

Overgeared 1331

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The raid that felt exceptionally long had ended successfully. Yura smiled as she shared Grid's joy and soon sat down. The mental exhaustion wasn't a joke due to the continuous crises. In fact, she was worried about the high fatigue Grid would feel since he fought Marchosias alone.

'...Should I show him some cuteness to cheer him up?'

She had been practicing for a long time in case this happened, but, well... she was nervous.

".....?"

Yura puffed up her cheeks and prepared her mind. Then she looked back at Grid and became dazed. It was because Grid was fine. No signs of exhaustion could be found. He looked like a person who slept well and was refreshed after waking up.

It was natural. Grid had the best mental power even when he was an insignificant level 73 warrior. He got lost several times searching for the North End Cave and challenged it again without giving up despite dying dozens of times. No matter how difficult the process, his mental power quickly recovered as long as the raid was successful. It would've been the same even if the raid failed.

'It has been a long time since it has felt so rewarding.'

Grid was smiling. Marchosias was someone who stood up and endured dozens of times. The guy who summoned hundreds of thousands of demonic beasts was a raid opponent that maximized the effect of enlightenment. He was an extremely good punching bag. Grid had gained four levels because it was considered a class-specific activity and he continued to gain experience due to the enlightenment effect. Therefore, he felt it was a windfall.

'The dropped items are also great.'

The item that Marchosias dropped was the Petrified Shield. Not only was the shield's defense the best, it also petrified a part of the wearer's body and strengthened the defense of a specific area by a percentage. Furthermore, there was a high probability of petrifying the target facing the shield, so it wasn't an exaggeration to call it a weapon as well as the strongest shield.

'The performance is truly great and is worthy of an item dropped by a great demon.'

He wanted to make good use of this shield. It would be nice to explore the shield techniques for a while.

'I was already in a good mood because the Holy Light Armor set upgraded. Now something good happened.'

Thanks to Grid's recognition of Pagma as a hero, the legends of Pagma had become deeper and more widely known. As a result, all the works that Pagma left behind had their rating upgraded by one. Just look at Yura's magic engineering gun. Wasn't it showing a power that was incomparable to before? Grid was smiling with satisfaction when a new notification window appeared in his vision. It was a world message...

[The 29th Great Demon, Marchosias, was killed in hell.]

The reason why the message emphasized that the location was 'hell' was simple—even Sword Saint Muller had never killed a great demon in hell, and with the exception of Demon Slayer Alex, this was the first time humanity had defeated a great demon in hell.

[This is an achievement of Overgeared King Grid, the Lantern of Humanity.]

[His work that makes the enemies of hell nervous deserve praise from all humans in the human world.]

Then after the string of world messages was over...

[Reputation throughout the continent will rise by 1,000,000.]

Grid was wide-eyed at the huge amount of reputation he gained. It was nearly three times the reputation Grid had built up so far.

'If it is one million then can't I do the draw 1,001 times?'

No matter how unlucky his hand, wouldn't he be able to receive something if he did the lucky draw more than 1,000 times? Grid thought about it before shaking his head.

'Gambling is prohibited.'

If he was obsessed with content that required luck, then he would only receive regret. He would be boarding an express train of regret if he wished for good luck when there was only a 1%, 0.1%, or 0.0001% probability. Grid resolutely cut off the impulse surging in his heart and searched through his memories.

'There was a rumor that new items had been added to the reputation store.'

His wallet was thick and he could buy items no matter how expensive they were—Grid was filled with anticipation as he summoned the reputation store, but it was impossible in hell.

[This is an area where the golden carriage can't be summoned.]

"I have to postpone it until next time."

The disappointed Grid looked back at Yura. The reason he succeeded in the Marchosias raid was due to Yura's help. It felt like he was monopolizing the world message reward by himself. Yura read Grid's concern and told him, "It is the Demon Slayer's job to defeat great demons. I've gained a lot of stats and acquired new skills as a reward for defeating Marchosias."

Just as Grid was able to defeat Marchosias with Yura's help, Yura defeated Marchosias with Grid's help and was able to clear one of over 30 class quests. It was good for both of them. Grid felt like he was stung. 'I didn't know Yura's quest was to defeat the great demons and tried to benefit alone.'

In the future, he should be with Yura every time he raided a great demon...

Grid made up his mind, but Yura shook her head. "You don't need to be so considerate. It is because the vacant spot of the great demon will be quickly filled up. Even if I didn't participate in the Marchosias raid, I would just wait for the new 29th great demon to appear before raiding it."

In fact, the atmosphere of the 29th Hell was unusual. The demon army that scattered in all directions found new leaders and started gathering again, each group led by a great demon candidate, aiming for the now vacant throne.

“The empty throne is mine!”

Demons with different horns and skin colors started to fight in various places. However, the demons who appeared near Grid’s group temporarily entered a ceasefire and attacked them.

“This is tough.”

Mental strength and stamina were separate issues. Contrary to his mood, Grid’s body was heavy and the great demon candidates couldn’t be underestimated. They could be described as dungeon bosses with an average level of 450 and some of the high level ones had power comparable to a great demon. It was actually difficult to endure the attacks of the demon army when Grid and Yura’s skills were on cooldown. The two of them were gradually being pushed back when the red-skinned Glant fell between them.

“You should’ve said it straight away. Isn’t your final task to clean the hell of a great demon?”

A demon who stayed alive for thousands of years—few demons had survived for such a long time, and the reason why Glant was able to survive for so long was naturally because... he was strong.

Glant released a red current that caused a shock wave. Then he stared at the convulsing monsters and kept talking, “Hey, Grid. If you want my master to complete the task, be sure to be with her whenever you defeat a great demon. It will take hundreds of years to complete the task if she has to wait for a new great demon to be born, fight against the great demon again, and purify hell. Is that possible with a human lifespan?”

It was Glant who told the truth on behalf of Yura, who didn’t reveal the details because she didn’t want to hold Grid back.

Grid placed his hand on Yura’s shoulder as she glared resentfully at Glant. “I’m grateful and happy that I can be with Yura.”

He had confirmed that he couldn’t win alone against Marchosias. However, with Yura, he was convinced that he could defeat even the great demons beyond Marchosias. In the first place, the reason Grid tried to do the raid alone was for him to grasp his skills, not out of greed. There was no reason to insist on continuing to fight alone.

“I also like it.”

It was like a flower had blossomed in hell. Yura smiled brightly as she used Hell Regulation, Boundary Destruction, and Hell Purification. The 29th Hell lost its master and couldn’t deny her influence. It gradually lost its demonic power.

“Dammit! I was one step too late!”

“Glant! This dirty guy! Go to heaven!”

A hell that lost its demonic power had no value to demons. Those who had lost the meaning of fighting started to leave the 29th Hell without any regret. The demonic army, once again without a master, wandered for a while before scattering in all directions.

Grid saw the sky start to turn blue and asked a question he had been curious about, "What exactly can you do in a cleansed hell?"

"You can make it a neutral area and bring in demonkin. Ultimately, a city will be formed, taxes can be collected, and specialties formed."

"The other great demons will just watch silently?"

Yura replied, "I said it before. There is an unwritten rule that the neutral areas shouldn't be touched."

Glant interrupted, "Grid, can you easily induce the reason?"

".....?"

"Did you see any statues in each city in the neutral areas?"

"Is it the statue of God Yatan?"

"That's right."

"I see... that's the reason."

Absolute gods who had existed since the beginning. It meant they could exist without human faith. However, Rebecca was obsessed with human faith. It was because the more faith she built up, the more power she gained.

'It is also true for Yatan.'

The ordinary demonkin (people of hell) living in neutral areas served Yatan and made Yatan stronger. As Yatan became stronger, the creatures of Yatan (demons) also became stronger. Therefore, the great demons didn't touch the neutral zones.

Grid gained a deeper understanding of hell and quickly developed a plan. "Let's clean up the hells in their 30s. There is no need to be scared by the great demons in the 30s after killing the 29th great demon. Right?"

Grid hadn't been very interested when Yura introduced the 32nd hell as the hell branch of the Overgeared Guild. He couldn't see the value of the desolate fields and occasional sightings of demonkin. Now the story had changed. After learning that hell was also a territory that could develop into a city and wealth could be obtained, Grid wanted to expand the Overgeared hell branch as much as possible.

"Ah. I'd like to stop by the smithy first..."

It was tiring to be held back by stamina every time. He wanted to try and make items to help with stamina recovery. Grid was preparing to return to the human world when Yura told him, "Hell has a smithy."

'Helmis!'

Hell's only blacksmith. Grid's eyes shone as he remembered the demonkin he briefly met a few years ago. "Do you know where it is?"

"Yes. I'm a regular there."

".....!!"

There was only one downside to being Baal's Contactor—it was impossible to hunt in hell. Unless it was a special case, all the demons and demonic beasts of hell served Baal, and were friendly to Baal's Contractor. It meant that for Agnus, the demons of hell were judged as NPCs, not monsters. Agnus had to search for a new hunting ground in the human world, not hell.

[News has arrived that the 29th Great Demon, Marchosias, has been killed by humans.]

Agnus received unexpected news as he arrived in the Chaos Mountains, but he wasn't shaken. From the time he saw Grid fighting Andras, he noticed that Grid's skills were far beyond a great demon, especially with Demon Slayer Yura next to Grid.

[He was an underdog who was used to insults and contempt.]

[A loser who was exploited and couldn't stand alone.]

Agnus recalled Grid's first epic that once echoed through the canyon and his expression was colder than the snowstorm swirling in the mountains.

'You've lived the same life as me...'

How could Grid trust others to be with him? How could he say his present self was due to them? If so, was Agnus' life where he was still alone a failure?

Stop.

Agnus' footsteps paused as he was walking up a cliff. A man carrying a huge sword on his shoulder was looking down at him from the middle of the mountain. It was Chris, second in the unified rankings and one of the symbols of the Overgeared Guild.

"Agnus?"

"The Overgeared members are everywhere. If you don't need anything, then get out of the way."

".....!"

Chris was flustered as he prepared for the attacks of the death knights and lich seen throughout the mountain. It was because Agnus passed by without attacking him. The mad dog who attacked people who made eye contact with him was nowhere to be found.

Chris was absent-minded for a while before calling out to Agnus. "Agnus, why are you here?"

"Why should I tell you?"

“This is the Overgeared Kingdom. I need to know the purpose of the visitor before deciding whether to grant access or not. Isn’t that right?”

There were many reasons why a kingdom or guild controlled a particular area. In some cases, it was simply to monopolize the hunting ground. However, it was mainly to suppress conflict and maintain security. In that sense, there was no kingdom in the world that would welcome the visit of the troublemaker, Agnus. Of course, the same was true for the Overgeared Kingdom.

“Permission? I have to get permission from you?”

The snowy area around Agnus started to shake. Chris confirmed the armor of the skeleton soldiers that rose and his eyes widened. “You bastard!”

The skeleton soldiers’ armor was engraved with the symbol of the Overgeared Kingdom and Earl Steim. They were armor worn by Frontier’s soldiers. A massive landslide occurred as Chris’ 1,000 Ton Sword swept through the snow.

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The reason why the Five Miracles won the title of miracle was because they surpassed Morpheus’ predictions. On the other hand, ranking was an intuitive number that rose in proportion to the level, i.e. it was a measure of strength.

“Agnuuuuus!!”

In Kraugel’s era, he had been third in the unified rankings. In Grid’s era, he was either first or second in the unified rankings. From Satisfy’s opening to the present day, Chris had never missed the top ranking. Kraugel, who wasn’t interested in others due to his unique excellence, and Grid, who couldn’t distinguish between confidence and arrogance in the past, both acknowledged Chris’ strength.

Kurururung!

‘The greatest strength stat’ was combined with the ferocity of the second class ‘Tyrant’ and showed great power.

Every time Chris wielded his sword, the blizzard was split in half and the snow was swept away. Agnus was a bit surprised by Chris’ ability to knock down the skeleton soldiers with simple air pressure. He summoned Lich Mumud and flew into the air.

“I was wondering why you wanted a fight. Was it because you are so confident in your skills?”

Agnus laughed at Chris’ growth and tapped his fingers. Then rainbow-colored magic gathered in both of Lich Mumud’s hands. Then at this point, Chris’ eyes shone red-brown. “Control of the Sky.”

“...?!”

Lich Mumud lost his ability to fly. He was unable to resist the effects of gravity and struggled in the air, causing the trajectory of his magic to shift. Chris used the explosion of the magic that missed to gain acceleration and he pursued Agnus who fell on the snowy fields.

‘Is this the power of the Rune of Supplementation? It is tricky.’

Agnus was pushed to the edge of a cliff and stretched out the nails gained with the power of his third class, Demon World Noble, barely able to stop. He raised his body and summoned Death Knight Cao. Cao roared the moment he appeared. The roar of the strongest orc warrior in his lifetime contained a pressure that caused living creatures around him to shrink back.

