

Overgeared 1151

[Chapter 1151](#)

'Isn't it confusing?'

The reason why Grid decided not to participate in the National Competition was because he needed time. Unable to waste a single minute or second, he moved to the smithy as soon as his conversation with Han Seokbong was over.

'There are only seven?'

It was a sentence that felt strange. Han Seokbong said that only seven yangbans had been active over the past hundreds of years but the number of people Grid witnessed when he first encountered the yangbans was over 10. There were exactly 13 people. This wasn't a distortion of his memories. Grid recognized them as having a presence similar to the West Continent legends and clearly remembered his surprise that the number of yangbans was greater than the Western legends. Above all, there were witnesses.

"Braham, didn't you see 13 people at that time?"

Deep in a secret passage...

Braham frowned as he walked beside Grid in the newly created maze the dwarf Ke had created in the process of expanding the Overgeared Palace. He had taken off his skin mask after a long time and boasted a remarkable beauty that fascinated everyone.

"How many times have you asked me this?" Braham's soul was awake when Grid first visited the East Continent. At that time, he and Grid weren't friends. They were in the stage of gradually forming good feelings and Braham had indirectly witnessed and experienced the world through Grid's eyes. "13 is correct."

"However, Viscount Han Seokbong said there were only seven."

"He must be lying. He is a worrisome guy who will hit you in the back sooner or later."

"That's not it."

Grid knew that Han Seokbong wasn't a man who would deceive or betray him. There was no reason to do so. Braham read the conviction in Grid's eyes and thought for a moment. "If Han Seokbong isn't lying then the Easterners might be caught up in a group suggestion."

"Suggestion?"

"It is a suggestion to not recognize anyone apart from the seven as yangbans."

"Why would such a suggestion be used?"

"I think they must be conscious of the monitors that the Western gods placed on the East Continent. The Five Seniors and Chiyou might be gods but they were dogs who lost and were driven out. It is normal for them to be wary and afraid of the Western gods. If it is as you think and they are building up their forces for revenge, they might need to hide their power."

“Ah...”

It seemed very plausible. A god had methods of deceiving millions or tens of millions of people.

“In that sense, the number seven is very valid. There are exactly seven archangels. If the number of yangbans is also seven then the Western gods won’t feel any doubts.”

Braham grabbed Grid’s wrist and placed Grid behind him. The dwarf’s playfulness was triggered and he made a uselessly complex maze. Thus, Braham had to personally lead Grid through the maze.

“Excuse me, Braham.” Grid spoke as he was grabbed by the collar and followed Braham. “If my guess is right, the more deity points the yangbans build up, the stronger they will be. So they should expose themselves to the public as much as possible to be worshipped. Apart from the seven, wouldn’t the remaining six be unable to build up deity because they can’t be recognized, let alone be worshipped?”

“I guess so.”

“This means that with the exception of seven, the other yangbans are weaker than Garam?”

“Correct. Even if there are hundreds or thousands in the Hwan Kingdom, they won’t be as strong as you think.”

“Hah...” Grid sighed with relief. He was worried that all the yangbans would be as strong as Garam but now he could rest assured.

Braham gave a warning. “Don’t be relieved. The moment the Five Seniors and the Chiyou shake off the scrutiny of the Western gods, all of the yangbans will appear before humanity and humanity will begin to deify them.”

At that time, Grid who stomped on Garam wouldn’t be safe. This meant that for the sake of his safety and the Overgeared Kingdom, he had to prevent the Hwan Kingdom from becoming a kingdom of gods.

‘The present gods who only committed one sin are better than the Five Seniors and Chiyou, who made the yangban...’

...No, no. He couldn’t jump to rash conclusions. As always, the truth might be different.

“We’ve arrived.” Braham arrived at the end of the maze while Grid was thinking and stood in front of a thick iron door. The iron door was engraved with a soul engraving, one of the dwarves’ mechanisms. There was only one person who could open this door—Grid using his soul.

Grid raised his hand over the iron door and the thick iron door opened by itself, despite Grid not using any strength. The scenery revealed was the basement of a smithy. There was another stone door with a soul engraving. It was a space that only Grid could cross.

‘This is very good.’

Grid was always swept up in a crowd every time he went back and forth between the castle and the smithy, inevitably wasting his time. Now thanks to Ke ong, the secret passage allowed him to move between the castle and the smithy, saving him time in the future. In the case of an unexpected crisis, it could also be used as an escape route or bunker so he was assured of Irene and Lord’s safety.

'The dwarves are truly amazing. I now know how to use the skewer flexibly so after going to the East Continent, I will quickly visit Talima.'

It was time to get to work. It happened the moment Grid left the basement and dreamt of an item upgrade.

-G-Grid!It is serious!

"...?"

A message came from Zednos, lord of Reidan.

-You need to visit the vampire city!

"What?"

Grid used Braham's Mass Teleport and arrived at the entrance of a vampire city.

"Your Majesty!"

"Kukukuk, the bunch of losers recognize the Blood King."

"...Braham, please talk less. I'm worried you will never be able to make friends."

Grid entered the vampire city and felt dizzy. It was because all the vampires were judged to be people of the Overgeared Kingdom. It was similar to what happened in Noll's vampire city a long time ago.

Zednos looked perplexed. "The vampires in all cities, not just here, are classified as NPCs, not monsters."

"They aren't hostile to the Overgeared members or NPCs?"

"Yes, it is like the vampires of Noll's city. I tried attacking as an experience and received the crime of causing injury, activating the PK system in accordance to the nation's laws."

This meant that hunting in the vampire cities was impossible. It was a painful loss of a hunting ground for the mid-level Overgeared members, who weren't strong enough to go to the Galgunos Temple. Grid confirmed the city's information.

[Vampire's Underground City (6)]

[Rating: B (Temporarily Downgraded)]

Lord: None

Population: 5,987

Members: Vampire familiars, low-grade vampires, intermediate vampires, true blood vampires.

The dungeon has been rebuilt under the control of the Blood King.

Due to the absence of a permanent lord, the estate isn't managed at all.

* There are no products or specialties.

- * You can't expect any revenue from the estate.
 - * Low-grade and intermediate vampires have a low probability of producing familiars.
 - * You can appoint a true blood vampire or a direct descendant vampire as the lord.
 - * If a true blood vampire becomes the lord, they will hunt intruders and gradually increase the number of vampires.
 - * If a direct descendant vampire becomes the lord, they will hunt intruders and quickly increase the number of vampires. There is a very slim chance of producing additional true blood vampires.
- ★ Food assistance is urgently needed to maintain the current population.]

"Um..."

"First of all, we asked Noll to provide us with blood potatoes. However, there are 12 cities and the supply of blood potatoes isn't enough. These vampires will starve to death."

Grid murmured, "I'll have to ask Piaro to travel to each city and establish a farming field."

"Why not release the vampires into the desert every night?"

"Do you want to release the vampires?"

"The vampires can fill their hunger by ingesting the blood of monsters as well as humans. NPCs can grow, unlike monsters. The more hunting experience they gain, the higher the level of the vampires. This will increase the population and they will develop into an army. At that point, we can encourage intruders to enter and then generate revenue from the loot the vampires will acquire from the intruders."

"That's a good idea but..."

The reason why the vampires were stuck in their cities was the Curse of Idleness. Noll had overcome the curse by spending a long time with Grid and Tiramet had been freed from the curse thanks to be liberated by Blood King Grid. However, the other vampires were still suffering from the curse. The almost 6,000 vampires in front of Grid would return to their coffins again a short time after Grid left.

"I think it would be possible if I make a nightly trip to the cities and temporarily weaken the curse..."

Realistically, it was hard. The damage to Grid would be too great if he had to spend hours on the vampires every night.

Zednos hurriedly waved his hands. "No, cancel the words I just said. The vampires' eyes are so bright that I forgot they are suffering from a curse."

"I understand."

Grid looked around at the vampires. The red eyes of the vampires were all shining enthusiastically as they stared at Grid. What was the Curse of Idleness?

"For the time being, move the army to feed the vampires. Have them capture monsters and feed them to the cities."

"I understand." Zednos nodded and immediately followed the command.

"....."

Braham exited the city with Grid and stared into the distance. It was toward the city where Marie Rose was asleep.

Grid felt something ominous and urged, "Let's go to the smithy as soon as possible."

There were the remaining breaths of the sacred creatures. Grid planned to create new items before heading to the East Continent.

"No. Next."

The Behen Archipelago, the Kelenian Underwater Cave, the Crumbling Tower, etc. The number of players visiting the East Continent increased significantly as more methods of continental travel. On the East Continent, the players were no longer strangers.

"No. Next."

Pangea—the beginner city of the East Continent welcomed the players who came with high expectations, helping them achieve their dreams. The once lively place now had a bleak atmosphere. It was the overbearing soldiers, not the friendly residents, who welcomed the anxiously lining up players.

"No. Next."

The soldiers guided the nervous players to a fat and hunchbacked person. His waist was completely bent over and his fat belly touched the ground like a pig. The hunchback man closely examined the players' faces. He peered up their nose and into their pores like he had OCD and then shook his head.

"No. Next."

Every time he shook his head, one player regained their freedom.

"You are free now that the inspection is over."

The soldiers undid the handcuffs of the stunned players and indicated to the plains outside the checkpoint with their chins. The players who previously passed the checkpoint were fighting with jiangshi.

"E-Excuse me. I am a doctor. I don't know how to fight and will be eaten by the jiangshi out there. Is there any safer route?"

The player called Hera revealed her class with a pitiful expression. Doctors were unable to perform miracles such as instant healing through magic but they were able to heal very large wounds through processes such as sutures or surgery. It was a highly prized class on the West Continent and she believed it would be the same here, but there was no change in the soldier's apathetic attitude.

"To move to another area, you have to unconditionally go through those plains. You can decide if you want to work with other foreigners to break through the plains or go back to the West Continent."

The soldiers, no, the East Continent itself, didn't welcome the foreigners. Why? Hera questioned the treatment that was different from what she expected and asked in a somewhat resentful voice, "Why do you reject us?"

"Why?"

A soldier snorted as he pulled out a piece of paper and threw it at Hera. It was a wanted poster. Blasphemy, kidnapping a death row prisoner, attempting to overthrow the state, kidnapping Pangea's residents, etc. The figure on the wanted poster was charged with strange crimes. In particular, the kidnapping of tens of thousands of people was an absurd charge that wouldn't appear in sci-fi movies.

'Do they think of people as dogs or pigs? No one would believe this.'

[Chapter 1152](#)

[Chewing gently, one can tell the meat and savory fat has been aged exquisitely. The sweet and salty seasoning blends with the subtle taste of the meat, so one won't get tired of eating it. The nutty flavour lingering in the mouth adds interest.]

This was from the Michelin Guide.

The 60-year-old dish called 'Blue Ceramic Tile Seasoned Pork Ribs [1]' had long been praised by gourmets. Even before it received three stars in the Michelin Guide, it was considered as a must-visit place for overseas political figures visiting South Korea.

"H-Hyesu."

Kim Wuseok was over 70 years old this year, and he was a living historian of the Blue Ceramic Tile Seasoned Pork Ribs. During the time when the Blue Ceramic Tile Seasoned Pork Ribs was still small and unknown, Kim Wuseok worked as a chef and developed the ribs' secret seasoning with his former president. He also found the ideal conditions for cooking meat and made a great contribution to the development of the seasoned ribs.

Then once the former president passed away and his son became the new president, Kim Wuseok was reduced to being a cloth bag. It was because the new president was uncomfortable with Kim Wuseok in many ways and planned to kick him out.

Originally, the secret seasoning recipe and aging conditions should only be shared between Kim Wuseok, the president, and his successor. Yet the new president taught his wife and children and drove Kim Wuseok out of the kitchen, having him manage the charcoal fire and iron plates instead. Carrying hot charcoal to the guest tables and wiping heavy iron plates hundreds of times a day was hard even for young people in their 20s, so the new president thought Kim Wuseok would quit soon.

However, unlike the new president's expectations, Kim Wuseok persevered. He was grateful for a role in the workplace where he dedicated his youth and worked silently without complaining. Of course, it was an untold secret to his children. Once his children knew about it, their eyes would roll, and they would come to the restaurant to make a point.

Kim Wuseok—who wanted to retire quietly—stayed silent, and this was the problem.

"Grandfather, why are you doing that?"

Kim Wuseok was sitting at the back of the restaurant and wiping an iron plate when he encountered his granddaughter Hyesu, who was hurt by the sight.

“Grandfather, why are you wiping the iron plate instead of cooking?”

Hyesu had entered high school not long ago and wanted to show off her grandfather to her new friends. Her grandfather was the one who made the present the Blue Ceramic Tile Seasoned Pork Ribs. She would walk through the hallway where he had taken photos with past presidents and then meet her grandfather cooking in the kitchen of the restaurant.

Hyesu had bragged to her friends and secretly visited the restaurant to please her grandfather. Then she witnessed the present situation. It was the worst incident for Kim Wuseok and Hyesu.

“Didn’t you say he was a chef?”

“I heard he was invited to the Blue House...”

Kim Wuseok had a face blackened with charcoal and was dressed in shabby clothes. Hyesu’s friends looked at Kim Wuseok who was sweating profusely while wiping the iron plates. Young children who had just entered high school didn’t have the ability to glimpse the behind-the-scenes of the situation, so they treated Hyesu as a liar.

Then it happened when Hyesu’s eyes were turning red.

“Elder, I’m sorry to visit without telling you. I would like you to start the charcoal fire yourself.” A strong-looking man appeared and greeted Kim Wuseok with a 90-degree bow. His face couldn’t be seen, but his voice was strangely familiar. The eyes of the confused teenagers soon widened.

“Mister Youngwoo,” Kim Wuseok welcomed the man with a name that the teenagers knew well.

“You often wash the dishes because of your physical fitness, but it isn’t good for your health.” The man who was still bowing shook hands with Kim Wuseok. Kim Wuseok smiled awkwardly as he shook hands with the man. He was grateful for the man’s care.

“Wow!”

“It really is Grid!”

The boys and girls were excited when the man standing next to Kim Wuseok was illuminated. The disbelief that was in their eyes as they gazed at Hyesu had completely vanished.

“He knows Grid! To think that your grandfather is so great?!”

“I’m envious~”

Grid, or Shin Youngwoo, was one of the most famous and influential people in the world. In terms of fame, he was the idol of young people and had a status equal to the S.AGroup’s Lim Cheolho or the president of the United States. Such a great man had personally come to pay his respects to Hyesu’s grandfather, so her friends were happy and proud. They were proud to be Hyesu’s friends.

