

Overgeared 1341

[Chapter 1341](#)

“Gasp...”

Dulandal was overwhelmed by Grid’s overbearing pressure and barely managed to breathe after collapsing.

‘What?’

The Saharan lineage was special and Dulandal was born with red energy from birth. He might be lacking compared to the other imperial princes, but he was beyond an ordinary person in terms of ability. It was unthinkable that he would be scared and restricted by someone when he had the strength of red energy.

‘Someone with a poor pedigree overwhelmed me?’

Dulandal had heard of Grid’s reputation over the years, but he had never acknowledged Grid’s ability. Grid’s achievements were so great that it was too much to say they were achieved with personal skills. Prince Dulandal noted that there were many helpers beside Grid and thought he was a cunning person who used people with his silver tongue.

He judged that Grid’s accomplishments were possible due to the sacrifices of those who were exploited by him. From the beginning, he was a commoner who became king. He was a traitor who betrayed the royal family he served and seized the throne. He must be an ordinary person.

So Dulandal ignored and despised him.

‘Isn’t he cool?’

Prince Dulandal realized that Grid’s skills were real and looked at Grid again. In fact, he didn’t care about personality when evaluating talent. He felt uneasy about Grid because he was worried he would be fooled by Grid’s tongue, not due to personality.

‘I want to make him my own.’

Dulandal was fascinated by Grid and wanted to obtain him at any cost. He had no intention of using Lightning God Kyle and the Black Knights to threaten Grid with force. He wanted to approach it widely and buy Grid’s affection.

“Resh.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

Recently, his skills had greatly improved so he was selected as a promising figure within the Black Knights. Dulandal gave a task to Resh who was waiting outside the great hall.

“Find out how many wives and children Grid has.”

It was an easy mission. Resh immediately replied, “He has one wife and one son.”

“He doesn’t have any concubines?”

“Yes...”

“He doesn’t seem fascinated by beautiful women. Hmm, then find out how much wealth he has accumulated.”

“Are you thinking about giving him money?”

“That’s right. Isn’t satisfying desires the easiest way to win a person’s heart?”

“However, King Grid should be richer than Your Highness.”

“.....”

Dulandal suddenly remembered the news that the Overgeared Kingdom had accumulated considerable wealth despite being a small kingdom. What could he give to buy the heart of a person who didn’t need women or money? Resh offered advice to the confused person. “First of all, why not apologize?”

“Apologize?”

“Weren’t you rude to King Grid? If you really want to please someone, shouldn’t you first acknowledge what you did wrong and let your heart go?”

Resh had been disappointed with Dulandal from the beginning and had become Grid’s man after exploring the Abyss with him. Dulandal never dreamed of it, but his every move was reported to Grid every day. This was why Dulandal was still alive.

Both Resh and Grid already knew that Dulandal had abandoned his ambition to become emperor. He realized that no matter how hard he tried, it would be impossible to bring down Basara who had succeeded the throne from Juander. He hadn’t gathered as many people as he expected. He didn’t have a good foundation, so the only thing he could do was play drunk and scold Basara and her entourage.

What was he doing with Lightning God Kyle next to him? If he was to use Kyle’s power to occupy the imperial palace, then troops from all over the empire would immediately punish him. However, if he could get the Overgeared King Grid...

“I know. I have to apologize.”

Apologize—Dulandal became determined to do something he had never done since he was born and returned to his palace. He washed himself with clean water and changed clothes to get rid of the smell of alcohol he had sprinkled on himself. He went to the restaurant where Grid was eating and stiffened like a stone statue.

He saw Basara smiling brightly when eating with Grid and recalled old memories. Every time he called her aunt...

She always smiled in that way.

“.....”

Dulandal wondered. Did he cry like her on the day his father died? He really didn’t know. He only remembered being jealous of Basara and cursing her, who was crying despite wearing the crown that she so longed for.

'Dammit.'

The reason Basara didn't kill him or drive him out after gaining the throne was because she still considered him family. Why had he forgotten that? Since when had he been so blinded by power that he hated his family?

"Your Highness, what brings you here?"

Red armor blocked Dulandal's view as he stopped at the entrance and watched Basara. The Red Knights protecting Basara openly guarded against Dulandal. Dulandal once again realized how he had been acting during this time and spoke with a sorrowful expression, "I want to greet Her Majesty for a while."

He realized that the first person he should apologize to was none other than Basara. Suddenly, a huge explosion occurred. This was Titan. What happened in the middle of the capital of the Saharan Empire? The following earthquake shook the restaurant and there were screams from everywhere.

"Your Highness!"

The Red Knights were still suspicious of Dulandal and shouted angrily. They thought Dulandal had done something to hurt the empress.

"I will arrest you!"

"Keuk!"

Dulandal ignored the knights drawing their swords and released the red energy. Then he flew at Basara and took the debris that was falling toward her head using his back.

"Cough... Are you okay?"

"Dulandal?"

Basara's eyes shook fiercely as she was confused by the sudden situation.

"Your Highness!"

The Red Knights who were still suspicious of Dulandal caught up with him.

"It is a great demon."

Grid was the one who realized the situation. His gaze was focused on the imperial palace not far away. The symbol of the empire that shone a brilliant gold was currently being eroded by sinister demonic energy. He could see 3rd Imperial Prince Benoit staggering beyond the veil of demonic energy.

"Dulandal."

"Eh?"

Grid hadn't understood Juander's last request asking not to hurt his sons. 1st Imperial Prince Roland was gentle, intelligent, and helped Basara, but the 2nd Imperial Prince aimed for the throne, so he wondered if it was right to protect him. Moreover, Dulandal was a dangerous person with the same ideas as previous emperors.

He didn't understand cultures and races outside the empire and suppressed them using force. The reason Grid didn't hurt him and kept him alive was because Basara wanted it. Grid had been in contact with Resh and Kyle for the past few months and discovered that Basara cherished her nephew, Dulandal. She hoped that Dulandal's heart would change one day.

It happened today.

"I will leave her safety to you."

"Y-Yes."

Dulandal proved that he could change. It was proof that the goodwill Basara showed wasn't meaningless.

'Now I just need to grab that guy.'

The stability and development of the Saharan Empire was an absolute to the Overgeared Kingdom. In order to stabilize the empire, it was necessary to prevent accidents with the imperial princes. Therefore, Benoit had to be detained and stopped from wandering all over the continent and summoning great demons.

"Why? Why is this nation so peaceful?! Just like the one who killed me mother! I will break it with my own hands!"

Grid arrived in front of the veil of demonic energy using Shunpo and frowned when he heard Prince Benoit's screams. Empress Marie—the person who caused chaos in the empire by poisoning Empress Aria and damaging Juander's intelligence. Prince Benoit's anger and vengeance that had been directed at her started wandering and he felt lost. His twisted hatred for the home he was supposed to defend led to the disaster of the great demon being summoned.

"Chwirik! Chwiririk! There are humans everywhere I look! Okay! Chirik! Human who summoned me! If your hope is to destroy this place! Chirik! I, Botis, am happy to make that wish come true!"

[The 17th Great Demon, Botis, has descended to the human world to take over.]

[A terrible poison is suffocating all nearby existences.]

