

Overgeared 1131

[Chapter 1131](#)

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"Ah... I'm glad."

Grid was relieved. He had been holding Mercedes' hand throughout the conversation with Braham. He demonstrated the skills of his hands with sincerity, hoping to reduce her pain by even a bit. Perhaps because of this, Mercedes bowed her head with a somewhat emotional expression. She recognized that Braham's soul had completely recovered just based on Grid's great growth.

"Congratulations. First, you'll have to go to the Sword Grave."

The Sword Grave. It was where Braham's body was enshrined. Trapped in the ice by Pagma, he had spent hundreds of years as a colorless existence.

"Yes, let's go today."

Grid nodded and sent a whisper to his sister, Ruby.

-Can you come to the palace's training hall right now?

-If Oppa is calling then I have to go. By the way, why?

-Mercedes is injured.

-I'm coming right now.

"....."

Grid looked sadly at Mercedes' hands that had been damaged by burns and Mercedes hid them. The calluses and wounds on her hands were all evidence of hard work. Mercedes was proud of them and never felt ashamed, but she didn't want to show them to Grid.

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It happened the moment Braham clicked his tongue.

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"Wow..."

The maximum amount of pain that was acceptable to a player. Grid had endured the level of pain that was equivalent to fists hitting his back for more than 10 minutes. The pain had lasted repeatedly without any break and had occurred simultaneously from the top of his head to the tip of his toes. He thought it had been too intense but these rewards were hidden.

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'There is a tremendous versatility.'

Grid had witnessed Formless Will being used by Kirinus and the imperial dukes several times. An attack that was triggered immediately and couldn't be avoided because it had no form—it could be very useful when ambushing a player or attacking an enemy casting magic or skills to cancel the casting.

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Once he built it up, he would be able to use it in succession like Kirinus and the dukes. No, considering that Kirinus and the dukes weren't transcendent yet, he might become more proficient in it than them.

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You can reach a place within your 'field of view' in one step.

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Teleporting to a desired location in his field of view. Garam and the grandmaster looked great because of the effect of this skill. Grid had been stunned and shrank back every time he saw them pop up in front of him. It was a completely unknown territory and he had been afraid because he couldn't understand it.

That wasn't the case anymore. It was no longer unknown. Grid was becoming like them. Grid felt incredibly proud. 'Just wait, Garam.'

He would return double the despair and humiliation he had experienced every time he met Garam. Definitely, by all means.

"Oppa!"

Grid was just vowing when Saintess Ruby arrived. Then there was a miracle. She healed not only the burns on Mercedes' hands and back but also the uneven calluses.

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Mercedes looked dazed. How could she imagine that she would reclaim such white and beautiful hands after becoming a sworn knight?

"Thank you," Mercedes politely thanked Ruby.

"I am the one who is always grateful to you. Please keep protecting Oppa," Ruby replied with a smile.

Her beauty was just as radiant as Mercedes. Grid was anxious about his beautiful sister as she became an adult.

'I hope the flies don't get twisted around her.'

Grid didn't delay. He used Sticks' help to quickly move to the Sword Grave to capture the moment of resurrection that Braham had been waiting hundreds of years for. The interesting thing was that Ruby, Sexy Schoolgirl, and a number of Overgeared members accompanied him. It was because they wanted to witness the historic moment when a legendary great magician was resurrected. However, he had mixed feelings when he saw the eyes of the female guild members shine in an unusual way.

"Don't expect too much. How much more handsome could he be? It will be the standard of an older Noll at most."

Zednos was upset and tried to dampen their expectations, but it was useless.

“If he is an adult version of Noll, won’t he be the most handsome man in the world?”

“I’m more curious.”

The expectations of the Overgeared members soared into the sky. Their minds were focused on Braham’s beauty that had been exposed when he assimilated with Grid. It wasn’t just them, but everyone in the world. The videos of ‘White-haired Grid’ boasted hundreds of millions of views on YouXV and was still visited daily by people to leave comments.

“Looking forward to it...”

Now even the men had shining eyes. An overwhelmingly beautiful person was the envy of all genders.

“Pagma’s Eyes.”

In the midst of the turmoil, Grid activated the eyes as he looked at the Sword Grave. His eyes shone mysteriously and the 4,179 swords present at the Sword Grave moved. Inside...

-It has been a while.

Grid approached a sword and the sword greeted him. It was a sword with the ego of 5th Pope Franz. However, it was a little strange. Unlike a few months ago, there were traces of damage on the blade.

“What happened?”

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“Intruder?”

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Chapter 1132

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[Chapter 1133](#)

‘Templar!’

Niberius, Yatan’s Fourth Servant who was beaten by Grid and placed Grid on the edge of stardom—he was the original owner of Neberius’ Flute, which Grid had avoided due to the need for luck. Additionally, Niberius had left behind a question before he died. “I heard that there is a secret templar group in Rebecca’s Church that is fostering Rebecca’s Daughters and assassins... Were you raised by a templar there?”

After that, the Templar was mentioned often. The Yatan Church seemed to be particularly wary of the Templar, but Grid had never met them before. Damian hadn’t introduced him to the Templar despite it being a few years since he became the pope.

‘That’s why I thought it was a very important secret organization.’

Grid hadn’t been particularly vigilant. That was natural. It wasn’t strange that the Rebecca Church had a secret organization, so Grid hadn’t felt the need to be wary of the Templar when the Rebecca Church was one of the Overgeared Kingdom’s greatest allies.

Now, he became suspicious. Braham was known to the world as a legendary great magician. Very few people knew Braham’s identity as a demonkin or a true blood vampire. Of course, the head of the Rebecca Church might know Braham’s identity, but it was unlikely that the head of the Rebecca Church would’ve ordered Braham’s body to be found and destroyed.

Pope Damian had a strong relationship with Grid. Damian was a person who would defend Braham’s body, not harm it. In other words, the Templar’s action of coming here to destroy Braham’s body meant there was a high probability they were going against Rebecca’s will.

‘Is it an organization that can’t be controlled by Damian? Or is there an internal conflict in the church?’

Grid organized his thoughts and asked a question, “Does the Rebecca Church officially know that Braham is a vampire?”

-It is likely they don’t know. I purposely covered up Braham’s identity.

“Why?”

-It was meaningless to reject him due to his identity as a demonkin when he spread magical knowledge that benefited people.

The one who spread the magical knowledge was his disciple Mumud, but there was no need to mention this.

Grid listened to the story in silence.

-However, the templar seemed to have independently grasped Braham’s true identity. Of course, Braham is already dead, so it was a meaningless fact. Then things changed recently. Thanks to some people, the Templar started to be wary of Braham again.

“Some people? Who?” Grid asked despite being convinced that he was the culprit of this incident. The Overgeared members, who had been watching the situation quietly, stared at Grid. Grid’s expression twisted, and he started sweating. “Do you mean me?”

-Haha, yes.

“.....”

-The Templar noticed a long time ago that you are harboring Braham’s soul. In the process of investigating your relationship with Braham, they discovered that Braham’s body was still intact and that it was stored here. Thus, they invaded. It was in order to stop Braham’s resurrection.

“Then they discovered your identity as the former pope and withdrew obediently.”

Currently, Franz was a sword with an attack power of 8,000. It was practically impossible for him to stop the members of the Templar, who were comparable to Rebecca’s Daughters, by himself. It was right to interpret it as the Templar withdrawing after they found out Franz’ true identity. However, the reality of the situation was completely different.

-Huh? That isn’t true. I’m a fallen sword guarding the corpse of a vampire. They let out all sorts of curses and accusations as they said they were going to kill me. I almost died. Hahaha.

“.....”

The atmosphere of the Overgeared Guild members cooled down. Based on Franz’ laughter at the mention that he was going to die, they realized that he wasn’t a normal person.

‘They will be stunned when they see Chreshler.’

2nd Pope Chreshler was the coffin designed to hold Marie Rose for eternity. Compared to him, Franz was quite normal.

“How did you overcome the crisis?”

How did Franz survive and protect Braham’s body...

Franz responded to Grid’s big question, -Haha, I lived on the condition that I cooperate with them.

“I see... Huh?”

-I helped the Templar install enemy detection magic here. In a moment, the Templar will come.

“Crazy!”

Wasn’t this completely ridiculous? Grid turned his head. In the distance, a group of people were climbing the hill.

There were around 20 people. This number was smaller than the Overgeared members gathered here, but the atmosphere around them was unusual. The Overgeared members took out their weapons and sent Grid a sympathetic look.

“All of Grid’s episodes and quests are like this.”

"If I were Grid, I would've been fooled by Ashur and quit the game while looking for Pagma's Rare Book."

"....."

He was sad because he couldn't deny it. While Grid was hit by the unexpected development, Franz was still talking.

-All the popes recognized and respected the Templar as an independent organization. This allowed the Templar to walk their own line, regardless of the pope's power. What is the reason for it?

"How should I know?"

-It was because they were strong. The head of the Templar is particularly special. He tests the pope's qualifications using a scale that can't be measured with human values. That's why most popes used to be at odds with the Templar.

"Special?"

-It is assumed that he isn't human. His abilities are outside of common sense. Some say it is an angel.

"Angel? The angels that I know?"

-Probably. Now his current goal is to destroy Braham's soul.

"Die!!"

Franz' attitude of selling people to the end quickly caused Grid's wrath to explode. Franz was very puzzled as he used his sword body to block Grid's swinging attack.

-Why are you attacking me?

"This traitor has a long tongue!"

-Traitor? I chose the only option to protect Braham's body. Think carefully. If I had died resisting to the end, would Braham's body have been safe?

"..."

-Don't become angry at me and focus on the enemies in front of you. If you knock them down, Braham will be safe. If you don't knock them down, even Braham's soul will be destroyed and he will perish forever.

"...Shit!"

It made a lot of sense. Grid realized why Franz was forced to work with the Templar and shouted at his colleagues, "Wait! I will first measure the level of the enemy!"

Grid took two steps forward. His shoulders swayed like he was dancing.

"Transcended Link Flower!"

"...!?"

The Overgeared members were astonished. They were surprised by the development of Grid, who was now able to unleash a three fusion sword dance with just two steps. Braham's magic, the sword energy, and the petals struck the Templar. Simultaneously, the Templar created transparent discs in all directions, and all the sword energy and petals were invalidated.

Braham, who had been watching the situation quietly, spoke for the first time, -An angel seems correct.

"...!"

-Distant attacks don't work on an army led by an angel. Is it 'there is no courage to harm God's protection?' They make a bullshit claim that they can only be affected by melee attacks.

'Isn't that a complete counter to magicians?'

-Right. A magician who fights against angels is a madman.

'But I...'

-Yes, you aren't a magician.

Grid moved forward. Mercedes followed after him. The moment they approached, the Templar members who were armed with white masks and armor silently swung their swords. It was a swordsmanship with a lot of variation. They stretched out like a fan and then curved. The blue flames swirling at the end of the swords were a threat because they contained the ability to interfere with healing effects and caused debuffs.

