

Overgeared 1231

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“The two of you need to be more aware! How many times do I have to tell you?!”

Rabbit stood beside Grid and Piaro and started his lengthy speech. There was nothing to refute among the rapid-fire words he poured out because his words were right. However, in Grid and Piaro’s ears, Rabbit’s words sounded like this—“Blah blah blah! Order order order! Grumble grumble!”

“.....”

“.....”

No matter how good the advice, repeating it was just nagging. At first, Grid and Piaro listened to Rabbit and admitted their faults. Then they slowly felt the limits of their patience. They exchanged glances and left the relentless Rabbit. Their movements were so secretive and fast that Rabbit only realized they were gone a few seconds after they left.

“King Griiiiiid! Siiiiiiir Piaro!” Rabbit’s screams echoed through the desolate wheat field.

The knights felt sorry at the sight of him clutching at his hair.

“What... Why does it feel like a propaganda flyer from North Korea?”

On the road to the castle after leaving Rabbit...

Grid was handed a flyer by Lauel and frowned. It was a flyer with rough phrases highlighted in red. Signs of cheapness were everywhere. It was a waste of the elaborate portraits that Picasso drew of Piaro and Hurent.

Wait, Hurent?

“Why is Hurent on here?”

“There are rumors that Hurent will be the successor to Piaro’s farming techniques. It is marketing. He also looks good.”

“The successor to farming techniques...”

A chill went down Grid’s spine. He was genuinely afraid that Hurent would become a farmer.

“Huhu, that’s good.”

Piaro was smiling like he didn’t know about Grid’s worries. He was very pleased with the completeness of the farmer recruitment flyer. Grid sighed and glanced at Hurent. Hurent shrugged. “Isn’t it interesting? It is flashy enough to make people feel that it is cheap but at the same time, it is also very eye-catching.”

“No, is it okay to be misunderstood as a farmer? You don’t really want to be a farmer, do you?”

“I wouldn’t mind if I could be like Piaro.”

“.....”

He couldn't believe that the Aura Master was considering becoming a farmer. Grid had high expectations for Hurent so he couldn't help lamenting. Of course, he also understood Hurent's thoughts. The power of farming that Piaro showed was terrifying. However, the reason why Piaro was so strong wasn't because he was a farmer but because he was Piaro.

Hurent wouldn't be like Piaro even if he became a legendary farmer. Hurent himself seemed to know this. “Yes, I can't be like Piaro.”

“.....”

“I realized it for certain when I witnessed Piaro's rapid progress today. Piaro's reason for being strong isn't because he is a farmer.”

Hurent saw it right away. Farmers were indispensable to the world. They were an excellent existence but they weren't a strong fighting profession. Piaro was just strong and from this morning onward, he started to grow even further.

‘He feels twice as strong since learning the Matchless Heart Technique. It felt like the power of one sweet potato blow was equal to the original Pounding Mortar.’

Biban had said it—the Matchless Heart Sword without the Matchless Heart Technique was nothing more than a hollow crystal. It was natural. The Matchless Heart Technique wasn't born because of the Matchless Heart Sword. It was the Matchless Heart Sword that was born because of the Matchless Heart Technique. The Matchless Heart Sword without the Matchless Heart Technique couldn't show its true power. The Piaro before learning the Matchless Heart Technique and the Piaro after learning it were two completely different people.

“How are you doing?”

Before they knew it, they had arrived near the large training ground. The large training ground was where work was underway to restore the collapsed barracks from a few days ago. Dwarf Ke, the builders, and thousands of workers were working hard to build the barracks.

“Very good.”

This morning, Piaro had received the Matchless Heart Technique through Mercedes and invested a considerable amount of effort to learn it. He fought with Grid and was scolded by Rabbit so it was normal to feel tired. However, Piaro was fine. No, he was more energetic than before.

“It seems undeniable that this is the predecessor of Supreme Swordsmanship.”

Piaro was thrilled. The Sword Saint Biban—Piaro felt a certain fate when he learned he was connected with a character from hundreds of years ago.

“Biban... he must've been a great, noble man.”

An old legend who left behind the Matchless Heart Technique for future generations. Piaro's heart warmed as he imagined this person. He imagined that Biban was probably the coolest man in the world.

“...It must be so.”

Grid was unable to break Piaro’s fantasies and looked awkward. Well, he wasn’t lying. Biban, the Sword Saint who became a tower member for the peace of the world, was a great person. The problem was that he was somewhat different from what Piaro imagined. Still, there was no need to explain it.

“It might sound ridiculous, but...”

“...?”

Grid looked at the restoration work of the barracks and understood Rabbit’s grievances. He vowed to fight with Piaro on a remote island or something similar in the future as he listened to Piaro’s next words.

“I think I will meet Biban someday... I feel this way.”

“...!”

“Haha, it is just a feeling. I would like to see a dead man from a long time ago.”

Biban’s swordsmanship had been accidentally passed onto Piaro’s family and then the full version came to Piaro by chance through Grid. It was unreasonable to consider this a mere coincidence. Piaro felt a deep fate. He thought his relationship with Biban wouldn’t end with this.

“Why?”

The already expensive price of Grid’s items soared. In particular, the price of weapons skyrocketed from as little as three to as high as dozens of times the original price. This was the same even for the low level weapons. The reason was simple. It was because it was proven that Grid’s weapons were capable of ‘growth.’

The moment it was revealed that the performance of the weapons would grow when Grid used Request to Stand with Me, people did their best to acquire Grid’s weapons. They were looking forward to the potential that would explode when Grid’s weapons continued to grow and achieve their maximum growth.

The true gamers were eager to get a stronger weapon, the normal people were aiming to make money, and the rich people thought it was a stable investment. As a result, the Grid’s weapons that were distributed to the market were nowhere to be found.

One of the protagonists of this incident was Asuka. A third generation tycoon, she used her intelligence and money to hoard Grid’s weapons. 32 weapons of seven different types filled her warehouse. Now all Asuka had to do was wait. She kept a close eye on the exchanges and auction houses every day. In anticipation of Grid releasing a mass amount of new weapons into the market, she exchanged large amounts of cash into gold coins. Then...

“Why aren’t weapons being sold?”

No new Grid's weapons appeared on the market. She was familiar with the market as she was born a businessman's daughter and she couldn't understand it at all.

"He will make money if he makes and sells weapons at this time. Why isn't he doing business?!"

The market price of items made by Grid had risen. This wasn't an exaggeration. Grid had the opportunity to become the world's richest man. Yet he didn't do business. He was turning away from the opportunity to become rich at a conglomerate level.

"Is he an idiot? Huh? Fool!"

It had become a habit of hers to tap the refresh button of the exchanges and auction house. Asuka was exhausted after pressing the refresh button every minute. Rage soared to the top of her head and she started a series of angry refreshes. She stomped her feet and roared with wide open eyes, looking like a monster in a monster movie. It seemed like she would spit out fire from her mouth.

"Young lady, don't do that. You look ugly."

Black Teddy tried to calm Asuka down but she didn't listen to him. She was obsessed with the refresh button while shouting that Grid was an idiot. Nevertheless, no new works of Grid were registered at the exchange or auction house. Seeing that the secretary outside the capsule didn't contact her, it seemed the situation of the item cash trading sites was no different. It had already been a month since it was like this. Asuka seemed like she was going to burst with frustration. "Let's say I understand not selling a new product because he is stupid! Then why is there no summoning? Huh? Is this a joke?"

Two of the Grid's weapons purchased by Asuka were top of the line unique items. The performance was excellent enough to be comparable to the legendary items dropped by the boss. What would happen if they responded to Grid's call? They would be reborn as unique items that exceeded the performance of legendary items. At that time, Asuka planned to make them her favorites. However, there was no call from Grid. He hadn't called any battle gear for a month.

"He deliberately... Is he deliberately harassing me?"

Was she being sniped? Was everything a conspiracy?

Black Teddy calmed the anxious Asuka. "Young lady, perhaps Grid isn't greedy for money."

"What? That is ridiculous. Is there anyone in the world who doesn't care about money?"

Everyone who met Asuka wanted money. They all aimed at her money.

Black Teddy explained to Asuka, who was making a disbelieving expression, "Even before this incident, Grid had the ability to become rich enough. If he had only made and sold items in the last few years, he would be one of the world's top 100 richest men. Yet as you know, his movements..."

For the longest period of time, he only went on adventures. He fought every day and recently, he even beat the half-gods. It was clear that he was satisfied with his assets of hundreds of billions of won and was only focused on adventuring.

"...So there is a high probability that Grid won't take advantage of this incident."

“Putting the game ahead of money. He is a true gamer.” Asuka’s expression relaxed a bit. She felt a type of similarity with Grid. Most of the negative emotions toward Grid disappeared. Still, there was an unresolved question. “Then why isn’t he summoning the battle gears?”

“Don’t you think that the cooldown is very long or it is a skill that consumes an extraordinary amount of resources?”

A skill that called upon every weapon he had made and rained it down. It was impossible to fathom how great the power would be and how spectacular the sight. It would be very strange if such a skill could be used frequently.

Asuka was convinced. “Hrmm... I can see that.”

The misunderstandings were unraveled. A new side of Grid’s personality was also seen. Asuka took it seriously. “How many times should I let Grid kill me?”

“Huh...?”

What thoughts were entering that little head? He had been watching the young lady for the past 20 years but he still couldn’t adapt. Asuka revealed her thoughts to the flustered Black Teddy. “We killed a few Overgeared soldiers when challenging the Fenrir raid. I think we should confess it honestly and accept the punishment.”

“...Why all of a sudden? No, it wasn’t you who killed the soldiers directly but Crayon...”

“In any case, I’m an accomplice. I have to at least get rid of my remorse if I want to apply to join the Overgeared Guild.”

“...!”

The Golden Snake Guild was once considered the best among the Seven Guilds. Asuka, who had been a former executive there, announced she would never join a guild again. During the time when the guild developed well, she saw the members of the guild defeated by the Overgeared Guild one by one and then leaving one by one when the situation became difficult, causing her to feel dubious. Now she was going to join the Overgeared Guild?

“So... All of a sudden?” Black Teddy asked for confirmation and Asuka nodded.

“Yes, it is annoying to find a party every time I need to do a raid. We will start again in earnest.”

“What if you are refused entry? It might’ve been years but we were once hostile to Grid.”

“No.”

There was a fact she learned while approaching level 400. The monsters and named NPCs were rising exponentially in strength. Grid must’ve been the first to notice it.

“Grid won’t refuse us if he is a real gamer.”

This game is about winning. Anyone with the mindset that an enemy was an eternal enemy would never win. In the first place, they didn’t do anything that bad for Grid to complain about.

“Well, if we’re rejected then that’s it.”

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Grid’s half-god killer achievement became a fuse. Many players were stimulated by his epic that declared he would become a god. They believed they could rise further and poured more time, enthusiasm, and money into Satisfy. The average player’s growth rate reached an all-time high.

A virtuous cycle had begun.

As the activities of players in each region grew, the grievances of local residents were quickly resolved. Local residents were able to focus on business and the prices of essential consumables were stable. In particular, the prices of the buff potions became cheaper. They maintained their full doping status and didn’t suffer while hunting.

The players’ hunting efficiency increased, making it easier for all types of items to be released on the market. Players gained equipment easier and cheaper than ever before and advanced to the top hunting grounds. Some of the areas that were invaded by flooding monsters were settled.

As the chaotic regions decreased, the scope of the Yatan Church’s activities was reduced. The emergence of the Yatan Church decreased and the players of the Rebecca Church had more time to relax. Their range of activities became freer and much larger, causing the ‘healer drought’ pattern of Satisfy to completely change.

It was now common to see healers in various parties. Parties with healers started to do boss raids and enter hunting grounds that they had never dared enter, maximizing the players’ overall growth.

This was all due to one player. It was the influence of the supreme one, Grid, who changed the world. The S.A Group was aware of all these changes through various statistics and was astonished. It was hard to believe that an average player who started playing under the same conditions of others could make such a huge difference.

Grid was unaware of the changes.

Grid’s long tour schedule had begun.

Starting from the former Gauss Kingdom to the north that was ruled by Duke Steim, Grid planned to inspect the entire territory of the Overgeared Kingdom. The purpose was to examine his actual land so instant movement magic such as teleportation was sealed. He walked with his own two feet and gained a small sense of what was going on in each area. He smiled as he interacted with people while doing the king’s quest.

“Somehow, the atmosphere is very good.”

Certainly, it had changed. It wasn’t just the large cities. In fact, even the people in the small villages with little security were satisfied with their lives. Only a few years ago, the people of the small villages had a strong fear of bandits or monsters, but this was no longer the case.