“It is hard to go to Gangnam every time I want to eat your ribs. Can’t you open your own restaurant in my building?”

“Huhu... This young friend is very resourceful, but I’m sorry. This old man had to raise his children and help pay for their weddings, so I don’t have enough money to open a store.”

“Elder, if you want to open a store, how can I accept money from you? I will pay for all the construction costs, so please consider it carefully.”

“You...” Kim Wuseok’s face was stiff.

Shin Youngwoo’s favor in this shameful situation came across as pity. It was honestly very unpleasant when a young man the same age as his eldest grandson spoke such pitying words to him.

However, Youngwoo was sincere. “It is my parents’ wish.”

“.....”

It had happened when Youngwoo was in elementary school. Youngwoo’s parents, who grew and sold cabbages, had experienced a big crisis. Existing customers had slashed the transaction price of the cabbages by using the excuse of a good harvest. Youngwoo’s parents then became unable to avoid going into the red. Yet when there had been only darkness in front of them, Kim Wuseok held out a helping hand.

“Elder, didn’t you bestow a great grace to our family once? Think of it as one more favor and consider it carefully.”

Youngwoo indirectly nailed the main point. He wanted to distribute the profits fairly, rather than invest business funds. Therefore, he used the word ‘favor.’

Kim Wuseok was troubled but eventually nodded. “We will talk about it later. I have to cook some meat for my pretty granddaughter and her friends.”

“This beautiful friend is your granddaughter?”

“No, the child isn’t really that pretty... Whoops.”

“Ah... I’m sor...”

“You meddled.”

It was after stopping Kim Wuseok’s moment of disgrace. There was a woman waiting for Youngwoo as he paid for the meat that Kim Wuseok’s granddaughter ate while the president stood uncomfortably by the checkout counter. The beautiful woman in a biker’s jacket and jeans was Jishuka.

Youngwoo shook his head. “It isn’t meddling. I was paying off a small kindness. It is also beneficial for me.”

“The meat was very tasty. I would be very happy to have a store like this in my neighborhood.”

Jishuka wasn’t wearing an interpreter. It had been a year since she moved to South Korea, so it was possible for her to have everyday conversations. The high rankers generally seemed to be geniuses.

‘Of course, there are many idiots like me.’

Shin Youngwoo remembered the faces of the other high rankers and shook his head before opening the passenger side door. Then he double-checked with Jishuka after she got on. "By the way, were you serious?"

"Am I someone who speaks nonsense?"

"Hrmm..."

The moment that Shin Youngwoo sat in the driver's seat and turned on the ignition, his car Thirteen let out a roaring exhaust sound. He looked at the side mirror and saw Kim Wuseok's granddaughter and her friends rush out and cheer. Rather than being enthusiastic about the car, they were excited by the sight of Jishuka and Youngwoo eating together and then getting into the car.

After allowing them to take a photo to show off on social media, the sweating Youngwoo started driving with a look of tiredness. His experience with controlling his clones and the God Hands in Satisfy meant that Youngwoo's driving skills were almost at the level of a professional race car driver's.

"Giving one of the gold medal rewards to me..."

Today's date had been Jishuka's suggestion. Then during the meal, Jishuka brought up an unexpected story. She said that one of the gold medal rewards she would obtain from the National Competition would be given to Youngwoo. There was a justification for it. She said she would repay him for gracing her with the Red Phoenix Bow. Jishuka had already paid him enough money, so she wasn't in debt. Still, she was obsessed to the end.

"Okay. If you feel comfortable with it, I have no reason to refuse," Youngwoo said with a nod.

Jishuka's face brightened. "Good decision."

'Are you watching, Yura? This is what I'm doing.'

Jishuka was shrugging and smiling when Youngwoo's words entered her ears. "I'm not even participating in the National Competition yet I will receive two rewards."

"Two?"

"Yura said she would give me a reward."

"What?" Jishuka's eyes narrowed. The strong impression she gave off increased her appeal. "Yura said she would give you a reward? That... Why? For what reason?"

"If she wins three gold medals, she will give me one reward, and I'll have to use the remaining two rewards to make items for her."

Of course, he had refused. Youngwoo was willing to make items for free at any time as long as his colleagues obtained the materials. In particular, the gold medal material rewards were superior, and it was an opportunity to gain valuable experience. Thus, it was a benefit to him to make the items free of charge. However, Yura said she didn't want the burden and offered to pay for them. Consequently, Youngwoo couldn't refuse anymore.

"In the end, I decided to get a reward in return for always making Yura's items free of charge."

“I’ll give you all three.”

“...What?”

“I’m going to win three gold medals. I’ll give you the rewards, so keep making my items in the future.”

“No, it’s enough to give me one...”

“It is a reward for the Red Phoenix Kingdom.”

“The Red Phoenix Bow.”

“Y-Yes, Red Phoenix Kkuk!” [2]

‘She still has some difficulty with the mispronunciation.’ Youngwoo thought Jishuka was cute when she blushed.

Seeing her small fists tremble, he patted the back of one of her hands. “I’m really fine. One is enough. I’m very grateful. Thank you for your heart.”

“G-Grid...”

“If you really think of me as a friend, don’t be burdened. Oof!”

Shin Youngwoo hastily switched the driving mode to autonomous driving mode. He had to be careful with skinship and word choices. Thirteen let out loud rumbles as it drove along the road.

Youngwoo returned home exhausted and connected to Satisfy, where he received whispers from his peers. Peak Sword, Chris, Vantner, Pon, and the rest of the 10 meritorious retainers, as well as Coke, Zednos, Laella, and Toon...

All of the Overgeared members scheduled to participate in the National Competition expressed the same wishes as Yura and Jishuka. They didn’t seem to have discussed this with each other. Everyone was just concerned about Grid in the same way. They found it a pity that Grid would be absent from the National Competition due to his busy schedule and miss out on the rewards. Thus, the Overgeared members wanted to be even a small help to Grid.

It was useless no matter how much Grid refused. Everyone in the Overgeared Guild was stubborn. In the end, Grid put forward conditions. “First, I will pick from those with three gold medals. Anyone with two or less gold medals will keep their rewards.”

In fact, it was hard for even an Overgeared member to win three gold medals. The National Competition was growing every year, but only a few dozen people won a gold medal. How difficult would it be to break through hundreds of competitors? It wasn’t uncommon for the Overgeared members to compete with each other, and there were many strong people in the world who weren’t part of the Overgeared Guild. Considering that gold medals could be won in team events, there would not be many Overgeared members who could obtain three gold medals.

‘This condition is enough.’

Grid sighed. However, he overlooked one fact. The reason why the Overgeared members had a low winning rate for gold medals was their competitive spirit.

That's right. So far, most of them had participated in so-called magic events such as PvP or target processing. They had competed against each other or met monsters like Kraugel and Zibal. Then what if they blatantly only aimed for gold? The Overgeared members' winning rate for gold medals would soar to at least twice their previous rate.

[1] Blue ceramic tiles have been a sign of wealth since the old days of South Korea. These tiles signified power and wealth, and became the traditional roof tiles that were used in Korean palaces

[2] Jishuka keeps mispronouncing 'Bow'

[Chapter 1153](#)

The Twilight Kingdom was established after Orc Lord Teruchan conquered the Violet Kingdom.

"Grruk. Suwek!"

"Suwek suwek! Suwek~"

The royal palace of the king was filled with magic power. Dozens of orc shamans recited different chants, and the swirling magic power merged into one, drawing a figure that symbolized the law.

"Suweg!"

The gazes of the shamans gathered in one place. Teruchan approached the altar and shouted loudly, "My king! Guruk! He commanded me! Gruruk!"

The cry of the orc lord was the law of the orcs. Teruchan's voice emerged as notification windows in front of orc players active all over the continent.

[A race quest has been created by Orc Lord Teruchan.]

"Twilight Orcs! Proud! Guruk! Warriors! Go to Reidan! Guruk! Gather! We! Kurruk! Accept the king's command! Guruk! Gauss Kingdom! Invade!!"

"...?"

What? Why did they have to do this?

'Is Grid our king?'

Someone had an expression of chewing shit.

"Ha... It's finally coming."

Those who foresaw today's situation from the time Teruchan vowed to serve Grid were depressed. Then the quest information appeared in front of everyone's eyes.

[Gauss Kingdom Invasion]

[★ Race Quest ★]

The king of the Twilight Kingdom, the great warrior, Orc Lord Teruchan has declared that he will punish the Gauss Kingdom according to the will of Overgeared King Grid.

Within 48 hours, gather at the city of Reidan and join the Overgeared Army.

* There is no compulsion for this quest.

Quest Clear Conditions: Capture the Gauss Kingdom.

Quest Participation Reward: Increased affinity with the people of the Overgeared Kingdom.

Quest Clear Rewards:

1. Personal Compensation.

‘Warrior Voucher’ compensation depending on the war contributions.

2. Common Rewards.

The number of ‘Warrior Vouchers’ will be rewarded depending on the size of the Gauss Kingdom’s villages, fortresses, and cities that are occupied.

Quest Failure Condition: Fail to capture the Gauss Kingdom.

Quest Failure Penalty: None.

★Lael, the general military adviser of this war, has ensured sufficient food and supply routes. As a result, there is no time limit for the war based on food limits.]

“.....”

The Warrior’s Voucher was a reward that could only be earned from quests granted by the orc lord. Now, the orcs had a good understanding of how valuable the Warrior’s Voucher was. The orc players were mostly Chinese and didn’t want to be soldiers fighting for the Overgeared Kingdom, but the temptation of the Warrior’s Vouchers was intense.

“Shit, should I get involved?”

“Ummm.”

The Chinese players were flustered. They might covet the Warrior’s Vouchers, but they would be playing into Grid’s hands if they became a soldier of the Overgeared Kingdom and joined the war. Why on earth did they have to fight for Grid? It was deeply unpleasant and hurt their self-esteem. If the other person were a ranker other than Grid, they could’ve abandoned their pride using the voucher as an excuse.

“We can’t bend over for Grid. If we participate in this quest, we will instantly become a traitor and be buried by society.”

Chinese sentiment was the problem. In the last four years of the National Competition, Grid had caused China a lot of frustration. China was pushed by the United States and South Korea every year purely because of Grid. The event of Hao kneeling down in front of Grid was a terrible humiliation that traumatized many Chinese people, and many of them were dissatisfied with Grid.

“That son of a bitch.”

The Chinese orc players grabbed their heads and suffered. They felt a great sense of regret and resentment that there was no compulsion in this quest. If it were compulsory, they could've used this excuse to participate in the quest, avoiding the people's accusations and gaining the Warrior's Vouchers... The useless freedom annoyed the players.

"I should've listened to Brother Hao."

"Right. The Chinese government might be the greatest institution in the world, but they don't know much about Satisfy."

The Chinese players blamed themselves for ignoring Hao's words warning them to be more cautious about changing races. They had yelled at Hao, questioning what good were the words from a shameful person who knelt in front of Grid. They were a bit dissatisfied with their government that encouraged the race change, but they couldn't express it. So they shifted the responsibility to Hao.

However, in the end, the choice was up to them. Yes, the choice was up to them.

'...Should I hide my username?'

'If I put on a mask and wear a helmet, they won't be able to tell if I'm an NPC or a player.'

'In a war, tens of thousands will move, and I won't be found.'

The Chinese players started to have similar ideas. The problem was that they numbered in the hundreds of thousands. There were exactly 430,000 of them.

"Phew, so the rumors were true."

Sooner or later, the Overgeared Kingdom would declare war. The dubious reporters clicked their tongues at the information that flowed from various places. The procession of troops was constant and spread out like a river in the place known as the second capital of the Overgeared Kingdom—the desert city of Reidan. This was the moment when the rumors turned out to be true.

"Why now?"

Experts had long foreseen the conquest war of the Overgeared Kingdom. The Overgeared Kingdom needed more land to handle the growing population. Moreover, the moment the three western territories of the Gauss Kingdom were taken, the Overgeared Kingdom would be able to build a canal. Experts had speculated that the Gauss Kingdom adjacent to the Overgeared Kingdom would be the first target of the conquest war, and this became a reality.

So far, everything was as expected. However, the timing was strange. Wasn't it less than a month before the National Competition? It was time for the participants of the National Competition to make a final growth spurt. Additionally, 17 of the top ranked players of the Overgeared Guild had already announced their intention to participate in the National Competition. This was the main focus of the Overgeared Guild, and it meant it would be difficult for them to participate in this war.

In fact, the lord of Reidan had changed. In order to prepare for the National Competition, Zednos had temporarily withdrawn from the position of lord. It was clearly stated that Reidan's city information that Nyangmong was acting as the temporary lord.

"It is enough to declare war after the end of the National Competition. Why do they want to go to war without their main players?"

It was widely believed that the military power of the Overgeared Kingdom surpassed the Gauss Kingdom. However, the power of the Gauss Kingdom could never be ignored. Sandwiched between the Eternal Kingdom and the empire, the Gauss Kingdom had grown its national power for hundreds of years.

This proved that they had both excellent resources and diplomatic ability. Their military strength was greater than what was known to the world. If the orc army of the Twilight Kingdom actively supported the Overgeared Kingdom, they would be able to easily overwhelm the military power of the Gauss Kingdom. However, this was a less likely story.

It was because the Chinese government explicitly advised orc players not to participate in this war. The Chinese orcs were forced to turn away from this war. There was fear underlying their loyalty to the Chinese government.

'In the first place, the pride of the Chinese people is very strong.'

Would the haughty Chinese people with hundreds of years of history be blinded by the quest rewards and move according to Grid's will? It was ridiculous.

"Wait?"

Then there was a flash in the minds of some of the whispering reporters.

"I know why the Overgeared Kingdom has started the war now."

"Yes. They are trying to suppress variables."

The National Competition was an event that didn't apply only to the Overgeared members. The rankers of the Gauss Kingdom would also participate in this National Competition. For them, the rewards of the National Competition were more important than the kingdom's crisis.

"The level of the Gauss army is laughable compared to the quality of the soldiers armed with Grid's set. The Gauss Kingdom needs as many players as possible to fight in the war against the Overgeared Kingdom. However, with the rankers missing, would ordinary players dare to join the war? They will shrink back at the thought of dying a dog's death."

"On the other hand, the Overgeared Kingdom has Grid. As long as Grid is in the forefront, the players of the Overgeared Kingdom will gather momentum rather than shrink back."