However, Grid and Mercedes handled the situation well. Mercedes' White Tiger struck a Templar member's sword, and an earthquake struck while pillars went soaring. The moment a Templar member collapsed, Grid pierced through the gap. In an instant, three Templar members were wounded. and they withdrew. Nevertheless, Grid's expression wasn't great.

'There isn't any blood...?'

Grid had the attack power of a transcendent. Even Sword Duke Limit, a super-named NPC, had been overwhelmed every time he allowed Grid to attack, and even the Great Demon Berith had fallen into Grid's hands. On the other hand, the Templars suffered less than 10,000 damage when they were hit by Grid. Some sort of resilience maintained their health.

Mercedes shielded the surprised Grid and pointed to the most powerful figure behind the Templar members. "That person is healing them."

"...!"

It was real. An unidentified figure in a white robe was constantly radiating a green light. This enveloped the bodies of the Templars, restoring their wounds and stamina in real-time. It seemed like Saintess Ruby's wide-area heal but at a sustained level.

-He is an angel.

'Damn!' Grid's expression became distorted. A strange figure appeared on the verge of Braham's resurrection and interrupted it.

“Oppa!”

“We’ll help!”

Ruby and the Overgeared members joined in. Ruby’s buffs were focused on Grid and Mercedes, while the other Overgeared members worked together to create a gap for Grid and Mercedes. Thanks to this, Grid regained his composure and broke through the front lines with Mercedes. Even if the Templars weren’t killed, they would retreat and allow Grid and Mercedes to reach the man presumed to be an angel.

‘Divinity!’ Grid elevated his existence to a level that was close to a god. It removed the casting time and cooldown time of blacksmith-related skills, and Grid used Item Combination to fuse the Enlightenment Sword and Grid’s Greatsword into one.

Then...

“Amazing,” the man believed to be an angel expressed his admiration. He took off his robe and spread out his wings, floating into the sky.

“Ah...!” The Overgeared members exclaimed.

Pure white wings and a sacred halo...

The divine being looking over the ground with a majestic appearance that was exactly the same as the angels the Overgeared members had imagined. They felt overwhelmed.

On the other hand, Grid was feeling dull. He wasn’t too impressed by a god’s apostles when he had met a god in person and even had a match against one.

‘Is it a great demon level?’

Grid was together with Mercedes, his colleagues, and Braham. Additionally, he had his knights who would answer his call at the same time...

Grid was just raising his determination when the angel behind the Templars said, “You showed great skill and bravery. I thought you wanted to resurrect Braham because you were confused by the path of sin, but I was mistaken. Braham’s soul isn’t powerful enough to worry about, and you can control him.”

-He knows that when I fought Mumud, part of my soul was permanently destroyed.

“One blessed by the Goddess of Light. I pray for you to have good luck on your path, and I will step back. We will meet again soon.”

[You have been blessed by Archangel Sariel.]

[In the event of a monster being hunted while the blessing is maintained, the drop rate of items is increased by 500% only once.]

“...!” Grid had thought the worst was going to happen, only for the development to change again. While Grid watched Sariel and the Templars leaving with a puzzled expression, Franz spoke to him, -Ohu, it ended up like this.

“You have protected Braham’s body, so ascend to Heaven.”

...!

On this day...

[Legendary Great Magician Braham has been resurrected!!]

An unbelievable world message shocked the world. All the media outlets had the headline, ‘Biggest Shock Since the Opening of Satisfy.’

[Chapter 1134](#)

The millennium ice that had been frozen for years melted and became a river. The glacier dungeon was flooded in an instant, and Grid escaped hurriedly. When he appeared all soaked, the expressions of the Overgeared members darkened.

“What is it? Did something go wrong?”

“No.” Grid smiled and turned his head.

The sound of water dripping could be heard from the depths of the stairwell connecting the Sword Grave to the Glacier Dungeon. Someone was climbing the stairs with wet feet.

“There were no problems.”

The moment that Grid replied...

[Legendary Great Magician Braham has been resurrected!!]

The world message emerged.

“Ah...!!” Exclamations rang out from all over the place. Finally, the man climbing the stairs showed up. He had long silvery eyelashes that shone like fog, a nose and jawline that millions of artists couldn’t obtain through plastic surgery even if they collaborated, and eyes in which flames seemed to have been trapped. Braham’s true appearance was so beautiful that it was beyond the Overgeared members’ imaginations. His appearance was enough to make people wonder if he was the ‘source’ of beauty.

“Sigh...” Braham’s breaths echoed in the silent Sword Grave. Every time he breathed, water dripped into his deep clavicle. The transparent water flowed over his broad chest and smooth waist.

“Gulp,” Sexy Schoolgirl swallowed her saliva continuously and finally had a nosebleed. Ruby was blushing and fidgety, but she couldn’t keep her eyes off Braham right till the end. The same was true for the other Overgeared members. Both men and women were fascinated by Braham.

“Wear this.” The first thing Grid did was to take off his cloak and hand it to Braham.

Braham put it on his shoulder and reached out quietly. His long white fingers touched Grid’s cheeks.

“...This is how you feel.”

It was only after losing it that he realized the value of something he had once taken for granted. Having been resurrected after hundreds of years, Braham felt a deep gratitude...

Just being here...

In this moment...

[Name: Braham Eshwald

Race: A true blood vampire who has lost his eternal life

Class: Legendary Great Magician

* Can learn all the magic that exists in the world and can wear all types of magic tools without restriction.

* The ability to use magic is greatly increased.

* Can create new magic spells. The number of times it can be created will increase every time the level of Braham's Enhanced Magic is raised.

Title: Duke of Wisdom

....

Title: Title: One who Became a Legend

....

Title: Master of Mana

* Fully understands and controls the concept of mana.

* The mana increase rate, which is based on intelligence, is 20 times higher than normal.

* When attacking a target, there is a chance of taking away mana.

* Can accumulate mana that exceeds the maximum mana limit, up to three times the maximum mana value. Cooldown time of 24 hours.

* Once the maximum mana is accumulated, casting time is removed when using attack magic. The power of the magic will double. Applies three times in total.

* Once the maximum mana is accumulated, become 'invincible' when using defensive spells on yourself. Applies two times in total.

Title: Resurrected

* The magic of resurrection has completely transcended the concept of death.

* The vitality increase based on the strength and stamina stats is 10 times higher than normal.

* There is a 100% chance of resurrecting upon death. However, this effect only applies the first time. The probability of resurrection will decrease significantly the more times you resurrect. Failure to resurrect will lead to eternal death.

Level: 400 (▼)

Strength: 108 Stamina: 1,690

Agility: 507 Intelligence: 7,880

Dignity: 2,511 Insight: 4,943

Willpower: 5,800

* It is a body that is recovering after hundreds of years, but Braham will adapt quickly. Up to level 600, the experience gained is increased by 2000%.

Skills: Blood Magic (S+), Blood-sucking (SS), Magic Enchantment (SS), Knowledge Investigation (SS), Magic Contemplation (SSS), Berserk (SSS), First Boundary: Knowledge Room (SSS), Second Boundary: Exploration Room (???), Third Boundary: Experimentation Room (???), Braham's Enhanced Magic (???)

A true blood vampire and legendary great magician who lost his eternal life for the crime of harming his kin—he holds a deep grudge toward Pagma and Marie Rose while feeling regretful toward his undead disciple, Mumud.

* Currently considers everyone as insignificant apart from player 'Grid' and his family. [Players except for 'Grid' can't build up affinity with him.]

'This is how the balance is adjusted?'

An enemy would weaken as soon as they became an ally. This was Satisfy's rule that had been applied for a while, so it was natural that Braham's soul would be weakened. His soul had wandered for hundreds of years, undergoing all types of hardships. Therefore, it wasn't as strong as before. He needed time to adapt to the flesh he had recovered after hundreds of years. The recoil caused Braham to drop to level 400, which was lower than Grid's level.

Nevertheless, he didn't seem weak at all. First, his intelligence figure was high enough to be considered a level 600 figure, and the effects of his title were comparable to those of Grid's titles. Grid had witnessed the greatness of the synergy of Master of Mana and the ordinary (?) Mana Drain a long time ago in the Red Sea.

'Additionally, there are six SSS-grade or higher skills...'

If Braham's level were slightly higher...

No, maybe he was already much stronger than Piaro and Mercedes? Grid remembered that classes were eternal. Unlike the still-growing legends of the present age, the power of the previous generations of legends was an absolute frontier that couldn't be restrained even with the balance-adjustment system.

As Braham experimented with a few spells, he muttered, "It is possible."

"What is?"

"Hunting Fenrir."

"...!"

“I’m going to cut off one of Marie Rose’s arms ahead of time.”

“W-Wait a minute.”

Fenrir was a marquis. After Marie Rose, he was the person who inherited a lot of Beriache’s power and was second-in-charge. It was Noll’s assessment that he was several times stronger than the earl-grade vampires. Therefore, Grid hadn’t intended to challenge him rashly. Grid believed that even if he led all his knights to challenge Fenrir, there would surely be sacrifices.

“Why don’t we challenge him after you first recover your strength?”

Braham stared at Grid. “Because of you.”

“Huh?”

“It is better to accelerate the schedule for your sake. Have you forgotten that you were blessed by Sariel?”

“Ah...!”

[In the event of a monster being hunted while the blessing is maintained, the drop rate of items is increased by 500% only once.]

Grid should avoid ordinary hunting as long as this blessing was present. It was right to hunt down a strong named boss before the blessing was over. Fenrir was the perfect prey for the current situation.

“To my knowledge, angels have almost no emotions. They are puppets who only think and work for Goddess Rebecca. They are like golems.”

“...”

“It is hard to hope for the blessing of an angel. This is a chance you won’t gain twice, so you should maximize the benefits as much as possible.”

“I think so too,” Zednos interjected. “Leave it to us to kill the mobs until you reach Fenrir.”

Zednos had met Fenrir in person. He had been so overwhelmed by the other’s presence that his entire body trembled despite only making eye contact. To be honest, he was afraid and didn’t want to see Fenrir again. However, he wanted to be helpful to Grid, rather than just being fearful. The other Overgeared members felt the same way.

“Everyone... Thank you.” Grid didn’t refuse. He planned to raid Fenrir, consume Sariel’s blessing, and then create a hunting environment for Braham.

‘Before that, I have to make the items.’

For a weapon, there was Belial’s Staff. Its power and magic casting speed were increased by 30 percent. Three types of magic could be cast simultaneously, and when flame magic and dark magic were cast simultaneously, it increased the power by 200 percent. Every time a spell was cast, a shield blocking abnormal states would be created. Additionally, the probability of the magic critical hit rate and critical hit damage had increased, and mana regeneration increased by 200%.

Braham was the only one who could take full advantage of the options attached to Belial's staff. Braham himself knew this, so he had wanted it since a long time ago.

"Let's return to Reinhardt first." Grid made a plan and sent a whisper to Lauel. It was to ask him to send Sticks over.

Braham scoffed. "Mass Teleport."