“The players in this village seem to be very active. According to the report of the Shadow Guild, the bandits in the vicinity have been wiped out.”

“Wiped out? The bandit bases are attacked every time they are respawned?”

“Yes.”

“Hrmm...”

Bandit fighting quests usually occurred in small villages. It was because it was difficult for bandits to live near a city with many troops. This was where the essential problem of bandit fighting quests appeared. The inhabitants of small villages were poor. The quest rewards they promised to the players were lousy. This meant that players were less motivated to participate.

Most players refused the bandit quests unless they found it hard to earn money or had a sense of justice. Even if they received the quest, they only accomplished the clear condition of the quest and then it was over. It was safe to assume that few players would attack the bandit bases.

Yet...

“Here too?”

“Yes.”

“Here as well?”

“Yes.”

Grid heard that all the entire small villages were liberated from the bandits. The bandit bases in all areas were subjugated. At this point, Grid questioned it. Once or twice could’ve been dismissed as a coincidence but it was unreasonable to encounter the same situation in every village.

He asked Jishuka, who came with him. “Did Lael hire a separate subjugation team?”

“Wouldn’t it be hard for Lael to care about such a remote area?”

“Then is it something the local lord did? Who is the lord of this area?”

“Toon.”

“...I don’t think he can manage this type of meticulous policing.”

“Right. We can’t afford to do so in the first place. This is a limit to the number of troops that can be operated. It is just the result of the activities of ordinary players.”

“.....”

This wasn’t convincing. Was it necessary for ordinary players to be so active in destroying the bandits? Grid was very grateful for the sake of his kingdom but...

Upon hearing Jishuka’s words, Grid thought about it and went directly to the village chief. “Chief, is there any job for me to do? For example, fighting the bandits.”

Grid was currently wearing the skin mask. He would trouble the people if he showed his identity in the rural area for an inspection. This was his own consideration for them.

“Um, let’s see. It has been relatively peaceful recently thanks to the adventurers subjugating the bases of the bandits.”

It was the same even in this village? It was difficult to check the quest contents. It happened when Grid was filled with regret...

“Village chief! Woodcutter Dex saw new bandits gathering in the back mountain!”

“...!”

Suddenly, the chief’s attitude changed.

“I think it would be a great help to the village if you can wipe out the bandits.”

[Fight the Bandits]

[Difficulty: D

Fight the bandits threatening the adventurers and villagers.

Quest Clear Conditions: Kill 50 bandits (Currently 0/50)

Quest Clear Reward: 10 gold.]

“.....”

It was as he expected. The quest rewards were very low compared to the amount of effort needed to be put in. It was a quest that had no merit for a lot of players.

“Wow, the rewards have tripled compared to the past. It was around three gold coins in our time, right?”

“It is proof that the lives of the people have improved overall.”

The hard part of the quest was searching for the bandits. Bandits were those who chose to only steal from the weak so they usually hid in secret. It took quite a bit of time and work to find them.

‘Then why are players so eager to wipe out the bandits?’

Grid had received the quest so it was faster to confirm it directly. Grid exchanged glances with Jishuka and looked at the mountain outside the village.

“...!”

Jishuka was amazed. It was because Grid, who was right next to her, disappeared, leaving only the wind behind.

-Hey!Why use Shunpo?I wanted to stick with you so I followed. It is too much for you to throw me away!

-S-Sorry,it is a habit.I’ll be back soon so just wait.

“...He was a magician?” the wide-mouthed village chief asked carefully. He lived in the countryside so he had never seen teleportation magic. He saw Grid disappearing quietly without any lights and misunderstood it as a type of spell.

Under the hat she was wearing, Jishuka scratched her cheek. “He is also a magician.”

“...?!”

Grid arrived at his destination with the help of Shunpo and was startled.

On a small mountain...

Hundreds of people were running around a place where players were less likely to visit due to the low probability of monsters appearing.

“Here! The bandits are here!”

“.....”

Were they halfway to level 200? The faces of the players running around with fancy equipment were full of enthusiasm. On the way to the top of the mountain, they hunted tigers and bears before attacking the bandits that appeared. The bandits were far outnumbered and quickly turned to grey ash.

The players hurriedly grabbed the small amount of money and miscellaneous items dropped by the bandits before rushing down the mountain. Then they climbed back to the top of the mountain again and hunted the wild animals they encountered on the way. If a monster was found by chance, they would rush over with wide eyes so it wasn't stolen by others. Then once they reached the top of the mountain, they hunted the respawned bandits again.

“Is this a true story?”

There was a lack of mobs. Grid finally grasped the situation and clicked his tongue.

“Why are you hunting here when there aren't many mobs?”

“The hunting grounds are full and there are no available hunting grounds. Bandits are humanoid monsters and give a lot of experience, so we are hunting here instead.”

“What? Does this make sense?”

The Overgeared Kingdom had absorbed the Gauss Kingdom and now the territory was quite large. From low level to high level hunting grounds, there were various types of hunting grounds all over the kingdom. Yet the hunting grounds were full? It was ridiculous unless most players were at the hunting grounds.

“...Ah?”

A chill went down Jishuka's spine. She realized that the villages were as quiet as a dead rat. Only the residents were active on the streets. It was hard to see players anywhere she looked around. Only the players running to and from the general store to buy potions were noticeable.

'Don't tell me?'

Jishuka gulped. Grid had also noticed the identity of the strangeness.

"All the players are out hunting."

Production class users normally didn't flow into the countryside. They preferred the cities with active markets. Thus, she noticed it too late. She never carefully considered why there were fewer people in every village and just took it for granted. It was a judgment that didn't take into account the habits of combat class players who went anywhere there was a hunting ground. Yes, no matter how rural the village, it was normal to be crowded with a certain number of players. The world had changed.

"There seems to be a level up boom."

People were eager to hunt, even in villages. It was just like the rankers. Such an era had come. After that...

"....."

Grid traveled through the south and west of the Gauss Kingdom and once again realized the change in the times. No matter where he went, players were crowding the hunting grounds. The ratio of players who played the game leisurely with the mentality of 'a game is fun' had dramatically decreased. It felt like the players were full of passion.

Duguen!

Grid's heart thumped. The great demons, yangbans, gods, dragons, etc. They were potential enemies that threatened humanity. Grid had felt that players could never be their opponents. Now his heavy shoulders became lighter.

"I'm glad I will have more rivals."

There would come a day when players needed to cooperate with each other. Today's change would be a great strength at that time. Grid's smiling mouth was overflowing with joy. The high ranker Jishuka recognized other players as competitors and she couldn't understand the attitude of the supreme one.

Just then, the castle gates came down and the moat was covered. Hundreds of knights rushed over the bridge that connected the castle and the snowy field. They surrounded Grid and Jishuka, pulled out their swords and saluted them.

"Welcome to the Great Overgeared King Grid!"

"You have suffered coming all this way, Your Majesty."

Duke Steim walked out from among the knights. He had been defending the Overgeared Kingdom from the invasion of barbarians and monsters in the north. Now he was old and haggard. Grid's heart became

heavier once he realized this person didn't have much time left to live. However, he smiled and held Duke Steim's hands.

"You've become stronger in the meantime."

Duke Steim was Irene's father and Grid's oldest guardian. Grid was still polite to him.

Then the smiling Duke Steim whispered in a voice that could only be heard by Grid, "Please go back straight away tonight. This place is dangerous."

"...!"

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"Please go back straight away tonight. This place is dangerous."

'What?'

Duke Steim's whisper filled Grid with doubt.

Frontier—it was the very north and the end of the Overgeared Kingdom. It was surrounded by snowstorms and rugged mountains all year round so communication with the central government wasn't smooth. The basic problem was that it was too far away. The Frontier was a remote area where the anti-Grid forces operated in the dark.

However, things had changed. In the wake of the anti-coalition incident, the alert Grid stationed some of the Overgeared members in the north. He asked them to let him know if anything unusual happened in the north. They empowered Duke Steim, who defended the north alone from the monsters and barbarians beyond the walls and from the internal enemies.

That's right—Grid was able to see the Frontier's situation in near real-time. Until yesterday, there was no incident in Frontier.

'Then what is so dangerous?'

"Let's go into the castle."

A bright smile spread across Duke Steim's face as he raised his head and guided Grid. The serious expression from just now disappeared like he was conscious of someone's eyes.

"You look cold."

Duke Steim took off his cloak and covered Jishuka. Jishuka was the owner of the Red Phoenix Bow and didn't feel very cold, but she didn't see the need to refuse the favor. Thus, she covered herself with the cloak.

"Your Majesty, you don't need it?"

"Of course."

Grid tapped Valhalla and was guided by Duke Steim. Then the moment he arrived at Duke Steim's office, he asked, "Why did you say it was dangerous? Is it the remnants of the Eternal Kingdom?"

“No, they have already been rooted out.”

“Then...?”

“Some of the half-draconians have moved to the Chaos Mountains.”

“...!!”

Beyond the walls, the Chaos Mountains was one of the largest and most rugged mountain ranges in the West Continent. There were eight mountains intertwined like a whirlpool. There was a legend that it was a place where dragons once stayed.

-I heard there were level 400 monsters near the entrance? If you go in a bit deeper, monsters with a level of 500 or higher will appear. What type of guts do the half-draconians have to set up a nest in such a place?

The surprised Jishuka sent him a whisper and Grid shook his head.

-Level 400 or higher monsters will only appear a bit after the entrance. The level of monsters that inhabit the entrance area is an average of 200~300.

-Ah~ the rumors were exaggerated.

-No, not at all.

-...?

-Monsters above level 500 will appear if you only go in a bit deeper. Skunk told me.

-...!

The difficulty level of the Chaos Mountains rose sharply whenever a ridge was crossed. The first ridge was home to monsters ranging from level 200~300 and they were the enemies of the north. The northern army has been fighting with them for hundreds of years. In some cases, elite monsters who deviated from the second and third ridges appeared and were barely blocked by Duke Steim leading the knights. From the fourth ridge onward, the difficulty level was completely different.

Duke Steim had attempted to explore the fourth ridge several times but they always returned in vain. It was rumored that there were monsters twice as powerful as those on the third ridge.

“Is this information accurate? There are many threatening monsters in the Chaos Mountains, even for the half-draconians.”

“This is why they moved to the Chaos Mountains. It is said to be a great place to satisfy the aggressiveness of the half-draconians.”

“Who said that?”

“The half-draconians themselves.”

“Huh?”

“The envoy from the half-draconians came early this morning.” Duke Steim started to tremble. He felt a sense of terror when he remembered the events from just a few hours ago. “The envoy said that by tomorrow morning, we have to bring the most powerful human in this territory to him. He will not invade this land for the rest of his life if he can be happy for even a minute.”

It was the butterfly effect from the Saharan Empire’s policy for unity with other races. The half-draconians had originally been isolated by the Saharan Empire. After regaining their freedom, they came to this faraway place.

“...Since they are a race with high self-esteem, I believe they will abide by their promise.”

The half-draconians were notorious. Even the empire, which once had an extermination policy, was unable to subdue the half-draconians and was wary. Half of the Red Knights, the anti-aircraft division, a great magician, and tens of thousands of troops were stationed there in order to prevent the enemies from crossing the border of the empire.

This meant it was impossible to fight against the half-draconians with the power of the north. The entire Overgeared Kingdom might be able to fight them but great sacrifices would be inevitable.

Duke Steim’s white face suddenly turned to Laden standing next to him. Laden’s expression was determined. “I will bring a lot of happiness to the half-draconians. Your Majesty, My Lord, you don’t have to worry.

“.....”

Finally, it was revealed why Duke Steim had asked Grid to leave. It was because Grid was stronger than Laden. If Grid stayed here until tomorrow morning, he would be the one who would be sacrificed to the half-draconians, not Laden. That’s right—it was already determined that Laden would be sacrificed. It was ironic that the young person who would lead the future of the north must be sacrificed for the north.

“These bastards...!” Jishuka turned red after grasping the situation and shot up from her seat. She seemed ready to fight the half-draconians all by herself.

Grid grasped her wrist and stared straight into Laden’s eyes. “A knight... no, a human.”

Grid recalled it. The days at school where he was treated as a toy by people whose faces he didn’t even remember. He was dispensable to them. No, it shouldn’t have happened.

“You aren’t born to be someone else’s plaything.”

“...!”

“You are being played by trash. Don’t wrap it up with fancy words such as calling it a great sacrifice.”

“...!”

Laden’s expression quickly collapsed. His face twisted with pain and he clenched his fists. The blood that flowed from his hands dripped onto the marble as he spoke, “Then I... What should I do?”

