

## Overgeared 1111

### [Chapter 1111](#)

‘Did Grid learn his swordsmanship from Asmophel?’

Resh’s misunderstanding was natural. Asmophel’s swordsmanship, which depicted the birth and death of a flower, looked like the final evolution of the Flower sword dance that Grid introduced recently.

Fire Sword Asmophel...

The skills of a person hailed as the pillar of the empire along with the current legend Piaro were as great as claimed by the rumors Resh had heard. The bud that blossomed in Kyle exploded. The destructive power that didn’t allow any screams stirred the forest.

In the midst of the explosion, the ragged Kyle popped out. He didn’t lose any momentum despite his body being covered with blood.

The eyes of Amelda, Kentrick, and Dante shook.

“W-What? Why is he fine?”

“Well... he seems to have pushed the exploding force away with his own power.”

“...”

The three knights knew. In the past, Asmophel had remained as number two because of the limitations of his swordsmanship. Asmophel’s swordsmanship produced a powerful explosive force using sword energy and had a strong wide-area destructive power, but it was relatively weak against single targets and consumed a lot of health.

It was why Asmophel lost every time he faced Piaro. Yes, Asmophel had never won against Piaro. However, with the exception of Piaro, he didn’t lose to anyone. Why? Piaro had the unique ability to disperse the explosive force of Asmophel’s swordsmanship.

That’s right. In the memories of the three knights, Asmophel was the ‘man who couldn’t cross Piaro but who put the world at his feet.’ Now, Kyle was a monster if he could deal directly with the sword energy of a great swordsman.

‘Piaro-grade...’

The former emperor, Juander—the incompetent and foolish man who sent all of them away had actually chosen Kyle with an accurate perspective...? The three knights were engulfed in displeasure and bit their lips.

Meanwhile, Kyle was tangled up with Asmophel. He used his superior form that overwhelmed the single digit knights. Swinging his entire body, he did not show Asmophel any gaps. A diagonal elbow struck Asmophel in the shoulder. Asmophel’s sword stabbed at Kyle’s abdomen while he aimed his fist to the other side of the sword. Kyle raised his knee to block Asmophel’s sword as he concentrated the electric currents in the elbow that was crushing Asmophel’s shoulder. Asmophel’s body was briefly electrocuted.

With an appearance that was obviously from a noble lineage, Asmophel's fine face was punched and crushed while his blue cloak was covered with dirt. Kyle caught up with Asmophel and pulled the fluttering blue cloak. Then Asmophel's body was trapped on the ground, and he was slammed, slammed, slammed against it! Kyle's fists started to fall in succession.

"Hahat! Hahahahat!" Kyle was in a frenzy, and he recalled the moment when he received the divine message of the war god. The great god had presented Kyle, who had been shabby in comparison to the other pillars, with the ultimate martial arts after he lost one arm to a monster and completely lost his confidence.

Kyle had learned seven secret techniques as he wandered around the ruins in the past few months and experienced the miracle of a god. Not only did he recover his lost arm, but he was also able to further strengthen the currents flowing through his body and control them freely.

This was the power of a great god. In the long run, Kyle would jump over the grandmaster and no longer feel afraid of the monster who took away his arm. The moment he received the ultimate martial arts, he would go to the heavens...

Kyle believed this and became convinced of it at this moment. He was certain that he could realize his faith. The fact that he alone was overpowering the single digit knights, who had led the empire's golden age, caused him to feel ecstasy.

"Hat...?" Kyle, who had been swinging his fists excitedly, stopped laughing. He suddenly felt a sense of alienation. It was because Asmophel's condition was relatively fine. Asmophel continued to be hit by Kyle's fists, but his nose wasn't even sunken in, let alone his skull.

'The skin of transcendence?'

Had Asmophel risen to the point of transcendence with pure talent? No, it was impossible. He wasn't that great. Kyle's sharp gaze turned to the blue cloak that covered part of Asmophel's face.

'Don't tell me...?'

Was that cloak absorbing his attack power? This mere piece of cloth? Despite his denials, Kyle grabbed Asmophel's cloak and stripped it off. A blade rose through the gap in the swirling cloak.

"Don't touch it. It is a treasure that my king gave me," Asmophel's voice only continued after Kyle's chest was pierced with the sword.

Asmophel rose as he pushed at Kyle's shaky upper body, drawing a half moon with his sword and throwing his sheath. The moment Kyle was cut, he released an electric current that blocked the sword energy released. The sheath that was thrown two meters into the air never fell back to the ground.

The shockwave and magnetism generated by the two men caused the sheath to continue dancing in the air. Several flowers bloomed during the dozens of collisions. Asmophel's biting sword energy was quickly drained.

On the other hand, Kyle was currently emitting a turbulent electric current, and he didn't lose momentum. For Kyle, the electric current was a constantly circulating force. It wasn't consumed. It was an infinite power. Asmophel's sword energy bloomed, obstructing Kyle's vision and sweeping at Kyle's

collarbone. It was deflected and Asmophel hurriedly moved back. Kyle's Force Palm was persistent and struck Asmophel's chest. The sheath that danced in the air finally fell.

"Cough!" The shaking Asmophel swallowed his screams, but he was bloody. He felt the pain of his intestine being torn and realized something. This wasn't the young man who used to be daunted. Kyle was stronger than Juander had hoped he would be.

There wasn't the number two person who kept following the back of the number one person. Asmophel was no longer number two. He wasted a lot of time regretting everything and became stagnant.

'If only I had met King Grid a bit earlier...'

No, if only he had awakened before King Grid came to him. No, if he hadn't fallen for Marie's tricks. No, if he hadn't been jealous of Piaro in the first place...

It was a life marked only with regrets. The shameful past went by him like a kaleidoscope. At this moment...

"..." Asmophel's eyes lost their light.

Resh turned pale when he saw Asmophel fall, and he urged Mercedes and the three knights, "You should help him!"

"..."

"You're his colleague!"

There was no imperial knight who didn't know Asmophel—the corrupted hero and the jealous traitor who sold his friends and colleagues. Asmophel's reputation had been turned upside down after the new empress, Basara, revealed the entire truth. He was no longer hailed as a hero.

Still, the knights in this place had started to admire Asmophel again. Being with the colleagues he betrayed meant he had been forgiven for most of his past sins. Resh and the Sword Knights were vaguely aware of how much courage he needed to seek forgiveness and how much sacrifice and pain he had suffered. The knights felt that Asmophel was truly great and cheered for him to wash away the mistakes he made through the hard-earned opportunity.

However, Asmophel was going to die.

"Haven't you already forgiven him?"

"..."

"Then why...?! Why are you turning away without helping?" Resh shouted as he denounced them.

He had no affinity with Asmophel, so he shouldn't have felt great emotion when Asmophel was struck. Nevertheless, there was a reason why he felt resentment toward Mercedes and the former single digit knights who were just watching the battle.

Resh's gaze was aimed at Mercedes as he shouted, "No matter how much you hate him...! A knight shouldn't abandon their colleagues!"

Mercedes was the only knight that had been trusted by the emperor who distrusted knights, and she has been sent to the Overgeared Kingdom after becoming a legendary knight. Resh admired Mercedes, which meant he couldn't tolerate her cowardly behavior even more.

Mercedes, who had been staring silently, finally opened her mouth, "You..."

There was a dazzling smile on her face. "You don't know."

The three knights continued the conversation like they had been waiting to do so.

"Do you think the deputy chief would be beaten so easily?"

"He is the most insidious person I have ever known. That's why he betrayed us."

"Killing the deputy chief... It will be us."

"...?!" Resh was bewildered by the hard to understand words when his eyes widened. Asmophel, who allowed Kyle's attacks in succession, rolled a few laps on the dirt floor and lost his sword. For a knight to lose his sword—it meant death.

"This is the end!"

Convinced of his victory, Kyle continued to release the current. He collected it at the end of his hands and shot it at Asmophel. No, he groaned before he shot it. It was because Asmophel threw the sheath at Kyle's eyes.

"Kuack! Y-You cowardly bastard!"

Asmophel acted like a dog begging for life just to reclaim the sheath that he had thrown away earlier...? He lost his sword just to lower Kyle's vigilance and to grab the sheath...? The reason he constantly exposed his belt during the battle was for this moment...? He was a terrible guy.

Kyle lost his sight and stepped back.

"You wished for fairness from garbage like me?" Asmophel's indifferent voice rang out. All emotions had left the moment his eyes lost their light. He abandoned his morals just like the day he betrayed Piaro and his associates. The difference was that today he was acting for Grid, not himself.

"My king has commanded me to come back alive. Therefore, I can't die yet."

Honestly, he wanted to die. He felt ashamed, sorry and pained. The moment he made eye contact with his old colleagues, he felt the desire to bite his tongue and kill himself. However, the words of his king were still with him. King Grid had told him not to die. Thus, Asmophel had to put up with it. He had to live. He had to win.

[Your knight Asmophel has exhibited the unique characteristic 'Power of the Number Two!']

"...Asmophel?" Grid had just arrived at the World Tree's Forest when the notification window popped up.

Far away from Grid, Asmophel was asking Kyle a question, “Do you have the intention of withdrawing? The empire and the Overgeared Kingdom have formed an alliance. I don’t think we need to fight for our lives.”

“What nonsense are you talking? You have hindered my way and tarnished my honor. Above all, you are weaker than me. It makes sense to die according to the providence of power.”

“I see. I’m sorry. You are stronger than me, so it will be hard for me to subdue you without killing you.”

In his prime, Asmophel had never lost to anyone except for Piaro. It was because his ‘standard’ was Piaro. He might be weaker than Piaro, but Asmophel was confident that he could beat his opponent if he could only follow half of Piaro’s skills.

[Your knight ‘Asmophel’ is thinking of the back of the number one goal.]

“Free Farming Altered Style.”

A large shadow devoured the area, and a pillar as large as the branches of the world tree could be seen falling from the sky. It was a concentrated body of suppression energy, not sword energy.

“W-What is this?”

The shadow engulfed Kyle.

### [Chapter 1112](#)

‘I will kill you because you are stronger than me.’

Asmophel’s serious declaration contained a misuse of words. It was the right of the strong to kill or spare someone. If the weak talked about life and death, then it was likely that anger would rise beyond the absurdity.

‘Daring to deny the providence of power—this is a blasphemy against the war god!’

It happened from the time he experienced the miracle of the war god. No, Kyle had already become a fanatic the moment he peeked at the ultimate technique presented by the war god. Dignity and rule of law were all created by strength. He was fully educated in this type of belief and only revered strength.

‘I will teach you providence. You will learn with your death.’

Kyle gritted his teeth. He was certain there were no variables to worry about as he knew the meaning of Asmophel’s ‘Fire Sword’ title and his Flower technique.

‘I just need to watch carefully.’

Most people didn’t know it, but Asmophel’s swordsmanship didn’t only exert power when it blossomed. It also exerted power when it gave out a sparkly glow. Kyle needed to be careful, but if he paid attention, there was nothing Asmophel could do to make up for their difference in skill.

After being hit by the sheath, Kyle’s eyes started to recover quickly. The electric current became his blood, his flesh, and then his bone. It was the result of using the best regeneration technique, just like

when he restored the arm that he had lost a long time ago. This was a power he had learned because of the war god. It was literally a miracle.

'The method consumes so much stamina that it is hidden in a number of secret techniques.'

There was no chance. Nothing would work against him...

"Free Farming."

"...?" Kyle, who was wary of Asmophel, doubted his ears as he checked his recovered vision. Supreme Swordsmanship, the swordsmanship that was passed through Piaro's family for generations—it was the power that symbolized Piaro. Kyle never dreamed that Asmophel would use Supreme Swordsmanship.

'...No, did I hear it wrong?'

He was so perplexed that he was mistaken for a moment. It seemed to have been a different name from Supreme Swordsmanship. (TL: Supreme Swordsmanship and Free Farming are only different in one character, so they sound similar)

Still, it was only for a moment. Kyle's thoughts were complicated.

"Altered Style." Asmophel succeeded in reproducing the power of the number of Piaro.

"W-What is this?"

Kyle's currents, which had been spread out like a spider web in all directions in preparation for Mercedes' intervention, started to vibrate simultaneously. It was a warning of danger.

"...!?" Kyle belatedly noticed the forest was covered by darkness and looked up reflexively. Then he witnessed it. A huge pillar was falling from the sky.

'A tree trunk?'

It had the form of a trunk that had been increased by thousands or tens of thousands in size. The falling pillar was covered by thousands of thorns. They were big and sharp thorns that would pierce the body with a slight touch.

"You've mastered a weird trick!"

The Power of the Number Two—Asmophel's unique characteristic that developed out of his desire to surpass the number one was a power that Kyle didn't know about. He never imagined that the basis of the farming method reproduced by Asmophel was Piaro.

That's right. Asmophel wasn't using Piaro's Supreme Swordsmanship. Where did he learn a strange skill with a name so similar that it made him sound cool?

Kyle became incandescent. It was the first time he showed off his power, which had previously only been used for attack and propulsion. He became an electric current itself. One foot late, a pillar fell over Kyle's head. It devoured Kyle without a trace and crushed the entire forest within a 20-meter-radius.