Before Lauel's reply arrived, Grid and the Overgeared members had already been transferred to Reinhardt. Braham's Mass Teleport was much faster than Sticks' Mass Teleport, and its stability was high, which decreased the motion sickness side effects.

"Wow..." Grid and the Overgeared members were stunned by the landscape that changed in the blink of an eye.

'Where am I?'

There was a question mark above Franz's head. Braham's resurrection meant Franz's mission was fulfilled, so he had been about to ascend. It was impossible for someone to deliberately harm him while he was entering Nirvana, and Pagma had arranged it so he could enter Nirvana at the Sword Grave. Now, this wasn't the Sword Grave.

Braham said to the bewildered Franz hanging from his waist, "We need a high divine power to kill Marie Rose."

That's right.

"I'll use you to kill Marie Rose in a few years."

-As expected of the Duke of Wisdom! Too thorough!

"....."

Wasn't Franz supposed to feel anger instead of admiration? The Overgeared members gave up thinking at the sight of Franz, who had been kidnapped unannounced.

"This is the first time we are meeting."

"...!"

10 years after Damian was sworn in as the pope, this was the first time the Templar—the Rebecca Church's independent organization—visited the Vatican.

"You might've been chosen as the Goddess' Agent, but I doubted your qualifications as pope because you only relied on others. Now I have slightly changed my mind. I will believe in your discerning eye."

Flap. Archangel Sariel took off his robe and spread out his wings. It was the first time since the first papal era that he formally announced his identity.

"I will acknowledge you as the pope. The divine powers that were lost as the times changed will come to you, and I'll release the restrictions on the Holy Sword."

“.....”

“Become stronger. On the day when the last vampires clash, you should wipe out the weakened ones and illuminate the world with light.”

“What if I don’t want to?”

“...?”

It was a huge temptation for the average person that could never be rejected. Yet Damian rejected it instantly. After all, Damian wasn’t most people.

“You never showed your nose when we were having hard times. You are too shameless. Is it because you are an angel and not a person? Right, Isabel-chan?”

“Yes.”

The Rebecca Church had faced countless crises. The church was almost broken by the corrupt Pope Drevigo. Pascal had joined with the empire, and the church had been on the verge of being occupied by foreign forces. There was also the massive attack from the Yatan Church...

Every time, Damian and Rebecca’s Daughters fought fiercely. It was Grid, not the Templar, who helped them when they were feeling frustrated and desperate. Damian wasn’t pleased with the Templar’s attitude of showing up and trying to take over.

“You have to think about it calmly. This is a great opportunity to gain strength,” Sariel tried to persuade Damien, but it was useless.

“Strength?” Damian’s eyes, which had been smiling at Isabel, cooled down like his previous emotions were a lie. “We aren’t weak enough to beg for strength from you.”

It wasn’t a bluff. After Marie Rose’s seal failed, Damian and the Rebecca’s Daughters received the approval of the elders and opened one of the Vatican’s secret temples. He had been training there constantly, building up his strength. Damian was becoming stronger.

“I don’t need your help. If you want to help us, shouldn’t you work hard to earn our trust?”

“...I understand.”

It might’ve been completely different from Sariel’s expectations and intentions, but the Templar joined the church. The appearance of the angel turned the entire church upside down. Yet surprisingly, the elders had dull reactions. The angel didn’t seem too great after seeing Lord’s potential.

“He is the apostle of the great Goddess, nothing more...”

“I agree.”

“...?”

[Chapter 1135](#)

『 It’s the most shocking event since the opening of Satisfy! 』

CNV was the world's leading news brand that sent radio waves to 400 million households in 235 countries.

As the leader of the 24 hour news channels, it had the excellent ability to read the trends, took the lead in starting professional programs for Satisfy, and dominated the market in South Korea along with OGC.

『 What is a dragon heart, a dragon heart?! 』

Satisfy World. It was a Satisfy discussion program that had established itself as one of CNV's most popular programs. It was a program where experts from various fields gathered together and focused on dissecting the biggest news that occurred on that day in Satisfy. It was recognized for its professionalism and boasted high ratings. It was just that in recent years, the trend in viewership had become stagnant due to habitual behavior.

PD Andersen's ambition to make Satisfy World a flagship program for CNV was far away. Then today, he got good luck.

『 Now Grid has swallowed the heart of that terrifying monster! 』

The discussion topic of today's Satisfy World was the 'unknown person's', in other words, Grid's, third epic. Satisfy World's viewership was the highest ever since the sentence 'he swallowed the heart of a dragon' attracted the attention of the world. It was thanks to the fact that the broadcast started just before Grid's epic was written. Now the broadcast was breaking the news in real-time.

'We were lucky to get this.'

PD Andersen continued to signal to the panel. It was a signal to start the provocative analysis. However, most of the panelists showed a passive attitude.

『 Hmm... let's see. Isn't it likely to be a metaphorical expression? As you know, dragons are absolute in Satisfy's world view. Didn't we all witness the evil dragon killing Grid and Kraugel in the 3rd National Competition? It is physically impossible for Grid and the Overgeared Guild to become strong enough to raid a dragon and take its heart in just two years. 』

『 That's right. They can barely raid a great demon yet they are already killing a dragon? It is almost impossible for the item Grid swallowed to be a real dragon heart or an item associated with a dragon heart. 』

『 Um... 』

There were many silent panelists. The experts couldn't speak recklessly in cases related to Grid because there was a lot of room to be wrong. The panel's passive attitude made PD Andersen anxious.

'Nonsense is good so keep talking! The president is also watching!'

In the broadcast industry, Grid was treated as a guaranteed check. He didn't have to appear on air. The audience flocked even if only his name was mentioned. Not long ago, an entertainment program analyzed Grid's whereabouts and based on this, determined the fruits that Grid didn't like. This third-rate gossip program scored the highest viewership in that time period.

'The fruits he doesn't like...'

It was lukewarm watermelons and cold peaches. The moment the fruits that Grid disliked were revealed, social media heated up and all types of phenomena occurred. The social media accounts of the third-rate gossip program increased by 100 times overnight.

PD Andersen had watched this absurd situation and came to a conclusion. It was Grid. It was unconditionally Grid. Once the wave called 'Grid' came in, he had to paddle it to death. Today was the perfect opportunity. The epic series generated overwhelming buzz among the Grid-related issues. Andersen didn't want to miss the chance created by the epic that occurred every few months.

However, most of the panelists were silent, making it hard to paddle.

-Then what is the dragon heart?

Andersen's worries grew as viewers expressed their dissatisfaction in the chat window.

『 You don't have to hunt dragons to get a dragon heart. 』

Julatan, the most popular gaming expert on the panel, opened his mouth for the first time. He had finished his own analysis while the other panelists had been talking.

『 First, let's take a closer look at the dragons. Hasn't it been revealed through many old books that dragons are like gods? I'm sure that no one can answer the question about how almighty a dragon is. Isn't that right? We've already witnessed the imperfections of the dragons through the Insane Dragon. 』

The exact reason was unknown but Insane Dragon Nevartan was literally an insane dragon. He was captivated by madness and completely lost his sense of reason. It was proof that dragons couldn't avoid illnesses and curses.

『 In the first place, dragons might be like gods but they aren't gods themselves. We can't rule out the possibility of weakening or dying from a natural death or from fighting with each other. Somewhere on the continent, a dragon's corpse might be sleeping. 』

『 Even if it is the heart of a dead dragon, the dragon heart swallowed by Grid should still be a dragon heart, right? 』

『 Yes, it is undeniable. The epic accurately states the 'heart of a dragon.' This doesn't mean it is a perfect dragon heart. It makes more sense to assume that the power of the dragon heart was consumed through some type of elixir. 』

『 What is the basis? 』

『 The S.A Group is very conscious of the balance of the game. Since the third advancement, normal class players had been quickly catching up to hidden classes and there are many hints that the gap will be significantly reduced from the fourth advancement. If the S.A Group already released dragon hearts into the game then it will be a situation where someone is overwhelmingly strong. 』

『 In other words, it is correct that Grid has consumed a dragon heart but it is incomplete and the effect will be minimal? 』

『 Yes, it would be right to guess that it is a few times more effective than an elixir. It should be approximately 10 times as effective. 』

『 Isn't the effect of 10 elixirs equivalent to levelling up 10 times? It is really hard to level up after level 390 yet the elixir will have the effect of 10 levels? Is it a balanced item? 』

『 Let's see. More of the top players are obsessed with buying elixirs and in fact, elixir transactions are being made on various routes. Then there shouldn't be any discussion of the balance collapsing. 』

“It is too ordinary...”

The director's face was rotten as he watched the broadcast from PD Andersen's side. He wanted the panel to be more provocative to cause a huge increase in viewership. However, the analysis was so cold that it wasn't as interesting as expected. He felt like he wouldn't be able to see the Grid effect.

Then the result ended up different from what he expected. The viewership was already a steep upward curve.

“What? Why is the viewership so high?”

“It is a world where the fact that Grid doesn't like lukewarm watermelons will attract viewers. The epics naturally have a greater effect. The other stations are making such a fuss that viewers seem to appreciate the calm evaluation... what? Is that true?”

PD Andersen was explaining to the director when he became startled. It was because one of the staff members ran over and told him something.

“The legendary great magician has been resurrected?”

At the same time, the panelists received the news and started scrambling.

『 The legendary great magician has been resurrected? It isn't the descendant of the legendary great magician? 』

『 An unprecedented situation...! 』

『 It's the most shocking event since the opening of Satisfy! 』

『 I agree. It is a shock comparable to when Grid first appeared and defeated the Yatan's Servant. How on earth was the legendary great magician resurrected? 』

『 Braham is believed to be the fifth strongest among the legends of the previous generation. 』

Most of the big issues that had arisen in Satisfy were related to Grid. This time was an exception. It was more shocking and fresh because it wasn't related to Grid.

The director gave instructions to PD Andersen. “Let's increase the broadcast time today for a two hour special.”

“Is it okay?”

“This is what the president ordered. Grid’s epic and the resurrection of the legendary great magician... isn’t there a lot of stories to cover today? How can we jump away from it?”

“Leave it to me!”

Originally, it should’ve been delivered as emergency news, not a special program. The situation was reversed thanks to the broadcast dealing with Grid’s epic. In fact, most of the other broadcasting stations were starting the emergency news while only CNV was broadcasting Satisfy World.

PD Andersen was really lucky.

‘Hooray Grid!’

Another Grid follower was born in New York, far from South Korea.

“Braham...!”

He was a foolish man. Even when all his kin were sleeping due to the curse, he resisted it fiercely. He said he had to think for one more second. He had to read one more letter. He foolishly extended the wounds on his body once he was about to fall asleep again.

“How did you...!”

He was a fool. Despite being born with a power great enough to survive a short day, he wasn’t satisfied and explored greater power. He declared he would become strong enough to break the curse. He was going to liberate their mother, who was trapped in a narrow coffin. For the vain dream that could never be achieved, he wandered for hundreds of years.

“How are you alive?”