He was born on this land. His family had suffered from the harsh cold and monsters so he deeply respected Duke Steim for protecting his people. He dreamed of becoming a knight. Fortunately, he found that he was talented. From then on, he vowed that he would defend the land and Duke Steim. That's why he was determined to make the sacrifice. Now the king came and shook his world with a few words, causing him to feel a bit resentful.

"....."

Grid rose from his seat while staring into Laden's shaky eyes. A teenager who was still baby-faced the first time they met had grown into a young man of similar age. Grid had heard that Laden already had three children.

Grid was deeply moved and checked the condition of Laden's equipment. Helmet, armor, shoulder guards, gloves, belt, gaiters, shoes, cloak, sword, and shield—Grid contemplated everything using Pagma's Eyes. It was as expected. As a northern knight, his equipment was in excellent condition. Duke Steim didn't spare his support and Laden was armed with unique rated items. Unfortunately, since Laden had become a 'symbol' of the north, there was a lot of equipment that cared more about appearance than practicality. There was also an absence of set items. It was just fortunate that there were many factors involved in being strong.

"What should you do?"

Grid patted Laden's shoulder and approached the window. As he opened the window as if trying to ventilate the office, he declared, "You just have to beat them and kill them."

"...!"

"Aren you going to bring them joy? Bullshit. Just get rid of them."

They needed to warn the arrogant invaders that the inhabitants of this land were strong. They weren't toys who could be played with. Grid would make it that way. The determined Grid's gaze shifted toward the Chaos Mountains beyond the walls. He continued to stare at a ridge until Shunpo activated.

"What can I do...?"

It was the moment when the absent-minded Laden muttered. Grid suddenly disappeared from his spot. Jishuka was left behind with the dumbfounded Duke Steim and Laden and grinned.

"It has been a long time since I've seen him like this."

The reason why Jishuka liked Grid was his outspoken words and actions. She liked the imposing personality that expressed his feelings honestly without looking around him. She thought it was hundreds of times better than those who were a gentleman on the surface while having sinister plans behind the scenes.

"Beating them to a pulp... so cool."

"....."

"....."

Duke Steim and Laden were silent because they were embarrassed by Jishuka's sudden blush.

'Oh, I think this place is okay for me?'

The Chaos Mountains were infested with high level monsters and weren't used as a hunting ground because of the terrible environment. There were blizzards that cut the flesh, poison in the frozen air, swamps that corroded equipment, and traps naturally formed by all types of poisonous plants and thorns. There were too many restrictions for players.

According to Skunk's advice, the basic conditions to act here was at least 90% cold resistance, 80% poison resistance, and level 5 advanced trap searching skills. It was said that if a player didn't want to lose an item the moment they fell into a swamp, they needed equipment with at least 800 durability.

'I'm worried about the traps but I can detect them with my transcendent senses.'

For Grid, the cold and poison were no obstacles. Additionally, most of his equipment had infinite durability. Grid lightly avoided all sorts of traps and crossed the fourth ridge. The monsters here were close to level 450 but they weren't a threat to Grid at all. The monsters resembling an Archaeopteryx were difficult but they became relatively easy with the help of the God Hands.

'It could be a bit dangerous here.'

Grid quickly crossed the fifth ridge and stopped for a moment. The lava golems who created flames in the cold made him feel puzzled.

'480.'

Grid frowned when he saw the information of the monster that appeared on the snowy field covering the swamp. The enlightenment effect meant the experience he gained noticeably increased but he had no time to be happy. If the half-draconians' base was deeper than this, it meant their average level was over 500.

It wasn't possible. Laden was a named NPC called the best genius of the north but he was still only level 380. Perhaps it was due to his youth but the growth rate was on the lower side.

'It will be difficult to narrow the 200 level difference, no matter how well equipped.'

The stats had an awakening effect every 100 levels. The difference between level 499 and 500 was as large as the difference between heaven and earth. The prerequisite for Laden to fight a half-draconian and win was for the half-draconian to be level 400.

'As Teruchan proved, the level of other species was high but it is only for named NPCs.'

No matter how terrible the half-draconians were, the level of the ordinary ones should be in the 400s. The speed of Grid's thinking increased. The deeper he went into the mountains, the noisier he became. In order to attract the attention of the half-draconians, he deliberately used loud skills and killed monsters with flashy skills. The effect was certain.

"A human? Hahat! You are too impatient! We said that we would see you tomorrow morning!"

A half-draconian appeared. The surprising thing was that this guy attacked the moment he found Grid.

'The contract effect is useless.'

As the Different Species' King, Grid signed a contract with Hao and enjoyed the passive effect of somewhat reducing the aggressiveness of the half-draconians. That's why he thought it would be possible to have a conversation, but there was nothing like that.

The half-draconian race itself was violent. This was good from Grid's point of view. Grid reflected the attack with Revolve and charged at the surprised half-draconian while smiling grimly.

'Let's see what their weaknesses are.'

Tomorrow morning...

The half-draconians would be dumbfounded when they were countered by Laden's items. They wouldn't enjoy it. They would regret it. They would taste the horror.

[Chapter 1234](#)

"A human? Hahat! You are too impatient! We said that we would see you tomorrow morning!"

A half-draconian, Heltavon, came after discovering the unexpected guest. He was extremely excited. A human was slaughtering monsters alone in the Chaos Mountains? It was natural to look forward to it.

'I didn't expect there to be a person soloing in such a remote place! It is interesting!'

The world had changed a lot while they were trapped in the imperial walls. It was worthwhile to throw away the frogs in the well who wanted to play with the empire to wander through the mountains.

Duguen!Duguen!

Heltavon's heartbeat sped up. The blood of the evil dragon Bunhelier that flowed through his veins boiled hot. The innate aggressiveness of the half-draconians poured out. "Well, I don't care if I fight tomorrow or not. I will start the fight straight away. Right?"

It was well known that the half-draconians were mountain dwellers. However, it was still a problem for them to be fully self-sufficient when it came to food, clothing, housing, and transportation. This was why the half-draconians had prepared an event for Duke Steim.

They planned to use Frontier as a supply base to stay in the Chaos Mountains for a while and engage in a frenzied struggle with the monsters. In front of the inhabitants of Frontier, they planned to slaughter the most powerful talent in order to dominate Frontier's people and gain a tribute of food, clothing, and especially alcohol. The most important thing to Heltavon wasn't the plan but the pleasure of the moment. He was just pushing forward the event that was scheduled for tomorrow.

"Hahahat! Let's give it a try!" Heltavon yelled with a laugh and fired a Breath.

The dizzying blizzard was dispersed by the black ray of light. The black-haired man standing in the center of the open landscape was clearly captured in Heltavon's vision. At this moment...

'What?'

Heltavon's mood became strange. His excited heart calmed down a bit. It was the first time he had ever calmed down in front of an opponent.

'It was a mistake.'

Heltavon shook off his distracted thoughts. The Breath he shot was already reaching the chest of the black-haired human. Then—

"Revolve."

Grid hit it back easily. Heltavon was flying forward to attack only to become perplexed as the human reflected his Breath.

'Isn't he quite good?'

Heltavon's body became stiff for a moment as he blocked the reflected Breath. However, his eyes didn't stop moving as he pursued the human's movements.

'Pretty fast?'

Heltavon didn't avoid the attack of the human who appeared from the side. The sharp cuts or stabs didn't threaten his scales. At least, it had been like that so far. The single-digit Red Knights learned that even a sword full of aura couldn't cut the scales of a half-draconian and switched to blunt weapons.

"...Kuock!"

Heltavon wanted to grasp the human only to let out a scream when his back was cut.

'What?'

It was a strange pain. Heltavon examined his back with a shaky gaze. Blood spurted. The scales cut by the human's sword fell onto the snow field.

"I was cut?'

Heltavon hurriedly spread out his wings. There was a strong gust of wind that shook the human. Heltavon didn't miss this gap and raised his knee to hit the human's side. It was a fast and sharp attack that the 5th Red Knight had barely responded to, yet the black-haired man grasped it with his hand. It was proof that he wasn't inferior to Heltavon when it came to both strength and speed.

'The level of the 2nd Knight?'

Heltavon fully grasped the black-haired human's skills and wasn't panicked. He wasn't even excited. He had calmed down from the moment he encountered the human. He was calm and sober, just like the festival (duel) between his kind to determine their 'rating.' That's right—Heltavon's condition was the best when his aggressiveness was suppressed. It was the effect of Grid's contract with Hao.

Heltavon's left knee was held in the hand of the human, causing him to spin backwards and throw a right kick. Grid pulled his head back to avoid it but something stretched out. Sharp and hard claws emerged from Heltavon's feet and brushed past Grid's neck. The attack was only two centimeters deep but it cut Grid's artery, dealing him the 'bleeding' and 'unable to recover' states.

“Hrmm...”

Grid had to let go of Heltavon’s knee to avoid the attack and took the opportunity to step back. Then he asked directly, “What is your level?”

“What?”

“I’m asking you whether you’re strong or weak among the half-draconians.”

According to the information Grid recently received from Hao, the half-draconians were a mixed-breed born from the evil dragon Bunhelier and a human. This meant that the blood of a real dragon flowed through the bodies of the half-draconians. However, Grid didn’t shrink back. He had already experienced it with the Twilight Orcs. It was a race that could eventually be selected by players so Grid’s analyzed that the half-draconians weren’t strong enough to violate common sense. Hao had agreed with him.

The blood of a dragon might be flowing through the veins of the half-draconians, but the blood was already weak. Grid thought there would be ordinary members of the half-draconians, unless they were classified as named. Still, it was a bit surprising. Heltavon was quite strong but he wasn’t named based on the color of his name. It could be considered mid-tier among the single-digit Red Knights.

‘It would be a pain if he is an average half-draconian.’

Laden’s potential was explosive but his current growth was low. Even if he became overgeared, the odds of defeat were high if he fought against half-draconians stronger than Heltavon.

‘Do I need to change my plan?’

The reason why Grid didn’t want to directly fight against the half-draconians tomorrow was because he considered a number of situations.

First of all, he didn’t like that he had to personally come forward to deal with rude invaders. If he had to go out personally whenever something happened, it would give a bad impression to the outside and wouldn’t be good for the morale of the people.

The north was also one of the most important borders in the Overgeared Kingdom. The north had prevented the invasion of monsters for many years and were recognized as the elites of the Overgeared Kingdom. It had to be so. Grid wanted to use this chance to prove that the public awareness of the north was true by empowering Laden. He might not be confident but he wanted Laden to do his part.

‘However, it will all be ruined if Laden is killed.’

Heltavon replied to the frustrated Grid, “Huhut, don’t you know when you see it? I am strong among my people. Of course, I’m just a child compared to Helena.”

“...Really? The half-draconian who was sent as an envoy earlier in the day is called Helena?”

“Are you an idiot? It is enough to send a low-grade warrior to be an envoy to humans!”

This was good news. Grid’s expression relaxed. “Then the half-draconian who will fight Frontier’s strongest tomorrow isn’t Helena but a low-grade warrior?”

“Huhut, of course.”

“I’m glad to hear that.”

“What? Why are you glad? Do you think you will win if you fight a low-grade warrior?”

“If you are a low-grade warrior then I will win...”

“Haha! What a funny little kid! I haven’t revealed my skills yet!”

“Additionally, I’m not the strongest person in Frontier.”

“...!”

Heltavon’s face stiffened for the first time. The human being in front of him was surprisingly strong. He thought it would be hard for a low-grade warrior to win against the human so Heltavon wanted to get rid of him on the spot.

‘Yet there is someone stronger than this guy?’

Were there two talented people equivalent to the Red Knights living in kingdoms other than the empire? The world had changed so much. It seemed that the empire had become a pushover without knowing it.

‘If it was the empire of the past, they would’ve cut off the talented buds of other kingdoms in advance. Now they can’t even control this much?’

It tasted bad from the moment they started talking nonsense about unity.

‘In any case, it is dangerous. I should suggest to Helena to change the list of envoys sent to Frontier tomorrow.’

Before that, naturally—

‘I have to get rid of this guy.’

Heltavon laughed. Heltavon’s bones grew rapidly. The clothes made of leather were all torn and the scales that had only covered the vital parts of the body extended to all over the body. Soon after Heltavon was covered with scales, he spread his wings and gave off a pressure that oppressed Grid.

‘Is this a true half-draconian?’

Grid glanced at Heltavon’s hands and feet, which were large enough to remind him of the giant, Radwolf. Then Grid fired a Magic Missile first. The gust that occurred when Heltavon covered himself with his wings twisted the trajectory of Magic Missile.

‘It is conditional anti-magic.’

There was no need for Laden to worry about this. Laden was a knight. He didn’t use magic.

‘Then what about this?’

Grid took out a spare spear from his inventory and fired it using Spear Shot. Once again, a gust came from Heltavon’s wings and blew the spear off track.

