

## Overgeared 1141

### [Chapter 1141](#)

He had a long dream. As always, it was a nightmare. He wanted to wake up, but he couldn't wake up. The sleep of consciousness didn't permit free will. The Curse of Idleness imprinted on his soul had a terrible effect.

“.....”

Fenrir cursed Shizo Beriache, who had been driven out of hell. He hated his fate. Although he didn't show it in front of other family members, he resented his mother. Why did she give birth to him for him to suffer...? He hated her helplessness and irresponsibility...

“.....”

His consciousness pulled out of the nightmare. His eyelids—crushed by an immeasurable weight—opened, and the contours of darkness entered his field of view. Cold swirled inside the coffin. Fenrir felt a sense of alienation as he opened his eyes in a place where light couldn't enter. He felt like he had an exceptionally long and terrible nightmare today.

Somehow, there was a bit of anxiety. He must be mistaken.

Fenrir's expression stiffened as he sat up from the coffin. Standing before him was a person with a slender body covered in blood. Beneath her feet, the wolf that was Fenrir's alter ego was dying with its tongue sticking out.

“You... Human. What did you do?”

A mother, who passed on a curse and revenge to her children, and siblings who blindly loved such a mother...

Fenrir was furious at the death of a beast that had given him affection and loved only him, unlike those pathetic figures. He was angry. As the chill rose, the human woman's body trembled. Her arms had been bitten by the beast, and there was a large hole in her chest. Unfortunately, her eyes were still alive.

“It is as you can see. I hunted a dog that tried to protect its sleeping master.”

The head of the beast that was panting painfully was then cut off with an axe. Before it died, the beast's eyes glistened fondly as it stared at Fenrir. It loved its owner instead of blaming him, who had been sleeping even at the moment of its death.

Fenrir gritted his teeth. His pointed fangs broke after being rubbed against his lower teeth, and he chewed and swallowed them. “There is no need for dirty blood. I'll chew your flesh and bones.”

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The wolf, who had split Pastel Crayon in half upon its arrival, had been very strong and ferocious. However, it had shown the habit of guarding Fenrir's coffin whenever Asuka's party approached it. It had been obsessed with protecting the coffin, even if a sword stabbed its back. This was an obvious

weakness. Thanks to this, Asuka's party managed to find a way to attack. The wolf's loyalty was a great tool of success for Asuka's party.

Of course, they hadn't been able to hunt the wolf with luck alone. Asuka's party made great sacrifices. From the beginning, the party aimed at challenging the dungeon with an exit for 'achievements', and they made generous investments.

First, they risked their lives. Second, they took the Sweet Candy that could only be bought five times from the Reputation Store. Third, they generously used the consumables they had obtained from various hidden quests. The dozens of players squeezed out all their capabilities.

The wolf, that had been bound to the coffin, was then increasingly driven to the defensive. The weapons of the rankers, reinforced with all types of potions and skills, pierced the wolf's skin. Berserker Asuka armed herself with various weapons and split apart the wolf's muscles and bones. After hours of a long struggle...

"Pant... Pant..." Asuka survived alone and succeeded in killing the wolf at her feet.

Grrung.Grrr. The strongest beast, who had ripped apart 35 high rankers and swallowed them while still guarding the coffin, cried out in the midst of dying. Its eyes were only directed toward the coffin where Fenrir was sleeping. It was a dog that was concerned about its master even when its life was running out.

"....."

Asuka was a berserker. Every time she fought, she entered a frenzy. As madness accumulated, she could only drool or blink, but she wasn't really crazy. She had enough communicative ability to read and sympathize with the emotions of the silent beast.

"Tsk..." Asuka clicked her tongue bitterly as she raised her axe high. It was an axe infused with the blessing of Hunting God Debirion and dealt massive additional damage to beasts and beast-type monsters. Then Fenrir woke up. The thick and heavy coffin was torn and shot up toward the ceiling.

"You... Human. What did you do?" The wrath of the vampire marquis provoked fear.

However, Asuka was relaxed since she was already prepared for death. "It is as you can see. I hunted a dog that tried to protect its sleeping master."

It was an accusation and mockery toward him. Eroded by the effect of the strengthened curse, he was unable to open his eyes in time to prevent his loyal beast from being killed. The axe struck the wolf.

"...I'll chew you up well." Fenrir stepped out of the coffin and approached Asuka. He moved at a very slow pace. It was an attitude that wanted to create fear and deep regret for as long as possible.

'A monster is a monster.'

He was accompanied by several status conditions. If Fenrir had woken up on time, Asuka's party would've been wiped out. They wouldn't have been able to injure the wolf properly, let alone kill it. Asuka opened her inventory and threw the axe inside with trembling hands, pulling out two swords. One of the swords was stuck in a black sheath, on which the symbol of the sun was engraved.

'I can't catch this monster.'

It was unlikely that the 36 high rankers would reunite to challenge the Fenrir raid again. Asuka's party had consumed too many resources against the wolf guarding his coffin, not Fenrir, and experienced too much despair. Asuka was certain that Grid and the Overgeared members were the only party that could raid Fenrir's city and reach Fenrir's room.

Additionally, Asuka knew Grid's power. She believed that Grid would kill the vampire in a more brutal manner than he killed her. Asuka pulled the sword stuck in the sheath and threw it. She muttered as if talking to the party members watching as they became corpses, "Didn't we get a lot of titles from hunting the wolf? We'll be happy with that."

Asuka was swallowed up alive. The most horrific form of death that traumatized many players struck Asuka. Still, she didn't blink and accepted the pain.

"The last supper... Enjoy it well?"

"Kukuk."

"...!"

As she left her will, the relaxed smile on Asuka's face collapsed. The Sun Sword, which she had thrown for the next challenger, was sucked into Fenrir's hand. Fenrir got an awful burn when he held the Sun Sword in his hand. Still, his expression didn't change as he threw the Sun Sword to the center of the high ceiling. It got stuck behind the chandelier and couldn't be seen with the naked eye. The Sun Sword was sealed by itself. In front of the AI of a super-named monster, Asuka became the first player to have an item stolen by a monster.

[The title 'Fool' has been acquired for your stupid act that will go down in history.]

"XX!!" Asuka cursed harshly as she died.

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[The production of Braham's Robes has been completed.]

[You have succeeded in producing a legendary item, and your Tailoring skill will grow rapidly to advanced level 3.]

[A legendary rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +25 and reputation throughout the continent has risen by +1,000.]

'Good!'

One of the sources of Grid's power was his stats. However, since his blacksmithing technique had grown to a certain level, the growth rate of his stats had slowed. Of course, that was a story limited to blacksmithing. Tailoring was different. In the world of tailoring, Grid wasn't tainted water but a green sprout. Therefore, the stats synergy was applied according to the grade of the produced item.

That's why Grid was so pleased with Braham's gift. The hats, robes, and gloves could also be crafted with Tailoring, so for the time being, it was expected that Grid's stats would grow rapidly. The 'all stats +25' effect would be maintained for the five legendary items that were produced.

'In the future, I should grind my tailoring by manufacturing Braham's set.'

The problem was with the materials. The fabric needed to make Braham's set came from repardo thread, and this wasn't readily available. The specialty product was produced only in a small frontier town of the Gauss Kingdom and at a low quantity. Additionally, the Overgeared Kingdom and Gauss Kingdom were in a hostile relationship, so export restrictions applied.

'It will soon be time to fight.'

Historically, the Overgeared Kingdom had suffered too much aggression and hostility from the Gauss Kingdom. For the Overgeared Kingdom that had to expand their territory, going to war with the neighboring Gauss Kingdom was something unavoidable. The reason why Lael increased military expenditure after the firm alliance with the empire was that he was mindful of the war against the Gauss Kingdom.

"Hrmm."

Beside him, Braham was wearing the robe. It was a light blue robe with silver embroidery on both shoulders. Dressed in the very gorgeous and luxurious outfit, Braham stood up. It was a design that didn't match with an extremely ordinary face, just like the current skin mask that Braham was wearing. Nevertheless, Braham didn't care.

"An empty appearance..." He expressed disappointment with the less delicate embroidery, but when it came to the robe's ability to enhance magic, he tested the performance several times and nodded like it was fine.

"I'll continue making the same clothes and will make them look better, so bear with it for now."

Once Grid achieved advanced master level for Tailoring, he would be able to make items by combining blacksmithing and tailoring. Then he would make a real Braham set. Grid smiled at the reminder of the class quest that hadn't been completed for years.

A few days passed.

"I finally got my boots."

"Yes."

He was on the road to the smithy. Grid quickened his pace toward Braham, who was wearing gorgeous clothes and accessories with his plain face. It was an effort to not look like a fashion terrorist to other people. Honestly, it was embarrassing. Grid had to wonder if Ahyoung, who had dated him for one day when he was a fashion terrorist, was unexpectedly kind-hearted.

Once Grid finally arrived at the smithy, new questions were raised. "Ah, by the way... The skewer you mentioned. Is it something that normal dragons like, not just the Gourmet Dragon? Can they be bribed with it?"

“The food that the Gourmet Dragon enjoys is a delicacy for other dragons.”

“Hoh...”

Valuable information was obtained. If he encountered a dragon in the future, he might be able to survive by bribing it with skewers. This time, the skewer had to be thrown at the dog that Fenrir was raising.

‘I have a new place to use reputation. Later, new skewers can be obtained.’

Grid made a plan while starting the production of Braham’s Boots. Then exactly three days later, Grid’s group arrived at the entrance of Fenrir’s city.

#### [Chapter 1142](#)

“If I had met him in a decent condition, I would’ve had beaten him without even swinging my sword.”

Terrible death and a massive loss of experience and items. It was okay up to here. Any player would have to accept it. However, it was a big shock to have the Sun Sword taken away and to be treated as a fool.

“What’s more, he was able to figure out a player’s intentions. Does this make sense? He’s the worst monster ever. I’ll live well until the day the game is broken!”

It was Asuka’s new drinking habit. She repeated the same words like a parrot.

Black Teddy, who was watching her empty her glass with a helpless smile, pulled out a handkerchief and wiped her tears. “Young lady... I’ve been watching you for over 20 years. Every time I saw you running around like a thunderbolt, I thought of a wild horse. Now that girl is like a sick pony. My heart aches at the weakness unbecoming of you.”

“Teddy...”

“Please wake up. Act as usual and kill all those bastards! You should shake off your unbecoming frustration with a cigarette and burn with vengeance! Rather than a sick pony, become a mad dog... no, a wild horse!”

“Teddy, there are many monsters in this world that I can’t kill. I am just a pony who acted like a wild horse.”

“Y-Young lady...! Sob sob!”

“...Those crazy humans are still at it again today.”

“Are they shooting a movie?”

Hayakan Pub—the most famous pub in the southern part of the Saharan Empire—was a seven-story pavilion carved from a small mountain. It was as big and gorgeous as a palace. That’s right. This wasn’t reality, it was Satisfy. It was impossible for a player to get drunk and cry with runny noses.

Asuka and Black Teddy weren’t drunk but they were drunk on the atmosphere. They were just crazy in other people’s eyes.

“By the way, who are those people?”

“I don’t know. If they’re like any other gang then I’m not interested.”

Asuka and Black Teddy were high rankers and had the burden of their position. They covered their faces and names when drinking in the pub. However, the accessories like their earrings were obviously expensive and they became the target of many groups because of the loud noise they made every day. The PK criminals who played in the area would attack the two people. The result was naturally an easy win for Asuka and Black Teddy. Since then, no one touched the noisy duo.

“Excuse me, Young Lady.”

“Huh?”

“Should we contact Grid and pass on the information of the Sun Sword?”

“You want us to confess that we illegally intruded on the hunting grounds?”

“We didn’t catch the boss anyway. We didn’t ruin the hunting ground so won’t he forgive us if we give the information on the Sun Sword?”

“We killed the soldiers guarding the hunting ground.”

“Even if he values NPC, he might not care about some soldiers. It isn’t us who killed the soldiers in the first place, it was Pastel Crayon...”

“It’s fine. There is no need to act rashly.”

Asuka wanted Fenrir’s death. The first reason was the quest reward for Fenrir’s death and the second was because of vengeance. That’s why she left the Sun Sword behind. Still, in front of the crisis of survival, any compensation or revenge were secondary problems.

Asuka remembered the Veradin incident. ‘Veradin killed his NPC so Grid opened a press conference and gave an order for infinite killing.’

Asuka’s personality wasn’t common either. As a third-generation chaebol, she often showed judgments or behavior hard to understand with the standards of ordinary people. It certainly wasn’t normal to think of handing over a legendary item to someone who came later, just to get revenge on a monster. Even so, she couldn’t get a handle on Grid. She decided that it was better not to face him for the rest of her life than to approach him in a wrong manner.

‘Well... I have to believe in him.’