"Uh... Uhhh?"

"..."

Mercedes was able to see Asmophel's abilities with Keen Insight. Everyone except for her was speechless. She knew Asmophel was strong, but she hadn't known it was to this extent. Asmophel's power, which caused a disaster to fall onto a single human, shocked the Sword Knights and the former single digit knights.

Player Resh was also surprised in a different sense.

'Is he also a farmer?'

Free Farming—the dramatic play of the legendary farmer Piaro against Great Demon Belial was a video that received billions of views. Resh never thought Asmophel could use it as well...

Was the Overgeared Kingdom a training center for farmers? Were the former single digit knights gathered together because they wanted to be farmers? Then it happened when Resh was thinking seriously.

"Pant... Pant... Grab the elves and flee." In the silence, Asmophel barely opened his mouth while gasping roughly. "I didn't kill him."

Simultaneously, a flash of lightning flew toward Asmophel's chest. It wasn't just one. The lightning struck again and again, turning Asmophel's body into rags. Finally, Asmophel sat down like a broken doll. Then the bombardment stopped. The white light stopped by Asmophel and gradually took a human form. It was Kyle's hand that viciously grabbed Asmophel's golden hair.

"You have humiliated me in all sorts of ways. This weak thing... This weak thing!" Kyle gritted his teeth.

His body, which had shaken off the electric current and returned to human form, was almost half crushed. It was an unexpected result for Kyle. In the electric current state, his body didn't involve any physical force, and his resistance to all properties was significantly increased. With such a formula, it meant that he was expected to be fine, even if he was hit by the pillar.

However, the pillar was a concentration of energy superior to sword energy, and it was powerful enough to seriously injure the electrified Kyle. It was natural. Asmophel recreated Piaro's suppression energy that was the power of nature itself. It was impossible for Kyle to fully handle the power that destroyed even the body of a great demon.

"Kuaaaaah!" Kyle roared as he almost died to an opponent weaker than him. He had sinned against the war god by denying the providence of power. It was clear the war god would be disappointed in him. He might not be able to learn the ultimate technique.

"You...! You!!" All sorts of anxiety and anger shook Kyle's sense of reason. He was unrelenting in his desire to kill Asmophel. A spear of electricity aimed at Asmophel's neck. Of course, his attack was in vain. It was because Mercedes came out. A shield surrounded by sword energy changed the trajectory of the electric spear, and simultaneously, Kyle's jaw was hit. The ensuing attack was a kick with rotational power.

"..."

Kyle's appearance of being successively struck in the chin and back like a frog confused many people. Would it be so easy for her to beat the person who defeated three single digit knights and Asmophel alone?

'...No, it won't be easy,' the Sword Knights denied it. Even Resh, who wanted Kyle to die, had this thought, 'Is he so hurt and agitated that he let down his vigilance for a while?'

It was as expected.

"Kuoock...! Shit! Dammit! Like one! Like one...!" Kyle rose up again.

There was blood in his eyes as he electrified his left arm and swung it like a whip. It all happened in an instant. Resh and the Sword Knights simple saw it as 'a lightning bolt struck Mercedes' head.' However, Mercedes stood up and blocked that lightning bolt with her shield.

"This is crazy!"

Every time Kyle wielded the whip, the Sword Knights saw flashes of lightning. Eventually, dozens of lightning bolts were created at the same time, and they flew to enter Mercedes' defense. Even so...

"..."

Mercedes was fine without a single scratch. Her white hair wasn't in disarray, as if not even static electricity was allowed to touch her. Kyle was speechless. Mercedes' sheer speed and agility prevented all close combat while his electric currents were nullified by a single shield. It wasn't even an iron shield.

'Even if the electric currents are offset by sword energy, it is normal for the residuals to remain.'

It was a natural phenomenon for the residual energy to seep into the shield, transfer to the armor, and electrocute Mercedes. So, how did she manage to block it? In the incomprehensible chaos that deepened, Kyle continued to wield his whip as he suddenly realized something. His vision was blurring.

"Ah..." Kyle looked down at his body. His ribs were all crushed, and his back was half torn. White bones were exposed below his rattling left shoulder. It wouldn't be strange if he died soon. Out of instinct, most of the electric currents were invested into wound recovery, which would weaken his damage. Since the opponent was a knight with Keen Insight, his weak spots would've been attacked without his knowledge.

'It isn't possible.'

There were no odds of victory. He hadn't calculated that he would suffer so much damage from Asmophel.

Stagger. One step.

Stagger. Two steps.

Kyle slowly stepped back from Mercedes. He was making calculations.

'At this point, even the arrogant 12 Te would be running over.'



The 12 Te had heavy buttocks. They thoroughly maintained their position unless it was a very special case. Now that the World Tree's Forest was so badly damaged, it should count as one of the special cases.

'I have to leave here.'

It wasn't too late. If the Sword Knights shielded him, he would be able to avoid Mercedes' pursuit. However, even his Origin True Energy would be exhausted if he got surrounded by the 12 Te. He needed to hurry.

"Retreat. Buy me some time," Kyle commanded.

"...I don't want to," the Sword Knights refused the order.

"...??" The perplexed Kyle shouted, "I am an agent of Prince Dulandal! Here, I am your master! You dare to reject the orders of your master despite being knights?"

Kyle was ugly in his fury. The Sword Knights squirmed, but it was Resh who stepped forward.

"We have already broken the knight's chivalric code once. It was at your command. It isn't hard to break the chivalric code once more."

"But this isn't about the chivalric code. It is treason! Do you think Dulandal will keep you alive?"

"I feel like I will die if I fight here. If I'm going to die anyway, I will choose to avoid killing meaninglessly."

Resh and the Sword Knights looked around. The elves were holding their bows. They had surrounded the knights from the moment that Mercedes' group arrived. There was no way for them to survive anyway.

"Disgraceful... I'll tear you apart and kill you..."

Kyle wouldn't die. He might take a lot of damage without the knights as his shield, but he would eventually be able to escape. Kyle started to raise his Origin True Energy, and the currents that surrounded him grew to an unprecedented strength. At this moment, unidentified figures in gray clothing fell around Kyle. One of them bizarrely had his eyes covered.

"Kyle. We received a divine message and have come to save you."

It was the appearance of the followers of the war god active on the West Continent. They tried to use the Light Footwork Technique to take Kyle away.

"All of you can't run away." Mercedes blocked the path of the followers with a white transparent sword.

"...!?"

The cries of a tiger filled the forest. Arrows poured down like rain, bushes hindered their vision, and there were sharp thorns and bumpy rocks. The war god followers, who had been leisurely breaking through all the obstacles, lost their balance and started to fall down.

### [Chapter 1113](#)

"Ah..."

It was the sword which was created by Sword Saint Kraugel and Overgeared King Grid and used by the legendary knight Mercedes. There were exclamations all over the place when the World Crushing Sword of the Noble White Tiger revealed its form. The blade was white and transparent like Mercedes' skin while the crown-shaped knuckle bow grip seemed like a significant work of art, a symbol of power and prestige. Yes, art. It was likely to decorate an emperor's wall.

Then what was the reality? The White Tiger Sword wasn't an ornament. It was a war weapon where all the elements that made up the sword specialized in combat. The sword combined with Mercedes' unstoppable movements to become an ideal state.

"...?!"

The White Tiger Sword roared, the ground shook, and the forest swelled. Arrows poured down like rain, and bushes hindered their vision. There were also sharp thorns and bumpy rocks. The war god followers, who had been leisurely breaking through all the obstacles, lost their balance and started to fall down.

Only one person was different. One man, who had his eyes blindfolded, used his restrained hands to maintain his balance in the air.

Mercedes stared at the cloudy dust that was falling over her head. The White Tiger Sword and the follower's restraints collided. The earth once again trembled from the shockwave that followed. A mighty storm sprang up and shook the surrounding bushes. It was a sight that made it seem like the wrath of a god had struck the world.

'Is this the strength of a legend?'

Resh and the Sword Knights murmured to themselves. At this moment, they had new thoughts. Even Kyle, who had previously believed he was the supreme, escaped the well he was in and realized he was actually inferior to Mercedes. They all tried to understand Mercedes' movements and the intent contained in them. They had faith that their status would rise rapidly as soon as they understood.

Mercedes wasn't as fast as Kyle, but it was clear that she transcended a human being. She moved at a normal speed that Resh's eyes should be able to follow, but it was strange. Resh clearly saw Mercedes' movements. They were so sophisticated that they were obvious. Of course, this was one in 100 moves. Furthermore...

"Hup...?"

After Mercedes' attacks, a follower with a steel plate tied to his hands let out a faint moan. It was easy to see Mercedes' attacks that flowed along an honest trajectory, but the follower was baffled. Mercedes' swordsmanship was like the world tree. The huge pillars stretched out straight, but there were hundreds or thousands of branches at the end, making it transformative. The simplicity of the moves was something they should never be dazzled by.

The follower's body flew far away and struck a tree with a circumference of more than five meters, Then the follower pierced another giant tree behind it. It only stopped after four additional trees. The knights clearly witnessed him coughing up red blood. Yet the follower came back in an instant and kicked at Mercedes.

Mercedes, who was on the verge of breaking through Kyle's guardians and cutting his throat, failed to do so and had to step back. The follower who came back with an incredible speed opened his mouth to speak for the first time, "I see. You are the strongest on this continent."

It was a statement, not a question.

"No. There is a person stronger than me," Mercedes denied it. She was implying that the West Continent was wide.

The follower's mouth curved upward. "Indeed... There is no meaningless divine message."

"..."

The battle briefly entered a lull.

The followers wondered how to keep in check the 'sword' and the ever-changing swordsmanship, which specialized in both offense and defense and created an earthquake. Meanwhile, Mercedes was wary after noting that the beings in front of her were 'followers of the war god.'

'They are similar in many ways to the followers of the war god found in the Galgunos Temple. Looking at the techniques they use, they must also be followers of the war god.'

Based on Kyle's comments about the providence of power and the statements that people came to help him due to a divine message, the possibility of it was 99.9%. Still, one thing was clear.

'The temple followers had no sense of reason.'

There were distinct limitations to the followers of the war god roaming the Galgunos Temple, but it wasn't because the number of secret techniques acquired was small. The absence of reason meant they followed instincts. The temple followers were obsessed only with secret techniques and were weak in all areas where they had to use their heads, including the ability to apply the techniques and identify and control the emotions of the opponents to create variables.

However, these followers had a sense of reason. It was clear that they had mastered even more secret techniques than the temple followers.

'They don't seem easy.'

In particular, the follower wearing restraints was stronger than Kyle, despite not being able to use his hands fully because of his blindfold. The other followers who had endured the White Tiger's Cry couldn't be taken lightly either. They were only careless at first, but the attitude and physical ability they showed since then were of a high level. It wasn't an exaggeration to say they were in the same class as Amelda.

'Maybe this could be dangerous.'

Mercedes was alarmed. It wasn't just because the opponents were strong. She was mindful of the peculiarity of the place. This place—Mercedes had experienced how dangerous the World Tree's Forest was. A place filled with ancient species... Lurking here somewhere was an enemy that caused her to consume her Origin True Energy.

'Being careless here will soon lead to death...' Mercedes thought this and took up a certain posture. 'I have to finish the fight as soon as possible.'

Kyle, who was supporting Dulandal, and the attitude of the followers with him would surely be detrimental to His Majesty. Mercedes was convinced of her role at this moment. She would handle Kyle and all the followers. It was for her liege. Her life didn't matter.

"Amelda, please leave with the other two and Asmophel."

Mercedes stretched out her left arm and spun around. At this point, she was holding a black sword in her right hand. The White Tiger Sword attacked the blindfolded follower. The follower blocked it, but he became aware of Mercedes' left hand coming for his neck and hurriedly bent down.

Meanwhile, he raised his legs backward like a crane to strike Mercedes' neck. The weight of the White Tiger Sword pressing against the restraints suddenly increased rapidly, causing his posture to collapse. Two pillars struck the follower's shoulders.

'This...?' The follower was slightly shaken by the ensuing hit. 'Is it the spirit of the white tiger that dwells in it?'

A weapon created with the breath of a sacred creature was rare in the East Continent. How was it in the West Continent?

The fierce battle continued. Mercedes didn't give the follower time to think. This follower wouldn't be beaten easily. The reason he was blindfolded was to awaken his senses. He quickly adapted to Mercedes' swordsmanship and heeded the variable of the White Tiger Sword.

Their techniques struck each other, causing a shockwave to break out. The clash swept up the both of them.

The follower took one step back and shouted, "My name is Lee Jeong! I once worshipped the expelled gods, but now I am one of the Triad who serves War God Zeratul!"

Like the follower, Mercedes took a step back and wiped the blood flowing from her mouth. "I am Mercedes. I serve King Grid."

Lee Jeong's restraints and Mercedes' White Tiger Sword collided several times. Then they were soon interlocked. The two people were close enough to feel each other's breathing, and the conversation continued.

"The war god cares for people with abilities like yours. You must've seen the foundation of the war god. You would've seen the ultimate technique presented by the war god. Why do you serve a human, not a god? Is it because of the pride of a so-called knight?"