A snake covered in scales from head to tail, while the arms resembled that of humans—the heavens and earth became turbulent when Botis, the great demon with a bizarre appearance let out a menacing roar and emitted poison. The veil of demonic energy gradually expanded its range and dyed the empire with poison.

"Kyaaaak!"

"Hihihiiik!"

"This is crazy!"

Great chaos was created among the millions of people staying in Titans or traveling to and from it. In the face of a sudden disaster, human order became meaningless. The soldiers who were supposed to protect the people cowered and fell back. The running people trampled on the fallen soldiers or grabbed

each other's collars. They did everything possible to get away from this place. The situation of the players was similar.

"I can't log out?"

"This XX! Get out of the way!"

Players still vividly remembered the destructive power of the 19th Great Demon, Saleos, who killed the allied forces and trampled on the rankers. There was no one who could be calm after seeing the emergence of Botis, a great demon who ranked higher than Saleos.

Everyone showed their backs while running away, but no one could blame them.

『 No, summoning a great demon in the middle of the empire... 』

『 If the damage to the empire increases, then the entire West Continent will change dramatically. The prices of all industrial goods produced by the empire will skyrocket, refugees will become bandits and security will collapse... 』

News broadcasters from different countries learned about the empire's situation through the breaking news and clicked their tongue. The fleeing people could only look at each other sadly and pray there weren't many casualties. Just then, the scene of a dragon ascending and piercing the veil of demonic energy was captured by the cameras of broadcasting companies all over the world.

The identity of the dragon devouring the snake who frightened millions of people was none other than Grid.

The amazed news hosts stood up.

Many people made hopeful observations that escape would be successful while Grid bought them time. However, Grid surpassed people's predictions. He overwhelmed the 17th great demon alone without anyone else's help. It was a feat that seemed to proclaim he would protect everyone.

[Chapter 1342](#)

The body of the 17th great demon was close to 10 meters long. It was like a deep cave. The moment you stepped inside it, you wouldn't be able to escape. The sight of Grid jumping onto him seemed foolish.

-Running in alone? Isn't this too unreasonable?

-Why doesn't he wait for reinforcements?

Proof was the right of the weak and the burden of proof was said to be the duty of the challenger. However, Grid was already the best and he no longer needed to prove anything.

"Hey! Grid! Wait for the army to arrive! Just wait!"

Both the viewers and players on the field were unhappy with Grid's actions. If Grid was unable to fight, or if he died, then it was obvious that more damage would ensue. People couldn't figure out why he was in Titan at this time, but in any case, they wanted to rely on Grid. Therefore, they wanted Grid to put his safety first until reinforcements arrived. No one wanted to see Grid, all by himself, in a state of danger against a great demon. It happened when people's confusion and anxiety were deepening...

Like a dragon, Grid ascended and pierced Botis' giant body. His cold eyes as he climbed onto Botis' back were captured by the cameras. Kill—the famous sword dance, no, it could now be called a sword technique—was used and a hole was pierced in Botis' chest.

“Chwirik!”

Grid was trying to link another attack when Botis' tail slammed into his side. Grid seemed unable to avoid it due to the guandaos in the two hands of Botis' whose body twisted as the guandaos moved in different trajectories.

『 Danger... 』

A chill went down the backs of those watching.

Click!

Just then, a shield appeared in Grid's left hand. Botis' powerful attack that was made in an X-shape was blocked by the shield.

-It is fine after blocking that?

People who had used shields were well aware of it—a shield wasn't almighty. There was a limit to how much damage a shield could absorb. In particular, poison attribute attacks had the side effect of corroding shields, so its defense wasn't fully applied. Especially if the attack of the great demon was taken from the front... it wouldn't be unusual if the shield was damaged with one strike. This was why it was shocking that Grid's shield was fine without a single scratch.

Botis' long eyes flashed. “Chwirik. I heard rumors that Marchosias died not long ago. Did you do it?”

“Do you want revenge?”

“Chwi chwi! What a funny human joke.”

The Petrified Shield—it was the shield dropped by the 29th Great Demon, Marchosias. It had a high chance of petrifying the target in front of it. However, it was impossible for a great demon to suffer from abnormal conditions such as petrification.

Botis stared at the Petrified Shield and continued swinging the guandao in both hands. The guandaos' continuous slashes gained acceleration every time his body twisted. Finally, it became so fast that it couldn't be followed with the naked eye. Viewers felt like they were fireworks. It was because they saw sparks every time the guandao and shield collided.

'I can't continue fighting like this.'

Grid finished the exploration and stepped back. It was because the attack speed of Botis gained acceleration with every linked strike. It became so fast that his transcendence kept triggering. The world of transcendence where he became aware of all attacks caused his stamina to decline sharply so it was good to save it as much as possible.

“It is trivial. Chwirik. You are running away already?”

Botus taunted Grid with his tongue that was split in half, but it was useless. Grid was too familiar with ridicule and accusations toward him. The only way to provoke him was to touch the people around him. However, Botis only met Grid for the first time today and he didn't know it.

"God Hands."

10 black-gold hands rose around Grid. At the same time, they spread open their fingers and pointed at Botis.

"Magic Missile."

Dozens of white flashes shot out and drew a cobweb. Botis avoided the flash with the nearest trajectory and defended by striking at the ensuing flashes with his guandaos. Even so, he eventually allowed a few attacks.

The nervous Botis showed a blank reaction.

"This type of miscellaneous skill..."

The damage of Magic Missile was proportional to Grid's intelligence and was only in the thousands. It wasn't even a small threat to Botis who had a health value in the two billion. It wasn't that Grid didn't know this. From the outset, their purpose was to disperse Botis' attention.

".....!"

Botis was flustered when the human disappeared from his field of view while he was dealing with the Magic Missiles. Then he reflexively swung the guandao when he felt the human's presence nearby. Decoy—a magical bird containing Grid's magic power was cut by the guandao and scattered as light.

Botis' body twisted in the direction he swung the guandao. In his 180 degree field of view, he managed to capture sight of Grid.

"Chwirik! I knew it!" It was obvious ridicule. Botis' mouth curled up like the tricks of humans were petty and his guandao moved in an arc at the same time.

"Revolve."

The trajectory of the guandao seemed like it would cut Grid's neck, but it instead curved and cut Botis' chest. Botis' eyes were filled with shock and amazement as he pulled out the guandao from his scales. Just then, something cut at Grid's collarbone and chest.

".....!!"

Botis wasn't using double weapons for nothing. In the first place, he swung a horizontal cut with his left hand and a vertical cut with his right hand. The one that Grid counterattacked was the visible horizontal cut. The vertical cut that flew from an angle was unexpected. From Grid's perspective, it was a surprise attack with no time difference.

Stagger.

Grid's health gauge dropped sharply and he started to fall down to the ground helplessly. Botis didn't pursue him. He remained in the air and opened his mouth.

“Chwirik. Die.”

Black magic power was condensed between his sharp teeth—it was a huge wave of magic power that changed the weather, and the moment it was fired, Grid would turn to gray ash...

The commentators, viewers, and everyone at the scene felt it.

“Drop Dragon...”

Just then, another Grid appeared above Botis’ head and descended as a dragon. Botis’ forehead was flattened from the hit and his eyes twisted from side to side. His wide open mouth closed tightly and his long tongue was pierced by his own fangs.