‘It isn’t anti-magic but anti-projectiles.’

There seemed to be no cooldown. However, based on the way the waist lowered slightly after covering himself with the wings, it seemed to cause an 'immobile' state for a moment.

'If so?'

Grid fired a Magic Missile and then immediately launched himself into the air to use Kill. It was as expected. The attack speed of Kill was enough to respond to Heltavon's agility. Heltavon, who was unable to move due wrapping his body with wings, couldn't avoid it and had to block by raising his two arms.

[The target has received 179,080 damage.]

'...Isn't this a bit bad?'

The attack power of Kill was the best out of single sword dances. The concept of defense itself was meaningless in front of it. Considering Grid's attack power and the damage factor of Kill, the fact that it only caused 180,000 damage meant that the defense of the half-draconian's scales had reached the highest level.

'It will be very difficult for Laden, whose attack power is four times lower than mine, to break through the defenses of the half-draconians... Huh?'

Grid frowned as he was recalling Laden's stats information and skills list.

[The effect of Kill has disarmed the target for one second.]

"...!"

Heltavon's scales that collided with Kill were temporarily falling off. It meant that the scales of a half-draconian were judged as armor. Grid immediately responded by using Link. He confirmed the damage done to Heltavon's arms that lost the scales and couldn't help smiling.

'The defense will be reduced by twice as much after losing the scales.'

He determined what weapon he would make for Laden.

"You!"

Heltavon was launching a counter-attack. He grasped Grid's shoulder and the shoulder guards made a loud noise. However, the durability was infinite so it wasn't damaged. The shape was distorted but it was immediately restored due to the recovery effect. Heltavon lifted Grid with Grid force before slamming him into the ground. It was a skill reminiscent of Bubat's CC.

'It is dangerous. I should widen the distance.'

Grid was thinking when something slammed into his chest! Heltavon's feet fell. He had decided to kill Grid immediately and opened his mouth to fire a Breath.

'I can't avoid this.'

The Breath's power was tremendous when fired from close range. It was physically impossible to avoid or counterattack when he was in this captured state. However, Grid used the God Hands to block it.

“...?!”

The flustered Heltavon stomped his foot to trample on Grid’s chest again. Then he used the recoil to jump up. Grid instantly raised himself to aim for this gap, only for the sharp tail to sweep by the tip of his nose.

‘He purposely gave me an opportunity to stand up in order to slash my neck with his tail.’

After reading Heltavon’s intentions, Grid widened the distance and watched Heltavon’s tail closely. Then he used Shunpo to attack the tail. Heltavon’s tail that collided with the Enlightenment Sword was as hard as a sword. It held out against the sword without being cut.

‘Is the tail also classified as equipment?’

Grid once again used Kill. It was possible because the cooldown was reset from the effect of God’s Command. Once again, the target was the tail.

“Bah! Stupid fool! Does the tail look like a weakness?” Heltavon snorted. His tail was fine despite being hit with Kill. It wasn’t affected by the disarming effect.

Grid nodded. Subsequently, Mercedes’ Keen Insight was transplanted into his eyes.

“I have to be most careful about the tail. It is hard, sharp and rotates 360 degrees so the range of application is very wide.”

“...?” At this time, Heltavon felt a sense of strangeness. It was like the human in front of him was dissecting him like a frog. It was an unpleasant sensation. “What are you doing? Do you have no intention of fighting?”

“Tell me. Do you have anything more to show?” Grid asked Heltavon, who was gritting his teeth.

“This guy!”

A lion wasn’t afraid of a rabbit. It was because he knew he wouldn’t be eaten by a rabbit. This was the difference in species. Yes, Heltavon couldn’t properly recognize the danger of the human in front of him. It wasn’t a matter of his vigilance.

“...Eh?”

Heltavon had been attacking Grid for a long time only to pause. The hot heat that he started to feel perplexed him. At the same time, the world changed. The mountains and unstoppable blizzard suddenly disappeared and only a world of flames existed. No, looking closely, there were also sharp, silver colored sword energies in his field of view.

“What...?”

The fear of the unknown was great. Grid’s cold voice entered Heltavon’s ear, “I’ve learned enough about your standards. Let’s end this.”

Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. The image of ruin merged with the image of the infinite sword energy. Dozens of dragon-like blades of sword energy poured out like raging waves, slamming into the half-draconian. Heltavon met his demise at the hands of Grid and became Grid’s nutrients.

[Chapter 1235](#)

Bright orange hair that was like looking at the sun—it felt like the sun in the sky, which had been hidden by the blizzard, had actually fallen to the ground.

“57 minutes.”

Helena swept back her fluttering hair and looked around. The last ridge of the Chaos Mountains...

For the first time since she arrived, she was left alone in a place filled with vicious monsters. However, she knew it was just a short silence. In a few seconds, new monsters would rush in and Helena didn't have the health left to handle them.

“Huhuhu...”

A smile spread on Helena's cold face. It was a beautiful smile but it was actually filled with ridicule. She ridiculed the people who remained in their homeland, obsessed with the notion that 'there is no better toy than the empire.'

'I'm looking forward to their disappointment when they realize sooner or later that the empire isn't worth playing with.'

“Helena!”

How much further would she have to progress if she wanted to fight non-stop on the seventh ridge? Helena was returning to the sixth ridge in a joyful state when she stopped. A half-draconian, Jad, had found her and was running toward her.

“What is it?” Helena asked in a cold manner.

Unfortunately, the 20 half-draconians who came to the Chaos Mountains with her weren't loved. The intention was too obvious. They were all males who were eager to be chosen as Helena's mate but it wasn't possible. Helena wanted her partner to unconditionally be stronger than her.

“Heltavon's energy has disappeared!”

“I know.”

“...!”

“I can feel whether the person with the name of Hel is dead or alive even if he is far away.”

Bun and Hel—the lineage of their ancestors still existed a thousand years later. All the lords of the half-draconians were named after Bun and Hel. This time, it was Helena's turn to be the lord. It was based on the rule that the descendants of Bun and Hel should be lords in turn.

However, Helena couldn't become the lord. It was the aftermath of her proposal to move all the half-draconians to the Chaos Mountains when she was about to be elected as the next lord. There was a backlash about the noble half-draconians needing to mingle with monsters who had nothing but instincts. This caused Helena's position to weaken.

The result meant that for the first time in the history of the half-draconians, a person with the name of Bun was elected as the lord two consecutive times. Helena had felt ashamed at that time but she soon realized it was a great opportunity. The turning point was the visit of one of the Seven Dukes, Spear Saint Rachel.

The person who visited the half-draconians without any fear was weak compared to Helena's standards. Compared to the days when they were the Nine Dukes, not the Seven Dukes, the level was poor, yet the senior warriors couldn't handle her easily. The empire had weakened over the years but the strength of the half-draconians, who were accustomed to playing with the empire, also declined.

Bunsel, the one who took Helena's place as the lord, also knew this fact. It was just that he was born with the destiny of not being the lord. Thus, his obsession with being the lord was amazing. He turned away from the visible truth and encouraged his people to play with the empire.

This was an opportunity for Helena. As Bunsel was obsessively clinging to the lord's position, she left their home that had fallen to being a playground that wasn't fun at all. She persuaded her fellow people to join her but only 20 males followed her. Heltavon was one of them. Helena's expectations for him were low from the very beginning.

"He was at a level that he would be killed by the monsters of the sixth ridge. I'm thankful that he perished rather than survived tenaciously to tarnish the name of Hel."

"T-That's right. Haha..."

The monsters of the sixth ridge were too strong. One monster was stronger than 100 elite troops of the empire and their breeding power was limitless, so they were dangerous. Jad had such worries so the death of one of the strong warriors, Heltavon, came as a worry. Nonetheless, once Helena reacted coldly, he couldn't speak anymore and could only smile. Helena passed him to enter the shabby hut. She got into a small bathtub and asked, "Are you going to accompany the envoy to Frontier tomorrow?"

"Yes, I'll bring back a lot of dresses for Helena to wear." Jad answered while picking up the clothes that Helena had thrown carelessly. He was unfamiliar with Helena's clothes becoming rags in only one battle.

She had killed a single digit Red Knight of the empire and 10,000 troops without a single drop of blood falling on her clothes. This made him wonder about the strength of the monsters inhabiting the seventh ridge.

Duguen!Duguen!

Helena scoffed at Jad, who was dominated by aggressiveness and was staring at the seventh ridge.

"You can try it if you want to die a worse death than Heltavon."

"N-No. Haha... I will go to Frontier first."

"Bring wine when you come back."

"I'll bring it by the wagonload!"

Jad left the hut and Helena watched him. For the two of them, Frontier wasn't a wealthy city on the outskirts. It looked like any ordinary human land that could be controlled in one breath.

In Frontier's central square...

The place that originally had no room to move was currently completely blocked off.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

The sound of nailing and sawing never stopped. Hundreds of carpenters were building a stage next to the beautiful fountain. It was Laden's tomb. The carpenters didn't know it but Laden did.

"....."

Laden recalled the calm dawn.

The envoy of the half-draconians had showed off his fearsome presence as he invaded the castle and stepped onto the terrace that only the lord could step foot on. He came to Frontier and pointed to the huge square in the center of the city.

"Build a stage there. Tomorrow morning, in front of all the people watching, I will fight the strongest person of Frontier. Don't use someone weak as a sacrifice. If the person you send out is terrible and makes us feel bored, we'll slaughter half the inhabitants of this city."

It was a one-sided notification. It was a death sentence for Laden. After the brief meeting, Laden had felt the difference in skills and fell into deep despair. Nevertheless, Laden had no intention of fleeing. He became a knight to protect Duke Steim. It was impossible for him to abandon his master and people to flee.

Duguen!

As the carpenters built the stage, Laden's heartbeat became faster.

Duguen!

Once the staircase of the stage was completed, Laden's heart sank. The staircase looked like the mouth of a vicious demon leading him to hell. A huge fear started to rule him but he didn't express it.

"Laden."

"My Lord!"

Laden stood staring blankly at the stage, only to be startled and bowed his head. Duke Steim was approaching him. Usually, he would've already read the duke's mind and was prepared. Laden was aware of his poor condition and tried to control his mind. Duke Steim clenched his trembling hands tightly.

"Run away."

This was what he wanted to say from the very beginning.

Duke Steim had been watching Laden since Laden was a child and he regarded Laden as his own child. It was Laden who comforted Irene after she just got married and then became lonely when her husband,

Grid, left on his adventures. Laden's upright character was Duke Steim's pride and his outstanding talent was Duke Steim's joy.

Duke Steim had no intention of allowing Laden to die in vain when he should grow to become one of the pillars supporting the Overgeared Kingdom. The reason he couldn't tell Laden to run away was to protect Laden's pride. How could he ignore a knight's determination to fight? He was just silent, supporting Laden while praying for a miracle to happen.

Then an hour ago, he happened to see it. The helpless Laden was filled with hope due to a few words spoken by King Grid. It was only a short time but Duke Steim clearly witnessed it. He felt a desire to preserve Laden's life.

"I'll take care of the half-draconian so you should go to Reinhardt for a while. Assist the prince and His Majesty. Then decide whether you want to come back here in the future depending on His Majesty's orders."

Duke Steim might not fall into the category of a genius but there was nothing shameful about his combat talent. He was strong. That's why he was able to protect the North. He might be old and frail but his experiences over the years had permeated into his body. It meant there was enough talent to protect the people from the half-draconians.

'It is right for me to step out.'

His life was going to end soon anyway. Rather than waiting for death in vain, it was right to protect Laden and his kingdom.

"Don't worry. The half-draconians are after the supplies of Frontier, not its destruction. It doesn't matter as long as the people are safe. In the future, King Grid will defeat the half-draconians and govern Frontier in a more correct manner."

The reason for Duke Steim's failure to respond to the crisis was simple. There was no time. The half-draconians who couldn't be dealt with using Frontier's power had suddenly appeared, giving him no time to do anything. He could only close both eyes and be inevitably beaten.

In the end, it was a problem that time would solve. Duke Steim had no doubt that the Overgeared Kingdom would defeat the half-draconians and liberate Frontier.

"No." Laden shook his head. He had been obedient to Duke Steim no matter the time and circumstances. Now he rebelled for the first time. "I will fight."

Laden didn't feel the need to speak a lot. He was just stating the obvious. Suddenly, someone appeared and empowered Laden's words.

"Of course. Father-in-law's words were rude... it isn't good to play into the hands of uncivilized invaders."

"...Your Majesty!"

Duke Steim and Laden were amazed. They were surprised that Grid suddenly disappeared and reappeared again in the midst of the conversation.