"The ultimate item is greater than the ultimate technique."

"Item?"

"I already have the power of my liege, who has a god-like status."

"A god-like status? Hahat! What a funny joke!"

“It isn’t a joke. King Grid will transcend the god you serve.”

“Your arrogance has reached a level of madness!”

“Isn’t the god you serve at the height of arrogance? The ultimate technique? Would a farmer dare call himself the ultimate when looking at fields?”

“You are definitely crazy.”

Lee Jeong refused to talk any further. He couldn’t see because he was blindfolded as part of his training, but he seemed to know. Mercedes, the knight who competed with him, must have very good eyes. She was a true warrior who possessed the idea that she should train herself without relying on a god to reach the peak.

‘You are still young and narrow-minded.’

A human couldn’t surpass a god. He had experienced it and gotten frustrated.

Consequently, he decided he would rather follow the war god.

“Black Death Light.”

—!

A rare talent...

If he showed Mercedes the greatness of the war god, could they become companions? Lee Jeong was filled with some expectations as he used a skill, and Mercedes’ vision darkened. In a world that was only dark, Lee Jeong’s fist penetrated her solar plexus.

...At least, it should’ve.

“...?!” A frightened Lee Jeong recovered his fist and leaped back. However, it was one step too late. A sharp sword light cut one of his ankles.

Lee Jeong’s voice trembled, “Keen Insight...! You have Keen Insight?”

He covered his eyes because his ultimate goal was to develop a mind’s eye. Yet someone who possessed something higher than the mind’s eye appeared in front of him. The agitated Lee Jeong yelled, “Melsede! You deserve to pioneer the ultimate technique! You shouldn’t be under a human! Join us...!”

“My name is Mercedes.”

“I know! My pronunciation isn’t good! No, don’t change the point!”

“And—”

“...?”

From the beginning to the end, Mercedes’s expression, which hadn’t changed at the height of Kyle’s grandeur, when Asmophel showed Piaro’s power, when the war god’s followers intervened, or even when she was prepared to die, changed for the first time. Anger appeared on her face.

“Don’t demean my liege.”

[Legendary Knight Mercedes has created a new chivalric code.]

“My liege is much better than the gods you serve. In the end, it is about being overgeared.”

“...?”

“The ultimate is martial arts, martial arts.”

In the end...

“Everything is equal under items.”

[Your knight Mercedes can wear all types of items without any restrictions and will improve the performance of all items worn by 15%.]

“Don’t try to persuade me.”

“...”

What? What type of sophistry was this? Lee Jeong was dumbfounded. By this time, he realized the meaning of ‘overgeared’.

Meanwhile, in the midst of the followers, Kyle was recovering. Believing this was the only way to shake off today’s humiliation, he consumed an Origin True Energy.

‘Don’t look down on the providence of strength.’

The elves who were weak but pretentious...

The knights who shouted about a pride they didn’t have...

Asmophel who humiliated him...

The haughty Mercedes...

Kyle didn’t like everyone here.

“All of you will die!!”

Kyle recovered and released an electric current with all his power, sweeping everyone in the area away. The elves’ and knights’ bodies were torn apart, and the single digit knights supporting Asmophel sensed a crisis. Even Mercedes didn’t find it easy to endure despite wrapping her shield with sword energy.

Resh was already dying. ‘Sh...it...’

Players had different tendencies. Most players wanted an easy, comfortable, and enjoyable gaming environment. Would any of them read Resh’s intentions? He was in a dying state and would be forced to log out after a certain period of time. Resh, who had been recording the situation, turned the video into a live format rather than a recording.

The YouXube private broadcasting station linked to his account was activated, and the gray landscape he was watching spread to the world in real time. Viewers would flock to it. Someone would come here to this forest and broadcast the next situation.

‘Let them warn the world of the dangers of Dulandal and Kyle.’

The moment that Resh started praying that, Mercedes rushed forward. Kyle’s followers pressed her at the same time, and even Mercedes couldn’t handle it. Her white hair and skin gradually turned red with blood.

‘No... It can’t...’

Mercedes was the one who helped him. She was also a legendary knight and Grid’s knight. He couldn’t let her die. He had to come back and help. He should do this, even if he couldn’t help.

‘Log out..’

Then it happened the moment that Resh shouted voluntarily, trying to hold out against the forced logout time. A lightning bolt slammed into the scene. It made Kyle’s electric current pointless. The true power of the lightning god penetrated Kyle, who had just recovered, and made him vomit.

The supreme...

The black-haired man, who broke through a player’s limits and rose to the point of transcendence, was finally witnessed by Resh.

#### [Chapter 1114](#)

With a body that generated electricity, Kyle was a mutant who gave off electric shocks when a person got near him, and he hadn’t been loved by anyone. It had been Emperor Juander who wanted him, even when his parents were reluctant to get close.

Kyle still remembered the bright faces of his parents as they willingly gave their child away. Having been reviled all his life, Kyle tried to shake off the sorrow and solitude caused by his parents and tried to be acknowledged by the teacher the emperor introduced him to.

After being abandoned by his teacher, he tried to raise his self-esteem that had fallen to the bottom. He worked alone to control his own power, and once he was finally able to control his power, he tried to live up to the emperor’s expectations. Kyle was overcome with great frustration and fear when he lost an arm to the Undefeated King’s descendant, but he tried to overcome it.

He thought his efforts were finally being repaid when he met the war god at the ruins in the Red Sea. The power gained in the midst of really great adversity—Kyle was intoxicated with it. He believed that becoming stronger was the only way to prove his value to the emperor, so he overcame his fear of the Undefeated King’s descendant.

Then he returned to the empire. Waiting for him was the news that the emperor had died. Kyle felt a moment of solitude that he believed he had shaken off a long time ago. The only thing that could sustain Kyle now was power. All he had left was the pride of the strong. Even so...

Even that was lost. He had lost in a place like this and received help from unknown people. If he died like this, it would really be the end. There would be no value in his birth. He would prove that his parent’s choice to abandon him had been right.

“All of you will die!!”

This time, he had to overcome himself. Only then could he move forward. Kyle believed this and consumed his Origin True Energy to recover, releasing all the electric currents in his body at once.

Following a massive explosion, lightning strikes dropped all over the place. Lightning fell to the ground and caused damage. It was a phenomenon that generated electrical discharge. In the end, it all came from electricity, and at this moment, Kyle was the source of dozens of lightning strikes.

It was like a god. Everyone at the scene was overwhelmed and terrified by Kyle.

'It is a great talent. There is a reason for the war god's love.' Even Lee Jeong marveled at Kyle's potential.

Kyle might still be immature at the moment, but in the very distant future, he would be rubbing shoulders with the Triad...

Lee Jeong was thinking this in the midst of the continuous lightning strikes and screams. Then an unusually loud sound of thunder was heard. The others didn't care, but Lee Jeong who had long reached transcendence sensed some danger.

"...!?" Lee Jeong turned his head to the source of the sound. An incandescent man had dropped to the ground and grabbed Kyle's neck. It was a miracle that he managed to tear through the storm of currents which made physical intervention impossible and pulled Kyle out.

"K-Keok!"

When did he get hit? Kyle struggled as he was held by the neck. The remnants of the currents, which had been torn apart, turned into a spear and returned to guard Kyle. Dozens of electric spears penetrated the unidentified monster. However, Kyle still couldn't breathe. The force in the hand holding his neck didn't loosen at all.

'He's fine?'

Why? No, even an attempt to figure out what was going on was a luxury right now. He had to survive first. Kyle transformed his body into electricity. He intended to escape from the hand that was holding his neck. Even so...

"...!!!" Kyle felt himself get extinguished the moment he turned into electricity. He was in pain like all the electricity he was made of was burning, and he had to stop his power hurriedly. Even the same electricity had a different voltage.

Kyle's electricity generation was based on his innate constitution. In the past, he encountered a strange fate and went to the East Continent to receive the blue dragon's favor. However, this electricity was ultimately generated through the medium of a human body, and the blue dragon only enhanced his natural strength.

In contrast, Grid processed and enhanced the Blue Dragon's Breath and assimilated the power of the blue dragon itself into the Arrogant Blue Dragon's Boots. If Kyle's electricity was 10,000 volts or 100,000 volts, then Grid's electricity—which drew on the power of the blue dragon who oversaw lightning and rain—was one million volts or 10 million volts.



If he had to make an analogy, it was easy to see it as the difference between Pikachu and Raichu. Kyle couldn't do any harm to Grid when he wore the Blue Dragon's Boots. A heavy and cold voice entered the ears of the confused Kyle, "It has been a while."

The shocked Kyle bit his tongue. His struggling body became limp, and an unidentified liquid dripped down. He had pissed himself. The god-like Kyle from a little while ago was gone. Kyle trembled. His newly regrown left arm was engulfed in a burning pain.

"..."

Could Grid handle all of the war god's followers and this person with half his health remaining during the duration of Lightning God? An unusual notification window appeared in the vision of the troubled Grid.

[The target has completely lost his will to fight.]

'As expected.'

His expectations from several experiences were confirmed at this moment. Kyle—he had been treated like a bug by Braham who borrowed Grid's body in the past. So, he equated Grid with Braham and still feared Grid. There was no resistance, and he didn't dare to even look at Grid.

"I'll look later."

There was no time to spare for an opponent who wasn't resisting. In many cases, it was virtually impossible to kill a durable named NPC. Grid let go of Kyle and turned his attention to the silent follower who was blindfolded and restrained. After observing the scene, Grid roughly grasped the situation and was furious with the follower above all else. Most of the wounds on Mercedes' body were bruises.

"You dared to harm my knight."

"...!" Lee Jeong's eyes widened under the blindfold. The identity of the person who quickly beat Kyle with overwhelming force was Mercedes' master?

'There is a reason why she worshipped her master like a god.'

His skin was becoming numb. This was the power of the blue dragon. Why did he witness a power, which he had seen while serving the expelled gods, in this place?

"...I see." Lee Jeong came up with a hypothesis. "You are allied with the expelled gods?"

"...?"

"It is ridiculous. They aren't the lanterns of humanity."

The expelled gods...

The beings that Grandmaster Zikfrector mentioned were emerging here? Grid moved. He couldn't miss this opportunity to get great information, so he acted quickly. Lightning God only lasted as long as the maximum speed was maintained. Grid had already reached the maximum speed, and he was fast enough to threaten the perfect transcendence.

The panicked Kyle gathered his electric currents and thunder echoed in the forest again. Lee Jeong allowed nine attacks to get through while Grid managed to complete his sword dance.

“Transcended Link Flower!”

‘Isn’t this swordsmanship...?’

Was this man someone who rode in the same boat as the expelled gods?

—!

In the new quiet that fell, dozens of sword energy blades descended on the iron binding Lee Jeong’s hands. Grid didn’t aim at the restraints. Rather, his attack was blocked by Lee Jeong raising the restraints. However, defense was pointless. This was followed by a thunderous sound again.

Lee Jeong’s body shook. The lightning property of the sword energy had electrocuted him. Yet, surprisingly, Lee Jeong counterattacked perfectly. His kick struck Grid’s temple. It was the moment when the willpower of a transcendent overcame the notion of a status condition and the senses of a transcendent overcame speed.

There was just one problem. It was pointless to take a lot of damage and fight back. Lee Jeong’s kick clearly hit Grid, but Grid didn’t receive any damage. Instead, Lee Jeong’s feet passed through Grid.

‘It is different.’

There were no imperfections. This was a lightning god. Lee Jeong was thinking this when he was struck by Pinnacle Kill. The bleeding Lee Jeong tried to escape, but his escape route had already been blocked by Grid.

“Really great!” Lee Jeong honestly felt admiration for Grid as he once again avoided Grid’s attacks. He counterattacked, but it was once again pointless.

“Transcended Link Kill Pinnacle.” Grid triggered all types of magic and sword energy as four sword dances were sublimated into one. It was a finishing blow.

Lee Jeong’s intuition warned him of danger. ‘I have to release my restraints...!’

He had made the wrong judgment. After all, he wasn’t the only one with experience. Lee Jeong realized in hindsight and resented the restraints he wore for training.

[The duration of Blackening is over.]

Grid slowed down dramatically.

[Lightning God has been turned off.]

The white light winding around Grid’s body disappeared. However, Grid wasn’t upset. He had been calculating the duration of the skill. Grid had already taken control of Lee Jeong and completed Transcended Link Pinnacle Kill. The skill would hit. Victory or defeat in this fight had already been decided.

Grid judged this and calmly swung the Enlightenment Sword.

“Black Death Light!” Lee Jeong was someone who fought evenly with Mercedes while wearing restraints. He wasn’t someone Grid could handle without the Lightning God state.

“...?!” Grid’s vision darkened. His body was baffled.

Flash!

A sharp light penetrated.

[You have suffered 145,900 damage!]

[The First King title effect is activated.]

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

[Tiramet’s Power belonging to the Rune of Darkness is activated.]

[If your health drops below 10%, 30% health will be restored in an instant.]

“Kuek...!”