“Ukakakaka!”

Were his vocal organs damaged by the shock? Botis’ body bent like a spring and he let out a strange scream as he plunged to the ground much faster than Grid had fallen before. The God Hands followed him and pierced him with all types of weapons.

“...Pinnacle Kill Wave.”

Grid’s sword dance wasn’t over yet. Botis’ eyes rolled and became white. He couldn’t bear the shock of his body being struck by the wave of slashes and stabs, and lost his mind temporarily. Skills, titles, class, runes, and items—this perfect combination caused a burst of output that created a new history.

[The target has received 153,277,505 damage.]

[The target who suffered the great damage at once is unable to maintain his mind!]

[You have renewed the highest damage record in one shot!]

[The effectiveness of the title: ‘Death in One Shot’ has increased! Critical damage will increase by an additional 10%!]

[You are establishing unparalleled damage achievements. The protection of Martial God Zeratul has slightly increased attack power, defense, and penetration power...]

[.....!!]

[Martial God Chiyou has intervened!]

[Zeratul’s protection will be removed due to Chiyou’s intervention!]

[The title ‘Death in One Shot!’ will be changed to ‘One Who Met the Martial God.’]

[The effect of ‘One Who Met the Martial God’ has increased critical hit damage by 200%. Once the title effect is activated, there is a normal probability of activating the ‘Ultimate Martial Art.’]

[Ultimate Martial Art]

[Passive

There is a normal chance of inflicting a stun that can’t be resisted or dispelled on the target.

This effect doesn't distinguish between the target's status, race, or rating.

The duration of the stun is a minimum of one second and a maximum of eight seconds.]

[Martial God Zeratul is very resentful!]

['I am the real martial god...' Zeratul's empty cry echoed in the sky.]

[The followers of the martial god scattered all over the world have started to cross the Red Sea!]

"....."

A stun that couldn't be resisted or lifted—this meant that even if the opponent was a legendary class or named boss with abnormal status resistance, they might become stunned the moment Ultimate Martial Art was launched. In addition, they couldn't remove the stun using recovery skills such as Cure.

'It is truly a game...'

In the future, Grid would be able to stun beings such as great demons and dragons. This made him happy yet afraid. It was because abnormal status causing skills that weren't affected by abnormal status resistances would continue to emerge in the future. It was a situation where Grid himself might be affected.

'In any case, I will stay quiet since I've benefited.'

Satisfy was a game that didn't reflect the users' opinions. If he protested and appealed about the matter regarding ignoring abnormal status resistance, he would just receive an answer like 'The system arranged it for balance. Please think positively.' In other words, it was meaningless to waste extra mental energy. Furthermore, Grid was in position to benefit so he didn't want to think too deeply.

"Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle."

The highest level stun that made the target powerless—it was enough to be the key to victory. If he used the stun first, then he could win even if he fought against an opponent with higher specifications than him. Stars spun around in circles above the great demon's head. No way, he was really stunned?

Why couldn't a great demon resist a stun that even a field boss could resist? The wide-eyed commentators from various broadcasting companies were expressing their doubts when Grid's strike hit Botis. However, it wasn't enough to grab victory. Botis' health, defense, and recovery ability were so excellent that it seemed Grid would have to fight for a long time. At least, if the person dealing with Botis was Grid alone...

"This snake head bastard dares to attack this place!"

Morse' beast-like sharp claws cut at Botis' wounds.

"You won't be able to die comfortably."

Then Rachel's spear pieced one of Botis' eyes. Botis' poison that spread across Titan made it difficult for the soldiers and players to move, but it was useless against the dukes.

"Chwirik! Chwiriik!"

Botis immediately regenerated his pierced eye and took a deep breath. Suddenly, the poison that spread across Titan started to be absorbed by Botis.

“It is annoying. I’ll stop playing and kill you. Chwirik.”

The scales that covered Botis’ body became entirely blue. The violent poison and chill quickly rotted the surroundings and corroded all substances.

“Ugh...!”

It wasn’t just Rachel. Morse had his attribute resistance amplified in his beast form, yet even he couldn’t bear the poison. Grid wouldn’t have been much different if it wasn’t for Khan’s final work and the black tortoise’s shell. He would’ve suffered a lot of poisoning damage facing Botis and would’ve felt the fear of death. However, Grid had Immune to Ten Thousand Poisons. Khan’s prayer for Grid’s safety was protecting Grid.

“Request to Stand With Me.”

A sharp spear fell from the sky and slammed into Botis’ scales.

“?”

There were more stupid humans who dared to mess with him? How ridiculous was this? Botis raised his eyes to stare at the sky. In the sky above him, hundreds or thousands of battle gear were flashing sharply and aiming at him.

‘What type of magic is this?’

No, it wasn’t magic. This was more like a power. A human actually had a power...? Botis felt an unusual force and reflexively took a defensive stance. The rain of battle gear fell like a storm, aiming only at Botis.

Botis tried to block them by crossing the guandaos in front of him, but he and his tail continued to be pushed back, little by little. He was shocked by the land that became deeply sunken, but he didn’t struggle. He immediately used flying magic, but he couldn’t fly.

Grid’s Magic Contemplation destroyed his flying magic.

“.....!”

In the deep hole created by Grid using Earth God, Botis was bombarded with various weapons, magic, and fire. Botis’ previous act of recovering his poison allowed the imperial army to finally join the battlefield and they launched a pincer attack.

The viewers were exhilarated.

[Chapter 1343](#)

Who dared to predict that the time would come when a player fought alone against a great demon? Humanity had been in danger of destruction from just the 32nd great demon. They never imagined that such a day would come. However, at this moment...

“Kiyaaaaaah!”

Grid’s flaming sword pierced Botis’ heart.

『 The empire’s dukes and army helped, but it was only a small help. Grid was already on the verge of winning before reinforcements arrived. 』

『 In fact, Grid alone...! A player defeated a great demon alone! 』

“Waaahhhhhhhh!”

Joy, thrill, and hope—with Botis’ death, the shouts of people filled with all types of emotions filled the capital where the clear sky had been restored after the poison was removed. Grid’s appearance as he wiped the blood off his face and gasped roughly was reminiscent of a ferocious beast, but in people’s eyes, he was a hero and idol.

“Grid, can we get an interview? The part that is currently a hot topic on the Internet is the reason why the great demon was stunned. Please say something about this...”

“Brother Grid! Can I get your signature?!”

A terrifying crowd swarmed. The players who somehow managed to get Grid visible on their screens were busy taking screenshots, while little boys and girls were shouting to get signatures. Grid ignored the questions of the reporters who were eagerly holding microphones and smiled kindly at the children.

“What’s your ID?”

“Please write my name, not my ID! Name! I am Daniel!”

“My name is Ann!”

“Haha. Yes.”

Grid stroked the heads of the excited children. Then he took the papers from them and started to sign.

“I will be a blacksmith like Brother Grid!”

“I want to do the sword dances! I will be Grid’s Successor!”

Stop.

Grid’s pen, which had been moving skillfully, paused for a moment. Grid’s Successor—a future he never imagined unfolded in Grid’s mind and shook his heart.