Although Jishuka had told them, 'You only need to believe in Grid', they didn't have a sense of reality because they weren't in a position to understand the situation. They didn't know where Grid had gone and when he would come back. So why would they act with Grid in mind?

Grid explained to the dumbfounded Duke Steim, "I'm back from hunting a half-draconian. Father-in-law, I didn't explain it because I was going to come back quickly anyway. I'm sorry for the inconvenience."

"...You came back from hunting a half-draconian?"

It had only been an hour since Grid disappeared. In an hour, he flew to the Chaos Mountains, hunted a half-draconian, and returned? It was Duke Steim who had shouted 'My son-in-law is the best in the continent!' since the days of the Eternal Kingdom but he couldn't believe what Grid was saying now.

"First, let's go to practice."

Grid picked up the absent-minded Duke Steim and flew in the direction of the castle. Laden chased with all his might but he soon fell behind, unable to narrow the distance to Grid, who was flying while carrying Duke Steim. He felt the huge wall that existed between Grid and himself.

Duguen!

Laden's heart jumped again. This time, it wasn't because of despair. He was excited by the huge hope that couldn't be compared to the desperation the half-draconians had given him.

[Chapter 1236](#)

"The appearance of a half-draconian is the same as a human but it is different when they take off their clothes. There are scales covering every important part so the key is to aim for this. You can't cut the scales with ordinary sword techniques."

Laden arrived at the training ground after Grid and listened carefully.

Only one hour...

In that short time, Grid claimed that he had returned from hunting a half-draconian. It was physically impossible. First of all, he was bound by the concept of distance. However, it was the truth. Their king had performed many miracles and wouldn't joke about this.

"The shape of the scales is like this..."

Grid explained by drawing a picture. The visual representation of the blade sliding against the scales helped Laden understand.

[The skill 'Beginner Arts' has been acquired!]

[It perfectly represents the scale of the half-draconians who are rarely seen. Upgraded from Beginner Arts to Intermediate Arts!]

It was thanks to the high dexterity. The things that Grid did with his hand were more than the basics.

“This is why a half-draconian’s transformation is terrifying. The moment they transform, their whole body,, with the exception of their face, will be covered with scales, turning their whole body into a weapon...”

Grid quantified the physical characteristics, combat methods, attributes, and techniques of the half-draconians as well as detailed specifications such as attack, defense, magic power, and resistance. In only an hour, he had become an expert in the half-draconians. It was as if he studied the half-draconians for decades. By now, Laden’s mind had become a bit unsettled. The king wouldn’t lie but Laden was worried that he might be slightly bluffing.

On the other hand, Duke Steim’s eyes glowed brightly. “As expected of Your Majesty! You are my son-in-law! My daughter isn’t worth it!”

“No, Irene is too good for me. I’ve always been a poor husband to her while she has been the best wife. It isn’t regretful, Father-in-law.”

“Your Majesty...!”

“.....”

This was true trust. Laden felt ashamed when he saw Duke Steim, who absolutely trusted Grid. He rebuked himself for daring to doubt King Grid.

Grid explained for the next few minutes before asking Laden, “Is it drawn in your head?”

Laden was a genius. He immediately grasped the point of the question and nodded. “Yes, the information given by Your Majesty is so vast and detailed that it is easily drawn.”

It was a virtual image of a half-draconian. Now Laden was able to bring the middle-class half-draconian called Helvaton into his mind. It was now possible to engage in a virtual battle. It was the result of the perfect combination of Laden’s talent and the accurate information provided by Keen Insight.

Grid nodded and pulled out the portable furnace and white phosphorus wood. “Okay, from now on, I will be blacksmithing. Be sure to accumulate combat experience.”

Then Grid took out an anvil and hammer. Blacksmithing on the training field...

From a general standpoint, it was a very unusual scene. However, Laden and the people of the Overgeared Kingdom never forgot that Grid was a blacksmith.

“Yes! I will obey your order!” Laden answered vigorously and closed his eyes after pulling out his sword and shield. He made a virtual half-draconian and placed it in front of himself.

“Keuk!”

The virtual half-draconian Heltavon was based on Grid’s information and boasted tremendous physical ability. He laughed at Laden, quickly narrowed the distance, and neutralized the shield with technique. Once Laden’s shield fell to the ground, he fired a Breath and turned Laden to ashes.

“Pant...Pant!”

In the first virtual battle, Laden died within 20 seconds and gasped as he opened his eyes. Grid was just lighting the firewood. He glanced at the sweaty Laden and scolded, "Is it finished already? You fought a transformed one from the beginning?"

"Since the transformation is their power, I thought I could only practice after they are transformed."

"Hmm... Try it at your own pace."

If he could kill a half-draconian before they transformed then there was no need to assume the state of transformation. However, Laden didn't have that much firepower. The convinced Grid started using the bellows while Laden closed his eyes, made the virtual Heltavon and started fighting again.

This time, he discarded his sword and shield to hold a mace and short spear. The greatest strength of the knight class was the ability to handle all weapons skillfully. Laden's spear-throwing skills were excellent. His spear flew in a straight line and quickly reached Heltavon. Laden was already running behind the spear. It was intended to exploit the half-draconians' weakness of blocking projectiles using the wings. However, an unexpected variable occurred.

Tong!

Heltavon didn't fold his wings and just let Laden's short spear hit his body. Then Laden's spear fell to the ground without even scratching the scales. Heltavon grabbed Laden's face with one hand and smiled. It was a smile that mocked the fearless prey who came running in on its own. Laden's shaky gaze saw Heltavon's mouth open. Soon after, the Breath was fired.

"...Pant!Pant!Pant!"

He lost once again but Laden's face was surprisingly bright. Unlike the first confrontation where he didn't even try, he had no regrets about the second confrontation. His heart felt clear.

'This is a combat race that is good at combat. He understood that my attack wasn't dangerous and ignored it...'

Grid's explanation made it seem that the half-draconian had an 'instinct' to block projectiles. Grid said that once anything was thrown, the half-draconian would fold his wings to defend. However, this was the result because the opponent was Grid. He would've folded his wings because he couldn't withstand Grid's attack power.

"Um...? Cough, cough."

There was still time. He would try a bit more. Laden coughed as he was rising from his seat. Looking around, he noticed that everywhere was filled with smoke. It was smoke from the fire. Frontier Castle's special training ground for its knights was hundreds of square meters but it was indoors so the ventilation wasn't good. It didn't take long for the smoke from the portable furnace to fill the training ground.

"Cough..."

Duke Steim seemed uncomfortable. Laden pulled out a handkerchief and politely handed it to him before turning his attention to Grid. After he finished with the bellows, Grid took out a dark bead that

Laden saw for the first time in his life. Then Grid entered the smelting stage. He didn't seem to care about the smoke.

'Ah!'

Laden recalled the environment of the Chaos Mountains. It was a place where it was hard to breathe. Laden seemed to figure out the king's intentions behind burning firewood indoors in a chimney-free room.

'His Majesty is deliberately recreating the environment of the Chaos Mountains... Yes, I'm fighting in the Chaos Mountains, just like His Majesty.'

If he could adapt to this, it would be possible to easily react to all types of situations when fighting with the half-draconians in Frontier. Laden once again closed his eyes. Now he was standing in the Chaos Mountains. He started fighting in a much harsher environment than before. Then he was repeatedly defeated, defeated, and defeated again by Heltavon. He repeated almost 100 battles until his physical strength and mental strength reached the limits, yet he lasted over one minute in only four battles.

"Um, okay."

Grid finished hammering. The object he made with all his heart was a dark iron rod. A hollow iron rod. In that empty space, Grid inserted a sharp, thorn-like blade. A thin, short blade was snugly tucked into the iron rod.

"...?"

What was this? The tool that had a completely new form sparked Laden's curiosity but it was only for a moment. Laden's concentration was very good. He recalled his duty and closed his eyes again. He had a virtual enemy in his head and the environment was calm. The embers of the portable furnace used by Grid were extinguished and the smoke was dissipating. Laden's vision and breathing returned to normal.

"Hahahat!"

In Laden's imagination, the half-draconian who had won many battles was arrogant. He smiled and rushed to Laden. This didn't mean he was careless. All the judgments and actions of the half-draconian were sophisticated. The half-draconian flapped his wings. Laden withstood the wind pressure with the shield. Then he blocked the incoming kick with the mace.

There was a very small scratch on the scales of the half-draconian's shin that collided with the mace and Laden remembered it. There was no momentary disturbance in the breathing of the virtual half-draconian who was a collection of all the information Grid had gathered with Keen Insight.

The half-draconian's punches and kicks continued to be linked. It was like a waterfall and Laden was continuously suppressed. After a kick to the ankle and a scratch to the face, the half-draconian aimed at the lower body to break Laden's balance. Once this failed, he rotated and kicked the top.

At first, Laden failed to cope for five seconds against this anomalous offensive, which changed depending on the situation. Now it was after 100 battles and he got used to it, allowing him to use the shield more actively. He moved the shield quicker than before and held the shield more exquisitely. The momentum of the half-draconian's attacks gradually weakened, slowly but surely.

'Now!'

The shield blocked the attack at a 90 degree angle and the half-draconian's leg soared into the air. Afterwards, Laden aimed at the shin with the mace. Then—

For the first time, the scales of the half-draconian were broken.

'Ahh!'

Laden was thrilled. Breaking the scales was only the first step in attacking the half-draconians. The scales were destroyed but the half-draconian's subsequent move blew away Laden's head.

"...Pant!"

Laden was once again defeated in battle. Grid looked at him fighting alone for a few hours and beckoned.

"Come here."

"Yes!"

Laden was indeed an example of a knight. He ran straight to Grid despite his extreme fatigue. Grid handed him the black iron rod.

"How is the grip?"

"The grip is much more familiar than a weapon I have been using for 10 years."

It wasn't flattery. Laden said exactly what he felt as he swung the iron rod. It had the right weight so the power was properly channeled. Above all, he felt that the energy of the iron itself was unusual.

"Isn't there a button on the handle? Press it."

Laden pressed the button and a blade sprang out of the iron rod. The speed was like lightning and the momentum was considerable. It was a concealed weapon. Laden repeatedly retracted and extended the blade and gradually became accustomed to using the iron rod. Indeed, it was a high quality and adaptable weapon for someone with Weapons Mastery.

Grid nodded with a satisfied expression and explained to Laden. "It is a great anti-draconian weapon. The Black Tortoise's Breath in the iron rod will corrode the scales of the half-draconians. Hit them with the iron rod, break the scales, and then insert the blade. How about it? Isn't it simple?"

"Yes!"

Laden was a knight. Originally, he would've felt repulsed to use a concealed weapon. However, he was currently in a position to argue over it. His fate was at stake. Nevertheless, he felt a bit dubious. Not only was the black tortoise god unfamiliar to him, it was questionable if this thin blade could penetrate the skin of the half-draconians. Grid took back the iron rod and slit his wrist with a knife.

"Your Majesty!"

Duke Steim and Laden's faces were white with astonishment from Grid's self-harming behavior. Grid gestured at them to retreat and dripped blood from his wrist onto the iron rod. Then he slightly heated the iron rod using the residual heat of the furnace and started to temper it.

He was intent on reproducing the Thorn of Deep Grievance. It was a weapon that ignored the target's defense to a certain extent and had the best skills, 'Cursed Bloodline' and 'Laceration.' In particular, it had the skill Laceration that dealt fixed damage equivalent to 60% of the target's maximum health.

The higher the level of the target, the more often it failed to trigger. The level of Grid's opponents were usually so high that he ignored this skill, but this time Laden would face a 'low-grade' opponent. To put it another way, it was a low level opponent.

'It'll work.'

The Black Tortoise Thorn (stage name) would surely break the scales of the enemy and pierce the heart.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

The tempering was coming to an end. A new form of weapon containing Grid's blood was completed at Grid's fingertips while he was in a trance.

[The 'Blood King's Blood' has permeated the production item...]

[Chapter 1237](#)

[The 'Blood King's Blood' has permeated the production item...]

'Blood King's Blood?'

The Blood King was just of the Grid's many aspects. It was also only a small proportion. Yet the system stated that Grid's blood was the blood of the Blood King. This meant that, at least when it comes to blood, the status of the Blood King would take precedence. It was like Pagma's Descendant took precedence when he was holding a hammer, the Duke of Wisdom class was highlighted when attacking with magic or the Magic Swordsman of the Epics when swinging a sword?

The blood-soaked Black Tortoise Thorn was dyed red. It still looked black in the darkness but it was red in the light. It was the moment when the iron bar, which felt heavy and cold, transformed into a beautiful handicraft.

'It doesn't suit me.'

The artistry was too high. The size itself was small, making it a suitable weapon for slim men—like Braham and Kraugel—and women. Grid didn't like it but he decided not to worry too much about it since it wasn't his favorite weapon type anyway.