However, it didn't have any influence on Chris. This was the power of the Rune of Supplementation that evolved every time he raided a boss monster. After obtaining the Rune of Supplementation, Chris had been obsessed with raids for almost nine years and he raided hundreds of boss monsters, raising the potential of the Rune of Supplementation to the extreme. Making the target's flight impossible or being immune to fear was just the tip of the power of the Rune of Supplementation.

Aura that was like a saw blade shot toward him. The collision between Cao's violet aura and Chris' sword that could cut through rock and steel caused a massive shockwave. The land where Chris and Cao stood broke like a cobweb. The seemingly immortal, huge snow mountain screamed and started to gradually tilt.

However, Chris and Cao were unconcerned and kept confronting each other. As the collision between swords increased, the cracks on the ground grew larger. The larger the cracks in the ground, the more the mountain tilted. Just then, Cao's skull also started cracking.

On the other hand, Chris' greatsword was undamaged when it should've been in two pieces. The White Tiger's Greatsword created by Grid was as firm as always.

"...Tsk."

Agnus clicked his tongue and recalled Cao when he saw that Cao's body was unable to withstand the continuing shock and showed signs of collapse. Chris looked disbelieving as Agnus summoned new death knights and skeleton archers to stop Chris from charging.

'He is using tactics?'

The reason Agnus summoned Cao back was to buy time for Cao's recovery. It would take a long time to recover from a big wound, but Agnus distributed his power so he could take Cao out again during this battle. Moreover, the death knight that Agnus newly summoned was a type that fired auras. It was possible for medium and long range attacks. It was a great choice to summon him along with the skeleton archers.

Of course, it wasn't a special tactic. It was just the basics. It was just surprising that Agnus followed the basics. Wasn't Agnus called a mad dog for a reason? He was like a beast who lost his head when fighting. He didn't consider the consequences at all and just did his best to annihilate the opponent in front of him. At least, that was the Agnus that Chris knew.

'Then what is this normal decision making?'

Chris was perplexed by Agnus' new behaviour and lifted his greatsword to block the bombardment of arrows. His swordsmanship was so excellent that his low agility wasn't a shortcoming. He used the minimal movements to block the arrows. However, it wasn't easy for him to move forward. It was because the death knight's aura had the 'charging' effect when shot from a distance. It was possible for

Chris to break through by linking several charges with Tyrant's Strength and evasive maneuvers, but he decided to first watch the situation silently.

The snow mountain was on the verge of collapse due to the fight. Soon, the terrain would change and the battle formation would change. There was a great possibility that it would be meaningless to shorten the distance hastily before that. It was better to deal with it after the change started.

It happened when Chris was checking the duration of all his buff potions again...

The snow mountain started to collapse faster than expected. As the death knights and skeleton archers were pushed back, their bodies started floating.

'Now!'

Chris saw it and launched Tyrant's Advance. It was an immediate judgment with not even a 0.1 second delay. Chris burst forward and passed underneath the death knights and skeleton archers floating in the air. His gaze was on the 90 degree cliff where Agnus' figure was hanging from the edge of the cliff. It was the moment when Chris finally reached the man hanging from the stone cliff and stabbed his sword...

There was a huge explosion at Chris' feet and the brilliant, iridescent magic, split into hundred or thousands of branches, and struck Chris from head to toe. It was a bombardment of Mumud's magic—Shot Mine.

Chris got holes all over his body. He fell back and vomited dark red blood as the subsequent landslide covered his body. Chris was swept away by the landslide and fell down the deep cliff. Agnus thought Chris was naturally going to die and stopped his unsightly acting to float in the air. The demonic energy wings that symbolized a demon noble splendidly spread out behind his back.

"This bull-like guy."

Chris was someone who fought ignorantly from beginning to end. It wasn't enough to cause a landslide, he even ran without worrying about the landslide. Was Chris dominated by some type of madness like the previous Agnus? There were doubts.

'Why did he suddenly become angry?'

Agnus questioned the emotional changes that Chris showed when the skeleton soldiers were summoned. Then it happened as he reversed the deaths of the death knight who died in the landslide...

"Control of the..."

".....!"

"...Sky."

Agnus' wings stopped working. Mumud, who was floating alongside Agnus, also stiffened like a statue. Their bodies were crushed by gravity and started to fall to the ground.

'That bastard...!'

Agnus saw it as he fell rapidly. The red-brown eyes shining in the cracks between the snowballs and stones piled up by the landslide.

Mumud's Shot Mine lacked the traditional premise that the target must step on the mine, but it still possessed the highest level of human killing ability. Chris' tenacity to survive this and the landslide to grab onto Agnus' ankle caused a chill to shoot down Agnus' spine.

"You dare... Overgeared... Kingdom... soldiers..." Chris barely spoke and his voice that was like the crawling dead had a hard time reaching Agnus. It was just that Chris' sword that protruded through the pile of stones and pointed at Agnus expressed his deep hostility and killing intent toward Agnus. Agnus frowned at the sight of Chris' greatsword pointing tall where he fell and used magic.

"Dark Shield."

Demonic power wriggled and expanded to wrap around Agnus' body. The deep energy was reminiscent of Baal's shield.

Flash!

Mumud's magic shield also covered him. Chris' sword soon collided with Agnus' body that was wrapped in a shield.

"Cough!"

Blood gushed from the rocks. It was Chris' blood as he was crushed by the weight of the fallen Agnus. Agnus pulled out his sword and inserted it into the pile of stones. Click. Chris' body finally stopped moving. Agnus confirmed that Chris' body was turning to gray ash and raised himself with heavy breathing.

'Everyone had changed except for me.'

In Agnus' memories, Chris wasn't such an outstanding warrior. Chris might've always boasted a high ranking, but his skill and tenacity weren't a match for Agnus. On the other hand, the Chris of today made Agnus nervous several times. He wondered if he should take out the power of the Rune of Death, or if he should summon a demon or deceased. Even after growing the strongest class, Baal's Contractor, to the legendary level, he suffered such an insult from a normal class...

He realized how weak he had become over the past few years by clinging to a ghost.

'It shouldn't be like this...'

Agnus was filled with a burning desire. It was a desire for more power.

Grid—Agnus had a duty to deny the man who rose to the highest level after walking a completely different path from himself. Only then would he be able to affirm himself and move forward.

Agnus sat his weary body on a rock and pulled out a potion. He planned to recover his resources and climb the high mountains. However, his plan wasn't fulfilled. The glass bottle containing the red potion shattered. A black shadow was projected onto the scattering glass and red liquid.

"Greed."

A dark shadow completely enveloped Agnus. Agnus was perplexed by the sudden situation and struggled, but the shadow that surrounded him was unstoppable and gradually imprisoned him.

New figures appeared all over the place. They were Zednos and Laella. The best magicians of the Overgeared Guild fired magic and bombarded Agnus, while Katz took control of Chris' blood.

"It isn't enough to hurt the soldiers of our kingdom, but you also killed Chris? You fucker, you won't leave here alive."

Katz' face twisted like a demon as he stabbed at Agnus, trapped in Greed, with a knife made from Chris' blood. In fact, Chris had asked his colleagues for help the moment he confronted Agnus. It was natural. The only person who could fight Agnus one-on-one was Grid. The reason why Chris fought Agnus before reinforcements arrived was because he saw the armor worn by the skeleton soldiers.

It wasn't to mourn the dead soldiers or to get revenge on behalf of them. Chris just wanted to protect the honor of the Overgeared Kingdom. To be honest, he was confident that he could hold on until reinforcements arrived. The problem was that Agnus' firepower was better than expected.

"Kukuk...! Kuahahahat!" Agnus was trapped in Greed and let out a crazy laugh. His voice flowed through the hole pierced in Greed by the bloody sword. "Was that it? You were so upset just before the soldiers died?"

The death knight Lantier appeared in the rear and cut at Zednos and Laella in turn. The flustered Katz used his ultimate technique to cut at Agnus, but Agnus survived by becoming an undead without his immortality being consumed. Regardless of his left arm and collarbone that was damaged by Greed, Agnus used Bentao's power and exchanged his health with Katz.

Agnus was called a 'disaster' from beginning to end, as opposed to Grid being reborn as the lantern of humanity. He wandered without any desires for a long time and was about to start a blood festival.

"Agnus!" Euphemina arrived at the scene late and called out to Agnus.

Agnus turned his gaze to her and frowned. "You... don't look at me like that."

All types of conflicts intersected in Agnus' mind. The relationship that Euphemina forcibly created became an annoying memory and made him hesitate. Agnus realized that in order to not repeat the same mistakes, he had to completely cut off this small relationship. "Lich Summon, Mumud."

".....!"

".....!"

The faces of the Overgeared members on the defensive stiffened. The best genius magician whom Braham acknowledged. The fact that his lich self stood by Agnus caused the Overgeared members to shrink back. Agnus ignored them as they withdrew little by little. His gaze was only directed at Euphemina. "Consume and fall."

Stagger.

Mumud collapsed in place like a broken doll. Then a clear blue soul escaped and shone in the air.

"A-Agnus?" Euphemina made a disbelieving expression that soon changed to joy. She smiled as she was filled with all sorts of hopeful thoughts, only for Agnus to pierce her with his words.

“Our cheap relationship ends with this. If you block my path for any reason in the future... I will kill you.”

A victim who had been subjected to malice throughout his life—he chose to exploit others and to be alone. He cut off the last ties and hopes in order to walk the path alone, as always. The Overgeared members couldn't bear to stop him. However, Vantner who appeared one step later was different. He wasn't particularly good at reading the atmosphere. He had no obligation to act according to the mood.

“Don't run away, you XXXX!” Vantner's two-handed axe slashed Agnus' throat. Agnus entered the immortal state and barely stood up, but he was pierced by Pon's spear that appeared one step later and flew away, unable to seize the opportunity to counterattack.

“Hahahat! I killed him!”

“You killed him?”

The members of the Overgeared Guild stared blankly at the two men competing in front of Agnus' corpse that was turning into gray ash.

[Chapter 1333](#)

Chris' resurrection point was set to Frontier. He had moved his home with the determination to bury his bones in the Chaos Mountains.

“...What? That's it?”

The moment he was resurrected, he rushed to the Chaos Mountains where he encountered great frustration. It was because he received the news that the battle with Agnus was reversed and Agnus killed after being attacked by Zednos, Laella, Faker, and Katz. There was also Vantner and Pon, who arrived one step late. Zednos' confession that they would've missed Agnus if he hadn't done his best in the first place was a big shock.

‘He still had that much strength even after fighting with me.’

He gritted his teeth. Baal's Contractor—unlike other classes, it was absolutely evil regardless of the player's inclination. The analysis ‘it is natural to be the strongest based on the role’ had been around for ages, but he hadn't expected it to be at this level.

‘He only became a legend relatively recently...’

Baal's Contractor was a class that needed to gradually grow its rating. Unlike other classes that started out as a legend from the beginning, Agnus had to grow it, but he received fewer level penalties. Even so, no matter how small the penalty, it must be in the 300s. Considering all the circumstances, it was highly likely that Agnus' level wasn't even in the late 300s. No, to be honest, considering Agnus' personality, it was likely that he wouldn't have even reached the mid-300s.

Meanwhile, Chris was over level 400. He might have a normal class, but his stats went through the fourth awakening and he acquired many new passive skills. There was more than three times the difference compared to his level 399 self.

It was as Chairman Lim Cheolho had stated. The value of normal classes skyrocketed over time and Chris predicted that the gap between normal and hidden classes would be significantly narrowed from the

fifth class advancement. He expected the golden era of balance where hidden classes didn't have a higher concept than normal classes. Both hidden classes and normal classes had strengths and weaknesses.

This was why he became more attached to a normal class. The biggest reason why Chris rejected the eight epic classes and three unique classes that he discovered over the years was because they were jobs not related to the 'greatsword.' The next biggest reason was his hope for the normal classes. How much fame would he gain if he stood shoulder to shoulder with the strongest talents such as Grid and Kraugel as a normal class?

The future Chris drew was brilliant and confident. This was how he focused on the tiresome hunting for a long time. Yet today, Chris' hope turned into despair. He realized that the future he previously drew was stuck in a ditch. Baal's Contractor—the strongest class encompassing all ratings that took away one's dream...

"Kukukuk! Puhahahat!"

...Absolutely not. Suddenly, Chris burst out laughing. A legendary class? He still wasn't eager for it. He was enthusiastic about pulling his future out of the ditch.

'More and more... I will become stronger than you are now, Agnus.'

If he became one step ahead of Agnus, then he would be the strongest person to stand side by side with Grid.

'Then I'll take you down.'