“Here.”

Grid soon put down the pen. Overgeared King Grid wrote to Daniel: Be a great blacksmith like Khan.

Overgeared King Grid wrote to Ann: Become a better person than me.

“Eh? I can’t read your writing!”

“Haha.”

“What did you write?”

These days, children don't distinguish between reality and Satisfy. Both worlds were given equal value. It would've been better if they met Grid in real life and received a signature, but they didn't feel regret. Grid responded to the children's excited questions. “Become a respected person.”

[Botis' Guandao]

[Rating: Legendary (Set)]

Durability: 1,500/1,500 Attack Power: 2,280

- * 50% increase in cutting rate.
- * Doubles the effect of the poison attribute.
- * The higher the wearer's attack speed, the more damage that will ensue.
- ★ Weapon attack power is increased when using two swords.

One of the two guandaos favored by the 17th Great Demon, Botis. A stronger power will be exerted when two guandaos are used at the same time.

Weight: 4,590

User Restriction: Level 430 or higher.]

‘It is good because the performance and the conditions are simple.’

There were only two equipment items dropped by Botis. They were two guandaos. The single performance was great, but it seemed to show the true power of a final weapon if it was held in the hands of a person familiar with wielding two swords.

‘The problem is that there is no one around me who can handle this properly...’

Wielding two weapons at the same time wasn't an easy task. The brain was bound to make errors when moving both arms at the same time. In particular, the higher the level of the enemy, the more clearly the limit of two swords was revealed in battles that required high difficulty calculations and movements. It was the reason why Grid only dual wielded in the early days before quitting.

‘How do you get the dual wielding skill?’

It was a unique passive skill that corrected behavior while eliminating penalties (reduced weapon damage) that ensued when using two swords. If any of the Overgeared members received this skill, then it would be better to hand over these weapons.

‘I will keep it well until then... wait?’

Grid was suddenly reminded of the National Competition. There was one person who used the two sword style very well in the last National Competition. It was the person who inspired Grid to create the pair of swords called the Sword Ghost. It was Kraugel.

'He is a genius among geniuses and can perfectly use two swords without the mastery skill...'

Now that he became the Sword Saint, wasn't it possible that he got the dual wielding skill? Now, if there was a mastery skill unique to the Sword Saint then it would probably encompass dual wielding.

'Okay. Let's pass it onto Kraugel.'

Only Kraugel could bring out the true power of these weapons. It would be a shame to give it to someone other than Kraugel. Besides, Kraugel was a very rich man. Grid could sell them at an expensive price. He finished deciding how to dispose of the items and whistled with a sense of lightness. He didn't have any concerns about future problems after handing them over to Kraugel. Grid and Kraugel were friends before they were competitors.

"I just wanted to relieve my mother's resentment! I just wanted to see her again! I cursed this vain peace....!"

During the time when Grid was fighting Botis, Prince Benoit was arrested by the knights and was in a carriage being taken to the Abyss. For more than 10 years, he had lived longing for his mother and was filled with the desire to get revenge for his mother. His face was full of wrinkles compared to his oldest brother Roland who was seven years older. His hair was also white, so he looked like a middle-aged man.

'It is futile.'

Grid sympathized with Prince Benoit. His father and brothers were indifferent to the death of his mother (from Benoit's point of view) and he burned with the desire for revenge against Marie. He planned to use the demon's power to let his mother appear and expose Marie's crime. However, Marie's crimes had already been exposed and the empire had changed too much. No one ever wondered about the secret behind Empress Aria's death. Apart from Benoit, the people of the empire were looking to the future, not the past. Benoit's feelings, his desires, and all the years he invested were reduced to nothing.

Grid stared sadly at the hatred and despair in Prince Benoit's eyes as he headed for the Abyss wrapped in chains.

"Thank you for protecting my people."

Then Empress Basara arrived at the scene. On behalf of the imperial people, she bowed and thanked Grid. The people were greatly shocked by the appearance of Basara bowing since they regarded the emperor as heaven, but Basara didn't care. She just wanted people to gradually adapt to the appearance of the new ruler.

In the midst of the noise, Basara approached Grid and whispered quietly, "We don't intend to execute Prince Benoit, so don't worry."

It seemed she misunderstood when she saw Grid watching Benoit sadly. In fact, Grid thought it was natural for Benoit to be executed. Basara's public sentiment would just worsen if she spared the great sinner who tried to harm his home and his people.

"Is it due to the last will of the former emperor?"

Former emperor Juander had left a will behind—he hoped that the princes would be taken care of as much as possible. He was solely the reason why his children were lacking or twisted, thus he asked for them to be temporarily watched because their innate nature wasn't bad. It was a last will left to Grid, but there were many witnesses at the time. Thus, the news was delivered to Basara's ears. Perhaps Juander's will clouded Basara's judgment. Basara seemed to read Grid's heart and strongly denied it.

"No. The will of the former emperor can't be used as an excuse to forgive those who tried to harm the people. The reason I want to keep Benoit alive is his knowledge of demons."

It was worth using. Thanks to this good cause, she was relieved that she didn't have to hurt her nephew. Grid obviously knew Basara's personality and nodded with a smile. Then his face suddenly stiffened.

'By the way, what means did the knights use to defeat Benoit?'

Of course, the knights of the empire were very skilled. In particular, the reputation of the Red Knights was known throughout the continent. However, the strength of the knights who arrested Prince Benoit weren't very high. Based on Grid's insight, they were only Red Knights in the 20s. Was it possible for Red Knights with a ranking in the 20s to defeat Benoit, who knew how to handle the red energy that was the lineage of the Saharan imperial family? It was absolutely impossible. Even if there were variables with Benoit, they wouldn't be able to cross the wall of innate lineage and talent. Saharan's lineage was too special.

'Was he deliberately captured?'

Why?

'Don't tell me?'

Grid's heart sank. Benoit was an expert in demons and there was the mysterious demon Biplonz in the Abyss. Was it a coincidence that the two of them would meet in a short time? In the first place, Benoit's obsession was beyond imagination. Otherwise, he wouldn't have given up his position and wandered the continent for more than a decade. Would such a person easily give up on his life? Did he hasten his own cause by committing the crime of releasing a great demon in the heart of his homeland?

'At first, I thought he was desperate, but...'

No. The reason for committing a crime of high treason that would cause him to be locked up in the Abyss wouldn't be so simple. The fact that Biplonz was in the Abyss was also a matter of concern.

"It was an unexpected accident. Since it is like this, we will look at restaurants tomorrow. First, go back to the imperial palace to relieve fatigue..."

"Excuse me a moment."

"....."

Basara's cheeks turned a subtle red as she gazed at Grid's back as he left in a hurry. She once again fell for Grid's kindness and consideration for her who would be busy due to the sudden incident.

The Red Knights hurriedly escorted the carriage of the sinner. The identity of the sinner was an imperial prince, so they didn't want to draw too much attention from the people.

"Wait!" Grid shouted when he saw the carriage carrying Benoit arrive at the entrance of the Abyss in the distance. However, his voice didn't reach because he was too far away. In the end, Grid drew his sword, entered the Transcend state, and used Shunpo. In an instant, he stood at the entrance of the Abyss and Prince Benoit's voice pierced his ears.

