

Overgeared 1241

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“That’s it for today.”

“You too?”

“Me too.”

“You are senior warriors and you can’t even last for 10 minutes? Tsk, you fools.”

“Shut up. I’m fortunate not to be overwhelmed in 10 seconds.”

The lifespan of the half-draconians was 150 years. Their natural physical abilities were so excellent that they rarely died of illnesses or accidents. However, the half-draconians didn’t have a high population. It was barely maintained at 300 people for the past millennium. Was it because they killed each other at the festival (ranking competition) that ranked their kin?

No. It could be seen from the effect of the contract between Grid and Hao that the aggressiveness of the half-draconians was somewhat repressed among those of the same race. It was surprisingly rare for a festival to cause casualties. Even so, the reason for the small population of the half-draconians was simple.

Their breeding capacity was low. There were too many fetuses that died because they couldn’t bear the evil blood of Bunhelier flowing through the mother’s body. That’s right. 30 out of 300—the reason why Helena was chased by a small number of half-draconians, 10% of the population, was because they were faithful to the instincts of racial reproduction. Her unborn baby would resemble Helena and would be strong enough to handle Bunhelier’s blood.

“Can Helena set a new record today?”

“It won’t be easy... To increase the record, she has to enter a new realm. Such enlightenment is impossible in a day or two.”

“I hope she is patient and doesn’t overdo it.”

Jules, Zepiro, Caspar, Nabalt, and Helga—they were five out of only 20 senior warriors across the entire half-draconian race. Nevertheless, they failed to break through the beginning of the seventh ridge. If they worked together then they could easily break through but for half-draconians, fights should be done on their own. There was no concept of cooperation.

They looked at the top of the mountain in the distance. The sun seemed to explode. Every time a red light flashed in the gray sky, there was the faint sound of an explosion through the blizzard. By now, hell would’ve unfolded on the field. Half of the high peaks would’ve been smashed and Helena would be the only living creature on the land.

Duguen, duguen, dugeun.

The hearts of the senior warriors thumped. They imagined Helena slaughtering the top monsters and their trust and affection toward her were infinitely large. They wanted to pair up with Helena no matter what. They wanted to be picked by her to father her child and carve their mark on the world.

‘...I have to be strong.’

This wasn’t the time to be absent-minded. They needed to fight, gain experience, and build up their skills on the sixth ridge.

‘I haven’t had a drink for a long time.’

It was around the time for Jad to come back. He said he would come back with 100 wagons of alcohol so their mouths were already watering. The five senior warriors wiped the saliva that flowed at the thought of the man-made alcohol. They waited for the wagon procession at the beginning of the sixth ridge. More than an hour passed and they felt a bit anxious because they couldn’t see any signs of the procession.

“Did they get delayed by monsters?”

“What are you talking about? 15 low-grade and five intermediate warriors were sent to the third ridge to escort the procession. How could they be delayed by monsters?”

“Were they slowed by the sanju?”

“They clearly know how to avoid the sanju. How can this be?”

“Hmm... It is better to go out and meet them.”

Caspar, the most cautious of the five senior warriors, stepped forward. He was reminded of the weakness of the human race. There were only a handful of strong humans such as the grandmaster, the dukes, and the single-digit Red Knights. Most humans were infinitely weak so it was highly likely they were holding back the warriors.

‘It will be hard for Jad to fight while protecting the humans dragging the wagons.’

A few wagons might be lost. He didn’t want this to happen.

Flap. He spread out his wings and started to glide down. He moved in an instant from the summit of the sixth ridge to the middle of the fifth ridge and examined the traces in his surroundings, but the white snow was clean without any traces. There were no human footprints, let alone the hooves of horses.

‘Are they still only on the fourth ridge?’

After investigating the traces, Caspar flew to the top of the fifth ridge and spread open his wings again. He waited for the proper wind direction and descended toward the fourth ridge.

“.....”

There were few movements on the fourth ridge. It was only infested with miscellaneous monsters. It was strange. After dealing with the sacrifice sent by Frontier, they needed to order the lord to collect the wine, food, and clothing and prepare the wagons. Based on these miscellaneous processes, it was normal to arrive at the fifth ridge by now yet they hadn’t even reached the fourth ridge.

'Did the event take that long?'

He couldn't rule out the possibility that the sacrificial lamb sent by Frontier had unexpected skills. Didn't Helena always tell them? It would be arrogant to evaluate human abilities based on the empire.

'There was the exception of the Undefeated King. It wouldn't be strange if it takes longer than expected.'

Caspar was reminded of the record of the Undefeated King, the person who confounded the empire a long time ago. Nevertheless, he didn't take into account the loss of his kin. His assessment was that there were too many exaggerations in Madra's record. It was natural. What idiot in the world would believe that a human slaughtered hundreds of thousands of imperial forces on his own? Even if this was a real person, the possibility of someone like the Undefeated King being in Frontier was close to zero.

Caspar killed the monsters like they were moths and passed the summit of the fourth ridge to reach the middle of the third ridge.

"...!"

Suddenly, an avalanche occurred. Hundreds of snowballs rolled down from the top like a tsunami. The even more spectacular thing was the fact that the volume of the snowballs was growing every minute. Caspar got goosebumps. He realized that his dragon scales would be useless in front of the huge snowballs containing rocks. He would be killed the moment he collided with a snowball.

"Bah!"

The half-draconians weren't the type to succumb to nature. Caspar snorted to get rid of his fear and spread his wings to fly up. He got motion sickness from the shaking scenery. The snowballs that grew to over 10 meters in volume passed just by the soles of his feet and he could feel their temperature.

"Kuoock...!"

How much time passed? The avalanche stopped as he floated in the sky. Hundreds of snowballs fell from the top to the ground, creating a new mountain.

'Was it aimed at me?'

The timing of the avalanche was too exquisite to be coincidental. Anxiety rose in Caspar's heart as he looked at the top of the tranquil mountain. Did Jad's party get hit in Frontier? Did the humans deliberately cause an avalanche here when they knew the half-draconians were coming? What happened to his kin who had gone to meet Jad?

...He didn't have such anxieties or suspicions. Caspar didn't even consider that this was a man-made situation. The sanju existed on each ridge. They were monsters that even Helena was troubled by.

'The long procession of wagons might've caught the attention of the sanju, the master of the mountains.'

The sanju disliked outsiders who entered their home. The half-draconians knew this fact since they first arrived at the mountain ridge. Thus, they memorized the location of the sanju's lairs and avoided these places as much as possible. This was only possible because they had a handful of elites.

Ordinary humans didn't have the ability to evade the gaze of the sanju. Jad's group would've led the procession to avoid the lairs of the sanju but the slow and noisy procession of humans might've caught the sanju's attention. If the sanju woke up...

'The procession would be wiped out.'

Additionally, he would be in danger. The sanju of the Chaos Mountains were beasts mentioned in ancient myths. They were weak compared to the hydra but they were strong and difficult to deal with in their domain. It happened when Caspar was in a hurry to escape from here...

There was a loud noise and a sanju fell down from the top of the mountain. It was also at a tremendous speed.

'What?'

Caspar was frightened when he met the red and furious eyes of the falling sanju. He never dreamed that the sanju would leave its lair to attack him.

"Dammit!"

Caspar hastily transformed. His body size increased and scales appeared all over his body as he prepared for the attack of the sanju. However, the sanju just passed by Caspar. Then it hit the ground. The creature huddled in the small mountain made by the snowballs and flinched.

"...!"

Caspar belatedly noticed that the gray fur of the sanju was completely dyed red and his eyes widened. The sanju's fur was completely covered with blood. The sanju was moaning while dying.

'What?'

In the sanju's territory, there were rules that were one-sidedly advantageous to the sanju. This was why Helena and her 30 followers decided they couldn't harm the sanju and avoided them. Nevertheless, the sanju started turning to gray ash. A beast from the myths was dying quietly.

Caspar doubted if he was seeing correctly. He was wary that he had already been cursed by the sanju.

It happened as Caspar's chaos was reaching the peak...

"How boring."

A light shone and a man appeared. He gave off a sense of alienation too strange for a human. This smell...

"...A vampire?"

Why was a vampire here? Wasn't this race cursed so they couldn't leave their realm? The silver-haired man turned his attention to the vigilant Caspar. Then he smiled and reached out to the sky.

"Here."

Flash!

A magic circle was drawn in the air in an instant and turned red. A dozen humans fell down from the magic circle along with the light. The surrounded Caspar's tension skyrocketed.

"Aaaack!"

"This is crazy! We can't fly!"

However, more than half of the humans who surrounded Caspar crashed into the ground. There were a few humans who couldn't fly who still maintained their dignity. One human hurriedly planted a tree and hung from the branches while another spread out silver wings and slowly descended.

Only two of the people surrounding Caspar maintained a complete flight. It was the unidentified vampire and a black-haired human.

Caspar regained his composure and asked the two people, "Who are you?"

"Shouldn't you swing your fists before asking a question? A half-draconian is moving his mouth before his hands?"

"...!"

Caspar's instincts that had been suppressed by being flustered and feeling wary were now seething. He felt a strong sense of struggle toward the silver-haired vampire who was speaking arrogantly to him and swung his claws. However, his claws were shattered and scattered as powder before they even reached the vampire. Caspar was trapped in a storm of sharp winds.

The vampire's voice could be heard over the storm, "Do you know who I am?"

"How should I know?"

"I showed you this magic yet you don't know who I am? You are a village lizard who isn't very knowledgeable."

"...!"

Caspar's heart sank. The most arrogant being in the world. The only vampire to have studied human magic. Only one existence came to mind. "B-Braham?"

The storm that surrounded Caspar became violent. He turned to gray ash and became nutrients for Braham's party. All the items he dropped quietly filled the inventory of the party leader, Grid.

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Common sense was usually an immutable truth. Common sense was born from the knowledge and experience of predecessors and it was never easily reversed.

"...!"

The low-grade warrior Kube had common sense. In his common sense, the senior warriors were the best talents representing the half-draconians. They developed at the moment of crisis, were never easily defeated, and could create reversals in bad situations. The senior warriors seemed like those who monopolized all the blessings in the world.

“Kuaaaack!”

Kube couldn't believe it despite witnessing the senior warrior Caspar being slaughtered like livestock. Reality started to feel like a dream.

“H-Hahaha...! I see! I was dreaming!”

When had this dream started? Was it from when Praba had been defeated by an unknown knight of this city on the outskirts? Was it from the moment Jad died? Or was it when he was caught as a slave to humans? No, unfortunately, these things were reality. The beginning of the dream obviously started recently. The dream must've started from when the people walking behind him were three people only to suddenly increase to 16.

From the moment he saw the sanju being killed, his sense of reality was completely gone. Yes, it was a dream. If it wasn't a dream then a great senior warrior wouldn't have been killed in a single magic blow.

“Kuahahahat!”

Kube grabbed his belly and started laughing. He struggled to wake up from this dream. Yet no matter how loudly he laughed or how hard he slapped his cheeks, he couldn't wake up from his dream. Soon after, Grid's group gathered in one place while ignoring Kube who had collapsed with despair.

“I broke my arm.”

Vantner had blood staining his red forehead and stuck out his arms. He pointed to his colleagues, who had both big and small wounds, and questioned Braham, “Are you crazy? Why would you summon people in the air? We can't fly like you or Grid! We can't fly! Do I have to tell you a few times for you to understand?”

“It is pathetic to see you bragging about your incompetence.”

“This bullshit...! I'm not a magician. I can't do it!”

“Grid isn't a magician.”

“It is the power of items!”

“Yes, then you can solve it with items.”

“How is it easy to get such items?”

“Then learn magic.”

“...?!”

Among the 10 meritorious retainers...

Vantner, who was famous for his baldness in the Overgeared Guild, wasn't picky about people. He gave them the same respect regardless of their status, age, gender, or race. If the other party didn't respect him then he would curse them. He was equal to everyone and was honest about his feelings without any pretenses. Surprisingly, Braham liked him.

Everyone else in the Overgeared Guild distanced themselves from him out of fear or respect. Meanwhile, Vantner screamed at him like a fearless puppy and he found it cute. Braham felt a sense of trust because Vantner's personality meant he wouldn't deceive anyone.

"C-Can I learn magic?"

"The enhanced magic is hard but normal low-grade magic is easy to learn as long as it is supported by intelligence. Of course, you need me to be your teacher."

Braham was a genius among geniuses and had gone beyond a legend to reach the realm of pursuing becoming a myth. He had the confidence to teach magic without caring about classes. His words were shocking. Vantner and the other members of the 10 meritorious retainers were excited when they imagined the Overgeared members using magic in the future. There was just one problem: According to Braham's standards, most of the people in the world were idiots. Braham had to know—it was a fact that Grid's intelligence (stat) belonged to the very high side.