Noll had come to the Overgeared Palace in response to Grid’s summoning. He doubted reality once he encountered Braham. Braham had so much of their mother’s desire for exploration that he committed a taboo and harmed his own kin. He was abandoned by their mother, lost his eternal life to Marie Rose, and exiled a long time ago. Hundreds of years later, he reappeared in front of Noll.

“Kuek...!”

Noll dropped his gaze with surprise when he met Braham’s eyes. Deep disgust and sympathy—the feelings in Braham’s eyes whenever he looked at his kin were very unpleasant. However...

"You’ve overcome the curse."

“...?”

The eyes of the resurrected Braham had changed. There was no hatred or sympathy, only indifference. It was like he didn’t care about them anymore. “It is due to the constant exposure and stimulation of Qualification of a Blood King built up by Grid. You are a lucky guy.”

“.....”

“By the way, aren’t you too apathetic reuniting with your brother after a long time?” Grid tried to relax the cold atmosphere. It wouldn’t have worked previously but now it was different.

“What brother...”

“It is unpleasant.”

Both Braham and Noll grumbled but the atmosphere didn’t deteriorate any further. Their fondness for Grid was too great for them to defy Grid’s will due to their personal feelings. Once the situation calmed down, Grid gazed at his knights.

Piara, Mercedes, Asmophel, Jude, Noll, Teruchan, Singuled, Amelda, Kentrick, Dante, and Braham...

They were sitting at the round table where the 10 meritorious retainers should’ve originally been sitting, observing each other with different expressions. They were admiring or feeling intrigued about each other’s capabilities. Ah, except for Jude. He looked up at the ceiling and seemed to have no thoughts.

‘He has been training hard every day.’

Grid smiled as he confirmed Jude’s level and then he declared, “We will raid Fenrir’s city.”

“Fenrir? We are going to hit Fenrir?” Noll started shaking. “It’s suicide! He has inherited two of Mother’s powers!”

Asmophel reacted with doubt. “Isn’t he much weaker than a great demon?”

“...!”

The knights who joined the Overgeared Kingdom relatively late, like Singuled and Amelda, were flustered. It was because Asmophel referred to a great demon that could destroy the world in a tone like it was too insignificant. Of course, they knew that the Overgeared Kingdom had already destroyed two great demons but they were difficult fights.

Noll snorted. “My mother was the 3rd Great Demon.”

“...!”

“The great demons outside the top 10 couldn’t harm her. Fenrir has inherited two of her powers.”

Noll stared straight at Grid.

“You know that great demons summoned to the human world are much weaker than they are in hell, right? However, Fenrir was born here and receives no penalty from it. Fenrir is incredibly strong, especially when he is in his territory. One of his powers is ‘domination.’ Grid, think about it again. It is still too early to hit Fenrir. Really.”

“...”

Grid knew Beriache was one of the top-ranking great demons but he hadn’t expected her to be third. There was a reason why God Yatan had become personally wary of her, planted a curse, and expelled her from hell.

“...Is it okay?” Grid glanced at Braham. “You know that I don’t want any sacrifices.”

“Bah.”

Braham’s nostrils flared.

“I was the strongest until Marie Rose showed up. Even then, I hadn’t learned the essence of magic. In addition, the thing that we inherited from our mother wasn’t power but ‘personality.’ It is true that the more personality traits that are inherited, the more superior we are. Still, keep in mind that I only inherited one personality trait from my mother.”

“...!”

“Sloth is the greatest sin. That’s why Yatan cursed our kin with the Curse of Idleness. Those affected by it don’t develop and the representative example is Fenrir. The mother is great so the children would naturally be great? It is bullshit rattled off by pure and weak worms. There is only one great being, Marie Rose, and this is because she is our Mother’s child.”

“Braham! That arrogant personality is still the same! You might’ve been great in the old days but now you are just a fool who has lost his strength!!! Don’t be cocky when you are weaker than me!”

Noll was unable to stand being called a worm and got up. Grid tried to calm Noll down but Braham just waved his hand. It was a rather frivolous gesture but there was a strange dignity when combined with the languid eyes.

“I think it is better to have the hierarchy sorted out now. Isn’t that right?”

“...?”

Grid was confused. It was because Braham was looking at Piaro, not Noll, when he spoke. Piaro took a sip of alcohol and replied, “I agree.”

“You jerk!”

Noll eventually couldn’t stand it and used blood magic. In an instant, weapons made of blood were produced and flew toward Braham. Braham examined them and destroyed them. It was done by reversing the formulas and principles of Noll’s magic.

“...!”

Noll was astounded. Braham’s eyes were still indifferent as he looked at Noll.

“If you don’t work hard to overcome the curse, you are just a worm.”

Work hard—the words didn’t seem to match Braham but Grid knew better. Braham had been working harder than anyone else. The first evidence was that he overcame his race’s curse by himself and the second evidence was that he became a legend after being expelled from his clan.

Maybe he resembled Grid.

[Chapter 1136](#)

“If you don’t work hard to overcome the curse, you are just a worm.”

'Work hard... damn!'

Noll couldn't refute it. Magic Contemplation, which denied the power he inherited from their mother, was a result of Braham's own efforts. Noll, who relied on innate power, was ashamed of himself. He felt sorry for all the time he wasted while using the curse as an excuse.

"Braham, stop now."

Noll's head dropped as Braham continued the mocking and slandering. Grid was worried the relationship between them would deteriorate uncontrollably so he stepped forward to mediate.

Then Noll puffed up his cheeks angrily and shouted at Braham, "I'll show you. I'll prove that I can be stronger than you if I try! At that time, I will treat you as a worm!"

"Bah."

Braham waved his hand like he was chasing away a fly. It was an attitude that he wasn't interested in anything. Noll was indignant but Grid saw it—there was a slight smile on Braham's face the moment he turned his head.

'Brother and brother...'

Grid wondered why Braham hated his kin and used them as an experimental tool. He was disappointed that his siblings, who were supposed to overcome the curse and help their mother, fell asleep every day and hated them in his despair. He believed there would be no future if this continued and took all responsibility, sacrificing his bloodline. He probably knew it was the wrong choice but he had only one option. However, things were different now—Braham was no longer alone and there were more options for him.

Grid thought about it and suddenly felt a sense of incongruity. He wondered if hunting Fenrir was the right thing to do.

"...Excuse me."

Grid called out to Braham. This made Braham frown. He looked at Grid's face and noticed what this person was thinking. It was possible because he lived inside Grid for ages and understood Grid's personality.

Braham transmitted his voice to Grid's head.

[It is different from what you are imagining. Have you forgotten that you personally sealed my sister Latina? There is no sibling affection between us.]

"Then why were you smiling?"

[I was only delighted at getting a decent long-term pawn. The more useful the pawn, the better.]

"....."

[First of all, Fenrir must be eliminated. Only then will Marie Rose... no, you can kill Marie Rose.]

Braham no longer felt the need to explain and glanced away from Grid. Piaro was staring at him with a bright expression. He was eager to fight.

Braham's hand beckoned. "Come on."

For Piaro, Braham was the second coming of a legend but Braham was also very fond of Piaro. He had been watching this person for a long time. Braham vividly remembered the appearance of Piaro struggling for Grid. He also felt a faint liking because Grid shared his feelings for Piaro.

Asmophel didn't know what Braham was feeling and intervened. "Why don't you compete with me before challenging Piaro?"

It was a very provocative statement. He was very unhappy that Braham treated Piaro as a subordinate.

"Yes, then you should come." Braham laughed. He knew Asmophel so he felt this person's behavior was cute.

"I won't refuse."

Braham was a friend of his liege and a legend of the previous generation, so he should be respected. However, he couldn't stand the attitude of ignoring his liege's other knights, especially Piaro. Asmophel couldn't bear it and pulled out his sword. Brilliant sparks flew through the round table toward Braham. However, the ground where Asmophel was standing collapsed before it could reach Braham.

"...!"

Asmophel's posture collapsed and twisted the orbit of his flying sparks. He couldn't even take a step toward Braham before he was thrown back through a window, while Braham never took a step from his seat.

'Did he cast a spell ahead of time?'

Asmophel twisted his body as he fell and surged back into the meeting room. As expected, dozens of Magic Missiles were already aiming at him. A chill went down Asmophel's spine as he saw the flashes in front of him.

"I have to move in ways the other person can't predict."

Braham flicked his finger and dozens of Magic Missiles flooded toward Asmophel. Asmophel, who was trying to ignore it, received a blow to his shoulder and rushed to defend himself. Nevertheless, it wasn't easy to defend. Every step on the ground was slippery like it was covered in oil while darkness completely obscured his view.

'This isn't completing a spell in advance...!'

Even Great Magician Ashur had a moment of casting time when using magic. Meanwhile, Braham had transcended that level and could use his magic immediately without casting. Asmophel suffered setbacks as four, five, and six spells were so quickly linked that they seemed simultaneous. He was determined that he couldn't keep defending and took the damage as he used a skill.

"Bl...!"

His sword was raised over his head and Asmophel's exposed body was struck by a series of Magic Missiles.

"...oom!"

Asmophel succeeded in activating his skill. A transparent red flower made of sword energy unfolded around Braham's distant body. If it was a real battle then it would be described as 'mutual destruction.'

'His willpower is great.'

Braham's eyes shone as he used Teleport. However...

'It is useless.'

Asmophel wasn't shaken. His skill was a targeted skill. It meant the skill couldn't be shaken off no matter what.

"Hoh?"

Braham appeared in a different location and showed an interested reaction. He might've moved using Teleport but the flowers wrapped around his body were still shaking slightly. This made him use Teleport again.

"Don't you know it is useless?!"

Asmophel shouted and wielded his sword. It was a signal—a sign for the flowers surrounding Braham's body to explode in full bloom.

"...!"

Then in an instant, Braham appeared right in front of Asmophel. The location of the teleport was completely different from Asmophel's expectations. The flustered Asmophel tried to withdraw his sword but the flowers around Braham's body were already exploding.

Asmophel screamed as he was swept away by the explosion and collapsed. It didn't end with one explosion. It was extremely intense and swallowed the entire meeting room. It wasn't a power where they could sit back and watch. Mercedes used her shield to protect Grid while the other knights used their own defense skills. Only one person—Jude—was swept away by the explosion and Grid hurriedly handed him a potion.

"Cough, cough...!"

Once the explosion was over, Asmophel coughed up blood several times and made a disbelieving look. Braham was hovering beyond the open ceiling. Shortly after Asmophel's flowers exploded, he once again used Teleport to minimize the damage. If Teleport had been used just before the explosion, the flowers would've kept chasing him. Thus, he arranged the situation while taking some damage.

"...I lost."

Asmophel was clear about the result. How could he beat a monster that continued to leap through space by using Teleport in succession? He felt he couldn't beat Braham even if he died.

“.....”

Meanwhile, Braham was speechless. In fact, he was in great shock. It was the first time in his life that he had been wounded by an ordinary human being, not a transcendent or a legend. One arm was drooping. Braham stared at his wounded arm and muttered in a voice no one could hear, “...He managed to gather together these people.”