In fact, it was difficult for Chris to have a competitive mentality with Grid. The great affinity he felt for Grid meant he regarded Grid as an idol rather than a rival. This subconsciously puts a brake on Chris' enthusiasm. Now there was a firm position called Agnus. It was good for Chris to have a clear goal. Chris' passion for becoming the strongest with a normal class developed into a stronger tenacity than ever.

"I have to go hunting."

After identifying the damage to Frontier, Chris climbed the mountain alone while leaving his teammates behind to discuss the combat strength that Agnus showed and to look for solutions. As long as he was present, Agnus wouldn't be able to easily appear in the Chaos Mountain. Every time Chris died, Agnus needed to be prepared for death as well.

[Mumud's Soul Liberation]

[★ Hidden Quest ★]

As a disciple of the legendary great magician Braham, Mumud excelled as a genius.

But genius is short-lived.

His heart was weak since he was born and he would die before he turned 30. He didn't reveal his illness to anyone and devoted himself to researching and creating a magic system that anyone could easily use. It was his achievement as a magician.

It might be a short life, but he was happy and felt fulfilled at contributing to the development of the world. He could humbly accept death. But it was only for a moment. His achievement was taken away by his master, Braham, causing him great shock. Mumud burned with anger and vowed to get revenge on Braham.

He would create a new magic formula that transcended Braham, leading him to Siren to obtain a powerful orb. However, he didn't carry out his revenge in the end. His life was too short.

He would rather spend it on happiness instead of revenge. He fell in love with a water clan woman he met in Siren and happily closed his eyes. But he is suffering even after death. His body was taken away by Baal's Contractor and used to commit acts of slaughter that goes against his soul's will.

You have saved the Siren that Mumud loved and know Mumud's story. Use this newly obtained strength to release Mumud's crying soul.

Quest Clear Conditions: Destroy Mumud's lich that is in the hands of Baal's Contractor, 'Agnus,' and liberate the soul.

Quest Success Reward: The growth type legendary class 'Mumud's Successor' will be acquired. All of Mumud's magic will be opened.] [1]

When did she receive this quest?

'It is a quest given by the spell book acquired in Siren so roughly...'

It wasn't easy to measure how many years ago it was. It was a quest she had received so long ago that she had to trace it back. It was actually a quest that she had given up on. It was almost impossible to destroy Agnus' most cherished weapon, Mumud, while fighting against Agnus who could summon and reverse summon the lich and death knights at will. If Grid helped, then they could dominate Agnus skillfully. However, if Agnus made up his mind, then Euphemina would never be able to clear this quest in her lifetime.

This was why Euphemina refused several times despite Grid's offer to help. She didn't want to drag Grid into something that wasn't feasible and would trouble him. Therefore, she tried to solve it by herself. Along the way, she learned about Agnus' past and felt compassion. Then things only became more twisted...

'...The result turned out well.'

A sad smile spread across Euphemina's face as she stared at the sparkling, clear blue soul in front of her. In the end, she couldn't forget Agnus' last appearance as he chose to be alone. He was a poor man to the end, and he was also a pure man. He handed over Mumud's soul with the idea that he could break the bond as long as he repaid the grace.

Perhaps the reason why he showed an unstable appearance, and his personality and attitude changed every day he met her, wasn't because he was crazy. It was actually because he possessed an innocence that was more easily affected by the surrounding environment.

'...No, no.'

She shouldn't think too deeply about Agnus. She shouldn't try to think positively. Agnus was the enemy of the Overgeared Kingdom. It was the result of Agnus' own choice. Euphemina was a member of the Overgeared Kingdom and was obligated to deal with Agnus, no matter her feelings about him. Euphemina felt no hesitation about her obligations.

Dozens of minutes ago in the Chaos Mountains, she had been ready to deal with Agnus as she walked toward him. If it wasn't for her, Agnus wouldn't have been easily defeated no matter the exquisite cooperation between Vantner and Pon. No matter what, Euphemina was a member of the Overgeared Guild. She had no intention of disappointing Grid who trusted her and waited for her.

'In the future, I just have to repay Grid's grace.'

Grid absolutely trusted Euphemina. He always believed that her skills were the best. Grid's belief placed a great burden on Euphemina. There was a limit to the number of skills that could be copied per day and the limitations of the Duplicator against classes with a higher rating were clear.

It was true that the Mumud-style magic she gained later allowed her to exert a greater combat power, but it was difficult to play an active part against those with the highest level skills. Euphemina was stagnant for a long time compared to her reputation, but things would change in the future.

"You've suffered a lot, Mumud."

At Frontier, where a sharp blizzard was blowing...

Euphemina stood on the high walls and sent Mumud's spirit to the gray sky. "I hope you return to Heaven and rest with your wife."

Mumud had died at a young age without fulfilling his ambitions, but his end was happy. He spent the last years of his life with his beloved woman in Siren. Euphemina smiled warmly only for her eyes to widen. It was because Mumud's soul refused to ascend. He was no longer owned by anyone, but he stayed still in the sky by his own will.

It took only a short time for Euphemina to notice why. "Braham!"

Mumud's teacher—a villain who was jealous of his student's talent and intercepted his achievements. In fact, he was the one who made Mumud a lich. It was a truth that was revealed when the 'Braham and Mumud' quest occurred.

His body was taken away by Baal's Contractor and the soul left in the body was attached to him, becoming a doll of slaughter different from his will—the information that Euphemina got from the Mumud liberation quest was only the record that the world knew and it was old information that was far from the truth.

That's right—Agnus never made Lich Mumud. He just seized Lich Mumud who existed from the beginning to be used as a killing weapon.

'Why is Braham here?'

Euphemina didn't want Braham and Mumud to meet. It was insane to create a situation where the two people were reunited when it was obvious that Mumud's hatred for Braham was larger than a mountain. Therefore, she deliberately tried to liberate Mumud's soul before returning to the capital.

Yet Braham appeared at this time. Braham didn't give her a single glance. He passed by her while only staring at Mumud's soul. The moment Braham passed her—

".....!" Euphemina's eyes widened.

It was a very small voice, but Braham clearly said, 'Thank you.'

[Bra...ham...]

Mumud was resurrected as a lich and repeatedly killed people. The reason he had been suffering for hundreds of years while maintaining his intact mind was because he had a mental power that transcended the scope of a genius. If he was an ordinary existence, then he would've lost himself by going crazy.

Braham floated into the sky. His eyes were cloudy as he floated in the sky of Frontier and stood facing Mumud, who exuded hatred and killing intent after recognizing Braham instantly.

"Disciple."

[Braham!]

"I'm sorry."

[.....!]

"I... I've always regretted taking away your reputation. To reverse that regret, I resurrected you as a lich. I was going to place you by my side and increase your reputation."

[.....]

"...Now I know it was just my wicked heart." Thanks to Grid, he understood human beings and their minds. He realized his faults and felt greater regret. "I can't ask you to forgive me. Just... however, if I find you once you are born again one day, I will live for you."

[.....]

Mumud's soul, that was just shining quietly, started to shake like a flame. Hatred, anger, emptiness, and sadness seemed to intersect. The soul was silent for a time before scattering and disappearing. Then Euphemina inherited Mumud's knowledge in accordance with the laws of the quest.

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-Thank you. I hope my little knowledge will help my benefactor.

A skinny body, a hunched back, dark shadowed eyes, and white skin... Mumud's soul was restored to his former appearance when he was alive and he greeted Euphemina with a smile before disappearing. Euphemina said goodbye.

[You have absorbed the vast knowledge of the genius magician, Mumud.]

[You can change to the growth type legendary class, 'Mumud's Successor.']

[The former class, Duplicator, will disappear. The Duplicator's class-specific skills will be removed and your stats will be reset.]

[However, some of the stats and skills obtained from Duplicator class quests won't be deleted. For more information, please click on the details.]

[The current second class 'Ruthless Bomber' won't be affected by the first class fluctuations.]

[Would you like to change your class to Mumud's Successor?]

"....."

Duplicator was a class with many shortcomings and weaknesses.

In order to duplicate a skill, it was necessary to induce the target player to use the skill. There was also a limit to the number of skills that could be duplicated per day. Additionally, every time she continuously used skills with different attributes, she consumed a lot of mental power. The stronger the combat ability, the worse her ability to sustain it became.

However, it was also an attractive class. Depending on the quantity and quality of the duplicated skill, it was possible to become a flawless existence capable of attack, defense, buffs, recovery, and debuffs. She might be the strongest for a day, and then be the weakest another day, and there were times when Euphemina resented her class, but she also loved it.

"Yes, I will change my class."

Even so, she threw it away without any foolishness. Duplicator's potential might be high, but it wasn't comparable to Mumud's Successor. It was natural. Mumud was a genius magician who made even the legendary great magician, Braham, feel jealous. Becoming his successor meant she would gain the potential of a first-tier legend.

[You have become Mumud's Successor.]

The moment the system responded to Euphemina's determination, the iridescent magic that represented all attributes rose from her small body. It was when people's attention were drawn to the spectacular aurora that covered the gray sky of Frontier...

[An unknown person has acquired infinite potential.]

A short but powerful world message appeared.

[An unknown person has acquired infinite potential.]

Infinite potential—it was an expression that had never been used for Agnus, who raised Baal's Contractor to the legendary class; Kraugel, who became a Sword Saint; or even Grid, who wrote several epics. It was natural for the media to be turned upside down.

“Who is it? Who the hell is it?”

“Grid or Kraugel?”

“I think it is Agnus.”

“Fools! How can this be?”

The so-called another world, Satisfy, was enjoyed by two billion players, and Nixon, who was the editor-in-chief of S Magazine and dealt with tens of thousands of Satisfy news a day, instinctively sensed it—it was a fact that the protagonist of this world message wasn't the previous protagonists, but a completely new person.

‘If it was either Grid, Kraugel, or Agnus, the correct name would be written, not someone unknown.’

The mention of infinite potential was also new to Grid, Kraugel, and Agnus. It was almost like a final evolution. There was a precedent where the ‘unknown person’ marked in the epic changed to being marked as ‘Grid’ once a certain point was reached. If the person with infinite potential was one of the existing strong ones, it was likely their ID would be disclosed.

‘A person who deserves to be the new protagonist... who is it?’

There were too many people who came to mind. The Overgeared Guild's 10 meritorious retainers; Aura Master, Hurent; Ares, the God of War; Zibal of the magic machine; Pope Damian; Asuka, the weapons collector; the Black and White sisters; Death God, Knight; Yatan's Servant, Rose; etc. However, the Red Sage, Haster, was excluded. Since Halle's party posted the video of them hunting Haster onto the Internet, expectations for Haster fell to the bottom, especially when Halle struggled against Nyangmong.

‘There are many emerging powerhouses who come to mind.’

There was the Overgeared Kingdom's secret weapon, Coke; the magician killer, Nicole; Shiya, who was the storm that shook the Saharan Empire; Biltred, who claimed to be an ordinary resident of the Hwan Kingdom; etc. Satisfy was vast and there were many talents. It wouldn't be surprising if one of them became the protagonist of the new world message.

If Nixon was an ordinary player, then they would leisurely look forward to the moment when the person with infinite potential reveals their identity. However, Nixon was obliged to find the news and spread it quickly. He wanted to immediately find the person with infinite potential.

‘First of all, the members of the Overgeared Guild should be excluded from the candidates.’

The Overgeared Guild, the most legendary force, had recently produced two new legends. There should be stillness after a big event. It seemed unlikely that the protagonist of this world message would be a member of the Overgeared Guild.

He was gradually narrowing down the candidates when he received a phone call.

“What? The 33rd great demon?”

Editor-in-chief Nixon rose from his seat. How long had it been since the 29th great demon was defeated? Now there was a world message that the 33rd great demon was defeated? And it was even in hell...

“Grid...!”

Subduing great demons who were said to be much more powerful in hell than on the human world—it wasn't a fluke that he defeated the 29th great demon? Nixon's interest immediately changed. He was filled with intense inspiration and erased the article he had been writing about the 'person of infinite potential' to start a new one. The title of the article was more stimulating than ever.

[Overgeared King Grid has surpassed Sword Saint Muller!]

“Grid!”

“Euphemina!”

The 33rd great demon was far more aggressive and destructive than the 29th Great Demon, Marchosias. Starting from his basic personality, he was more aggressive than all the great demons Grid had faced till now, and he forced Grid and Yura into a crisis several times.

However, he was unable to overcome Grid's defense as he actively used the White Tiger's Posture and the effect of Earth God. He had a lower rank and defense than Marchosias, and was pierced thousands of times by Yura's bullets, eventually collapsing.

It was a short but difficult battle. Grid and Yura determined that continuous battles were impossible and came up to the human world to restock their various consumables (that couldn't be obtained in hell). Then they looked for Euphemina. It was to congratulate her for her class change.