"Ah... This is why Grid isn't participating in the National Competition."

"This time, he is stabbing at the gap of the National Competition in reverse."

They didn't imagine he would take advantage of the circumstances that had given him emotional pain. Grid wasn't ordinary.

"...Eh?"

The reporters admiring Grid started to doubt their eyes. They looked to the left and right. Orcs, who hid their faces and wore helmets, were showing up everywhere in Reidan. They were trying to move secretly and carefully, but their large body size and high numbers made them stand out.

"This is crazy..."

The reporters had climbed the rooftops of high-rise buildings or the bell tower to look over Reidan. Now their expressions stiffened. The black-skinned orcs had appeared in the hundreds of thousands. There were at least twice as many orcs as the Overgeared troops that had already gathered in the army.

"Is this an orc army or Overgeared army..."

The reporters were anxious to see the Chinese government get turned upside down.

'It is as Lauel expected.'

Grid used the king's authority to launch a large-scale national quest, Gauss Invasion. He didn't have the authority to make it a compulsory quest. The only way to increase the quest participation rate was to use rewards, and this consumed an astronomical amount of resources.

On the other hand, Teruchan ruled the orc world where power was strength and had different circumstances. Teruchan was able to force the quest under the rule, 'The order of the orc lord is the law.' Naturally, Grid ordered Teruchan to make it compulsory. He wanted as many orcs as possible to join the army to increase the chances of victory.

However, Lauel disagreed. It would cost the orc lord to force the request. In order to maintain his current position, Teruchan had to restrain from cost-consumption.

"Even without the compulsion, the orc's participation rate will be very high. Many of the orc players who are dissatisfied with Teruchan are planning to change their race again in two years. Yes, this psychological state will work. They will want to gain as much strength and stamina as possible in the two years before they change classes. Will they really miss out on the race quest they don't know will occur again?"

Lauel's assertion was true. Based on the number of black-skinned orcs that filled the desert outside Reidan, most orcs seemed to have joined the war. It was amazing to see them all shielding their IDs.

'They don't want to miss out on the rewards, even if people will swear at them.'

Piario climbed over the wall and reported, "Everyone has gathered."

He was wearing armor, just like when he invaded the Saharan Empire's imperial palace. His appearance was handsome enough to make even Grid look bad. After today's opening battle, he would be the commander in charge of the war against the Gauss Kingdom while Grid left for the East Continent.

Grid nodded and used the Lightning Speed skill. The Blue Dragon Boots emitted lightning, and Grid's body moved. He stood with the sky behind his back as he descended to the platform below the walls, gazing at the Gauss army gathered across the desert.

"Waaahhhhhhh!"

"Che."

The 200,000 Overgeared soldiers screamed while the 400,000 orcs grumbled after discovering Grid.

"Quiet."

"...!"

The orc players staring at Grid with discontent were forced to close their mouths with amazement. This was because Grid's voice was clearly transmitted to their ears despite him speaking in a low voice. It was unbelievable. He was delivering his voice to all these people without a voice amplifier...?

'Is this what happens when Dignity reaches the extremes?'

The orc players inferred that it was Grid's dignity stat that gave him an overwhelming presence as they stood upright, secretly in awe of him. It was actually due to an item given only to the first player to establish a knights division. They didn't know the existence of the Ruler's Cloak and were swallowed up by Grid's presence.

Simultaneously, in Reinhardt, the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom...

'Did you think we weren't prepared?'

The assassin group of the Gauss royal family was covertly moving through the shadows. They barely avoided the eyes of the rumored Overgeared farmers and planned to infiltrate the royal palace to kidnap Overgeared King Grid's family. The assassins confirmed that they had avoided the surveillance net and were climbing the walls when vines swirled around their legs.

A man sitting in a reed field while watching the walls ate a potato and muttered, "It's peaceful."

[Chapter 1154](#)

"It is over 500,000."

King Nemesis was sitting by the windowsill. The weather was good. The sunshine was warm, and the wind was refreshing. Reidan's desert was hot, but the trees that had been planted in the garden had fruit.

"As expected, the orcs have a high participation rate in the war."

The Gauss Kingdom had maintained its history and traditions even on the border of the empire. Their long history proved they weren't a kingdom to be bullied.

At the heart of the kingdom, there was a competent royal family. King Nemesis was bright and had sensed a change from the moment the new empress started the reforms. He had foreseen and prepared for the Overgeared Kingdom's conquest war. Once he heard that the orc lord had pledged allegiance to

the Overgeared King, he already started preparing for the invasion of the orc army. This meant they had enough time to prepare for it.

“It will be very close.”

King Nemesis waved his hand, causing a small shockwave that hit the branches of a cherry tree. He hurriedly caught the fallen cherries, roughly wiping them with his sleeve and then putting them in his mouth.

“Hrmm.”

The taste and aroma of the cherries spread through his mouth, leaving a lingering aftertaste.

‘Could the Gauss Kingdom also leave a lingering impression on someone?’ King Nemesis had this thought as he spoke to the prime minister standing beside him, “They’re sweet, fresh, and delicious. The people will like them.”

“I’m glad.”

For nobility and royalty, a garden was a symbol of authority. The size, magnificence, and beauty of the garden were used to flaunt their power and financial resources. However, King Nemesis was an exception. His garden was large and lush but not beautiful. It was full of fruit trees like an orchard. The empire’s ambassador had sneered at the king for his taste. Nevertheless, the nobles of the Gauss Kingdom didn’t shame King Nemesis as he had planted the fruit trees to give a bit more to the people.

“It must’ve started.”

Regardless of whether it was the west or the east, kingdoms that were geographically close always had bad relations. The hostile relationship between the Gauss Kingdom and the Eternal Kingdom had lasted for hundreds of years, and the Overgeared Kingdom had inherited it.

The Gauss Kingdom hadn’t forgotten the tragedy of Borneo, where 3,000 young soldiers had been killed. From the time that Lauel—who killed the 3,000 surrendered soldiers—became the reigning prime minister of the Overgeared Kingdom, the relationship between the two kingdoms became irreversible.

This war had been foreseen for a long time. The Gauss Kingdom had six plans for victory in this war.

“As expected, we can’t let our guard down.”

‘Detector’ was the sum of alchemy, where magic and science were combined. For a variety of reasons, countries without alchemy coveted them. It was said that it was more advantageous to use the money it would cost to build an alchemy facility to buy a detector.

However, the detector was one of the few items even the empire found hard to obtain. It was because this product could only be produced in high-grade alchemy facilities, and the success rate was atrociously bad. The empire had exactly 23 detectors, most of which were distributed to the commanders on the front lines.

Yet in the capital, Reinhardt...

“Now, now. Look at the things clinging to the walls.”

The soldiers of the Overgeared Kingdom were hiding behind pillars of the outer walls and watching the intruders. They were extremely ordinary soldiers yet some of them possessed detectors. It was an absurd sight that couldn't be seen even in the empire.

“They are slower than a turtle.”

“Every step along the way, they have to slow down to take a breath and look around.”

“They are extremely careful. That's how they managed to get here while avoiding the eyes of the farmers.”

The detector was a mix of alchemy products that could visually detect targets, multi-faceted crystals, the Magic Power Detection spell, and various telescopes. The structure itself was relatively simple because it wasn't much different from a telescope, but it couldn't be easily produced due to the crystal correction and the low probability of the magic spell being attached.

However, Grid had recently dramatically raised the level of Reidan's alchemy facility and produced more than 50 detectors. The increase in the facility level temporarily raised the success rate of the detectors, and they produced a batch of detectors, aiming for this exact timing.

Most of the 50 detectors were first deployed at Reinhardt's gates. Some veteran soldiers were holding a detector. These soldiers had been watching the invaders from the beginning, waiting for the right timing to kill them. They planned to appear above and below the walls the moment that the intruders climbed halfway up and became incapable of escaping. Yet the soldiers didn't have to act.

“Eh?”

A stench pierced their noses. It resembled the stench of the rotten flowers that Piaro had buried deep below the walls a few months ago. Why did he bury the bizarre flowers that had withered and rotted under the walls? The soldiers hadn't known why, but they discovered the reason at this moment. The flowers they had thought to be dead and buried were actually alive. Vines dug out of the earth and moved secretly, winding around the ankles of the intruders in unison.

-Puraaaaaaaah! Grotesque petals emerged from the ground with a bizarre scream.

It was a daunting appearance not only for the intruders caught in the vines but also for the soldiers on the walls.

“Hiik!”

“M-Monster!”

The intruders screamed. They tried to cut the vines clutching their ankles, but this resistance was pointless. Before they could even make a few moves, they were swallowed up by the rafflesia. Dozens of humans were swallowed at once, and the rafflesia's enlarged stem seemed like a devil's esophagus.

The sight was so terrifying that the soldiers broke out in goosebumps, and their faces turned pale.

The rafflesia gazed at the gulping soldiers and raised the corners of its mouth, shaking its vines. It was like it was smiling in greeting. Watching the flower disappear back into the ground, the soldiers murmured, "What the hell are we supposed to do...?"

'By now, they should've been discovered.'

Burang stood quietly at the north gate before starting to move. He was moving toward the south—the opposite direction of the soldiers.

'I have to act quickly while the assassins get the soldiers' attention.'

Burang was a refugee from the Rotemon Kingdom, which had been destroyed by Great Demon Berith. He acquired the nationality of the Overgeared Kingdom back when they were accepting refugees on a large scale. During the past few months, he stayed in Reinhardt and lived among the ordinary people.

However, Burang's daily life was over today. Now, he had to regain his original identity of 'Nemesis' Sword' or 'Gauss' First Sword' and carry out his final task.

'It has been a long time.'

Burang's infiltration mission had been designed from the time Berith attacked the Rotemon Kingdom. The Rotemon Kingdom had been in a state of confusion and chaos. After acquiring the identity of a Rotemon Kingdom resident with a few gold coins, Burang had waited quietly for the kingdom's destruction. Then he naturally became a refugee and was able to become a member of the Overgeared Kingdom without much suspicion.

'My great king.'

Step. Step. Step. As he walked silently along the lively boulevard, Burang—King Nemesis' Sword—was determined.

'I will surely live up to your expectations.'

Burang's gaze was directed at the artificial forest in the downtown area. There was a small reservoir in the forest. It was the place where Overgeared Queen Irene often gathered orphans, handing out food and reading storybooks to them. Burang had been observing Irene's path for months and knew she was a respectable royalty. Even so, she was the enemy. He had to kidnap her and pass her onto the colleague waiting at the west gate. Eventually, he would die, but it didn't matter. He could sacrifice his life one hundred times for his family, his kingdom, and his king.

Burang entered the forest and the withered leaves crumbled. The knights lurking all over the place appeared in unison and surrounded him.

"Go back. This place is closed today..." The knight couldn't finish his words.

Burang's sword didn't give them time to speak.

"This skill...! Be careful!" The knights recognized Burang's prowess and fought back. Burang planned to destroy them in a flash, but...

'To think that the strength of the queen's guards is this good?'

The knights, who had been trained by Piaro and Asmophel and used Mercedes as a role model, far exceeded Burang's expectations. They were at least twice as strong as what Burang had observed for months. It meant the knights had been hiding their skills.

'Unbelievable!' Burang's eyes shook.

He, one of the greatest talents of the Gauss Kingdom, was having difficulty with ordinary guard knights who weren't even representing the Overgeared Kingdom such as Piaro and Mercedes? He was feeling flustered when the voice of a child entered his ears, "What is going on?"

"...!" Burang looked back and saw a pretty young man with black hair. It was Overgeared Prince Lord. He had just entered the forest, and there were no escorts by his side. Lord was just with a few of his girlfriends as always.

"Your Highness! It is dangerous!" The knights hurriedly cried out, but Burang was already rushing toward Lord.

'It is a chance from Heaven!'

According to his usual schedule, Prince Lord was supposed to be at a different place, yet he had appeared here. Burang saw it as a chance from Heaven and stabbed at the prince with his sword. He didn't intend to kill the prince though. A hostage needed to be alive to be valuable.

"You dare to act against the prince?!"

'What?' Burang was stunned. The moment he attacked Lord, the women standing by Lord's side pulled out maces and swung them at him. Their momentum was even more superior than that of the swordsmanship of the knights he had just been dealing with. How was it that these thin bodies could contain such power?

Burang retracted the sword he aimed at Lord and blocked the maces, barely managing to stop after taking a few steps back.

'I knew they were not ordinary women, but I didn't expect it to be like this.' Burang gritted his teeth.

The knights were behind him while the women with maces were standing in front of him. Burang was surrounded.

Lord gazed at Burang and ordered, "Capture him, but don't kill him. We needed to determine from him how many enemies are in the capital."

"Hah! Do you think it is possible to capture me without killing me?" Burang realized that the mission had failed and revealed his true power. He gave off a powerful air that was enough to make the knights and Rebecca's Daughters candidates nervous.

Lord bowed his head slightly. "You have worked hard, Master."

'Master? What all of a sudden...'

"...Eh?" Burang's vision tilted.

He looked back with a trembling gaze when he felt an intense pain at his neck. A man with dark skin had completely assimilated with the darkness of the forest and was staring down at him. King of Shadows, Kasim—Burang’s shadow had long been subdued by him.

“This... Why...”The fallen Burang fell into deep despair. He had a hunch...

His country would soon perish.

-You were born in a big country proud of its 4,000 years of history. Do you want to follow an unscrupulous small king? Don’t you have any pride?

-I’m sure they’re eyeing the rewards. Tsk, it is really shameful.

-One China is a dream that is hard to achieve easily. China has a large population, but there is such garbage.

The Chinese viewers were divided over the 400,000 orc army gathered in Reidan. They went crazy upon seeing the orc players, who should be the pride of China, stood on Grid’s side. Even the anchors who needed to continue broadcasting expressed blatant discomfort.

『 The entire world is watching this scene now. How will the world react when they see a small giant of South Korea dominating 400,000 Chinese players? They will laugh. Yes, they will definitely laugh. How much will they laugh when they see the Chinese nation at the heart of the world being dominated by only one Korean? We can’t raise our heads from the shame. It is really the worst day. Today’s event will remain in China’s long history. 』

“.....”

China was overturned, but Reidan was calm. The 600,000 troops and tens of thousands of spectators were silent at Grid’s words. Thousands of cameras from broadcasters around the world were filming the scene. As China and the world watched, Grid first spoke to the soldiers of the Overgeared Kingdom.

“Piaro and Asmophel will be at the forefront of the army, and Mercedes’ shield will protect you. Be fearless. Advance valiantly and annihilate the enemy.”

