Resh was fascinated by the knights who overcame trials and adversities to become heroes.

'Let's do it. I have no choice but to do it.'



The only question was where to find two helpers. In the real world, Resh boasted great interpersonal relationships and had many connections. Unfortunately, he didn't have any high rankers among his connections. He was already lost from thinking about where to find a colleague who could carry out such challenging quests with him.

'Shall I look there?' Resh was reminded of a community called 'Chivalry.'

It was a small community of people who envied knights. Although it was small in scale, the community's history was deep, and many of its members had started Satisfy as soon as it was released. In particular, Resh had noticed a new member with the strange ID of 'Pepsi is an Insurgent.'

'Based on his posts and comments, he has a high level. Let's ask him for cooperation.'

Resh immediately logged out and accessed the site.

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[Rash Guard has left you a note.]

"Huh? What is going on?"

Lee Seonung, the young man called Coke in Satisfy, was delighted to see the alert on his smartwatch. Chivalry was a community he had joined after becoming Lord's knight. Rash Guard was the knight he got along with the best among the members he met there. Coke enjoyed his conversations with Rash Guard, who had been very helpful in sharing information.

[Title: To Pepsi is an Insurgent.]

Good morning, Pepsi-nim.

This time, I received a very big assignment from my superior. It is about exploring a country's dungeon and getting a list of prisoners. There is a huge conspiracy involved. It is a quest that can be done by a total of three players, including me. The difficulty is very high, but the rewards are great. If Pepsi-nim is over level 340 and you are ready to take risks, I would like to ask you to participate in the quest. Please reply.]

"Hrm... A quest that requires at least level 340..."

No wonder why this person knew a lot of information. His level was quite high. Coke thought for a moment before replying to Rash Guard.

[Title: Rash Guard-nim.]

Hello, Rash Guard-nim!

Fortunately, my level is a bit over 340. However, I'm a bit nervous because you said that the difficulty is high. I can't give you a definitive answer until I know more information! π.π]

The reply arrived immediately.

[Title: Quest Contents.]

[Abyss Exploration]

[★ Hidden Quest ★]

Senior Knight Bell has high hopes for your connections as a wanderer knight.

Use your connections to explore the Abyss and secure a list of prisoners.

\*Two players can join you on the quest! Quest members will earn the same rewards!

Quest Clear Conditions:

1. Activate at least 15% of the Abyss Dungeon map.
2. Secure a list of prisoners.

Quest Clear Reward: Level +3. Affinity with XXX will open. One unique rated skill book. The title 'Peek at the End of the Underground' will be obtained.

Quest Failure: Level -5.]

I don't doubt Pepsi-nim but I have removed the names of some people to prevent information leakage. The rest of the information is true.

As you can see, the rewards are very great. It is a quest with a minimum difficulty level of SS.

I don't want to force you to participate to the point of sacrificing yourself.

I'm just asking for help.]

"Wow..." Coke read the contents of the quest and unwittingly expressed his admiration. A unique rated skill book, a title, and three levels...? There would be unconditional benefits if he could participate in the quest. Since Rash Guard had been in the Chivalry community for several years and his community history was quite clean, he was reliable.

The excited Coke sent a message straight away. The reply arrived immediately. The conversation between the two people proceeded like a live chat.

[Pepsi is an Insurgent: Have you already found the other party member?

Rash Guard: No. I haven't found anyone yet.

Pepsi is an Insurgent: Can I recommend someone?

Rash Guard: Um... Then is Pepsi-nim willing to participate?

Pepsi is an Insurgent: Yes.

Rash Guard: Then let's meet in Satisfy. After I meet with Pepsi-nim, I will confirm our power and decide whether to accept the recommended person or not.

Pepsi is an Insurgent: Yes, I understand. Still, you will naturally accept it.

Rash Guard: ?

Pepsi is an Insurgent: The person I'm recommending is Grid ㅎㅎ

Rash Guard: ㅎ]

'He is a frivolous person.'

Resh frowned at Pepsi is an Insurgent's attitude. It was unexpected to mention the ID of a supreme person here. It was too much to joke about this. It wasn't funny or touching. Resh thought that Pepsi was a young student or an immature adult. He was anxious that he was being deceived by someone on the Internet.

Still, he shook his head and connected to Satisfy again. He told Pepsi to send a friend request, but he didn't hold any more expectations. The feeling that he should find someone else had already risen steadily. Then he logged into Satisfy.

[The player 'Coke' has requested to be your friend.]

[The player 'Grid' has requested to be your friend.]

Unexpected notification windows popped up. Resh burst out laughing.

"He really knows a Grid."

Satisfy was a game enjoyed by two billion players. Duplicate IDs were allowed. The possibility that this Grid was 'Overgeared King Grid' was close to zero.

[You have accepted the other person's friend request.]

[Bringing up the updated list of friends.]

[Name: Coke

Level: 367

Guild: Overgeared Guild]

"Eh?"

[Name: Grid

Level: 399

Guild: Overgeared Guild]

"Huh?"

It was real...? Resh lost his soul.