Yura watched Grid and Euphemina, who were happily hugging each other, with pleasure. The big and reliable Grid and the small and lovely Euphemina looked like siblings. Yura knew the relationship between the two people from the beginning.

“Congratulations.”

Grid and Euphemina mutually comforted each other, saying things like 'You've had a hard time' and 'I'm sorry for worrying you.' Finally, they calmed down and Yura took the opportunity to give her congratulations. Euphemina shook Yura's hand energetically with a smile. “Thank you, I'll try to contribute to the guild in the future.”

“You've been active enough so far.”

“Sister, compared to you...”

Euphemina glanced between Grid and Yura. Hell, a place no one could easily step in—Euphemina was envious of the two people who were active together in a completely different world. She also wanted to be with them and to be one of the main pillars of the Overgeared Kingdom. It was because there was a time when she was shaken by Agnus and let Grid down.

Did he read her heart?

“I’m looking forward to it.” Grid smiled kindly and stroked Euphemina’s head to encourage her.

“You can expect it!” Euphemina smiled widely and exclaimed energetically. Her level had dropped to 300 after changing to Mumud’s Successor. It was a huge 100 levels and at least five years of effort was lost, but she wasn’t upset.

It wasn’t possible to connect them as quickly as Braham’s enhanced magic, but Mumud’s Successor specialized in high ranking magic. In other words, it possessed a large number of large-scale magic and could be a class specialized in facing a large number of enemies. She was confident that she could recover her level quickly. The situation was much better than Faker and Jishuka who were reset to level 1.

“Okay. Let’s hold a celebration party for all those who have changed to a legendary class, We will all gather tomorrow.”

The moment Grid made this announcement, a considerable number of Overgeared members logged out. They were the members of the Overgeared Guild living overseas. They had to start preparing quickly to arrive in South Korea by tomorrow. On the other hand, those who had moved to South Korea like Jishuka and Lauel received envious gazes as they leisurely focused on the game.

‘I need the heart of the Demon God...’

Before meeting the 33rd great demon, Grid found hell’s blacksmith, Helmis, and got a very large hint.

An item that prevented stamina from falling—in order to create an item that supplemented stamina, the Red Phoenix’s Breath was insufficient and the heart of the Demon God was necessary. However, the identity of the Demon God was amazing.

‘Sitri.’

Demon God—another god of hell apart from Evil God Yatan. Why was a god only staying in the position of 12th great demon? It was hard to understand. Yura spoke to the confused Grid, “First of all, I think I should meet Amoract. I think the information from her will be a clue.”

“Did you say that Amoract is hostile to Baal?”

“It feels like she is wary.”

“Hmm...”

Grid recalled how Braham attacked the Yatan headquarters and harbored a grudge against Amoract. Grid was both expectant and worried about the episode that would unfold in hell. Truths not yet revealed were waiting for Grid.

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25 hours—it was an era where it was possible to cross to the other side of the earth in just a bit over a day. Of course, this was a story when using an aircraft of the ZA87-100 class or higher. The airfare that

cost tens of millions of won wasn't a big burden for the main members of the Overgeared Guild. Many members had luxury planes that were several times more expensive than airplane tickets.

"Hmm?"

Spain's leading player, Pon—he enjoyed world-class popularity as a prince or knight on a white horse, and he also had a dedicated aircraft for himself. On the way to South Korea, he asked the captain to take care of the three refueling points and sat in his capsule. Then he cocked his head. Grid and the 10 meritorious retainers who were the main members of the Overgeared Guild. There was a single line of notice posted in the group chat room of the members participating in the party.

The meeting place was strange.

"Texas barbecue? Why?"

Why go so far just to eat American cuisine? It wasn't a question he had because of complaints. How many people in the world didn't like Texas barbecue? The brisket that was cooked for a long time and melted in the mouth was one of Pon's favorite foods.

The reason Pon questioned it was simply because of Peak Sword's inclination. Wasn't Peak Sword a person who took pride in Korean food being the best in the world since it was delicious and good for the body? Until now, Pon visited Korean restaurants every time he came to South Korea for a meeting. Why was it Texas barbecue now?

'Isn't Peak Sword coming today? In any case, I am comfortable.'

Pon thought that cooking had no borders. Pon believed that the food of all countries deserved respect and had its own charm. The reason it was burdensome to visit a Korean restaurant in South Korea was because Peak Sword forced him to take photos of the food and post it on social media to promote Korean food.

'Do you know kimchi? Do you know soup with rice?'

The questions that Peak Sword asked him every time he came to South Korea finally faded as Pon lay down in the capsule with a satisfied expression. Playing Satisfy during the flight was a natural habit, no, a duty, for him.

"Delicious! Melts in my mouth! This juicy, mouth-watering flavor is the best!"

Shin Youngwoo—the supreme one of Satisfy and the dignity of the Overgeared Kingdom was still unpretentious. Unlike the other Overgeared members who wore luxury clothes and goods, he enjoyed ordinary brands of clothing and food. He knew how to express great joy even in everyday activities.

'He has been riding in the same car for several years already.'

"Che, tsk, hum."

Shin Youngwoo ignored Peak Sword's sound of dissatisfaction every time he praised the foreign food. Then Vantner asked him, "Grid, where do you normally spend money?"

He wasn't trying to ask why Grid didn't wear better clothes or change to a better car. He was just purely curious. Where was Grid spending all his money when he was one of the richest people in the world?

"Gulp. I used it to buy exercise equipment, medicine for my parents, a house for Sehee to live in independently, donated it to people having a hard time, bought land, um... here and there?"

"God Grid! You forgot the most important thing!"

Peak Sword, who had been complaining about the barbecue, intervened at this time.

"You are contributing to the country by paying a lot of taxes! God Grid, you are really the pride of South Korea!"

South Korea treated the money earned from Satisfy as unearned income, and for that reason, Shin Youngwoo's taxes were close to 50% of his income. However, Shin Youngwoo had never been accused of tax evasion. The same was true for Peak Sword and Yura. Peak Sword, a member of the Korean Patriotic Association, knew from his many experiences that it was a proud thing to pay taxes well.

"...Unearned income."

The faces of the Overgeared members turned rotten when they learned the details. A number of Overgeared members who planned to move to South Korea like Jishuka and Toon started to change their minds.

Peak Sword realized that he missed the beneficiaries who would pay taxes to his country because of his premature remarks. He belatedly regretted it and tried to correct them, but it was useless. Peak Sword drank a bottle of beer with a frustrated heart and started to look for kimchi. Then he became drunk and words started flowing out.

Haha.Hoho.

Jishuka, Faker, and Euphemina sat in the middle and the party continued as the night wore on. No one expressed dislike when Vantner pushed for a second and third round. It was five or six years in reality—in all the years they had been together, the members of the Overgeared members thought of each other as friends and family.

Katz, who felt awkward for a while, felt the same. Katz was an enemy at first, and often criticized and fought with Peak Sword because he was Japanese. Now he was also a complete member of the Overgeared Kingdom. Katz wanted to show that he was an Overgeared member. He wanted to prove he was always grateful to Grid.

"Grid, I will leave my plane, Courage, behind in South Korea tomorrow. It is a new model. I've only been on it once. You can change the name." It was the drunk Katz who spoke in awkward Korean.

Peak Sword clicked his tongue at Katz. "A third generation chaebol only knows how to solve everything with money. You should fix that nasty habit. Eh? Grid likes you and trusts you enough to eat and drink with you, yet you are just going to give him a plane to repay that trust? Do you think our God Grid is so ridiculous?"

"...That wasn't my intention. Sorry. Cancel my words."

“Hahaha! Yes, good! Drink! Let’s die together! Once again, congratulations to the legendary classes! Cheers!”

“.....”

The always smiling Shin Youngwoo started glaring at Peak Sword, but Peak Sword didn’t know it. At this time, Huroi started using his eloquence to teach Peak Sword. Peak Sword was annoyed because he didn’t know the reason why, but he still felt it was fun.

“Hamburgers are for relieving hangovers.”

They really partied all night. For the first time in ages, he didn’t think about the game and enjoyed reality comfortably. Shin Youngwoo returned from seeing off the Overgeared members early in the morning and started the day with a big bite of the cheeseburger that Toon bought. He exercised lightly, washed up, and went downstairs to have breakfast with his family. Then he stared at the sky for a while to adjust his condition before connecting to Satisfy.

‘What to do today...?’

At the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom, Reinhardt...

Shin Youngwoo, no, Grid checked his schedule. The administrator, Rabbit, wanted to discuss a new project, and Lauel asked for a few more weekly king quests. Apart from that, there was nothing else scheduled. He spent enough time with his family yesterday, and finished his preparations to go to hell again. It would be nice to go to hell straight away and concentrate on leveling up, but Grid thought it was a priority to deal with things he had been putting off.

‘Then Latina’s Necklace... let’s leave it to Bullet.’

Latina’s Necklace had grown to the unique rating. It increased the wearer’s intelligence by 350, and had the effect of strengthening the stats of the undead summons. It wasn’t just the item itself that had excellent function. If he raised it to the legendary rating, he could summon the vampire, Latina.

The problem was the growth difficulty. From Grid’s standpoint, there was only one way to increase the experience of Latina’s Necklace. It was the act of summoning the Overgeared Skeletons. However, he calculated it one day and estimated it would take at least four years to grow Latina’s Necklace to the legendary level. Just as Yetima’s Greatsword was entrusted to Chris and Cray’s Bracelet was entrusted to Euphemina, there was a need for Latina’s Necklace to be nurtured by someone else.

‘No matter how I think about it, Bullet is the right person.’

Bullet was a tremendous talent who was the second ranked necromancer. He had named death knights, and could summon and command hundreds of skeletons. Compared to Grid who could only summon two skeletons, Bullet would be much more efficient in terms of power and growth speed. The reason why Grid hadn’t previously left the necklace to Bullet was because Latina’s Necklace was a good item for Grid.

Now things had changed. The need for Latina’s Necklace was relatively reduced due to the Necklace of Hierarchy gained from raiding Hell Gao.

‘Yes, leave it to Bullet.’

He would use the Necklace of Hierarchy and Ring of Hierarchy anyway, so Latina’s Necklace would be temporarily given to Bullet. The next thing caused Grid a big headache.

[Elfin Stone’s Ring]

[Rating: Legendary

- * During normal attacks, 22% of the damage done to the target will be restored to you as health.
- * During skill attacks, 10% of the damage done to the target will be restored to you as health.
- * This effect is only invoked once every 16 seconds.
- * Strength, stamina, and health +50

A ring that contains Earl Elfin Stone’s unique magic power.

It raises the potential and survival ability of the wearer.

- * If this ring grows to a legendary rating, the wearer can summon Vampire Earl Elfin Stone.

Weight: 1]

A vampire item that was still one of the most valuable items Grid had gained while playing Satisfy—the ring was the symbol of Elfin Stone, who was closely related to the vampire episode of Braham, one of the most important people to the world view, and had a very good performance. Every time the lifesteal effect was activated, it acquired a small amount of experience points, and it finally grew to the legendary level after a few years.

The problem came after the ring reached the legendary rating. Grid had assimilated with Braham a few times and this caused Elfin Stone to feel a great resentment to Grid, who inherited Braham’s magic. Unlike Iyarugt, it was impossible to educate him with violence.

[Elfin Stone won’t respond to your summons.]

Elfin Stone completely refused Grid’s summoning. It was grown to the legendary rating, but so far, Grid had never seen Elfin Stone’s face.

‘At this point, he seems to be mistaking me for Braham.’

It wasn’t strange to be mistaken. Grid had inherited Duke of Wisdom from Braham and ascended to the status of Blood King. It was natural for the air he gave off to be similar to Braham, at least from Elfin Stone’s point of view. Elfin Stone had a deeper grudge against Braham than anyone else and he would stubbornly reject Braham.

‘I just need to summon him once. I think there should be a way after that...’

It was frustrating because Sage Sticks and Great Magician Braham both stated they didn’t know the solution. Who should he ask for help?

‘Marie Rose?’

No, he wasn't that crazy. Grid struggled for a while before thinking of the tower members. The past generation legends who had existed for a longer time than Sticks and Braham. Perhaps they knew how to solve this problem?

'I will try it.'

When else would he use the title of Pioneer that he had earned? Grid squeezed Elfin Stone's Ring and left for the Tower of Wisdom. Having passed Chiyou's Test and absorbing the power of the 29th and 33rd great demons, he was no longer overwhelmed by the scale of the tower. He felt confident that he could pass if the tower gave him new tests.

The man who welcomed him when he arrived at the tower was the sweaty Sword Saint, Biban.

"I'm working on a divine cleansing."

"Yes..."

"Are you doubting it?"

"No. How can that be?"

"Sigh..."

"Haha..."