"...You can't even understand this formula?" Braham questioned.

"...?"

Vantner was flustered by Braham's question after understanding after only one minute. He didn't hide his eyes that wondered 'Is this person crazy?'

Braham sighed, left him behind, and approached Grid. Grid was checking the condition of the leather left behind by the sanju. His expression didn't look very good.

"This is also cursed."

Satisfy often had cursed items. In the case of cursed equipment, if they were worn then they couldn't be removed again. Meanwhile, cursed consumables caused a disease. Finally, the cursed materials couldn't be used as material items so they were actually trash.

However, the sanju only dropped cursed items. If it was a good equipment item then it could be sold to someone who would use it for their lifetime. However, the sanju only dropped worthless material items.

"I'll keep it in my warehouse."

Grid collected the sanju's cursed leather and put it in his inventory. It seemed like the half-draconian Caspar hadn't dropped any items but no one was arguing about it. It was a long tradition when hunting with Grid that the Overgeared members would let Grid take all the loot.

"What experience percentage did you get?"

The 10 meritorious retainers only cared about their level. The members of the 10 meritorious retainers answered Jishuka's question sequentially.

"I got 1.8%."

"I got 1.74%."

Vantner and Huroi were only in their late 380s and they gained nearly 2% experience.

“I got 0.78%.”

“I am around the same.”

Pon, Regas, Jishuka, and Faker were around level 390 and they got an average of 0.8% experience.

“I am 0.5%.”

“I’m the same.”

“Me too.”

Katz, Euphemina, and Yura were in the mid 399s and they gained exactly 0.5%.

“I got 0.2%.’

This was Chris’ answer. It was an unprecedented achievement. In just four hours, the 10 meritorious retainers had gained a lot of experience. On the first ridge, the majority of monsters were below level 200 so the hunting only officially started from the third ridge. Considering the long time it took to cross the mountains, the actual hunting time was very small.

It meant the Chaos Mountains were a better hunting ground than the Galgunos Temple. Braham’s care also helped. The fact that Braham was over level 500 meant he got no experience from the monsters on the third ridge. Thus, he used magic to trap the monsters and allowed the 10 meritorious retainers to kill them.

This was the secret behind the hunting speed of the 10 meritorious retainers doubling.

“Youngwoo-ssi?” Yura asked carefully.

Grid was partying with the 10 meritorious retainers despite being level 408. He also took a lot of time to repair the items of his companions. Yura was worried that Grid alone would fall behind while trying to help his companions. Grid replied as he checked the contents of the title ‘Myth Usurper’ that he gained from killing the sanju.

“I got 2.3%.”

“...?”

“...?”

There was a moment of silence. Grid explained to the 10 meritorious retainers who doubted their ears.

“Ah, it is thanks to the enlightenment effect. My experience increases when repairing items and it also increases in the process of raiding the boss. Therefore, my growth rate has increased significantly.”

“Enlightenment? Is it similar to the Enlightenment Sword?”

The Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires—it was the sword that Grid had favored for many years and it had the skill ‘Enlightenment’ attached to it. It increased character experience and skill experience acquisition by 10%, and accuracy and evasion by 20%.

Grid nodded.

“It is one of the reasons for the increase in experience. However, the enlightenment I’m talking about is different.”

Grid started to describe the fourth advancement (awakening) public system. The 10 meritorious retainers were greatly impacted by the realization that they could gain experience through continuous combat or activities related to their class.

“So the conclusion is that you will grow faster starting from level 400. In particular, levels 397 to 399 is hell so you have to be prepared.”

An average player would enjoy enlightenment as soon as they reached level 400 while Grid only enjoyed it after reaching level 408. It was really disgusting for Grid. However, Grid didn’t tell this hidden story. He didn’t want to seem stupid in front of Yura and Jishuka.

Now Grid was very conscious of the two people. They were two of the most beautiful people in the world, regardless of whether it was in game or in reality. It was natural for him to be conscious of it. Thanks to this, the 10 meritorious retainers were greatly mistaken.

‘It is because of enlightenment that Grid grew rapidly on the East Continent.’

‘I thought the beginning of true hell was level 400 but it is actually the beginning of spring.’

‘The level 300s is a gateway process. It is a trial to be a true ranker.’

In fact, Grid would’ve been above level 420 by now if he visited the Tower of Wisdom before the East Continent. The only person in the world who knew the sad truth was Grid.

‘...No, the operators also know.’

Grid blushed at the thought of the operators laughing while monitoring his foolishness. His enthusiasm was fueled by great anger.

“We should move on to the next ridge.”

“Yes!”

“Go!”

[Myth Usurper]

[* You have defeated the sanju, who has taken part in a myth, and engraved your name onto the myth the sanju appeared in. (the mythical sanju has the formula ‘later beaten by Grid’.)

* Attack power and magical attack power will significantly increase during battles with mythical monsters.

* If you encounter a mythical presence, there is a normal probability of overwhelming them.]

Myth Usurper—it was a title that Grid, Grid’s knights, and the 10 meritorious retainers gained from killing the sanju. It was the same title as Braham’s Myth Usurper but the details and effects were different. The main difference was:

[* You are qualified to upgrade your class rating to ‘myth.’

* The special stat 'Deity' is opened.]

It was that these two special effects were excluded. The sanju was only part of 'one' myth while the hydra was part of 'many' myths. The sanju might be mythical beings like the hydra but their influence was different. It was very disappointing from Grid's position.

How good would it have been if Piaro, Mercedes, Asmophel, Jude, and the 10 meritorious retainers were qualified to become myths? Still, the 10 meritorious retainers didn't know the details and were just excited about gaining a new title. Grid had no intention of wrecking this atmosphere.

'I should think positively.'

Myth Usurper had enough value in its present state alone. It was one of the few titles that could threaten mythical existences. If they could use this title to defeat a myth on the level of the hydra or a real god, they might one day qualify to become a myth.

Grid soothed his heart and ordered the dazed Kube, "Lead the way."

"U-Understood."

Kube felt it since the first time he saw this human but it was a really strong sense of pressure. Kube gulped and walked in a hurry. This time, he didn't dare invade the area of the sanju. He had learned that the sanju couldn't hurt them. Originally, the plan was to laugh and enjoy as these humans were eaten by the sanju but instead, the sanju was eaten...

Now that he learned the senior warriors were no match for them, Kube had only one person he could rely on: Helena, the half-draconian princess who should've originally been the lord.

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Helena was the only one who could stop them...

Kube made this judgment and started avoiding the territory of the sanju. He didn't take any risks and led Grid to the colony of the half-draconians. As a result, Grid's group ushered in big changes. They didn't waste time wandering around and focused solely on hunting, resulting in more than three times the amount of experience earned. The difference was so huge that Chris, who originally gained 0.2% experience in four hours, actually gained 0.5% in two hours.

"Braham, thank you."

At level 397, Chris' average experience gain in a week was only 5-6%. It was possible because he left the position of lord and hunted in the Galgunos Temple. He occasionally gained extra experience when he got a hidden question but it was only a story for when he was lucky.

Chris felt deep gratitude and liking toward Braham. He wondered when he would enjoy being on such a luxurious bus again. Braham responded coldly to his thanks, "Just don't hold Grid back."

Braham's favor for the 10 meritorious retainers was ultimately an act for Grid. Grid wanted the growth of the 10 meritorious retainers so he was helping them hunt. He wasn't doing it as a favor for the 10 meritorious retainers.

Chris smiled at Braham's clear attitude of drawing a line between them. He wondered how much effort and time Grid had invested to make such a cold person his own. Chris once again realized how monstrous Grid was for taking care of his surroundings while maintaining his first place ranking, unlike Chris who resigned as the lord to raise his level.

Grid frowned from where he was in the lead.

'The experience gain isn't great.'

The secret to the high amount of experience gained by Grid was the sanju raid. Since the process of raiding a mythical beast itself gave experience, he accumulated more experience than killing hundreds or thousands of miscellaneous monsters. The average method of hunting meant he had a slower experience gain than Chris. Thanks to the Enlightenment Sword and Nefelina's blessing, the passive increase in the amount of experience acquired from enlightenment was overshadowed.

Well, it was natural considering the level difference. He just couldn't understand why the efficiency gap between ordinary hunting and raids was so large...

'...No, wait. Isn't this actually good?'

Ever since the enlightenment system awakened, raids were many times more efficient than hunting. This was good news for Grid. Originally, Grid leveled up with raids rather than hunting. Unlike others, he was capable of solo raids. Grid, who mainly raised his level using raids, was able to take advantage of the enlightenment system.

'Maybe this...'

His growth rate in the future might exceed expectations. The average user would be caught in the 300s for the next two years while he might be looking at level 500.

'That is when the level gap with named NPCs will be greatly narrowed.'

If the opportunity to kill the expelled gods came...

Grid thought up to here and increased the speed of his breakthrough. The half-draconian encounter on the second ridge could happen again so he started to overuse his sword dances. Of course, the sword dances with long cooldowns were excluded. He stuck to using single sword dances.

"...!"

All the actions of the 10 meritorious retainers stopped. The monsters of the fifth ridge—they were exposed to Braham's debuffs and Huroi's curses and were weakened. The average time it took to kill them was around 15 seconds. The monsters were a huge level 430. The 10 meritorious retainers saw they were much stronger than the past and their pride soared into the sky.

However, Grid shattered the pride of the 10 meritorious retainers in an instant. The 10 meritorious retainers watched Grid killing the monsters with a single blow and realized a new fact.

'Had he been only basic attacks until now?'

A little while ago, Grid killed monsters at an average speed of one every five seconds. It was three times faster than the 10 meritorious retainers. From the viewpoint of the 10 meritorious retainers, it was believed that Grid was mixing in skills. They were mistaken. It was an illusion caused by Grid decreasing the habit of calling out the skill name after Pagma's Swordsmanship changed to Grid's Swordsmanship.

"...It is the effect of basic attacks."

There was a brief break when the single sword dances were on cooldown. The 10 meritorious retainers couldn't keep their mouths shut as they watched Grid start using only basic attacks again. Exploding flames, lightning, soaring thorns, and fiery fighting energy. Grid's status was enhanced with all the effects of his items and titles so the performance of his basic attacks were worthy of being someone's ultimate techniques. It was strange to think that they were basic attacks, not skills.

"...It seems we're about to reach our destination."

Grid aimed precisely at the wings of a level 470 pterosaur with Magic Missile, forcing it to crash. Then Grid used Kill, trampled on its huge head, and wiped away his sweat. The monsters he just killed were turning into gray ash from left to right. This meant that he killed new monsters even before the death animations of the previous monsters were over.

The 10 meritorious retainers were busy admiring Grid while his knights stepped forward.

"Your Majesty, we'll take the lead from here."

The monsters of the sixth ridge were in their early 400s. However, monsters in the late 400s were appearing. It was proof that they had reached the depths of the mountains. Unless Kube's words were false, the home of the half-draconians would be nearby.

'It would be ridiculous if the half-draconians have built their home on the seventh ridge.'

Grid was fully aware of the power of the half-draconians. The level of the senior warriors he was wary of were below the Seven Dukes. Based on the overall level, they couldn't survive the seventh ridge.

'The level of the leader is obviously high but it will be similar to Teruchan... trying to dominate Frontier with only this much power? Foolish guys.'

They didn't understand their targets at all. This was Grid's evaluation of the half-draconians. It was a very wrong evaluation. A single digit Red Knight could conquer a small kingdom alone...

Originally, this was common sense on the West Continent. Helena's power, along with intermediate warriors comparable to single digit Red Knights, and the five senior warriors beyond them, was a power that could dominate a single kingdom. It was just that the Overgeared Kingdom was special. The reason why the half-draconians didn't conquer Frontier wasn't because they were weak. It was because the Overgeared Kingdom was strong.

"...!"

The half-draconian Kube walking with Grid flinched. He had already witnessed the power of the farmers, the little vampire, and the knights. Apart from Jude who looked incompetent, all of them were powerful people comparable to Grid. Kube felt great anxiety as they took the lead. He felt that it would be hard for even Helena to handle their combined attacks.

‘Helena, you need to deal with these useless ones first before you have a chance to win.’

Kube was glancing at the 10 meritorious retainers in the rear with regret.

“Attack.”

Then Kube heard a familiar voice. Grid’s gaze turned in the direction of the voice. A gap in a steep hillside that seemed impossible for anyone to stand on. Black rays were being fired from there.

“Retreat!”

The Breath of the half-draconians—the five rays of power that had never been seen before were aimed precisely at the 10 meritorious retainers in the rear. This meant the half-draconian had an accurate understanding of who was weak and who was strong in Grid’s group.