Asuka stared at the ‘Fool’ title, which decreased the value of the rewards she got from hunting Fenrir’s wolf. Then she emptied the last remaining bottle and rose from her seat.

“Let’s go hunting.”

“Yes.”

The one hour drunken play somewhat relieved her stress. She really wanted to drink a lot of alcohol in reality but she put up with it because it would interfere with the game if she was drunk. Asuka was a pro. Like other high rankers, she was constantly becoming stronger.

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“It’s still here.”

Grid smiled bitterly as he checked the faces of the soldiers guarding the entrance to Fenrir’s city. The people who saluted awkwardly were prisoners, not official soldiers of the Overgeared Kingdom. It was the idea of Reidan’s former lord, Chris. Chris claimed that standing guard in the desert itself was a punishment so he released them from prison to guard the vampire city. The penalty was reduced by three times so there were many volunteers. Among them were many prisoners of suitable strength, so they were able to be used as sentries in the desert.

Zednos scratched his head. “Precious soldiers shouldn’t be treated as consumables. There is still hope, even if this is harsh for prisoners... that’s why we’re maintaining the policies that Chris set up.”

“Yes.”

Grid didn’t bother thinking too deeply. A notification window emerged when he entered the city with his companions.

[The owner of the city, Marquis Fenrir, has woken up after feeling your presence.]

[Fenrir has no intention of acknowledging you as the Blood King.]

[Your blood has cooled down. Your body temperature is falling sharply and all stats will drop dramatically.]

[You have resisted.]

Blood King Candidate—it was a title that intimidated ordinary vampires, confused true blood vampires, and alerted the direct descendant vampires. The system described the blood king as the ‘king of all bloodlines’ and in fact, Tiramet vowed to obediently serve Grid.

It was a title that looked very good at first glance, yet it wasn’t the case in reality. Any direct descendant vampires facing Grid would temporarily be freed from the Curse of Idleness. Marie Rose and Fenrir’s strength would be unmatched when freed from the curse so Grid was caught by the ankle by his own title.

“By the way, why am I the Blood King Candidate?”

Grid received the Blood King Candidate title because he fought and won against the direct descendant vampires. However, he was only a human, not a vampire, so why was he nominated as a Blood King Candidate?

Braham answered the question Grid had been wondering for a long time, “Before Marie Rose was born, my mother developed a technique. It was a technique designed to strengthen Fenrir, who was born stronger than the other direct descendants. His blood was strengthened every time he won against his

siblings, giving him the power to be on par with our mother. It was the Blood King project. Her ultimate goal was to work with the strengthened Fenrir to unravel the curse and take revenge on Yatan and Baal.”

“Why bother...? Why didn’t she make Fenrir strong from the beginning?”

“What happened to my mother after she gave birth to Marie Rose?”

“...!”

Beriache died in exchange for giving birth to Marie Rose. The act of giving birth to a child as strong as herself took her life. That’s why she created the Blood King project.

“Yes, my mother had no intention of dying lonely in a distant place. However, Fenrir didn’t live up to our mother’s expectations. He used the Curse of Idleness as an excuse to sleep in his coffin without competing with his other siblings. I challenged him and even beat him.”

“.....”

“That useless Fenrir made Mother’s elaborate Blood King project obsolete.”

“...?”

No, Fenrir was Fenrir but Braham was also wrong. Why did he win over Fenrir? If he hadn’t won and just let it go...

‘...Is trolling innate?’

Grid learned a new fact and stared at Braham with fresh eyes. Braham—still disguised as Lux—dropped his head with a somber expression.

“My mother was frustrated by the failure of the Blood King project and eventually gave birth to Marie Rose. She gave up on getting revenge herself and instead created an existence stronger than herself, entrusting revenge to this existence.”

“It’s a sad story.”

Grid’s arms were burning from his lie. Grid didn’t point out Braham’s faults and listened silently. Still, there were some doubts that couldn’t be erased.

“What does that have to do with why I’m the Blood King Candidate now?”

“It seems that she made a change to the Blood King system before she passed away. She removed the Qualification of a Blood King from Fenrir and applied it to those who fought and won against the direct descendant vampires.”

“...!”

“On behalf of the fallen Fenrir, someone else could become the Blood King and work with Marie Rose. This was Mother’s final arrangement. The variable that was applied to that arrangement was you.”

“.....”



What was this absurd thing? Grid smiled awkwardly when he learned the truth. "Will I become the Blood King today if I defeat Fenrir?"

"Probably."

"Do I have to get revenge for the vampires or something if I become the Blood King?"

Grid wasn't a vampire. There was no obligation to get revenge for the vampires. It might be different if the vampire's revenge target was a passing slime but the target was the 1st Great Demon Baal and Evil God Yatan. Grid, who had vowed a long time ago not to be involved with absolute existences like a god or dragon, became anxious and Braham smiled at him.

"Of course not. Revenge is for our clan, not humans."

"I'm glad. By the way, why are you avoiding my eyes?"

"When did I do that?"

It was at this moment...

"The smell of human blood!"

"Dinner! It's dinner! Yohohoho."

Vampires smelled the intruders and emerged from their coffins. Grid stepped back because he couldn't waste his buff while the Overgeared members stepped forward. The vampires of Fenrir's city were level 400, even if they were normal rated, but the Overgeared members saw a chance.

"Fight and win with our own strength as much as possible! We don't know when Fenrir will appear so don't let the strength of the knights be consumed!"

"Yes!"

"It will be a tough fight! Everyone, maintain your spirit!"

At the forefront, Zednos yelled and started to cast large-scale magic. He planned to slow down the momentum of the hundreds of vampires flocking in order to create a favorable battle for his allies, but before he could even reveal his magic, all the vampires burned and died.

The Overgeared members, who were taking buff potions with nervous faces, turned to Braham. Braham looked satisfied as he stood within a sea of fire reminiscent of Hell Gao's hellfire.

"Delicious."

[Your knight 'Braham' has leveled up.]

[Your knight 'Braham' has leveled up.]

"....."

Piario, Grid's other knights, and the Overgeared members were stunned. They couldn't believe Braham was so much stronger than he was just a few days ago.

Grid scratched his head. "He was naked at the time and now he is overgeared."

Braham agreed. "Your words are correct. You saw it at that time and now it is less."

In fact, Braham was empty-handed. He hadn't yet taken out Belial's staff. The Overgeared members wanted to turn the clock back by two seconds.

'I drank buff potions for nothing.'

In the midst of this silence, someone took a step forward. It was Jude. He headed to the place where the hundreds of vampires had been a moment ago and started to pick up something.

"Item. Pick up. For. Grid."

"Jude..." Grid's heart stirred.

### [Chapter 1143](#)

Out of the all normal class players, the amount of those who had never lost their number one spot in the rankings was small enough to be counted on one hand. One of them was Zednos. Few magician players could match his unique understanding of magic and how to use it. Zednos was someone the magician rankers took as a role model.

'He is really... beyond my imagination.'

Zednos, like the other Overgeared members, dreamt of changing to a hidden class. He had constantly collected and studied the history of magic and magicians in order to obtain clues. Braham's magical skills currently being shown were more than what was known. It was unparalleled.

'There were many interpretations that Braham's enhanced magic was developed from a combination of Haksen's highest point magic and Jessica's echo magic, but that isn't it at all.'

Haksen's highest point magic maximized the consumption of mana to greatly amplify the magic power. Jessica's echo magic superimposed multiple spells together to enhance the magic. The context of increasing the magic damage was the same but it was different in many ways.

Highest point magic was magic that turned one spell into the power of five whereas echo magic was magic that simultaneously cast five spells and stacked their powers as one. They had completely different power and function depending on the situation.

Both magics had clear drawbacks. Highest point magic consumed so much mana that it led to exhaustion. In particular, there were cases when the user self-destructed because they often unwillingly used Origin True Energy. It was a self-destruct magic that killed the enemies and themselves at the same time. That's why highest point magic died out over the course of history.

On the other hand, echo magic boasted an amazing stability. Even if five spells were completed and deployed at the same time, the mana cost would only be equivalent to two spells. The downside was that it didn't apply to intermediate and senior magic. Echo magic was an unfinished study that only applied to 67 types of magic, classified as the basic and low-grade magic.

Of course, this alone was so powerful that Jessica made a name for herself as a legendary great magician of war.

'Braham's enhanced magic on the other hand...'

One spell had the power of 10 but the mana cost was at an acceptable level. It improved the power without stacking multiple spells on top of each other. It was completely different from echo magic and there was too much difference in power and safety to claim it was based on highest point magic.

'It's an amazingly perfect spell. It is an area that is impossible with conventional magic and common sense. Did Braham apply blood magic?'

It was said that the strength of blood magic was determined by the innate concentration of magic in one's blood. Perhaps Braham's enhanced magic should be a study where the parameter of 'strong blood' was added. It explained why Braham's disciples failed to master the enhanced magic.

'If this hypothesis is wrong then it just means Braham is an overwhelming genius...'

Braham's advance continued while Zednos was thinking. He was at the forefront of the group and didn't head straight to Fenrir's room. He toured every corner of the city and slaughtered all the vampires that emerged from their coffins. It was strange to say but Braham's flames were very neat.

There were no side effects to his allies. Only the vampires were burned and disappeared into ashes. He didn't create miracles, like the red phoenix's flames that gave his teammates a healing effect. However, Zednos recognized Braham's flames as similar to a divine ability.

Many people noticed that Braham's flames burned depending on the situation. Braham seemed to be able to coordinate what the flames perceived as an enemy in real time. He was in complete control of his magic. The so-called great magicians were obsessed with the formula while Braham's magic changed shape as needed.

'He is just a fraudulent character...'

Zednos was convinced. Braham's enhanced style magic wasn't based on blood magic. It wasn't an incomplete concept dependent on the innate blood. Rather, it was a perfect formula created purely through knowledge.

'Braham is definitely the best magical genius in the world...?'

Chill.

Zednos got goosebumps as he grasped the reality of enhanced magic and realized Braham's greatness. That's why Mumud, who even Braham was jealous of, came to mind. A person who was even more outstanding than Braham.

'Will Euphemina one day become the strongest?'

Euphemina would inherit Mumud's magic. The moment she freed Lich Mumud from Agnus, she would have Mumud's complete magic in her hands. Wouldn't Euphemina become the new supreme at that time?

Zednos looked at Grid. Grid was watching with a yawn as Braham slaughtered thousands of vampires. He wasn't a magician and couldn't realize Braham's greatness, so he wasn't very inspired.

“...!”

Zednos’ eyes widened. Hundreds of bats flew in the darkness and transformed into a beautiful woman who attacked Grid. It happened in an instant and seemed dangerous because she appeared behind Grid. However, Grid dodged without seeing the attack of the true blood vampire. He reached out lightly and pushed the chest of the true blood vampire. Then...

“...!”

The true blood vampire with red cheeks was pushed back by force and took a few steps back. Braham stood right next to her.

“Toss~” Grid shouted lightly.

Braham’s flames spread up the true blood vampire’s body like a snake, gathered together and then exploded.

“...!”

Zednos couldn’t keep his eyes off Grid. Up until a few years ago, hadn’t Grid been nervous facing the true blood vampires? Of course, he was comparing the past Grid to the recent Grid who beat Orc Lord Teruchan and 22nd Great Demon Berith, but the true blood vampires were never easy opponents. He had heard that Blood King Candidate had the effect of weakening true blood vampires but the difference was too great. It was like seeing the difference between a child and an adult.

“.....”

“.....”

It wasn’t just Zednos. The other Overgeared members also looked like they had seen a ghost. It was natural. After competing against Teruchan, Grid had grown from meeting Biban, absorbed the Dragon Pill, wrote a third epic, and made Braham’s set. All his stats increased by 75 points and Grid had experienced a historic growth.

Grid was rapidly becoming stronger even if he wasn’t yet aware of it. It was much more than when he fought Teruchan. Anyone who wasn’t surprised by the sudden development wouldn’t have common sense.

“Why are you like this? What’s going on?”

The atmosphere was strange and Grid was puzzled. Now that he had grown to a level where he didn’t know the difference between a true blood vampire and a regular vampire, he didn’t understand the astonishment of the guild members.

Zednos shook his head. ‘The supreme person won’t change.’

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Braham reached level 406 in just half a day. It was the result of slaughtering all the vampires and familiars in Fenrir’s city. The true blood vampires and regular vampires were just trash derived from the

direct descendants and weren't kin, so Braham's slaughter was unstoppable. Noll unwittingly shed tears at the terrible sight since he inherited the 'kindness' characteristic from Beriache.

"Be prepared," Braham spoke solemnly to Grid as they finally arrived before Fenrir's room. "The moment I open the door, throw the skewer as far away as possible. The moment the dog comes out to chase it, we will close the door and go in, isolating Fenrir."