It was the worst. Due to the loss of vision, Transcended Link Pinnacle Kill was canceled in the middle.

‘It took too much time to come here.’

He had arrived at the World Tree’s Forest through Mass Teleport. Then Grid witnessed the explosion that occurred in the distance and noticed that Asmophel had triggered the Power of the Number Two. He had been running since then. However, the forest was so wide that he had felt like he wouldn’t arrive on time. Then Mercedes set up a new chivalric code, and an explosion occurred. Grid used Blackening out of anxiety.

He had used this power because he couldn’t summon his knights without knowing the exact situation. This was the result. Defeat?

“You are fine after being hit with Black Kill Light?”

No. Asmophel and Mercedes did as Grid expected and recovered sufficiently while he was buying time.

“Your Majesty!”

Grid was surprised as he stood on his two feet. He saw two people running beside him. The red-hot Asmophel and the cold Mercedes were a perfect contrast. Grid moved with them.

“Tell me about the expelled gods!”

“K-Kuaaaack!”

The three different swordsmen flowed like a wave and slammed toward Lee Jeong.

## [Chapter 1115](#)

‘The seven malignant saints failed because they didn’t rely on the expelled gods.’

This was the confession of Grandmaster Zikfrector. He was insistent. In order to bring down the gods of the present, he had to meet the expelled gods. The way to meet them hid in the Abyss. What were the expelled gods? Grid was filled with intense curiosity. He vowed to explore the Abyss as soon as he had the power to raid the hydra.

“Tell me about the expelled gods!”

Then a war god follower he met by chance referred to the expelled gods. He even acted like he knew them well. Unlike the grandmaster, this person viewed them in a negative fashion.

Grid released Link with as much strength as possible. Dozens of energy blades struck but Lee Jeong used a mysterious way of protecting himself and blocked them all. No, he thought he blocked all of it.

‘What?’

Lee Jeong was surprised. A knife cut into a corner of his eyes hidden by the blindfold. There were a few additional scratches scattered around his body, causing him to bleed. It was the effect of every blow activating Braham’s Wind Cutter. Of course, the improved Wind Cutter was still weak in power. It couldn’t cause him to suffer at all. However, Lee Jeong was surprisingly shaken.

‘It is something I’ve never imagined.’

To think that swordsmanship and magic could be so harmonious...? It was something that no great martial artist or supreme magician could reproduce.

‘Is this the power of being overgeared?’

He had to admit it. This would surely be one of the ultimate combat techniques. He would’ve suffered a major loss if the power had been greater.

‘Catching a glimpse of the ultimate technique without the help of the war god...’

Lee Jeong became serious when he recalled Mercedes stating that her king was already like a god.

‘He is a harmful man.’

Grid must be killed here. If Lee Jeong didn’t completely cut down the bud here, it would be a huge threat one day. This was the moment when the confident Lee Jeong tried to counterattack after a series of strikes. He felt the heat. Then a great pain struck Lee Jeong’s back. Asmophel revealed his blooming swordsmanship, and his surprise attack was a success.

“Kuek...!”

[You have joined forces with people you absolutely trust!]

Caught in the heat that burned his intestines and evaporated his blood, Lee Jeong gritted his teeth and unleashed a new technique. He reached Grid in an instant and dug his fingers into Grid’s neck. The shield created by the First King title shattered in one blow.

“Shit!”

Where did such a person suddenly pop out from? Grid got goosebumps as he once again confirmed Lee Jeong's strength. Even so, he wasn't afraid. After all, he wasn't alone.

"Kuaaaaack!" Lee Jeong screamed as he tried to subdue Grid. It was because Mercedes' White Tiger Sword pierced his side.

[The player common hidden piece, 'Cooperative Skill' has activated!]

'Now!' Grid didn't miss the time that Mercedes earned for him.

He barely controlled his shaky vision and released a sword dance. "Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle!"

[The power of all skills have increased by 240% thanks to the Cooperative Skill!]

The Cooperative Skill was a hidden piece that occurred when linking skills with people he trusted. Grid had experienced this effect in the past with Piaro, Asmophel, and Maxong. Additionally, there was the achievement of being the first player to find it.

[You are the first person to uncover the existence of the Cooperative Skill.]

[The achievement has increased the power of your skill by 260%!]

The basic effect of Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle dealt 1,850% physical damage. It was an attack power that couldn't be ignored, even by great demons possessing high defense and health. Now it soared by several times due to the effect of the Cooperative Skill, and it was a damage that Lee Jeong couldn't afford when he was classified as an NPC, not a boss monster.

"...!" Lee Jeong couldn't even scream. He slammed to the ground, and his health gauge quickly fell to the bottom. He had already suffered critical injuries from dealing with Mercedes.

"Cough, cough...!" Lee Jeong coughed up blood. He dodged Mercedes' next linked attack and then shook off Asmophel. His eyes were fixed on Grid as he drank a potion with trembling hands. "Do you really know?"

"The expelled gods? I don't know. I wouldn't be asking if I knew."

"Kuk...! Kukukuk...!" Lee Jeong burst out laughing. He wasn't laughing at his situation. He was laughing at Grid. The heir to Pagma's Swordsmanship didn't know the identity of the expelled gods. What was funnier than that in this world?

Anyway, he was glad. This person didn't seem to be the minion of the expelled gods. Lee Jeong laughed and opened his mouth to continue speaking just before Grid's patience ran out, "Do you know that there is another continent beyond the Red Sea?"

Grid nodded. "If it is the East Continent, I've already been there."

"There is a place called the Hwan Kingdom."

"...?" Grid jumped with surprise.

"It is a nation ruled by immortal humans."

The yangbans. Perhaps...?

Lee Jeong smiled as he stared into Grid's wide eyes. "Yes, they are the expelled gods."

"W-Wait a minute." Grid had already experienced how the yangbans regarded humans as insignificant. Thus, he denied it. "There is no way. It isn't possible."

The reason why the seven malignant saints denied the gods and rebelled was the gods' original sins—jealousy, betrayal, deception, and so on. It was because the sins of the gods harmed humanity that the seven malignant saints fought. They were ultimately fighting to protect humanity. Was their hope the yangbans?

...The yangbans who enslaved and killed humans easily, unlike today's gods who gave the illusion of blessing and caring for humans? There was a constant ringing sound in Grid's ears. He was caught in extreme confusion and stared blankly at Lee Jeong. "That... Are you lying?"

"Hat...! Kuhahaha!" Lee Jeong laughed again. Mercedes witnessed Grid's red face and flew forward. Lee Jeong, who had released his restraints, blocked her attack. Both of his hands were freed now, making him much stronger.

"Didn't I say it? The expelled gods aren't the lanterns of humanity."

"..."

"They were just banished and deprived of their rights because they were weak. They aren't cast out noble beings who will defend humanity from the present gods."

"Then why are the seven malignant... The seven malignant saints are seeking their help..."

"Of course, they are seeking help. The seven malignant saints might've won the past war against the gods if they borrowed the expelled gods' power."

"...?"

"Did you say your name was Guldu?"

"Don't call My Liege's name so casually. First and foremost, his name is Grid, not Guldu."

"My pronunciation isn't good," Lee Jeong said, parrying the annoyed Mercedes' attack. Then he spoke again, "Guldu, I don't know who among the seven malignant saints you have met, but don't lose sight of the main point."

"...?"

"Did they say that the expelled gods were good?"

"...!"

There was no such thing. The grandmaster had merely stated that he could bring down the present gods by borrowing the power of the expelled gods. He never spoke about the tendencies of the expelled gods.

"The gods are all evil. This is just from the perspective of a human. If you raise a flower in a small pot and sometimes envy the peace of the flower or the beauty of the flower, are you evil? Are humans evil

when using plants as fertilizer? The history of this world and the events we will go through in the future are all just providence.

“...”

“However, one thing is certain.”

Lee Jeong was born in the East Continent. Like everyone else there, he had worshipped the yangbans as gods. He recalled the daily life he went through hundreds of years ago. The emotions he felt after reaching the end had only been anger and resentment.

“...The present gods are better than the expelled gods. It is easy to think of it as the difference between an owner who treats the growing plants well from time to time and an owner who constantly abuses the flower he is raising.”

“...”

It was an unpleasant metaphor. Still, it was so appropriate that it was a problem.

Lee Jeong stared at Grid, who had no answer. “You’re definitely... You aren’t the minion of the expelled gods. Then there is no reason for us to be enemies.”

“...”

“My name is Lee Jeong. I am one of the Triad who explored the mysteries presented by the war god. I will surely defeat the expelled gods with the ultimate martial arts. Definitely...”

What did he suffer because of the yangbans? A deep grudge could be felt from Lee Jeong. Well, it made sense when Grid thought of Garam’s personality.

The silent Grid finally asked, “The seven malignant saints—are they good?”

The grandmaster must know the tendencies of the yangbans. Nevertheless, he wanted to cooperate with them. His only reason was to bring down the present gods. Was it really an act for humanity? Rather, wasn’t it an act that endangered humanity?

Lee Jeong snorted at Grid’s question. “Didn’t you listen to everything I’ve said? In any case, it is a matter of your own judgment.

The distinction between good and evil varied depending on the position. Grid agreed. In the first place, the tendencies of the seven malignant saints had nothing to do with him. He had already chosen once. It was his choice to not become hostile with the gods.

“...Yes, I understand. Go on your way.” He wouldn’t take the time to chase Lee Jeong. After all, Grid had no confidence he could fight Lee Jeong and win without any sacrifices. “Oh, leave Kyle behind.”

“...”

Lee Jeong hesitated as he was going to take Kyle away. This person was going to stand in his way despite confirming through the conversation that they didn’t need to be enemies...?

“You are surprisingly unwise.”

Grid smiled at the hostile Lee Jeong.

“Our positions are different, right?”

Grid was reading the eyes of the surviving elves. There were a handful of survivors. They had once again been trampled on by humans and focused their anger on Kyle, not the followers of the war god. The culprit of this event was Kyle, so Grid had to hold Kyle accountable.

Lee Jeong determined he couldn't speak to Grid and glanced at Mercedes. “Tell your master. I don't know about the distant future, but you can't beat me right now.”

His restraints were released. Mercedes' Keen Insight would've been able to gauge his level. This fight was pointless. Lee Jeong was certain of this.

“Summon Knights. Piaro, Noll, Teruchan.”

“I have responded to My Liege's call.” A farmer holding a hand plow...

“Ah! I was asleep! Asleep!” A vampire with red potatoes in his mouth like a squirrel...

“Grruk. Underwear. Didn't take off. Grruk.” An orc wearing yellow underwear...

“...” The sudden appearance of these new figures forced Lee Jeong to change his attitude. In particular, he was wary of the farmer. “I understand... I will leave Kyle to you.”

“Good decision.”

“Che.” Had he ever experienced such humiliation since leaving the Hwan Kingdom? Lee Jeong clicked his tongue and was about to leave without Kyle when Grid stopped him.

“Finally, I want to ask you two more things.”

“What?”

“Do you know the Abyss?”

“Are you talking about the end of the world? I naturally know it. You have to go through there if you want to access the Hwan Kingdom without permission.”

‘So that was it.’ Grid nodded and asked the last question, “Are you planning to be active on the West Continent?”

It was the most important question. The followers of the war god were too strong. In particular, Lee Jeong was at least on the level of the grandmaster. There was a risk that the Overgeared Kingdom would be swept up in the aftermath if Lee Jeong were active on the West Continent.

Lee Jeong shook his head at the wary Grid. “I don't have time to play here. If we meet again, it will probably be in the East Continent beyond the Red Sea.”

There was no further conversation. Lee Jeong's consideration for Grid went up to here. He stepped on the air and quickly disappeared from Grid's field of view.

Meanwhile, Noll and Teruchan were fighting.



“Y-You—this orc dared to take away my food?”

“Raw liver. Gruruk. It tastes like that. Gruruk. Delicious!”

“Hey! I’m going to feed on your blood today!”

“...”

Grid was tired. He grabbed his head while Piaro reunited with his former colleagues. Then Skunk’s exhausted group belatedly arrived at the scene.

Kyle gave up on life and stood still. It was meaningless if he tried to flee because he was caught by Mercedes’ Keen Insight.

### [Chapter 1116](#)

“What? An orc is fine after my blood magic?”

“Grruk. It hurts. Vampire. Bad! Grruk!”

“A kid who hasn’t lost his baby fat shouldn’t talk back to me! I have lived hundreds of years longer than you!”

“A strong person. Gruruk. Adult!”

“This rude little bastard! Ack! My potatoes! Give me my potatoes!”

“.....”

The potato battle between Teruchan, who looked like an uncle in his mid-30s, and Noll, a beautiful teenager who seemed to be in his teens, intensified while Skunk’s party watched with bemused expressions. It was a confusing conversation where a vampire and carnivorous orc argued over a potato, so they thought it was a bug.

‘Is the red potato special...?’ Skunk’s group started to pay attention to the blood potatoes.

‘The Five Seniors and the Chiyou.’ Meanwhile, Grid was thinking about the organizational chart of the Hwan Kingdom. Garam and Pagma were yangbans of the Hwan Kingdom. On top of them were the Chiyou who passed the test and the Five Seniors they served.