Grid hurriedly flew and grabbed Yura and Jishuka. Thanks to the Holy Light Shield, which he made as a spare, he was able to feel the power of the Breath weakening rapidly after it collided with the shield. Grid changed the angle of the shield to twist the trajectory of the Breath and looked around.

Meanwhile, Mercedes, Asmophel, and Noll acted like Grid and protected the other members of the 10 meritorious retainers. Their swords, shields, and magic twisted or destroyed the Breaths’ trajectory. Just one person...

“Cough!”

Piario was still struggling to shake off the Breath. The two bean trees that he planted were tightly intertwined together to block the Breath but they didn’t seem able to handle it based on the way they shook and cracked.

“Piario!”

“Sir Piario!”

Grid, Mercedes, and Asmophel flew over. They supported the two bean trees and Piario by standing behind his shaking back, empowering him. Then their eyes widened at the same time. The power of the Breath was beyond imagination. Grid, Mercedes, and Asmophel shook as they supported Piario’s back with their hands.

“Cough!”

Asmophel was the first to cough up blood. He had an internal injury and his complexion was bluish-white. However, he never let go of the hand supporting Piario’s back. This made him the first target.

“What courage do you have to come all this way when you can’t even hold out against the Breath?”

Glowing orange hair disturbed their vision.

Mercedes—the first one to respond—swung her sword. However, she was unable to use her full power due to her other hand supporting Piario. Did the female half-draconian notice it? She didn’t guard against Mercedes’ sword. The scales on the shoulders of the female half-draconians fell after being slashed by Mercedes’ sword.

The claws of the female half-draconian easily pierced Asmophel's abdomen.

"Asmophel...!" Grid's anger soared sharply when he witnessed his colleague's crisis. However, he couldn't move. He couldn't disregard the enemy who tied up Piaro with a single Breath while reducing Asmophel's health by one-third with one blow. Grid remained calm instead of being carried away by his anger. It was only after confirming that the energy of the Breath aimed at Piaro was fading away that Grid released the hand supporting Piaro's back and rushed at the female half-draconian.

0.5 seconds. The eyes of the female half-draconian turned from observing others toward Grid. Then the Breath shot from her bewitching mouth flew at Grid.

'It is serious!'

"...?!"

A chill went down Grid's spine as he pulled out the Holy Light Shield and blocked the Breath. The half-draconian's Breath didn't disappear after colliding with the shield and caused all types of debuffs.

[You have been exposed to the evil spirit of the evil dragon. The powerful strength of the Breath has suppressed your body. You won't be able to move for 5 seconds until the Breath disappears.]

[Resistance has failed.]

[The evil dragon's evil spirit will rot your body from the inside. The 'poisoned,' 'bleeding,' and 'internal injuries' abnormal statuses have occurred.]

[You have resisted.]

[The evil dragon's evil spirit has cursed you. For the next 10 seconds, skills and magic casting speed is reduced by two times while dodge rate and hit rate are reduced by 80% for 5 seconds.]

[Resistance has failed.]

The ability to ignore resistances to abnormal statuses—it was usually the sole possession of absolute beings, and it crippled Grid for a while. Grid's trembling gaze was fixed on the top of the head of the female half-draconian. Helena—her brightly colored name was exceptionally dazzling.

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His transcendent senses woke up from where they had been sleeping for a while and warned Grid. It happened the moment Grid was gulping...

Flash!

A huge spear of light appeared in the sky. It was Disintegrate. The identity of the spear that fell toward Helena's head was the spell of the highest level that rarely appeared even in legends. For some reason, it was a technique that Braham had kept hidden.

'As expected of Braham!'

It was an exquisite and deadly attack worthy of a legendary magician.

"...!"

Grid admired Braham's attack and anticipated Helena's death, only for his heart to sink. A shield of hard magic that spread around Helena blocked the spear of light. He could hear Braham clicking his tongue. "That enemy is under the protection of the dragon. The magic won't work until you get rid of that protection."

"Huh...? Again?!" Why didn't magic work at every important moment? Grid felt resentment at Braham's diminished power since becoming his teammate. He felt frustrated because he didn't know about Braham slaughtering the yangbans at the expense of one arm.

Braham scoffed at the bewildered Grid. "You have to break her protection first if you want me to play an active part."

Braham wasn't bluffing—originally, the dragon species itself was the worst enemy for a magician and Helena was endlessly close to a dragon.

"Cough..."

Grid was reminded about how Braham merely 'survived' Fire Dragon Trauka and recognized the seriousness of the situation. Now it was time for Grid to play an active role, not Braham...

Grid hardened his determination while recalling his battle with Teruchan. The peak person of a species received tremendous level benefits. Since the half-draconians appeared much later than the Twilight Orcs, Helena's level was clearly over the mid-500s.

'It will be tough.'

Braham was the only person in Grid's party who had achieved level 500. However, Braham was helpless against Helena. Those who could fight had to take into account the level difference. There would certainly be a gap due to the difference in awakenings. Additionally, Helena neutralized one or more of his teammates every time she fired a Breath and it would be a tougher fight than expected.

Indeed, Helena proved to be a formidable opponent and Mercedes was floating in the sky helplessly. She had been aiming for a pincer attack the moment Braham's magic was launched. However, the magic didn't play any role and she suffered a setback alone. She dropped to the ground with a bit of her health consumed. Grid confirmed her shield was crushed and tapped on it a few times with a hammer.

In exchange for repairing the equipment that had lost a significant drop in durability, Grid gained 0.002% experience and Mercedes' shield became as good as new. Mercedes wiped away the blood on her mouth and stared at Helena with distinctive eyes.

Rather, it was Helena who was the agitated one. "You reacted to this?"

The half-draconian families named after Bun or Hel—among them, those who were qualified as the lords had two powers each: Bunhelier's Curse and Bunhelier's Blessing. The Bun family had the curse placed on their claws, allowing them to completely ignore the defense of the target while causing abnormal conditions. Meanwhile, the blessing allowed their wings to maintain the speed of the wind.

On the other hand, the Hel family's curse was in their Breath, incapacitating the target. The blessing filled their scales with magic and allowed them to ignore the magic attack of the other party. It was hard

to say which one was stronger as they each had different advantages. It was why the Bun and Hel families had been forced to cooperate for many years.

In fact, the Bun and Hel families were inseparable—it was only when the two families cooperated that the half-draconians became the strongest race. If Bun and Hel were together then the half-draconians would've easily eliminated the sanju who were resistant to their curses. They would be able to properly deal with Grid.

However, the current Helena was alone and she felt nervous. Grid and Piaro resisted some of her curses while Mercedes read and stopped her tail attack. Helena's tension reached an all-time high as she alternated looking between the three people.

'There are three legends. I might get killed this way.'

Duguen, dugeun, dugeun...

The concept of defeat and death was familiar to Helena. She was smiling. Perhaps this was her last battle. This was a blessing for half-draconians.

"...Okay, let's have fun."

Death was the fate of all living beings—since it was a once-in-a-lifetime experience she had to go through eventually, it was better to fight splendidly than to experience a meaningless peace. Helena's entire body became covered with dark scales. A huge shadow cast by the long, outstretched wings covered the snowy field and it seemed like darkness had come to the world.

"Ohh, Helena!"

The four senior warriors fighting the 10 meritorious retainers were thrilled to see Helena in her transformed state. It had been decades since they had witnessed Helena's transformation. Her beautiful appearance they thought would only be seen when she encountered the grandmaster thrilled the senior warriors.

"What..."

All the 10 meritorious retainers except for Yura trembled. A huge fear dominated them. It was due to the overbearing effect of Helena's transformation.

"Hahahat!"

The cockroach-like humans started to fall down one by one and the momentum of the senior warriors rose. They, too, started to transform. It was a game-changer for the battlefield. The unsuspecting senior warriors, believing in their victory, approached the 10 meritorious retainers with a commanding presence. They were prepared to kill these frightened humans.

It was at this time...

"Hell Summoning."

Yura reversed the space—she brought all the 10 meritorious retainers, including herself, and the senior warriors to the depths of hell.

[The evil dragon's evil spirit has disappeared.]

The 10 meritorious retainers were freed from Helena's terror.

[All stats are reduced in hell.]

A new penalty caused their bodies to become heavy but it was the same for the half-draconians.

"This place...?"

There was a red moon with hundreds or thousands of eyes, a lava river, and hot earth that hurt their throats every time they swallowed. It was the worst environment that made the difficult to live in Chaos Mountains feel like heaven to the senior warriors.

Yura's sniper rifle was aiming for their scales that were hot from the heat of hell. A magic bullet was fired and left behind an emerald trail. The half-draconians couldn't respond to the attack that would've been difficult to read even in perfect condition.

"...Keok!"

A pained scream echoed. A senior warrior was shot in the chest by a magic bullet and had his scales broken. Then he saw a human pulling at a bow while ridiculing him.

"Come on, is this your first time in hell?"

Jishuka mocked the enemy in place of the reticent Yura and her arrow rotated as it flew and precisely embedded in the chest of the senior warrior. The senior warrior had already lost his scales due to Yura's sniping and felt a terrible pain as his skin, flesh, and then heart were penetrated in turn.

In Grid's absence, his companions were playing an active role.

The moment the momentum of the half-draconians rose and the battlefield changed...

"...?"

Helena shook her head as all the senior warriors suddenly disappeared. Still, her doubts only lasted a moment and she didn't hesitate. She knew that if any of the senior warriors were left behind, they would only be victims of Braham.

'Rather, this is better.'

It wasn't just the senior warriors who disappeared. 10 humans who wouldn't stand by had also disappeared, making Helena feel relieved. Helena's long tail unfolded as her eyes fixed on a man in a straw hat. Helena was most wary of the man squatting and digging up the snow field with a hoe. Her instincts as a combat race was warning her to be most vigilant of him.

However, this was wrong. She was wary of the variables that would result from Piaro's unknown behavior but in fact, she should be wary of Mercedes' Keen Insight.

"...!"

Helena's eyes widened. Her attack on the man in the straw hat was once again blocked by a silver-haired female. It was already the second time. This absolutely couldn't be a coincidence.

"You were the problem."

Helena finally realized it and the scales on her chest rose like a hedgehog's spikes. Unlike the other half-draconians, she had several layers of scales and she could fire them like bullets at her target. The continuously fired scales suppressed Mercedes. Mercedes was forced to defend against the scales that continued to be shot without stopping. She crouched behind her shield and bided her time.

However, Helena didn't give her a chance. The Breath that was mixed in with the bombardment of scales neutralized Mercedes. No movements for five seconds—Mercedes was bound due to the irresistible curse and her eyes could only follow Helena as Helena flew toward Piaro who was still using a hoe. Her gleaming claws were poised to tear Piaro's body into six pieces.

Of course, Piaro wasn't an easy target. He wasn't ploughing the field for no reason.

"Super Growth!"

Green buds that had never been seen before in the Chaos Mountains rose in unison. The land Piaro was stepping on was no longer a snowfield but an agricultural field.

"Sweet Potato Battering!"

Piario swung a large uprooted plant and countered Helena. At the same time...

"Pounding Mortar!"

A huge concentration of pure energy fell from the torn sky. He used a secret technique and his ultimate technique at the same time. Piario developed agricultural techniques based on the Matchless Heart Technique and reached a new level.

"...!"

Helena looked flustered as she was briefly tied up and hit in the face by the flying sweet potatoes. Then the sight of a tool, commonly used by humans to grind grain, was instead being used to reproduce a god's hammer caused her to feel strange, bewildered, and thrilled at the same time. For some reason, the belief that she could take another step forward if she won this battle made her act.

"Dragon Blade!"

"...!"

"...!"

"...!"

The trio of Mercedes, Grid, and Piario were stunned and raised their eyebrows. It was because they saw a destructive energy emerge from Helena's claws to become like a blade. There was a creepy cutting sound and cracks soon covered the mortar. Piario's ultimate technique, which should've crushed Helena and destroyed the mountain, was literally split in half and scattered into pieces of light.

“.....”

“.....”

Clearly, Pounding Mortar wasn't invincible. It was possible to offset or destroy it with an equal or greater attack power. Even so, Piaro was the pride of the Overgeared Kingdom. Pounding Mortar was his signature. The collapse of Pounding Mortar came as a huge shock to Grid and Mercedes.

Helena was laughing. “Hahat!Hahahat! I am stronger! I have become stronger!”

All combat races had something in common. The more they fought, the stronger they became. In particular, if they overcame difficult trials then they developed rapidly and felt pleasure. Despite the sweat, there was a refreshed expression on her face as she fell to the ground after destroying the sweet potatoes with a Breath. She looked forward to the despair of the man in the straw hat.