In fact, there were many powerful people here who could fight against him. There were at least four such people here. Braham scanned Asmophel, Piaro, Mercedes, and Teruchan in turn and descended to the ground.

He wanted to shout, ‘Who is the next opponent?’ but his mana was consumed after using multiple teleports in a row. The Braham style enhanced Teleport, unlike normal Teleport, consumed dozens of times more mana in exchange for having no cooldown. In his prime, he would still have mana left after teleporting all day but not now.

“.....”

In this awkward moment, there was a powerful savior for Braham.

“What is this uproar?!” It was Administrator Rabbit. He rushed in after the uproar and was stunned when he saw the meeting room turned to ashes and the open ceiling. “Who...? Who did this terrible thing?!”

“.....”

He looked like a great demon who climbed up from hell. Rabbit’s distorted face and red eyes as he searched for the culprit was evil. Asmophel was forced to shrink back because he knew how scary Rabbit was when it came to money. The others were the same. Even Noll avoided Rabbit’s gaze.

Only Teruchan, the thoughtless Jude, and Braham, who just joined the Overgeared Guild, looked at Rabbit. Rabbit couldn’t trifle with Braham so he yelled at Teruchan and Jude, “I’ll be claiming damages in the future so be ready!”

“Jude. Understood.”

“I. Gruruk. Why?”

“.....”

The group moved locations. The knights who usually lived in Reinhardt, such as Piaro and Mercedes, naturally moved in the direction of the big military exercise hall but Braham pointed to another location.

“That is a good place.” Braham was pointing to the agricultural fields outside the castle. He suggested it because he penetrated into Piaro’s essence and Piaro didn’t refuse.

“I am grateful for your concession.”

“Bah, I just want some fresh air.”

It was at this moment.

“Grruk. Me first. Fight.” Teruchan stepped in abruptly. He pulled out Failure Honoring the Strongest Warrior and growled at Braham. “If I win. Surrender yourself to the administrator. Grruk.”

It seemed he felt it was quite unfair. The reason he didn't tell the administrator the culprit was due to Teruchan's sense of loyalty. He became the orc lord for the young orcs and wouldn't sell his colleagues.

“Baby...”

Braham's nostrils flared and he was about to accept Teruchan's duel application.

“Don't do that. You have to compete with me.” This time, Piaro intervened. Piaro had long enjoyed fighting the strong and actually wanted to compete with everyone here. Furthermore, he wanted to postpone the fight with Braham because he cherished delicious food.

Like a warrior, Teruchan didn't avoid the fight. He completely forgot about his grudge against Braham. “Okay! Grruk!”

Braham alternated between looking at Jude and Teruchan before sending a sound transmission to Grid.

[In fact, aren't you the smartest one among them?]

“.....”

Grid pretended not to hear. He thought it was necessary to organize the hierarchy for the sake of future discipline so he watched the situation silently.

[Chapter 1137](#)

“Sir Piaro and the orc lord are fighting?”

“A legendary farmer and a pig are fighting!”

Rumors quickly spread as Grid's group sat in the agricultural fields. In just a few minutes, the fields were full. From ordinary villagers, merchants, soldiers, nobles, and players...

Among the figures who flocked to the fields was Lauel.

“Don't allow players who aren't part of the Overgeared Guild to enter.”

“Yes!”

Lauel gave an order to Coke and the surroundings started to clear up quickly. Coke and the knights took control of the soldiers to drive out all outsiders from the fields. Heavily armed soldiers circled the outskirts and players were unable to see inside the fields.

“Why aren't you showing it to us?”

“We want to see Piaro fighting!”

“We have the right to watch! The Overgeared Guild doesn't own this land...! Ah, it is their land...”

“Piaro, fighting!”

The players driven out of the fields made a fuss. Many of them were fans of Piaro and were filled with disappointment, but none dared to cause trouble or try to infiltrate. It was the skill of the Overgeared Kingdom's knights that they controlled tens of thousands of players with only thousands of troops. In the first place, there was no idiot who would cross the Overgeared Guild.

"You can release your stealth now," Lauel spoke to the air after Sticks cast an enchantment to completely block the view of the outside world. Braham, who had become invisible with magic, gradually emerged.

The silently watching Grid finally opened his mouth. "Why did you chase out the people? Are you afraid to expose the guild's power?"

"Correct."

"Hrmm..."

Grid was convinced.

"Well done. There is a saying that even a stone bridge should be tested by banging on it before crossing."

"Banging... I don't like the feeling but it is correct."

For example, Piaro and Teruchan. Grid's knights were clearly strong but they weren't invincible. There were definitely weaknesses such as skills, stats, or personality. If this was exposed, it could be an opportunity for someone to target them. Of course, no one wanted to become a second Veradin but the world was always unknown. It was best to avoid exposing power as much as possible.

The reason why Braham was hidden was to avoid attracting aggro. The second reason was that the media and public would be too annoying. Unpredictable beings such as Magician King Goldhit could become entangled with Braham so there was no reason to reveal Braham's identity and cause an accident.

"I think it would be good to give Berith's Skin Mask to Braham."

"Is that a good idea?"

Grid pulled out the skin mask.

[Berith's Skin Mask]

[Rating: Legendary (Transcendent)]

Durability: 10/10 (can't be repaired)

A mask made by Berith processing human skin.

It boasts a perfect degree of completion because it contains Berith's magic of lies and distortion. It isn't only the face that is disguised but the body shape and voice as well. Thus, it transcends a simple mask.]

The skin mask was a very useful artifact. No one had noticed when Grid disguised himself as Empress Basara. The downside was that the cooldown was 12 hours. However, it wasn't a problem if it wasn't

removed after wearing it. Fortunately, Braham was also intrigued. "Good. My face is annoying in many ways."

"Why is your face annoying?"

"Whenever females see me, they scream or lose their souls. The same is true for some males."

"Oh, you're right. That would be annoying."

"Don't be sarcastic. It isn't only humans but also other races as well, to a certain level. They all react equally to me and I have experienced many serious things."

"Hrmm..."

He thought about it. Even Grid had been flustered at the sight of Braham turning his head.

'It isn't good to be too handsome...'

He was glad he didn't look that great. Feeling strangely relieved, Grid handed Braham the skin mask and Braham immediately put it on. Then the uniquely beautiful man turned into the common appearance of a villager. His name was Lux. This was the knight identity that Grid had Braham borrow. Braham adapted to his altered body and voice and spoke with satisfaction, "It is better than I thought. It might be the 22nd place but a great demon is a being who has personally been given power by Yatan."

"It's no wonder... the falsehood that distorts reality is the power of a god. Yet a 22nd great demon can be ignored? Are the single digit great demons completely different?"

It was something he had been paying attention to since he heard Noll's words. Wasn't it too exaggerated that the 3rd ranked great demon, Beriache, could overpower the great demons outside the top 10 alone? The power balance was too off for Grid who had to be afraid of even the 10th great demon.

Braham nodded. "They are strong. The gap between power is large but their physical ability itself is unparalleled compared to the top 10 great demons."

"Then how strong was Muller to seal Hell Gao by himself?"

"You've already told me about him. I have to admit that he was the strongest human being."

"Stronger than you?"

"Shut up."

"...Please tell me exactly how strong you are."

"The more simple a person, the more they like to quantify things." Braham complained. Still, it was a pretty interesting topic for him to ponder on. "The sealed Hell Gao was 9th ranked. Hell Gao couldn't be hurt even if all the great demons outside the 15th rank came at him simultaneously... well, even if there were 10 guys like Berith, they would've been beaten by Muller."

"...!"

“There are too many variables in battle. I’ve never seen Muller’s real skills so it is hard to quantify him. I can only use a rough reference. It is also important to note that the Hell Gao who fought Muller is the summoned Hell Gao. He would’ve never beaten Hell Gao if he met Hell Gao in hell.”

“It would be a suicide attack for humanity to invade hell.”

“That won’t happen. Hell is a desolate land and there is no reason for humanity to go there. That’s why the great demons are obsessed with taking over this world.”

“Hrmm...”

Grid was suddenly reminded of Yura. He felt she was bold for hunting alone in hell.

Meanwhile, Piaro and Teruchan were ready for battle. Teruchan’s muscles were swollen after doing 500 push-ups and he cried out, “Great warrior! Guruk! !! Teruchan! Guruk! Let me enjoy it!”

“I’m a farmer, not a warrior.”

Piaro’s hand plow and Teruchan’s Failure collided in the air, creating a deafening sound. Piaro was pushed back in strength. It was natural. Teruchan’s growth as the peak of his species exceeded even the growth of named NPCs. Teruchan’s level itself was far ahead of Piaro. This meant he needed to consider the stats difference.

In addition, Teruchan was now equipped with items. Failure Honoring the Strongest Warrior had a high base attack power and it amplified Teruchan’s damage by 20%. On the other hand, Piaro’s hand plow was a tool focused on farming. It enhanced Free Farming in many ways but the damage itself was considerably lower. Piaro judged it was hard with just the hand plow and took out a sickle, crossing it with the hand plow to block Teruchan’s attack.

He used this chance to sow some seeds. The bean trees grew rapidly. A wooden column soared up and hit Teruchan’s ass. Then Piaro grabbed Teruchan’s collar and slammed him into the ground. It was an impactful attack but Teruchan had more stamina and strength and became stronger as the battle continued. The momentum was so intense that even Grid had to take a few steps back.

‘I don’t know who will win...’

In fact, Grid thought that Piaro could easily win. Teruchan’s physical abilities were superior to Piaro but Piaro was far ahead in experience. Teruchan might have high physical abilities but Grid predicted that Piaro would lead the fight because he had so many skills available.

‘The Indomitable Warrior passive that consumes Origin True Energy isn’t activated in sparring mode so I thought Teruchan would be at an extreme disadvantage.’

However, the reality was that it was too fierce to guess. For NPCs, the concept of level wasn’t just about stats. Teruchan, who had gained three more levels in a month, was more skilled than before. It felt like his beast instincts had become sharper. The wild beast was adapting to the turbulent changes in the field in real time and was strongly pressuring Piaro.

‘It is a dream that I beat him...’

Of course, Grid could beat Teruchan because he was lucky. He fortunately made the Blue Dragon Boots and he fortunately was able to get the upper hand in the match against Teruchan. However, it was a different matter for Piaro. Now that the advantages of his experience had become obsolete, it was safe to say he had little advantage over Teruchan.

'Is Piaro losing?'

Grid's heart sank. Piaro and Teruchan were both precious companions but he became strangely anxious at the thought that Piaro might lose. Grid didn't want to see Piaro fall when he had always stood as a great mountain. Was his heart conveyed?

"Strong!" Piaro, who had been resisting Teruchan's onslaught, suddenly smiled and shouted. "Free Farming Hidden Style."

'Natural State?'

"Sprinkling Pesticides!"

A new technique was shown. It was a terrifying and deadly technique that had the will to eradicate all pests eating at a farmer's sanctuary.

"...!"

The astonished Teruchan took a breath and swung his sword. The strong particles spread like fog and took control of all the fields. Any insects who inhaled it would die.