‘First... I don’t think the average yangban are gods.’

Grid knew Garam and Pagma well. Their combat power was unique, especially when Pagma overwhelmed the great demons, but it wasn’t enough to be considered as a god. In Garam’s case, his specialty was ‘blindness’, and he had been caught off guard by Grid several times. A god wouldn’t be so clumsy. Additionally, Hexetia’s jealousy of Pagma was due to a ‘human’ threatening a god’s specialty. It was clear evidence that Pagma wasn’t a god.

‘The Five Seniors and the Chiyou are gods while those beneath them are the descendants of gods...?’

It was a reasonable guess. Grid got a chill down his spine as he thought about the two categories of yangban and the possibility that there was a king-like presence among the Five Seniors.

'It was a god's power.'

In the past, there was the sudden event of a hidden quest 'Call of the Heavens.' It was a massive quest for all blacksmith players, and Grid led 100 blacksmiths to the East Continent. He met Garam there and got in a predicament. At the time, Garam had said it was to catch him.

That's right. The quest that had attracted hundreds of thousands of blacksmiths had actually been a trap for Grid. Grid had been seduced by NPCs using quests. He had been going through it since becoming Pagma's Descendant, so it wasn't insignificant.

'It gives me goosebumps when I think about it now.'

It was impossible to create a quest of such magnitude unless they were a god. So, it was likely that Garam got the help of one of the Five Seniors to set the trap. The expelled gods already knew him, and they weren't favorable to him.

Grid felt a vague fear as he had a thought. If he didn't know the identity of the Abyss, he might've explored it successfully and entered the Hwan Kingdom. What would he have suffered? Just imagining it was horrible. He wanted to thank Lee Jeong.

'It is a strange fate.'

No matter how he thought about it, his relationship with the yangbans seemed to be negative. Garam wasn't the problem. Grid needed more strength. He needed information. One day, he might fall into a trap and face a crisis.

'I need to work harder.'

It wasn't the time to be relieved that he had passed level 400, and it wasn't the time to be satisfied that he had become transcendent.

'Can I make something like a mobile smithy?'

Due to the nature of his profession, Grid had to spend a lot of time stuck in a smithy. It meant he couldn't hunt often, leading to a low growth rate.

'I want to hunt and do blacksmithing at the same time.'

Of course, Grid had a portable furnace. It was just that one furnace couldn't create the complete environment of a smithy. There were obvious limitations to the type of items and the materials that could be used with the portable furnace. Therefore, it was less efficient to hunt and blacksmith at the same time. Then what if he had a portable smithy?

'What if I work in a smithy in the middle of the hunting ground while Noe and the God Hands sweep away the mobs?'

Grid's heart was pounding with excitement as he considered it. He thought it was quite feasible.

'Would it be enough to build a barrack in a big wagon?'

It would be just like a motorhome. As it happened, Grid knew a dexterous dwarf. Dwarf Ke had been caught by Grid after breaking into the castle and couldn't refuse Grid's request easily.

'It is a race that loves making things, so if I give a reasonable reward, he will work on it actively.'

"Your Majesty."

"Yes." Grid turned when he heard someone calling for him.

How long had they been waiting? There were three knights in uniform.

Piario introduced them, "In order, they are called Amelda, Kentrick, and Dante. During the time when Asmophel and I led the Red Knights, they were called the Fifth, Seventh, and Ninth Knights. Each one has a high reputation. They have lived rough lives and so might not know formalities well, but they are highly skilled and loyal."

"H-Hello, Your Majesty! Your Majesty! I've heard a lot about you!"

"I heard that you took care of Captain Piario and cleared our names. I am deeply grateful for your grace."

"It is an honor. This body of mine might be an old one, but if you give me a chance, I'd like to serve Your Majesty with all my heart."

"It is nice to meet you."

There was nothing happier in the world than getting new colleagues. These were former single digit knights. Still, Grid wasn't excited. He turned his gaze behind the three knights. Asmophel and Mercedes were visible. Mercedes had been helping Asmophel for months while he had wandered alone for years to collect old colleagues. Grid's heart throbbed at the sight of them in rags.

"Everyone has suffered."

Grid strode past the three knights toward Asmophel and Mercedes, hugging them tightly. He had trained hard over the years, so his chest was wide enough to accommodate two people at the same time.

"Thank you for coming back safely."

"...I'm glad to see you."

The embrace of the three people continued for a long time. Grid couldn't release strength from the arms hugging the two people, seemingly not wanting to let them go again. The emotions in his heart were felt by the two people.

"Your Majesty..."

"..."

Mercedes smiled as happily as a girl while Asmophel grimaced. Sinners didn't deserve to be happy. Amelda bowed her head as she watched from a distance. "A-Asmophel. How pitiful."

"..."

\*\*\*

Grid pulled out the King's Sword and observed the knights in turn.

[Name: Amelda

Age: 37 Gender: Female

Race: Human

Title: Geographer

\* Finds terrain that's favorable to your allies in any location.

\* Increases the terrain adaptability of your party by 100%.

\* Greatly increases the marching speed of the army.

Title: Chatterbox

\* Loves having conversations. Be sure to stutter the first word to demoralize the enemy and reduce their stats slightly.

\* There is a low probability of providing buffs when talking to allies.

Level: 435

Strength: 2,673 Stamina: 1,960

Agility: 2,300 Intelligence: 2,105

Skills: Empire's Swordsmanship (B), Genius in Swordsmanship (S), Geography (SS)

The Third Knight of the former Red Knights—she was the only daughter of a family that had produced the most renowned scholars for generations. She joined the Red Knights after showing exceptional talent in swordsmanship. Since then, she has achieved countless achievements in wars.]

In Amelda's case, her level was very low compared to Singuled. Considering that Singuled was the Second Knight and Mercedes' assessment that he was stronger than Asmophel, the level difference was too great. Singuled's level was already 455 when they first met a few years ago.

Additionally, Singuled possessed a large number of titles and skills specialized in combat, while Amelda was more unusual. She wasn't like a knight. In fact, she didn't look very strong. However, her total stats were extraordinarily high, and her ability to use geography as a commander seemed to be outstanding. Above all, the skill Genius in Swordsmanship was amazing.

[Genius in Swordsmanship]

[Skills that are classified as 'swordsmanship' can be learned without a skill book.

It is limited to a total of five types.

Currently learned swordsmanship (1/5): Empire's Swordsmanship.]

'What does it mean to learn skills without a skill book?'

Grid cocked his head as he realized something.

'Is teaching possible?'

Perhaps.

'Will she learn it if I teach her my sword dances?'

No, it was unlikely. It might be possible if Genius in Swordsmanship was an SS-grade skill, but it was only S-grade. She wouldn't be able to learn legendary skills.

Grid was reminded of Kraugel. 'Kraugel must've learned many sword techniques even before becoming a Sword Saint.'

What would happen if Kraugel taught Amelda?

'I heard there is even a swordsmanship that increases strength. If Amelda acquires that type of swordsmanship, she will overcome her shortcomings and become very strong.'

The question was whether Kraugel would help her.

'I'll ask next time.'

[Name: Kentrick

Age: 41 Gender: Male

Race: Human

Title: Knight of Annihilation

\* Increases physical attack by 15% and the attack power of single target skills by 50%. Deals more damage to enemies with greater health.

Title: Vanguard

\* Can wear all types of armor and the defense of equipped armor will increase by 10%.

\* Once you stand at the vanguard of the battle, you will gain a shield that is proportional to your maximum health.

\* In battle, the first target to be attacked will be hit unconditionally, and there will be a high chance of instantly killing them.

Level: 440

Strength: 3,820 Stamina: 2,190

Agility: 1,215 Intelligence: 503

Skills: Empire's Swordsmanship (B), Charge (A), Charge Command (S), Decapitation Cut (SS).

The Seventh Knight of the former Red Knights—his ability to sweep through the battlefield is unparalleled. Even Piaro gave up the vanguard when he was with him.]

[Name: Dante

Age: 73 Gender: Male

Race: Human

Title: Veteran

\* All attacks will deal a critical hit, and there is a high probability of triggering a weakness attack.

\* When attacking, 30% of the target's armor is ignored, and there is a low chance of disarming them.

Title: Vigorous Old Age

\* Always immune to critical hits and receives damage on behalf of nearby allies. Relieves 80% of the damage done to teammates.

Level: 480

Strength: 1,820 (▼) Stamina: 650 (▼)

Agility: 715 (▼) Intelligence: 1,503

★ This person's life is coming to an end.

Skills: Empire's Swordsmanship (S), Dotage Swordsmanship, Bodyguard (S), Reserve Strength (SS)]

The Ninth Knight of the former Red Knights—he is a power who mastered the foundations of the Empire's Swordsmanship and is a mentor to all the Red Knights.

He is a lot weaker now that he is old, but he often exhibits a surprising strength.]

“...”

It was good up to Kentrick. He thought he really got a jackpot. Then Grid's heart cooled down when he confirmed Dante's information. The phrase 'life is coming to an end' pierced Grid. He was forced to think of Khan. Grid took a deep breath and smiled as widely as possible to the three knights. "I am lacking but I will try not to shame you as your king."

"It is an honor, Your Majesty," the three knights answered vigorously as they fell to one knee. In the huge forest, the knight's pledge ceremony that was carried out under the golden sunlight wasn't shabby but rather solemn and sacred. The knights—who had been abandoned by their masters once already—pledged allegiance to a new master, and the new master pledged allegiance to them.

"Waaaaaaaah!" The Sword Knights cheered from their position.

'Crazy bastards.' Kyle clicked his tongue in a bewildered manner.

### [Chapter 1117](#)

Sunlight seeped into white hair and eyelashes, causing them to shine transparently like a snowfield. The pupils below it were a clear blue, like the sea under the clouds. There were no blemishes on the skin that seemed to be sprayed by white paint. The thick nose and pink lips were also in harmony, making people wonder if there was a more beautiful woman in the world.

-So pretty.

The viewers flocked to Resh's video the moment it went live. They were captivated by the sight of the white Mercedes on the screen. Both men and women were fascinated by her beauty and unaware of the situation in the video. Then suddenly...

-It is real...

The viewers were shocked. The battle between Mercedes and Lee Jeong was so high-level they could only see that it was 'over Grid'. Then Kyle suddenly awakened in a manner reminiscent of a final boss. Kyle's momentary presence was so fearsome that it gave the impression that even the famous legendary farmer was no match for Kyle.

-Ah, it is the end.

The audience groaned. Surrounded by Kyle and the followers, Mercedes quickly received serious injuries and became bloody. At this moment...

-Waaahhhhhhhh!

Demon King Grid appeared. His appearance of wielding lightning and pulling 'Final Boss Kyle' out of the current threatening Mercedes was more ferocious than any other predator. Then...

[email protected]!%#

Resh's livestream was over. Disconnecting at the most important moment? Did he want to record the video for himself and sell them later at a higher fee? Resh, who they thought was a chivalrous knight, had already become a broadcaster.

The reporters who heard the rumors rushed to the Forest of the World Tree.

\*\*\*

For a few minutes, Kyle had showed the grandeur of a final boss. Now he was reduced to a folding screen.

'Crazy bastards.'

The empire and Overgeared Kingdom were allies. However, the Sword Knights were direct knights under Dulandal and Dulandal was the traitor wanting to overthrow the current empire. The monstrous Grid was believed to have a deep relationship with Empress Basara. Overgeared King Grid was likely to be their enemy and the Sword Knights had to keep this in mind.

Yet they were cheering for Grid. They shouted at and thanked Grid for being cool when Amelda said she wouldn't betray her liege. They knew the identity of the person who cleared the former Red Knights was Grid. It was impossible for them to not know the circumstances now that Piaro and Asmophel served Grid.

"Hooray King Grid!"

"King Grid, please lead the seniors well...!"

The Sword Knights became knights because they admired the Red Knights of Piaro's era. In fact, they hadn't aimed their swords at Asmophel's party. They cheered on Asmophel's party, leaving the tyrant Kyle to struggle to the very end.

'Stupid, stupid. The extras in a third-rate play won't be as simple and flat as you.'

Kyle's ridicule increased. In his eyes, the Sword Knights were pathetic. It wasn't normal to support those who would be hostile to them. No, was there any need to discuss the distant future? Kyle had pushed Asmophel and Mercedes to the brink of death. By the way, Kyle was the commander-in-chief of the Sword Knights. Both Kyle and the Sword Knights were in a position to be executed by Grid right away.

'These idiots don't have a sense of reality...'

...No, wait. Kyle currently wasn't in a position to laugh at them.

"..."

The smirking Kyle soon bowed his head. His eyes were suddenly cold.

'I'm pathetic.'

It was a meaningless life. After losing one arm to Grid, he tried to become stronger but failed to achieve it. Rather than getting revenge, he couldn't even make eye contact properly and succumbed. Was there any other human in the world more pathetic than him? Certainly not. There were none worse than him among the 'significantly weak' he had previously dealt with. Even the elves and that knight called Resh had kept their convictions as they were killed.