“Attention!”

Sounds filled the desert. Shouting alone caused the dust to swirl.

Grid’s gaze turned to the orc army. “You won’t regret it.”

These words were sufficient. Understanding what Grid meant, the orc players nodded and made up their minds. Grid made a brief speech like the big war wasn’t in front of him and then turned his attention to across the desert.

The tens of thousands of Gauss soldiers freely entered the desert and stood in the middle of it. This was proof that the Gauss Kingdom was formidable. The leader of the Gauss Kingdom knew that the dark-skinned Twilight orcs were vulnerable to heat. Even now, the Gauss Kingdom would be sending troops

here. They intended to make the desert the stage of the war to suppress the orcs' power as much as possible. The key to this war was to break through the desert before the enemy's forces arrived.

Grid leaped through the desert and entered the flying state as the aura of the blue dragon surrounded his body. Then he used Blackening and Quick Movements to maximize his movement speed. A sandstorm occurred along the path that Grid moved. He looked like a giant dragon.

"Divinity. Item Combination."

Grid combined two swords into one within the enemy's field of vision. From the perspective of the Gauss army, Grid was still as small as a dot. Then...

Grid appeared in front of the Gauss Kingdom's army. The concept of space didn't restrain him.

『 Shunpo? 』

"100,000 Army."

Grid's waist bent over significantly.

"Massacre Sword."

A single blow took over the battlefield.

[Chapter 1155](#)

"...!"

The Overgeared Guild members, the orcs, the onlookers, the reporters, and the knights—including Piaro—were all lost. After making a short speech, Grid flew through the desert alone...?

'T-This absurd person!'

'Why are you leaving 600,000 troops to rush into the enemy camp alone?'

The orc players were baffled by Grid's actions.

"E-Everyone! Chase His Majes—!" Piaro tried to give an order but closed his mouth.

It was because Braham appeared suddenly and raised an index finger to his lips. "You don't understand a legend."

From Braham's perspective, Piaro was nothing more than a child—a child who had been a legend for less than 10 years. Apart from their birth narratives, the legends of the current era had few stories to be handed down to future generations. However, Grid was different.

"A legend isn't just a title that means a strong person."

Chaos broke out in the surroundings as Grid, who was gradually moving away while making the sandstorm dragon, suddenly disappeared from view. The viewers could see Grid's location through the camera, but the people at the scene missed Grid suddenly crossing the horizon in an instant.

Braham, whose eyes were enhanced with magic, couldn't handle the storm caused by Shunpo. He checked the skin mask Grid gave him and clicked his tongue. "A story passed through word of mouth

that is never destroyed. Those who are called legends of this world are trying to write an immortal message.”

A story that wouldn't be forgotten after hundreds of years? It couldn't be ordinary. A story based on common sense couldn't be imprinted strongly.

“A legend is someone who ‘goes beyond strength’ and shows ‘something that can't happen’ or ‘something that shouldn't happen.’”

A long time ago, Braham had told Grid that the notion of military force was pointless in front of a legend. The reason that legends didn't die easily was that conventional concepts didn't prevail in legends. The desert shook. The sand dunes in the desert rose and cascaded down, drawing the exclamations of the 600,000 troops and spectators.

Piario barely caught sight of Grid beyond the horizon. Nearly 100,000 enemies were swept away by Grid alone. The tens of thousands of spears, swords, arrows, and magic were broken. In the face of a legend's unique presence, the ordinary soldiers faded away. Just as how countless legends shone light on only some heroes, Grid alone was the protagonist of the battlefield.

“Grid's achievements are no less than those of the previous generations. Due to a lack of study and experience, he has been mainly fighting in one-on-one battles, but that will be solved with time. Look. The personification of a miracle is truly a legend.”

Grid alone had swept away 100,000 troops.

Braham smiled happily, and Piario felt inspired as he watched Grid, who would be described in unbelievable legends.

[You have transcended the concept of space!]

‘Dammit!’

Shunpo, which had a terrible probability, was activated. Grid was flustered by the skill that moved the user to a place within his ‘field of view.’

‘My luck isn't good!’

In fact, there was no need for Grid to act in his war. His power was dominant, but how could he participate in a war when he was so busy? Grid planned to launch only one sword dance in order to raise the morale of his army. He would put as many enemies as possible into his field of view, activate 200,000 Army Crushing Sword for a magnificent opening ceremony, and then head directly to the East Continent.

However, his plan was completely ruined.

“Heok!”

‘Shit!’

The soldiers of the Gauss Kingdom were terrified. Grid was close enough to see their pores, and he moved back hurriedly, swinging his sword.

“100,000 Army Massacre Sword!”

It was only one blow. Only one person swung his sword horizontally. Even so, the aftermath was great. The shields and armor of dozens of soldiers standing in the path of Grid’s sword got sliced, and thousands of soldiers were killed. The wavelength caused by Grid’s half-moon cut swept through a 30-meter radius.

Some of the soldiers were horrified when they heard the cry ‘100,000 Army Massacre Sword’ and watched as their nearby comrades disappeared without a trace. It seemed that the sword would annihilate them like the name suggested. Maybe they had already died. The soldiers lost their sense of reality and felt such doubts.

“...!”

“...!”

Following a wave that shook the desert, the headquarters of the Gauss Army was stunned to see part of the army disappear in a fan shape. Seated in tents on a hill behind the camp, they had been waiting for an enemy attack. However, the current situation was too absurd. They were clearly keeping their eyes open and watching the battlefield, yet they lost thousands of troops without being aware of it.

[Your demonic power has increased.]

[Your demonic power has...]

[Your demonic power...]

[You have defeated an enemy during the war. A small amount of experience has been acquired.]

[You have defeated an enemy during the war. A small amount of...]

[You have defeated an enemy...]

In Grid’s field of view, notification windows were being updated sequentially. Thousands of gray pillars symbolizing death rose up and scattered, and the battlefield seemed to become covered in fog. If Lael had been present, he would’ve said, “Kukukuk, it is the fog of death.”

“W-What? What is this?” Duke Ulbeos, the commander of the Gauss Kingdom’s army, shouted to get an understanding of the situation, but no one dared to step forward. The other people didn’t understand the situation either. The army’s headquarters was fully and utterly panicked when some soldiers and knights stepped up. The talents had come out.

“Surround the enemy!”

“Don’t respond with a skirmish. Lock the enemy in dust and fire magic and arrows!”

“Immediately identify and report the enemy’s numbers and race!”

“Increase the escorts for the commander! Hurry!”

The knights on the battlefield gave orders based on the soldiers' flags and drumming signals. The Gauss Kingdom had long been preparing for a war with the Overgeared Kingdom and was truly an elite army. Most of the troops moved in an orderly formation, except for some panicked soldiers who witnessed the 'enemy' firsthand. The deep sands of the desert didn't disturb them either. This was due to the effectiveness of the 'shoes' that the Gauss Kingdom had been preparing and distributing for years. They wore basilisk leather soles and stood on the sand like it was flat ground.

'Did they prepare really thoroughly?'

Grid, trapped in the encirclement, could see it. A chill went down his spine when he realized that the level of the Gauss Kingdom's army far exceeded the expectations of the leaders of the Overgeared Kingdom.

'I thought my army would overwhelm them, but it isn't the case.'

The place where the Gauss Kingdom spread out their troops was exquisite. It had a considerable slope and was surrounded by a barrier made of the nest of the giant worms. They had completely grasped the desert topography. Grid measured the efforts of the Gauss soldiers, who must've inspected the desert hundreds of thousands of times in preparation for this day, and clutched his sword more tightly.

His sword was a greatsword of a suitable standard that would be comfortable to swing with one hand. It was a combination of Grid's Greatsword and the Enlightenment Sword, maximizing slash damage and skill damage.

'It worked out better.'

Grid, who had resented the activated Shunpo, now felt grateful. He determined that it wouldn't be possible for the 600,000 troops led by Piaro to break through here without any damage. The Twilight orcs were too vulnerable to the heat, and the speed at which the Gauss Kingdom set the desert as the battlefield was beyond expectations.

'I will do my best.'

Grid, who was surrounded by heavy infantry holding shields, sensed something and shifted his gaze. However, he couldn't see what he wanted to see. The soldiers had been trained thoroughly, and they blocked his vision. Before Grid reached transcendence, he would've been helpless under the dust magic being used to control his vision.

Now Grid's status had been built up several times, and he was able to identify the enemy's location and intentions without looking. He could feel the magician units to the west and north highlands. One was 1,500 meters away, and the other was more than 3,000 meters away.

"....."

The flow of magic power caused the air to tremble. There was the sound of bowstrings being pulled, and the angle of the arrows refracted the sunlight. Finally, the wind blew toward him. The flags fluttered like they had been waiting for it, and the encirclement loosened.

Grid used all his senses to contemplate the battlefield and opened up Berith's Power. Then the world witnessed the second coming of a great demon.

[Automatic Transformation]

[Passive skill.

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

10,000 damage will be absorbed per shield.

* The duration is one minute.]

The alchemy of 22nd Great Demon Berith, who terrorized the world—Grid recreated this absolute power and created an infinitely smooth metal that couldn't be cut or pierced. The physical power of the arrows was different from the magical energy of spells. In the end, the projectiles were unable to deal a single scratch to Grid's body.

Grid took one step forward. "Restraint."

An indescribably overbearing energy filled with deterrence engulfed the battlefield. No one dared to get close to Grid, and the nature of the sand in the desert changed. Then soldiers started rushing in from all directions.

"Wave."

This single sword dance led to Link, Kill, Pinnacle, Drop, Revolve, Flower, and Transcend. After quickly entering the center of the battlefield where tens of thousands of soldiers stood, he hit back with Flower Revolve and then devastated the area with two consecutive Transcended Link Flower due to God's Command. At this point, the light elemental blinded the magician group on the west side.

Grid flew into the sky, going higher and higher—as high as possible. Before long, he managed to see the mesmerized nobles, the soldiers under the flags, the knights commanding the army, and the soldiers barely standing with trembling legs. The magic and arrows baptism poured down without any breaks. Thanks to the God hands, Noe, Randy, and the Overgeared Skeletons, Grid somehow held up against the devastating bombardment.

"200,000 Army Crushing Sword."

It had been a long time since the magicians unleashed devastating spells that would sacrifice their allies. In the process of breaking through the enemy lines, Grid had lost the effect of the First King. Therefore, 200,000 Army Crushing Sword was a risky skill since it consumed Grid's health.

Still, he had no choice. He was a legend and transcendent, but in the end, he was a player with restrictions in stamina. Grid believed it was better to cut down as many enemies as possible while he could still wield his sword, instead of lying down passively and waiting to self-destruct.

The sword energy swallowed up the magic and imprinted itself onto the battlefield. It was a powerful strike that split the enemy in half.

"Ah... Ahhh..."

The Gauss Kingdom's forces were completely lost. The Chinese viewers watched the battle from beginning to end and were overwhelmed with excitement.

"C-Cool...!"

"Amazing! It's amazing!"

Jealousy, discrimination, and antagonism were indispensable parts of human nature. Even at this moment, there was a flood of malice and hostility on the Internet where they could chat without being face to face. The more a person was exposed to the public, the more vulnerable they were to the Internet. Grid was the same. He was the target of many Chinese people. No, he had been a target of malice and hostility for people all over the world, including South Korea.

However, it changed at this moment. Grid's absolute force dominated the battlefield alone. His ability to overwhelm a nation overturned even the negative public opinion in China.

-I would follow Grid if I were an orc.

-Refreshing! Too cool!

-The real person is in South Korea.

-A god...! My new god!!

-The Korean peninsula manages to exist independently without being absorbed into China's 4,000 years of history because the Korean peninsula produces new talents every time!

-The pride of Asia! Grid!!

"Thank you. I would've died if you had been one second later."

He had just wanted to trigger a sword dance, but things became too big. Grid led the most important first battle of the war to victory and barely recovered with Ruby's help. The 600,000-strong army cleaned up the remnants of the enemies while the knights fought valiantly against the enemy's reinforcements that arrived.

Despite the successive battles, the morale of all soldiers remained at 100%. This meant that Grid's performance was too great.

"Stupid. You were unreasonable," Ruby retorted with a sour expression. She was happy with her brother's performance but heartbroken by his struggle.

"Sorry." Grid stroked his sister's head before rising from his spot.

The durability of his items was a mess. Due to the large number of enemies, too many attacks had accumulated, and all his items were flashing red. If he hadn't swapped items throughout the battle, some of his equipment would've been destroyed.

'However, the experience of Fenrir's Cloak has increased.'

Moreover, it was by an incredible amount. It was higher than expected even considering the buff in item experience acquired. Elfin Stone's Ring activated the blood-sucking effect every time the cooldown time ended, and there was only 20% experience left until it reached the legendary rating. If he worked hard in the East Continent, he would be able to liberate Elfin Stone.

"The start is good. I will leave the rest to Piaro." Grid recalled the list of quests on the East Continent prepared by Han Seokbong and was about to leave the battlefield with a light heart.

"Kukuk! Kuhahahaha! Arrogant Overgeared King! Soldiers who don't know the world! You never dreamed that you were digging your own grave!" Duke Ulbeos was a named NPC, and he was relatively fine after being hit by 200,000 Army Crushing Sword. The commander of the Gauss Army suddenly left the battlefield and burst out laughing.

Once he felt everyone's attention on him, he pointed to the land dyed red with the blood of the Gauss Kingdom's soldiers. "Have you forgotten that vampires are sleeping below the desert?"

"Ah...!" The orc players became as stiff as statues. They despaired when they realized the decisive reason for the Gauss Kingdom setting the desert as the battleground.

"Haha! Kuhahahat! Today will be the grave for you and all of us!"

Currently, it was still the early evening. It was a good thing that the schedule had been accelerated because of that crazy king, but it was not in broad daylight. The sun's momentum had weakened, so it was possible for the vampires to be active.

Duke Ulbeos' laughter grew louder while the Overgeared army and orc forces stepped back. The red sand started to sway. The desert was filled with silence, and an eerie and horrifying atmosphere was created.

『 Hup...! 』

The anchor of a broadcast couldn't bear it and screamed. Tens of thousands of places in the red sand surged, and black figures popped out. They were vampires with pale skin and blood-red eyes. Inspired by the smell of the battlefield, they forgot the Curse of Idleness and woke up, leaping to the ground. They were excited by the multitude of prey and would soon commit indiscriminate slaughter. The moment the people were convinced of this...