"...What?"

Grid's eyes widened when he brought up the details of the finished item.

[Vicious Black Tortoise Thorn with the Blood of the Blood King]

[Rating: Legendary (Growth)]

Set Item (Black Tortoise Set)

Durability (Iron Bar): 890/890 Attack Power (Iron Bar): 560

- * 70% bonus poison attribute damage.
- * 70% bonus water attribute damage.
- * There is a normal chance of poisoning the target when attacking.
- * When defending, there is a normal probability of activating 'Spray.' Items that encounter Spray will have the chance of becoming 'corroded.'
- * When attacking or defending, there is a normal probability of disarming the target's items.
- * When attacking or defending, there is a very rare chance of completely destroying the target's items.
- ★ When hitting a 'corroded' item, there is a very high probability of completely destroying the target's items.

Durability (Thorn): 120/120 Attack Power (Thorn): 1,160

- * When attacking, there is a low probability of ignoring 50% of the target's defense.
- * When attacking, there is a very low probability of completely ignoring the target's defense.
- ★ When attacking a disarmed enemy, the skill 'Kill with a Ferocious Pierce' will occur. The target hit by Kill with a Ferocious Pierce will receive fixed damage equal to 60% of their current health. At this time, it will cause the 'excessive bleeding' condition that ignores the target's resistance.

A weapon born from the fingertips of the blacksmith Grid, who has temporarily become comparable to a god.

The materials are Greed with all its properties erased, the enhanced Black Tortoise's Breath, and the blood of the Blood King.

The shape of the iron bar is designed to be simple for anyone to use and the harmonious sense of color is very beautiful. The thorn hidden in the iron bar seems to represent the teeth of the black tortoise stretching out like an awl.

- * The skill 'Crouch Down' will be created.
- * The passive skill 'Incarnation of Poison' will be created.

★ Black Tortoise Set Effect

Once three set items are equipped, attack speed is increased by 10% and the probability of inflicting abnormal statuses will increase by 15%.]

It was a surprisingly good item when looking at it. The destruction characteristics, skills, and set effects all showed Grid's intention behind making the item. He was forced to delete the properties of Greed because it was for Laden's use. This resulted in the loss of all special effects such as the infinite durability

option but nonetheless, this Black Tortoise Thorn exerted great power. However, there was another reason why Grid was surprised.

[!! It has feelings due to the influence of the blood of the Blood King. It is very snobbish and violent so it will try to step on the owner's head.]

[* There is a low probability of losing control of the weapon. At this time, it is determined that the weapon can't be used.

Additional options are generated by the blood of the Blood King.]

The effects were indeed suitable for the modifier of 'vicious.'

[* The skill 'Blood King's Lineage' has been created.

Blood magic can be used when activated. The power of any blood magic used is increased by 1.5 times.

★Creates one blood magic slot.

Equip blood magic to the slot and attach it to the item.]

...It was worth the risk.

Of course, curses that depended on probability were very dangerous. It wasn't comparable to Bunhelier's curse attached to White Fang but in the worst case situation, it might force the user into a desperate situation. It wouldn't be surprising if the Black Tortoise Thorn was treated as a shit item. Nevertheless, it was very attractive to Grid. There was a slot where magic could be equipped. This one fact made the value of the Black Tortoise Thorn soar.

'It is a pity that it is limited to blood magic...'

There were essentially two ways to enchant a production item—first, use the Water Clan King's Tears as a material; or second, make items using the Magic Battle Gear Production Method. Both methods had clear drawbacks. The Water Clan King's Tears were limited in quantity and the higher the rating of the magic to be attached, the more likely it was to fail.

Then there was the Magic Battle Gear Production Method. There was no limit to the quantity but Grid had to work for a long time and the magic that could be stored was in proportion to Grid's magic ability. In fact, it was impossible to attach high level magic.

On the contrary, there seemed to be no restrictions to the 'slot' created by Blood King's Lineage. It seemed that any blood magic could be attached to the slot. Additionally, there was a tremendous synergy with the Blood King's Lineage skill—a 1.5 times increase in the power of blood magic.

'No, don't get too excited. There is a chance of failure.'

The most important thing about Satisfy was that it wasn't kind. It wasn't just one or twice that he had been delighted to see what was written on the surface only to be disappointed.

'Calm down.'

Grid breathed deeply as he noted the shortcomings of the Black Tortoise Thorn. What if Laden was cursed while fighting the half-draconians and the weapon stopped working? It would be the worst. Grid calmed his excited mind and regained his composure. Even so, it wasn't useless.

'Laden also uses a shield so it won't be a big crisis if he suddenly can't use his weapon.'

No matter how he tried to think negatively, Grid's excited mood didn't easily subside. The results were excellent.

"Your Majesty?"

A thin iron rod that was less than one meter long. Duke Steim stared at Grid who smiled like the sun, became gloomy, and then started smiling again. Then Duke Steim couldn't help it and finally stepped out. Grid finally awakened after hearing the call and controlled his mind.

'First, I need to figure out precisely the effects of the slot.'

Grid didn't have blood magic at the moment but it wasn't a problem. The reason?

"Summon Knight, Noll."

Grid had a companion who was well versed in blood magic.

"Chew chew."

A young boy with silver hair. He was a vampire who had lived for over 200 years, unlike his young appearance. He was also an elite among the elites, a direct descendant of Shizo Beriache. He was now the lord of a vampire city in the Overgeared Kingdom and responded to Grid's call with potatoes in his mouth.

"My Lord, Your Majesty!"

Laden had been fighting against a fictitious enemy on his own, only to be frightened by Noll's sudden appearance. Then he moved to protect Duke Steim. He knew that Grid had accepted the vampires as subordinates but he couldn't be calm after seeing the vampire covered with the smell of blood.

"Did you eat a human?"

Laden was disgusted when he saw the blood flowing from Noll's mouth. Noll's appreciation of the call was short-lived when he saw the number one man in the north who showed him blatant hostility.

"Who is that little boy?"

That's right. Laden's talent might be excellent and the possibilities for development were endless but he was nothing more than a dog in front of the direct descendant vampire. Grid wiped at the mouth of Noll who dared to show hostility.

"He is my father-in-law's aide. I hope you get along well in the future."

"Father-in-law...? Yes, I understand. I will get along with him for you."

"....."

A chill went down Laden's spine as he watched the situation. Laden owned sensitive senses that allowed him to detect Shadow King Kasim. Now he was peeking at the reality of Noll. Unlike this small and beautiful appearance, this was a monster with an unbeatable magic power. The sight of a predator who could devour Laden at any time obediently following Grid reminded Laden of Grid's power.

'The half-draconians... they are nothing.'

Grid was an entirely different dimension of existence that turned the half-draconians into something ridiculous. Laden was someone who struggled fighting a half-draconian. Now a completely unprecedented world was in front of him. It was a world he wanted to reach. Laden once again closed his eyes. Then he took a deep breath and imagined the virtual half-draconian. The half-draconian that was terrifying just a moment ago now felt really cute.

"Haaap!"

Noll watched Laden waving his sword in the air and poked Grid's side. Then he raised a finger and twirled it around his head. He was asking if this person was crazy. Grid shook his head and then handed the Black Tortoise Thorn to Noll. It was as expected.

"It is possible because the Blood King made the weapon himself."

Noll recognized the value of the Black Tortoise Thorn at once. He touched the black iron bar with a slender finger and asked Grid, "What type of blood magic should I attach to it?"

"Can you attach high-ranking blood magic?"

"Of course, the blood of Your Majesty flows through it and it can easily accept any type of blood magic."

"Is the acceptance due to the blood donation or the pressure of a direct descendant?"

"The blood donation is an exception because our blood magic is designed to respond to my magic power. The pressure of a direct descendant isn't magic but rather due to the natural presence of the lineage."

"Is it possible to delete the blood magic that once belongs to the item and imprint new blood magic?"

"It isn't possible because it is a perfectly engraved concept."

'This is the disadvantage compared to the Water Clan King's Tears...'

Grid thought about it for a moment. However, he was a person with no blood magic. It was meaningless for him to think about it alone. He quickly gave Noll information on the half-draconians and the current situation.

Noll nodded. "You want the type of magic that is best to fight against the half-draconians tomorrow. Originally, I would've recommended a magic that infiltrates the skin directly through the scales but that isn't necessary with this weapon..."

Noll tapped the Black Tortoise Thorn and smiled like a mischievous child. "Based on the level of that child, I think he will shed some blood tomorrow. Then we can use this."

Noll's magic power started to permeate the Black Tortoise's Thorn.

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“Look at the height of the walls. How can they live in such an enclosed place?”

“The weaker the creature, the more anxious they are. They can’t rest easy unless they rely on a facility like that.”

“Hahat, it doesn’t mean anything.”

The snow was shining under the cloudy sun.

Flap.

Three half-draconians with wide wings were crossing the walls of Frontier. The soldiers at the guard posts had their bodies wrapped in yeti leather and reflexively fired their bows, causing the security chief to scream.

“Leave them!”

The shout was too late. All six arrows fired into the sky were returned intact and struck the soldiers.

“Dammit!”

They had reflexively fired their bows. Their constant training had become poison. The security chief was red-eyed at the deaths of the young soldiers and hurriedly struck the bell. It signaled an enemy attack but the interior of Frontier was surprisingly quiet. There were few agitated people. It was because Duke Steim announced in advance that the enemy would soon come.

Hundreds of thousands of residents had already locked their doors and stayed at home. Additionally, there were thousands of residents gathered in the square to wait for the half-draconians. All of them prayed for Laden’s victory. They wished for Laden to set an example to these vicious invaders, yet the moment the invaders appeared in the square, the residents’ prayers stopped. Just like a rabbit froze in front of a tiger, all the residents were terrified of the half-draconians.

It was a difference in species. The half-draconians who appeared in the sky had the same appearance as a human except for the wings on their back, but they still gave off a suffocating pressure.

‘W-What...?’

‘Laden... Sir Laden is in danger!’

Even ordinary people who didn’t know about combat had this idea. It was a type of intuition. In the early hours of the morning, three half-draconians gradually descended to the newly made stage and dominated the city with just their presence.

“Bah, how annoying.”

“I wonder if this is the right place.”

The half-draconians frowned at the sight of the people in the square—some had collapsed in place while others were shaking. The people who saw them snorting and retracting their wings also frowned.

‘Cheeky guys.’

'I would step out if I could.'

There was something special about the hometown. The players who chose Frontier as their starting city and had been active there for years were very upset by this. Yet no one could do so. It was because it was meaningless to challenge NPCs with a much higher level than Hao when they couldn't even reach Hao.

In the first place, there was the warning from Duke Steim. Last night, Duke Steim announced the situation and firmly hammered it into Frontier's soldiers and residents. It was Laden's job to drive out the half-draconians so no one should get in the way...

They didn't know what the punishment would be if they ignored the warning so the players decided to watch rather than act recklessly.

"I'm Jad. I serve Helena, the legitimate descendent of Bunhelier."

"Bunhelier?"

"Is he talking about Evil Dragon Bunhelier?"

Buzz buzz.

There was a disturbance once one of the three half-draconians stepped forward and introduced himself. From the perspective of the people who were overwhelmed by the half-draconians, they couldn't refute the claim that the half-draconians were descendants of a dragon. Maybe it was the truth. If it was true, they were filled with a vague anxiety about how humans could fight against the half-draconians.

It was a moment when the efforts of the former emperors of the Saharan Empire, who declared the half-draconians to be vicious and uncivilized, were lost. Hundreds of years of falsehoods were shattered the moment the half-draconians appeared in the world.

"The reason Helena sent us here is to give you a chance. Prove that you have the power to make us happy. Then all of you will survive and enjoy the glory of being our slaves. However, if you turn out to be garbage that doesn't even have the power to bring us pleasure..."

He stopped talking and looked around at the people in the square. The golden pupils that were colder than snowflakes resembled those of reptiles.

Chill.

The half-draconians were descendants of a dragon. It was the pupils that convinced people. To the residents of Frontier, who were silent with fear, Jad proclaimed, "...As promised, we will kill half of you and leave only the ones that suit our taste to enslave. It will be much more efficient."

The low-grade half-draconian warriors were moving to Jad's side when a human climbed onto the stage. It was Laden. Frontier's strongest person, who was trusted and envied by the people.

"...Ah."

The residents lamented after seeing Laden's appearance. Originally, they planned to fervently cheer Laden on but they were forced to remain silent once they faced reality. Laden's body seemed relatively

small in front of the half-draconians who boasted an ideal body ratio and muscles optimized for combat. Just based on the difference on the surface, the half-draconians completely overwhelmed Laden. Therefore, the residents couldn't support Laden. They felt like they would just be pushing Laden to his death.