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Biban, the 9th seat of the Tower of Wisdom—it wasn't an exaggeration to say he was Muller's teacher, and the founder of the Matchless Heart Swordsmanship. He encountered Grid after a long time. He stared at Grid before shaking his head and dropping the rag.

"Didn't you gain enlightenment when you visited the tower the other time?"

Enlightenment—he got the infinite sword energy and became stronger. For Grid, who had visited numerous places and met countless people so far, the Tower of Wisdom and the tower members were extraordinary.

"That's right."

"Then why... I don't think you've grown much."

Grid was stung. He noticed that the growth Biban mentioned meant his level. Grid's level had grown rapidly after defeating two great demons in hell and he was currently level 421. He was still the best among players, but it was natural for the tower members to not be satisfied. That's right. Currently, Biban was disappointed in Grid.

"I'm ashamed." It was embarrassing. This was Grid's honest feeling. He didn't deny that his level growth rate was ridiculously slow compared to his given environment.

"...Is it necessary to be ashamed?" Biban shook his head again with an expression of regret. "Every person has different talents. Your talent is a bit... yes, it is a bit lacking."

Just as it changed from Kraugel to Grid, sooner or later, the Pioneer would change again...

Biban noticed this and vowed not to have too deep an affection for Grid. The Tower of Wisdom was an existence that completely left the world. It was strictly forbidden to meet with anyone other than the Pioneer. He didn't want to miss Grid after they parted forever.

"What brings you here today?"

"I was wondering if there are any tower members who are familiar with vampires..."

"Vampires? Why are you bringing up vampires suddenly?"

There was no need for long words. Grid showed him Elfin Stone's Ring and Biban understood the situation. "Having tasted enough blood, the sealed soul woke up from his sleep. Even so, he isn't responding to your call?"

"Yes."

"Tsk tsk. Mosquitoes have been impolite since ancient times."

As expected, Biban had lived for hundreds of years and had a relationship with vampires. Who was the vampire that Biban met? Grid looked excited as Biban pointed to Grid's cloak. "That guy who is sleeping with that cloak as a blanket."

"Ah, Fenrir..."

"Was it the eldest or third child of Beriache? He isn't a big deal, but he always had his nose in the air. He would've died in my hands if vampires weren't hostile to great demons."

Indeed. At first glance, Biban was truly a tower member who just seemed to act thoughtlessly. While fighting dragons, he indirectly kept great demons in check in order to achieve the ultimate goal of 'protecting the world.'

"I struggled with my colleagues to defeat Fenrir, but he was an easy opponent for Biban."

Grid looked at Biban with respect and the proud Biban laughed. "There is nothing my sword can't cut."

There is nothing I can't cut.

It was a typical depiction of a Sword Saint. Grid felt curious. "Can a Sword Saint's sword cut a god or a dragon?"

Cutting a god or a dragon. Depending on the achievement, the transcendent person would change to a God Killer or a Dragon Slayer. It was also a testament to the limitations of transcendence—a transcendent could either cut a god or a dragon, but not both. It must be that way in the system. Then what about a Sword Saint?

Biban replied, "Of course I can cut both."

".....!"

It was a moment that proved the value of the strongest combat class, Sword Saint. Biban spoke bitterly to the thrilled Grid, "However, cutting and 'killing' is only possible if there is a Sword Saint who goes beyond Muller."

Biban confirmed it. The Matchless Heart Swordsmanship was the strongest swordsmanship in history. The evidence was that Muller, a genius among geniuses, had inherited it. However, Biban could cut a dragon, but not kill it. Among the tower members, the only one who could kill a dragon was Hayate. Cutting and killing were separate issues.

“If there is a person who makes a swordsmanship superior to the Matchless Heart Swordsmanship, and they become a Sword Saint... they can destroy even gods and dragons.”

However, could such a person exist? Biban never imagined that a ‘Sword Saint who goes beyond Muller’ would appear. On the other hand, Grid found it easy to think of someone. “Kraugel.”

“.....?”

“Biban, the person you are speaking about is Kraugel.”

“Huh...?”

Not at all? What could that child do when he lost the title of Pioneer and failed to make any clear achievements in the years after becoming a Sword Saint? Biban was about to deny it when he abruptly shut his mouth. The Matchless Heart Swordsmanship, which Muller had taken to the next level—he was reminded of Kraugel, who refused to inherit Muller’s Matchless Heart Swordsmanship.

‘Don’t tell me?’

Biban remembered Kraugel when he was the Pioneer. The owner of a talent where hardly any regrettable areas were found. Could he disparage a person like Kraugel just because his actions after becoming a Sword Saint weren’t great?

‘...No.’

An eerie chill went down Biban’s spine as he realized it.

‘Even I have surpassed Pagma. If it is Kraugel, then he will definitely go beyond Muller.’

Grid was confident. He recalled Kraugel who never used the Matchless Heart Swordsmanship, and got goosebumps.

‘Kraugel knew from the beginning how to go beyond Muller.’

He could only say that this was truly Kraugel. Grid’s heart thumped as he was reminded of the National Competition for the first time in ages. The National Competition—it was a competition that no longer interested Grid.

It was just a boring stage where he was confident he could win first place in all events he participated in. He didn’t want to waste his time participating when the members of the Overgeared Guild would take care of him and give him the breaths they gained as a reward from the competition.

It was just that the story would be different if he could fight Kraugel again. How far could he fight against a strong person equal to him? He was curious. He wanted to make sure.

-Will Kraugel participate in this year’s National Competition?

Grid asked the question in the guild chat and the members answered him.

-He isn't on the list of participants.

-It is said the United States is troubled because of this.

'Indeed.'

Grid's face was filled with joy.

'Is Kraugel also bored with the competition?'

At the same time, at the East Continent...

".....?"

Kraugel was searching the Kaya Mountains when he suddenly stopped and looked back. Even today, he felt the yangbans' eyes on him and felt uncomfortable.

Grid and Biban walked side by side down the corridor. Their destination was the room of the 4th seat, Betty. Biban assured him that Betty could help, but Grid was somewhat reluctant.

'She seems to hate me.'

When he visited the Tower of Wisdom a few months ago, Betty, unlike the other tower members, didn't express any interest or fondness for Grid. For her greeting, she just gave her name and slammed the door on Grid. The 7th seat, Abellio, asked for understanding because she was shy, but... what was there to be shy about when she was hundreds of years old? Just look at Biban next to him who was shameless.

'I'm a bit nervous.'

He felt very awkward. It was doubtful if she would cooperate or do it properly. Grid was gulping when the two of them arrived at Betty's door.

Biban knocked on the door. It was more like he was beating the door instead of knocking. "Hey, you old hag! A guest has come!"

Creak.

The door opened slightly. Betty's eyes were still very large as she stuck her head out slightly through the gap in the door. It gave people a feeling of loneliness, but her eyes were beautiful because they were round and dark. Just based on appearance, she was well-matched with Lord. He really wanted a daughter-in-law like her.

"What brings you here?" Betty stared at Grid, who was bowing deeply in greeting, and immediately inquired about what was going on.

Biban responded in the place of Grid, who was smiling awkwardly, "Can't you hear the vampire soul speaking?"

Betty's gaze shifted to Grid's hand. "You mean that child?"

Surprisingly, Betty noticed Elfin Stone's Ring instantly. She seemed to have noticed it since she first saw Grid.

"T-That's right."

On the first day they met, Betty only revealed her name, unlike the other tower members who introduced exactly who they were. What exactly was her identity? Why was she so familiar with vampires, and why did she notice Elfin Stone's Ring immediately? Betty gestured to Grid who was full of expectations and doubts. "Come in."

"Yes."

"Biban, you get lost."

"Huh? Why are you so cold to me?"

"No reason. You just have no use."

"....."

Betty closed the door and Biban was left all alone in the corridor, crying. The only thing with him in this spacious tower was a rag, so he was particularly lonely and depressed today.

"You have become a completely different person from a few months ago. You've built up a lot of transcendence."

Unlike the dull Biban, Betty instantly noticed the internal changes in Grid. Biban might've been disappointed with Grid, but Betty was amazed by Grid's growth in such a short time.

"Yes, somehow..."

The room looked very different from Grid's imagination. He imagined a princess' room decorated in bright colors, but it was dark and dull. It wasn't a sweet scent, but the smell of alcohol. Instead of dolls, anatomical specimens were lined up everywhere. The anatomical specimens were of various monsters and demons, not small animals such as birds, amphibians, and reptiles. There were even more than 50 anatomical specimens of bipedal races like humans filling one side of the room.

It was a rather terrible and chilling sight, even for Grid, who had slaughtered countless monsters. However, it would be rude to express such feelings. Grid discovered that a sphere of magic power was being used for lighting and changed the topic. "It seems you are a magician since you can keep dozens of light magic on at the same time."

"That isn't magic."

"?" It was a lot different from the light elemental.

Betty explained to the confused Grid, "They are souls."

"...Huh?"

Betty's gaze aimed at the anatomical specimens. "Their souls."

“.....”

The idea of wanting her to be a daughter-in-law shouldn't even be considered.

Betty introduced herself to Grid, whose expression had stiffened, “I am the first Baal's Contractor.”

“.....?!”

Betty took off her loose robe. Her exposed body was very shocking. It was because apart from her neck, head, and lower body, most of her body was a skeleton. It wasn't just skinniness. She literally only had bones, exactly like a skeleton. “I was a disgusting failure. That is why I am hiding and researching away from Baal's attention.”

“.....”

“I know souls well.” Betty once again got dressed and reached out with her gloved hands. The stiff Grid woke up and handed her Elfin Stone's Ring. “Direct descendant vampires have the same reincarnation structure as a great demon. It means that even if they lose their body, they can surely be resurrected again someday. He is stubborn because he knows it.”

The length of Betty's speech grew when she started talking about her area of expertise. Betty asked the focused Grid. “Do you want complete control over this child?”

“Yes.”

“Do you need this child's strength to fight Baal someday?”

Betty knew that Baal was the source of evil. It wasn't difficult to infer that humanity would go to war with Baal. Therefore, she intended to actively cooperate. She turned to the Tower of Wisdom to avoid Baal's gaze and was in a position to hope for the emergence of heroes who would destroy Baal on her behalf.

“That's right.”

“I understand. I will break this child's hope.”

Betty started to take Elfin Stone's soul out of the ring. It was more like she was physically pulling it out than magic. The screams of Elfin Stone's soul shook the room and strained Grid. Betty's fingers were surrounded by white light as they pointed at Elfin Stone's soul that finally appeared.

“I will break this child's cycle of reincarnation.”

At this moment...

-Grid!No, Lord Grid!! will be loyal!

The urgent cry of Elfin Stone who had been stubborn for years echoed through the room.

[Chapter 1337](#)

‘Wow, look at this guy.’

There had been no communication with Elfin Stone for a year. He always refused the summoning and wouldn't even communicate. Grid had suspected a system failure. Later, he felt he might've been mistaken for Braham, and tried to understand why Elfin Stone ignored him. But now...

-Lord Grid!Grid!Didn't I say I would swear loyalty?Stop that crazy demon's work.

"...Bullshit."

Elfin Stone had never misunderstood Grid's identity. He knew precisely who Grid was and kept ignoring him.

'Disgraceful guy.'

As his annoyance soared, the frowning Grid asked Betty, "I am the Blood King. All the vampires, except for Marie Rose, must obey me, so why could Elfin Stone ignore me?"

"You're basically misunderstanding. The direct descendants obey you not because of coercion. It is through their own will."

"Huh?"

"Look back. Weren't there direct descendants who followed you before you became the Blood King? Especially if they are children who died in your hands."

"....."

Certainly, it was true. Tiramet had obeyed Grid even before Grid became the Blood King. He just wasn't as polite as he was now.

"Isn't it because their souls were sealed in the objects and weakened, so they became submissive?"

"No. The more blood you give to the soul while fighting, the faster the resurrection time. Thus, they chose to follow you. It is about efficiency."

If they obeyed out of their own free will, then it meant they could refuse out of their own free will. It was revealed why Elfin Stone was able to ignore Grid. However, Grid wasn't convinced. "It doesn't make sense. Doesn't the Blood King have the authority to command all vampires, except Marie Rose? How can Elfin Stone exercise his own willpower against me?"

"I told you. You've misunderstood. The direct descendants don't obey unconditionally just because you are the Blood King. Unlike ordinary vampires, who instinctively obey the Blood King, direct descendants have free will. That is why they can fight to become the Blood King."

"No, then Tiramet..."

"If a direct descendant obeyed you since becoming the Blood King, then there is another reason. For example, you released the Curse of Sloth."

"Ah..."

Grid confirmed the information of the Blood King title.

[Blood King]

[Type: Passive

★ Blood magic will bloom when conditions are met.

The blood magic will be according to your personality.

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

* Liberated vampires are free from the Curse of Sloth.]