On the other hand, he couldn't even get vengeance, let alone maintain his conviction. The power he accumulated had succumbed to fear. He even wanted to pee.

'At this age...'

He wanted to die. He wanted to clear the rumors even if he died.

"..."

The hands made of hard, cold metal. Kyle, who was restrained by self-moving golden hands, started to emit an electric current. His condition was the best since he recovered by consuming Origin True Energy. He had remained due to his fear of Grid but things had changed.

'I'm going to die.'

He became determined and was no longer afraid. Kyle shook off the God Hands by exploding the electric currents in his body and held a dagger in his hand. He tried to slam it into his neck.

There were ripples in the puddles of blood from the battle. They transformed into a pillar of blood and struck Kyle, restraining him from acting. It was an expression of blood magic that transcended common sense in all aspects of power and speed. A silver-haired boy growled as he bared his teeth to the flustered Kyle. "A prisoner shouldn't move arbitrarily."

'This is crazy.'



He couldn't even die at will? No, Grid had too many subordinates. From Asmophel, Mercedes, Piaro, the direct descendant vampire, and the orc lord...

Each one was an opponent that Kyle couldn't easily beat. In particular, that human Piaro... he wasn't human. His demonic talent had been seen since he was young.

Kyle was certain. 'I'm certain... Grid is truly the Undefeated King's descendant.'

Not only did this monster have the swordsmanship of the Undefeated King, he also used magic and the power of the blue dragon. He wasn't alone, unlike the Undefeated King. He had a number of minions, each of them powerful enough to single-handedly devastate a fortress. Revenge on Grid was impossible from the very beginning. It was a difference in force.

"...Yes, do whatever you want to me, whether it is to boil me or bake me."

He would accept it, no matter how terrible the torture. The moment Kyle realized this, he put everything down. He was determined to experience the miserable state of the weak.

"..."

Step.Step.

Grid was approaching. Kyle flinched and the current hovering around his body disappeared.

Step.Step.

Kyle's entire body trembled as Grid drew closer. The bladder and sphincter became loosened.

Grid asked the completely pale Kyle, "Is the war god hostile to me?"

Grid remembered the sudden quest that occurred at the Ruins of the War God.

[Follower of the War God, Kyle]

[Difficulty: SSS

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

Then he met the War God.

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

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

These were the contents. It had a difficulty of SSS so Grid couldn't easily forget it. Grid noted that Kyle had been 'commanded by the war god.' There were many sections that pricked him. Grid had done many things that might've offended the war god. Kyle grasped the intentions behind the question and shook his head.

"The war god, to you...!"

"..."

Kyle was so shaken that he bit his tongue. His pained and sweaty appearance as he bled from his mouth caused Grid to think, 'Braham is truly great.' Kyle was obviously a monster. The effect of the King's Sword was to observe his people and soldiers. In other words, it was impossible to see Kyle's details because it only worked on allies. Even so, Grid was certain.

This person was at least equal to Mercedes and Piaro. Yet this monster became a gentle sheep in front of Grid. No, it went beyond gentleness. Grid wasn't the great one. This was the butterfly effect caused by Braham. Grid would've died at least twice if Braham hadn't instilled trauma in Kyle. Grid was in thought when the still bleeding Kyle spoke, "T-The war god isn't hostile to you. He is interested..."

"Yet you tried to kill me because of the war god's order?"

"T-That..."

Kyle seemed to want to hide something. He kept mumbling as he kept avoiding Grid's gaze. Grid frowned with frustration. Then Kyle once again bit his tongue and barely maintained his grip on his bladder.

"I-I said I wanted to get revenge on you and that I would like to give it a try... that's it..."

"I see."

Grid was relieved after finding out the truth of the quest. He had no intention of becoming hostile to the gods. It was annoying and dangerous to have the hatred of Garam, who was only a 'descendant of a god'. What if he actually had the hatred of a god? It should never happen.

'Additionally, Kyle is special among the followers of the war god.'

Most war god followers had no sense of reason and were classified as monsters. On the other hand, Kyle was a super-named NPC and a follower. Lee Jeong, who was believed to have an important position among the war god followers, tried to protect Kyle to the very end. It could be seen from this that the war god had a pretty big liking towards Kyle. Of course, it was a type of liking when seeing a funny toy.

'In any case, I can be seen as being hostile to the war god if I kill this guy.'

He should avoid killing Kyle with his own hands as much as possible. Moreover, there was the most important fact.

'I don't have to kill him.'

Kyle's alignment was close to evil. He also threatened Asmophel and Mercedes. Yet Grid needed to maintain his composure. This wasn't an opponent to be emotional toward. Kyle's usefulness value was too high.

"Kyle." Grid thought about it a moment before speaking to Kyle, "You are a pillar of Saharan. I have no intention of harming you, despite the argument through a misunderstanding."

"...!?"

Kyle and the Sword Knights had shaky eyes. Meanwhile, all the knights on Grid's side were calm. Asmophel, who was about to die because of Kyle, was quiet and showed no signs of agitation. He has served Grid for a long time, and he has neither been dissatisfied with nor questioned Grid's decision.

In the end, Kyle was forced to ask a question, "What does that mean? It wasn't a misunderstanding. It was a conflict and you... Your Majesty, shouldn't you know better than anyone else? I tried to hurt Your Majesty's knights and even showed hostility to Your Majesty..."

"Aren't they all safe?"

Kyle was afraid of Grid. It was because of this deep-rooted fear that he couldn't disobey Grid. In fact, Grid had experienced it many times. Grid was convinced that he could control Kyle. Grid smiled as widely as possible. He reproduced Braham's arrogant personality.

"You can forget about the past and do well in the future. If another misunderstanding causes you to make the same mistake... I'll cut off all your limbs and then cut off the ones that grow back. Therefore, keep your head straight."

"H-Heok! U-Understood! I will keep that in mind!!"

The terrified Kyle hurriedly bowed. The pride of the person who coveted the ultimate martial arts? There was no need for that. Kyle was faithful to the providence of power. What pride was needed against the strongest person he couldn't fight?

Thus, War God Follower Kyle virtually became Grid's minion. It was a snowball effect created by Braham.

#### [Chapter 1118](#)

"Pant. Pant."

Resh was swept away by the explosion. The moment he resurrected, he started running back to the World Tree's Forest. Naturally, he knew that he couldn't help even if he went there. It might even be too late by the time he arrived.

'However.'

Resh didn't worry about his stamina. Arriving at the forest was his task so he ran constantly.

'I have to catch Kyle's eye for a moment to create a gap.'

It would be a very small gap. Still, that variable could be a strength for someone. Of course, it was too optimistic. Nevertheless, it was the right thing to do even if there was only a 0.01% chance. This was a knight.

"Grid!"

Resh shouted once he finally arrived at the World Tree's Forest.

"Mercedes!"

His voice grew louder as he followed the traces of destruction and approached the scene of the battle.

"Asmophel!"

Resh was desperate. Lee Jeong and Kyle were monsters. It might be different if the battle was with Lee Jeong and Mercedes alone, but Kyle was resurrected. They would never be easy opponents for Grid.

“Grid...!”

Resh prayed. He prayed and prayed for them to be safe. Then suddenly...

“Ah...”

He arrived at the scene, and then he saw it.

“I will keep that in mind!!”

Kyle was bowing in front of Grid.

“...??”

“Eh? It is Resh.”

What was this? Grid’s group was intact, the war god followers had disappeared without a trace, and Kyle was lying flat on his face. Grid waved to Resh, who was stunned by the unexpected sight. “Resh, were you acting with them?”

Grid knew that Resh was Dulandal’s knight. He had heard the story in person and after exploring the Abyss with Resh and Coke, Grid knew that Resh had opened up affinity with Dulandal as part of the quest reward.

“That’s correct. I, also, the elves...”

Resh didn’t say many words. It was Dulandal’s command and Kyle’s coercion that forced him to invade the forest. He couldn’t bear to hurt the elves. Resh didn’t make these excuses. He had chosen to be Dulandal’s knight and it was true that he killed the elves in the other small forests before arriving here at the World Tree’s Forest.

“...”

Resh lowered his head. He was heartbroken when he saw the miserable faces of the elf survivors, who had no more than 10 people left. Then an unexpected person came to Resh’s side. It was one of the surviving elves. Once again, she had lost precious friends and family to humans. She hated and cursed humans yet she held Resh’s trembling hands.

“Thank you, Human.”

“...What?”

Resh’s mind was blank. Why was she thanking him?

“I... I hurt your kin before coming here.” Resh confessed. He was prepared to be blamed and resented, yet the elf only held his hand tighter.

“You must be in emotional pain. You are sad. You helped us because you didn’t want to repeat the same regret.”

“...”

It was an unexpected comfort.

Mercedes spoke to the very flustered Resh, “I heard your shout from a distance. That’s how we were able to notice and run here. In the end, the one who saved them is you.”

The 12 Te didn’t show up to the scene until the end. The World Tree’s Forest might be wide and the number of elves was small, meaning they couldn’t react quickly to certain situations. However, it reached a stage where excuses could no longer be given. The benefactors of the surviving elves were humans, not their fellow elves. It was Resh as well.

“...”

Resh’s eyes were red and he was unable to open his mouth. He was grateful that he was able to slightly help the elves and was moved by Mercedes returning the achievement to him.

“You have suffered, Knight.”

Grid smiled as he roughly grasped what happened and shook Resh’s hand. Resh felt all types of emotions surging in his heart. He clutched Grid’s big hand tightly and started to sob.

“Thank you... Thank you...”

He was able to keep his conviction as a knight. His beliefs had helped someone. Resh was comforted by this fact and his heart gradually healed.

“Excuse me...”

A new person approached Resh’s side. Resh was terrified after seeing him. A murderer who was deeply intoxicated with the providence of power. Even so, his fearsome skills were undeniable. Kyle, the lightning god, was approaching Resh’s side.

“Keuk...!”

Resh reflexively pulled out his sword.

“I’m sorry.” Kyle was one step ahead and bowed his head. “I-I didn’t know you were King Grid’s friend and dared to be rude...”

Grid’s attitude towards Resh was very friendly. At first glance, Grid liked Resh. For Kyle, who had killed Resh like a bug, he had to quickly deal with this matter.

‘What horrible things did he experience...’

Resh was shocked. Kyle’s attitude and tone had completely changed in a short period of time. Kyle glanced at Grid. “That... King Grid, do I just go back?”

“Um...”

Grid briefly looked around at the elves. He felt a bit sorry for the elves if he sent Kyle away like this. Still, what could he do? The elves’ grudge against Kyle would have to be repaid by themselves. Grid nodded after a moment of distress. He was conscious of the Sword Knights and whispered secretly into Kyle’s

ear, "Observe the dynamics of the Abyss and Dulandal. If they ever want to harm the Overgeared Kingdom... you understand?"

"O-Of course. I will immediately rush out and report to Your Majesty."

"Good."

Grid nodded and Kyle left without looking back. It was almost like he was running away. Grid ordered the Sword Knights to return and finally faced Resh. "Resh, I'm ready to welcome you to the Overgeared Guild at any time."

"I'm still lacking a lot."

Resh politely refused. He was very grateful and honored by Grid's proposal but hadn't he experienced it today and in the Abyss? He was too weak. He didn't deserve to be at the place where the strong roared.

"More than anything else..." A bitter smile spread on Resh's face. "...I already have a master."

Prince Dulandal was a person lacking in character. Nevertheless, he was dangerous because of his strong power. He would certainly create a big disturbance. He might even send Resh on such a terrible mission again. Nevertheless, Resh couldn't betray his master. It was because he was a knight.

"I will focus on my growth from today onward." Resh was determined. "I'll definitely become stronger and qualify to speak to Dulandal. I think that if I stay near Prince Dulandal, it would definitely benefit the Overgeared Kingdom."

"I will look forward to it."

'You will surely do it because your talent and will are great.'

Grid swallowed back these words. He thought it might put a strain on Resh.

"Then I'm going now." Resh finally left.

"Why didn't anyone help?"

Mercedes got straight to the point. She knew the elves' circumstances. Their population was small, they were faithful to their duties and didn't easily get involved in the business of others. In particular, the 12 Te were supposed to defend their kin. They didn't intervene in the events that occurred at the edges of the forest, yet they still didn't come despite how severe the case was this time. The battle had lasted for a long time and there were all types of damages and sacrificed guards, but the 12 Te didn't appear.

Mercedes' expression was dark. "Did something happen to them?"

"That isn't the case." Grid could infer the cause. "I'm sure they're afraid."

"Afraid?"

It might not look like it since they were trampled every time but the elves were a strong race. In particular, the 12 Te were outstanding enough that even Mercedes couldn't take them lightly. Why did they hide deep in the forest and ignore their kin?

It happened when Mercedes was questioning it...

“The 12 Te aren’t cowards,” the elves stepped forward and clarified. “They just stayed away at the command of Mother World Tree.”

“I see. It was the order of the world tree.”

“Your Majesty... if you don’t mind, I’d like to know the details.”

“Yes, it has to do with why I came here. Among the ancient species, there is a guy called the rafflesia who ate Beniyaru.”

“Is Beniyaru one of the 12 Te?”