Eventually, one of the residents shouted courageously, "Laden! Run away! You don't have to sacrifice yourself alone!"

They wanted a hero's victory but they didn't want the hero to be a pawn. This fervent feeling swelled like a fever. All the residents tried to pull Laden off the stage but Laden was consistent in his silence. He was wearing barbed armor and didn't hesitate to open his mouth despite facing three half-draconians alone, "What will happen if I give you death instead of happiness?"

"Kukuk!"

It was a question that could only be answered with a laugh. However, the half-draconians didn't doubt their ears. They already had experience with frightened humans stating ridiculous things.

"Don't worry, it won't happen."

Jad answered on behalf of the laughing low-grade warriors and Laden shook his head.

"I'd love to hear the answer."

"Hrmm..."

Jade turned his attention to one of the low-grade warriors standing beside him. His name was Praba. He visited here yesterday morning as the envoy.

"Praba, what do you want us to do if you die during the confrontation?"

"Spit on my body that has turned to ashes. This isn't a single-digit knight of the empire. I'm not going to be killed by an unknown soldier in a small kingdom."

The empire was no longer the center of the world—Helena realized the change and declared her independence. However, the half-draconians who followed her hadn't realized the change yet. They were still thinking about the empire. They regarded humans as inferior creatures apart from a select few from the empire.

Jad nodded when he heard Praba's answer and smiled happily. "I see. You don't have to worry about the consequences if you kill our people. We won't retaliate and will feel joy at the reversal."

"Then you have to change the contents of your promise."

"...?"

Jad's gaze shifted from the stage. He saw an old man. His clothing wasn't fancy but he seemed to be the master of the land based on the guards around him. It was as expected.

"I am Duke Steim, who was entrusted to this land by the great King Grid."

The person involved in the conversation was the ruler of Frontier.

Jad stared at him. "Your king is great? Be aware of your words."

"....."

"So what does it mean to change the content of the promise?"

"If our representative wins against your representative, it means we are stronger. If we win, you must be the ones enslaved, not our people. Isn't that a fair bet?"

"...You are crazy."

Jad was annoyed. They might be terrified but it was too much to act this crazy. At this point, it crossed the level beyond cuteness.

"Where the hell do you, these low-grade creatures, have such confidence? Sigh."

Jad's nature meant he wanted to slaughter every human straight away. However, the things the half-draconians needed were the economy and manpower of Frontier. He wouldn't be able to endure Helena's wrath if he destroyed this place. Jad barely suppressed his anger and glanced at Praba.

"How long are you going to let that person make fun of you? Come on, let's start the event."

"U-Understood."

Praba noticed that Jad's irritation had reached the peak and hurried forward. As if declaring that there would be no more conversation, he took off his coat and proceeded to transform. His role was to terrorize the humans of Frontier. He had to be as destructive as possible. Praba's shoulders widened and his chest became bigger. The hands and feet at the end of the long arms and legs more than doubled due to the sharp, blade-like claws protruding from them.

"Kyaack!"

"H-Hik!"

Frontier's people screamed as Praba's entire body was covered with black scales and he spread his wings. Praba smiled at the commotion and opened his mouth. Subsequently, a black Breath was shot. The wooden boards that made up the floor of the stage couldn't withstand the shockwave of Breath and were torn apart. It was a blow that proved the blood of a dragon was flowing through the veins of the half-draconians.

Laden blocked it with the Holy Light Shield. It was one of the two shields that Grid had made for Laden prior to this battle.

'As expected, a Breath was fired.'

Laden had gained experience with the virtual half-draconian by fighting it hundreds of times. Praba charged forward as expected and Laden confidently recovered the Holy Light Shield and took out the second shield. Praba's kick collided with the shield.

"...?!"

Praba's eyes widened. It was really confusing that the golden shield easily blocked the Breath and then another blocked his kick.

'What are those shields?'

Praba used the rebound from the shield to spin rapidly and flick his tail.

'Use that shield to block this!'

The tail of a half-draconian could move freely at any angle. The moment Laden blocked the tail with the shield, Praba's tail would move around the shield and stab Laden in the heart. However, that didn't happen. Laden didn't block Praba's tail with the shield. Rather, he stepped on the tail and jumped up to hit Praba's head with an iron bar. Wasn't it a movement that showed he fought against the half-draconians many times?

Praba was surprised by Laden's movements that seemed to read the trick of his tail. However, he soon dismissed it as a coincidence. If Laden was accustomed to fighting against the half-draconians then he never would've dreamt of breaking the scales of a half-draconian with a thin iron bar.

'You should be prepared to retreat when fighting against me! Haha!'

A heavy blunt weapon was needed to crush the scales of the half-draconians. It couldn't be cut with a sword, let alone a thin iron bar. Praba raised his arm to stop the iron rod.

".....!"

There was a loud sound and Praba's heart jumped significantly. It was because scales fell from his wrist at where the iron bar hit.

"What...?!"

The dismayed Praba hurriedly pulled back his arm but Laden's actions were one step faster. The moment that Praba's wrist was hit, a sharp thorn protruded from the end of the iron bar and pierced Praba's skin that was revealed after the scales were lost.

"Kuaaaack!"

The unexpected pain caused a scream to emerge from Praba's mouth. He clutched his drooping arm and retreated, firing a Breath at Laden only for Laden to pull out a golden shield.

"This... Dammit!"

The Breath was blocked by the shield again. Praba's tail protruded through the smoke and struck Laden's side, but the armor with hundreds of barbs absorbed most of the shock.

"Cough!"

Laden coughed up a handful of blood but he didn't slow down. He charged straight forward and swung the iron bar at Praba's thick neck. The scales that broke and scattered like glass filled Praba's vision. Praba got a chill down his spine as he wildly waved his fist and punched Laden's chest.

However, it didn't stop Laden. The fist struck Triple Layers and Laden started bleeding from the mouth and nose, but his momentum still didn't slow down. A sharp thorn pierced Praba's throat. The people of Frontier cheered and Jad's face hardened.

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There was only one reason why the half-draconians enjoyed the act of fighting. It was in order to become stronger. Their purpose was to gain more experience, become stronger, and kill people more easily. That's right. The concept was completely different from the Twilight Orc's worship of power.

The Twilight Orcs dreamed of becoming respected warriors while the half-draconians were faithful to their primitive desires. It was the desire of Evil Dragon Bunhelier to slaughter.

"...Kuaaack!"

Praba was stabbed with a sharp thorn and spread his wings with a growl. He used the shockwave to blow himself backward. He flew all the way to the end of the stage while staring at Laden's iron rod.

"What is it made of?"

The scales of the half-draconians were not only hard, but it was also slippery. It meant that more than half of the impact it received could be lost and it wouldn't be easily damaged. It was physically impossible for the thin iron rod that weighed the same as a longsword to easily break the scales of the half-draconians.

Praba noticed that there was a secret hidden in the iron rod. However, he didn't know precisely what it was because his intelligence was limited. How could he recognize the power of a long forgotten god of the East Continent? Under the stage, Jad watched the battle with a stiff expression and muttered, "...The weapon isn't what matters."

His gaze was fixed on Laden, not the iron rod.

'He knows us very well.'

Praba was in combat and had to pay attention to the iron rod smashing his scales, but the third party, Jad, was different. In his view, the iron rod was just a secondary problem. He judged that they should be vigilant of Laden's ability to grasp and attack the half-draconian's personality and characteristics.

'It is like he has fought us hundreds of times...'

Laden's physical abilities were below Praba in every way. In particular, there were no advantages when it came to strength and speed. Even so, Laden grasped all sorts of their habits such as how the half-draconians used their wings and tails, the time it took to fire a Breath, and how to target gaps. He looked like he had been fighting against the half-draconians for all his life.

'Is he from the imperial army?'

No, his skin was too beautiful for that. The knights and soldiers of the empire surrounding the half-draconian's home had countless wounds on their bodies while Laden's body was relatively clean. In particular, there were no deep wounds that seemed to be caused by the claws of the half-draconians.

Praba was firing a Breath. Laden seemed to expect this and changed his shield to block it. He accelerated instantly and rushed in front of Praba. If he aimed for the side or the rear then Praba could've counterattacked but Praba didn't have a chance to use the tail if he came from the front.

"It is ridiculous!"

Praba's thoughts were very simple. He stretched out his arms toward Laden who was coming from the front like a moth. His sharp claws reflected the sun's rays and flashed, dazzling Laden's vision. However, Laden was calm. He leaned forward while charging straight ahead as planned.

Praba's claws cut Laden's hair, not his forehead. Unlike the hook claws of other beasts, the claws of the half draconians were straight like knives and thus were somewhat vulnerable to enemies who attacked from the bottom.

"...!"

A chill went down Praba's spine. He finally realized after seeing Laden avoid the claws with a gap of less than a centimeter. 'This guy, is he targeting my weaknesses?'

What did this mean?

Praba was stabbed again and again in the chest. Cough. He coughed up blood and his health was dangerously low. Nevertheless, Praba noticed. Laden's damage had dropped significantly compared to a little while ago.

'This person is at his limit.'

The reason why Laden was able to inflict great damage on Praba in his first and second blows was due to the proportional damage effect of the Kill with a Ferocious Pierce skill. Once the battle continued, the thorn was no longer a threat to Praba, whose health had dropped to 20%. Praba endured the shock with ease and hurriedly chased Laden. He struck at Laden without hesitation.

After being kicked in the abdomen, Laden flew to the edge of the stage and rolled. He suffered from severe internal injuries and coughed up blood. Praba abandoned his habits. Originally, he should've shot a Breath from a distance. Instead, he flew and approached Laden, stabbing his toenails. Praba's claws inserted into the gap between the barbs of Triple Layers and were blocked.

'That armor and shield are annoying.'

It happened when Praba clicked his tongue and tried to pull out his toenails...

The barbs easily shattered Praba's claws without releasing them. It was the weapon breaker effect. Laden's Triple Layers was just a replica of Grid's Triple Layers but it performed better than the original. It was because the current Grid's craftsmanship level was higher than when the original was created.

"Kukuk! Kuhahahat!" Praba burst out laughing as his beautiful claws broke. It was the excitement and anticipation that was felt when killing a bug in front of him.

"Yes! Hold on for as long as possible!" Praba shouted as he ignored the damage of the thorn, which had fallen to the level of a skewer. He aimed his fists and feet at Laden.

“Kuek...!”

Laden’s expression darkened. He was frustrated by Praba who replaced his claws with fists the moment he realized the role that Triple Layers played. The spray that occurred every time Laden used the iron bar to block an attack corroded Praba’s scales but Laden couldn’t find any room to fight back and wondered if he could defeat this monster.

“Laden!”

“Please raise your head, Laden!”

Laden lay curled up like a turtle with his shield and could see below the stage. The tens of thousands of residents were cheering him on. They were those Laden vowed to protect but he didn’t have the confidence to protect them. He was looking at defeat despite the weapon, the two shields, and the armor that Grid had made all night.

‘...I’m sorry, Your Majesty.’

He wanted to live up to his king’s expectations but his wounded body wouldn’t move. Too many bones were broken. Laden’s knees eventually bent. The weight of Praba’s continued bombardment against the shield pushed Laden’s body to the limit.

“Ugh...!”

A chill went down Laden’s spine as he shuddered. He almost lost his shield. Even the light shield felt heavy.

‘It is the end.’

For the first 10 minutes of the battle against Praba, Laden was full of hope. Praba’s level was far inferior to the virtual half-draconian. He might not have won against the hypothetical half-draconian but he decided there was a chance against Praba. He was excited about building up the dignity of Frontier and living up to the expectations of King Grid. Now after 20 minutes, he realized it was just a fleeting delusion.

‘I was shameless.’

People praised Laden as a genius and he didn’t deny it. The reason he could accept the conveniences Duke Steim gave him was because he believed he had the talent to meet Duke Steim’s expectations. In the end, this was just arrogance. He wasn’t qualified.

It was the moment Laden realized this...

The thunderous wave that occurred every time Praba swung his fists and feet suddenly slowed down. Praba’s fists and feet seemed slow and Laden could barely follow it with his eyes. It felt like he could avoid it. His vision grasped Praba’s tail soaring, aiming for the small gap between the shield and the ground.

“...What?!” Praba’s face stiffened as he tried to pierce Laden’s neck with a surprise attack. He honestly became numb when he saw Laden avoid his tail with a slight twist of his head.

'Shining brightly before death?'