Surprisingly, his eyes were shining. It was just like herself right now.

‘Smiling?’

Helena was flustered. She instinctively realized that this person was the same as her. He would probably be a big threat if she didn't get rid of him here...

“Hoo...”

Helena's breath emerged like a mist. She had taken a step forward in the battle and learned how to use the Breath more diversely. Rather than using the Breath as a simple attack, she used it to set up an environment suitable for herself. It was the blossoming of field magic. She already dominated Piaro and Mercedes due to the stats difference and now she would be reborn as an overwhelming presence.

The tense Grid's thoughts reached up to here when he suddenly questioned something: If the biggest problem right now was the level difference... it wasn't a big problem? The reason was simple—the biggest problem with the level difference was the difference in stats, but Grid had stats that went beyond the level difference.

“Storm of the Fire God.”

Flames were overlaid in the area that Helena's black magic power was encroaching on. An infinite silver sword energy spread out amidst the flames. Grid, covered in fighting energy, and Helena, covered in dark magic power, faced each other in the midst of the flames.

“Get lost, young one. Your turn is last.”

Helena fired a Breath with a smile and Grid gave up on responding. He would become stiff the moment it collided with him so it was right to give up.

“.....!”

Helena witnessed the Breath she fired being blocked by black-gold hands and quickly used Dragon Blade on her claws. As the name suggested, it was a sword that embodied the aura of a dragon. Her ultimate technique that cut even Pounding Mortar aimed at the rushing Grid.

Grid confronted it head on. “Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.”

A five fusion sword dance possible due to Open Potential. One sword filled with the energy of a dragon collided with several blades of sword energy, producing a huge shock wave. The silver sword energies that existed in Storm of the Fire God shook violently like they were going to fade away. Even so, the pressure around Grid didn't die down.

[The effect of God's Command has reset the skill's cooldown time!]

"Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle."

"...!"

Helena's layers of scales were broken one by one. Her eyes widened and she desperately tried to straighten her mind. Normally, after Grid consumed a lot of sword energy, he had to endure the pain, gritting his teeth to maintain his posture while dealing with the aftermath. However, in this space, Grid's sword energy was infinite. There was no aftermath for him to deal with.

Helena couldn't withstand the offensive that consisted of four fusion sword dances, three fusion sword dances, two fusion sword dances, and single sword dances in succession. She tried to buy time using her Breath but that repeatedly failed due to the intervention of the God Hands. In the end, she could only rely on Dragon Blade.

The dragon's energy that she constantly created to reverse the situation was imprinted on the infinite sword energy.

[The possibilities of a new sword dance 'Dragon' has been seen.]

Along with the notification window—

"Kuek...! Kuaaaak!"

Helena wanted to withstand Grid's onslaught with her absurd defense and health but she eventually collapsed. She screamed as she fell, turning to gray ash in the Storm of the Fire God.

"...Sigh."

Grid appeared in the remnants of the scattered flames and showed almost no signs of exhaustion. It was the power of Storm of the Fire God that gave him infinite sword energy.

Braham stared at him and questioned him, "If you were going to kill her alone anyway, why didn't you come forward earlier?"

"...I didn't know I could win by myself."

"You are someone who can't grasp the target."

[Chapter 1245](#)

266.759% experience, Heart with Bunhelier's Protection, and the possibility of a new sword dance, Dragon—this was the list of rewards Grid obtained from raiding Helena. Helena had a high level and gave Grid a great deal of experience, allowing him to reach level 411. Their contributions were quite small but Grid's knights shared the rewards and seemed to have gained considerable experience.

However, Grid was more skeptical than excited.

'Isn't she the peak of her species?'

Grid had the Different Species' King title.

[Different Species' King]

[You have proved your king's qualification by embracing non-human species.

★ Permanent Effects

* Different species are very favorable to you.

* If the target is a different species, the probability of increasing affinity will double.

* However, some warlike species will want to test your abilities.

★ Limited Effects

* The 'contract' system is activated with the title effect.

* There are three contracts available. (1/3)

★ Those You Are Currently Contracted With:

1. Hao (Player, half-draconian)

-Contract Effect-

The skill 'Dragon Wings' is activated.

The half-draconians' aggressiveness will be slightly suppressed.

2. Teruchan (NPC, Twilight Orc)

-Contract Effect-

Your stamina stat coefficient is increased by 1.8 times.]

In this way, Grid had signed a contract with half-draconian Hao. Grid had expected an event to happen with the half-draconian lord yet there was no event. Helena was simply hostile to Grid.

'Is it because I've already killed a lot of half-draconians?'

Was it already a hostile relationship? No, it was hard to interpret it like that. There was no love among the half-draconians and Helena didn't reveal any personal feelings toward Grid. She just fought Grid like she had an enemy in front of her. Additionally, she might've given a lot of experience but the rewards list wasn't good except for the experience.

[Heart with Bunhelier's Protection]

[Rating: Legendary (Bound Item)]

Durability: 311/311 Magic Resistance: 150

An accessory that blocks magic attacks.

Blocks up to two magic attacks.

The number of blocks is charged once every 12 hours.

Conditions of Use: None.

Weight: 13]

This was the necklace that Helena left behind. 'Blocking magic' was obviously a great effect but it was limited to two times. The default options were also very low, giving it limitations as a main necklace. It was only great for a spare necklace.

'The Holy Light Armor that has a probability of ignoring or weakening magic without any limitations on the number is more effective.'

Of course, this didn't disparage the value of Heart with Bunhelier's Protection. It was a necklace that could block even legendary magic so it could be described as a necklace that added an extra life. Unfortunately, Grid thought it was lacking because it was the only item dropped by the peak of a species.

'I would like to give it to Irene...'

He could feel more relieved once Irene put on this necklace. It would protect her from dangerous attacks even if he wasn't by her side.

'However, it is a necklace that my colleagues might want...'

It wasn't good to be too greedy. Grid controlled his heart and opened the skills list. Under Grid's Swordsmanship, Dragon was added to the single sword dance category.

[Dragon]

[A sword that reproduces the spirit of a dragon.

Effect: ???

★You haven't achieved complete enlightenment. It is in an inactive state.]

"....."

In the early days, Pagma's Swordsmanship had a total of five types: Wave, Transcend, Link, Kill, and Restraint. Then as Grid's level rose and his experience accumulated, the concept of fusion sword dances and new sword dances such as Flower and Drop were added.

It wasn't a concept that Grid created. It was just unlocking the potential of Pagma's Swordsmanship. However, the concept of Dragon was different. It was a sword dance inspired by Helena's Dragon Blade. Unlike the other sword dances, it wasn't derived from Pagma's Swordsmanship and might be Grid's original sword dance.

It was definitely a special event but Grid wasn't satisfied. He felt it wasn't good enough.

'If Helena is the peak of the half-draconians...'

Why wasn't the Dragon sword dance completed in the process of fighting her? He only gained a fragment of Dragon from Helena. Additionally, despite her death, he couldn't say there was any special change in his relationship with the half-draconians. Looking back at Teruchan's case, it was only normal for there to be a world message stating that the half-draconians were hostile to Grid or elected him as their lord.

'Definitely. There must definitely be a separate half-draconian lord.'

It was natural. The number of half-draconians should be in the hundreds but there were only 31 here. Helena seemed to be the leader of this small group.

'Nevertheless, she gave me around 267% experience...'

It was the power of the enlightenment system. The amount of experience that rose in real time during his fight with Helena gave Grid goosebumps. It also meant that the half-draconian race was this strong. Grid's power that oppressed Helena with a combination of Storm of the Fire God, infinite sword energy, and the God Hands, was even greater.

'Ah, then looking at it...'

Perhaps the birth of a new sword dance was due to the infinite sword energy. Grid's heart pounded as he recalled the silver-colored sword energies that had been rippling throughout his fight against Helena. The anticipation of being able to learn a new sword dance every time he fought against a powerful sword wielding enemy in the future inspired him.

Just then, the 10 meritorious retainers who disappeared into hell reappeared. In this short amount of time, they had defeated all four senior warriors and many of the 10 meritorious retainers had leveled up.

"Where is the lizard's captain?" the excited Vantner shouted energetically while raising his shield. The others in the 10 meritorious retainers also looked around with excited expressions. Then they found Grid and his knights gathered to one side and made expressions of surprise.

"Helena? Have you already raided her?"

"Yes, solo kill." Grid made a V with his fingers and all of the 10 meritorious retainers were stunned.

The loot dropped by the low-grade and intermediate warriors didn't attract much attention from the 10 meritorious retainers. The claws that were classified as a weapon and the scales that were classified as armor were somewhat lacking in performance for the 10 meritorious retainers.

However, the 'Torn Dragon Wings' dropped by the senior warriors had effects such as 'low altitude flying, low-speed flight, and preventing falling'. Therefore, several people wanted them but only four people actively bid on them. The weight was so heavy that the moment they wore it, their speed was slowed down. It was also torn all over the place so the appearance wasn't good.

In the end, Grid and the 10 meritorious retainers agreed to sell a considerable amount of the loot they obtained and then share the profit. Finally...

"Isn't it good to give this necklace to Irene or Lord?"

"I think so as well."

The ownership of Heart with Bunhelier's Protection was unanimously passed onto Grid. Grid didn't speak first but all the 10 meritorious retainers mentioned Irene and Lord. Thanks to this, Grid's troubles ended.

"I'll give it to Irene."

Lord was strong enough to defend himself while Irene was a normal person. She had only one life.

Grid cherished the necklace and urged his colleagues, "Then let's go to the seventh ridge if all of you are ready."

Grid had summoned the 10 meritorious retainers and his knights for hunting, not the half-draconians. They moved straight to the final ridge and Grid's group started to gain experience quickly as they hunted the monsters that constantly appeared. The combination of Braham and Euphemina was breathtaking. Braham's enhanced magic and Euphemina's Mumud-style magic combined to kill more than 500 monsters in seconds.

Chris' face was filled with joy as he picked off the elite monsters that didn't die easily from ranged magic. He glimpsed level 400.

The Satisfy-related communities had been buzzing for a long time. The first incident was the presence of the half-draconians in Frontier. In the videos shot by players, the half-draconians boasted a tremendous combat power. It wasn't an exaggeration to say they were a prestigious combat race. Even a general ranker seemed to be no match for the half-draconians. Yet a young knight of the Overgeared Kingdom fought the half-draconian one-on-one and won.

Players were thrilled to witness the real-time evolution of a named NPC to a super-named NPC. There were discussions about what the great rewards a player would get if they won against a half-draconian, that the potential of the NPC called Laden had been excellent since the beginning, etc.

That's right. Grid's appearance when Laden was in trouble didn't cause much of a topic. Everyone in the world knew that Grid was strong. In the future, the world wouldn't be surprised by Grid's appearance unless he won against a great demon one-on-one.

-By the way, what is with the Overgeared Kingdom's rankers all of a sudden?

-What?

-Look at the ranking window. All the rankings of the 10 meritorious retainers are skyrocketing.

-Was Lael pushed out of the top 100?

-Laue has blocked his path by leaving the 10 meritorious retainers. Now he is only focusing on internal affairs.

-He is making a lot of money from the prime minister's position ⇒ ⇒

-No, stop and look at the ranking window. It is no joke.

-...?

It was four days after Grid and the 10 meritorious retainers settled in the Chaos Mountains.

[The level of the main members of the Overgeared Guild is rising sharply.]

[It is presumed that the Overgeared members who went to subdue the half-draconians are in the Chaos Mountains.]

[(Column) The mysterious Chaos Mountains. It is an impossible area to challenge.]

All types of articles poured out. It was no wonder since the rankings of the 10 meritorious retainers surged by more than two places in just four days. There were concerns that Grid and the 10 meritorious retainers would monopolize the rankings from 1-11th. Of course, the efforts being put in by Grid and the 10 meritorious retainers were great.

"Fatigue keeps piling up."

It was 3:45 a.m. when Shin Youngwoo logged out and confirmed the time. In the past few years, he had risen at 5 a.m. to start his day. Now this life pattern was being drastically broken.

"It is because we all have different nationalities."

The final ridge of the Chaos Mountains was too difficult for Grid to solo. This meant he had to cooperate with all the members of the 10 meritorious retainers for hunting, resting, and group activities. The different countries had time differences and his life patterns were ruined.

'It feels like I'm degrading my health for my level.'

Youngwoo had a poor body recently because he couldn't exercise properly. He washed up and wanted to eat ramen. He had the idea that even if he was tired, he needed to make the right food to maintain his fitness. It happened the moment he was trying to open his refrigerator door...

Ding dong.

"...Is this real?"