There was no description that all vampires were submissive to the Blood King. It happened when he raided Fenrir and became the Blood King. The reason why the notification contained the words 'all vampires, except Marie Rose, will obey you in the future' was because Grid defeated the powerful vampire called Fenrir, not because he was the Blood King. The true power of the Blood King was the power to release the Curse of Sloth. They might obey in anticipation that Grid would release their curse, but there was no obligation to obey.

Grid barely grasped the situation and stared at Elfin Stone's soul. "I have the power to release your curse. Why have you ignored me even though you know this? Doesn't overcoming the Curse of Sloth matter to you?"

Elfin Stone replied.

-You killed me.

Grid was stung.

-You are also a friend of Braham, who will be torn apart. Why should I chat with you?

"....."

There was no need to ask the reason in the first place. For Elfin Stone, Grid was the object of hatred. There was no reason for him to favor Grid. Grid once again confirmed the information of Elfin Stone's Ring.

* If this ring grows to a legendary rating, the wearer can summon Vampire Earl Elfin Stone.

'Now I see this is a wordplay.'

The ring's information stated that the wearer 'can' summon Elfin Stone, not that Elfin Stone would be unconditionally summoned and commanded. It felt dirty. For a moment, he wanted to contact the S.A Group's customer center for some questions. However, the S.A Group would always ignore system problems and say it needed to be solved in the game. Yes, ignore. It was just like Elfin Stone.

'...The more I think about it, the more disgusted I feel.'

Grid understood Elfin Stone's position. He probably would've acted similarly if he was Elfin Stone. However, Grid wasn't Elfin Stone. Even though he understood, he didn't intend to defend Elfin Stone.

"The first time we met... you showed up exactly every 24 hours and aimed at me."

Extreme Blood Transfusion—it was a terrifying attack and recovery skill that restored one's health by taking away large quantities of the target's health.

The only drawback was that it had a 24 hour cooldown time and Elfin Stone wasted it several times on the immortal Grid. He must've noticed the error in his judgment along the way, yet he repeatedly made the same mistake again and again because of his pride.

"Yes, that's right. Elfin Stone, you were stubborn from the beginning."

Despite knowing it was better to cooperate with Grid to accelerate the resurrection time, he was buried in resentment and anger, and turned away from this opportunity. It was stupid.

"Perhaps, you... if I just let it go, you probably wouldn't listen to me until the day the game ends, or the day I quit the game."

Elfin Stone heard a lot of words that were hard to understand. However, Elfin Stone could read Grid's will through his tone and expression.

-Hey, look, didn't I say I would be loyal?

"Your words are getting shorter."

Grid's eyes were as sharp as a blade as he faced Elfin Stone's soul. They were the eyes of a warrior who had fought countless adversaries and defeated them. The epics he had written transformed into a huge sense of pressure that tightened Elfin Stone's breath.

-O-Ohhh! Lord Grid!

The reason why most great demons and direct descendant vampires didn't care in the face of death was because reincarnation was possible. Even if they died, they would be resurrected. It was with their old memories and powers. Therefore, for them, death wasn't the end, and it wasn't a concept to be afraid of.

However, there was an unusual presence here that could break the cycle of reincarnation. Elfin Stone didn't know if she was a demon or an angel, but she could bring about death. This awakened the preciousness of life within him. Grid laughed when he noticed that Betty was the object of Elfin Stone's wariness as his soul swayed precariously like a lantern in front of the wind. "You can't figure out the situation at all."

-?

"I am the one you should be afraid of."

Flinch.

Elfin Stone's soul stopped shaking. The blood-red soul swelled.

-It seems you've completely lost awareness of your concept. Human... you are just a human! You ascended to the throne of Blood King with the help of the traitor, Braham! You dare! You dare to threaten me?! Just you?!

Blond hair that went down to the waist—Elfin Stone, who had long hair like Braham before he adapted to the world, appeared after a long time.

-I will challenge you for the position of Blood King!

[A Blood King Candidate has challenged your throne.]

[You can't refuse the challenge.]

-Did you think I was silent out of fear of you?! If it hadn't been for Braham by your side, you would've already died in my hands!

As expected from a direct descendant. Elfin Stone was beautiful even when angry, just like the first time they met.

-Blood Field!

His skills were still there. Betty's dark and dull room was instantly dyed with blood, and Elfin Stone's magic power rose sharply. There was just one problem...

"Mosquitoes are very noisy these days."

Grid's palm slapped Elfin Stone on the cheek. Elfin Stone's skin was torn and blood splashed like a water balloon bursting against the wall.

-Kuaaaaack!

Elfin Stone's time was frozen in the past. The time he was defeated by Grid and the Overgeared members was Elfin Stone's last memory and experience. The Grid in his memory was several times lower than himself. He didn't understand the gap created by the years.

'What?'

Elfin Stone didn't realize what had happened to him. He barely stood up as pain and confusion filled him. Then he further strengthened Blood Field even more. Grid's health was reduced little by little. It was tens of hundreds and quickly went into the thousands. It was a trivial figure for Grid when his health had reached 400,000.

-You! You must've grown quite a bit after becoming Blood King with Braham's help! However, that is it!

Extreme Blood Transfusion—Elfin Stone's previous ultimate attack that put the past Grid into his immortal state with a single blow rushed toward the current Grid's heart. The blood vortex was swift and emanated an intense energy that damaged Betty's room. It was just that Grid's dynamic vision and experience made it easy to grasp the trajectory of Extreme Blood Transfusion.

"It is such a flimsy attack."

To be honest, Grid didn't even need to pull out his sword. He felt that he needed to make the gap obvious in order to break Elfin Stone's high nose.

"Revolve."

Quiet footsteps.

The Fire Dragon Sword looked relaxed as it created a storm of flames that devoured the blood flow.

-...?!

Elfin Stone's current body was an illusion. It was a manifestation caused by his willpower. He couldn't feel anything, yet Elfin Stone had the illusion that goosebumps were covering his skin. He saw it—the gap that existed between himself and Grid. The human in front of him existed on a completely different level from the person he remembered.

-Kuaaaaah!

There was a desperate gap in power. Elfin Stone lost his body and returned to his soul from. He trembled with a sense of helplessness.

-W-What? You?

He had only felt this sense of helplessness twice before in his entire life—one time was to Braham, and the other was to Marie Rose. He felt enough despair and fear from a human to be reminded of them?

-Human... human who became Blood King with Brahan's help...

Grid smiled at Elfin Stone, who was murmuring in a trembling voice. "Aren't your words too impolite?"

-I'm sorry! Your Majesty!

Elfin Stone clearly realized who he should be afraid of here. If he had a flesh and blood body, then he would've fallen down and knelt. Grid's gaze was gentle as he looked at the soul. "I don't want you to forgive Braham."

It was an affair between brothers. It was also true that Braham committed a serious sin against Elfin Stone. It was understandable that Elfin Stone would never be able to forgive Braham. Grid wasn't in a position to say anything. He just had one wish. "However, I hope you don't stab a dagger into Braham's back as long as you are with me."

-.....

Elfin Stone was a vampire earl. Among the direct line that ruled over the vampires, his discernment was among the top. He understood Grid's meaning and responded.

-Yes, I understand.

After decades or hundreds of years, he would be resurrected, and by then, the human in front of him would be dead. The day of revenge on Braham could be postponed to that time.

'I have to accumulate enough strength while serving him thoroughly.'

The intention was somewhat contrary, but his commitment to loyalty was true. It was the day when Grid gained a new subordinate. Elfin Stone was only level 300, but Grid's joy was great. As a direct descendant, Elfin Stone's potential was immense. A notification popped up in front of the happy Grid.

[The condition has been met and the first blood magic will bloom.]

[Chapter 1338](#)

A direct descendant—it referred to the 10 children of Shizo Beriache, and as owners of a lineage of purity and integrity, they were called nobles and reigned over the vampires. It was the Blood King who

was qualified to lead such a direct line. There was only one condition to becoming the Blood King—by force.

Unlike the direct descendants, it wasn't based on lineage. The strongest being who defeated the direct descendants would be qualified to be the Blood King, regardless of lineage.

Braham once explained the reason why—"There is no future for the vampires as long as there is the Curse of Sloth. My mother knew this as well so she made rules for outsiders."

The reason that the rule gave outsiders the chance to become the Blood King was simple—the vampires couldn't move forward with just their own power. As long as there was the Curse of Sloth, the vampires couldn't try hard and couldn't develop. Since they couldn't develop, they didn't have the strength to defeat great demons. Vampires alone couldn't achieve Beriache's wish. Of course, the story would be different if Marie Rose became the Blood King, but Beriache didn't have confidence that Marie Rose could overcome the Curse of Sloth, so she made sure there was insurance.

[The condition has been met and the first blood magic will bloom.]

Along with the rising notification window, Grid felt a dizzying pain from his left shoulder. It was pain beyond the level of a sting. It was sharp pain, like he was cut by a knife. The perplexed Grid took off his armor and looked at his left shoulder. The power of blood magic was erupting from his left shoulder and a pattern—reminiscent of blood droplets—was being engraved there.

"Keuk...!" Grid dropped to the ground as a strange feeling wrapped around his left shoulder. He vividly felt the process of his magic power being changed by an energy he had never experienced before.

[Your mana is strengthened by the blood magic blooming effect.]

[The maximum mana amount has increased by 1.5 times.]

[Mana recovery speed has doubled.]

[In the case of lifestealing, mana is restored along with health. The mana recovered at this time is classified as 'blood magic' and the damage when using blood magic is increased by 1.2 times.]

".....!!"

The unexpected additional effects thrilled Grid. His left arm turned red before soon returning to normal.

[New blood magic 'Extreme Blood Transfusion' has been acquired.]

[Extreme Blood Transfusion Lv. 1]

[Deals damage equal to twice your maximum mana value to the target while absorbing 100% of the damage. If your health is at the maximum, the lifesteal will be reversed and additional damage will be dealt to the target as vampiric energy. The additional damage isn't affected by the target's magic resistance and attributes resistance.

Mana Consumption: 10,000

Cooldown Time: 24 hours.]

Hit others and absorb health. If full, convert the amount of health absorbed into damage...

The effect of Extreme Blood Transfusion was very simple. The problem was the damage calculation—Grid's maximum mana after the blood magic blooming effect was 140,000, and double that was 280,000. This meant that even a ranked player could be killed instantly in one blow. Of course, the damage would be deducted according to the target's magic resistance. However, if Grid used it in his full state then there was a high probability of instant death no matter how high the other person's magic resistance.

'If I use Elfin Stone's Ring to absorb health and accumulate up to 10,000 blood magic power, the damage will be higher...'

1.2 times 480,000 was a bit less than 580,000. It was difficult to expect a high destructive power against monsters. However, he must not forget that the essence of Extreme Blood Transfusion was lifestealing. Grid gained approximately 240,000 additional health.

'Good...'

Tankers were divided into two main categories—tankers who invested more in defense than health, and tankers who invested more in health than defense. There were pros and cons to each one. Tankers with high defense were vulnerable to true damage since they focused on greatly reducing damage instead of reducing health consumption. Meanwhile, tankers with high health were the complete opposite. As a result, most guilds raised both types of tankers. Depending on the situation, there were times when a tanker with high health (a meat shield) was put on the front lines, while other times a tanker with high defense was put on the front lines.

It was safe to say that with 400,000 health, Grid currently had the highest health across all players. He also couldn't be distinguished from a meat shield because his defense and resistance were as high as his health. He also possessed all types of shields and recovery skills. Grid confirmed that it would be hard for him to die while fighting in the future.

Honestly, he thought that dying in the current state was like trolling. Then a few days ago, Grid realized that he was still lacking. Putting aside the issue of control, he was overwhelmed when it came to stats against Baal.

'I have to become stronger.'

It was lacking. Betty stared at the greedy Grid, who was eager for greater power, and slowly opened her mouth, "Runes aren't everything."

"Huh?"

"People praise runes as artifacts with infinite potential, but they are different from creatures. There are limitations."

".....?"

How ominous.

Betty warned the tense Grid, "Your rune has too much power. Sooner or later, the capacity will be exceeded and the moment of choice will come. Don't blindly believe in your rune."

“Capacity... is there a moment when I will have to choose to abandon some of the powers in the rune?”

“Yes, your rune has received divine intervention, so it has a greater capacity than normal runes. The powers you have absorbed are so vast that the limits will probably come soon.”

“Around when?”

How much more strength could be absorbed in the future? What power should he give up at the moment of choice?

Betty replied to the deeply troubled Grid, “If it continues like this, then perhaps 20 years?”

“...Ah, yes.”

20 years—it might be a fleeting moment for Betty, but it was a time span that felt vague for Grid.

‘I have collected 14 powers so far. Then there should be approximately 40 powers in 20 years?’