"Yes," Grid responded with a determined expression.

Braham's worry about Fenrir when he slaughtered thousands of vampires so easily made Grid nervous. Even Piaro was a bit nervous.

"I'll open it on the count of three."

Braham nodded when he put his hand on the door handle and Grid pulled out the skewer.

"Three!"

"...!"

He didn't count from one? Braham opened the door the moment he shouted 'three' and the panicked Grid tried to throw the skewer.

[Your blood has cooled down. Your body temperature is falling sharply and all stats will drop dramatically.]

The notification window entered the view of Grid and the Overgeared members. Vast waves of blood rushed out of the room. Braham, who should've cast attack magic, immediately deployed a wide area shield to protect Grid and the Overgeared members. The entire city was shaken when the waves of blood collided with the shield. Suddenly, screams filled the area and Braham frowned. "Foxy guy... you were ready."

This huge city was no different from Fenrir's body. Fenrir couldn't not know the existence of intruders. Braham had expected that Fenrir would appear after being temporarily freed from the Curse of Idleness by Grid. That's why he hurried to kill Fenrir's subordinates before Fenrir could emerge and properly exert his power of 'domination.'

Yet Fenrir didn't show up and Braham noticed Fenrir's intentions. Fenrir would wait in the room and accumulate as much domination as possible over the wolves. Then the intruders would be ambushed the moment they opened the door, giving him the upper hand. That's why Braham deliberately said he was going to open on the count of three in a loud voice before opening the door. Braham planned to prevent the ambush rather than get hit by Fenrir.

However, this plan was in vain because Fenrir attacked the moment the door was open, as if he expected it. The waves of blood flowed like a tsunami and collided several times with Braham's shield. Then the inside of the room, dyed with sticky blood, entered Grid's field of view.

A person was standing alone in the darkness. It was so dark that they couldn't see his face but people immediately knew his identity.

[You have encountered Vampire Marquis Fenrir.]

[A strong evil influence is making your magic power turbid. All types of spells and skills aren't available.]

[A vampire's gaze will subdue lower species. You will lose your willpower and control over your body.]

[Fenrir is dominating your spirit. All sorts of beneficial effects are reversed and will harm you.]

"What is this..."

Some of the Overgeared members were baffled since this was their first time experiencing it. They tried to move their hands but their feet moved forward. They tried to turn their head but their impaired pelvic bone bothered them.

Fenrir's low voice echoed magnificently, "Braham, you are still immature. In the past when you attacked me, you said you would open the door on the count of three. Then you counted to two and ambushed me. This time, you didn't even count to one properly."

"...!"

The group doubted their ears as they turned to look at Braham.

Braham's expression was imposing. "It isn't being immature, it is strategy."

#### [Chapter 1144](#)

'Where's the dog?'

Grid missed the timing to throw the skewer and hurriedly looked around. Was it because the room was too dark? The dog that Braham mentioned couldn't be seen.

'Why is it so quiet when the foaming dog should be running over?'

It couldn't be a case where the dog didn't exist. Braham said that Fenrir's dog was always guarding Fenrir's room. Grid trusted Braham's information 100%.

'Ah, I don't know.'

He couldn't afford to fail because he wanted to save an item. Grid hesitated for a moment before preparing to throw the skewer.

"No," Mercedes suddenly spoke. Her beautiful eyes were mysteriously shining. "The dog that Braham mentioned isn't here."

"...!?"

Mercedes was the owner of Keen Insight. No matter how thick the darkness, it was all meaningless in front of her. On the other hand, Braham's information was hundreds of years old. If he had to choose between Mercedes' Keen Insight and Braham's information, he would naturally choose the former.

'Is it planning to attack while waiting elsewhere?'

Grid faced an unexpected variable from the start and turned to Braham. Braham's expression was distorted. The moment he heard Mercedes' words, he used magic power detection and confirmed there

were no dogs here. "I thought he was your soul companion yet you threw him away as the crisis approached?"

"I didn't abandon Hachika. Hachika... died."

"...!"

Grid's expression brightened. The dog that Braham was wary of had died. This meant that the success rate of the raid had increased significantly. It was something to cheer over and rejoice about. However, Braham showed a somewhat upset expression. He clicked his tongue and started to widen the distance with Fenrir. It was clearly a tense expression.

'Why?'

It happened when Grid's group was feeling doubt.

"Ah!" Noll exclaimed. It was a reaction that showed he noticed something.

Grid asked what was going on and Noll expressed his views. "Braham's magic didn't work on Fenrir's dog because of the protection of dominance."

"Protection of dominance?"

"It is the most extraordinary of Fenrir's innate abilities, the power of domination that he inherited from Mother. It is the power to control and neutralize the enemy's skills and magic. It was originally a power to defend Fenrir but Fenrir wished for Hachika's safety and lent it to him."

"Does that mean that as long as Hachika is dead, the power has returned to Fenrir?"

"Yes, that is the only way I can interpret Braham's reaction."

"...Then magic won't work on Fenrir?"

Grid's expression stiffened. The death of Fenrir's dog was actually toxic and he couldn't help being upset.

'There are many trolls in the world.'

Grid frowned as he stared at the battle gear scattered throughout the room. They were items lost by their owners. It must've been those who harmed the prisoners guarding the entrance of the city some time ago.

'Did they raid the dog?'

It wasn't an impossible speculation. Time was fair to everyone. The other rankers were also getting stronger.

Zednos asked Noll, "Can't Braham's magic break through the protection of dominance?"

"It isn't a lack of power. The problem is the formula. Higher-grade magic has more complicated magic formulas and the minimum of high-grade magic is needed to deal damage. You should know that high-grade magic has restrictions on casting."

“Braham’s advanced magic casting time averages around 10 seconds...”

A player’s advanced magic casting speed was 20 seconds if they were fast or longer than a minute if they were slow. Braham’s 10 seconds was a very short amount of time but it was a different story when the opponent was a vampire marquis. His physical ability was beyond that of a human. Fenrir wouldn’t give Braham time to cast his advanced magic. If Braham was in perfect condition then he could complete the casting while avoiding and blocking Fenrir’s onslaught but it was difficult now that Braham was significantly weakened.

“In the end, our role is important. Braham can’t afford to waste mana using Teleport to evade Fenrir’s attacks while casting advanced magic.”

This was Mercedes’ opinion based on what she observed of Braham’s condition in the hierarchy fights. The others agreed. There was only one way left.

“We will protect Braham.”

“Yes!”

“Maintain your spirits. Never die.”

“I understand.”

The knights answered energetically and started to surround Fenrir. Jude tried to rush in but Grid grabbed him by the neck and he had to stop in place.

-I am asking all of you.

Grid glanced around at the Overgeared members. The Overgeared members stood beside the knight in groups and focused on using magic and skills at any time. Their role was to assist the knights.

“Stay strong!”

Saintess Ruby’s wide-area magic was activated. She purified the status conditions caused from meeting Fenrir from the knights and Overgeared members. The familiar lights spread out and Fenrir felt ridicule.

“It is a low-grade race.”

This wasn’t the first time Fenrir had dealt with intruders. Over the past hundreds of years, he had been challenged by many humans and fought many battles against the Rebecca Church. The purification used by the priests of the Rebecca Church failed to eliminate the ‘beneficial effects reversal’ created by Fenrir and just exacerbated the problem. Now the first thing this group used was Purification. People still couldn’t analyze the causes of the many failures over the years and rushed in sloppily. He laughed at the low-grade race challenging him when they didn’t even have the ability to learn.

However, his ridicule didn’t last long. It was because the light lifted the curse applied to all humans.

“...!?”

Fenrir’s relaxed face stiffened for the first time. His cold gaze was stuck on Ruby.

“Are you the pope?”



“N-No,” the nervous Ruby stammered and denied it to the end. She had been active in every great demon raid but a boss monster was still scary. In particular, Fenrir’s cold gaze chilled her blood and was more terrible than the great demons she had met so far.

“...This isn’t the divinity of Rebecca.”

Fenrir frowned as he grabbed a piece of the purification light floating in the air. Saintess. He immediately flew forward the moment he grasped Ruby’s identity. His first target was naturally Ruby.

A metallic sound was heard as something blocked Fenrir’s blow that should’ve shattered a human skull. Two solid shields stood firm against Fenrir’s fists. Fenrir’s eyes shifted toward the shields. He could see a young man throwing up blood and a white-haired person supporting him. The white-haired human looked at Fenrir without avoiding his gaze.

Fenrir had many doubts about the situation. “Braham, you worked tirelessly to repay the grudge from being expelled from the clan. You obtained two useful humans.”

“Two?” Braham wondered.

Flames were forming around his hands. It was the peak of fire magic. Once it clung to the target, it would keep burning until the target became ashes. The 1st ranked fire magician, Laella, was astonished by the sight. “Flame that won’t stop burning...!”

The black flames’ momentum was growing. The target, Fenrir, flew forward to stop Braham’s magic casting. However, Mercedes’ shield limited his path and Piaro and Asmophel isolated him in the ensuing narrow path.

‘It isn’t just two.’

A brilliant color rose in Fenrir’s eyes. As someone who relied on his innate power, he felt a bit threatened by the ability of humans who honed their ‘technique’ or became legends and built up equivalent skills. He suffered injuries after exchanging several blows and looked at the humans with displeasure.

‘My physical ability is superior but I am being pushed in skills.’

It hurt his ego but he had to admit it. Fenrir used blood magic. He made the decision not to confront Mercedes, Piaro, and Asmophel.

“Keuk!”

Asmophel was swept away by the bloody whirlwind that appeared without any precursor and suffered a serious wound to his arm. Mercedes defended herself with the shield while Piaro slashed at the magic with a sickle. They were unharmed but while they were briefly tied up, Fenrir flew like an arrow toward Braham.

“You can’t pass!”

Orc Lord Teruchan, Knight of Destruction Singuled, and dozens of Overgeared members moved systematically to block Fenrir’s path. However, most of their skills and magic were lost in vain, unable to penetrate the protection of domination.

“...!”

The world became momentarily silent. Fenrir broke through the skills and magic that scattered like a mirage and there was a moment of silence as the gazes of the Overgeared members tangled in the air. It was only for a mere moment.

“...Keuk!”

Fenrir’s moan shattered the silence. His heart was pierced by an ice thorn of killing intent. It was Singuled’s killing intent. It might be a half-complete technique but Singuled’s killing intent method was judged as SS-grade and it was a powerful force that penetrated even the protection of domination. It was the moment that proved the protection of domination wasn’t a complete technique.

“Use your ultimate attacks!”

Zednos shouted and the Overgeared members simultaneously used their ultimate skills. Most of the ultimate techniques were blocked by the protection of domination but some pierced through and dealt a series of blows to Fenrir. Then Braham’s spell was completed.

At the same time, Fenrir demonstrated the true power of domination. It was a force that couldn’t be digested with the intelligence of a beast. It was the ability to identify and control the nature of all concepts that threatened him.

“...!”

Braham, the knights, and the Overgeared members all lost the weapons in their hands. The weapons were placed under Fenrir’s control and judged as unavailable. Braham’s magic and the skills of the Overgeared members were greatly weakened because stats were lost. The disaster didn’t end there.

“T-This...! My body isn’t listening to me!”

Some of the relatively low level Overgeared members were placed under Fenrir’s control. Their role as Fenrir’s puppets were to be meat shields. Fenrir descended to escape the black flames created by Braham and hid behind the puppets. He could see a black-haired man running through the gaps of the puppets. The man who emitted demonic energy was moving faster than the speed of the black flames. Fenrir found he was skilled and exerted the power of dominance.

[The power of Vampire Marquis ‘Fenrir’ is controlling you.]

[The conditions of use for your weapons will be changed to ‘Fenrir.’]

[The class effect of ‘Pagma’s Descendant’ has allowed you to keep using the +4 Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires.]

“...!?” Fenrir’s eyes widened. He was perplexed that the black-haired man didn’t lose his weapon despite Fenrir using the power of domination. He could see the human reaching right in front of him.

‘I’m sorry.’

Grid’s eyes were staring straight at the puppets. His colleagues were nodding. Grid didn’t hesitate.

“100,000 Army...!”

“Oppa!”

[The party member ‘Ruby’ has used the skill ‘Holy Weapon’ on your weapon.]

[The party member ‘Ruby’ has used the skill ‘Holy Impact’ on your weapon.]

“Massacre Sword!”

It was a single blow with the intent to cut the vampire. The bodies of his colleagues, who were turned into puppets, were cut by the single blow and this was followed by the explosion of unquenchable flames.

“Kkuk...! Kuaaaaak!”

The attack blew away the defense he believed to be sufficient and caused Fenrir to feel pain, astonishment, and anger. Engulfed in the roaring flames, he screamed and reached out to Grid. However, Grid’s turn wasn’t over.