"As expected of the most famous person of this time, you are quick to notice."

".....!"

Grid's eyes widened. A darkness deep enough to suck up the light—Prince Benoit threw himself off the cliff with an immeasurable depth, or into the bottomless pit. There was no time for the Red Knights leading Benoit up the stairs to stop him.

"Shunpo."

The panicked Grid rushed to catch Benoit. However, a curtain of magic power unfolded like a shield and wrapped around the entrance of the Abyss, blocking Grid. Grid crashed into the curtain and bounced back immediately. He swung his sword to remove the curtain, but Benoit was already heading deep into the darkness.

"I curse the former emperor and the current empress for using excuses to not declare Marie's sins!"

Benoit's scream constantly echoed as he soon disappeared.

[Chapter 1344](#)

[Amoract, the great demon of conflict, is waiting for you somewhere in hell.]

This was the message that appeared when Yura saw Baal. The great demon who approached Yura during the days when Yura was Yatan's Servant—she seemed to be in a conflicting and competitive relationship with Baal since a long time ago. It was one of Yura's hopes. Yura knew she had to meet Amoract. She started searching through all the hells to find Amoract.

'Of course, Amoract's tendencies won't be different from Baal.'

Yura estimated that Amoract's ranking was between 5th and 2nd. The information of the top ranking great demons were almost unknown, except for Baal and Beriache, but based on various circumstances, Amoract was likely to be second. The higher the ranking, the darker the evil, and Amoract was clearly wicked and similar to Baal.

However, Yura thought she could use Amoract to catch Baal. It was impossible to stop Baal without the help of an absolute being. It was because hell would be eternal unless Baal was defeated.

'Additionally, Amoract should know the weaknesses of Demon God Sitri.'

Helmis, the blacksmith of hell, had said it. In order for Grid to become stronger, he needed the heart of the Demon God.

'Let's go.'

The 5th Hell—she was aimlessly wandering in an area filled with monsters that were over level 600. Yura moved secretly through this place and crossed several life and death crises. She insisted on moving forward despite being afraid and tired. She wanted to check the identity of the master by going to the castle where the master of the 5th Hell resided.

Of course, the price would be death. She would feel great despair if the owner of the 5th Hell wasn't Amoract. It meant she would have to visit the 3rd and 2nd Hells in turn when they boasted a much more heinous difficulty than the 5th Hell.

“.....”

Yura's black eyes continued to shake as she held her breath while moving in order to not be noticed by the wandering monsters. It looked exactly like the day she visited the 1st Hell to help Grid. Nevertheless, Yura kept moving forward. She didn't stop walking.

Empress Aria was as good as her appearance. She was kind to anyone and always did good deeds. She was everyone's role model. People loved her regardless of their status. There was no one who hated her, until Empress Marie appeared.

'Why?'

Why was the emperor tempted by that greedy woman? How did the incompetent man who couldn't even protect his wife become the emperor? He... why didn't he protect her? Why, why, why, why...? Prince Benoit resented everything in the empire, including himself. He hated the emperor who stayed quiet even after finding out that Marie was the one who killed Aria and he despised the people who no longer missed his mother.

'I curse you!'

Marie, the emperor, the people, and himself.

"I curse you!" Prince Benoit shouted again as he fell into the endless abyss. The echo in his ears was like a response to his shouts.

"All the humans of the empire! I curse everything in the empire!"

May the subjects who forgot the love and kindness of his mother suffer like his mother. May this monstrous empire that had no value after his mother died perish. Prince Benoit longed for it.

-I remember.

The demon curled up in the abyss opened his eyes.

-I am the hope of those whose heart's desire is a curse.

Biplonz, the demon who was trapped in a cage and forgot himself—bloody tears flowed from his eyes in response to Benoit's desire.

-Demon of curses...

The 11th great demon sealed by Sword Saint Muller—after wandering as a soul for hundreds of years, he was defeated by Kraugel and the impact of that time caused him to lose his memories of his previous life, and he succeeded in reincarnating.

“Drasion! Listen to my curses!” Benoit shouted. The contract was established immediately.

-I understand.

Red demonic energy exploded through the Abyss that had been encroached on by darkness. The hatred and curses of the prisoners trapped in the Abyss responded to Drasion’s magic.

“Kuaaaaaack!”

“Kyaaaak!”

The screams of the prisoners started to spread from everywhere. Drasion was a person who coveted the contractor’s soul and body in exchange for fulfilling the contractor’s wish. The prisoners who had cursed someone while trapped in the Abyss became Drasion’s contractors. In return, the souls and bodies were swallowed up. Among them were those whose suffering would never end in the future, including Empress Marie.

“Aaaaaaack!”

In the midst of the pain of her bones and flesh melting, Marie’s shaking eyes saw a shadow falling from the sky as she screamed. It was a man smiling at her against the red background. It was Prince Benoit.

“Ben... aaack!”

She would’ve been better off if she was killed by the executioners. Empress Marie died in grief that this terrible torment would continue even after death.

“Hahat!Kuhahahahat!”

Benoit’s mad laugh ran out, swallowing the prisoners’ cries. His soul and body were suffering like the prisoners, but he was neither afraid nor hopeless. He thought it would be enough if he could share this pain even after death with Marie and this made him feel joyful. The left hand of the man, which had decayed in exchange for opening the gates of hell in the past, was the first to be destroyed. Then his two feet and his legs started to melt.

Then someone’s urgent cry penetrated the ears of Benoit who was in pain, but enduring it. “Summon Knights!”

‘Wh... o?’

“Ruby!”

The image of a woman appearing along with a beam of light entered Benoit’s view. She was a woman with a gentle smile like his mother.

“Light of Purification.”

Flash!

A warm, blue energy filled the Abyss. It was an energy that quickly extinguished the red demonic energy filling the Abyss.

-What?!

After greedily eating the souls and bodies of the prisoners, Drasion's face distorted as he was enjoying the last supper (Benoit). The Saintess—the object that great demons hated and feared the most suddenly appeared in front of his eyes and disturbed him. He had no choice but to feel flustered.

-You!

From the depths of the Abyss, Drasion soared upwards. His sharp nails were aimed at the heart of the Saintess who was continuing to emit light. However, his nails didn't touch the heart of the Saintess. A glass-like transparent sword blocked Drasion's nails and burned red. Then it emitted a flame reminiscent of a dragon's breath that burned Drasion's flesh.

"Benoit!"

A voice familiar to Drasion called out the name of the prince who was barely still alive. A man whose eyes were firmly shining despite being in the Abyss full of despair. He shook off Drasion with a brilliant sword dance and reached out to Prince Benoit.

"Emperor Juander asked me to look after you!"

".....!!"

Benoit's dim eyes widened. His father, who always regarded him as a thorn, cared about his well-being at the last moment? A certain emotion shook Benoit's heart. Forgotten pain and great regret struck him, but Benoit knew it was too late.

"Drasion's curse... it will cover the empire and head for the Sword Saint."

Benoit barely managed to speak before his eyes lost their light. Unknowingly, his one remaining hand reached out toward Grid before his body sagged.

"Oppa!"