3:50 a.m.—who would ring the doorbell at this time? Shin Youngwoo was nervous but he approached the intercom with no hesitation. In any case, Youngwoo's building had a strong friend called Toon guarding it. It was impossible for just anyone to get up here and press the bell.

It was as expected. The person who appeared on the intercom screen was Yura, not a stranger.

"What's going on?"

Yura smiled at the bewildered Grid who opened the door and offered a large food box. “I’ve made a meal. It is to restore your stamina.”

“Ah...”

Youngwoo’s heart was filled with warmth from Yura’s constant interest and affection. He smiled and let Yura into his house.

“Come in.”

Click.

The door closed. This closed door didn’t open until morning dawned. In a serene home late in the night, a man and woman dined together. Then after sufficient rest...

“Gasp gasp...”

“Hah, hah...”

They ran on treadmills to maintain their health. The two people shared all types of hobbies and were steadily getting closer.

Satisfy had a balance.

Once the archangel led the Templar to push the Yatan Church into a defensive position, it wasn’t a sign of peace but the sign of a new crisis.

“Ohh, at last...”

Amoract, the great demon of conflict and Yatan’s First Servant—after receiving the ‘Revelation’ from him, the Yatan Church managed to escape the gaze of Fire Dragon Trauka to safely enter Talima. Their purpose existed somewhere here.

It was to search for the ‘door’ that connected hell and the human world, and open it.

[Chapter 1246](#)

Descarta Mountain—it belonged to the Saharan Empire, but for more than 200 years, the half-draconians had effectively been in control of it. Descarta Mountain was the land of the half-draconians, their motherland, and their home. Of course, the story would be different the moment the empire sent its main force but it was unlikely the empire would actively engage—the empire had at least 50 borders.

If power was concentrated on one side then the empire would reveal a gap. The empire didn’t feel the need to reclaim the Descarta Mountain until it had gathered enough power to ‘subdue’ the half-draconians. Since the current empress, Basara, was trying to reconcile the two races, Descarta Mountain was likely to continue being dominated by the half-draconians.

‘There is no agitation.’

Hao looked around as he came to Descarta Mountain after hearing the sad news about Helena. The person who had Hel's name was one of the prides of the half-draconians. Helena was the one who was originally supposed to be the lord but no one was mourning her death.

It was understandable. Helena was still lacking in skills but her instincts were better than anyone else. This was why she spoke some absurd words. Most of the half-draconians hated her for advocating to quit playing with the empire and leave for a bigger world.

Playing? The power of the empire wasn't weak enough to be ignored by her. All the half-draconians were fighting desperately.

It was in order for the low-grade warriors to break through the elite soldiers of the empire to cut the knights' necks. The intermediate warriors fought, learned, and trained themselves to fight and win against the single digit knights and the senior warriors trained and bled every day to deal with the magicians more efficiently. All the half-draconians engaged fiercely and passionately in the war that had been going on for centuries.

Helena denied all of them. She even made an absurd declaration to move all the half-draconians to the Chaos Mountains.

'There are no half-draconians who want to fight against monsters.'

The still young (by half-draconian standards) Helena and the group who followed her didn't understand the difference between a monster with a strong body and a skilled human. In short, a battle with the latter was more enjoyable, difficult, and worthy of learning.

However, Helena's group had fewer opportunities to learn this fact. In particular, Helena's innate strength was higher than a single digit Red Knight so everything seemed boring for her.

'...Sometimes I will miss her.'

Hao made a bitter expression. He had no affection for Helena. Even so, it was a bit strange that the woman who complained every time he visited Descarta Mountain was completely gone.

"This guy, it is hard to see your face. Do I have to call you for you to come?" The atmosphere was festive but it was called a funeral. Hao prayed for the deceased for a while and once he opened his eyes, Bunsdel was by his side.

"I greet the strongest lord," Hao greeted him politely and Bunsdel waved his hand with an expression like he was chewing on shit.

"What nonsense about being the strongest? I'm a fool who can't even participate in the war because I'm afraid the grandmaster will appear."

"Haha..."

Hao knew it—Bunsdel was someone who once treated Helena as a princess and regarded her as a companion, not a subordinate. He wasn't someone weak. Rather, he was frighteningly strong. No one even thought of protesting this fact. Knowing this, the vast majority of the half-draconians considered him as the lord.

However, Bunsdel didn't officially take the lord's position.

'It is because he can't let himself run wild.'

The blood of the evil dragon in Bunsdel's body was very thick. The moment he stood on the battlefield, he was unable to control himself and would destroy all visible life. The word 'massacre' was just right.

It was unknown what would be the aftermath if he became stronger with the power of the lord and stood on the battlefield. The empire's front lines would collapse and the grandmaster would emerge. The battle between the two people would sweep over the half-draconians, causing massive casualties.

This was why Bunsdel didn't take the lord's position. He feared his power that might break the balance of the present and lead his people to destruction.

If he was officially qualified as the lord then he would be able to control the blood of the fierce dragon. As it happened, he became lord through the will of his people rather than by law. His qualifications were incomplete and he couldn't control the blood of the evil dragon.

"These days, there aren't many pleasures apart from drinking."

Bunsdel sighed and reached out to Hao, who handed him a large bag. It was full of wine bottles. Bunsdel's face became bright as he checked the label.

"It is great that there is a half-draconian among the humans."

"Haha..."

Hao recalled the first time he became a half-draconian. It was more than 10 years ago and even then, Bunsdel had been in front of him. In order to obtain the qualification to become a half-draconian, he had to agree to the absurd demand of distilling alcohol every day. This forced Hao to constantly travel back and forth between the hunting grounds, the cities, and Descarta Mountain for two months straight.

At that time, he thought it was an absurd linked question. Now looking back, the strength, stamina, and persistence stats that grew every time, made him who he was today. Naturally, Hao didn't feel thankful to Bunsdel. Even now, the amount of money this damn person snatched away due to all the alcohol was enormous. It was crazy that every time he received a summoning quest, he also received a sub-quest to buy alcohol.

Hao wanted to leave Descarta Mountain quickly and brought up the main topic.

"So why did you call me? You wouldn't have simply called me to attend a funeral."

Hao's value was unique even among the half-draconians. He was a human and could fully integrate into human society. This allowed him to fulfill many duties that other half-draconians couldn't accomplish.

"Tsk, you are always too much in a rush." Bunsdel shrugged while opening a bottle of wine. "I need you to investigate Helena's death."

"...?"

"She was someone who was qualified to be a lord. I must find the culprit and get revenge."

“What culprit? Didn’t she die in the Chaos Mountains? She was hit by a monster.”

“It doesn’t make sense no matter how I think about it. Helena might be aggressive but she will never fight a monster until she dies. Helena wasn’t killed by a monster. She was struck down by someone’s wisdom. My guess is that the culprit who killed Helena is a human.”

“...!”

Hao originally wouldn’t have believed it. He would’ve dismissed it as nonsense. However, one human passed through Hao’s mind. Coincidentally, this man had clashed with the half-draconians in Frontier. The supreme one, Grid. Maybe...

If it was him then he could’ve really defeated Helena...

‘No, it would be impossible for Grid alone.’

Still, Grid had his knights and his colleagues. A chill went down Hao’s spine at this thought.

‘Are the rumors about him hunting in the Chaos Mountains true?’

After getting rid of the half-draconians who tried to conquer Fronter, did he kill Helena and establish a foothold in the Chaos Mountains? It was crazy speculation but it might be possible for Grid and the Overgeared members. No, it should be possible. This was the only explanation behind their dramatic rise in levels recently.

Bunsdel’s words continued, “I heard there is a human city near the Chaos Mountains. Infiltrate there and gradually discover the truth of the incident.”

Ttiring~

A quest popped up. It was a quest to find the culprit who killed Helena and report it to Bunsdel. There were two quest clear conditions: Find the culprit, or find the Heart with Bunhelier’s Protection. In any case, it was a quest to find one of them and report it to Bunsdel.

‘Bunsdel’s real purpose must be the heart.’

As Hao stated earlier, Bunsdel lacked the status of the lord but the story would be different if he absorbed Helena’s heart. It was clear that he would be the strongest lord of all time.

‘By the way...’

Hao hesitated when he saw the huge quest rewards. It would be difficult to accept the quest if the culprit who killed Helena was really Grid. He had already signed a contract with Grid. How could he betray his colleague?

‘...Wait.’

This was a quest with a time limit of one year. He had enough time to discuss it with Grid. Hao decided it might be a good quest to use in reverse and accepted it.

“Leave it to me.”

“You are reliable as always.” Bunsdel smiled.

He didn't know that his trusted subordinate was actually with the enemy. The small seeds that Grid scattered were taking effect all over the continent.

The city of dwarves was often treated as a fantasy. Farmers cultivated the fields with epic rated hoes, women used unique rated sticks to do their washing, and shabby street vendors displayed legendary rated items. The story of Talima was so vague that people didn't believe it easily.

The same was true for the players of the Yatan Church. They successfully entered Talima thanks to Amoract's revelation and saw a sight they didn't expect. It was just that Talima was more spectacular than the rumors.

A golden palace that shone brightly under the sun. Unique and legendary rated items were scattered around the street stalls. It was a modernized civilization unlike the other kingdoms in Satisfy that represented medieval times.

"Isn't the water gun that the little boy is playing with unique rated?"

"It seems so..."

"....."

Players had seen the Overgeared Kingdom's soldiers and farmers armed with rare and epic items. They were confident that the rumors about Talima were true and thought they wouldn't be too surprised. Nevertheless, the scenery of Talima was more than rumored and the players of the Yatan Church were astonished.

"How much is this?"

"1,555,000,999 gold."

"....."

However, Talima was like a pie in the sky. The dwarves' pride in their work was so great that the price was unrealistic. They were trying to sell an epic item that could be seen anywhere for 1.5 billion gold. Therefore, there might be many amazing things but none could be acquired.

Rose frowned and asked the Second Servant walking next to her, "I've heard the dwarves have been isolated for decades. Why aren't they surprised to see outsiders?"

"It is because they are idiots who know nothing but their jobs. They don't care about anything else so they don't doubt us."

"How stupid..."

"Huhu, it is thanks to this that we can easily act."

The Yatan servants and hundreds of Yatan Church players—they were able to enter the Elliter Mine without any hindrance from the dwarves. They discovered the fine cracks in this world and prepared for the ritual without any delay.

“This time, we will turn the world into hell.”

At least five—this was the number of great demons the Yatan Church expected to summon.

[Chapter 1247](#)

The Yatan Church was one of the greatest forces representing Satisfy. Before a player (Damian) became the pope, the Yatan Church was considered to be one of the two strongest powers in Satisfy along with the Rebecca Church. It meant they were powerful enough to stand shoulder to shoulder with the empire.

However, the Yatan Church had physiological limitations. It was the limitation of a villain. The Yatan Church had to pay the price of being hostile to all kingdoms and the vast majority of players. As players grew, the Yatan Church started to face retaliation. After 10 years, they lost almost all their foothold.

The Yatan Church’s notoriety, which had been heard everywhere on the continent, was now inaudible. The Yatan Church’s former evil deeds, which almost led the world to destruction by bringing a great demon here, was reduced to the level of attempted kidnapping. It was a blessing to the world.

“We’ve endured the humiliation for too long.”

From the viewpoint of the Yatan Church, it was a pain that needed to be removed. The Yatan Church kidnapped virgins and used them as materials for the ritual of the great demon summoning. They also kidnapped children and raised them into fanatics. Then the relentless pursuit of the Templar in the last year cut off all the foundation of their growth. Too much damage was accumulated from their enemies being everywhere.

At this rate, the Yatan Church would be destroyed. They were prevented from fulfilling their duty to spread the greatness of God Yatan to the world.

The anxious Yatan Servants, including Rose, prayed for 33 days. She couldn’t hunt for 33 days, couldn’t do quests, and could only participate in prayer ceremonies. Honestly, she became very skeptical. She had joined the Yatan Church to rule the world. Was this the result of gritting her teeth and suffering in the past few years while being covered by Yura’s shadow? She wanted to do something crazy and was seriously wondering if she should leave the Yatan Church and live a new life. Then Amoract’s revelation twisted everything.

“Auraruritaranpus.”

“Lubeidratna.”

“Halalaachara.”

The Yatan Servants gathered in front of a huge gap in the world. Rose recited the demon summoning spell with all of them and got goosebumps all over her body. She could clearly hear it—the cries of the great demons that were responding to the spell. She could see it—the gap that was steadily widening. She felt it—the existence of the great demons that were steadily approaching.

[The ‘Crack Between Two Worlds’, which exists somewhere on the continent, is expanding.]

[27th Great Demon, Ronove, has descended to the human world to take over.]

[25th Great Demon, Dantalion, has descended to the human world to take over.]