[The effect of God’s Command has reset the cooldown time of 100,000 Army Massacre Sword! Reuse of a reset skill within 3 seconds won’t consume resources.]

Grid’s sword moved in a crescent arc once again and Fenrir’s hand was cut off, causing a fountain of blood to spurt. In the midst of the first crisis in hundreds of years, Fenrir realized something.

‘Blood King...!’

#### [Chapter 1145](#)

There was one reason why Shizo Beriache chose Fenrir as the Blood King Candidate—Fenrir had inherited the personality traits ‘struggle’ and ‘domination’ from her. Beriache believed that the ‘struggle’ trait would develop Fenrir and his kin while the desire for dominance would make him unite his kin. She judged that Fenrir’s talents were appropriate for the task of revenge.

The result was disastrous and let down her expectations. An accident occurred as the traits of struggle and domination conflicted.

Fenrir was dissatisfied that there was a ruler called Beriache above him and he burned with fighting spirit against his mother, who wasn’t the object of revenge. He also felt despair at the realization that even if he beat all his siblings and became the Blood King, he would never be able to surpass his mother and wouldn’t escape her grasp for the rest of his life.

This was the reason. It was a sense of rebellion that led him to turn away from revenge using the excuse of the Curse of Idleness, sleeping in the coffin for the rest of his life. However, it was too much to disparage or condemn him. The fundamental problem was that his character consisted of only two traits.

It was the limit of creation. The direct descendant vampires who could create true blood vampires through the chain of blood undoubtedly believed they were a great creation but in reality, they were no different from true blood vampires. Only two people—the exceptions were the complete Marie Rose, who Beriache gave up her soul to create, and Braham, who had evolved on his own with an inquisitive spirit.

'...Blood King!'

Every time the black-haired man wielded his sword, the wind pressure seemed to cross his face. There was no time to be caught up in the pain of his hand being cut off. Fenrir had to constantly move his eyes to track the human being who was moving at a speed where Fenrir would miss if he wasn't vigilant.

There was a sound. Was it the sound of water being sucked into a hole in the ground? Fenrir barely escaped from another one of Grid's attacks that tore apart the air and once again demonstrated his power of dominance. Then he was convinced.

'He is the Blood King.'

Fenrir only had two people he couldn't control with the power of domination. They were Beriache and Marie Rose. Only those with a higher status than him could be free of the power of domination. In other words, the human in front of him transcended his status. Such a being could only be the Blood King. The legends and transcendents that humans proudly supported weren't able to catch up with him.

'How did this happen?'

The flood of chaos complicated Fenrir's mind. The birth of the Blood King was designed to come from victory. Only those who won against all the direct descendants, except for Marie Rose, could become the Blood King. Until then, they were only a candidate.

Fenrir hadn't been defeated yet. The human in front of him might be a Blood King Candidate but this meant it was physically impossible for him to go beyond Fenrir. Then what the hell was with this person...

"Link."

"...!!"

Fenrir missed Grid's movement for a moment. Grid, who wielded the sword with a momentum that could cut apart mountains and tsunamis, suddenly changed his sword and it moved delicately and reached the height of its speed.

"Keok!"

Fenrir's body, which was like a beautiful work of art, instantly became a rag. He received dozens of wounds and blood spilled around him. Meanwhile, the unquenchable flames were still burning. They quickly permeated Fenrir's wounds and started to burn Fenrir's internal organs.

'Wow...'

Grid, who had been concentrating on battle in a full buff state, was briefly distracted. The 100,000 Army Massacre Sword used twice, three single sword dances, and nine basic attacks had consumed less than a tenth of Fenrir's health. Fenrir's heart and toughness was terrifying and worthy of a super-named boss and a presence related to the 'Blood King' hidden piece.

Yet at this moment, Braham's magic was consuming Fenrir's health gauge in real time. Just like the name 'unquenchable flames', these flames would never go out until Fenrir was burned to ashes.

'Can't this magic catch a dragon?'

"Ugh!"

The admiring Grid hurriedly raised his sword. Fenrir's fists collided straight with the sword.

[You have suffered 11,530 damage.]

It was an attack power that overshadowed defense. Originally, defending an attack using a weapon other than a sword meant not all damage could be observed. Still, this hurt too much. Grid's body couldn't withstand the shock and floated slightly. Then Fenrir spun like a spinning top and sprang at him from the left.

It wasn't an area of martial arts. It was similar to tigers hunting herbivores with their natural physical abilities and instincts. Fenrir just instinctively wielded his powerful body. Fenrir's left fist struck Grid in the thigh. His instinct was to shatter one of the human's legs with this blow and then grab at his neck.

Unfortunately, the human's legs didn't budge. He was definitely hit by Fenrir, who was powerful enough to crush steel like tofu, yet he didn't fly back. Fenrir's face was stunned.

'Truly the Blood King...! It isn't only his status that transcends me... it is his flesh as well!'

How could the person who hadn't beaten him become Blood King? Fenrir barely resisted the rising questions and confusion as he withdrew. Meanwhile, Grid felt like he had lost 10 years.

[The Arrogant Blue Dragon's Boots have absorbed the damage!]

\* When hit in the lower body, there is a low chance of ignoring damage.

There might be conditions attached but it exerted a crazy effect the moment it was activated. If not, it would've been dangerous in his present state where his maximum health was reduced by Blackening. Grid clicked his tongue as he watched the retreating Fenrir instead of linking another attack.

"Free Farming Peak Style! Sweet Potato Battering!"

Piario, who had built a field during the time that Grid bought, created a spectacular surprise. Fenrir was surprised as Piario clutched a thick stem in both hands and wielded dozens of rock-like sweet potatoes. He tried to dodge but was unable to avoid the energy blades suddenly flying at him from Grid. The sweet potato bombardment fell toward Fenrir's spine as he was being burned. Fenrir suffered a big blow while blocking Grid's energy blades and he coughed up blood.

Grid was attempting a four fusion sword dance when Mercedes's call entered his ears. "Step back!"

"...?"

Grid reflexively stopped the sword dance and Fenrir's hand inserted into his neck. It was an exquisite threat to Grid who had inadvertently exposed a gap. Even so, Grid didn't feel the breath of death. Mercedes flew forward on silver wings and swung his sword at the back of Fenrir's hand, causing Fenrir to tilt forward. Both Grid and Fenrir were drenched with sweat and blood as they stared at each other. The difference between the two of them...

"Grid! Guruk! Great warrior I have acknowledged! I will protect you! Grruk!"

“Jude! Protect!”

“Grid!”

It was the presence of colleagues. Teruchan and Jude were waiting for their turn behind Grid who could barely stand up. It was Teruchan and Jude’s swords that waited for Fenrir, who stood up at almost the same time as Grid.

“Cough!”

Teruchan’s sword boasted more strength than Grid and caused Fenrir’s left shoulder to snap back. Jude, who had barely managed to raise his strength to match Grid, slashed at Fenrir’s waist. Fenrir raised his legs in a counterattack and seemed to hit the faces of the two men exactly. Noll’s blood magic protected the two men.

Grid witnessed the series of processes happening in an instant and was suddenly engulfed in a sense of strangeness. ‘Why doesn’t he use magic?’

Grid had fought many direct descendant vampires. Apart from Elfin Stone, the master of Iyarugt, most of the direct descendants tended to rely on blood magic rather than swordsmanship or physical abilities. In fact, Fenrir used magic to clear a crisis when facing the cooperation between Mercedes, Piaro, and Asmophel. Now that he was in a bigger crisis, he didn’t use magic.

There was obviously something...

It happened the moment Grid was feeling an unknown anxiety.

“Danger...!”

Mercedes evoked the brilliance reminiscent of angel wings and flew in front of him with her shield. She was protecting Grid, Teruchan, Jude, and Noll by herself. At the same time, a creepy sound was heard from the wounds covering Fenrir’s body. Like a cicada shedding its skin, Fenrir’s body split in half and a new body emerged from within. Fenrir’s new body was as smooth and clean as freshly made and painted porcelain.

“What...”

Grid’s group was flustered by the removal of skin that defied common sense. All of them noticed something that didn’t fit. The light coming from Grid’s sword, which housed the light elemental and Holy Weapon, shone on Fenrir’s new body. Strangely, only the center of Fenrir’s chest was unaffected by the light and was completely covered by darkness. It was like a condensed flame.

Mercedes’ hands pushed at Grid. Her scream echoed, “Everyone, spread out!”

The darkness swirling like a flame exploded. The identity of the flames scattering in all directions was the unquenchable flames. It was the magic Braham had used. This was an application of the power of domination. Fenrir reversed the flames that had stuck to his body. It was because of this that he couldn’t afford to use magic. He offered it to use a hidden weapon Braham didn’t know about but it was worth it. The flames spread out like water falling over rocks and would burn any bodies they reached.

“No!”

Grid rushed out. The God Hands blocked some of the flames. Noe and Randy appeared out of the air and used Become Majestic and Revolve to protect as many knights and Overgeared members as possible.

Clack clack!Clack clack clack!

Jude and Teruchan, who had thrown off Mercedes and chased after Grid, were caught by the ankle by the Overgeared Skeletons who climbed from the ground.

“Tiramet! Let go of me!” Noll struggled against the older brother who showed up and hugged him to stop him from going after Grid.

“Revolve.” Just before Blackening ended, Grid arrived by Ruby and Sexy Schoolgirl and started a sword dance to protect them.

“Oppa...”

It was a day when heavy rain was falling. Ruby’s eyes were red as she recalled the old days when her brother would cover her with an umbrella on rainy days. Grid felt the heat of the flames over his head and simply smiled as he stroked his sister’s head.

He wanted to protect her. That was it.

Grid gritted his teeth and closed his eyes in preparation for the pain. However, he didn’t feel any pain. Above his head... no, the veil of magic stretched above the heads of the Overgeared members and knights like a dome. Braham’s annoyed voice was heard.

“You are still weaker than me. Don’t try to carry it on your own.”

“Braham!” Grid’s expression stiffened.

The flames caused explosions. It was difficult to predict the trajectory. It wasn’t just falling from the top. Grid stood until the veil and shouted as he saw the debris of the flames falling at Braham’s feet, but Braham stood still. Protecting him were dozens of crops that had grown from the land that had been turned into agricultural fields. It wasn’t only Braham. The crops also bloomed at the feet of the Overgeared members and blocked the flames. Noe, Randy, the Overgeared Skeletons, and Tiramet, who sacrificed themselves to protect the Overgeared members and knights, were also being embraced and protected by giant sweet potato leaves.

“Piaro...!”

Grid was feeling thrilled when he heard an explosion. Singuled and Asmophel’s swords were wounding Fenrir’s reborn body. Grid realized it the moment he saw the two people overwhelming Fenrir, who was comparable to a great demon. How blessed was he?

“Grid, there is no reason to drag out the fight.”

Braham’s magic was freezing under Grid’s feet. The power from beyond the ice was so strong that it shook the room.

“Go.”

The ground splitting was Braham's signal. The head of the dragon, carved out of magical ice, soared up with Grid. The sight of Grid performing a sword dance on the roaring dragon caught the eyes of everyone in the room.

#### [Chapter 1146](#)

"...!"

The noisy appearance of the dragon made Grid nervous. The wavy scales, shimmering light, and overwhelming size—it resembled the dragon he saw in the National Competition and Grid mistook it for a real dragon for a while. Then he quickly realized—this was magic.

[The Incomplete Dragon's cold breath has frozen all the harmful energy in the area.]

[The Incomplete Dragon's cold breath is permeating your sword.]

Sharp ice crystals bloomed like cherry blossoms.

[Braham's Enhanced Enchant Weapon has been applied to the +4 Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires.]

[Your next attack will freeze the world and lead your target to destruction.]

[However, the next attack will consume all of the mana you currently have.]

It was a dragon made of Braham's magic power. As Grid surged toward Fenrir, the unquenchable flames spread throughout the battlefield froze faster and Grid's back became more frozen.

[The +4 Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires can't endure this sudden cooling phenomenon and has lost 1,290 durability.]

[The rapidly falling body temperature has caused abnormalities in your body and mind.]

[You have resisted.]

[The effect of +3 Valhalla of Infinite Affection is helping to maintain your body temperature.]

The distance between Grid and Fenrir was narrowed. The melted ice dragon suddenly lost its form and became a tsunami. The light elemental used Flash and created a rainbow tsunami as Fenrir vision disappeared. Fenrir's fists and kicks missed Grid after becoming blind and smashed into the air.

"Transcended Link Kill Pinnacle."

Grid leapt using the last piece of ice and flew up high, the ceiling at his back as he completed the sword dance.

[Braham's Enhanced Enchant Weapon has been applied to the +4 Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires.]