"That orc has too few skills," Braham murmured.

"Free Farming 5th Style, Harvest."

Piaro harvested all the crops he had planted throughout the battle. The crops were cut off by a sharp suppression energy and their leaves were shaken. At this time, the scattered seeds...

"Free Farming 8th Style, Polishing Rice."

Piaro exploded the seeds and Teruchan couldn't even scream. Teruchan's great body fell feebly on the field where new buds started to sprout. Grid expected Teruchan, who grew stronger during battle and boasted troll-like regeneration, would soon rise again. Surprisingly, the collapsed Teruchan didn't move. His mouth was foaming and his skin slowly turned black. It was the aftermath of inhaling the pesticides.

"Sehee!"

The surprised Grid shouted and Saintess Ruby, who had been waiting in advance, rushed over.

'This toxicity is very strong...!'

Ruby was startled. Usual poisons were instantly removed with Purification but the pesticides that poisoned Teruchan weren't easily detoxified. She barely managed it after using Purification several times in a row. It was a tremendous toxicity. Piaro murmured sadly as Grid and the knights stared at him, "I wanted to stick to organic farming until the end... it turned out there were limits. Still, I believe this is also a farmer's path."

“.....”

After that, Amelda’s party—unmotivated from the beginning—quickly abstained. Singuled, who was a belligerent person and wanted to beat Piaro this time, also waved the white flag and said that pesticides weren’t allowed. Mercedes was the same. As the master of Keen Insight, she noticed that her skills were still relatively insufficient. She abstained, stating it was too early to challenge Piaro and Braham.

Asmophel and Noll, who had already been defeated by Braham, also pledged to fight in the future. The only three remaining were Braham, Piaro, and Jude.

“I’ll give you some time to rest,” Braham spoke meaningfully to Piaro.

He beckoned to Jude using Lux’s appearance. Then he used illusion magic the moment Jude entered the stage. It was more effective the lower the target’s intelligence so Braham was certain that Jude would be exhausted after running around uselessly for an hour.

“Bah.”

Braham confirmed that Jude was standing there with a dazed expression and turned back calmly. He planned to gather as much mana as possible while Piaro was resting. The next moment, Jude’s stony fist struck Braham’s back.

“Kuek... what?”

Braham’s eyes widened. He looked back with a trembling gaze and could still see Jude’s dazed expression.

“Jude. First. Knight.”

‘What is this guy?’

Unknown. The Duke of Wisdom encountered something unknown he had never experienced before.

[Chapter 1138](#)

Braham wasn’t favorable to humanity. He never thought or acted for humanity. Still, many of his accomplishments helped develop civilization and as a result, helped humanity.

The by-products formed in the process of making the resurrection magic increased the popularity of magic, the Magic Communication Sphere designed to effectively speak to his disciples was considered the greatest invention of human beings, and the specimens kidnapped in order to overcome the Curse of Idleness had been a threat to many kingdoms.

There was a saying ‘Braham’s birth was a blessing to the world.’ People didn’t dare guess how many accomplishments he had made. However, if someone were to ask Braham about his greatest achievements, Braham would answer without any hesitation—the first was meeting Grid, and the second was robbing a dragon’s lair.

‘I’ve seen people resist Belial’s illusions, but...’

The magic Braham used on Jude was derived from the Book of Amon he had stolen from Trauka’s lair. 7th Great Demon Amon, who had been caught by Trauka after ascending, had the power to project the

future and the past. Amon's Book documented how to see the past. Of course, non-transcendent races weren't able to decipher the book but this provoked Braham's desire for exploration.

Braham was in a half-crazy state and infiltrated Trauka's nest. After almost dying several times, he was lucky enough to have succeeded in stealing Amon's Book. More than half the book had been burned by the breath of the raging Trauka. That's why the past that Braham could see was only a glimpse of 'the most terrible memories of the target' but Braham transformed it into wonderful illusion magic.

It was magic that instilled a terrible fear by showing the target a terrible memory. It was magic derived from the seventh place demon so it was extremely powerful compared to the 32nd Great Demon Belial's illusions. Therefore, Braham was upset when Jude resisted it. Then he soon regained his composure and analyzed the situation.

'If Amon's power was almighty then he wouldn't have been eaten by Trauka.'

In addition, Amon's Book that Braham read was incomplete because half of it was burned. Of course, it wasn't low-level magic but the target this time was too bad.

'He is so stupid that he doesn't know fear.'

In retrospect, Grid was reluctant to call Jude when the enemies were strong. It was because Jude was so simple and ignorant that he wouldn't save himself.

'...He is close to a single-celled organism.'

Braham had to suppress him with force. Braham used Teleport to widen the distance with Jude. He didn't want to waste mana but he had no other choice. It was impossible to get away from Jude without teleporting because his physical abilities were too low. Jude might not have anything else but his physical abilities were excellent.

Braham swung his hand through the air and a blue current popped up. The basic characteristic of the lightning property was that the speed was fast. In addition, the Braham style enhanced magic maximized magic. Braham had to save mana so he planned to defeat Jude with the low-level Lightning Spear.

'I'll make a situation where he can't deal with an attack because he can't see it.'

A warrior's basic discipline was to predict the path of the attack. Jude would twist his body to the right the moment the lightning spear disappeared from view. It was because Braham would induce it.

"Ohhh!"

Jude ran while Braham waited. The distance between the two of them narrowed and a thickly grown field was to the right of Jude. At the same time, Braham moved. He moved his fingers to the left side, exposing a loophole. Then the Braham style Enhanced Lightning Spear flew to Jude like a lightning bolt.

'This guy?'

Braham frowned. Unlike Braham's expectations, Jude dashed in a straight line and the magic was wasted. It was a case of psychological warfare becoming poisonous.

'He doesn't even have instincts?'

Tsk. Braham clicked his tongue, used Lightning Spear again, and shot it in a straight line this time. There was no reversal. Jude was hit straight on by the magic. The thing that was different from Braham's expectations was that Jude didn't fall from the strike. Jude's magic resistance was so weak that according to Braham's calculations, he should be injured and fall down convulsing because he couldn't resist the electric shock. Yet surprisingly, Jude didn't collapse and succeeded in moving forward.

Braham knew the identity of this unrealistic phenomenon.

'Willpower...'

The ability developed through enlightenment of the 'heart' that only transcendents or beings equivalent to them could attain. Even Grid only recently understood it yet the weakest Jude had acquired it. Grid also noticed this fact. This was due to the notification window.

[Your knight Jude understood the concept of the 'heart.']

The expected storm struck Braham. Jude couldn't wield his sword because he failed to narrow the distance to Braham but his desire to cut Braham took form. It was Formless Will. Coincidentally, Braham was hit and also became enlightened. Braham also used willpower to offset the Formless Will. Jude's Formless Will was extinguished without a trace. It returned to nothingness without reaching Braham.

"...You really managed to gather together these people," Braham murmured. There was a slight smile on his face. Then flames exploded. Jude vomited up blood and sat down in place. However, his gaze was still on Braham. His burned hand was holding on tightly to the sword Grid gave him. His will was still steadfast, unlike his crumbling flesh.

"Jude... First. Knight..."

"Jude!"

Grid's heart sank. He noticed why Jude was trying to hold on. Braham was the same. He looked at Jude and clicked his tongue.

"I know you are Grid's first knight. I don't intend to take your place so stop fighting."

"Hap... py."

Jude lost consciousness and collapsed. To people's surprise, Braham personally supported him and brought him to Ruby's side. Grid blinked with shock while Braham snorted. He didn't say anything. Still, Grid was able to read Braham's heart.

"Haha..."

The smiling Grid firmly grasped Jude's callused hands. He was thrilled that his first knight had been acknowledged by the greatest man in history.

"I'm impressed."

The Overgeared members and knights watched Grid and Jude with warm expressions. There wasn't a single person here who could hate Grid and Jude.

“Don’t you need this?”

Piario handed Braham a blue potion. It was the superior mana potion produced in Reidan’s alchemy facility.

‘Do you think I should drink something after facing a guy like that?’

Or.

‘You dare want a fair fight with this body?’

And so forth. The original Braham would’ve said such things and then burned the potions.

“Hrmm...”

Surprisingly, Braham accepted the potion. The reason why he had such an arrogant personality was because he was convinced he was the strongest. For the current Braham, arrogance was a luxury since he was aware of his weakness and that Grid’s knights were strong. In that sense...

Braham drank the potion and restored his mana. Then he started to chant the spell for Meteor. Meteor was one of the great magics and the chant had to be completed before it was triggered.

“Heok...!”

An unusual air flowed, causing the astonished Overgeared members to look up at the sky and suck in their breaths. They could see a huge meteorite flying through the atmosphere. It was the same for the tens of thousands of players that flocked outside the fields to watch.

“...What is that?”

“Is this real...”

The sky was falling. The world was about to face ruin. The appearance of the meteorite gradually approaching the ground caused all types of confusion.

“The Overgeared Kingdom... is it the end?” LaueI muttered with a blank expression.

“Braham, is this a joke?”

Grid smiled awkwardly as he sent Braham an anxious look. Nevertheless, Braham didn’t stop the magic spell. He stared at Piario, who was alternating pointing to the agricultural tools in his hands and Braham’s empty hands. It was a gesture that seemed to be saying Braham had no weapons yet.

“I will stop you.”

Piario responded to Braham with a provocative answer.

“I will beat you and deliver the glory of the next generation!”

A previous generation legend. Piario never dreamed that he would have a chance to compete with those who had disappeared into history. For Piario, his encounter with Braham was the luckiest thing after his encounter with Grid. He didn’t want to miss this golden opportunity. He wanted to fight Braham with all his heart and measure his strength and potential.

Piario pushed off from the ground and flew forward. He analyzed that Braham's current physical condition was the worst. It was Piario's judgment that Braham couldn't afford to keep chanting the Meteor spell and use Teleport at the same time. Even if double casting was possible, it would be useless if there was no mana. Piario expected Braham to respond with defense magic or a single target magic. At that moment, he would sprinkle seeds in advance to catch Braham off guard later. At least, he believed he had enough odds against Braham today.

However, the situation wasn't what he expected. The link between Alarm and Teleport—Braham predicted the timing of the attack and used the help of the Alarm magic he activated when competing against Jude to easily evade using Teleport. Braham's mana was also filling up in real time. He was chanting the spell for Meteor while using Mana Drain to absorb energy from the crops.

'I will lose if I delay things!'

The admiring Piario sent suppression energy toward Braham, who appeared far away. It was an operation to force Braham to use defensive magic while disrupting vision, creating a gap that would give him an edge in the duel. It was as expected. Braham was unable to just watch the fast-flying force and triggered defense magic, causing a dense dust cloud to swirl.

In the midst of this, Piario hid among the crops and triggered Natural State, absorbing the energy of the soil and crops as he began farming at a speed that defied nature. A giant sweet potato stalk that made humans look like a dwarf grew like a dragon tail, carrying Piario. It wasn't comparable to the technology of leaping through space like Teleport but it was certainly a tremendous speed.