Praba had committed numerous killings and experienced it. It was the fact that beasts and people often exerted their power when they were on the verge of dying. This was the current Laden. Therefore, Praba decided to step back for a while. He was expecting to see Laden die shortly, yet that didn't happen

This was a genius who detected Shadow King Kasim when he was young. Laden had been steadily developing for years and fought hundreds of times with the half-draconian Heltavon yesterday. At this moment, he was in a life and death battle with Praba. This meant he gained enough experience for his natural talent to bloom.

[One genius has been born again through a defeat.]

At the same time, a world message appeared.

A shockwave was released from Laden. Praba hadn't folded his wings even after seeing the spear that Laden threw in a surprise move yet this shockwave was powerful enough to make Praba reflexively fold his wings.

"Keuk!"

Praba first tried to rise into the sky. He needed time to figure out the situation. However, Laden didn't give him a chance. The red blood that was sprayed all over the stage like paint. All the blood that he had shed was gathered on the Black Tortoise Thorn and he rushed at Praba, who was temporarily immobilized after folding his wings.

"You!" Praba spread open his wings to create a shockwave but there was a feeling that even this intangible energy was read by Laden. His talent of maximizing his senses by activating the cells of his entire body resembled Grid's Freely Move.

Laden escaped from the shockwaves and quickly reached Praba's nose. Praba instinctively sensed it. He wouldn't be able to stop the power of this red iron bar. This was why—

"Ohhhhh!" Praba fired a Breath while at the same time, he threw his arms out. The black Breath aimed precisely at Laden's face while his sharp claws aimed at Laden's chest. It was just that before all the attacks hit Laden, Laden's iron rod pierced Praba. The Breath that had flown to just the tip of Laden's nose disappeared like it was a lie. It was a phenomenon that meant Praba's death.

"Waaahhhhhhh!" The people of Frontier cheered as they watched Praba turned to grey ash. The windows of the tightly closed up homes opened and people looked out. All of Frontier was delighted.

"Pant... Pant... Pant..." Alone on the stage, Laden stumbled and collapsed. A shadow was cast over his body as he was unable to move one fingertip. It was Jad's shadow.

Jad's cold voice as he spread his wings and flew to the stage caused a stir in Frontier. "This was a pretty fun battle, so I'll keep my promise. However, you must die."

Jad saw Laden's potential. He knew that after a bit more time, this person would surpass the single-digit Red Knights. However, the Chaos Mountains had stronger monsters than Laden. It wasn't worth keeping Laden alive for the sake of future pleasure. It was necessary to get rid of this talent to dominate Frontier. There was no reason to hesitate when there was the justification of his people being harmed.

The tail that was two meters longer than Praba's slowly descended toward Laden's neck. The tip of the sharp tail seemed like it could easily harm Laden.

"....."

Laden didn't resist. He just stared quietly at the tail. Was he accepting death? No. He knew that he would never die after the battle was over.

"Transcended Link Flower."

It was because Grid was here. The blue sword energies swept toward Jad.

"Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle."

The presence that all the people of the Overgeared Kingdom admired descended and smashed Jad.

'...The grandmaster?'

Jad's eyes were filled with astonishment as he was quickly turned into a rag. He had no idea why a person with skills comparable to the strongest person in the Saharan Empire was on the border of this kingdom.

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The grandmaster. He had never introduced himself. However, he existed 250 years ago, 170 years ago, 80 years ago, and 40 years ago. Every time the war between the half-draconians and the empire intensified and the imperial forces on the front lines were in a crisis, the half-draconians saw the man recorded in their history. The guardian of the empire—he clearly fought for the empire based on the way he saved the imperial army from a crisis and killed the senior warriors of the half-draconians.

The strength of the man who maintained the same title and appearance for hundreds of years had transcended that of a human and was comparable to the lord of the half-draconians. All the lords of those times had failed to kill him and they were humiliated by watching the war ending in either a draw or a defeat.

This was why the new lords aimed at the grandmaster. By beating the grandmaster, they would prove themselves to be the strongest lord of all time. This was the ultimate goal of all the lords. The same was true for Helena, who Jad served. The reason she came to the Chaos Mountains was to prove her worth by gaining the strongest power, recapturing the lord's position, and defeating the grandmaster.

Yes, the grandmaster was truly special. So how could there be another person like him? It was also on the outskirts of this kingdom.

"You... Cough cough, what?"

The scales of the half-draconians alleviated both physical and magical damage. A big blow could never be dealt in one hit, yet the black-haired man in front of him inflicted great wounds by using two sword techniques that were like dances. The destructive power contained in the enemy's word made the flesh under his scales spasm. The magic performed together with the swordsmanship ignored the resistance of the scales and randomly cut it, making him afraid.

Jad wondered if he felt this fear because the aggressiveness, which should've become stronger in proportion to the strength of the opponent, was somehow suppressed. Grid was watching the residents below the stage. Tens of thousands of residents were staring at Jad with their eyes wide open. No one was terrified. It wasn't a phenomenon created by the emergence of Grid.

Even before Grid intervened, the residents had overcome their fears. It was the miracle created by the struggle and triumph of the young hero, Laden. Frontier had become stronger.

Grid opened his mouth, "I..."

At this time...

"Ah...!"

The residents below the stage exclaimed. They didn't recognize the sudden situation properly but once they heard Grid's voice, they woke up and belatedly recognized Grid.

"Your Majesty...!"

"King Grid has come!"

"Waaahhhhhhh!" The shouts of the residents beat the snowstorm. The loud voices resisted the intense wind and the heat they emitted melted away the cold snow. At this moment, Frontier was as hot as the desert city of Reidan.

'King?'

Jad's eyes shook when he heard the roar of the residents and realized Grid's identity. He couldn't believe it. The rulers of humanity strong enough to leave a record in the history of the half-draconians were the emperors of the empire and the Undefeated King. The royalty of other kingdoms were mere losers who chose to live being ruled by the empire. How did such a monster emerge from them? It was a deformed result.

Jad's fear grew stronger. Even Jad, who longed for slaughter because he was a half-draconian, didn't dare underestimate how much blood the man in front of him must've spilled in order to gain the power he had now. In Jad's eyes, Grid looked like a monster. He felt the true dark nature of Grid who was covered with the blood of tens of thousands of people.

Tremble tremble...

Jad started to shake. It was a variable caused by the contract with Hao that somewhat decreased the half-draconian's aggressiveness. Jad was completely overwhelmed by Grid and misunderstood that he didn't feel a sense of struggle against this person was simply because of terror. This illusion caused Jad to stiffen beyond the actual situation.

'It felt like I was shaking hands when fighting Heltavon but this time it is the opposite.'

Now that Grid knew the effect of the contract changed depending on the situation, it was necessary to devise a way to deal with them more efficiently. Gazing at the residents below the stage, he opened his mouth, "I believe in you."

Grid's gaze shifted to Laden.

"The common humans who live under the protection of the knights."

Grid lowered himself. He spoke like he only existed because of the people of the kingdom. He wanted Laden and the people of Frontier to take pride in themselves. It was the hope that they would be reborn as beings who could stand firmly without relying on Grid.

That's right. Grid wasn't obsessed with his reputation. It was because he knew that even without reputation, the fact that 'I am myself' remained unchanged. It was possible because of his high self-esteem. The thing Grid wanted now wasn't to increase his value. It was Grid's dream and goal to increase the value of everyone who believed in him and followed him.

"No matter how many times arrogant invaders like you will threaten the land in the future, the residents of this land will defeat you and protect me with their own strength."

It wasn't just to Jad. He was talking to the people of Frontier. The hearts of the residents were pounding. They realized that they needed to be better and stronger.

[The people of Frontier are impressed by the king's remarks and have become highly motivated.]

[The growth rate of all the people of Frontier will increase by 200% for the next month. The experience gain of Frontier's players will increase by 1.5 times.]

"...!!"

Since when did the people start to protect Grid? The players were stunned because they didn't understand what Grid was talking about. They were deeply impressed by Grid's intentions through the rising notification windows and the changes in the residents.

'This isn't the important thing.'

Satisfy's system was very active. It was obvious just by looking at the quests. Unlike normal games, Satisfy allowed players to intentionally generate quests. This was one of the growth methods that had been widely known and favored by players since the early days.

Grid just took advantage of this. Using his position as king, he dramatically increased the city's growth rate with a few words. The crisis caused by the emergence of the half-draconians turned into an opportunity. He was the first ranked player for a reason. The players felt like they had been taught a lot.

"Kuk... Kukukuk, they are very touching remarks." The stiffened Jad slowly woke up. He regained the aggressiveness that had been controlled by the contract and realized the fear he just felt was just an illusion. "If you raise a bug, it is still a bug after all."

Jad looked at the ridiculous humans who were motivated by their king's words and started to relax. The person who seemed like a monster just a moment ago now looked ridiculous. He thought it was trivial for a human who took the path of slaughter to care about bugs. He was embarrassed at himself for thinking this human was in the same class as the grandmaster, who slaughtered senior warriors without changing his expression.

'Of course, he is a strong person. However, I won't lose to a human who isn't even part of the empire.'

Jad was one of the top 10 powerhouses among the 30 half-draconians who followed Helena. He was above the intermediate level and on the verge of the senior level. After thousands of battles, he had reached the peak of combat experience. Jad had confidence that he could fight the arrogant human who buried his natural talent to look after bugs.

“I was just surprised for a bit. From now on, it will be completely different. I will show you the difference in experience.”

Flap. Jad opened his wings wide and soared high into the sky. He deliberately put the sun at his back to interrupt Grid’s field of view before shooting a Breath. The Breath wasn’t aimed at Grid but at the residents gathered under the stage.

“Kuahahaha!” Jad laughed loudly at the sight of the chaotic residents and gathered magic power to aim at Grid this time. He planned to shoot the Breath again, aiming at the back of Grid who would fly to save the residents.

“...What?” Jad’s eyes suddenly widened. Grid was flying toward him while ignoring the Breath fired at the residents.

‘It was all a pretense?’

Just then, the scent of blood caused the tip of Jad’s nose to tingle. A dome of red magic unfolded on the ground and blocked the Breath fired at the inhabitants.

“...!”

A silver-haired boy was standing alone. The one who seemed to be the master of the magic looked directly at Jad in the sky.

‘You terrible son of a bitch.’ This child was clearly saying so.

However, Jad wasn’t easily provoked. He wondered why a high-ranking vampire who disliked the sun would be here and why he was helping humans but he focused on Grid in front of him. The combat experience of thousands of battles kept him composed. The second Breath headed for Grid.

Meanwhile, Jad was chasing right after the Breath. He planned to deal a surprise attack the moment Grid dodged the Breath. He might’ve fought against the imperial army and monsters thousands of times but even he didn’t predict that the Breath he fired would come back at him.

“Ugh!”

Jad was hit by the reflected Breath he was closely following. Then he read Grid’s intentions and swung his claws. The claws pierced Grid’s chest but it was pointless.

“Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.”

Grid used Open Potential, ignored the blow, and narrowed the distance with Jad. His ultimate sword dance literally dominated the space as it slammed into Jad and turned the half-draconian to grey ash. It wasn’t until the final moment that Jad realized—his experience, skills, and even physical abilities, they were all inferior to Grid. He realized that the fear he first experienced was real, not an illusion.

“...!!”

The last survivor of the half-draconians had been watching from below the stage and hurriedly fled. He was a half-draconian who liked to fight but he didn't want to die. Then Duke Steim and the knights blocked and surrounded his way.

“Get lost!” The half-draconians resisted but it was relentless. The knights of the north had accumulated a lot of experience and training and were capable of withstanding the half-draconian's strikes. They earned a small amount of time for Grid to arrive and overpower the half-draconian.

Grid grabbed the half-draconian's head and whispered, “Guide us to the place where your leader is.”

“U-Understood!”

It was an order that he had no reason to be rejected. There were 28 half-draconians at their base, including Helena and five senior warriors. Once Grid led all of Frontier's forces, it was death that awaited them. The disbelieving half-draconian started to take the lead.

Then he was suddenly filled with doubts. There were only three people following him. It was Grid, a vampire, and a woman who joined at some point. ‘Are they crazy?’

They were entering the tiger's cave with only three people? Well, it didn't matter. He wanted to quickly see their faces twisted with fear and pain...

After speeding up the pace, the half-draconian arrived in the Chaos Mountains and guided Grid's group deeper. The half-draconian was busy guarding against the monsters in front of him and Grid behind him. Therefore, he didn't notice that lights kept falling from the sky. Every time the light dropped, the number of people in Grid's party increased. All of Grid's knights including Braham, Piaro, Mercedes, Asmophel, Jude, and the 10 meritorious retainers participated in the procession.

‘I have to level up.’

Grid's purpose wasn't just about the half-draconians. This was a top-level hunting ground where even Grid couldn't hunt alone. This was the Chaos Mountains so he planned for a group hunt.