She was eaten? Then the others of the 12 Te were also in danger?

‘It means they can’t fight even if the 12 Te are united...’

It meant the rafflesia was stronger than the cave cricket. Mercedes gulped. She had barely fought the cave cricket by exhausting her Origin True Energy. How much sacrifice would she have to make to face the rafflesia. She was honestly nervous and afraid.

“Your Majesty, did the world tree ask you to fight the rafflesia? Please refuse the request. I don’t want Your Majesty to die.”

Mercedes expressed her anger. She resented and blamed the world tree for asking Grid to fight against a monster even the 12 Te couldn’t kill. Grid hurriedly waved his hands. “I was simply asked to search for it, not to fight. That’s why I brought those people.”

Grid introduced Skunk’s group. It was a group of hundreds of explorers, centered around the number one explorer, Skunk. They were dazzled by the beauty of Mercedes but quickly came to their senses to greet her.

“It is an honor to meet you, Mercedes.”

Grid explained, “The rafflesia is a race that seduces people who harbor darkness in their hearts. Mercedes, you know that there is a deep darkness in the hearts of the elves.”

Skunk added, “In an ancient botanical book that we discovered during a past exploration, the rafflesia is called a ‘flower that blooms in the ground.’ It whispers secretly to its prey, manipulating them and luring them before swallowing them.”

This was why the 12 Te were shut up—the rafflesia is the perfect counter for elves as it could hide its appearance and devour them.

“That’s why...” Grid turned his attention to Asmophel and Amelda. They were just like the elves. They were hurt and had as much darkness in their hearts as the elves, meaning they were inevitably vulnerable to the rafflesia. “Asmophel, I’m sorry but you must go back to the capital first.”

“...Yes, I understand.” Asmophel barely managed to answer. It wasn’t enough that he lost to Kyle. This time, he wasn’t helpful to his liege at all and this made him feel sorry.

“Noll, you too.”

“...Che, I know.”

Noll also followed orders.

“Then...”

Grid looked for Piaro last. Piaro was wounded more than anyone else and couldn't accompany Grid in the rafflesia search. Mercedes and Orc Lord Teruchan were the only ones who could be used in the search. Grid was trying to find Piaro when he became alarmed.

“What? Where is he?”

Piaro couldn't be seen. It seemed he had been absent for a long time.

“Don't tell me?”

The people started to shake. It was shortly after they had learned about the rafflesia's terrifying power so they imagined the worst.

“N-No way, Captain was beaten?”

“N-No! Piaro! Piaro!”

Amelda's group panicked. Their captain, who they had just reunited with, was beaten? They hadn't even untangled their complicated thoughts yet. It happened as Amelda's party almost started crying...

“My Liege! My Liege!”

Piaro's cry was heard in the distance.

“Heok!”

Fortunately, he was still safe? A short time later, the running Grid and the others found Piaro. Piaro had become dirty and was carrying a huge and strange flower on his shoulder that measured five meters in size.

“My Liege! I found a strange plant!”

“...”

Grid was speechless.

The rafflesia. It was the name of the plant that Piaro carried. That's right. After Emperor Juander's death, Piaro's heart was no longer dark.

“There was something strange about the ground and dug at it with a hand plow. Then I found this guy sleeping. Isn't it really cute?”

“...”

“W-Why is Captain holding a hand plow?”

Amelda's question made the atmosphere become even more awkward.

[Chapter 1119](#)



“W-Why is Captain holding a hand plow?”

“Piaro is a farmer.”

“Y-You’re retired...”

Amelda had experienced firsthand over the past decades about how terrible and precarious the life of a fugitive was. Broken limbs were a common occurrence, and she had crossed the road of death many times. Piaro was the main traitor, so his life must’ve been more terrible than theirs...

‘He would’ve been seriously injured. He can’t hold a sword again...’

Tears welled up in Amelda’s eyes. She resented Mercedes’s good-will lies in which she had said Piaro was well. Mercedes should have been honest, no matter how harsh the truth was. Then she would’ve been mentally prepared.

Flinch.

Amelda temporarily lost her mind in the midst of this absurd situation. She was shedding tears like chicken poop when the rafflesia on Piaro’s shoulder moved. It started to struggle frantically.

-Puraaaaaaaah!

“Ugh!”

The rafflesia glowed as it screamed, and Grid’s face paled. The scream tore at his ears, and the horrible stench caused all sorts of status abnormalities.

“He woke up surrounded by ugly people, so it is natural for it to be frightened.” Noll clicked his tongue like he understood the rafflesia’s reaction.

By then, Noll had already fled far away. The vampires were a race with well-developed olfactory senses, and he simply couldn’t stand the stench of the rafflesia. Grid and Mercedes were at the forefront of the group. A black-haired man with fierce eyes and a white-haired woman with calm eyes pulled out their swords at the same time, looking strangely well-matched.

“Devote yourself to recovery. Teruchan, you retreat as far as Noll.”

“Grruk. A warrior doesn’t run away... Kweek.”

“Teruchan has fainted!”

“My Liege, leave him to me and concentrate on the enemy in front of you.”

“I will trust you, Asmophel.”

Grid stared at the rafflesia and left his confused colleagues behind.

‘This is our chance.’

Piaro had said it. He had dug at the ground while the rafflesia was sleeping. Noll had spoken about how flustered it would be to see the handsome Grid after waking up. That’s right. The rafflesia was relatively unprotected. Now was the time to decide the winner and loser.

Mercedes nodded when she read Grid's gaze. They recalled their fighting sense and were about to jump forward at the same time.

"Huhu, you are surprised." Piaro smiled graciously and stroked the head (?) of the rafflesia. Then something amazing happened.

-Purah...? The rafflesia stopped screaming. The mouth full of sharp teeth dropped open, and it cocked its head (?) in a puzzled manner as it was stroked by Piaro.

"Cute guy. Don't worry. No one will hurt you. Huh?" Piaro's expression stiffened. He found that the thickness of the rafflesia's stem wasn't uniform and that one part was swollen. "Oh, did you eat something wrong?"

-Pura? The rafflesia was baffled by the warm touch it felt for the first time and shook its head. This fellow couldn't understand the human language at all. Still, the rafflesia could feel it for some reason. This human being was worried about it... No, he was trying to kill it.

-Kieeeeeek! The vigilant rafflesia screamed. It was because Piaro suddenly squeezed its neck (?).

"Just put up with it a little bit. Kuoong!" Piaro whispered to the frantically struggling rafflesia while holding its stem, putting strength into his arms and back as he squeezed to the point of turning red. Piaro folded his waist backward and put the rafflesia upside down on the ground. It was an impeccable German suplex.

"...?"

"...?"

Piaro had treated the rafflesia kindly, so Grid and Mercedes stopped their attack in a baffled manner. Doing a German suplex after assuring it that no one would hurt it...?

'Is this a new monster-hunting strategy?'

Of course, this method worked because it was a plant-type monster. Piaro was a legendary farmer and could interact with plants, so he might've used this ability.

'Is it efficient?'

Grid should also try it. The moment that he thought this...

Cough, cough!

Waves started to occur in the stem of the upside-down rafflesia. A foreign substance in the stem moved little by little and reached the petals of the rafflesia.

"Good. You've endured it well," Piaro praised the rafflesia and once again embraced the stem, pulling it out of the ground. Then the stem tightened and something amazing happened.

-Purururururur! The rafflesia screamed and started to vomit. A foreign matter emerged from the stem and along with a rancid essence. The identity of the foreign matter was just as Grid expected.

"Beniyaru!"

Beniyaru of the 12 Te had been eaten by the rafflesia. She was covered by a sticky white liquid as she woke up.

“Huh...”

Piario took off his clothes and covered the naked Beniyaru. He then placed the staggering rafflesia, who had lost its nutrients, onto his shoulder and supported Beniyaru at the same time.

“Are you okay?”

“You...”

The smell of warm soil, a strong voice that was like the roots of a giant tree, and eyes as gentle as the sun in the sky...

Beniyaru naturally knew this person’s identity.

“Piario...”

A ‘real man’ who was unlike the weak and despicable elf men... A person who showed things through action, not words—he had saved her once again. Beniyaru was embraced by Piario’s wide chest and started to cry. She wasn’t ashamed that a member of the 12 Te had been saved by a human. Rather, she just wanted to lean on someone at least once.

“...” Piario silently patted Beniyaru’s back. A woman who had repeatedly suffered pain over the years—she had been pretending to be strong, but today she was exceptionally pitiful to Piario.

Meanwhile, Grid was facing a notification window.

[The quest ‘Search’ has been cleared.]

[Affinity with the world tree has risen slightly as a reward for clearing the quest. There is a feeling that it won’t be long before you receive a new blessing from the world tree.]

[You have reached the maximum affinity with Beniyaru as a reward for clearing the quest. Beniyaru will listen to anything all your requests. The only exception is a proposal.]

‘Is this good?’

Who was the one proposing? Maybe she was overly conscious because of her looks. She was slightly less pretty than Mercedes. Grid inwardly grumbled due to his pride before bursting out laughing.

‘Why would I go after Piario’s girl in the first place?’

Grid saw the way Piario was holding Beniyaru tightly in his arms.

‘Now it is really... It is good now.’

There was a warm smile on Grid’s face as infinite emotions and happiness filled his heart. Piario, who had been bound by vengeance in the past, wanted to start loving again. Grid would support Piario as his king, friend, and disciple.

‘Khan.’

Grid looked up at the blue sky. It was to hide his flowing tears.

'Are you watching?'

They were living with the warmth of the heart Khan had left behind.

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In the elf village, the always barefoot elves hugged Beniyaru, who had returned safely. In particular, a female elf with a round face was crying with a runny nose. It was Deruyaru. Unlike the other members of the 12 Te, she didn't care about her dignity.

"The reason the rafflesia only appears in the world the moment it catches its prey is because it is dangerous to be exposed to the air for a long time. They are forced to live deep in the ground. Their hunting opportunities are few, so they spend as much time digesting the prey as possible. It is safe to say they are always in hibernation apart from when capturing prey."

Deruyaru explained why Beniyaru was able to survive despite being eaten by the rafflesia.

"It hasn't gone extinct for a long time due to its caution and habit of hibernation."

"Huh, poor child."

-Pura...

Grid was convinced by the new facts while Piaro looked relaxed. He stroked the rafflesia on his shoulder.

...No, was it going to die? Grid noticed that the leaves of the rafflesia were noticeably withered. A monster dropped experience and items after death. This was good for Grid but what about Piaro? The moment that Grid thought this...

"My Liege," Piaro spoke with a serious expression, "I have a request."

"A request?" Grid snorted like a bull. This was a request from Piaro, who was always sacrificing himself. Grid was happy and excited because he took it as proof that Piaro had completely opened his heart. "Just say it. I'll listen to all your requests."

Gulp. Beniyaru didn't know why, but she swallowed her saliva. It seemed she was expecting something.

Piaro hesitated for a long time before saying, "I want to take this child to the Overgeared Kingdom and raise him."

"..." Beniyaru's expression cooled down.

Grid was flustered. "A man-eating plant?"

"He is a very intelligent child. He won't hurt people if I educate him well."

"Why do you want to raise it?"

"That... Hum hum, he is a tough child who lives in the ground. This child obviously has the ability to adapt to the soil he is rooted in, and the change will surely be positive. The fact that the World Tree's Forest is called the largest and most fertile land in the world is evidence of this."

“Isn’t the land here fertile due to the world tree?”

“...Additionally, if I educate this child, it can act against intruders. It will be the protector of the farmers.”

“Yes.”

“...Huh?”

“Raise it.”

“C-Can Captain really raise a monster?”

“Won’t you educate it thoroughly? I believe in you.”

“My Liege...!”

Piaro’s real intentions had already been revealed. So cute. That’s what he wanted to raise it. This was sufficient for Grid. To be honest, Grid couldn’t understand this person’s taste, but he wanted to listen to Piaro’s wishes. He wished for Piaro to be happy from now on. Just then...

-It might seem ugly from a human point of view, but the rafflesia is a good child, unlike his appearance. In the first place, he guards the forest against evil-minded intruders, the world tree voice echoed. Her (?) warm voice restored the spirit and stamina of Grid’s group that had gone through many incidents. -He has been lonely for a long time, but it is good that he has now met a kind master.

“Ah.”

This was why the world tree wanted to find the rafflesia rather than killing it. Grid was feeling enlightened when the world tree spoke.

-Thank you. The Hero King saves my children every time. I have many expectations for you.

“...”

The words that would’ve been a compliment in the past just added a burden on Grid’s shoulders. The Goddess of Light had built the land above the roots of the world tree. How happy would he have been to be praised by the mother-like being involved in the creation of the world? However, today’s Grid was calm.

“My dear colleagues almost died.” Grid had something he wanted to say. “I know that you cherish the elves with a mother’s heart. I am naturally grateful to be able to help Mother and the elves. Despite this, I refuse to be sacrificed by the elves’ actions.”

“...” All the elves shouting about the disrespect to their mother fell silent.

They noticed what Grid was trying to say.