"Your Majesty!" The vampires all turned in one direction and kneeled down. Their deeply lowered heads were pointed in Grid's direction.

Duke Ulbeos, who hoped the Overgeared army would be destroyed, sat down and swore, "...XX, this really isn't possible."

He was shocked and so exhausted that he was about to give up everything. Meanwhile, broadcasters all around the world ran ads at the same time. They had the gut feeling that now was the time to pull out the fee for quality broadcasting.

-XXX is really XX X.XX XXX XX guys.

The viewers' dissatisfaction was naturally rampant. All the curses that existed in the world flooded toward the national broadcasters. However, the broadcasters were proud. The ads they were showing was the official video of the S.A Group.

It was the third opening video for the National Competition. Coincidentally, the now-talked-about Grid emerged in the first scene.

"Extremely Honorable Painting."

The shockwave—that occurred as the swords of the revealed demon king and Kraugel interlocked—caused the wounded and collapsed rankers to shake. An important scene from last year's Demon King's Subjugation event marked the beginning of the new opening video.

-I am seeing it again.

The exchange between Grid and Kraugel caught the eyes of the viewers. The audience chat rooms filled with curses became quiet. The camera filming the battle soon moved away from the two men. Once the two people became as small as dots—

Flap. There was the sound of big wings unfolding, and white feathers appeared on the screen, completely obscuring the two dots. Then this year's demon king appeared on the stage. He sat on a golden cloud and wore angelic wings. They were pure white wings.

Then the wings soon became black. It was the sign of the fall.

-Who is this year's demon king?

The viewers, who had been excited by Grid's performance, felt their emotions being amplified. Thanks to one virtual reality game called Satisfy, all humans were feeling happy.

[Chapter 1156](#)

The first battle of the war ended with the victory of the Overgeared Kingdom. The Gauss Kingdom's army was devastated by Grid and couldn't afford to stop the advances of the Overgeared army and the orcs. The defeat of the Gauss Kingdom was inevitable from the time when the vampire army turned out to be Grid's people.

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The cheers of the 600,000 allied troops filled the night sky. The dust storm caused by the war were raised by the roars and the stars were revealed. The brilliant starlight represented the hearts of the allied army.

"We won! We won!!"

"God Grid! I love you!"

The orc players were excited. Death lurked in a war.

A bloody fight in an unfamiliar desert. They expected it to be difficult in many ways but they won thanks to Grid. It was also a victory without any damage. It was enough to wash away the unpleasant feeling of

fighting for Grid. However, they were concerned about the accusations that would be made by the people.

“...Cough.”

The cheering orcs closed their mouths at the same time. They couldn't rejoice and their faces darkened. It was at this moment.

“Do you see it? The first engagement is over! The result is a great victory for the Overgeared allies! The Gauss army, who gathered in Reidan desert, were destroyed without a trace while the Overgeared allies suffered little casualties!”

“The military power of the Overgeared Kingdom allied with the orcs is reminiscent of the empire's power...”

“It is theoretically possible to fight against an army alone. The growth limits of a typical NPC are clear. Think of just a few years ago. Soldiers from all over the continent were a source of terror for players. Then what about today? Countless players are surpassing the soldiers' specs. Today, Grid once again demonstrated a player's potential. This is what we will look like a few years later.”

Reporters from all over the world gathered and started to praise the allies. Of course, they included Chinese reporters. It was strange.

“Look at the dignified appearance of the orc players! They are the protagonists who helped win this battle! They deserve applause for their heroism!”

“...?”

Was it favorable? The faces of the orc players were rotten because they didn't know that the public opinion of China had reversed.

“It is clear that they are praising us to make us less vigilant and then they will make our identity public.”

“Shit, the broadcasters are really sneaky. I can't live because I'm so scared.”

“Cover my face well. I might be found dead tomorrow morning if my real face is discovered.”

The reporters were being kicked out of the battlefield as the orc players were whispering about the Chinese broadcasters. The soldiers couldn't stay still when outsiders rushed in and spoke words that couldn't be understood.

However, the cameras were unaware of the soldiers and remained on the scene, focused on the vampire army. The group of vampires, who made the Gauss army feel despair, approached Grid and bowed their heads. The number of vampires might be less than 30,000 but they showed off the unique atmosphere of a top species. They showed off a prestige that didn't lose to the orc army. In particular, the presence of Noll and Tiramet at the forefront were unparalleled.

“Your Majesty, give the command.”

This war was a great boon to the vampires. Their faces were glossy as they fed on the Gauss army and leveled up. However, Grid was uncomfortable. The fact that the vampires became NPCs belonging to the

Overgeared Kingdom had to be kept a secret. His later plans to lure players and feed the vampires were thwarted.

Grid's brow was furrowed with a headache when he received a whisper from Lael.

"You don't have to worry too much. Rather, it worked out well."

"Why?"

"Don't you know how many foolish humans there are in the world? There will be fools who will attack the vampire cities because they are jealous that the vampires have become part of our army. You don't have to worry about the food shortage of the vampires."

"Won't this be a problem? The vampires haven't grown enough yet. Won't the vampires be killed in reverse if rankers break in?"

"What if we place all the city's elite vampires, including the direct descendant vampires and the true blood vampires, at the entrance?"

"...!"

Dungeons were places that were created to be attacked. As a result, weak monsters were found near the entrance while strong monsters appeared the deeper players went. The challengers would first adapt to the environment of the dungeon by hunting weak monsters and become stronger as they reached the depths.

Then what would happen if they encountered a boss at the beginning? What's more, the vampire city was a dungeon where time was needed to adjust to the darkness after entering. Even a ranker was likely to be caught by the combined attacks of the direct descendant vampires and true blood vampires who emerged from the darkness.

"It is a great method."

Grid admired Lael's plan and his worries were dispelled. He ordered the vampires who were staring at him with bright eyes, "Hunt the monsters in the desert and then return. In the future, the masters and elites of each city will live at the entrance."

"As Your Majesty wills!"

The vampires answered vigorously before scattering in all directions. They were influenced by Grid's Blood King effect and were temporarily liberated from the Curse of Idleness. This meant they were filled with motivation.

Grid saw the vampires leave and clutched Piaro's big hand tightly with both hands. "I'll leave the rest to you. I wish you luck."

"I will dedicate the Gauss Kingdom to Your Majesty and prove my loyalty."

"You absolutely can't die. Your life is far more important than victory."

"...Don't worry."

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

The knights, including Piaro and Mercedes, responded with a smile. The command that knights normally received was to ‘win even if you give your life.’ They were thrilled because Grid’s command was always different. They couldn’t help being happy, even if it was something they shouldn’t be happy about.

“Braham, please take care of them.”

“I already know!” Grid once again made a request to Braham who replied bluntly. He was annoyed because Grid had repeated the same words over the past few days. “You’re not a parrot... tsk, has your brain hardened because you are scared of the East Continent?”

“Honestly, I’m nervous.”

How could he not be nervous? The reunion with Garam was scary. Was he afraid of defeat and death? No. He wasn’t afraid of the defeat and death that he had already experienced countless times. He was afraid that the difference in skill with Garam hadn’t been narrowed down. Losing might be natural but he would feel despair if the skill difference was still overwhelming.

Raiding Great Demon Berith, becoming a Magic Swordsman of the Epics, creating Greed, meeting the Tower of Wisdom and gaining their teachings... Grid had grown significantly over the past year. Since Garam was a ‘naturally growing’ super-named NPC, Grid was afraid that if the skill difference hadn’t been narrowed, the formula that ‘players can’t catch up to named NPCs’ would be established.

Braham stared at Grid’s trembling black eyes and spoke earnestly, “I’m certain that I’m a strong person who can rank highly among the legends of the previous generation of legends.”

“Huh? Ah... Yes.”

As expected of Braham. He was still showing off in the middle of this situation. Grid’s expression subtly changed but Braham’s attitude was still serious.

“I was vigilant yet I was stabbed in the back and killed by Pagma.”

“...”

“Additionally, it has been revealed recently that the Undefeated King was superior to Muller in terms of potential talent.”

What did Braham want to say? Grid’s expression became solemn.

Braham scoffed. “You are the successor of these geniuses. Be nervous but don’t be afraid.”

“...Thank you.” Pagma was the person Braham hated most in the world. Yet in order to encourage Grid, he pulled out Pagma’s name. Grid bowed politely to Braham. “I’m not afraid.”

“In any case, it won’t change the fact that you will be caught up in that person called Garam.”

Braham took off the skin mask and handed it to Grid. He was preparing Grid’s heart. He warned Grid that Garam was still stronger in order to prepare him, so that Grid wouldn’t feel frustrated even if he lost to Garam. It was true that the yangbans were strong. This was why Braham didn’t follow Grid to the

East Continent. If he accompanied Grid and Grid was still beaten by the yangbans, Grid might really feel desperate.

“Then I’m going...”

Grid ripped the intercontinental movement scroll he received from Sticks and disappeared in a flash of light. The knights and Overgeared members prayed for Grid.

“?”

The East Continent’s beginner village, Pangea. Grid arrived in the desolate ruins that were unlike the past and frowned. It was because hundreds of players were handcuffed.

‘The last time I came here, the jiangshi popped out.’

Now players were being treated as sinners. Grid was thinking this when a soldier came to his side.

Click.

He was handcuffed.

[Both hands have been bound!]

[The handcuffs are made of absorption magic stones. All skills and magic are prohibited.]

[If you use your strength then the handcuffs will be broken.]

‘...I can’t do that.’

Grid roughly guessed the situation. He was certain that Garam would be searching for him after Garam lost his dignity twice. The Cho Kingdom was forced to follow Garam’s will and started to station troops here at Pangea, the essential gateway for the West Continent.

‘The standards of the East Continent are definitely very high.’

Grid, who had just slaughtered the Gauss army, was clearly able to compare them with the soldiers of the Cho Kingdom. The level and armed status of the Cho Kingdom soldiers were much more prominent. Of course, from Grid’s standpoint, the Gauss army and Cho Kingdom soldiers were the same.

“Next.”

He waited in the long line silently until it was finally Grid’s turn. A hunchback used his bulging belly as support and closely observed Grid’s face. However, he didn’t realize that Grid was Grid. Grid wore Berith’s Skin Mask and was disguised as Kentrick.

There were many reasons why he changed to Kentrick. Kentrick had no history of visiting the East Continent and he was almost forgotten in the West Continent because he had lived as a fugitive for many years. Additionally, Grid was similar in shape to Kentrick so he was still comfortable in his clothes when disguised as Kentrick.

“...No. Next.”

The hunchback Nobuldam shook his head and passed Grid. Then Grid was freed from the handcuffs and headed to the exit of the village. Beyond the exit, players could be seen fighting with the jiangshi on the plains.

'The steel jiangshi.'

The steel jiangshi was the most common among the five types of jiangshi. However, they possessed a 'solid body' that was a basic characteristic of the jiangshi and was a tough opponent because of the powerful body. In particular, they were a counter to physical damage classes. Most people stumped by the jiangshi were warriors, not magicians.

"Hrmm."

Grid shifted his gaze from the plains and opened a map. This was a map of the East Continent that Han Seokbong took a few nights to draw. The geography of the Kaya Kingdom, Pa Kingdom, and Xing Kingdom were only roughly expressed but the map described the geography of the Cho Kingdom in great detail.

'First, start with the lazy cow community.'

[Pangea's New Star 1st Stage]

[Stage 1: It is relatively easy to obtain information from the residents of Pangea.

* Every time you destroy a monster community formed in the north, the level and effectiveness of the title will increase.]

It was one of the titles that Grid held. As the name suggested, it was a title from the East Continent and the growth expectations were very low. The first stage was gained from conquering the big poisonous rat community and the effect was very disappointing.

'It can be an even more useless title now that Pangea is gone.'

However, Grid had returned to the East Continent. He also planned to complete as many quests as possible before meeting Garam. Grid first planned to test it by attacking several communities. Who knows? It could be a surprisingly useful title.

"Huh?"

Grid memorized the position of the lazy cow community in his mind and put away the map, only to cock his head. There was a strange person near the entrance of the village.

[I am a doctor. I'll repay you one day so please escort me.] A woman was squatting down with this sign. She looked very exhausted. It seemed like she had spent a few days here.

'People are really cold.'

Grid shook his head and approached the woman. The woman's ID was Hera.

"If you want to cross the plains then follow me."

Grid, who had undergone enough events to fill 54 autobiographies, had grown into a figure who didn't turn away from hard-working people. Of course, he had an eye for people and wasn't easily caught.

'It would be nice to add more doctors to the city.'

What's more, the doctor class was enough to attract Grid's attention. The doctor class didn't have immediate recovery skills but it was a class that could heal more wounds than a priest through 'time' and 'process.' The disadvantage was that the growth rate was slow because their hunting ability wasn't good and they couldn't find a party. However, there were countless bus drivers in the Overgeared Kingdom.

"Oh, thank you... Ah." Was there really someone who reached out to her? Hera was a bit bewildered by the unexpected suggestion. She soon came to her senses and observed Grid's behavior, showing an awkward reaction. "K-Kentrick? I would like to express my sincere gratitude for your favor but you don't seem to have identified the level of the jiangshi..."

Hera was genuinely worried only to close her mouth. Grid had left the village and exchanged attacks with a jiangshi, destroying it relatively easily.

'Phew, it is hard to pretend when I am capable of killing it in one blow.'

Hera approached the frowning Grid. "Thank you very much, ranker!"

"...?"

This standard was enough to be called a ranker these days? No way.

'She must be a beginner.'

It was natural if she was a doctor. Grid felt sorry for Hera and started to walk ahead.

[Chapter 1157](#)

'Isn't it a bit unclear?'

Grid smashed the jiangshi's head and looked at the blood-soaked golden hammer. The Blacksmith Hammer to Go Against the Gods—it was a production item made when competing against Hexetia. The performance was so excellent so the last of the pavranium was left behind in it instead of being used as a material for Greed. The performance was naturally referring to the performance associated with producing items.

The Blacksmith Hammer to Go Against the Gods wasn't a combat weapon so he was vulnerable. The physical damage was only 870. It had a better attack power than an epic rated weapon but that was it. There was no separate option for enhancing combat power, except for the blessing of the four gods.

It also wasn't a sword so the passive effect of Grid's Swordsmanship wasn't applied to it. Nevertheless...

The jiangshi fell too easily. Grid was just too strong. Grid's superior stats, various titles, the Weapon Mastery skill that increased the damage of all types of weapons, and being level 405, allowed Grid to easily destroy the steel jiangshi with the hammer. It wasn't inconspicuous. In other words, Grid was breaking the basic rules he had to follow in this adventure.