Piario quickly reached Braham and swung the hoe. "Harvest!"

A wave swept through the field. The sweet potato stems dug into the soil as dozens of large sweet potatoes filled the air.

"...!!"

Grid and the Overgeared members were amazed by the overwhelming spectacle and were at a loss for words.

"It isn't a potato?"

Meanwhile, Magic Swordsman Bland was greatly disappointed.

"Free Farming Hidden Style! Sweet Potato Battering!"

Piario, who held the sweet potato stems in his hand instead of agricultural tools, swung them like a whip. Then the sweet potatoes headed toward Braham's head like rocks.

"Kuock!"

It was Piario's new operation where he linked Natural State, Sowing Seeds, Rapid Growth, and Harvest. It was a terrifying skill despite the tricky conditions. The meteorite summoned by Braham burned the entire sky while Piario summoned sweet potatoes. No, the sweet potatoes were smashing the entire land.

Grid copied Mercedes' shield with Item Transformation and protected Ruby and Jude alongside Mercedes. The God Hands, Noe, and Randy protected the Overgeared members.

'It is Piaro's victory!'

Asmophel was certain. He had been rooting for Piaro throughout the battle and now his face was bright. Then a deep shadow appeared over his face.

"...!"

Asmophel and the Overgeared members were surprised by the heat and looked up at the sky. The meteorite was still falling. It was almost on the verge of colliding with the ground. Even Piaro's hidden techniques hadn't stopped Braham's casting.

"Kuek...!"

What was this? Was it possible to keep chanting a magic spell after experiencing such a big shock? The confused Piaro tried to track Braham's movements. However, he couldn't find Braham even with the power of Natural State. It felt like Braham had disappeared from the world.

"Free Farming Peak Style!"

It happened the moment when Piaro determined he needed to handle the meteorite and focused his suppression energy into a single point, forming a mortar. Suddenly, part of the space cracked open and Piaro was swallowed up. The meteorite, which was about to collide with the ground, and the mortar about to hit it disappeared without a trace.

One of Braham's enchantments, which were divided into three systems, had worked. Piaro was the first human to make Braham use an enchanted barrier.

[Chapter 1139](#)

There were many different types of barriers. There was a simple barrier that was used to block outside eyes like a curtain while there were high-level barriers that embodied the mental world of the user. The thing that all had in common was that they consumed an enormous amount of magic power.

Therefore, Piaro shook. Braham completed the highest-level magic, Meteor, which was known as the magic of great demons and dragons, while also making a magic barrier.

"....."

Was it a library built in a desert? The sight of hundreds of thousands of books in an endless room exceeded the limits of nature. Even the legendary Piaro was degraded to the level of a needle in the desert.

"This is Sir Braham's mind room...'

Indeed, it was the world of the Duke of Wisdom. The countless books symbolized the knowledge he had accumulated so far. Piaro was dragged into Braham's magic barrier and marvelled. Then a square was cut out of a corner of the library and it opened like a door.

Braham appeared and picked up a book while asking, "Do you like reading?"

"To be honest, I don't enjoy it much."

"Hmm, I see. Then let's move to the next place."

"....."

What would happen if he said he liked it? Piaro got chills down his spine as he imagined something terrible. Piaro swallowed back his question with a gulp and chased after Braham through the door. Then his field of view was turned upside down as the library disappeared and a white room just over 100 square metres appeared.

It was a room full of unidentified tools he had seen at Reidan's alchemy facility. He wondered about the purpose of the large transparent glass bead installed in the centre.

"...?"

Piaro looked into the glass bead and was stunned. The image inside was stopped at just the moment before the red rock and bright mortar collided.

"I'm going to start straight away."

Braham snapped his fingers. The stopped rock and mortar in the glass bead started to move. At the same time, Piaro determined their identity from their momentum. One was Braham's Meteor while the other was the concentrated mortar of suppression energy. The principle was unknown but the mighty techniques that had taken control of Reinhardt's sky had been reduced by thousands of times and spread to the unidentified glass bead.

The meteorite and mortar collided and smoke spread like ash, completely blackening the glass bead. Half of the meteorite that survived Pounding Mortar crashed to the bottom of the glass bead, causing a major explosion. Ferocious flames soared to the ceiling of the bead. It was proof that the ultimate technique of Free Farming couldn't offset, let alone destroy Braham's Meteor.

Piaro didn't take long before speaking. "...I admit my defeat."

In the first place, he didn't know how to get out of this barrier. He couldn't beat Braham with his current skills...

Piaro's attitude was very polite as he bowed his head with conviction. There was no one he had bowed so deeply to except for the emperor and Grid.

Braham watched him and flicked his fingers silently. The glass bead contaminated by the aftermath of the explosion was cleaned until it looked brand new. Then Braham's Meteor and Piaro's suppression energy were once again embodied. However, this Piaro's strength was different from the previous one. It was surrounded by a blue aura rather than a bright light. It was like being locked in a waterfall.

Braham said, "The greatest strength of Natural State is the variability of energy. The natural energy of humans doesn't change easily and only strength can be tempered. Meanwhile, you can freely change the nature of energy due to the aura of nature that you absorb."

"You know better than me..."

Piario had only recently gained enlightenment. He used Natural State on the land where the rafflesia was planted and happened to absorb the properties of poison. After thinking about how to use it, he learned how to inject it with suppression energy and develop the hidden technique, Sprinkling Pesticides. Yet Braham instantly penetrated into the essence of Natural State. Piario was able to realize that Braham's wisdom was far beyond his.

"Being able to change the nature of the energy is a blessing."

The meteorite and mortar in the glass bead once again collided. Surprisingly, this time the two auras were offset. Piario's suppression energy wasn't inferior to Meteor and they were eliminated together. It was the result of the nature property.

"Unbelievable..."

Piario was feeling admiration when his vision gradually darkened.

"Piario!"

"Sir Piario!"

The capital, Reinhardt.

Piario and the meteorite had suddenly disappeared, causing worry to fill the faces of the Overgeared Guild members. Then Piario returned without a scratch on him. Meanwhile, Braham who tore the space behind Piario was weary. His haggard face was obvious.

People could predict the outcome of the match that took place in the barrier.

'Piario won...!'

'The man who woke up after hundreds of years can't beat Piario who had been constantly training.'

It was at this moment.

"Sir Braham." Piario approached Braham and abruptly knelt down. "Thank you for your great teachings. I will never forget this favor for the rest of my life and will serve Teacher."

"...!"

Piario. The former pillar of the Saharan Empire and the current pillar of the Overgeared Kingdom. The person closest to King Grid and the pinnacle of the military was kneeling on the ground? The stir created was huge. In particular, the former Red Knights knew that Piario had only knelt for the emperor and Grid so they couldn't react.

Braham waved his hand like it was annoying. "It's fine. I have absolutely no intention to accept a man like you as a disciple so forget it."

It was enough to experience being jealous once. Braham clicked his tongue and turned his gaze to the other side. It was to Grid. His friend was waiting for him.

"Is the hierarchy sorting over?"

“Yes, I am naturally the strongest.”

“Haha.”

Grid had expected such a result. There was a huge gap between legends of the same era so the gap with former legends would be even greater. In addition, Braham was one of the greatest legends of his generation. Grid had got this person.

“However, I’ll give the first position to him.”

The person who was still unconscious... No, he was sleeping.

Braham sighed and reached out to Grid, who was staring at the snoring Jude. “Give me my staff.”

“Ah, yes.”

Grid handed the staff over. It was Belial’s Staff. It was amazing that Braham had subdued Piaro without a weapon. Nevertheless, he wasn’t too happy. It wasn’t easy to accept the defeat of Piaro, the strongest knight of the Overgeared Kingdom.

Braham saw Grid’s complicated expression and whispered in his ear. “Defeat and failure isn’t the end. In the future, your four knights will improve beyond a snail’s pace.”

“Yes, I believe in them.”

“.....”

Braham frowned. He looked at Grid with a disgruntled expression and handed him a book. Millions of books were kept in his Knowledge Room. Different from the mental world, this was a book brought from the real world. It was a book he picked up while picking up Piaro.

“What is this... Heok.”

Grid’s eyes widened like they were going to pop out.

[Braham’s Hat Production Method]

[Braham’s Robe Production Method]

[Braham’s Gloves Production Method]

[Braham’s Boots Production Method]

[Braham’s Ring Production Method]

[Braham’s Bracelet Production Method]

[Braham’s Earrings Production Method]

[Braham’s Necklace Production Method]

These were the contents of Braham’s book. It contained the production methods for Braham’s gear and was written by Braham himself. In addition, the rating of all of them was confirmed as legendary.

“These are the clothes I will wear in the future. You should make them yourself. Only the accessories are the exception. Even Pagma was weak in accessories so you should be the same.”

“I understand. I’ll make you the best.”

Grid was keenly aware of the resurrection of the legendary great magician.

Buzz buzz.

Outside Reinhardt’s fields, tens of thousands of players were still waiting. There was only one reason they stayed here to the end. They were curious about the outcome of the match. Who won the battle between the legendary farmer and the orc lord? If the orc lord won then Grid would be stronger than Piaro. It was a match they had to wonder about in many ways.

“...I saw it in vain.”

The players gazed at the clear expanse.

A little while ago, they thought they were going to die. Meteor. The legendary magic of Great Demon Belial.

Someone had cried out when it appeared over Reinhardt. The resurrected Great Magician Braham was clearly in the Overgeared Kingdom.

Many people agreed. The public’s opinion was that Grid was associated with Braham’s resurrection since Grid has assimilated with Braham a long time ago. It was recently revealed that the person who killed Braham was Pagma and although there were many interpretations that Braham approached Grid because of a grudge, there was the prevailing opinion that Braham was in the Overgeared Kingdom.

Once Meteor actually appeared, they were convinced of their opinion. There were people who claimed that Braham was using Meteor to burn Grid, the descendant of Pagma, and the Overgeared Kingdom, and all types of broadcasters were filming it. Then Meteor vanished shortly before it reached the ground. The heat that seemed to burn the entire world disappeared without a trace, like it was a lie. It was common sense that magic that had already been cast couldn’t be undone so people had to interpret it as a group hallucination.

“Who can use such an incredible thing?”

“Piaro and Teruchan are fighting so it must’ve been one of them.”

“Isn’t it too much for a farmer or orc to use such a thing?”

“Is Piaro a normal farmer? He is a legendary farmer. Is Teruchan a normal orc? He is the orc lord.”

“Right. They could use an illusion technique that looks like Meteor.”

“This group of people are crazy...”

The turmoil was about to become bigger. Sticks’ enchantment around the entire agricultural field suddenly vanished and the soldiers opened the way. The showdown between Piaro and Teruchan

seemed to be over. Who had won? The people gulped as they waited for the winner to appear. People believed it would be easy to guess the winner because in official confrontations, the rule was that usually the winner was in the lead.

The people at the forefront were neither Piaro or Teruchan. It was a knight called Lux. The colour of the name and the appearance was very ordinary. He was an NPC that looked like passerby number one.