[19th Great Demon, 'Eccentric Duke' Saleos, has descended to the human world to take over.]

"Ah, ahhh..." Rose looked at the great demons emerging through the gap and trembled like never before. The cause was the presence of the 19th ranked great demon, Saleos. It was something that transcended everything Rose imagined. Sitting on top of a crocodile bigger than a horse, this great demon was different from the great demons in the 20s and 30s who had been seen in the world so far.

""I'm finally stepping on the middle world. How about it? Are you happy, Palos?""

Grruk.Grruruk.

The gleaming eyes of the crocodile swept over the Yatan believers and all of them, including the Yatan Servants, stiffened. It was due to the 'curse of petrification' that was triggered the moment they made eye contact. Saleos touched Palos, his crocodile, and approached the believers who were too frightened to move.

""Food is everywhere on this land. There is no need for me to eat Amoract's slaves.""

Grruruk.

Despite Saleos' calm, the eyes of the drooling crocodile were still full of greed. It was the moment when the Yatan believers looked at him with shock. A huge 'hand' stretched out from the gap in the worlds and crushed the crocodile's head. Saleos hurriedly jumped from the crocodile and stared at the hand.

Bababam!Bambabam!

Fanfare echoed through the massive mine. The destructive power of the music was so great that it caused the Elliter Mine, which had existed for thousands of years, to shake and start to be destroyed.

"H-Hik!"

Once the crocodile died, the Yatan believers were released from their petrified state. Now they took a step back. Rose was the one who acted faster than anyone else. She feared the mine would collapse and was already running away from the crowd. Then she soon stopped moving.

[13th Great Demon, 'Berserk King' Beleth, has descended to the human world to take over.]

[The hand of the 12th Great Demon, Sitri, has descended to the human world to take over.]

It was the emergence of the 13th great demon and partial emergence of the 12th great demon. Rose felt that the opportunity to witness the emergence of 'real' beings with power that transcended a half-god was more important than her own life. She checked again to make sure the video recording mode was working properly and looked back the way she came. In that place...

""How dare you summon me?""

It was a scene where the angry Berserk King thrust his spear. His spear stopped just before it skewered the Yatan Servants.

""Bastard, you dare to provoke me by using a cheap trick and pulling Sitri's strings?""

It was thanks to Saleos' intervention. He wept as he mourned the crocodile killed by Sitri's hands and expressed his resentment towards Beleth, not Sitri. Beleth, who had the nickname of Berserk King, stared for a moment as his spear was blocked by Saleos, who would 'unconditionally' win in a battle of strength.

""That wasn't my intention. Let me apologize.""

""Dammit!""

The 33 great demons competed with each other. Who would conquer more than the lands of hell and ultimately become a god? However, Saleos and Beleth were great demons under Baal's rule. They shouldn't fight with each other. Annoyance and dissatisfaction filled their faces.

Saleos and Beleth asked the Yatan Servants who had endured for 10 years.

""Was Sitri's hand pulled out by that wily fellow Amoract?""

""I want to see blood. Guide me to the place where most humans live.""

[27th Great Demon, Ronove, has descended to the human world to take over.]

[25th Great Demon, Dantalion, has descended to the human world to take over.]

[19th Great Demon, 'Eccentric Duke' Saleos, has descended to the human world to take over.]

[13th Great Demon, 'Berserk King' Beleth, has descended to the human world to take over.]

[The hand of the 12th Great Demon, Sitri, has descended to the human world to take over.]

Shocking world messages disrupted the world. The 22nd Great Demon, Berith—humanity had almost perished due to one of the great demons. Now they sensed that real extinction was around the corner.

『 In the ancient ruins excavated by the Saharan Empire in the past, there were records about the great demons having a different dimension of strength from the top 10 great demons... 』

『 It is said that Dantalion's book records the secrets of the world—the past and everything that happens in the future. It is said that even Muller was unable to hurt him because of his wisdom. 』

『 Even if all the nations of the West Continent cooperate, they won't be able to cope with the 13th great demon Beleth. 』

Broadcasters all over the world were busy offering skeptical analyses. Experts used the word 'apocalypse' to describe the situation.

After the destruction of the West Continent, all the surviving players would move to the East Continent and from there, Satisfy's second season would begin—people accepted it as a plausible interpretation since the level of the East Continent was overwhelmingly higher than that of the West Continent.

It was just that the rankers had different ideas. They saw the reality of the yangbans thanks to Grid and knew that the East Continent was a sinister and harsh environment beyond the West Continent. It

would be hell for players if they waited for the West Continent to be destroyed. Therefore, the West Continent couldn't perish. They had to stop the invasion of great demons...

It happened as all the rankers were determined to lead their respective forces to fight...

[Basara, empress of the Saharan Empire, has made a proclamation throughout the continent.]

["The empire will be a spear and shield. All of humanity must unite to stop the advance of the great demons."]

[Empress Basara has unveiled the route of the great demons' march.]

Ttiring~

Along with the new world message, five stars appeared on the map of all players. They were symbols marking the great demons' current locations. Their paths of movement were also kindly predicted.

"The empire's real-time intelligence gathering is the strongest in the world."

The number one explorer, Skunk, looked at the map and marveled. He once again confirmed that the empire's map was more complete than his own and told Lauel, "I think we can trust it."

"I understand."

Lauel nodded as he summoned the Overgeared members and moved locations. They arrived at the gathering place suggested by Emperor Basara and saw that many players had already arrived.

"The Overgeared Guild!"

The emergence of the Overgeared Guild, led by Lauel, calmed the turmoil of the world. The guild leaders, who were busy showing off each other's power even in the midst of the crisis, were all meek in front of the Overgeared members.

"Welcome, Prime Minister."

"I greet Empress Basara, who leads the Millennium Empire."

The silent players all held their breaths at once. The position of the Overgeared Guild might be high but the players never dreamed that the empress would come out to meet them. Basara looked at the faces of the Overgeared members and asked carefully, "King Grid...?"

"That..."

Lauel opened the map with an awkward expression and pointed to a star. This caused Basara's face to harden. "He went to the Berserk King?"

Lauel didn't deny it. He nodded while looking at the tens of thousands of players gathered in this place. "Yes, he said he would buy some time for us while we kill Ronove and Dantalion."

"....."

No one could respond. It was because Lauel's declaration meant nothing. Grid might be the supreme one, but how could he fight against a great demon alone? It happened as the silence was going to drag out...

The number one ice magician, Bondre, stepped forward and declared, "Tell this to Grid. It is enough if he lasts five minutes."

He arrived at the scene with War God Ares and the thousands of rankers who followed him. It was just a month after Grid and the 10 meritorious retainers started hunting in the Chaos Mountains.

On the same day, the large-scale strikes of the great demons were launched.

[Chapter 1248](#)

The emergence of the great demons had something in common—there was no precursor. The great demons always appeared abruptly and were disasters, causing numerous casualties. This was why the world was turned upside down by this situation. Could humanity only watch helplessly as the great demons destroyed their kingdoms? Five great demons appeared at the same time? How were they supposed to deal with this?

People were baffled by the world messages. They couldn't figure out what to do. This was when Basara became the focal point.

"I'm different from the emperors of the past."

The greatest strength of the Saharan Empire lay in its vast territory and its billions of people. The empire's vision spanned almost every part of the continent. It wasn't a waste of money and manpower for the empire to manage over 50 borders. The empire's ability to collect, gather, and disseminate what was happening on the continent in real time was unmatched.

The five great demons were discovered by the empire the moment they left Talima and crossed the volcanic zone. The scouts of the empire that existed in various forms were now following the great demons. The information they sent back was being spread across the continent by Empress Basara. This was in contrast to the emperors of the past, who despised and neglected the great demons' invasion.

That's right—Basara dreamed of harmony and politics that focuses only on the empire wasn't her purpose. She knew that living with the other kingdoms and races, moving forward together was the way to lead the Millennium Empire.

'This disaster... it is an opportunity to bring harmony to all.'

The empire had too many sins in its long history. There were an overwhelming number of people who doubted or loathed Basara when she advocated unity. The victims and stunned witnesses still didn't trust her. However, Basara believed she could change it. This was why she went directly to the front lines. She wanted to introduce herself to the world, make her true heart known, and protect the world with everyone.

"We have been able to avoid the worst case scenario thanks to King Grid's expedition against the Berserk King. There are sections where the path of the Berserk King is expected to overlap with the

paths of the other great demons. We have avoided needing to deal with more than one great demon at once.”

Basara’s heart was greatly overwhelmed. She felt something as majestic as the day when she saw an exceptionally high sky. She was impressed by Grid’s insight that saw the core of the Berserk King just by looking at the path of the Berserk King’s march. Basara felt that Grid really was the great man who changed the empire. Today, she especially missed him.

‘13 minutes. You only need to buy time for 13 minutes.’

The empire gathered all the ready-to-maneuver troops. They even deployed the imperial guards to the front lines. Moreover, all the magicians and scholars led by the great magicians were gathered to make the Reverse Summoning magic circle.

That was two days ago. According to the scholars’ predictions, the time remaining until the completion of the Reverse Summoning magic circle was only two hours. However, that very same two hours also meant it was 13 minutes after the Berserk King’s scheduled arrival.

“Look here.”

In the barracks where the leaders of various kingdoms were gathered...

Basara pointed to one side of the map. It was the path that the Berserk King was taking and there was a small fortress there. “Henlutu Fortress of the Arc Kingdom. The magicians of the empire are gathering there to install the Reverse Summoning magic circle.”

“The Reverse Summoning magic circle...?” Duke Jinteri of the Glaucian Kingdom dared to ask a question.

He had felt strange since the beginning when he led the Glaucian Kingdom’s army at the command of his king who couldn’t refuse the emperor’s call to overthrow the great demons together. The ambassador of the empire had issued a memorandum that said ‘fight against the great demons and overcome the world’s crisis together’ but instead of an order, it said ‘please.’ The empire also expressed their thanks to the nobles and armies of the ‘small kingdoms’ who joined the battlefield.

He had heard that the empress was completely different from the emperors of the past but he didn’t know it would be this different. It was an incomprehensible sight and perhaps he was dreaming right now. This was why he dared to ask a question. It was to the existence who wasn’t afraid of the gods in Heaven and the demons underground. The result—

“It is a magic circle that sends back a being that came from another dimension,” she answered with a friendly smile, not a cold dagger stuck in his neck.

“I... see. Thank you for teaching me, Your Majesty. It is a national honor that will last for generations.” It was different. The world had changed. Duke Jinteri replied politely as he realized the truth and tried to subdue his thrilled heart. Basara nodded humbly and went back to the main topic.

“The empire is planning to send back the Berserk King, who is considered the most dangerous of the great demons who have invaded this time. It is just honestly unknown if we can complete the magic circle before he arrives at Henlutu Fortress.”

However, the empire had no choice but to gamble. It was because once the Berserk King passed through Henlutu Fortress, there was a section where he would overlap with Dantalion's route. The moment the two of them joined forces, the Arc Kingdom would perish.

In order to avoid the worst-case scenario, they had to risk setting up the magic circle at Henlutu Fortress. It was just that the analysis of the probability of the operation succeeding was barely 10%. The speed of the Berserk King's march exceeded the magic circle's installation speed.

At this point, Grid came. She was grateful for the presence of the helper called Grid, and felt reassured.

"Now the story is different. Things have completely changed. King Grid coming forward has significantly increased the chance of the Reverse Summoning magic circle being completed. We are able to make the best choices rather than preparing for the worst." Basara pointed to two of the smallest of the five asterisks on the map. "The Berserk King will be entrusted to King Grid. We will focus all our power on repelling Ronove and Dantalion."

Basara's clear gaze studied the faces of those sitting down on the left. The leaders of a total of 11 nations, including the Saharan Empire and the Overgeared Kingdom, nodded with determination. Seeing this scene, Basara smiled and her somewhat anxious eyes shifted to those sitting on the right. The representatives of nine races, including orcs, elves, short green people with red eyes, a short-legged person with a hunched back, etc, all stared at her with dissatisfied expressions.

She sighed and gave a small nod to them. Basara's heart was heavy. She knew how much anguish and determination they would've felt when making up their minds to join the empire when they had been discriminated against and abused by the empire all their lives. She once again regretted the absence of the half-draconians, who she couldn't reconcile with, and disclosed the strategies prepared by the hundreds of strategists in the empire.

First, she put forward the strategy against Ronove, who could transform into red fog to freely move. Then she talked about Dantalion's method of peeping into his book. Their force was largely divided into two. The force that would target Ronove was the empire, four kingdoms, and five races. The force that would attack Dantalion was the Overgeared Kingdom, five other kingdoms, and four races.