'This won't work.'

Grid felt the attention of people and swapped items. Rather than the Blacksmith Hammer to Go Against the Gods, he pulled out the Dragon's Hammer that only had 290 damage.

Peek peek! Peek peek peek!

'Um, this is just right.'

Grid looked gratified as he defeated the jiangshi at a similar pace to other people. Since the critical damage caused by the 'Death in One Shot!' title was too strong, he cheated people's eyes by adjusting his attack speed.

'Now there will be no more misunderstandings about being a ranker?'

Three attacks in two seconds—Grid swung the hammer as slowly as possible at the steel jiangshi while glancing at Hera. She was gazing at Grid with envy. After realizing the reason, Grid quickly used a skill he had acquired in the Behen Archipelago.

"Hu, the jiangshi are so strong that I have to keep using my skills, consuming a lot of mana."

"This isn't the first time you're using a skill?"

"I've been using it all the time?"

"I-I see. I thought you were just swinging in a basic attack."

"That can't be. I am an ordinary person. I guess my skill impact is so ordinary that it is hard to distinguish it from a basic attack."

'There is a story.'

Hera thought there must be a story when an unusual person continued to emphasize their mediocrity. She didn't want to embarrass the other person so she focused on exploring her surroundings.

'It is definitely near.'

Hera, a doctor, had come to the East Continent to seek medicine. There were a total of seven types of medicine she needed to obtain. Among them, the crystal dandelion roots and the white balloon were said to grow naturally near Pangea. However, she couldn't seem to find them no matter how she looked...

"Ah!"

They had been moving for an hour but was still far away from the horizon. Hera was just beginning to get tired when her eyes flashed. She found the dandelion petals shining like a transparent crystal. She was concerned about slowing down her benefactor's pace so she quickly took out tools to gather the dandelion roots. However, there was an unexpected problem...

'The difficulty of collection is too high!'

The crystal dandelion roots exerted a medicinal role only if it was collected intact. In order to gather the roots whole, the dandelion petals shouldn't be damaged. The petals of the crystal dandelion melted at even the slightest human touch due to the warmth.

'It will take a long time to get the root out without touching the petals.'

The crystal dandelion had no stems. The root was right underneath the petals. In other words, the petals were close to the ground. A space needed to be dug around the soil in order for the root to be collected entirely. However...

'I can't ask him to wait...'

Hera looked at Kentrick, who was fighting the steel jiangshi. Unlike his blunt appearance, this man was already providing Hera with enough convenience. Although he could break through the plains faster, he delayed his schedule in order to match Hera's pace. Hera wasn't shameless enough to ask him to wait while she collected medicine.

'The crystal dandelion roots are available in Karas.'

Karas was the capital of the Cho Kingdom. It was a place where products from various parts of the country were concentrated so there was also a way to obtain dandelion roots. Hera judged in a moment and got up from her spot with regret.

"Did you come to seek medicine?" Grid, who had just knocked down a steel jiangshi, approached Hera and sat down.

Hera nodded. "Yes, that's right. I'm looking for ingredients for a medicine that can cure my client's illness."

"Isn't this the medicine you're looking for?"

Grid pointed to the crystal dandelion petals and Hera laughed bitterly.

"That's right. However, I think it will take too long to gather...? Eh?"

Hera's eyes widened. Kentrick dug at the dirt with his bare hands and quickly extracted the crystal dandelion root.

"H-How?"

Hera couldn't believe it. The dandelion petals and roots weren't damaged at all. The rating of the dandelion root required for the medicine was 'superior' or above. However, the dandelion root that Kentrick dug up was in such perfect condition it could be classified as high class-grade or special-grade.

"D-Do you collect herbs as a side job?"

The crystal dandelion roots were so hard to collect even with full tools yet he collected it perfectly in seconds and it was with his bare hands? Grid handed the crystal dandelion roots to her as she made a dumbfounded expression.

"Please pay the market price."

“O-Of course!”

Typically, special-grade medicines were exclusive to the royal family. Hera nodded cheerfully because she was certain it would be difficult to find special-grade medicine in Karas.

[The Advanced Herb Gathering skill has been opened.]

[Increases the rate of herb gathering and increases the probability of gathering herbs with a higher rating.]

‘Not bad.’

Just as the mining skill was opened when he dug up minerals, gathering was a common life skill activated through direct action. However, it usually activated at beginner level. Meanwhile, Grid’s gathering skill started at advanced. It was a natural result since he collected several crystal dandelion roots which had a high gathering difficulty.

‘Doing a good job brings blessings.’

Grid finally crossed the horizon and checked the 12 dandelion roots piled up in a corner of the inventory with a pleased expression. The price Hera paid for one root was 53 gold. It was a little over 60,000 won.

‘Digging up a few herbs is equivalent to enough nutritional meals for a month.’

Ah, it seemed he could even buy meat. Grid generated revenue outside of national taxes for the first time in ages and wanted to hum. It felt like the easiest money he had ever earned in his life. Hera looked at Grid like he was a monster.

‘What the hell is this guy?’

Of course, the crystal dandelion root was a precious medicine. The rarity was reduced compared to other medicines of the same level because it was found near Pangea but it was still valuable. In fact, the first dandelion flower Hera found during the two hour journey across the plains was the only one. Meanwhile, in one hour, Kentrick had found 12 dandelions and collected all of them perfectly.

Where did he come from and why did he have such ridiculous searching and gathering skills? Based on the blunt weapon he used, he probably wasn’t an assassin. After leaving the desolate plains filled with the jiangshi, a new field appeared.

“Do you need any more roots?” Grid asked as he was parting with Hera and she shook her head.

“The earlier purchase was enough.”

In fact, she wanted to secure some more just in case but it was too expensive. She didn’t have enough money. Hera was swallowing her regrets when Grid handed her two dandelion roots.

“Use it when you need it someday.”

“Eh...” Hera waved her hands. “I can’t receive this as a gift when you’ve taken care of me so much. Ah, I’m also a married woman...”

“It is an investment, not a gift.”

Hera misunderstood in a strange direction and her words were cut off in the middle. Yes, it was a gift but also an investment. How could it be common for a doctor to cross continents to obtain medicine for a difficult quest? Hera was likely to be a rare doctor and a very skilled person. After a moment of thought, Hera nodded and quickly accepted the roots.

“You won’t lose from today’s investment. Thank you for the help.”

Hera said goodbye politely before heading south. She knew that the north had a large number of monsters and it was virtually impossible for her to go there. Even if it was hard, she would reach Karas safely after taking a detour.

‘One day, we will see each other again, unofficial ranker.’

Hera’s bandages reserves were the same as before she met Kentrick. Unlike others, Kentrick had never rested during the two hours he took to cross the plains and he wasn’t even hurt. In many ways, he was an amazing person.

“Magic Detection.”

Grid arrived at the lazy cow community and used magic to find the enemy. It was a magic he hadn’t felt the need to use after gaining transcendence but there were so many cows grazing on the green grassland that he felt the need to collect accurate information.

‘I can be easily isolated if there are any enemies hiding.’

He couldn’t be careless. The difficulty of the big poisonous rats was significant even when he thought about it now. The queen rat and her husband had been over level 400 so the monsters here wouldn’t be trivial. The proof was that the distant communities still existed despite many players visiting the East Continent over the past two years.

‘There is no one hiding.’

The cows were grazing in the meadows—in other words, all the cows were in sight. Grid finished using Magic Detection and pulled out the Enlightenment Sword. He summoned the God Hands and ordered them to lure the nearest bull.

Mooo!

The bull cried out as it was hit by a sword swung by the God Hand. It took one second for the bull’s gaze to head to Grid. The ground shook every time the bull took a step. The closer he got, the more Grid realized how big he was.

‘I should measure the level first.’

Grid planned to face the bulls with three horns with his basic attacks. He focused and waited for the distance to be narrowed to an appropriate level. However, Grid didn’t get the timing of the attack. The running bull suddenly stopped in place and returned the way he had come.

Moo.

“.....”

Grid realized that the bull's wounds had quickly disappeared. The bull had forgotten his anger and was grazing again. This was why they were called 'lazy cows.' Was this why no one had ever attacked this place?

'It is impossible to lure them one by one and kill one. I am forced to jump into the meadow and deal with the majority at once, or hunt them one by one from a distance.'

However, the health and resilience of the cows made them too difficult to hunt from a distance unless there was a really powerful ranged skill.

“Um... Transcend.”

Grid thought for a while before starting a sword dance that doubled the power of his basic attacks and switched him to long-range attacks. Intense waves surged and Grid's black hair soared upward.

Moo.

The bull stood in place and stared at Grid. His chewing of the grass seemed to ridicule Grid. Grid smiled and started to wield his sword. He was wearing Alex's Quick Gloves. Nine energy blades per second poured out toward the bull.

Moooooooo!

Hundreds of bulls repeatedly rushed to Grid and were turned to ash.

[Chapter 1158](#)

“It is too bad. It's really disappointing.”

The Koreans watching the videos of the war between the Overgeared Kingdom and Gauss Kingdom were sighing. The bigger Grid became, the more people expressed their regret. Their age group was also significantly higher. They were in the mid-50s to early 70s. This was the generation that witnessed and experienced the days when South Korea reigned as the pinnacle of e-sports.

“A gamer's best days are short...”

There was a time when South Korea won games whenever a competition was held. The time when they were disgraced and condemned for being the runner-up at competitions did exist. However, this golden age was short. The e-sports myth of South Korea ended in 15 years after succumbing to the power of capital of the United States, Europe, and China.

As talented people born and raised in South Korea started pouring their passions and talents in overseas league matches, the level of overseas games quickly overtook South Korea. By the time Satisfy was released years later, South Korea had already fallen into a position where it was considered a 'country weak in gaming.'

Then five years ago, a comet called Grid appeared. Grid brought up memories for those in their 50s, 60s, and 70s who had to gradually move away from games to become someone's parents. He resurrected the glory of the past and restored the pride that the people lost.

This was a virtual reality game played by two billion people. Satisfy had developed into a market many times larger than soccer, baseball, basketball, and rugby combined and South Koreans were happy in the past few years thanks to Grid. Nevertheless, the generation that had already lost its glory once knew that someone's era couldn't last forever.

"He should be active when he is still in his prime..."

"That's right..."

Compared to other sports, gaming had a very short heyday for players. Usually, those who were in their mid-20s were considered to be old. Grid had already passed 30. It wouldn't be strange if he lost his title of supreme one.

People were disappointed when Grid declared that he wouldn't participate in the National Competition. It was unsettling that Grid's prime could end in the next year or so. The moment that Grid's prime ended, South Korea would never become first or second at the National Competition again.

He showed an overwhelming strength this year and it was the year when he should participate in the National Competition...

Many people were anxious. In addition to Grid, South Korea was packed with talents such as Yura, Peak Sword, Coke, and Eat Spicy Jokbal. However, the number of players was very small compared to the United States, Canada, United Kingdom, China, and other powers. Furthermore, Peak Sword and Eat Spicy Jokbal were older than Grid and they were likely to become less active in a few years. South Korea might miss one of the few opportunities to win the National Competition...

As people's concerns deepened, news started pouring out.

-(Breaking) South America's top ranker has become a Korean citizen?

-(Breaking) The Ministry of Justice, under the Presidential Decree, will issue a special naturalization to Jishuka.

-It is in accordance with Article 7, Paragraph 1, Measure 3 of the Nationality Act.

-(Breaking) Godly Archer Jishuka is a genius...she already speaks Korean at a native level. Her amazing Korean proficiency seemed to have a significant impact on the review.

-The Patriotic Association is thankful for the government's quick response.

"...Wow."

"Noona, I'm dead."

The concerns of those who confirmed the news were swept away like they were lies. Despite being a normal class, Jishuka was considered to be one of the strongest high rankers. The first that a high ranker

had become a Korean citizen seemed to lift the gloom that had been hanging over South Korea. The Internet was also in an uproar.

-A new South Korea. A country that holds the two top beauties in the world.

-The country of beauty.

-Even in this century, South Korea seems to have superior genes.

-Control your mind. It is Grid's genes, not South Korea's genes, that are superior.

-...

-...

'I think my father was wrong.'

King Nemesis received the result of the Reidan desert battle and visited the tomb of King Cactus. The Overgeared King caused damage to the 90,000 vanguard alone and the vampire army that demanded blood were already the Overgeared King's subordinates. King Nemesis heard the incredible news and came to a conclusion. His father had promised that the Overgeared King would never be Gauss' opponent. He was wrong.

'My father told me that Grid was just a lucky king. The truth is that we are the lucky ones.'

Grid, an ordinary person, was able to become a king through all sorts of miracles. Since miracles were originally derived from luck, the king had lowered the concept of a miracle. In retrospect, they were destined to be kings from the moment they were born. Weren't they the greatest beneficiary of luck? Was he blinded by his natural fate?

'We should've seen and learned from the Eternal Kingdom's destruction. Many things should've been corrected when the Overgeared Kingdom was founded.'

However, it was too late. It was irreversible. All that remained was the last fight. King Nemesis returned to the palace and wore armor. It wasn't a ceremonial ornament but equipment for war.

"What is the situation of the reinforcements?"

"It is said that they are still tied up in the Fold Kingdom."

"What type of power does the Fold Kingdom have to prevent the march of four kingdoms?"

"The combat ability of 1st Prince Shining is more than rumored..."

"The ones favored by the Overgeared King are amazing."

One of the measures he had prepared had become obsolete again. It once again proved that the miracle called the Overgeared Kingdom came from skill, not luck. In the end, the previous king's assessment was wrong. However, all the fault lay with Nemesis, who couldn't persuade the previous king.

King Nemesis had a hard expression as he glanced at his last hope. It was an eight year old child. A young girl with blonde hair was sitting down and drinking fruit wine with a relaxed expression. She didn't seem at all agitated by the news of the defeat. Even the Overgeared army would be ridiculous to the monster of the tower that even the empire had no control over.

"Sir Goldhit, I apologize. Our war has become more disadvantageous than when we first made this request of you."

"Yohoho... Don't worry about it."

Goldhit, the magician king who was rumored to overwhelm 10 great magicians alone. She was satisfied with the new body prepared for this war and laughed.

"It is a tough war but I will help the Gauss Kingdom."

"Thank you, Sir Goldhit..."