If 40 was the limit, then it seemed convincing. Could the power of the great demons and vampires fill up the 40 slots? The restless Grid reclaimed the soul of Elfin Stone that returned to the ring. For a while, he was going to focus on hunting. He would stay in hell with the succubi and focus on the upbringing of Noe, Randy, the Overgeared Skeletons, and the vampires, while also leveling up.

‘I would be able to hunt indefinitely if I had enough stamina.’

Of course, infinite hunting was still possible now. During the times when Grid were exhausted, the God Hands could move on their own for automatic hunting. It was just that he would have to lower the level of the hunting ground in order to easily hunt with only the God Hands. It was best for Grid to hunt by himself if he wanted to increase the experience rate.

‘I’ll have to quickly gain the Demon God’s heart.’

The 12th Great Demon, Sitri—could Grid really succeed in raiding him? Grid was making plans with a confused mind when he expressed the question he had been curious about, “Betty, what is the Demon God?”

What was the reason that the 12th great demon received the title of god when even Baal didn’t have it? Perhaps Betty, being Baal’s Contractor, would know? Grid’s guess was correct. Betty naturally knew about Sitri. “A monster created by the soul of chaos.”

“Soul of chaos?”

“Originally, Sitri was the soul of a great demon. His soul has a magnetism that attracts the souls who have lost their body and are wandering.”

“.....”

“Tens of thousands of souls roaming in hell have been absorbed by Sitri’s soul over the years and Sitri’s soul has become infinitely enlarged. The growth of the soul is directly connected to the growth of the body and divinity. Sitri eventually became a god.”

“.....!”

Indeed, a god was correct. Still, there was something strange. “It seems he isn’t a god. It is safer to call him a beast.”

“It is a gathering of tens of thousands of souls. There are too many thoughts mixed in and he couldn’t maintain his sense of reason.”

“Is that why he isn’t worshipped as a god?”

Grid had visited the neutral zones of hell and witnessed the identity of the god worshipped by the demons. Evil God Yatan—all beings in hell served Yatan. He had never seen anyone who worshipped Sitri as a god. It was as he expected.

“Yes. Who would worship a beast as a god? That doesn’t mean you can think of Sitri as an imitation of a god. He might not have believers, but the power of his divinity is real.”

“Is he stronger than Baal?”

“It isn’t like that. He is probably weaker than most single-digit demons. No matter how strong, there are limits without skills and wisdom.”

“Then why are the great demons ignoring Sitri?”

Even a single digit great demon would eventually die. Hell Gao proved that. Now the soul of a dead great demon was roaming hell. There is a risk that reincarnation will be impossible if they are absorbed by Sitri’s soul. So why ignore Sitri?

“Great demons can control their own souls even if only their soul was remaining. It is so to say that there is no chance of their soul being absorbed by Sitri.”

“Ah...” It wasn’t just Braham who could move his soul according to his will.

“Furthermore, Sitri’s concerns are all focused on the human world, so there is less chance of an accident in hell. From the standpoint of the great demons, there is no need to touch Sitri.”

“I see...” Grid got a chill down his spine as he recalled Sitri’s eye staring at the human world through a crack in hell. He was troubled by the fact that he couldn’t target Sitri according to his plan.

‘It is premature to target the heart of the Demon God.’

Now it seemed he had to focus on leveling up without any feeling regrets. He could plan his next step once he had grown. Grid decided on his route and bowed politely to Betty. “Thank you for your help today.”

“Yes.”

“That... I will surely punish Baal one day.”

Grid was ashamed when saying this. What method would he be able to use to defeat Baal? At this point, he hadn’t found it yet. Betty smiled at the blushing Grid. It was the first smile she showed. “I’ll cheer for you. Come again if you need help.”

Baal's death was directly related to Betty's death since she became immortal after contracting with Baal. It was what Betty wanted.

[Affinity with the tower member 'Betty' has increased by 30.]

"Then goodbye..."

He only one-sidedly received her help, but affinity with her rose. How lonely had she been to be so thrilled with a bit of encouragement? Grid recalled Betty's skeletal body with mixed feelings and burned with more hostility toward Baal.

'I will be sure to get rid of him.'

Grid hadn't forgotten Pagma's screaming soul. Baal's madness as he laughed at the screaming soul could never be tolerated. Grid pledged again and came out of Betty's room, only to be startled.

"It has been a while." It was a blond-haired man—a handsome man who boasted the appearance of a noble was waiting for Grid.

"Hayate, I greet you."

Grid fell to one knee. The master of the Tower of Wisdom and a dragon killer—he was also the mentor who handed over the infinite sword energy, and Grid felt great respect for him.

Hayate gazed at Grid with affectionate eyes. "You've met the Martial God. It is also the real one."

Hayate was the ultimate transcendent and could perfectly see the changes in Grid.

"Do you know Chiyu?"

"I've always noticed his gaze."

"Gaze...?"

"The gaze that is looking at me from that place."

The ceiling of the tower—to be exact, Hayata was pointing at the sky beyond the ceiling. Was this the greatness that allowed him to even sense the eyes of the gods peeking at the human world...

Hayate made a suggestion to Grid, who was more flustered than admiring, "I want to entrust you with one task. Will the time be okay?"

"Of course."

He had to level up, but he couldn't miss out on a quest. This was a quest given by the first seat, Hayate. There would surely be a huge reward.

'I should agree even if there are no rewards.'

Grid didn't forget the duty of the Pioneer. Rather than gaining the favor of the tower members, he was a person who contributed to the peace of the world by resolving the tasks given by the association members. This was the Pioneer.

'...Wait.'

Grid had a new question—what would happen if Agnus became the Pioneer?

‘It will be a mess in many ways...’

Grid felt his role and responsibilities.

[Chapter 1339](#)

“Does this make sense?”

At the S.A Group’s headquarters...

Perhaps this would eventually lead to voyeurism, but the executives who were watching Grid’s move had their attention gathered in one place—the one who would create a swordsmanship superior to the Matchless Heart Swordsmanship to cut down and kill the gods and dragons.

Sword Saint Biban’s shocking remark caught their attention.

“I know that Morpheus made the most ideal swordsmanship by referring to and synthesizing sword techniques around the world... is it possible to create swordsmanship beyond the Matchless Heart Swordsmanship? Especially by a player.”

Kraugel’s actions after becoming the Sword Saint were lower than expected. It was different from the period when he was a normal class and called the ‘sky above the sky.’ Kraugel didn’t show much activity, so the executives were very disappointed. His obstinacy meant he refused to inherit the Matchless Heart Swordsmanship. They couldn’t be optimistic about him when he lost the honor of the Sword Saint, who was known as the ‘strongest combat class.’

Biban had expressed the executive’s hearts when he spoke bitterly about Kraugel. Yet today, he discussed Kraugel’s potential. He said that the reason Kraugel didn’t learn the Matchless Heart Swordsmanship was to create a better swordsmanship. Was it a feasible guess?

The executives were purely curious.

Chairman Lim Cheolho received their gazes and opened his mouth after a long silence, “Morpheus has the data of 289 types of swordsmanship that exists all over the world. The 2,570 swordsmanship related skills that Satisfy supports are all created based on that data and the Matchless Heart Swordsmanship is one of them.”

The most powerful and complete swordsmanship made by the supercomputer Morpheus analyzing, synthesizing, creating, and improving the hundreds of swordsmanship types. Up to now, everyone, including Chairman Lim Cheolho, had called it the ‘ultimate swordsmanship’ and in fact, it was still the case.

However, Chairman Lim Cheolho was convinced at this moment. Morpheus continued to evolve from the experiences of the two billion players and had to think of a swordsmanship beyond the Matchless Heart Swordsmanship. The reason that the ‘possibility’ of a swordsmanship that went beyond the Matchless Heart Swordsmanship was planted through Biban’s mouth was probably influenced by Morpheus’ evolution.

“As you all know, the data is old. The more new data that is accumulated, the more likely it will be.”

“It is natural that something beyond the Matchless Heart Swordsmanship will be born.”

“Yes. Considering that some of the two billion players quit for some unknown reason or taking into account the operation of sword techniques not foreseen by Morpheus’ data, it is natural for Morpheus to come up with a better swordsmanship than the Matchless Heart Swordsmanship.”

Humans performed miracles from time to time. Ordinary people like Grid, Kraugel, and Agnus, sometimes surpassed Morpheus’ predictions. Even if it was just a single miracle caused by one in ten thousand people, the miracles would accumulate and change as the number of people playing Satisfy exceeded two billion.

“I don’t think it will be strange if Kraugel acquires that new swordsmanship.”

Chairman Lim Cheolho’s gaze was fixed to the center-left monitor. It was a live broadcast of Kraugel struggling with the yangban he encountered while crossing the desert of Kaya.

Kraugel’s expression was tense because he underestimated himself since Yeum was the first yangban he met. He assumed the level of the yangbans to be the same as Yeum, so his defense was very tight. Even so, he never made the mistake of falling down in the sand.

Every time he blocked the attack of the yangban, he placed a lot of strength into his body, but his footwork was light. This allowed him to move freely across the desert sands. A genius who adapted quickly to the environment in any situation—Kraugel’s talent in combat was still standing out, and it was good enough to call him the best among all players. Was it just out of simple stubbornness that such a genius turned away from the Matchless Heart Swordsmanship?

‘Maybe he instinctively felt it.’

Did Kraugel’s subconscious peeked at the fact that the Matchless Heart Swordsmanship wasn’t enough to be called the ultimate swordsmanship?

‘No, isn’t this too much of a leap?’

Chairman Lim Cheolho shook his head to deny his thoughts and laughed. This type of confusion was something he felt about Grid during the time when Grid was rapidly developing.

In the video, Kraugel’s sword made the yangban’s attack useless and it directly pierced the yangban’s neck. The ensuing Space Sword cut the desert in half.

The second one after Grid—it was the day when the next player to defeat a half-god alone was born. After the struggle with Yeum, Kraugel wandered through Kaya for half a month and was steadily growing. There were many chances for him in Kaya where few players had visited.

At Hayate’s library, located at the top of the Tower of Wisdom...

Grid sat face to face with Hayate. Hayata poured the warm tea and handed it to Grid.

“10 days from now, the gourmet cycle will arrive.”

“Gourmet cycle?”

“It refers to the period when Gourmet Dragon Raiders will travel around the entire continent to enjoy food.”

“Are you saying the dragon will tour the entire continent?” Grid’s face turned white as he recalled the dragon’s enormous body and fierce nature. The dragon’s tour of the entire continent sounded like it would soon destroy the continent.

Hayate smiled at the nervous Grid. “You don’t have to imagine a giant dragon coming down from the sky and destroying the city. Raiders will polymorph to a human during the gourmet cycle. I am told he reduces the size of his stomach to focus on the taste.”

“I see...”

Grid easily understood the concept of Polymorph. The hatchling Nefelina, who stayed in the Overgeared Kingdom, was disguised as a normal human. However, he wasn’t relieved. So what if the dragon looked like a human? The dirty personality would still be the same.

“So... what do I need to do during the gourmet cycle?”

“Please introduce Raiders to some reputable restaurants.”

“Yes, I know... Eh?Huh??”

“The gourmet cycle approaches every 100 years. It isn’t strange for some of the restaurants that Raiders remembers to have disappeared or the taste changed. There can be trouble if Raiders eats bad food or becomes annoyed... I hope you can select some of the most popular restaurants in the world these days and guide Raiders to them.”

“.....”

Guide a dragon? He had to go on a gourmet journey with a vicious dragon?

Grid’s head was blank from the bolt that came out of the blue. It was said that the Pioneer and tower members had a mutually supportive relationship. He might’ve been helped a lot by the association members so far, but he was reluctant to do this task and felt dissatisfied. In the first place, wasn’t the Pioneer in charge of the peace of the world and weren’t the dragons supposed to be marked by the tower members?

Why did he have to guide a dragon...?

Hayate explained to the unconvinced Grid, “As you know, the purpose of the Tower of Wisdom isn’t to destroy dragons. It is to prevent them from causing incidents.”

It was impossible for the tower members to have the goal of wiping out the dragons. The real purpose of the tower wasn’t to fight the dragon. It was to block the dragons from attacking.

“In that sense, Raiders is a dragon that is easy to handle. There will be no accidents as long as you satisfy his appetite. That is why our tower members have been helping Raiders with his gourmet tour up to now...”

Hayate’s expression darkened. Grid could easily see the reason why.

“The tower members aren’t able to provide the proper guidance...”

The tower members were existences who had left the world. Most of them only left the tower when they had a special mission, apart from Biban who habitually ran out of the tower. What would they know about the world’s most popular restaurants? It would’ve been very difficult to satisfy Raiders.

“That’s right. On the other hand, you are the king of a nation and you must be aware of the circumstances of the world. It won’t be too difficult for you to find famous restaurants around the continent and there will be less restrictions on you when traveling. This is why I would like to ask you to guide Raiders.”