If 100,000 Army Massacre Sword was an instant blow, Transcended Link Kill Pinnacle was a blow that required some preparation time. Considering the hit rate and range of damage, it was correct to say that 100,000 Army Massacre Sword was the strongest skill. However, Transcended Link Kill Pinnacle was the



best in terms of attack power. It fired seven sword energy per second that dealt 3,700% physical damage while ignoring 65% of the target's defense.

Immediately, the shortcomings were revealed. No matter how fast it was fired, it wasn't an instant blow, unlike 100,000 Army Massacre Sword. After the series of preparations, Fenrir had regained his sight and responded quickly. From Fenrir's point of view, it wasn't difficult to avoid the baptism of flying sword energy when he transcended Grid in terms of physical capability.

As expected. The first sword energy failed to hit Fenrir and struck the ground. Fenrir avoided the first sword energy by twisting his body slightly. Then he moved his head to the right to evade the second one before rushing straight ahead and breaking through three sword energies simultaneously.

All the sword energies had the option of 'guidance' due to Braham's Detect Force but it was too hard for them to handle Fenrir's speed. Fenrir knew about Detect Force and deliberately dodged at the last moment in a breathtaking moment in a limited space. It hit something and was forcefully extinguished.

The biggest problem was Fenrir's 'struggle.' Fenrir's struggles sped up as he sought to beat the sword energy.

'Do you think this will trouble me?'

Fenrir floated up. He broke through the last two sword energies flying at different orbits and was about to hit Grid. However, he was forced to stop. The floor, walls, ceiling. It was due to the cold air caused by the scattered sword energy of Transcended Link Kill Pinnacle. Everything in the area froze and Fenrir was included. If Sword Saint Kraugel's Space Sword split the world in half...

[Legendary magic has been revealed.]

[The peak magic is freezing the world.]

Braham's magic brought an ice age to the world. If Garion, god of earth, had dealt with Space Sword...

[Goddess of Light Rebecca has exerted her power. All frozen things are restored like it is a lie.]

Braham's magic was dealt with by the goddess of light.

"Ah...!"

It was a skill on a different dimension. All players, NPCs, and monsters hunting or living scattered throughout the corridor stood at the border between fantasy and reality as they felt their body freeze for a moment before they could move again.

"Braham!"

The Tower of the Sun. Goldhit felt the magic and was thrilled. (TL Note: Don't know if the author made a mistake or Goldhit changed towers.)

"This is the peak magic..."

Kirinus' cabin.

Sword Saint Kraugel's gaze turned north to the Overgeared Kingdom.

Then...

“100,000 Army.”

Grid—whose waist was twisting—leaned forward and stood in front of Fenrir. As the person who used the Frozen Tempest, he was one of the few beings able to move in this frozen world. Grid was already standing in front of Fenrir by the time Fenrir was released from the ice.

“You...!”

Fenrir hurriedly swung his arms but it was pointless. His arms couldn’t move. In his post-frozen state, it was mutilated by two sword energies.

[Critical!]

[The effect of the title ‘Death in One Shot!’ has been activated, adding 30% critical damage!]

[The target has received 4,950,871 damage!]

[The body of the target has been completely frozen by the effect of Frozen Tempest! The target’s physical function shall cease and the target will lose resistance and defense. It is a curse that can’t be healed.]

[Critical!]

[The effect of the title ‘Death in One Shot!’ has been activated, adding 30% critical damage!]

[The target has received 26,200,900 damage!]

“Kuruk...!”

Fenrir screamed bizarrely. His body was frozen from the inside from Frozen Tempest and he couldn’t even lift a finger as he was hit multiple times. Grid’s sword stretched out from his waist and was moving in a half-curve.

“Blockade Sword!”

“...!”

The overwhelming resistance and phenomenal resilience were worthy of being the primal power of a vampire. However, after being hit by the unquenchable flames and Frozen Tempest, Fenrir quickly lost his resilience and resistance. He succeeded in restoring his frozen organs by concentrating all his magic power but he hadn’t recovered his resistance. Thus, he was hit by 100,000 Army Blockade Sword and his magic and skills were sealed off. He was completely neutralized.

During this time, Grid’s knights, pets, and Overgeared members attacked. Fenrir’s health was rapidly depleted.

Gulp.

Grid retreated and took a potion before looking back. Braham, whose mana was completely depleted after using the unquenchable flames, magic veil, and incomplete dragon summoning, was recovering using Mana Drain. He met Grid’s eyes and spoke brusquely, “You did a good job.”

“It is high praise.”

“...Bah.”

Braham didn't deny it. The unquenchable flames and Frozen Tempest were essential spells to defeat Fenrir. However, Braham had to cancel the casting of Frozen Tempest and cast the magic veil to help Grid protect his subordinates at his own expense, missing the chance for victory. He couldn't afford to use Frozen Tempest again.

He blamed himself for ruining things by helping Grid out of love and took his last gamble. He imprinted Frozen Tempest's formula on the unfinished dragon as a type of secondary energy concept and left it to Grid. If Grid and his weapon couldn't survive the cold of Frozen Tempest, and if Grid hadn't significantly increased his mana through ingesting the Dragon Pill, it wouldn't have succeeded.

“The finishing... blow.”

The price of using high-grade magic continuously was very high. Braham had a large mana core but it wouldn't be strange if he lost consciousness right away. Still, he was concerned about Grid so he managed his expression to the end and barely swallowed the blood in his throat.

Fenrir's momentum was rising again after recovering from the blockade. He exploded his blood magic and shook off Piaro, Mercedes, and Teruchan. Then he used large-scale vampiric magic, Transfusion Regeneration. It was magic a level above the Extreme Blood Transfusion that Elfin Stone was so proud of. It was magic that took away the health of all targets in sight, absorbed it, and restored 100% of the absorbed health.

Nevertheless, Braham didn't fret. It was because he knew Grid's power.

“Open Rune of Darkness. Belial's Power, Queen of Mocking and Violation.”

Grid split into two people. His field of view moved in completely different directions as he observed Fenrir from various angles. Blood-like red magic power stretched out from the roaring Fenrir. The color was very gorgeous compared to the darkness that exploded earlier after assimilating with the unquenchable flames. This meant that Grid could accurately capture it.

“Flower Revolve.”

“Flower Revolve.”

Controlling the vision of two bodies and crossing consciousness was an easy task for the current Grid. Blue petals filled the area as he unfolded the sword dance with the main body and moved to the clone to use the sword dance in succession. The petals blocked the dozens of paths for Transfusion Regeneration and it returned to Fenrir.

“Kuek...! You!!”

Fenrir's gaze was fixed on Grid as the power that would've taken away the life of the intruders was pointlessly returned. Just like in every raid, the boss monster's aggro was eventually directed to Grid.

“I will kill you!”

Until now, Fenrir had been passive. He fought with wide-area attacks to consume the intruders rather than directly attacking Grid. The reason was simple—he mistook Grid for the Blood King after Grid resisting the effect of item control with the Pagma’s Descendant class and then neutralizing the attack using the Blue Dragon’s Boots. It was a wise choice for Fenrir to prioritize Grid’s subordinates since he couldn’t guarantee he could consume Grid’s health.

However, it changed at his moment. Fenrir abandoned wisdom and gave in to his instincts. Regardless of whether he was the Blood King or not, Fenrir felt the need to kill this human straight away.

“Gruruk! Can’t go!”

Fenrir succeeded in continuously deploying wide-area blood magic and killing a few Overgeared members, only for Teruchan to block his way to Grid. Teruchan’s stats became stronger as he fought and they had risen significantly compared to the beginning of the battle, making his attack power unusual. However, Fenrir didn’t shrink back and struggled with Teruchan.

“...!”

Teruchan was pushed back in a power struggle. The power of ‘struggle’ gave Fenrir enough strength to not lose to Teruchan. Teruchan was blown away after Failure collided with Fenrir’s kick and coughed up blood against the wall.

“Nyang!”

“Yap!”

Clack clack!Clack!

Noe, Randy, and the Overgeared Skeletons failed to stop Fenrir. He blew them away with one fist, counteracted Singuled’s killing intent with a larger killing intent, and escaped the offensive of Amelda’s group by turning his flesh into bats.

“Stop him!”

Asmophel used his Flower Sword and Jude inflated his muscles as they stabbed at the bats. They accurately captured the bodies of the bats and struck. Then Fenrir turned the bats into gases and neutralized even their attacks. The only ones left to stop him was Mercedes and Piaro.

“Nasty bastard....!”

He knew that becoming gas was useless in front of Mercedes’ glowing eyes and turned it off. Fenrir returned to his original form and penetrated the gap in Mercedes’ shield. It seemed pointless. In terms of technique, Fenrir was no match for Mercedes.

“...!”

However, in a power struggle, he could overwhelm Mercedes’s technique for a moment. It was as if he deliberately revealed a gap to Mercedes and anticipated the sword swinging in his vision. He seized Mercedes’s shield with the power of dominance. Once Fenrir’s knee slammed into Mercedes’ face, Keen Insight was temporarily released.

In the gap, the gas form Fenrir permeated into the ground and caused the mortar falling from the sky to lose its target. Nevertheless, Piaro was formidable. His seeds were scattered across the entire ground and Fenrir was forced to pop back above the ground, a hand plow aiming at his forehead. Fenrir barely blocked the hand plow with the shield he had stolen from Mercedes and frowned, creating his mind world.

“Realm of Domination.”

“...!”

Piaro’s consciousness flew away. His consciousness fell into a completely different space that matched Fenrir’s mind room.

“What...”

Braham’s absence played a big role. Fenrir had no need to be aware of Braham and was a runaway locomotive. The Overgeared members’ defensive line was quickly broken. In the blink of an eye, Fenrir reached Grid and it was a Fenrir quite different from before. The strength to beat Teruchan, the will to beat Jude, the killing intent that beat Singuled, the spirit that beat Noll and Tiramet, and the skill that beat Mercedes.

“It is too bad, human.”

Fenrir’s fist struck Grid’s face as he compressed the space and flew. It was an attack that retained the power of a deadly blow. Grid didn’t avoid it.

“I won’t allow your comfort.”

He welcomed it with an attack.

[You have suffered 39,500 damage!]

[The target has received 29,300 damage.]

[You have suffered 42,930 damage!]

[The target has received 31,660 damage.]

“What?”

Fenrir was astonished when the accumulated power of struggle suddenly disappeared. He sensed danger but there was nowhere to retreat. Grid desperately gritted his teeth as he desperately exchanged blows.

[You have suffered catastrophic damage!]

[A legend doesn’t die easily...!]

[The target has received 29,670 damage...]

Grid consumed all types of survival titles and skills, including the First King, as he suddenly entered a state of immortality. He only considered one thing—the current state of Fenrir’s health. Fenrir, who

suffered a series of major damages and failed to receive Transfusion Regeneration, had then struggled to break through the knights' defense line.

"Let's die together."

"Damn crazy guy...!"

Fenrir became contemplative. Even those who had lived for hundreds of years were forced to feel afraid of death. He was pushed back. He stopped attacking for a moment and stepped back. Grid unfolded Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle and Fenrir's eyes widened. Grid's God Hands were transforming into Lifael's Spear, a secret weapon deadly to demonkin.

### [Chapter 1147](#)

"....."

Realm of Domination—Piaro was drawn into Fenrir's unique world and was in a major crisis. However, there wasn't any danger in this enchantment. The serene desert landscape was desolate and lonely.

"An immortal being..."

There were countless humans who envied the eternal life of vampires. However, were vampires suitable for the times? Could they call their eternal life a blessing when they spent most of it alone in a coffin? Piaro recalled the thirsty-for-affection Noll and thought that vampires were a very needy race.

The wolf cub on the ground approached Piaro's feet and rubbed his cheek against them. He seemed accustomed to being loved as he wagged his tail and pushed out his belly when he met Piaro's eyes.

Piaro smiled and stroked the wolf's soft belly. "You are Hachika."

Woof! His head nodded. Hachika responded by fiercely wagging his tail and a shadow was cast over Piaro's smiling face.

"I see... your master was someone who could share affection with you despite never receiving affection."

The identity of the enchantment was to project the user's mental image. This mental image was based on the mind. The more dangerous the mind, the more threatening it would be. On the other hand, Fenrir's world expressed solitude and affection. Fenrir seemed to believe that the vision of Hachika in his mind symbolized dominance but this was rapport, not domination.

'...Maybe this is the essence of the trait of domination.'

Only then could he understand Beriache's expectations for Fenrir. Beriache, who wanted the unity and freedom of the clan, wouldn't have wanted a tyrant to become the Blood King.

Piaro took something out of his arms and planted it in the desert. It was one seed. The seed soon took root, potatoes opened, and blue stems grew upwards. It was one of three ways to escape a unique enchantment. It was to cause a change in the foundation of the mind. Once a dainty potato flower bloomed in the desolate desert, a large crack started to occur in the enchantment.