Ruby was perplexed by the sight of Benoit falling out of the range of Light of Purification and shouted urgently. However, Grid couldn't do anything. The Abyss beyond the light was so dark that it was impossible to designate a space to use Shunpo. Besides, Drasion was right in front of him.

It felt completely different from when he was Biplonz. The great demon abandoned purity and stared at Grid with malice and hostility. In the first place, Grid's righteousness ended here. The reason he tried to save Benoit was because he remembered Juander's last request. He had no intention of giving up his own life and those of his companions after he was forced to pursue Benoit who had fallen into the depths of the Abyss.

"Summon Knight, Mercedes."

"I have responded to Your Majesty's call."

"Take Ruby and run away."

Teleport and return scrolls didn't work. He needed Mercedes' help in order to let Ruby leave here safely.

"...I understand."

Mercedes hesitated a little over Grid's order to leave him, but she soon answered and held Ruby in her arms, flying away.

-The Saintess can't be spared.

Drasion tried to follow the flying Mercedes, but Grid blocked his path just like Drasion previously blocked his way.

"You've changed a lot, Biplonz."

-I haven't changed. I've been restored to my original form.

"I thought you were a good guy for a demon."

-The memory of meeting you wasn't very bad.

There was no further conversation. Grid used all his power to prevent Drasion from advancing while Drasion pushed him with ease. Grid had just raided Botis and was at a disadvantage. Most of his ultimate skills were still on cooldown so Grid wasn't in peak condition. The reason he held on was due to Ruby and Mercedes.

"Elfin Stone!"

"Blood Field."

Elfin Stone used his unique ability when he appeared and reversed the situation. Grid's lifestealing ability was greatly increased due to the effect of Blood Field. He used Extreme Blood Transfusion and his health that had fallen to just before hitting the immortal state was instantly refilled. Drasion glimpsed at the power of Grid, who possessed the vampire rings, various shields, and recovery skills, and he flicked his finger.

"Doom."

It was a healing reversal skill used by some high ranking demons.

[You have been affected by Doom.]

[You will become an undead while Doom is maintained.]

[The target has received 59,975 damage.]

[You have received 13,194 damage due to the effect of Elfin Stone's Ring.]

'Isn't this crazy?'

Being an undead was judged to be an abnormal status? It was a new technique that couldn't be resisted. Grid's face became pale when he learned the skills of a true high ranking demon. He thought about the enemies he would have to face in the future and his vision darkened. However, it was the same from the opponent's point of view.

-....?!

Drasion got a chill after being hit by Grid's attack and being temporarily stopped by a stun. A stun—it was the first time he experienced it since he was born. He hadn't experienced it even on the day he was killed by Sword Saint Muller.

'Are the humans of the present age stronger than Muller?'

Grid barely managed to escape while Drasion, who was stiffened, stared at him like he was a monster. He got out of the Abyss and clicked his tongue.

"Doom? How can I beat that guy?"

-It might be dangerous to go up to the ground right now...

Drasion's curse, which should've struck the empire, was temporarily sealed in the Abyss. It was a miracle caused by Ultimate Martial Art.

[Chapter 1345](#)

"This..."

A sudden change in weather—the cleared up sky became dark like night again, and the faces of the magicians staring at the sky turned pale. The higher the level of the magician, the more they started sweating. They realized the cause of the darkness was powerful demonic energy. It was much more powerful than the demonic energy of Botis, who appeared in the middle of the capital. It meant a great demon ranked higher than Botis had appeared near the capital.

'Where?'

The empire was clearly strong. The weakness was that they distributed their power in order to protect such a large territory. The army stationed at the capital was less than a tenth of the entire imperial army. Among those guarding the capital, the strongest one was Lightning God Kyle. Excluding him, the continent-level talents were two magicians belonging to the 10 great magicians and three single digit knights. Many of the Red Knights were scattered throughout the empire and dukes such as Rachel and Morse usually defended their territory.

If Grid hadn't visited Titan today—

If Rachel and Morse hadn't rushed over after hearing about Grid's visit—

The capital Titan probably would've been crushed by Botis. In a severe situation, Basara might've had to abandon the capital and run away. The forced escape meant she would become the worst figure in the history of the empire. That's right. The 17th Great Demon, Botis, was one who put Titan in a crisis. Now a higher ranked great demon had appeared. It was the worst.

The good news was that unlike Botis, it didn't appear in the middle of the city. There was some time to prepare.

"Your Majesty, I'm sorry but there seems to be a new great demon. Have the people evacuate quickly and summon troops to protect the imperial palace."

A person who confronted Goldhit, who called herself the Magician King—the one who spoke was Ricilia, one of the continent's 10 great magicians and the master of the white tower. A loyalist who already served three emperors, he was also the sage who noticed the experiments taking place in the Tower of Eternity and insisted that it be closed. The other magicians were agitated.

"In this situation, you want Her Majesty to defend the imperial palace? Who will take responsibility if something happens to Her Majesty?"

"I'm saying we need Her Majesty's strength to fight against the great demon. Her Majesty's red energy and appearance will boost the morale of the soldiers and increase the skills of the knights. Her Majesty must stay if the imperial palace is to be protected."

"Don't speak nonsense!"

"There are less than 200,000 troops stationed in the capital, including 500 knights and 300 magicians! How can we fight against a great demon?"

"Correct! We must have the soldiers set up barriers to buy time. During this period, Her Majesty will take refuge!"

In a moment of crisis, the officials revealed their true natures. They expressed their desire to run away, using the empress as an excuse. Ricilia stared like they were pathetic as they tried their best to look better in front of the empress. "There is no ruler who has abandoned Titan in the history of the empire. Do you want Empress Basara to be accused of being a coward?"

"There has never been a case where a great demon appeared in Titan! Why are you talking about old cases when this is happening due to the crazy prince!"

The marquis who was yelling with excitement felt something wrong and shut his mouth. Benoit might've committed a crime and was trapped in the Abyss, but he was still of imperial blood. The marquis called Benoit crazy, so he deserved the wrath of the imperial family.

Ricilia ignored him and continued speaking, "There is Sir Kyle in the imperial palace. If we join forces with Sir Kyle, then there is enough of a chance, even if the opponent is a single digit great demon."

Ricilia had lived for nearly a hundred years and had acquired all types of knowledge. Even so, he didn't know the true power of a single digit great demon. This didn't mean it was a groundless hope. It was because a man called Muller had sealed Hell Gao in the long past.

Ricilia, the loyalist who served the empire for three generations, believed in the power of the empire. He believed that the power of the capital alone could fight and win against the great demons. There was just one error with his rationale.

"Let's see... will Sir Kyle work with us?"

The eyes of the officials all immediately turned to Prince Dulandal. Lightning God Kyle was 2nd Prince Dulandal's subordinate. Dulandal was the only one who could move Kyle. Would Dulandal lend Kyle to assist Basara when he was openly aiming for the throne? It was unlikely. It was clear that he would only watch the crisis like he was on the other side of the river.

He would even pray that Basara was killed by the great demon. It happened as everyone was deep in their thoughts...

"The cooperation of Sir Kyle is needed," Dulandal opened his mouth from where he had been sitting down with a dissatisfied expression as always. He stood up and spoke to everyone, "If you are an official, then you can't overlook the crisis of your home."