The flustered people soon ignored him. They accepted him as a type of security guard who went out to organize the traffic before the protagonist appeared. Then a short time later, despite the appearance of famous figures such as Piaro, Teruchan, Grid and Mercedes, Lux still remained in the forefront. Rather, he walked forward like he was leading the group.

"...Wow, these bad people."

"They knew that people were waiting."

The people clicked their tongues. They admired the Overgeared Kingdom who avoided leaking information by concealing the winner of the confrontation.

At the same time, the desert of Reidan.

"Let's go."

Dozens of players entered Fenrir's city after killing the Overgeared Kingdom's soldiers. It was a surprisingly frequent event. All the other vampire cities were tightly controlled by the Overgeared members except for Fenrir's city. The Overgeared Guild were afraid of Fenrir and designated it as a forbidden zone. It was one of the few hunting grounds where non-Overgeared members could target valuables like the vampire rings so they flocked to the area. It was okay to die so they were determined to give it a try.

However, this time the group that entered Fenrir's city was a group of high-ranking players. There had never been so many high rankers gathered in a group in history.

[Chapter 1140](#)

Inside Elizabeth's workshop in Reinhardt, Grid and Elizabeth were focusing on their work. Grid was currently making Braham's Robes with the sewing technique he was barely accustomed to while Elizabeth was taking the utmost care to craft Braham's earrings.

She did her best to reward Grid for handing over the legendary-rated design. Yet even her skills weren't enough to satisfy Braham.

"You newbie. Even zombies with rotten fingers are better than you."

"Hiing..." Elizabeth was almost in tears because of Braham, who sat by her side and kept slandering her skills. She couldn't tolerate this treatment since she was normally treated like a princess as Eat Spicy Jokbal's relative and the best accessories maker.

Grid wanted to make progress on the work, so he shifted Braham's interest in another direction. "I know that Fenrir is as strong as a great demon. Nevertheless, if you and I join forces and Piaro and the knights work together, shouldn't we succeed without any sacrifices?"

After the hierarchy determination, Braham greatly admired the power of Grid's knights. So, Grid thought Braham would have a positive reaction. Surprisingly, Braham was still skeptical. "It is impossible to avoid sacrifices."

"How strong is Fenrir..."

"It is more of a problem with that guy's dog."

"Dog?"

"Rather than using magic, Fenrir honed his body. Moreover, magic doesn't work at all against him. Unlike our blood, he has no obvious weaknesses. You will have to hunt the dog while I tie up Fenrir's feet alone... It will be a tough fight."

"Magic doesn't work at all? Then how did you fight and win against Fenrir in the old days?"

"I aged the hind legs of a hell dog for 100 days and then roasted them in a secret sauce before throwing the skewer of roasted hell dog meat away from the front line. Damn, if I hadn't wasted that skewer back then, I could've run away a bit more easily."

"...Eh?"

Grid had heard a lot about this food somewhere.

'High rankers' was used to refer to the top 1,000 rankers. The top 1,000 among billions of players were respected by the public because they needed talent, money, or good luck. However, evaluations were always relative. Then rankers insisted that a real definition of high rankers should be established.

Top 100...

The top 100 players were the only ones who could claim to be high rankers. That's why the 36 rankers here were in the top 100. It was the first time in history that a party was composed of such power. Not even the Overgeared Kingdom or Valhalla had dozens of people in the top 100. Some of the players in this party were even healers. The healer class was the most difficult class in Satisfy..

"Did you really have to kill them? Wouldn't it be enough to capture them?" Light said. His ID was literally 'Light'. He had long reigned as the number one monk and had risen to number 21 in the unified rankings. Light had many fans due to his beauty and manners. He was complaining about killing the soldiers who guarded the entrance of Fenrir's city.

"I think it was right to kill them. This is the middle of the desert. It would've been more horrific if they were left with their hands and feet tied up."

"Is there any guarantee that the soldiers won't be able to solve it just because they are tied up with chains? They could get help from a patrol team. Why do you want to keep witnesses alive?"

A vampire city where the boss still survived had an unusual form. No one could enter the city until the previous party was wiped out or the boss was raided.

Pastel Crayon, 29th on the unified rankings, was the reason why the soldiers of the Overgeared Kingdom were murdered. He judged that witnesses should be destroyed to avoid exposing the identities of those in their party, regardless of whether they succeeded or failed in the Fenrir raid. In fact, it wasn't easy for the Overgeared Kingdom to identify the 'suicide commandos' who invaded the city of Fenrir over the years. Out of the hundreds of foolish people who gave their lives for vampire items or elixirs, less than 10 were identified.

"You talk too much. Are you here to make friends?" Asuka frowned as she moved from the rear of the group. She had consistently maintained her ranking in the top 10 despite her solo performance, and she was also a special presence in the party consisting of top 100 rankers.

At the time when 22nd Great Demon Berith appeared, there had been a public opinion that the American representatives—such as Asuka, Hurent, Zibal, and Kraugel—would've succeeded in raiding Berith if they cooperated. However, Asuka hadn't been able to participate in the Berith raid at the time.

Madness—it was a stat that berserkers should prioritize. She was on a hidden quest to raise it. Asuka knew that she wouldn't have succeeded even if she had participated in the raid.

'It is the role of Grid or Kraugel to deal with such a ridiculous monster.'

In fact, it was the same for Fenrir. Asuka confirmed using various literature and testimonies that Fenrir was a powerful boss that was the same or stronger than Berith. Still, Fenrir had clear weaknesses, unlike the great demons. Vampires were vulnerable to the sun and desired to sleep. The group had enough means to exploit Fenrir's weaknesses.

The sounds of watermelons exploding rang out continuously. It was the sound effect of vampires being slaughtered by the 53rd ranked Asuka and the others in the group. This was still only the beginning, and they were regular vampires. The vampires who lived in Fenrir's city were over level 400, but they weren't a match for the rankers.

"Ohh, a vampire ring," someone whistled excitedly and said, catching everyone's attention. The 95th ranker Kildes had a transparent red ring on his finger.

"Wow, shit. Getting a profit as soon as you entered..."

"Aren't you lucky?"

Even the jealous voices sounded like cheers for the current Kildes.

"...!?" The smiling Kildes was startled. A red beam shot toward his chest, and he flew backward. It was blood magic—magic that belonged to a true blood vampire.

"Kuek...!" Kildes suffered burns to his chest and hurriedly tried to take a potion, but he was disturbed by hundreds of bats flying through the darkness. Still, Kildes was the second-ranked assassin and wouldn't go down easily. He quickly swung his dagger and shook off the bats.

In the process, the swarm of bats took the image of a beautiful woman. She reached out for Kildes' neck, but it was actually a self-destruction doll that resembled Kildes. The number one assassin Faker overcame his enemies with speed while Kildes used various tools to play with the opponent.

"...!" The true blood vampire was swept away by the explosion.

In the meantime, the rankers who killed the other vampires surrounded the woman along with Kildes.

“Huhut. How pathetic.” The true blood vampire was relaxed. Her unique vampiric ability meant she recovered from her wounds quickly. Every bat that poured out of her body ingested human blood, and the wounds on her body disappeared. “Prey has arrived after a long time.”

All the humans the true blood vampire had dealt with so far were easy prey. She thought it would be the same again. However, this time was different. No, it was very different.

“Kuek...!Kuaaack!”

The abilities of the humans were remarkable. Many people worked together so that those vampires created by Fenrir himself found it hard to fight back. In particular, the dancing teddy bears with an unknown consciousness restrained the innate ability of the vampire bat. The true blood vampire, who should've led the battle by dispersing her bats and using blood magic, quickly lost momentum and collapsed.

“You guys...! Only humans at most...!”

“Quiet,” someone interrupted the true blood vampire's words. It was Asuka who had been watching from the rear of the battle. She was a berserker and the owner of Weapons Mastery. Asuka opened her inventory and pulled out a sword. It was a long sword that burned hot and bright like the sun. The light melted the skin of the true blood vampire.

“Kuaaack!”

Asuka smiled when she saw the vampire scream and struggle. “Yes, this is real.”

Before Grid became a full-fledged celebrity, Asuka fought Grid along with her servant Black Teddy and got beaten up. She regarded that event as the luckiest experience of her life. It was because she got the opportunity to understand things better and develop strength faster than others.

Over the years, she became obsessed with becoming a force beyond what others could imagine. She wasn't satisfied no matter how strong she became. Asuka's status as a third-generation chaebol helped fulfill her desires. Her resources, talent, and commitment allowed her to stay in the rankings.

The strength that was above her level came from her items. The reason why Asuka challenged the Fenrir raid was due to her confidence in her 45th legendary item collected, the Sun Sword. It had properties like the ability to deal additional damage to vampires, a probability of nullifying the vampires' blood magic, nullifying the vampires' regeneration and blood-sucking abilities, ignoring a certain amount of the vampires' defense, and so on.

The Sun Sword was a conditional weapon that was a perfect counter to vampires.

“Here.”

After slaughtering hundreds of vampires and defeating five true blood vampires, the group arrived before a tightly closed door and checked their skill cooldown time, resources, passive status, item durability, and potion cooldown time. The condition of the group was perfect.

“Shall we go?” Suddenly, Asuka became the leader of the party. Everyone in the group waited for Asuka’s command with a determined expression.

‘It is annoying.’ The frowning Asuka nodded. “Open the door.”

“Yes!”

“Okay!”

The party responded vigorously before opening the door. A thick darkness was waiting for them. It was such a perfect darkness that it was hard to see. However, Asuka’s group were high rankers and quickly adapted to the darkness. They found a coffin in the center of the room. It was the biggest and most colorful coffin they had ever seen. Surely Fenrir would be sleeping in there...

Black Teddy gulped and glanced at Light. One of the decisive reasons for Asuka’s participation in the raid was Light’s ability. He had once been one of Rebecca’s priests, but he got baptized by an indigenous god and changed classes to a monk.

Light could use magic to temporarily strengthen the ‘curse’ on a target. Asuka planned to use the Sun Sword to suppress the regeneration while Light would strengthen the curse to prevent Fenrir from waking up. Then they would slaughter Fenrir as a group.

Light’s magic enveloped the sleeping Fenrir in the tightly closed coffin, and he cried out with a cheerful face, “It’s a success!”

“Good.”

Convinced of the raid’s success, the group drew closer to the coffin. Simultaneously, the chandelier hanging from the ceiling was tilted subtly.

“Cough...!”

Something huge fell, and the 39th ranked Pastel Crayon died.

“...!” The faces of the group members were pale.

Grrrung.Grrrr.

A wolf that ate gods...

A giant beast reminiscent of the Fenrir from Norse mythology stood confronting the group like it was guarding Fenrir’s coffin. Every time it let out a rough breath, Asuka’s skin got goosebumps.

“...This is interesting.” Asuka opened her inventory, put away the Sun Sword, and pulled out a hunter’s bow and trap. Her item swap rate was reminiscent of the Overgeared King’s. “We must kill that damned dog even if we die.”