King Nemesis bowed his head deeply, unaware of Goldhit's true intentions. King Nemesis believed that Goldhit had come to repay the old favor to Gauss. This was a misunderstanding. A monster who sacrificed tens of thousands of young children wouldn't care about favors.

'Braham...'

A dark smile appeared on Goldhit's face. She knew the relationship between Grid and Braham and easily deduced that the resurrected Braham would be with Grid. That's right. Goldhit was dreaming of meeting Braham.

The reason she had no direct contact with the Overgeared Kingdom was because she was worried that her bad relationship with Grid would become a barrier. Secondly, she wanted to witness Braham's skills. Thirdly, she wanted to properly punish Grid who had turned her disciples and lightning god into wastes.

"Yoho! Yohohoho...!"

Enhanced magic was something her teacher Lilis had never learned. Now Goldhit would be different.

If Braham directly taught her then she would surely be enlightened. In addition, Braham wouldn't turn away from her, who was Lilis' disciple. The relationship between Braham and Lilis was never trivial.

"Wow... the road is endless."

"Do we need to move for another fortnight?"

"What? To that extent?"

The players, who barely escaped Pangea after defeating the jiangshi, encountered a new setback. They needed to stop by Karas first for a full-fledged East Continent adventure but the distance was far more than they expected and they felt despair.

"The horses are tired too quickly because the road isn't cleaned properly... I have to walk almost all day and I'm going crazy."

“At this time, I’m envious of billionaires. People like them can fly on a wyvern and arrive in no time.”

“Wyverns can’t be taken out carelessly in the East Continent.”

“Why?”

“Dragons who failed to ascend to the sky and became monsters become jealous when they see wyverns.”

“The sky... If I knew this then I would just go north.”

“That is suicide.”

Hera’s ears pricked up as the story of the north was heard from the group walking. North was the direction that Kentrick headed alone. She heard rumors that it was a place full of monsters but she thought it wouldn’t be a big challenge for Kentrick, who had killed the steel jiangshi. Still, she was a bit worried.

“The monster communities in the north contain community of monsters that are incomparable to the steel jiangshi. In particular, the bosses of each community are over level 400.”

“A field boss near the beginning town is over level 400...? Is that real? Isn’t it too exaggerated, even if this is the East Continent?”

It was a normal reaction. Boss monsters level 400 or high could only be met in the top dungeons of the West Continent. The man who explained it to the disbelieving group looked proud.

“Did I tell you about how I came to the East Continent before Pangea was destroyed?”

“Yes.”

“Did you know that Grid succeeded in capturing a community at that time?”

“Oh?”

“Yet he stopped at one.”

“...?”

“Grid couldn’t even touch the other communities afterwards. It has been a few years and all communities are intact except for the big poisonous rat community cleared by Grid. It is the north that can’t be explored at all. So don’t say anything. Just look in front of you and walk.”

“...!”

Hera’s heart sank. Kentrick might be strong but wasn’t he alone? She was worried about Kentrick challenging a monster community that even Grid couldn’t challenge. She wanted to go back and help Kentrick but she didn’t have the power to help anyone. If she was there, she would just disturb him.

‘...I’m not fighting monsters but an illness.’

Hera recalled her client's son. The little boy had only known pain from the moment he was born, yet he still had a beautiful heart. Hera wanted to show him a wide world. She wanted to tell him with a smile that he had endured well.

"Phew."

Grid endured it for ages.

[The ruler of the lazy cow community, the 'Special Black Cow,' has been defeated.]

[The Special Black Cow realized his foolishness only at the last moment.]

[The second gateway in the north of Pangea has been dealt with!]

[Foolish Gambler's Die has been acquired.]

[The Black Cow's Horns have been acquired.]

[7 blessed weapon enhancement scrolls have been acquired.]

[11 blessed armor enhancement scrolls have been acquired.]

[The title 'Pangea's New Star' has been enhanced!]

"...The boss was a gambling addict."

The Special Black Cow was a type of monster difficult for ordinary players to raid. It was only when they won a gamble against the black cow that they could get an opportunity to attack. The black cow's job of 'gambler' wasn't ordinary and it was difficult to win in a gamble. The bigger problem was that the challenger couldn't hurt the cow even when winning in the gamble.

However, Grid was able to know the position of the die in the cup using his transcendent hearing and his attack power was enough to deal damage to the black cow.

'If I wasn't a transcendent, I would've been kicked out without getting a chance to attack and all my money would be gone.'

It was creepy just imagining it. Grid shook his head and moved to the 'toothless tiger' community. Grid judged that his level would probably rise there.

In Pangea...

"...!"

Nobuldam's eyes widened as he was inspecting the new people who came from the West. In contrast to his rather tacky appearance, the high-ranking noble of the Cho Kingdom sensed that the energy of the Special Black Cow had disappeared.

'Don't tell me... did he come?'

How the hell did he avoid the inspection?

'No... it isn't certain yet.'

Nobuldam sent strength to his belly. Then his belly bounced like a ball against the ground and Nobuldam flew high into the sky.

"A-Ambassador No!"

The soldiers were shocked by the sudden situation but Nobuldam ignored them. He was a bit resentful toward the soldiers who failed to properly measure the Westerners' ability to break through the plains and those who weren't faithful to their duties.

'I have to hurry!'

He had to grasp the identity of the person who destroyed the community. If he was right, he had to prevent this person from being hit. Nobuldam thought this as he moved north, his belly stretching like a ball. At the same time, in the Hwan Kingdom...

"...You?"

A beautiful man stopped while training his swordsmanship. One of the plum petals falling toward the tip of his sword scattered into hundreds of pieces of dust.

[Chapter 1159](#)

'The God Hands are the best.'

Grid had felt a bit at a loss when he broke through the lazy cow community and entered the jungle. The jungle had been untouched by humans for a long time and was a mess. It was hard to see in the darkness. The bushes poked at his eyes and skin while poisonous insects entered his ears and mouth. There was the unpleasant moisture, scorching heat, swamp areas hidden by vines, etc. The difficulty of moving through the jungle itself was quite high. The difficulty level was comparable to an instance dungeon.

However, Grid had the God Hands. The power of the God Hands, each one holding a sword, was incomparable to the weed killers of the army. They cut the bushes much faster and move actively, providing Grid with visibility and a safe path.

"It's cool."

He just had to walk along the opened road so it was fun. For the current Grid, even the hot wind felt like a fresh spring breeze.

'It would be nice to make the God Hands in reality.' Grid thought this as he walked slowly.

He was checking the loot he obtained from the black cow.

[Foolish Gambler's Die]

[Rating: Unique

Durability: 5/5

* The durability is reduced by one with every use.

* Can't be repaired.

A die obtained from the black cow. You can roll the desired number.

Conditions of Use: None.

Weight: 0.1]

First, there was the die. The purpose wasn't exactly stated. It seemed like a simple entertainment item. However, the ability to 'always roll the desired number' was never simple.

'It is definitely something that will help in certain situations. In addition, the black cow's horns are the perfect high-grade material superior to a minotaur's horns.'

Most of the famous bows currently in circulation were made of a minotaur's horns. A bow made of the higher rated material, the black cow's horns, were more likely to have a 'minimum' legendary rating. The conclusion was that both the die and the black cow's horns were a great luxury. Clearing the lazy cow community was not a bad choice.

Nevertheless, Grid felt more regret than accomplishment. The cause was the title.

[Pangea's New Star 2nd Stage]

[Stage 1: It is relatively easy to obtain information from the residents of Pangea.

Stage 2: The quest acquisition rate increases in the Pangea region.

* Every time you destroy a monster community formed in the north, the level and effectiveness of the title will increase.]

'As expected... It might've gone up one stage but it is still a title only usable in Pangea.'

It wasn't strange since 'Pangea's New Star' was the name. It was fully understandable but he still felt regret. Now Pangea was a complete ghost town. Quest acquisition rate increase? There was no meaning. There were no residents to talk to so getting a quest was nonsense.

Step, step.

Grid hastened his pace. The foliage was constantly being cut. No, the God Hands were floating in the air in the distance while waiting for Grid. It seemed that they had reached the end of the jungle and judged their mission was over.

"Defensive stance."

Grid issued a new order and the God Hands raised their blades. They spun unusually fast around Grid. It was a type of sword curtain. It wasn't a great technique that boasted absolute defense like Sword Saint Kraugel or Biban's sword curtain but it was good enough for Grid, who expanded the application of the God Hands. They were poised to tear all threats to Grid to shreds.

"Wow..." Grid exclaimed as he was guided by the God Hands and reached the end of the jungle. He admired the clear scenery. The red maple leaves turned yellow against the purple sky, creating a

mysterious and dreamy harmony. A mountain towered in the center of the landscape, shining gold in symmetry with the sun. It was a completely different atmosphere from the scenery of the West Continent.

‘This is the community of toothless tigers...’

Grid didn’t have time to spare and leapt off the hill. Was it surprised by the arrival of a stranger after a long time? The red clay-like land was shaking like it was wary of Grid.

‘...I don’t think there are any big problems.’

It happened while Grid was stepping on the land, touching it, and smelling it. The leaves of the area shook and 10 tigers appeared. Strangely, the tigers walked like humans. They were one head taller than Grid and their shoulders were wider than a bear’s. The muscles on their bodies were developed. They had sharp claws and teeth and they were very intimidating.

‘What? They are fine?’

The lazy cows were, as the name suggested, lazy. However, these tigers had their teeth, unlike their name. No, it was beyond a decent level. The sharp teeth glowed white without any tartar and raised Grid’s alertness.

‘They’re different. They could be tough opponents.’

Grid handed Mjolnir to the God Hands and held the Enlightenment Sword. He adjusted the distance so that he couldn’t be surrounded by tigers and prepared to perform the sword dance at any time.

“Ttak!”

“...?”

“Ttack!”

“...!”

Grid’s concentration was boosted to the extreme, only for him to become flustered. He was surprised because the tigers shouted instead of attacking.

“Rice cake! Rice cake! Rice cake! Rice cake!!”

The tigers were shouting as they repeatedly tried to surround Grid and failed. Grid kept moving strangely and escaping from their encirclement so they became angry and expressed their irritation.

“Your rude brat! Let me talk, talk! Hold still for me to talk!”

“...!”

“It is my time to talk! A human should be terrified when seeing a tiger!”

“...!”

“Hold still! Don’t squirm around and stay in place!! Looking at your body, you’re an adult. As an adult, you should know that your butt is heavy! What female would like a guy with a light butt? You won’t be able to mate for the rest of your life!”

“...”

Weren’t there monsters that spoke the human language in Satisfy? It wasn’t unusual for tigers to speak the human language. Yet Grid was surprised and speechless. The tigers’ tone was too realistic. It was reminiscent of the tone of the unemployed elderly people who lived in his neighborhood. Grid stared blankly at the tigers who kept yelling at him and they growled with satisfaction once they succeeded in encircling him.

“Give me a piece of rice cake and I won’t eat you.”

“Wave.” This was the best method with dealing with a large number of enemies. The wide-area sword dance was activated almost immediately and energy blades were launched in all directions around Grid. He planned to deal with the tigers immediately by linking it with a basic attack. However...

“...!”

Grid’s ambush was blocked in advance. The tiger blocked the sword that wanted to cut off its neck using its hard teeth. Its upper body strength was lower than Grid but there didn’t seem to be a significant difference. However, its agility seemed to be boiling over. The stats of the lazy cows he met earlier focused on specific skills rather than physical strength.

“Can’t you stand still and listen instead of swinging your sword? Youths these days...!”

‘They are truly tigers.’

Grid didn’t listen to the tigers’ cries. He felt he would be distracted if he focused on their conversation.

‘The king of beasts should have superior racial bonuses so I should think of them as elite monsters.’

Grid amplified his strength with Blacksmith’s Rage and recovered the Enlightenment Sword from the toothless tiger. Then...

“Aheung!”

The tiger biting the Enlightenment Sword uttered a scream. Grid could see tears in its eyes. Grid was surprised. “Dentures?”

It was the moment when the secrets of the teeth were revealed. Grid stared at the absurd sight of dentures embedded in the Enlightenment Sword and a toothless tiger spoke to him, “Rice cake... we want to eat soft rice cakes.”

[A quest has been created due to Pangea’s New Star’s effect!]

[Give a Piece of Rice Cake]

[★ Hidden Quest ★]

The toothless tigers lost their instincts after losing their teeth.

They stay away from hunting and eating meat and miss soft food like rice cakes.

Even though the big hero felt sorry for the tigers and gave them dentures, they still miss rice cakes. They used to threaten the merchants passing by to take away the rice cakes.

Quest Clear Conditions: Provide rice cakes to the toothless tigers.

Quest Clear Rewards: Increased affinity with the toothless tigers.

Quest Failure: Hostility with the toothless tigers.]

“.....”

An increase in the quest acquisition rate in the Pangea region. Grid was silent for a moment as he experienced the effect of the second stage of Pangea’s New Star. There had been rumors that named bosses could give quests but perhaps he was the first person to receive a quest from a normal monster, not a boss.

Grid scratched his head and pulled something out from his inventory. It was a snack made by Sherry, a chef of the Second Overgeared Guild. It was the moment her effort to make traditional snacks from various countries due to the diverse origins of the Overgeared Guild came to fruition.

“It is melting, heung.”

“It is more delicious than the rice cake I used to eat, heung.”

“It is good that my gums don’t hurt, heung.”

The tigers were intoxicated on the sweet yet savory bean flavor and laughed as they enjoyed the rice cakes.

‘They are surprisingly cute...’

Maybe the tigers weren’t simple monsters but were mythical creatures? Then they were corrupted by the evil daoist. Grid watched from far away.

[★Hidden Quest ★ ‘Give a Piece of Rice Cake’ has been cleared.]

[Affinity with the toothless tigers has increased as a reward for the quest.]

[The satisfaction of the toothless tigers are very high!” Affinity has increased further!]

Now it was time to find their value. Grid started to question the tigers who were sucking the soybean flour on the tip of their claws. “Why are your teeth missing?”

“One day, the king of Mount Bukdu came down to the forest and pulled out all our teeth. Aheung.”

“Mount Bukdu?”

“There.”

The tigers pointed to the mountain towering in the distance. Was it because of the sun? The mountain, that had been illuminated in gold when he first saw it, was now covered with the shadow of deep darkness.

“Who is the king?”

“The blue tiger... his fur colour is blue, unlike us.”

“A blue tiger...”

“A blue tiger. He is the offspring of the white tiger, one of the four sacred creatures, and is a terrible monster, heung.”

“A descendant of the white tiger?”