Ares, king of Valhalla, looked pleased after finding out he had become a team with the Overgeared Kingdom. Then he raised a question, "Excuse me, Your Majesty. Then who will block the Eccentric Duke and Sitri's hand?"

They might be cooperating for a while due to a common enemy but Valhalla and the empire were strictly enemies. No one pointed out Ares' aggressive manner of speaking and Basara herself didn't mind. She admired and acknowledged Ares' broad-mindedness for deciding to join her for the peace of the world, even though she was an enemy.

"Sitri's hand is only part of the great demon and has no sense of reason or wisdom. Thus, he seems like an easy opponent but the reality was different. The average person can't get close to him at all because he emits the same magic as hell, regardless of his body burning."

"His body burning? Doesn't this mean he will self-destruct soon? Isn't it enough to ignore him?"

"If we wait for Sitri to self-destruct, half of the continent will be devastated."

“So who can stop the guy who can’t even be approached? Are you going to target him with the Reverse Summoning magic circle?”

Basara smiled. “Humanity has the Rebecca Church.”

At the same time, in the Kalatan Fortress in the Arc Kingdom...

“.....”

The fortress was quiet. The Rebecca followers felt a sense of fundamental fear at the sight of a big hand, like 10 elephants glued together, slowly crawling in the plains below the fortress. It felt like they had encountered something that condensed all the sinister things in the world.

Gulp.

The followers were trembling with fright even though Pope Damian and Rebecca’s Daughters were at the forefront. The followers witnessed Sitri’s hand and believed that if there was a demon who dominated the world, it must be that guy.

“it is an eyesore.” White feathers fluttered above the fortress. It was the appearance of an archangel, an existing myth that ignited the morale of the Rebecca followers.

“Am I late?” The black-haired beauty joined one step late and apologized, calming the mind of Pope Damian who had been trembling with fear in his heart.

Meanwhile, Ares...

“...Hoh? It is the combination of the Rebecca Church and the Demon Slayer. I don’t think there is a great demon who can’t be defeated by this combination.” He nodded with interest when he heard the power based in the Kalantan Fortress from Empress Basara. Even so, he still had questions. “Who is blocking the Eccentric Duke?”

“The Eccentric Duke is an unreasonable force.” Basara’s expression was once again confident. “The only one who can stop him is the Sword Saint who exercises the same irrationality.”

“Kraugel? Doesn’t he still...”

Have a low level? Ares was barely holding back the words that reflexively wanted to pop out, when Basara’s words penetrated his ears.

“You might disregard the Sword Saint but there are countless people in the world who follow him, regardless of his intentions. They look very strong.”

At the same time, in the Lilchard Fortress in the Arc Kingdom...

“Huhu, this is the fate of those who are admired.” Spear Saint Kirinus said with a laugh while the silent Kraugel looked back quietly.

There were hundreds of unofficial rankers, including Black, White, Tarma, other Blood Carnival members, Death God Knight, and thousands of players whose names had been heard somewhere. These wanderers filled the fortress because they were fascinated by Kraugel’s swordsmanship or had no place

to rely on other than Kraugel. It was like the middle of a market. There wasn't any orderly formation but the pride they expressed showed they didn't envy Grid.

"Hey! Kraugel! Drag it properly from the front! Eh? If you don't do it well then you might be stabbed in the back in the future!"

"Tarma was the jerk who just spoke!"

"Ah, shut your mouth!"

"Shh. From now on, I will kill anyone who upsets Kraugel. Be careful. Don't forget that if Kraugel runs away because of something we did, we will have to fight against the empire or the Overgeared Kingdom."

"It's tiring to work with military people. Is this a game? It is an army. No matter the quest rewards, I can't live in a group like this."

"So I guess everyone is stuck here. Hey, Kraugel! Have strength! Go and beat up that monstrous demon! In the meantime, we will do as much as we can!"

"....."

Two days earlier, Kraugel had received a hidden quest. It was a quest presented by Empress Basara. She told him that if he was in charge of the battle, there would definitely be many people who would join his side and be his strength. It was surprisingly true. The problem was that there were few chivalrous people.

Kraugel stood alone on the wall and stared at the people, looking uniquely beautiful as he questioned them, "Why me?"

"What? What nonsense are you suddenly saying? The great demon will soon arrive. Polish your sword one more time!"

The crowd swore and jeered without thinking about the point of the question

Kraugel frowned and spoke more clearly, "Besides this place, there is the battlefield that Grid is in charge of. Why did you come to my battlefield instead of Grid's battlefield?"

Kraugel's question was natural. Grid was much stronger than Kraugel. The one with the highest success of stopping the great demons was naturally Grid, not Kraugel. Yet there were thousands of people who took part in his own battlefield, not Grid's battlefield. They were also the best talents.

Kraugel found it really hard to understand but the people he questioned laughed as if it was absurd.

"Isn't this a stupid question? Are we crazy enough to go and hunt the 13th great demon?"

"Grid might be strong but even he can't stand it. I expect him to be killed in one minute."

"...I see."

Kraugel's gaze turned to the canyon beneath the walls. He could see a warrior wearing a crown and silver armor walking alone.

Kraugel murmured, "This place will be annihilated."

[Chapter 1249](#)

[Name: Grid

Level: 412

Class: Pagma's Descendant, Duke of Wisdom, Magic Swordsman of the Epics

Title: One who Became a Legend and 39 others

Health: 330,682 Mana: 70,020

Fighting Energy: 50 Sword Energy: 1,200

Strength: 3,850 (+480) ★1,082 ▲

Stamina: 2,422 (+1563) ★996 ▲

Agility: 3,900 (+430) ★1,082 ▲

Intelligence: 2,896 (+1,943)

★refers to the stats that have been further elevated due to the effect of fighting energy.

Dexterity: 5,742 (+980)

Persistence: 2,037 (+430)

Composure: 1,363 (+430)

Indomitable: 1,598 (+490)

Dignity: 2,271 (+430)

Insight: 2,161 (+430)

Courage: 1,417 (+430) Good Luck: 806

Political Power: 356 (+430) Willpower: 236 (+465)

Deity: 12

Remaining Stat Points: 0]

This was the result of devoting himself to hunting for the past month. Thanks to his colleagues, Grid's leveling went smoothly and it was speculated that he would reach level 413 in the next half a month. This was overwhelmingly fast compared to Chris, who was wandering in the demonic section (level 399).

Grid could feel how precious his enlightenment buff and dragon's blessing buffs were.

'Meeting with Nefelina was a great blessing for me.'

He would like to ask her to give blessings to his colleagues but Nefelina wasn't someone who could be easily asked for a favor. It seemed realistic to take the route of developing the mass produced enlightenment weapons.

'I have improved enough to challenge it now.'

It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the Enlightenment Sword Grid had been using for years was a lucky charm. It wasn't an object that could be crafted using just skill, but it was a different story now.

Grid had steadily developed his blacksmithing techniques and dexterity, and he was much more skilled compared to a few years ago. As long as the conditions of time and materials were met, it was possible to produce a series of enlightenment weapons such as bows, swords, spears, and blunt weapons.

"....."

Grid checked the status window and skills window and woke up from his thoughts.

[A huge danger is approaching.]

He got goosebumps on his arms as a red warning window flashed in his vision. He had come to this place after hearing the rumors of the invasion. Now he swept by the cameras of the international broadcasters and climbed over the walls. The horizon at the end of a vast grassland came into view. He stared at it and a small dot soon appeared. Grid's eyes widened as he saw the object that gradually grew larger in size.

Flash!

He barely captured the light using the vision of a transcendent. Grid glimpsed the brief flash of light and his body started to twist. The viewers watching Grid through the screen questioned it. They didn't even notice the existence of a small dot gradually approaching from the horizon. They had no idea that the little dot was 'something.'

『!! 』

『!! 』

The commentators of the various international broadcasters sucked in a breath as they appreciated the appearance of the supreme one alone on the wall. Grid suddenly turned away and shortly after, an explosion blew away the wall. The cameras chased after Grid as he escaped the crumbling walls and confirmed the source of the explosion.

It was the antler of a deer—extremely ordinary antlers that were common in a forest. The deer's antler flew over and destroyed the fortress' thick and high walls.

The world was in shock.

Grid, who recently defeated a half-god, wasn't able to hide his surprise and the broadcasters around the world repeatedly emphasized Grid's expression. The image of the antler stuck in the rubble of the fortress wall, and Grid, who couldn't take his eyes off the antler, intersected in succession on the screen.

At this moment...

『 Look over there...! 』

An American broadcaster captured and zoomed in on the presence approaching from the horizon. The 13th great demon who Grid had to handle alone, Berserk King Beleth, who shocked people and made the world breathless, was crossing the grassland.

His appearance on a horse that galloped like the gust of wind was different from the previous great demons. He looked like a human being in every way and there was no bizarreness. From his neatly trimmed beard and hair, to his stylish clothes and classical crown—Beleth's style was dignified.

『 It is amazing. It is a completely different category from the savage great demons of the past... 』

The commentator who was admiring Beleth's appearance soon frowned sharply. He saw Beleth's face as Beleth approached the camera. His face that carried all the anger that existed in the world was far from dignified.

“I want to go back to hell quickly!” Beleth shouted as flames shot out from both of his nostrils and then repeatedly disappeared. It was a runny nose. The running nose that descended to the ground set fire to the grassland. The path that Beleth passed through turned red and immediately burned black.

『 ...He is definitely a demon. 』

The moment that the commentator corrected his words, his face became paler than white. Beleth increased his speed by flicking the reins of the corpse-like horse and started a frenzied charge. As if to erase all traces of humans in the world, he marched to destroy the artificially made facilities such as watchtowers and wooden fences. It wasn't long before he reached the fortress' gates and blew fire from his mouth.

『! 』

A fortress was the ultimate defense facility. The fortress' walls and gates reached the maximum level of 30 and had a high durability compared to a city's walls and gates. However, Beleth knocked down the gate with a single stream of fire. It was a sight that denied the meaning of the fortress.

『 The skill coefficient seems to be beyond imagination. Even Grid's bones won't be able to endure it the moment he allows an attack. 』

『 This is terrible. The ranking is very high and he seemed different from the great demons seen before... 』

Empress Basara said that Grid should buy at least 13 minutes. The 22nd great demon, Berith, had destroyed one kingdom alone and slaughtered tens of thousands of rankers, yet Grid was expected to tie up the feet of the 13th great demon, Beleth, alone?

Naturally, people thought it was absurd. Even so, few people shouted 'absolutely impossible.' It was because Grid was the supreme one. People clearly remembered all the miracles he had accomplished so far. It was Grid who had overcome so many impossibilities.

The 13th great demon? Rather than delaying him, perhaps Grid could defeat him...

People thought so and it was the same for the commentators of different broadcasting stations.

『 Um... It isn't easy to think that Grid is going to lose. 』

『 I agree. Grid has the power to summon his knights. First of all, if he couldn't endure then can't he immediately summon his knights for a reverse raid? 』

『 Even if a raid is very hard... it seems that Grid alone should be sufficient to endure for 13 minutes. Grid has multiple counterattack skills, clones, the God Hands, and skeletons. It is very unlikely that Grid would die without delaying the right amount of time. It hurts to say it but I heard his physical strength is comparable to a named NPC. 』

『 ...Are you referring to those undead who are occasionally summoned? 』

『 Isn't this the case? Their quality seems too poor compared to the level of Grid's opponents. 』

The commentators, excited by the steep rise in ratings, kept making noises while on the screen, Beleth was going berserk. After knocking down the gate, he started to smash the walls at random like his anger hadn't been resolved. Meanwhile, Grid was holding his breath.

'This guy, is his ability to read sound and movements poor?'

Grid, who first climbed the wall, showed his dignity to the approaching enemy. He showed off the existence of Overgeared King Grid. Beleth read it and threw the antler. Grid was nearly hit and shrank back. He reflexively held his breath while observing Beleth.

This was the result. Beleth was only concerned with the destruction of the fortress like he didn't know Grid was hiding behind the first collapsed wall.

'He thinks I'm dead.'

The moment Grid saw the power of the antler that destroyed the wall, he wondered how he could endure fighting this monster for 13 minutes. Fortunately, he had something to use. The overwhelming attack damage might be frightening but Beleth seemed to have the weakness of anger. It didn't seem difficult to buy some time.

"Can you Become the King of the Dead?"

Beleth's frenzy buried the sound of Grid's voice.

Clack!Clack clack!

The sound of the Overgeared Skeletons who emerged by digging through the ground was also buried.

Clack clack!Clack clack clack!

The Overgeared Skeletons, who raised their level in the past month, looked at Grid with a confident expression. Overgeared Skeleton One, whose third class advancement was a Skeleton Sword Dancer, looked like a warrior. It was equipped with a much nicer sword and armor than before.