Hachika clung to Piaro's ankle. He seemed to be shouting that he didn't want to stay here alone but he was just an image, not real. Piaro stroked his head once and left the enchantment. He soon opened his eyes in reality and was able to witness the swirling Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle slam into Fenrir.

"Cough...! Cough!!"

Fenrir sat down due to the golden spears piercing both legs. He looked at the faces of the intruders surrounding him and asked Noll and Tiramet, "Did you turn that guy into the Blood King?"

Tiramet didn't answer and Noll hurriedly asked, "What are you saying? What type of talent do we have to make a Blood King at will?"

"Then how is he already the Blood King?"

"Grid isn't the Blood King. He is still a candidate."

"What...? He ignored the power of domination despite not being a Blood King?"

Grid was his name. Fenrir stared at the first human to defeat him and quickly burst into tears.

"He is just a monster."

Fenrir didn't know much about the human world. Fenrir had heard Pagma's name but he never met Pagma in person. Thus, he had no way of knowing that Grid resisted the power of domination because he was Pagma's Descendant. He misunderstood Grid as the strongest transcendent of this age with a status above him. This meant he was even more determined.

"...You must not become the Blood King."

Fenrir denied Grid.

Flash!

"...!?"

Grid was flustered. The moment Fenrir reached into the air, light flashed from the middle of the ceiling like a sun. It was shocking to know there was something like the sun deep underground in a city of vampires who feared the sun. Grid and the knights frowned at the bright light. The Sun Sword was completely dominated by Fenrir's power and slammed into Grid's head.

"...Ugh." Grid let out a groan and swayed.

"Oppa!"

The astonished Ruby hurriedly tried to use Heal but like the Sun Sword, all the lost weapons scattered throughout the room rushed at her to stop her. It was the power of domination. Fenrir had all the weapons dropped by intruders in this place under his control while leaving behind a secret weapon.

Fenrir determined Grid to be dead when he saw this person collapsing and looked at Braham. "The Blood King shouldn't exist. Once the Blood King is born, Marie Rose will take revenge and the entire clan will be used as a tool of revenge."

"....."

“The clan’s grudge? Revenge for the prosperity of the clan? Nonsense. It is my mother’s grudge and revenge is to honor her. Do you think it is right that we are used as tools of revenge just because we were born as her children?”

“.....”

“The birth of the Blood King will drive the clan to hell. It will annihilate all of the clan except Marie Rose and the Blood King.” Fenrir’s gaze swept over Noll and Tiramet. He hadn’t reacted when he saw them on the side of the humans and now he spoke to them for the first time. “All of you have already overcome the Curse of Idleness. You don’t need a Blood King to take revenge. You must live normally in a world without the Blood King.”

“...Fenrir.”

Noll’s eyes filled with tears. He was thrilled to learn that the reason why Fenrir tried to prevent the birth of the Blood King was for his siblings. On the other hand, Braham scoffed. He showed his obvious scorn and opened his mouth. “That is bullshit. You just don’t want others to reign over you.”

“Nonsense.”

“You just want to live that worthless life.”

“Nonsense!”

“No, it is true. Do you think I don’t know your nature? You are a meaningless existence, a despicable coward who dreams of eternal existence. You are just a despicable coward who lay in your coffin as an excuse not to fight for her.”

“Shut up!”

“Didn’t you come in contact with Marie Rose not long ago? Didn’t you rush out into the human world because you were afraid she would meet a companion and give birth to a new child, treating you as useless?”

“Shut up!”

“In front of Marie Rose who can get rid of you at any time, you are just a terrified rat who can’t even utter a word. Now you are portraying yourself differently? You are a really despicable fellow.”

“You are the madman who harmed his own people!”

Fenrir reached out his hand. The Sun Sword, plugged into Grid, was sucked into his hand. Fenrir suffered severe burns to his hands. Still, he held the Sun Sword without hesitation as he slashed it at Braham’s neck. The only person who blocked him was Grid. Fenrir recoiled with shock when Grid, who he was certain had died, showed up alive. “H-How are you alive?”

Grid had been wounded more than Fenrir. It was impossible for him to be alive after being stabbed with the sword. Grid scratched his head and answered. “I’m overgeared.”

It was an answer without any lies. Grid had a legendary class and entered the immortal state for five seconds. The moment the immortal duration ended, he recovered 20% of his health using the



Protagonist of Two Eras title and his life was spared. In addition, Valhalla and Lantier's cloak had defense in the realm of a legendary level and he couldn't be killed by a 'mere sword with 1,000 attack power' falling from the air. That's why the other knights apart from Ruby didn't make a fuss.

"G-Grid, I'm not sure."

Noll was biting his nails with a tearful expression. He loved his siblings because of the trait of 'kindness,' which had grown stronger since overcoming the Curse of Idleness. He didn't want Fenrir's death. Even if Fenrir was obsessed with his life out of simple selfishness as Braham said, Noll wanted to protect Fenrir because Fenrir was poor.

However, Grid didn't hesitate. "What are you not sure about? I have to kill him."

A direct descendant vampire was an immortal being who could be resurrected unless the soul was extinguished. Tiramet was the representative example. He might not be resurrected as a complete being like a great demon but he could be an imperfect pet.

Grid decided that Fenrir should be sealed once in order for Fenrir to get a new start. The limitation of monsters was that they couldn't take potions. Fenrir's health was still at the bottom unlike Grid who took a potion to recover from the sword falling from the ceiling. His incredible resilience meant his health would recover if he had a bit more time, but the time was too short.

"Cough...!"

Grid used Blacksmith's Rage and Quick Movements again after their cooldown ended and lightly dodged the Sun Sword. He linked the two fusion and three fusion sword dances, turning Fenrir to grey ash. However, like the other direct descendant vampires, Fenrir's soul didn't dissipate and instead permeated the cloak he had been wearing. Ruby tried to stop it but Grid restrained her.

[You have sealed Vampire Marquis 'Fenrir'!]

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

[Fenrir's Strength]

[Type: Passive]

Show the undefeated spirit of struggle.

If you are fighting an opponent who has a higher level than you for more than a minute, the damage and defense reduction effects caused by the level difference will be ignored.]

[Your level has risen!]

[Your level has risen!]

[The blessing of Archangel Sariel has occurred! The item drop rate will increase by 500%!]

['Fenrir's Cloak' has been acquired.]

[A 'High-grade Vampire Ring' has been acquired.]

['Strange Magic Power Stone' has been acquired.]

[The 'Sun Sword' has been acquired.]

[10 'Elixirs' have been acquired.]

[7 blessed weapon enhancement scrolls have been acquired.]

[15 blessed armor enhancement scrolls have been acquired.]

[The title 'Blood King Candidate' has been promoted to 'Blood King.']

[All vampires except 'Marie Rose' will be submissive to you in the future!]

[Blood King]

[Type: Passive

★ Blood magic will bloom when conditions are met.

The blood magic will be according to your personality.

★ Can free direct descendant vampires if the conditions are met.

\* Liberated vampires are free from the Curse of Idleness.]

'All vampires will be submissive to me?'

Grid was lost for words by the unimaginable effect.

"Your Majesty."

Tiramet knelt in front of Grid. Then an exclamation point appeared over Tiramet's name and Grid clicked on it. The result was amazing.

[Tiramet's soul has been freed from his constraints!]

A light flashed from Tiramet's Belt that Grid was wearing and a blue soul slipped out, permeating Tiramet's body. It was the moment when Tiramet's identity returned to being a NPC, not a pet.

"Wow..." Grid confirmed that Tiramet had recovered his strength and clicked his tongue.

Noll didn't know the situation and was hugging Grid in a thrilled manner. "You sealed Fenrir to save him afterwards!"

"T-That's right."

In fact, he wanted to resurrect Fenrir as a pet. He never dreamed they could be fully resurrected as NPCs. Nevertheless, Grid didn't bother explaining and Noll jumped around while saying Grid's plan was really great.

Grid asked Braham, "Did you know this when you asked me to be the Blood King?"

Braham had told Grid that he had no intention of seeking revenge. Yet he insisted on hunting Fenrir using the angel's blessing as an excuse. This meant that Grid would become Blood King. It had been a bit

questionable but at this moment, the question was resolved. Perhaps Braham wanted to give his brothers freedom from the start.

Braham was cynical. "It's a coincidence. I didn't care about them."

He was serious. Braham was only concerned about Grid. Braham was wary of Marie Rose's children in the future. If Grid was still a Blood King Candidate when Marie Rose gave birth to a child then Grid would be targeted by Marie Rose's children, who dreamed of becoming the Blood King.

However, as long as Grid became the Blood King, Marie Rose's children couldn't hurt Grid. Even Marie Rose was the same. That's right. Braham had no idea that Marie Rose was interested in Grid.

At the same time, the S.A Group...

"I think it is better to create multiple PVE-focused events than PvP..."

"Definitely... there is no other way if we want to make the participants feel less deprived."

The executives, who were sitting in the conference room and watching Grid, exchanged views. They were blinded by the sight of Grid, who had been crowned Blood King.

#### [Chapter 1148](#)

"Do you want to increase the number of events?"

Director Yoon Sangmin was in charge of planning the 5th National Competition. After flying directly to the United States, he was making his way to the stage when he received a phone call and frowned.

President Janson's flustered voice continued, -That...Mr. Grid has become the Blood King.

"The Overgeared Kingdom has already raided Fenrir?"

Fenrir, the highest ranked direct descendant vampire after Marie Rose, was similar in strength to the 19th great demon. The setting of the child—who received Shizo Beriache's expectations and the hidden piece, Blood King—was a key setting obtained as a result of several calibrations.

Of course, the vampire race itself was inferior to a great demon, so their health was much lower. However, the power of struggle 'which increased when the enemy was stronger' and the power of domination 'which neutralized the enemy's weapons and skills' were abilities optimized to counteract Grid's knights.

It was impossible for Grid to succeed against Fenrir before Braham grew to level 500. Therefore, the management team determined that Grid wouldn't become the Blood King until after this year's National Competition or until next year's National Competition. Yet he was already the Blood King?

"How is this possible?"

-Braham's magic ability turned several of Fenrir's strengths useless. Braham only used four spells in this raid, including Frozen Tempest. This was indirectly triggered using Grid's mana, and he blocked Fenrir's resilience throughout the raid.

"Duke of Wisdom..."

Satisfy's artificial intelligence learned and evolved. Braham's power exceeded the expectations of the management team.

-Not only has Grid grown rapidly after meeting Biban, but he is now the Blood King. Which player can compare to him?The executives say that increasing PvE events and reducing the direct competition between Grid and the other participants will help better maintain Satisfy's value.Of course, the promotion of competition will be weakened at present, but for the sake of the future, isn't it better to reduce the players' sense of deprivation?

"This has yet to become the board of directors' official position."

-Of course, but there are many people who are frantic about the current outcome.Can the board of directors watch silently as the status of the National Competition lowers?However, you have been promoting the National Competition for years. If you stand on our side and empower us...

"Have you forgotten?" Director Yoon Sangmin's interrupted President Janson's words and recalled the atmosphere of a year ago. "Thousands of players have been unlocking their potential, and they are filled with hopes and dreams at the appearance of the supreme one. It has been proven many times that the supreme one is the object of admiration, not envy. Even if Grid shows an overwhelming performance this year, the players won't feel deprived."

-No, that is just once or twice.The vast majority of people who play Satisfy feel the greatest pleasure and satisfaction from experiencing their 'growth' in real time.They have been trying so hard over the past year to get a bit closer to Grid. Once they find out that the gap with Grid has widened even further, will they just laugh and say that Grid is great?Don't you think they will lose their satisfaction at the growth they've achieved in the past year and lose motivation?

"...It reminds me of a game that enjoyed unparalleled popularity before Satisfy was released."

-The game of the RTS genre created by an American company?

"That's right. It was the most popular game in the world for over 30 years. Do you know that South Korea almost monopolized the championship for 10 years once the game started international competitions?"

-I wonder if there is anyone who doesn't know.

"In the first few years, the Western players were jealous of the Korean team's monopoly on victory. They ridiculed Koreans and denounced our success in e-sports because we are 'poor people born in a country where games aren't played'. However, that was only for the first few years. No matter how hard they tried, they couldn't keep up. What happened when this repeated again and again? They acknowledged and respected the Koreans. It means that the feelings people have toward Grid will flow in exactly the opposite direction of your expectations."

-Isn't this interpretation too optimistic?

"No, I'm certain. In particular, the high rankers will hope that Grid's high reputation will continue. Only then will they feel a greater joy when they catch up one day."

-... Do you think Grid will lose his place as the supreme one?

“It is hard to see a force beyond the Overgeared Kingdom, but there are plenty of players who can potentially go beyond Grid’s personal strength.”

Yoon Sangmin would soon be meeting one of those candidates.