“The elves occupied all the forests in the continent, and the human forces started to fight back, sweeping us up in it. Of course, I know why the elves occupied the forests. You wanted to defend the nature that has been exploited by humans for human years and to call out the rights of the elves. You wanted to create a place for conversation with the humans. But what was the result?”

Violence called for more violence. The elves' lack of sociality was something that should never be overlooked.

Remiyaru, one of the 12 Te, stepped forward. "Our hero and benefactor, what is it that you want to say?"

The question came from pure curiosity rather than antipathy. Grid's answer was simple. "In the future, the elves should report to me before they do anything."

"What..." The elves were agitated. This was no different from a subjugation. It was similar to the attitude of the Saharan Empire in the distant past.

"Are you going to set the policy of the elves?"

"No, I just want to give you some advice. There are many smart people around me. They will be able to give you a better direction."

"..."

The elves had experienced working with Grid once and knew it instantly. The current Grid wasn't speaking falsehoods. There were no pretensions. He was doing this for the elves. Furthermore, he was just giving them a suggestion.

Deruyaru nodded in response. "I think it is good!"

Beniyaru agreed. "We can't act like this anymore."

The other elves had similar reactions.

"We don't know humans."

"Wouldn't it be better to establish formal diplomatic relations?"

"I wish to reside in the Overgeared Kingdom for a mutual exchange."

"Beniyaru yourself?"

"Yes, that is what I wish for."

"..."

Grid had a hunch that he would gain new colleagues.

## [Chapter 1120](#)

"I heard that the 12 Te are the heads of the family. Can you leave your position?"

Piario was different from Grid. They naturally had to be different. Grid was born as a single person while Piario was a hero who had been loved by beautiful women. He had gotten married after a long relationship and had a family.

"I have been wandering about during the past few years, so my family was well-maintained even after I went into the rafflesia's stomach. My family won't be harmed in my absence."

“You’ve nurtured your successor.”

“Huhut, that’s right.”

The 12 Te each had a successor, with the exception of the young Deruyaru. Additionally, the capabilities of their successors were superior to Deruyaru’s. Apart from Deruyaru, the rest of the Te had been educated by the ‘male elves.’ Meanwhile, Deruyaru and their successors had been educated by the ‘female elves.’

“Then I can take you away with peace of mind.”

“Huh?” Beniyaru had been bitterly smiling as she thought of those despicable men who sold their kin because they were weak and lazy. Then her ears pricked up.

Piaro’s deep gaze was focused on her. “I like you. I will surely take away your heart so that you can completely settle in the Overgeared Kingdom.”

Piaro knew that Beniyaru liked him. It was just difficult for her to confess her heart first when considering the nature of the elves. That’s why he pretended not to know Beniyaru’s heart and said he would take her away.

“Y-You...” Beniyaru blushed. Her pointed ears flapped like butterfly wings. It seemed to be a habit for them to come out when flustered. “Are you serious? Even though I’m an elf and you are a human?”

“What is the relationship between races when it comes to love? I like you. I may have a shorter life than you, but I will cherish you more because of the short amount of time I have. I will love you and be happy with you.”

Piaro had seen Beniyaru’s pitiful eyes and peeped into the darkness lying deep in her heart. He learned that her wounds were as deep as the ones he once had. Piaro wanted to teach her that even the deepest wounds could be erased. They could be happy again. They deserved to be happy. This wasn’t an emotion derived from cheap compassion.

“My heart is so dark that you have become deluded. I’m sorry.”

Beniyaru had been eaten by the rafflesia. She didn’t blame the rafflesia for eating her. It was natural. What would it mean if she condemned and resented instinctive behavior? Moreover, her face was beautiful, and her habit of trying to look strong was cute.

Piaro really liked Beniyaru. He wanted to know her more and be happy together.

“You will fall in love with me,” Piaro said with a warm and quiet voice. However, the strength in his voice shook Beniyaru’s heart.

Beniyaru’s ears reddened as she lowered her head without looking at Piaro. “O-Okay. Let’s see what will happen.”

‘What?’ Grid shook his head as he watched Piaro and Beniyaru. So did the Overgeared Kingdom and the elves form an alliance or not? They were in the middle of an alliance formation, but it progressed to a proposal?

Ah, really...

'Isn't this too cool?'

Piario's faithfulness to love, regardless of time and place, inspired Grid. Grid thought that Piario was really cool. In particular, he liked Piario's courage to not be afraid despite knowing he and Beniyaru had different lifespans.

'It is a short time, so he cherishes it even more...'

Grid was filled with regret. His lifespan was different from Irene, so he regretted that he sometimes showed a sad expression in front of her. He felt sorry for Irene because he felt he hurt her more than reassured her.

'From now on, I will be like Piario...'

He shouldn't resent the different lifespans. Rather, he should cherish every moment and send her away faithfully. He should reassure Irene with a bright expression and love her so that she couldn't even feel grief.

Grid glanced at Mercedes. "..."

Surprisingly, Mercedes had a girlish expression on her face. She wasn't a legendary knight when she watched Piario and Beniyaru. Instead, she was also a girl who dreamed of love. Additionally, the person she had in mind was none other than Grid. Grid also liked her. Mercedes was everyone's role model and a strong knight. He couldn't hate this beautiful woman who was loyal to her ideals. Putting all that aside, Grid had liked Mercedes at first sight.

"Mercedes."

"Yes, My Liege," the startled Mercedes replied with a serious expression.

"That..." Grid blushed. He wanted to say something, but his mouth didn't open easily.

"..." Mercedes waited for the hesitating Grid. As always, her eyes were gentle.

"I..." Grid was encouraged by Mercedes' eyes and broke through his hesitation. He learned from Piario and became honest, being faithful to the moment. "I want to love Irene and have no regrets."

"You are cool, Your Majesty."

To cherish and love one's companion was the right thing to do. Mercedes nodded with a pleased smile. Then she doubted her ears as she blushed.

"I also want to do the same with you."

"...Huh?"

"However, how can I share love with two people at the same time? I'm not sure yet. So give me a bit more time."

"..."



Mercedes had a personality different from Sua. She had gone through a number of events with Grid and loved Grid, but she didn't dare confess her heart to her liege.

"T-That..." Mercedes stuttered for a moment before stepping back. Her eyes spun.

'He knows that I like him?'

Was she so obvious about it?

'I-I'm embarrassed.'

Duguen duguen!

Her heart seemed like it was going to burst. Mercedes didn't know what to do for a long time and stared straight at Grid. It was just that the position of her left eye and right eye were slightly different. Her face was looking at Grid, but her eyes were turned away from Grid. She was so nervous and embarrassed that she couldn't look him in the eyes.

"...I-I'll wait. I'll wait until I die!"

"..."

So cute. Mercedes looked very cute as she clenched her fists and closed her eyes. Hot steam rose above the red faces of Grid and Mercedes.

On the other hand...

"I-It is a country with loose morals."

"Let's call it a free ethos."

"..."

A knight and a king were exchanging confessions while negotiating with another nation...? Amelda's group were shocked because they had never seen it before and never imagined it either. It was to the point where they had nothing to say.

Meanwhile, Skunk's group was smiling. It was a warm and pleasant smile, not filled with frivolous ridicule.

"Grid is surprisingly pure."

"Haha, that's right."

Power seduced people. People had been clamoring that Grid, as the first king among players, would naturally use his power and enjoy many concubines. There was no reason not to when he could do anything he wanted. Yet this wasn't the case. Grid pursued a true relationship without indulging in pleasure. He was so pure that it was hard to see him as a devil who caused great slaughter every time he was angry.

'He has many people following him because of such a personality.'

People who knew the value of relationships...

Skunk's liking toward Grid rose dramatically.

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The negotiations with Grid ended, and the elves held a grand feast for Grid's group. Bonfires were lit all over the village, and fruit, fruit wine, and vegetables were served. Grid was treated with so much gratitude that he lost his appetite.

"Excuse me, Mother." Grid, who had been sitting beside Mercedes and drinking, quietly approached the world tree. His tone toward the world tree was becoming increasingly casual. He knew there was a close relationship between the world tree and the gods, but he judged that the world tree was reliable. The gods looked down on humanity from Heaven while the world tree had always been with humanity and cared for humanity.

According to Lauel, famine was a divine punishment, and abundance was a blessing from the world tree. In fact, Grid had experienced the favor of the world tree, so he trusted the world tree.

-Yes, say it.

"Can you arrange an elemental contract for my knights?"

The world tree already favored Grid. In addition to Grid, all the existing Overgeared members were blessed and were able to contract with the elementals. Yet Mercedes and his other knights hadn't been given a blessing. At the time, Grid hadn't dared to ask for more, but now his position had changed.

Asmophel, Mercedes, and Amelda had fought to protect the elves while Piaro had saved Beniyaru and the rafflesia. Grid thought they deserved to be blessed by the world tree. Yet the world tree unexpectedly declined, -It seems a bit hard.

"Why?"

One of the branches of the world tree moved. The branch pointed to Piaro.

-He is sympathetic to nature itself. The elementals that are a part of nature are meaningless in front of him.

"What about the elemental kings?"

-The elemental kings are still a party of nature. They might be able to give support right now, but it will eventually be meaningless. They know this and will reject the contract.

The world tree's branch continued to point, but now it was pointing at Asmophel.

-He has the qualities of the 'King of Solitude' and can't communicate with the elementals. The basic premise for contracting with the elementals is to feel their presence, yet he can't even recognize them.

"What is the King of Solitude? Is it because he has been single all his life?"

Grid wasn't convinced. Asmophel wasn't lonely because he already had a connection with Grid. Asmophel was slowly recovering from the scars in his heart. Sometimes, he would show a bright expression. Grid insisted this, but the world tree was silent.

Grid asked again, "Then Asmophel... Is he ready to leave at any time?"

-...

Silence followed again and again. It was a positive answer, and Grid was desperate.

"I... If I try it, will Asmophel change?"

-That isn't something I can answer.

"..."

Grid believed it. Asmophel would surely overcome his wounds. Grid would make sure of it.

"Then what exactly does it mean by not being able to recognize the elementals? Does it mean Asmophel can't see them?"

Grid pointed to the light elemental revolving around him.

The world tree confirmed it, -Yes.

"I thought he could see it..."

-You told him 'there is an elemental here', so he believes it.

That's it. Asmophel would believe it if Grid said that fermented soybeans were red beans. It was similar to this.

Mercedes was the next target of the world tree's branch.

-It is also impossible for her to contract with the elementals.

"Why?"

-It is because she has a power the gods are wary of. The elementals that are the gods' creation will instinctively reject her.

"Power the gods are vigilant of?" There was only one thing that came to mind. "Do you mean Keen Insight?"

-Yes, it is a power that humans shouldn't have.

'Indeed.'

It made sense. The power to see through all things was close to almighty, and it was more suitable for a god than a human.

'I shouldn't take Mercedes if I meet another god.'

It would be a big deal if he offended them. Grid was still thinking as the world tree's branch pointed to Amelda's group at the end.

-They aren't qualified yet.

"I see..."

They needed to build up more contributions. Well, there was nothing to regret since the contributions could be slowly built up.

'The problem is Asmophel.'

Grid turned away from the world tree. His gaze swept over the village and soon found Asmophel. He was looking up at the night sky without mingling with his old colleagues or the elves.

'King of Solitude...'

Somehow, he thought Lael would like it. At this moment, a whisper came from Lael, -Ke ong said it is impossible.

This was the answer to Grid's question about whether the portable smithy could be made.

-Why is it impossible?

-The weight is the problem. It needs at least hundreds of horses to move in a carriage, but you don't always use main roads. The horses will have to be placed in rows of twos or threes, but it isn't possible for them to run. It is hard to make wheels that can withstand the weight of the building in the first place.

-What if the smithy itself is smaller? It is enough if the space is approximately 3 square meters.

-To avoid damaging the carriage when the furnace heats up, the outer wall must be ridiculously thick. The ceiling should be high due to the chimney installation and ventilation issues. Shouldn't Your Majesty know best how many tons of water is needed?

-You're saying the weight will increase no matter how small it is.

-Yes, that's why. This is my opinion, but what if Your Majesty makes it yourself?

-What can I do when even Ke ong can't make it? How am I capable of architecture in the first place?

-Is Ke ong a blacksmith?

-...!

-Ke ong is easily carrying out the expansion of the castle. If dexterity is high, a blacksmith can learn architecture as well. The dwarf's racial characteristics aren't bad, so it might be good to acquire them with the Different Species' King title.

The characteristic obtained from the Different Species' King title was random and couldn't be directly selected by Grid. It was better to give up if the reason why Ke ong could master architecture was because of his racial characteristics. However, Grid held hope.

'I've learned the Tailoring technique. Who says I can't learn architecture?'

Of course, new techniques couldn't be learned just because he had high dexterity. He had to learn the foundation skills through quests. What if he could get the quest from Ke ong?

'No, wait a minute.'

-Even if I learn construction skills, isn't it impossible to make a portable smithy when Ke ong can't?

-What if Your Majesty makes it with Greed?

-Eh?

-Let's make a portable flying smithy. Then all the problems raised by Ke ong will be solved instantly.

Hey, this person was a genius. Grid prepared to return immediately.