The bosses of the communities Grid had been to were clearly powerful. Yet a descendant of a sacred creature?

‘Won’t it be different from the others?’

Was this why the level of the toothless tigers was particularly high compared to the rats and cows? Grid became tense.

“Why did he pull out your teeth?”

“Aheung... I don’t know. The king was captured by a yangban a long time ago and his personality became strange after he returned. I don’t know what he is thinking because he stays in the mountains alone. In the past, he was very gentle and helpful...”

“Yangban!”

Did they drag away a rare animal for a show? It was possible when considering Garam’s personality. Maybe the blue tiger was ruined by the yangbans.

‘I’ll know if we meet.’

Grid frowned and moved onto the next question.

“Is the identity of the big hero a daoist immortal? He gave you dentures.”

The hero who saved Pangea from a crisis—he left his mark here and on the colony of the big poisonous rats. After saving Pangea, he had kept moving north. This might suggest that the Peach Blossom Spring was somewhere in the north. However, the answer was completely different from what Grid expected.

“He wasn’t a daoist immortal.”

“What?”

The person was so powerful despite not being a daoist immortal or a yangban?

It happened as a chill was going down Grid’s spine.

“Human! Get out of here!!”

A thunderous roar came from the top of Bukdu Mountain and the entire forest shook.

[You have discovered a strong presence of this era!]

[The Hero King’s fighting energy has started to boil!]

[Your transcendent senses warn you of danger!]

The jungle landscape and Grid were assimilated. Grid was surrounded by the red-purple fighting energy and his sense of existence became as huge as a forest.

“B-Blue tiger...!”

The tigers’ eyes widened and they turned deadly pale.

‘I don’t know how strong he is.’

Grid noticed a small dot descending from the mountain and started a serious and beautiful sword dance. His long arms moved in a spiral and blue-black petals scattered everywhere.

‘I can’t fall in a place like this when I have to take down Garam...’

Grid’s expression stiffened. The blue tiger got close enough for his eyes to be visible and tears spilled like a waterfall—he obviously cried as he looked at Grid. “Pagmaaaaaa!!!!”

“...!?”

[Chapter 1160](#)

At close range, the physique of the blue tiger was much bigger than the toothless tiger. Grid, who was 183 centimeters tall, had to tilt his head back completely to get a glimpse of the ‘king’ character on the blue tiger’s forehead. Nevertheless, Grid wasn’t overwhelmed by the blue tiger and was fascinated.

The blue tiger was beautiful. The blue fur that shone with a white light seemed to make the jewels embedded in Grid’s crown seem frivolous. The iconic black tiger stripes, which gave off a complex sense of aesthetics that couldn’t be reproduced with Grid’s hand technique, blended with the blue fur.

“Pagma!”

The blue tiger suddenly arrived in front of Grid and stretched out his arms. All the twitching majestic muscles and the blue fur was menacing. However, Grid didn’t swing his sword. The blue petals of sword energy fluttering with the falling leaves lost their purpose and dispersed.

Against the beautiful backdrop, Grid stared into the blue tiger’s eyes. They were familiar eyes. Khan had always greeted him with such eyes when he reunited with Khan after a few months. There was longing and joy in the blue tiger’s eyes, who had watched the mountain and rivers change dozens, hundreds, of times.

“Pagma!” The distance narrowed as the blue tiger jumped and hugged Grid. Grid almost collapsed from the weight of the blue tiger but he used all his strength to keep standing. He waited until the blue tiger finishing rubbing against his cheeks.

“Pagma! You’re alive!!” The blue tiger cried. The black eyes, which usually held the depths of time, were teary and the pink nose was runny. The shoulders that were three times wider than Grid’s shoulders were trembling.

Then after a moment...

“Sniff sniff! Sniff sniff? Hyaaack!”

The blue tiger that was crying, biting, breathing in, and rubbing against Grid suddenly became frightened. He had belatedly noticed...

“Y-You! You aren’t Pagma! Aheung!”

“...I’m afraid you can’t threaten me with those eyes now.”

Grid hurriedly stood back on his feet and stared at the now roaring blue tiger. Scars that couldn’t be seen from up close covered the blue tiger’s body. They were one-sided scars—deep wounds that wouldn’t be erased for the rest of the blue tiger’s life. The blue tiger’s shoulders slumped.

“Really... you really aren’t Pagma.”

It was natural to think this person was Pagma. Unlike the other yangbans who acted harshly and in a vulgar manner, Pagma showed a quiet dancing posture. This temporarily overlapped with the person in front of the blue tiger. However, this human in front of him wasn’t Pagma. The blue tiger couldn’t distinguish between human appearances but he quickly noticed it. He remembered it vividly—Pagma’s sweet voice and the warm sunshine-like smell as Pagma reached out to him, who was crying in a cage. The blue tiger had been longing for it for hundreds of years.

“Human, why do you have Pagma’s dances?” the snarling blue tiger finally asked a question.

“I inherited the skills that Pagma left behind after his death,” Grid answered honestly. Lies were a deception rather than a consolation.

“Aheung... I see. Pagma is dead.”

Surprisingly, the blue tiger didn’t seem shocked. He reacted calmly like he heard news he already expected. Nevertheless, he couldn’t conceal his rising sorrow. His round face that was unlike his burly physique trembled.

“S-Shall we return to our cave?”

“Y-Yes, aheung. We should go and eat garlic.”

The atmosphere turned strange and the toothless tigers started to retreat. They were afraid of the blue tiger because of their experience of having their teeth removed.

The blue tiger’s ears pricked and he called out to them, “Aheung! Garlic? How can you chew on garlic when you’re missing teeth?”

The blue tiger’s eyes widened and the cuteness immediately disappeared from his face. The majesty of a king that he showed when he first appeared returned and even Grid was on edge. The tigers were deadly pale. “H-Hiccup! D-Dentures! We chew with dentures!”

“Dentures?” The blue tiger was distracted by Grid and only belatedly discovered the tigers’ teeth.

“Aheung! Where did you get dentures from?”

“U-Uh, a human! He gave it to us out of pity, aheung!”

“...!”

The blue tiger was very surprised. He had full control of the Bukdu Mountain area and could easily detect any visitors. He had no idea someone had appeared and gave the tigers dentures. There was only one human who could deceive the blue tiger’s senses.

“Aheung. Was the human perhaps in a bamboo hat?”

“T-That’s correct. He was carrying a large bundle but there was nothing inside, aheung.”

“That idiot Hwang Gildong...”

‘Hwang Gildong!’

Years ago, Kraugel had revealed the identity of the big hero who saved Pangea from a crisis. Grid focused on the tigers’ conversation.

“Take them out. Aheung.”

“What do you mean?”

“Dentures, confiscate. Aheung.”

“.....”

The blue tiger took away the dentures of all 10 tigers. Thanks to this, the tigers became toothless tigers and scattered in a depressed manner. Grid watched this scene and asked, “Why is removing the tiger’s teeth related to garlic?”

Maybe it was because he was Pagma’s Descendant, the blue tiger willingly answered Grid’s question, “To be exact, it is mugwort and garlic. Around 10 years ago, a wicked daoist sprinkled mugwort and garlic around Bukdu Mountain and ran away. I pulled out the tiger’s teeth so they wouldn’t eat them. Aheung.”

“Mugwort and garlic?” Grid asked as he recalled a story that every Korean would know. [1]

“Will they turn into humans if they eat it for 100 days?”

“Aheung. No. If they eat it for 10 years, they will become daoist immortals.”

“D-Daoist immortals? What? Daoist immortals are artificially made?”

“It is a story that applies only to spiritual beings. For humans to become daoist immortals, they have to train steadily and rise.”

Grid’s head became more complicated with the new information. “I heard that the evil daoist turned the animals around Pangea into ferocious monsters. Then why is he trying to make daoist immortals? Aren’t daoist immortals good? Why would the evil daoist that harmed so many people be trying to make daoist immortals...?”

There were two evil daoists. One was the unidentified figure who was beaten by the great hero, Hwang Gildong. He was the one who turned the wild animals around Pangea into monsters and sprinkled mugwort and garlic over Bukdu Mountain.

The other person, Arube, was the one who hid in Pangea Castle's underground dungeon. Arube was an evil daoist who had the desire to take control of Pangea.

Grid had believed the unknown daoist to be a mercenary hired by Arube. Now it seemed that wasn't the case. The unidentified daoist was aiming for a bigger picture and Arube was likely to be the puppet used in the process.

The blue tiger revealed a shocking fact. "It is true that daoist immortals are good beings. However, daoist immortals will become dependent on the society of gods, regardless of whether they are human or spiritual creatures. They are always exposed to the gods' sight and find it hard to disobey the gods' will. Aheung. In particular, spiritual beings often have less intelligence than humans and can't disobey the gods."

"...Then a daoist immortal being good is meaningless unless the god who commands them is also good?"

"That's right. Aheung. Incidentally, it so happens that the gods aren't very good."

Grid knew this as well. In particular, the gods of the East Continent were yangbans who treated humans as dogs. At least, from a human point of view, they couldn't be considered good.

"Aheung. The identity of the evil daoist must be a minion of the Hwan Kingdom. There must've been a plan to turn wild animals into monsters to block people from accessing this area, allowing the tigers to become daoist immortals under the command of the gods."

It was the right guess. The gods of the East Continent wanted revenge on the gods of the West Continent and had to grow their army. It seemed clear that they intended to cultivate daoist immortals and make an army. However, there was something strange...

"Didn't the evil daoist steal the Red Phoenix Bow...?"

The weapons of the sacred creatures on the East Continent, including the Red Phoenix Bow, were a type of barrier that blocked the emergence of great demons. One of the reasons why the yangbans were revered as gods was due to this barrier. The loss of the Red Phoenix Bow was a severe blow to the deification of the yangbans. They should be obsessed with the weapons of the sacred creatures. Then why did the servant of the Hwan Kingdom steal the Red Phoenix Bow? It was misleading.

The blue tiger shook his head. "Aheung? I stole the Red Phoenix Bow."

"...!"

"It seems that after the Red Phoenix Bow suddenly disappeared, the panicked people thought an evil daoist did it."

The blue tiger rummaged around his voluminous belly and pulled out an orange bow that was like blazing fire. It was a large longbow but it looked like nothing in the big hand of the blue tiger.

"T-The Red Phoenix Bow!"

Grid was astonished when he peeked at the bow's information using Pagma's Eyes. The Red Phoenix Bow was found in this place?

The blue tiger stared at the dumbfounded Grid and asked, "Human, Pagma rescued me when I was captured and abused by the yangban. Then he crossed the Red Sea. Aheung. Honestly, I thought Pagma would've died in the Red Sea. Yet Pagma crossed the Red Sea and arrived on the West Continent?"

"Yes."

"There... how did Pagma live? Was he ridiculed by people for melting iron in fire and hitting it with a hammer?"

"Pagma..." There was a lot to say about Pagma. He was a traitor to someone and a villain to someone else. However, he was also a hero. "Pagma was revered by many. He also saved the world."

"I... see." The blue tiger's eyes filled with tears. His figure was so sad and adorable that Grid hurriedly summoned Noe. It was due to a strange anxiety that Noe's position as the cutest was likely to weaken.

"Nyahahat! Hell's best demonic beast is he... nyaaaang!" Noe, who appeared with his short limbs wide open, felt his hair rise and he hid behind Grid. Considering that the only ones Noe had been scared of so far were great demons and dragons, it meant that the descendant of a sacred creature, the blue tiger, was no less than them.

"Ah, I didn't expect you to be so surprised." Grid stroked the Noe's small head as Noe trembled in his arms.

Then the blue tiger asked a new question, "Why did you cross to the East Continent? Aheung."

His eyes were glued on Noe but Grid didn't know the reason. Grid answered honestly, "In order to become stronger. Become strong enough to kill Garam."

He couldn't forget it—the wicked man who called all the blacksmiths of the West Continent to Pangea just for the sake of catching Grid. Such a fellow was aiming for him. Grid had to get rid of Garam. He would be killed if he didn't get rid of Garam. He would really be crushed.

"...It looks similar."

The blue tiger was filled with emotions when he read the willpower in Grid's eyes. The blue tiger recalled the old image of Pagma, who had always remained strong and shouted that he would return to his country. He couldn't help wondering if it was Pagma who sent Grid.

After some contemplation, he handed the Red Phoenix Bow to Grid. "Humans think that making a barrier out of the weapons of the sacred creatures is to prevent the great demons from invading. The truth is that it is a barrier to block all sides. If you release the seal on the weapons of the four sacred creatures then they will give you the strength to confront the yangbans... Aheung!"

[The myth grade 'Red Phoenix Bow where the Spirit of a Sacred Creature Resides' has been acquired!]

A mythical item with the power of the gods. Grid was feeling confused about receiving the Red Phoenix Bow with no strings attached when the blue tiger roared. Then there was an unforgettable voice.

"Hahahat, welcomed faces are gathered side by side."

Long black hair and blue robes fluttered in the wind. The man who appeared in the sky exuded the energy of the blue dragon and shook the forest. He was a familiar face to Grid. "Garam!"

"R-Run, Overgeared King..." There was a hunchback with a strange appearance. Nobuldam, who inspected players coming from the West Continent in Pangea, barely spoke before he turned to ash.

Garam held Nobuldam's neck with one hand and broke his neck. Garam shook off the blood on his hand like it was dirty and laughed. "Grid, my eyes encompass the sky and earth and there is no place in the north, east, west, and north that they don't cover. Your death was inevitable the moment you crossed the Red Sea. Maybe it was due to his connection to Han Seokbong but he was trying to help you. The Cho Kingdom, who failed to guide him down the right path, will perish in the near future."

"You bastard!"

Grid activated Lightning Speed attached to the Blue Dragon Boots.

"The power of the blue dragon?"

Garam frowned and Grid was about to use Blacksmith's Rage, Blackening, and Quick Movements.

However, the blue tiger was faster. "Pagma's Descendant, unseal the Red Phoenix Bow first."

The blue tiger caught Grid's ankle and threw Grid into the middle of the forest.

"Ugh...!"

A terrifying strength. Unlike what he wanted, Grid flew hundreds of meters away into the middle of the forest. In the distance, the blue tiger and Garam were engaged in battle.

The toothless tigers came and pushed him. "I will repay you for the rice cake you gave!"

"W-What? Wait!"

Grid was nowhere to be seen. The place where the blue tiger had thrown Grid was reminiscent of a stone ruin. Then the moment the tigers pushed Grid to a certain place there, Grid suddenly warped to a new location.