“It is time to shoot the opening video. I’ll be going off.” Director Yoon Sangmin hung up the phone and entered the capsule.

Inside the Valhalla Kingdom in Satisfy...

“You came, Director.”

Dozens of staff members, who had connected first, welcomed Director Yoon Sangmin.

“Thank you for agreeing to shoot today.”

Director Yoon Sangmin shook hands with all the staff and found a group approaching from a distance. The rankers from the Valhalla Kingdom were scheduled to participate in this year’s National Competition. The members of Ares’ Army were approaching.

“I’m sorry to make you come here,” God of War Ares said. He had been an unofficial ranker for many years and was one of the famous bigshots who established a kingdom and made his name known. Thanks to the recent blossoming of his class characteristics, he gained the passive skill ‘the more subordinates you have, the more your stats will increase’. Now he welcomed Director Yoon Sangmin and the staff.

Director Yoon Sangmin shook his hand. “No. Thank you for giving your time to participate in the shooting of the opening video.”

In fact, before the 1st National Competition, the S.A Group’s production method for their opening video was outdated. Participants were brought into local studios, and the videos filmed. This resulted in a great loss of game time. In any case, the video shoot took place after connecting to Satisfy. Thus, they were heavily criticized for making people attend in real life. Now the S.A Group found and filmed people in person inside the game.

“So what should we do? Should we stand in a group like the participants last year?” Luck asked bluntly.

He felt anxious leaving the hunting grounds for even a second, so he was in a hurry. Nevertheless, he was filming the National Competition’s opening video was because it was somewhat cheesy but cool. Since this was the first time the majority of the Ares’ Army was participating in the National Competition, they wanted to be heavily involved in the opening video.

“This year’s opening video will be filmed in the form of an interview.”

“Interview?”

“It is intended to make the audience more engaged by communicating your environment, goals, ideas, and commitment to the competition.”

“It isn’t bad.”

‘I’m not good at speaking...’ Luck frowned and started murmuring.

Unlike Luck, Scott responded positively, “It is a great way to build awareness.”

“Yes, that’s right. That is our intention.”

The power of the fans was strong. Grid, Kraugel, and Yura proved it in real time. The more famous and popular the rankers became, the more Satisfy’s popularity increased. It was a win-win strategy for both the S.A Group and the rankers. In particular, from the perspective of a weak country, it was an opportunity to build awareness. For the Ares’ Army, it was absolutely valuable.

“Ares, would you like to be interviewed first?” Director Yoon Sangmin gave the signal, and the staff became busy.

The lights and reflectors scattered everyone made Ares’ armor and crown shine. The makeup artist’s skill also added shades to Ares’ face. Ares’ majestic figure was captured on camera.

“Ares, you’ve been an unofficial ranker for many years. Despite becoming the second player king, you are still unfamiliar to the public. Why have you decided to abandon your mysticism and participate in the National Competition?” The host asked the question from the script.

The host’s voice and questions would be removed from the opening video. Yoon Sangmin planned to ask the participants as many questions as possible. Then he would select them, edit the essences, and form the video. The interviews of the participants, intersected with the beautiful and magnificent US landscape, would make the audience waiting for the National Competition be filled with excitement.

“I will remove the stigma of a third-class player.” Ares was smiling in a friendly manner. Yet the moment he started shooting, he transformed into a different person. His serious and clear voice had the power to draw the audience’s focus, and his eyes had an intensity that overwhelmed people. He wasn’t a king for nothing. Ares had enough force to stand on his own at the top.

“The public has often compared the work that I’ve done after founding the Valhalla Kingdom to Grid’s. Overall, it is a bad evaluation. Compared to Grid who developed the Overgeared Kingdom and formed a double-walled power with the empire, I have only had repeated failures.

“Of course, it is undeniable that I am a person who is lacking in comparison to Grid. The blatant evidence is that Valhalla is still a weak kingdom.

“However, I want to prove my potential. I want to prove that while I might be third-rate in comparison to Grid now, I will one day become a first-rate person comparable to Grid.”

‘As expected.’ Director Yoon Sangmin’s conviction was strengthened.

Ares’ attitude was completely different from Janson’s concerns, and he gave a perfectly normal response. If it were human nature to feel jealous or deprived because a person was better than them, how could human society have developed to this point? It was absolutely impossible. Humans were able to develop more because they felt a greater sense of competitiveness and respect toward their rivals, instead of frustration and jealousy.

Some netizens expressed bad responses because they could hide in anonymity while some players launched despicable propaganda out of jealousy, but they were a small number and not the majority.

Director Yoon Sangmin made up his mind, ‘No new events will be added.’

A few days later, the opening video was released on the internet, shaking the whole world. People were completely attracted to Grid, who appeared last in the video.

#### [Chapter 1149](#)

“My goal for this year’s National Competition? It is to naturally win three gold medals. Huh?Haha, no. I’m still not good enough to challenge Grid. I’ll have to try an event that Grid isn’t participating in.

“My ultimate goal is to break Grid and become the new supreme one. However, the hurdle is too high this year. Maybe I’ll be able to challenge Grid next year or the year after.”

The interview contained familiar faces who had participated in the National Competition. Since public opinion around the world was conscious of Grid, the participants were also forced to mention Grid. Moreover, the more experienced the player, the more likely they were to say ‘not yet’ and that they were aiming for Grid as a goal. It wasn’t humility but an attitude close to conviction.

On the other hand, the new participants were full of ambition. Most of them were young players who had just become high rankers.

“The era of Kraugel, who was hailed the sky above the sky, ended in three years. This is the third year since Grid has become the supreme one. Just as Grid ended Kraugel’s era, this year I will end Grid’s era.”

“I started playing Satisfy because I admire Grid. It has only been three years since I started playing Satisfy, but I’m lucky enough to participate in the National Competition. Yes, I’m happy. I’m so excited to see Grid that I haven’t been able to sleep for a few days. My goal? It is to join PvP and fight against Grid. I want to leave an imprint on Grid this year and beat him next year.”

The relatively inexperienced young high rankers weren’t scared. They trusted their talent instead of shrinking back in front of Grid. These players burned with a sense of challenge. Although they might not be convinced that they could go beyond Grid, they believed they had enough talent to make him nervous.

Of course, the public didn’t laugh at them. They were still immature at the moment, but it was unknown as to whether they could really surpass Grid in the next few years.

“My goal is to regain France’s honor...”

The interviews continued.

The public cheered on their participants and raised their expectations for the National Competition. In this year’s National Competition, what would be the highlights and the dramatic stories? How many heroes would be created, and how many geniuses would appear? Who would be called a rising star, and how terribly would the final boss, Grid, destroy them?

-Wow.

-Amazing.

The viewers were immersed in the opening video. They were filled with high expectations as it headed into the second half and were soon shocked. The War God Ares, the second player king after Grid, filled the screen.

“I want to prove that I might be third-rate in comparison to Grid now, but one day, I will become a first-rate person comparable to Grid. Additionally, our Valhalla is the only rival of the Overgeared Kingdom.”

Scott, Luck, Helil, Stima, and so on—the camera scanned the faces of Valhalla’s representatives. This thrilled the audience in the chat. Many people interpreted that this year’s National Competition would be different from the previous National Competitions that were swept clean by the Overgeared members.

In the midst of the turmoil...

“I think they have to go beyond me first.”

The video was dark, and the voice that spoke was low. The scene was then replaced. The camera showed a hawk flying in the blue sky before reversing and focusing on top of an unnamed mountain. A doped embroidered with a yellow dragon fluttered in the wind.

-Ah...

-His presence itself is wonderful.

The viewers were excited. A man with long, black hair stood on the cliff. It was none other than Sword Saint Kraugel.

“I want to tell you to challenge me before challenging Grid,” Kraugel gave this warning to all participants before drawing his sword, and the sword split the world in half.

Then a huge royal castle appeared. The camera passed through a corridor lined with red carpet and showed Grid sitting on the throne. The legendary knight Mercedes and legendary farmer Piaro, who were familiar to viewers, stood on his left and right. Grid’s presence was no less overwhelming than Kraugel’s, and the viewers gulped unknowingly. As he gazed at the camera, Grid slowly opened his mouth and said, “So boring.”

“Huh?” The host’s voice was heard for the first time. She was very flustered.

Grid continued speaking, “What is the use of participating in a competition without an opponent? For me, the National Competition is a waste of time, nothing more and nothing less.”

“...!”

It was an unbelievably shocking remark. An unprecedented situation that wasn’t in the script had occurred, and the flustered host asked urgently, “Are you saying you won’t be participating in this year’s National Competition?”

Nod.

Grid moved his head and stared at the camera, the corners of his mouth rising. It was a provocative smile.

“I will wait for the Sword Saint to ripen a bit more.”

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The opening video finished with Grid's interview.

-(Fact) Last year, Grid said he wouldn't participate in the National Competition.

-That's right. Then he joined as the demon king and hit people in the back.

-How valuable are the gold medal rewards? How can he give them up? There is no chance. ⇨ ⇨

-Hrmm... He has been the demon king once. Doesn't that mean he can be the demon king again?

-Yes. Aren't there any new events this year similar to the Demon King's Subjugation?

-I think Grid is serious about not participating...

-If I were Grid, I wouldn't participate if I was really bored.

-Ah -\_- Grid is the highlight of the National Competition.

-A National Competition without Grid? ⇨ ⇨ It is no fun.

The public's response went through several stages—denial, acceptance, and disappointment.

Once the S.A Group officially acknowledged Grid's refusal, the media became upset. People gave opinions on what a National Competition without the supreme one meant, giving the example that Kraugel hadn't participated in the 1st National Competition. They clashed with those who thought the move would make things balanced and create many points of view.

The bottom line was:

『 The main character of this year's National Competition is Kraugel. 』

It was like this.

『 The main character of the 1st National Competition was Grid. Then in the National Competition of the year that followed, Grid competed with Kraugel, who was the supreme one at the time. This hinted at the emergence of a new sky. I feel that Kraugel will be the star of this year's National Competition and compete against Grid again starting from next year. 』

The media took the lead in starting the fire, and the public's attention was focused on Kraugel. The public wondered if he could play against the Overgeared members and Ares' Army or defeat this year's demon king, who was believed to be Damian. They also wondered if he could crush the new participants like how Grid had done.

The popularity of Sword Saint Kraugel was so great that it filled in the gaps Grid had created.

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[(Column) The water will rot. It is clear that Grid has given up his right to foster the younger generation.]

[(Column) Grid has given up his position of the protagonist to Kraugel, who was once his rival. He is irritated by the position of the supreme one and wants a new competitor.]

[(Column) Can Kraugel revive according to Grid's expectations?]

The world started to pour out one-sided interpretations of Grid's refusal to compete in the National Competition. People were completely fascinated by Grid's choice of giving up his rights and giving the national stage to his competitors. This made his popularity soar. He might not be participating in the National Competition, but Grid received more proposals from companies to be their advertising model than any other person in history. Grid naturally rejected all offers.

The reason why he didn't participate in the National Competition and gave up all the gold medal rewards was that he needed time.

-I'm sorry I spoke such cheap words in the interview.

-No, you just told the truth, so you don't have to apologize.

Since the end of last year's National Competition, Kraugel had studied under Kirinus for nearly three years in game time. He became stronger rapidly by mastering the spear, applying it to his swordsmanship and training his willpower and Control Sword.

There was just one problem—his level. Kraugel had been unable to hunt during his training under Kirinus, so his level wasn't much different from last year. His training strengthened all types of special stats, and he acquired new skills, resulting in a significant increase in combat power. However, his level was far lower than Grid's.

This year, he pledged to be Grid's enemy, but it wasn't enough. Kraugel needed more time, and Grid knew this.

'Next year is definitely...'

[Your level has risen.]

There was less than a month until the 5th National Competition. Kraugel finally left Kirinus' hut and visited the hunting grounds after a long time. He pledged and entered leveling mode.

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[Fenrir's Cloak]

[Rating: Epic (Growth)]

Durability: 285/285 Defense: 190

\* All damage is reduced by 15%.

\* All resistances are increased by 10%.

\* There is a low probability of part of the cloak turning into bats when hit. The cloak's durability and options will remain the same, and the bats will attack the targets perceived as enemies. The bats will deal 500 fixed damage to the target and disturb the target's vision. It will also restore the wearer's health by 100% of the damage dealt.

\* If this cloak grows to a legendary rating, the wearer can summoned Vampire Marquis Fenrir. Once Fenrir is summoned, the Blood King effect can completely liberate Fenrir.

Conditions of Use: Blood King

Weight: 510]

Thanks to the angel's blessing, the items that Fenrir dropped were excellent in both quantity and quality. Fenrir's cloak was lined with rich fur and was comparable to Lantier's Cloak. The legendary rated Lantier's Cloak reduced the damage of stabs, cuts, and throwing attacks by 20%. Meanwhile, Fenrir's Cloak reduced the damage of all types of attacks by 15%, despite only being epic rated. Additionally, Lantier's Cloak would increase its resistance depending on the climate while Fenrir's Cloak always increased the resistance.