"....."

"....."

The person who confronted the empress to achieve his ambitions and destabilized the situation of his homeland was talking about the duty of officials. The officials scoffed. "Sir Kyle will naturally help Your Majesty. If Your Majesty says to fight without running away, then Kyle and all the Black Knights will remain by your side and fight together."

".....!"

".....!"

The eyes of the officials widened at Dulandal's unexpected words. What was Dulandal's attitude? Rachel, Morse, and 1st Prince Roland were also shocked. Basara was the only one who smiled. Dulandal ordered Resh, who was watching the situation, "Bring Sir Kyle."

"Yes!" Resh's expression was bright as he responded vigorously. He might've become the knight he had dreamed so much of, but he was overwhelmed by regret every time he saw his master. Now he was thrilled by the changed Dulandal. It was a sudden change, but he fully understood Dulandal's feelings. How much good intentions had Basara shown so far?

Every time Dulandal openly ignored her and kept her power in check, she endured it and didn't punish Dulandal. She steadily cultivated the affection of blood through direct contact. It was Dulandal who disregarded that they were kin and said it was a petty thing...

'In times of crisis, he is finally standing with his kin.'

Resh was sometimes worried he would be worse than a brute, but fortunately, this wasn't the case. Resh left with a bright expression and rushed to Kyle's palace. He managed to persuade the displeased Kyle and brought him to the great hall.

"You called me."

Kyle's attitude as he entered the great hall was very reluctant. He didn't look at the officials, including Rachel and Morse, and he didn't even bow to Empress Basara. The same was true for Dulandal who he called his master. The only pillar left in the empire was arrogant. It was a headache for the empire who felt hope for him.

However, what could they do? It was a crisis where they might have to abandon the capital. Basara and her officials had to rely on him. There were no idiots in this place who would dare to question his attitude in this dire situation and create unnecessary anger.

Dulandal told him, "You've must've already noticed it? A new great demon has appeared near the capital."

"I know. It has a higher ranking than Botis."

The officials gasped. They were furious that Kyle was aware of the circumstances but showed no signs of acting. What was Kyle thinking when he watched Botis raging in the middle of the capital? Was this person really a man of the empire? Could he be trusted?

Everyone doubted Kyle. It was also true for Dulandal. Dulandal made Kyle his subordinate but he couldn't trust Kyle. He hadn't even heard the pledge of allegiance. Dulandal was able to gain Kyle because he gave a lot of wealth. It might be due to Dulandal's promise that if he was made emperor, he would make Kyle the supreme power in the empire. Even if he became emperor due to Kyle, wouldn't he have just been a puppet?

Dulandal felt uneasy at the thought of being used by Kyle all his life. Had he been unknowingly making the second grandmaster? Dulandal sighed as he finally realized his folly in trying to take the throne with Kyle's power.

"If you know, then this conversation will be quick. I hope you will help Her Majesty the Empress protect the imperial palace."

"Help Her Majesty?"

Kyle noticed that Dulandal's heart had changed and seemed to be laughing. Kyle shrugged at the frowning Dulandal. "Who knows? It might be smarter to run away rather than fight."

"Titan is the heart of the empire. I can't run away," the silent Basara finally opened her mouth. She politely spoke to Kyle, "Sir Kyle, I'm not going to ask you to fight for me. I just want you to think about the grace you received from former emperor Juander and ask if you would consider protecting the empire. Please."

Kyle was the weakest of the pillars. There were times when he was weaker than a single digit knight. However, Juander saw something in him and believed in him. It was Juander who ignored the cries of the people who insisted that Kyle's skills were lacking and made Kyle a pillar of the empire. Today's Kyle had blossomed and showed his strength in response to Juander's faith. He wasn't inferior to the other pillars in their prime.

"....."

Kyle stopped laughing the moment Juander's name came out. He thought about it for a moment before opening his mouth, "I don't want to. I want to avoid a fight without any odds."

"What?!"

The officials were agitated. Some of them were red with anger. It was impossible for anyone to think well of Kyle, who refused a request that wasn't the empress' order. Besides, Kyle owed a debt to Juander. He said he would run away despite being paid by the empire and having an obligation to protect the empire. Morse was filled with killing intent. The atmosphere had just become harsh when a voice was heard.

“If you don’t like it, then you should get lost. I’ll fight him on my own.”

Grid, who suddenly disappeared, was now entering the great hall. After barely escaping from the Abyss, he sent a whisper to Resh and rushed to the imperial palace.

“Ohh! The Overgeared King!”

The prideful officials of the empire warmly welcomed Grid. It was natural since he was the benefactor who fought for the empire. It happened when Grid was being guided to sit down beside the empress and rest...

“I-I greet Your Majesty the Overgeared King!!”

Kyle suddenly bowed to Grid when he hadn’t even bowed to the empress and princes. He shouted while slamming his forehead against the ground, “If Your Majesty wants me to fight, then I will fight! I will remain until the end and fight with Your Majesty!”

[Chapter 1346](#)

“If Your Majesty wants me to fight, then I will fight! I will remain until the end and fight with Your Majesty!” Kyle’s bow and shout resembled a knight swearing allegiance to his ruler.

He didn’t even bow to Empress Basara or Prince Dulandal, the man who hired him. The fact that he regarded the king of another country as his master caused a commotion.

‘Did King Grid secretly try to gain Kyle?’

‘Was the last pillar of the empire taken away by the Overgeared King?’

The officials awakened a sense of crisis and started to distrust Grid. He was even greedy for the talent of allies! It was an act that went against morality. He deserved to be condemned. From the standpoint of the empire that trusted Grid, they even felt a sense of betrayal.

Then Grid’s words reversed the unusual airflow.

“Sir Kyle, didn’t I say I’m not going to kill you? We were enemies at the time, but not anymore. Don’t worry about it and be at ease.”

Grid announced that he and Kyle had no relationship. He implied the reason Kyle was acting like this was because of fear. It was embarrassing for Kyle, but it couldn’t be helped. It was true that he was afraid of Grid. Even now, he remembered the pain of his arm being cut off every time he saw Grid and his bladder started to shake.

‘This monster...’

Kyle was raised in Juander’s hands. He grew up among the continent’s strongest powers and there were few people he cowered in front of. Furthermore, he sublimated his natural talent with hard work and got a divine gift from the martial god. This allowed him to rise to being a transcendent. It was practically impossible for him to fear ordinary humans.

The problem was that Grid wasn’t an ordinary human.

Kyle trained in the secret techniques of the martial god while watching Dulandal under Grid's order (blackmail). His sixth sense was improved by his transcendence and he saw through Grid's level accurately.

'He already isn't human.'

It was a state where he was aware of the flow of all things. it was the world of transcendence and Grid was surely in that realm. He was a true transcendent.

'Such a guy cut off my arm...'

Throb!

Kyle was engulfed in vivid pain as he recalled the appearance of the white-haired Grid who cut off his arm. He gritted his teeth in order to not show it. That's right—Kyle was convinced that Grid was ahead of him a few years ago. It was a misunderstanding that could never be eliminated. Kyle had no choice but to fear Grid for the rest of his life. Thus, he had to be polite.

"...Thank you for your forgiveness."