On the other hand, Overgeared Skeleton Two had a third class advancement of Skeleton Bishop. It was still small but a subtle dignity exuded from its pious expression. The gorgeous staff and robe announced to the world that Overgeared Skeleton Two was an unusual skeleton.

Grid commanded these guys who had grown stronger, "Once I send a signal, run out and greet the opponent."

Clack!Clack clack!

"Do you want your bones cut into 206 pieces?"

Clack clack!Clack!

Their expressions became more colorful the more class advancements they went through. They expressed dissatisfaction with Grid's order and Grid quickly whispered to them while stroking their heads, "I'll get revenge for you if he hits you once, so rest assured and get hit."

The Overgeared Skeletons couldn't die. The moment they reached 0 health, they were recalled back to the ground, regenerated, restored, and resurrected. This was why Grid relied on the Overgeared Skeletons.

He was worried about Braham, Piaro, and Mercedes being in danger and couldn't bring them, but the Overgeared Skeletons could go forward without hesitation.

"Now!"

Grid fired Magic Missile at the back of Beleth, who had entered the fortress after destroying the walls around the gates.

Beleth didn't react as Magic Missile hit the back of his hand. He just looked at the back of his hand and eventually shifted his gaze to the side. It was to where Overgeared Skeleton One was dancing by his side. It was very clumsy but it was a reproduction of Grid's sword dance. The joints shook as it danced while the tip of the sword shone sharply in the sunlight.

""Berache...?""

Beleth immediately recognized the identity of the Overgeared Skeletons and swung at the skull of Overgeared Skeleton One with one hand. Overgeared Skeleton One hit the ground and then it was thrown like a ball toward Overgeared Skeleton Two in the distance. The bones of the Overgeared Skeletons collapsed with a light sound like pins hit by a bowling ball.

Grid appeared behind Beleth's back as the skeletons were scattered. "Kill."

The biggest advantage of Kill was the distance. Grid had to buy time so he first launched some exploratory moves. After knowing Beleth's reaction speed and defense, he deliberately used Kill so he could deal with a counterattack at any time. The result was terrible. Grid had an unimaginable development waiting for him.

""How trivial.""

Beleth's fist smashed through Kill without looking at it and then it precisely struck Grid's face. Grid shook from the intense impact and realized something.

'This is X.'

This bastard never missed Grid's presence. He pretended not to know Grid's existence and waited for him to come first.

[You have suffered 69,030 damage!]

"...?"

How much had Grid's defense been raised so far? Grid was devastated by what seemed to be denial of all his past efforts. He was momentarily dazed as he sprawled on the roof of a building he had been blown to due to the impact. In technical terms, it was 'sage time.'

Meanwhile, Beleth showed a strange expression. He felt a pain in his fist from the human's surprise attack. A 'weapon' caused him pain...

Beleth stared at the back of his hand for a moment before questioning the human whom he had blown away, ""Are you the one carrying on Muller's legacy?""

"Hah, what a fucking tiring question."

Grid snorted and rose from his spot. He took the finest health recovery potion that had been obtained from Reidan's alchemy facility and tossed the empty bottle aside.

"I am Grid."

Pagma's Descendant was also a part of him.

"Remember this well because I am the most persistent person in the world."

He had endured more than half his life and lived patiently. Only 13 minutes? For him, it was just a moment.

Grid's assertive face showed his resolute willpower.

[Chapter 1250](#)

"Is there anything I can do to help? Please give me any instructions. Pity this trivial human and give me an opportunity to serve the great lord of hell."

The 1st ranked black magician and Yatan Servant—Rose, who played a leading role in the summoning of the great demons, had already achieved numerous feats. There was no limit to her achievements from the standpoint of the Yatan Church. However, the world didn't rate her as the 'best.'

Yura might've left the Yatan Church, but Rose would forever be regarded as the number two. Such an evaluation made Rose even more unrelenting. Rose wanted to escape from Yura's shadow and played more intensely than anyone else. It was nothing for her to flatter the great demon who smelled terrible and had an appearance that would make people vomit.

'This cheekiness is good.'

'She is unusually determined.'

Dantalion had several faces above one neck—there were the faces of a boy and girl smiling innocently, the face of an anguished young man, the face of a sad woman, the face of a confident gentleman, the face of a graceful lady, the face of a gentle grandmother, and the face of an angry grandfather.

Eight faces were spread out like flowers above one neck in a bizarre and eerie manner, yet Rose just followed the great demon like nothing was wrong.

“Hrmm...”

Out of the eight faces, the one of the confident gentleman opened his mouth, “I haven’t seen someone who isn’t afraid of me for a long time.” The angry grandfather’s face shouted, “There is no cowardice! There is no fear!”

The faces of the boy and girl shouted in chorus.

“Fearless human!”

“Going to die early!”

“.....”

For the first time, Rose’s smiling expression hardened. She got goosebumps all over as she saw the faces focused on the book in their hand in a bizarre and creepy manner. She quickly managed to restore her expression and tried to buy Dantalion’s heart. “What book are you reading now?”

Dantalion’s book was one that contained all the knowledge of the world. Rose had already witnessed its power. Hill, the Seventh Servant who lost his life to Grid during the Vatican invasion, had become a master of martial arts after reading only a fragment of Dantalion’s knowledge.

Rose wanted Dantalion’s knowledge. Any knowledge was good. She wanted to use it to develop into a superhuman beyond Yura. Her goal was to prove to the world that she was better than Yura and to join Grid and Kraugel in the top ranks.

The gentle grandmother’s face opened her mouth, “It is a book written about the history of the destruction of a short-lived human kingdom.”

“A short-lived human kingdom?” Rose wondered if her affinity with Dantalion had started to rise after a few days of hard work.

She became cheerful again at Dantalion’s cordial attitude while the gentle grandmother’s face answered, “There is a place called the Overgeared Kingdom. It will be destroyed and disappear in the coming future.”

History was a trace and a record. In other words, it meant the past, but Dantalion described what would happen as history. It was possible because he was convinced that it was an unchanging future.

“It is the future.”

For the first time, the gentle grandmother’s face took her eyes away from the book. Rose followed her gaze and looked fiercely at Peltrino Fortress in front of her. It was due to the six flags on the fortress’ walls. The flag in the center was unusually large. A hammer and anvil...

It was the flag of the Overgeared Kingdom, led by the damn Grid and Yura.

Rose gritted her teeth. It was a reflexive reaction. Rose's grudge toward the Overgeared Kingdom was frightening since she had failed her quest several times due to Grid. Dantalion's seven other faces started to follow the grandmother's face.

"This moment has become the present."

"Today, the Overgeared Kingdom."

"It will lose most of its power here."

"It will be lost in a catastrophe."

"The Overgeared King and the Demon Slayer..."

"All the variables that threaten hell."

"Now, they will disappear."

Dantalion turned over the book's pages. He flipped through the thick book's pages and stopped in the middle. Then a magic circle appeared in front of Dantalion. It was an unfamiliar form of magic even for Rose, who had a lot of knowledge and an excellent memory. It was the first time she had seen it and it was bound to be unfamiliar. The magic written in Dantalion's book, Miracle Field, was a legendary magic that humans would never see.

"Meteor."

The sky blackened. Blazing meteorites poured down from the screaming universe.

"...!!"

『!! 』

Rose, the Yatan Church, and the commentators from various broadcasters all had the same expressions. They were completely enchanted and their mouths dropped open blankly. All of them foresaw a certain future—the six kingdoms alliance, wiped out together with Peltrino Fortress. It was the future that would happen in just a few seconds. In fact, the effect of this Meteor was beyond imagination. It seemed there was no exaggeration in the power of Meteor recorded in the legends.

"H-How to avoid..."

The allies inside the fortress were also predicting their end. They didn't know what to do from the moment they witnessed dozens of meteorites falling from the sky and were out of their minds.

『 Even Sword Saint Muller, who sealed the 9th great demon, couldn't harm Dantalion. He might be the 25th great demon, but he is considered more difficult to deal with than a single digit great demon due to his omnipotence. Now, I think he is beyond difficult, and is more invincible. 』

『 Dantalion's ability has been proven since he is able to realize the knowledge recorded in the book. Isn't Dantalion the greatest demon that transcends the concept of ranking? 』

The commentators were making desperate observations. It was a guess with sufficient grounds. Dantalion was almost a divine being since he not only had a great deal of knowledge, he also had the ability to realize it. However, there were facts to be aware of. The power was different depending on the person who used the same magic.

“Is it Meteor?”

Peltrino Fortress was in chaos. A man’s derisive voice echoed in the silence. Everyone in the fortress turned their attention to the maniac laughing at the situation and hundreds of cameras focused on the new character who appeared.

『 This...? 』

The commentators were astonished.

-Awesome.

-As expected, he was in the Overgeared Kingdom.

-Ehhhhh! He’s finally coming out!

The viewers cheered. The silver hair that filled the screen turned despair into hope. “Disintegrate.”

Flash!

Unlike Meteor, which required a physical process to ‘pull down’ the stars in the universe, the spear of light was instantly manifested. The great magic used by the legendary great magician, Braham, penetrated and exploded dozens of meteorites that were heading toward Peltrino Fortress, turning them into dust.

“Meteor.”

The universe once again screamed. Dozens of meteorites poured from the blackened sky toward Dantalion and the Yatan Church members, not Peltrino Fortress.

“H-Hik!”

“What is this?”

Rose and the Yatan Church members paled. The rapid change in the future they took for granted threw them into confusion. On the other hand, Dantalion remained calm. No, he was smiling. All eight faces had a meaningful smile. “Braham, do you think I didn’t know you were here?”

Dantalion knew all the secrets of the world. He knew that Braham had been resurrected, and even that they would meet here. He couldn’t not know the basic common sense that the power of magic was affected by the caster’s magic power. Dantalion knew that he couldn’t magically offset Braham’s Meteor and he used another part of the book.

[The page where Sword Saint Muller’s swordsmanship is recorded.]

Dantalion pulled his sword from his waist and waved it in a half-moon motion. The sword technique derived from the Matchless Heart Technique soared toward the sky and the meteorites were cut in turn.

It was a sword infused with the 'there is nothing that can't be cut' power of the Sword Saint. It was also the reason why Braham had to leave Muller alone as much as possible.

"This is why Muller couldn't do anything to me."

One skill, one power alone, couldn't defeat him...

Just as Dantalion's confident voice echoed through the battlefield—

"Super Growth!"

The earth shook. All the plants that rose from the land suddenly flooded toward Dantalion.

"It is foolish."

Dantalion scoffed as he struck at the plants that grew wildly and came at him with his sword. He also knew of Piaro's existence. From his standpoint, who had fought with the legends of the previous generation, the legendary Piaro was only a little child.

Dantalion's sword cut down the plants and collided with Piaro's farming tools. Piaro's hoe and sickle cracked as they blocked Dantalion's sword. If it was the old him, before he learned the Matchless Heart Technique, Piaro wouldn't have been able to resist this attack, and might've even been cut along with his farming tools. However, from the time he learned the Matchless Heart Technique, Piaro's farming had become a match for Muller's swordsmanship, and his hoe and sickle weren't cut.

"Even so..." Dantalion scoffed and was about to wield his sword again.

Duguen!

Dantalion's heart thumped. It was because he encountered the unknown. A white-haired knight with brilliant silver wings. Dantalion met her blue eyes and was in deep turmoil. There were no records of these 'eyes' in Dantalion's book.

"What...?!" Dantalion screamed and stepped back. He flipped through the pages in a hurry but it was as expected—he was unable to find the identity of those sinister eyes.

'Is this a human?'

It was a fear caused by the unknown. It was the reason why Dantalion feared the high ranking demons and gods, whose innate power was higher than him. That's right—Dantalion wasn't almighty. If he was really almighty then he wouldn't have stayed in the 25th position.

He was able to gain insight into everything lower than himself, for example, a human. He was weak because he couldn't see into an opponent who had a higher status than him. This was why he was inevitably humbled in front of Mercedes' Keen Insight that even a god feared. As Empress Basara predicted, Mercedes's Keen Insight played a vital role against Dantalion.

"Kuek! Kuaaaak!"

The appearance of Mercedes made his book useless. Dantalion's screams of resentment echoed through the battlefield. This scream became a signal and the Overgeared Kingdom and allied forces started to

come out. In the face of the offensive of the 10 meritorious retainers and the rankers of each kingdom, Rose and the Yatan Church's believers were forced to be helpless.

Dantalion was quickly driven on the defensive.

It was the day when the great evil that Sword Saint Muller, one of the strongest legends of the past, failed to fight, was defeated by the people living today. The world was evolving, and at the very center of it, was Grid.