“Um...”

The circumstances were understandable, but he wasn’t willing at all.

Visit restaurants across the continent—even if he secured the coordinates of as many places as possible in advance and traveled by Teleport, it would take at least a fortnight. He would have to be with a dragon for that long. He didn’t like that he could die if he made a single mistake, as well as the fact that he wouldn’t be able to level up during this fortnight.

‘I’m really sorry... I’m going to have to reject this mission.’

Grid considered it and opened his mouth, “I...”

[★Hidden Quest★ Gourmet Cycle has occurred!]

[Gourmet Cycle]

[Difficulty: ???]

Guide Gourmet Dragon Raiders to restaurants all over the continent.

In order to satisfy Raiders, you must visit at least 80 restaurants and hear that it is delicious at least 60 times.

Every time Raiders says ‘I’m happy,’ you will receive a special gift from Raiders.

Quest Clear Conditions: Guide Raiders to at least 80 restaurants.

Quest Clear Rewards: Depends on Raiders’ satisfaction.

Quest Failure: Anger of the gourmet dragon.]

[Would you like to accept the quest?]

“...Yes, I will accept.”

“Thank you.”

“It is for world peace. How can I refuse?”

“It is great. I also believe in you.”

What was a special gift from a dragon? The excited Grid made an announcement in the guild chat window.

-Recommend restaurants.

Then he sent a separate whisper to Lauel.

-Talk to the local lords and tell them to hold events recommending restaurants.

-Huh?

-Right now.

-Yes...I understand.

The next target of his whisper was Faker.

-It is time to move the Eclipse assassins.

-Give me any task.

-Please arrange restaurants.

-I understand.

'Okay.'

With this, he had finished the minimal preparations. He would stop by the East Continent and ask the Cho King and Xing King for restaurant recommendations. Grid rose from his seat and spoke to Hayate with a confident expression, "I will complete this gourmet tour mission perfectly. Please wait for the good news."

"Indeed... you are truly reassuring as a legend, a transcendent, and the Hero King. I'll tell you where Raiders' lair is so go there in 10 days."

"I understand."

Gourmet Dragon Raiders—the curse on Sticks' heart might completely disappear if Grid could build up a good relationship with it. Grid was looking forward to it.

[Chapter 1340](#)

Eclipse—the strongest and worst assassination group that existed for over a thousand years. They were currently serving 'Lantier' Faker and were steadily adapting to the new group called the Overgeared Shadows.

Life without harming innocent people, for example, kidnapping young boys and girls, brought peace to their hearts. They might have received brainwashing training to accept any evil behavior and killing as long as it was an order from their superiors, but their human heart still remained in their subconscious.

To be honest, they liked life in the Overgeared Kingdom. As they started to learn their forgotten feelings and morality, they gradually realized the value of life and felt they had finally become human beings.

They didn't have any doubts or anxieties about their new life, except for the fact that their organization name was the Overgeared Shadows. However, today they were full of doubts.

'Restaurants...?'

An important mission—the assassins gathered urgently at Lantier's command and were shaken by the mission assigned by the Overgeared King himself. The contents of this mission were so confusing that they revealed their agitation despite being emotionally stunted. Look for hidden restaurants across the country? It seemed much more difficult than the task of finding and killing a public target without leaving any small clues behind.

"Can I dare ask one question?"

A talented person with the nickname Advent of Silence—he was number 166 and the third shadow position during the Eclipse era. Once he raised his hand, Faker gave him the right to speak. He asked, "A restaurant selling delicious food. Is the dictionary meaning correct?"

"That's right."

"What is delicious food? Isn't food just a tool to fill our stomachs?"

They were beings who were abducted before they were mature and raised as Eclipse assassins. Appetite, libido, material desires, etc.—taste was a luxury for them who had all their desires castrated. Therefore, they didn't understand the concept of taste properly.

"....."

Faker looked at the assassins showing curious expressions and ordered a subordinate to bring over delicacies.

"I think it would be quicker for you to try it and feel it yourself."

Faker gestured and the assassins started to eat. They soon put down their knives and forks. It was because they couldn't feel any taste. The moment they felt a bit of satiety, they started rejecting the food. Certain educations they received over the years made them act this way.

"Hmm..."

Choosing restaurants definitely wasn't an easy task. The concept of taste was something that not even objective evaluations could be blindly trusted. Several times, Faker had been left disappointed after visiting famous restaurants mentioned on social media. This made him familiar with the minimum conditions for evaluating restaurants and he was going to explain this to his subordinates.

However, the Eclipse assassins had lost their taste buds.

How much time had passed? Faker thought silently for a while before ordering his aide, "Tell Idan to prepare lunch."

"Yes."

After a moment...

“Kuweek!”

The moment they took a bite of Idan’s food, the Eclipse assassins realized the importance of taste. They finally regained their taste buds and Faker gave them an order, “From now on, find delicious restaurants all over the continent and report to me.”

“Yes!”

Hundreds of assassins disappeared into the darkness and scattered across the continent.

“It seems like a rash judgment.”

Sticks became serious when Grid returned from the Tower of Wisdom and said he would meet the gourmet dragon. A dragon was a creature that couldn’t be understood by human ideas. In particular, there were great differences in the values of the dragons who had existed and reigned since the beginning.

First of all, they didn’t understand the importance of life. They made it their first priority to fulfill their own desires. They didn’t know the concept of consideration itself, so they didn’t really think about the situation around them. If something unpleasant happened, then they would lose their temper and destroy everything in sight. It was like a four year old child with the most powerful force in the world.

Sticks evaluated a dragon in this way.

“As you know, I met the gourmet dragon and was cursed.”

This was what Grid heard in the past during the trials of the Behen Archipelago. Most of the dragons had heavy asses and didn’t move directly when they went out to play. Instead, they created an avatar using magic. The gourmet dragon whom Sticks met was also an avatar.

“The world tree... it was because the elves tried to protect it since the world tree is no different from a mother to us. The results were disastrous. My heart was cursed and I couldn’t protect my mother. The gourmet dragon ripped out half of her roots and put them in his mouth. As the elves and I watched, he devoured my mother.”

“.....”

“He is a vicious guy. It won’t end well if you meet such a guy.”

Grid clearly understood Sticks’ concerns. To be honest, he was afraid to meet a dragon, but he wanted to believe in Hayate. Hayate had said it clearly—Raiders was a dragon that was easy to handle, and there would be no accidents as long as its appetite was satisfied.

‘I just need to find the restaurants well.’

He planned to take action. In particular, if Grid visited the Saharan Empire and other kingdoms directly for cooperation then the empress and the kings would definitely do their best.

Grid’s prediction was correct.

“There are many famous restaurants in Titan. Nobles often visit them so the atmosphere and demeanor aren’t inferior. Would you like to visit with me in person?”

Empress Basara actively cooperated. The leader of Satisfy’s only empire and the most powerful nation wanted to help Grid. The empress would personally visit the restaurants? The large and small officials of the empire were startled.

“Your Majesty, I will bring the chefs to the imperial palace right now. Please protect your jade body.”

People who tried to stop Basara moved frantically and Spear Saint Rachel sighed.

‘The people who manage the affairs of the empire have no eyes.’

The empress would be angry. Rachel thought so, but Basara was still smiling. Her usual smile calmed the officials. “Evaluating a restaurant isn’t just about evaluating the taste of the food. It is also about observing the overall atmosphere and the attitude of the employees. It is right for me to personally visit with King Grid.”

“The empress’ jade body is the heart of the empire. The empress must not leave the imperial palace to ensure that the empire is peaceful...”

“I will go directly.”

“...Yes, Your Majesty.”

Basara never lost her smile. However, through her strong attitude, the officials intuitively noticed that her mood was a bit displeased. Basara left behind the officials who could no longer protest and spoke to Grid, “I’ll finish the preparations as soon as possible. Can you wait a moment?”

“I can wait all night. Take it slowly.”

Grid respected Basara as empress. He might be ahead of her in terms of armed force, but he knew he wasn’t her opponent in terms of power and wealth. No, it was natural for Grid to respect her as a reliable helper and a friend. However, Basara misunderstood.

I can wait all night...

She blushed slightly at the romantic words and left the great hall of the emperor’s palace with a shy smile. Unlike the servants who rushed after her, Spear Saint Rachel and Beast King Morse remained beside Grid.

“It has been a long time. I am grateful that Your Majesty personally came here to visit.”

Duke Rachel was a descendant of Saharan’s founder and originally served only the ruler of the empire. She was a figure who thought that everyone was under her feet except for the ruler. However, she was humble in front of Grid and it wasn’t just because he was an allied king. She witnessed Grid’s power and charisma when slaughtering the great demons in the canyon and she came to respect Grid. It was the same for Beast King Morse. They both had the experience of being helped by Grid.

“Not long ago, Duke Grenhal was inspired after visiting the Overgeared Kingdom. It was regrettable that I couldn’t go due to an incident in my territory.”

Morse who tried to speak politely was a bit strange to Grid. Morse was a beast-like man with the nickname of Beast King and didn't know etiquette very well. Still, Grid found it cute that he was trying not to make mistakes.

"Isn't it possible for us to meet and chat at any time? I am happy with one meeting. I don't think it is necessary to feel regret."

Grid's kind remark and gentle smile thrilled Rachel and Morse. A friend—they were glad that Grid had reaffirmed what they were thinking.

It happened as the atmosphere became warm...

"It is a mess." Someone's annoyed voice rang out in the great hall.

Rachel and Morse frowned as they realized the owner of the voice. However, as a loyal subject of the empire, they didn't dare ignore it. They turned their heads and bowed.

"You are here, Prince Dulandal."

"Bah." Prince Dulandal sent a disgruntled look to Rachel and Morse before walking up to Grid. The smell of alcohol wafted from him, but Grid knew that Dulandal wasn't drunk at all. The smell of alcohol and the bottle in his hand were just tools for his act. "It is worthy of a king without any genealogy. You don't understand etiquette at all. Don't you know that no one can stay in the great hall when the empress has left? If you came to eat breadcrumbs, then you should wait quietly outside. How dare you stay in the great hall and make it stink?"

"Your Highness! Please refrain from speaking like that!"

Rachel and Morse shouted, but it was to no avail.

This time, Dulandal criticized Rachel and Morse, "You have forgotten the grace of the empire. I've recognized it since the throne was appointed. It is shameful if you really don't know. Do you enjoy playing house with the king of a small nation? You dare to raise your voice to the person you should be serving in earnest? You are pathetic."

"You are making too many mistakes by leaning on your drunkenness. I look forward to you coming to me tomorrow with regret and apologizing."

Rachel spat out and guided Grid like she no longer wanted to be here. "Let's go. You will only be offended if you remain here."

Just then...

"You dare show your back to me?!" Prince Dulandal shouted from where he had been playing drunk. The anger he revealed wasn't acting, but his true heart. "You...! You dare to leave when I, a member of the imperial family, didn't allow it? Rachel! You are really crazy!"

It was a terrible sense of authority. Prince Dulandal finally crossed the line against a duke of the empire who could establish her own independent kingdom if she was determined. The moment Rachel found the events of the day humiliating, the empire would turn Rachel and her hundreds of thousands of soldiers into enemies.

This was Dulandal's wish. She was a card he wouldn't be able to obtain anyway. It was better if she left the empire completely.

It was impossible for Rachel not to know what was going on. She stopped and bowed her head politely to Dulandal. "I've committed a crime. Then goodbye, Your Highness."

If someone tried a taunt and it was useless, then they would just become angrier at the person they were taunting. Rachel remained calm so Dulandal turned his target to Grid. "Overgeared King! Shouldn't you bow your head to me and greet me?!"

".....!"

Rachel and Morse had been trying to ignore Dulandal's obvious provocation. Now they heard these words and looked at Grid in a flustered manner. They were able to endure Dulandal's provocation because he was an imperial prince and they had to protect the imperial family. Meanwhile, Grid's position was completely different. If Grid was unable to bear it and hurt Dulandal, then Dulandal's faction wouldn't remain still.

The empire would be divided into two factions and the nobles belonging to Dulandal's faction would definitely be hostile to the Overgeared Kingdom. Furthermore, the relationship between the empire and the Overgeared Kingdom would start to crack.

"Be patient..."

Before Rachel could finish her words, Grid drew his sword without looking back at Dulandal and showed the majesty of a king. The sword dance Restraint was triggered.

"Heok!"

Dulandal had been making a lot of noise to provoke Grid, but now he became mute. He was overwhelmed by Grid and couldn't help sweating.

This was the end.

Duke Dulandal stood still like a stone statue without doing anything until Grid and the dukes left the great hall. From the perspective of Grid, who had met gods and was now preparing to meet a dragon, a child like Dulandal was a trivial being not even worth looking at.