Of course, Lantier's Cloak had the fraudulent effect of a 10% probability of blocking physical attacks. However, the bats of Fenrir's Cloak were also formidable. Tests showed that the cloak split into exactly 31 bats. This meant they could deal up to 15,000 fixed damage to the target and absorb that much health. Furthermore, the bats even disturbed the target's vision.

Grid's assessment was that the higher the rating of Fenrir's Cloak, the higher the chances the probability of becoming a bat, and the number and damage of the bats would increase. Thus, it was better than Lantier's Cloak.

Additionally, the Strange Magic Power Stone was just as great as Fenrir's Cloak.

[Strange Magic Power Stone]

[Rating: Legendary (Growth)]

- \* Can increase the rating of the target item to the same rating as the stone.
- \* Absorbs magic power when hunting transcendents, great demons, archangels, and half-gods (currently 0/5).
- \* Once the magic power absorption reaches the maximum value, the rating of the stone will increase by one level.

Weight: 1]

Grid struggled for a moment. 'Should I use it on Fenrir's Cloak right now?'

No, no...

It was very easy for the cloak to gain experience because it was easily exposed during combat. It was also too luxurious to use on Elfin Stone's Ring and Latina's Necklace, which were too far from the legendary rating. Yetima's Greatsword and Cray's Bracelet were being raised by Chris and Euphemina respectively.

In the end, there was only one candidate left. It was Ruson's Shoes. However, it didn't seem wise to summon Ruson straight away and consume the Strange Magic Power Stone. If he could increase the stone to a myth rating, he could raise an item to the maximum myth rating. Besides, the options of Ruson's Shoes were so ordinary that he was reluctant to use the stone on them.

'It's annoying, but I'll need to start grinding.'

The defense of Ruson's Shoes was too low due to the nature of leather boots, and the blood-sucking option shared a cooldown with the vampire ring. It was why Grid neglected the shoes. Grid had put Ruson's Shoes on the back burner because he was too vain to entrust it to someone else to raise.

However, things were different now. Grid had become the Blood King, freeing all the direct descendant vampires and having them accept him. In order to increase his power, Ruson's Shoes had to grow to the legendary level. This was why Grid decided not to participate in the National Competition. Grid planned to increase the ranks of his vampire equipment instead of participating in the National Competition and having to fly to the United States, wasting time on all the official schedules.

Of course, he also wanted to raise the rating of the Strange Magic Power Stone.

'Angels are targets that I can't recklessly be hostile to. The only transcendents or half-gods I know are in the Tower of Wisdom and the grandmaster...'

Hell was inaccessible to humans. It was virtually impossible to go directly to hell and raid the great demons, so he had to wait for the advent of the great demons. Grid was struggling when he suddenly thought of someone.

'The yangbans?'

Lee Jung, the follower of the war god, had said that the Hwan Kingdom consisted of gods who were cast out.

Nevertheless, the only yangban Grid had met, Garam, didn't seem comparable to a god.

In the end, only a few of them were the expelled gods, such as the Five Seniors and the Chiyou. Those like Garam were just the descendants of the gods. (TL: Originally, I translated Chiyou as the Chiyou Test because of a link I found. Now, it is more likely to be a rank below the Five Seniors, and Chiyou Test should actually be the Chiyou's test)

Would they be classified as half-gods?

"...Garam."

Grid's gaze turned to the east as he sensed that the time of revenge was approaching.

## [Chapter 1150](#)

"Your subject, Han Seokbong, greets Your Majesty."

The former lord of Pangea, Han Seokbong. He was once one of the greatest loyalists of the Cho Kingdom and had been sentenced to death by its king. There was only one reason—he dared to know the whereabouts of the Red Phoenix Box, which was being searched for by the yangbans. Shortly before his execution, he was rescued by Grid and he and his family moved to the Overgeared Kingdom. He was now a member of the Overgeared Kingdom.

"It has been a long time, Viscount Han Seokbong. Raise your head."

Grid ran to the bowing Han Seokbong and tried to raise him up. He had said it dozens of times that there was no need to be so polite.

“I’ve heard that you’ve been contributing a lot to the development of the country. I’m always grateful for your efforts.”

“You’re overpraising me. Every achievement I’ve made is a reward for the grace I’ve received.”

“.....”

It was correct to say that Grid was Han Seokbong’s benefactor. However, the reason why Han Seokbong received the death penalty was because he protected Grid. Thus, their relationship could be called a ‘same same (now we’re even)’ relationship. Nevertheless, Han Seokbong regarded Grid as his lifelong benefactor and a person of distinction. Grid was both grateful and embarrassed.

“Hum hum, I will visit the East Continent soon. Before that, I want to get as much information as possible from you.”

Han Seokbong’s expression stiffened. “Your Majesty faced Garam a few years ago... no, didn’t Garam become very angry at you? Why do you want to take risks by going to the east?”

“It is because of Garam.”

“Huh...?”

“Garam is so insidious and dangerous that he made me fall into a trap despite being on a distant land. I can’t stretch out and sleep comfortably as long as he is alive.”

“D-Do you mean to meet with Garam?”

“It will be a long fight.”

Grid wore the skin mask that Braham had temporarily returned to him and touched his face a few times. He soon turned into a completely different person and asked, “Do you think it will be hard to go to the East Continent in this state?”

The East Continent was under the control of the Hwan Kingdom. It was to the extent where just one yangban of the Hwan Kingdom was powerful enough to dictate the fate of other kingdoms. Grid was cautious since it was likely his complete appearance had been spread by Garam throughout the East Continent.

Han Seokbong observed Grid and shook his head. “It is more powerful than the rumors. You look like a completely different person. It isn’t just your face but also your voice and body shape. Your Majesty, if you move like this in the East Continent then no one will know Your Majesty’s true identity.”

Of course, it was hard to hide his energy and habits. However, all the Eastern people with ties to Grid had moved to the Overgeared Kingdom. The only person who could identify Grid was the yangban Garam but it wasn’t easy to meet a yangban.

“I’m glad.”

The relieved Grid took off the skin mask and asked, “First of all, I’d like to know what I can get from the East Continent. There was an underground dungeon at Pangea Castle. Do you think there is anything else to get from there?”

“According to records, the only thing that can be obtained from Pangea Castle’s dungeon is the silver thread. Even so, Your Majesty has reached the depths of the dungeon that hasn’t been recorded. I’m not certain but it wouldn’t be surprising if something more was left in there.”

‘I’ve not hunting to level up now so I’ll have to stop by.’

Grid nodded and proceeded to ask another question, “Do you think it is possible for me to seize the Blue Dragon Dao in the eastern Kaya Kingdom, the White Tiger Spear in the western Pa Kingdom, and the Black Tortoise Jewel in the north?”

“Huh?”

“Didn’t the Cho Kingdom lose the Red Phoenix Bow?”

Han Seokbong, the one who lost the Red Phoenix Bow, answered guiltily, “It will be hard but it isn’t impossible. The weapons of the sacred creatures are a means to ‘prevent cracks in the hell barrier.’ Thus, they are kept in a place with the strongest vein in the four directions. In the south, it was Pangea. As you know, Pangea isn’t a geographically important city. There are fewer troops.”

“Will the situation of the east, west, and north be similar?”

“That’s right. It is because a land with strong energy veins has many side-effects... however, if Your Majesty seizes the weapons of the sacred creatures...”

Han Seokbong’s expression darkened. Once the sacred creatures’ weapons were removed, a crack in hell would open and demonkin would come out. The East Continent would turn to hell.

Grid reassured him, "Have you forgotten that I restored the Red Phoenix Bow? I won’t sentence hundreds of millions of people to death out of greed. If I succeed in gaining the original then I will make imitations to avoid the barrier breaking.”

“How wonderful. I will make you a map of the location of the sacred creatures’ weapons and a list of folktales passed down through the people.”

The dynamics of the East Continent that Grid wanted would be clearly organized. Indeed, Han Seokbong was an astute man. Grid nodded with a gratified expression and moved onto the next question.

“Is the identity of the big hero who killed the evil daoist and saved Pangea from the crisis a daoist immortal?”

The identity of the little hero was Kraugel. It was just hard to know the identity of the big hero who defeated the evil daoist that Kraugel and Han Seokbong couldn’t defeat. Even Idan, who had his frying pan stolen by the big hero, couldn’t describe the characteristics of the big hero.

This was what Idan had stated, “The big hero... I often think of him these days, but my memories are blurry like there is a fog in front of me. I can’t remember his appearance, voice, or even the short conversation I had with him.”

It had to be assumed that the big hero used some mysterious technique. In the East, the mysterious atmosphere was one of the hallmarks of a daoist immortal.

“Yes, it makes sense to think of him as a daoist immortal.”

“What is the relationship between a daoist immortal and a yangban?”

“For an ordinary person like me, a daoist immortal is hard to see even once in my lifetime. I don’t know much about daoist immortals but I remember when the yangbans were discussing the daoist immortals. It felt like they were enemies.”

‘Is there a confrontation between the yangbans and daoist immortals?’

Bentao, the daoist immortal who led Grid to the Peach Blossom Spring, had once said something. He was a fool who reached the Peach Blossom Spring but couldn’t see the reality of the gods. He claimed that he had descended to earth to fulfill the gods’ will to destroy the seven malignant saints and he learned that the seven malignant saints actually weren’t evil.

‘I felt a sense of antipathy toward the gods.’

Moreover, the yangbans were the descendants of the expelled gods. It was expected that they wouldn’t have a good relationship with the daoist immortals, who had a deep ingrained sense of goodwill to the common people.

‘I don’t have to worry about being hostile to the daoist immortals if I hit the yangbans.’

Grid was able to ease his burden a bit and moved onto the next question. The most important part was from now on.

“What exactly do the people of the East Continent think of the Hwan Kingdom and the yangbans?”

“They are gods who protect the world from all types of calamities and great demons. The yangbans gave us the weapons of the sacred creatures that protect the world so all humans worship the yangban. However, the yangban are just the people of the Hwan Kingdom. The ones who establish and govern the Hwan Kingdom are the Five Seniors and the Chiyou. They are called the absolute gods.”

“Do you doubt them?”

“No. The Hwan Kingdom is a nation of gods and the king and the people of the kingdom are all gods. This is what the people of the East have been told and learned.”

“Um...”

Lael had made a guess. The reason why the yangbans blocked but didn’t kill the great demons was to preserve their value. Grid agreed with this because of the existence of the ‘deity’ stat.

‘Assuming that the Five Seniors and Chiyou were real gods and the yangban are just imitations they created, the original position of the yangbans should be at the level of the archangels of the West Continent. However, the yangbans have a much larger presence and are more active than the archangels.’

Were the yangbans humans who built up the deity stat and became a real god after being worshipped by humans? If so, were the Five Seniors and Chiyou creating an army to retaliate against the gods.

“How many yangbans are there?”

“I don’t know for certain but they often use the phrase ‘hands are precious.’ In fact, not many yangbans have appeared in front of humans over the last hundreds of years. There were only seven of them, including Garam. Of course, this is just a guess.”

“Hands are precious... are they saying companionship is deep?”

It didn’t seem to be the case. Just look at Pagma. It was as expected.

“No. They often clashed rather than acknowledging each other because their egos were so strong. I just noticed that they are absolutely obedient to the Five Seniors and the Chiyou.”

“They will rather act personally than in a crowd?”

“That’s right.”

‘Indeed.’

Grid had only seen the yangban together once. Garam was always alone, except for when he visited Pangea as a group to investigate the disappearance of the Red Phoenix Bow.

‘I don’t have to worry about fighting multiple yangbans at the same time.’

At least Grid was spared from facing the worst. The last question remaining was whether it was possible to raid Garam.

‘I have to secure all of the weapons of the sacred creatures from the East Continent, complete as many quests as possible to become stronger, and then fight them one by one.’

Grid was convinced that Garam was much stronger than Fenrir. Garam was at least level 600 and could use swordsmanship and the power of a sacred creature. Since he was classified as a NPC rather than a monster, he had the weakness of relatively low health. However, the situation might be different if Garam accumulated a higher ‘deity’ stat since the last time Grid saw him. There was no guarantee that the raid would succeed even if he challenged with all the power he used in the Fenrir raid. In any case, it would be noticeable if his knights started flocking to the East Continent, making his disguise useless. In the worst case scenario, he could lose his knights.

‘I can die once.’

First, he would go to the East Continent alone and become strong enough. Then he would get a good grasp of Garam’s power...

Grid, who even planned for death, wasn’t afraid and instead burned with motivation. For him, death was an experience—it wasn’t the end, it was the beginning.