This person who was like a fox—this abominable person didn't know he was the culprit who forced Kyle to split himself between three masters. Kyle was twisted up due to Grid in many ways but he didn't show it. In order to not let Grid see it, he had endured all the humiliation so far. He couldn't show his feelings now.

'I need permission to leave the empire for a while, so I have to please him.'

Not long ago, there was a call from the martial god. God told his followers to go to the east. It was to trample on and severely punish a heresy who took root in a land of no beliefs and dared to impersonate the martial god. He didn't know which stupid guy actually dared to impersonate the martial god. It was ridiculous.

'...It is important to survive in order to follow the word of the martial god.'

He knew right away that the demon sleeping in the Abyss was a special being. He heard from the grandmaster that it was a pitiful existence.

'It turns out he was a great demon.'

So why did the grandmaster call the demon pitiful? It seemed like a question that couldn't be resolved. It was also a question he wouldn't have for long. The identity of the great demon wasn't important to Kyle. Kyle just wanted to quickly go to the east to fulfill the martial god's will and get a new secret technique.

'Dammit.'

The 11th great demon. 11th place...

'I don't think we can win at all.'

It was hard to see a chance of victory even if all the forces of the empire were combined with himself and Grid. However, they had to fight with just the troops stationed in the capital. How could they win?

'I heard that great demons with a single digit rank or the equivalent power have a curse that burns the soul or reverse life.'

Soul Burn or Doom—at 11th place, the great demon should be able to use one of these two curses. Perhaps it would be possible with swordsmanship that even cut curses like Sword Saint Muller in the past, but from the perspective of common sense, it wasn't an opponent that humans could face. Grid might've achieved perfect transcendence, but he couldn't help being helpless to the curse of a high ranking demon as long as his species itself was human.

'...That person shouldn't know it.'

At first, Grid would challenge it. Then after he fought, he would soon change his mind and run away. This meant Kyle would have to arrange his strength properly so he could also escape.

'It is a risk worth taking if I think of it as the last loyalty to the former emperor. Should I fight first?'

The empire without Juander meant nothing to Kyle. Still, he thought it wouldn't be bad to pretend to defend the empire for the sake of Juander who was watching from the underworld. He would accept Grid's command and fight against the great demon.

It was the moment when Kyle made up his mind...

"Do you know the identity of the great demon who woke up in the Abyss?" Grid asked a question as he stared at Kyle who was controlling his face as much as possible.

Kyle replied cautiously, "Based on what I read and the power of resentment in the waves of demonic energy, my guess is that it is Drasion..."

"You seem to know a lot."

"There is a lot of literature related to great demons in the imperial library. In particular, there are details of the great demons killed by Sword Saint Muller. One of them was Drasion. By the way, Your Majesty, do you already know the identity of the great demon in the Abyss?"

Thanks to former emperor Juander, Kyle had acquired a lot of information. This allowed him to infer Drasion's identity. It was honestly surprising to him that Grid was also aware of it.

Grid shrugged. "I fought him a little while ago."

"Huh?"

It wasn't just Kyle. Basara and all the officials listening to the conversation were shocked. How long had it been since he defeated the 17th Great Demon, Botis? Yet he fought Drasion as well? In that short time? Honestly, it felt like a bluff. Even Kyle, who had a relatively accurate understanding of Grid's state, couldn't believe his words.

"How did you live?"

Grid was happy after seeing Kyle's obvious reaction.

"It seems like you know what Doom is?"

It was the power to temporarily turn a person's race into an undead. Grid had experienced the ridiculous power that reversed all healing effects. It was a fraudulent power that couldn't be resisted. Grid judged that uncovering the method to stop it was the key to the Drasion raid and was looking forward to Kyle's knowledge. Kyle had studied with all types of benefits from Juander since he was young and even became a transcendent. He would surely know the method to destroy Doom. Unfortunately, the answer received was less than expected.

"Of course I know. It is a very powerful curse that creatures on the ground can't deny. Any living being is bound to become dead while suffering from it. That's why I'm amazed that Your Majesty came back alive."

'A powerful curse that creatures on the ground can't deny...'

Did it mean that all races, not just humans, were helpless in front of Doom? If so, the Drasion raid really became an impossible story.

Grid recalled the scene where even Saintess Ruby couldn't get rid of Doom and asked Empress Basara for her understanding, "I would like to summon troops from the Overgeared Kingdom. Can you cancel the barrier that is blocking movement magic?"

His knights summoning wasn't affected by the barrier, but Mass Teleport was different. A large number of reinforcements could only be called when the barrier was lifted.

"That isn't possible!"

The officials watching the situation silently were frightened. It was almost at the level of throwing a fit. It was natural—the barrier that blocked the movement magic was the most basic defensive countermeasure, and also the last bastion that protected Titan. The moment the barrier disappeared, it was unknown who or what forces would suddenly appear in the middle of Titan to attack.

Grid couldn't be trusted. Kyle's attitude toward Grid was somewhat suspicious. The worst picture was drawn in the mind of the officials. They imagined that after the barrier was lifted as Grid requested, the troops of the Overgeared Kingdom would come over and take control of the imperial palace.

Meanwhile, Basara didn't doubt Grid at all. If Grid and Kyle were on the same side and the two of them wanted to take over the imperial palace, then it would've already belonged to them. There was no need to doubt Grid right now. The problem was the forces hostile to the empire who were closely watching the barrier.

'It is really dangerous if the great demon appears and the enemy invades in the middle of the confusion.'

Grid smiled at the troubled Basara. "There is no need to worry about unknown dangers. It is because my knights are strong."

"...I understand."

Basara's worries were quickly over. Piaro and Asmophel—they were originally pillars of the empire, and she knew and trusted their skills as much as Grid.

"Turn off the barrier," she ordered.

“Your Majesty, once the barrier is turned off, it will take at least 30 minutes to get it back up and running. We can’t take the risk in the midst of the appearance of a great demon...”

“We need to lift the barrier anyway in order to fight Drasion.”

“Are you thinking of calling all the single digit knights and commanders scattered throughout the border areas?”

“Yes.”

The reason the empire stationed talents at every border was ultimately for the sake of peace. The moment the talented people left the borders, the entire empire might face a crisis. However, the heart of the empire was Titan. Protecting Titan was the urgent priority.

The officials felt that Basara’s judgment was right and nodded. They were convinced that if all the powerful people of the empire were summoned to Titan then they would surely be able to stop anyone who tried to invade the imperial palace. In the end...

“Then I will remove the barrier right now.” The great magician Ricilia accepted the order on behalf of the officials. Once he and the other tower members injected magic into their rings and pendants, the movement magic blocking barrier covering all of Titan started to be gradually removed.

‘Amazing.’ Grid admired it as the barrier covering Titan emitted a blue light before disappearing. Was it due to Drasion’s demonic energy? The sky was black and red.

-Lael, now.

It happened as Grid sent a whisper to Lael in the Overgeared Kingdom...

As they waited for Lael and the Overgeared Guild members to appear using Great Magician Ashur’s Mass Teleport, a strange, uninvited man appeared in the middle of the great hall.

“A treasure trove has been opened. Kukuk.”

[The Great Robber of the Red Night has appeared.]

The single notification window shocked Grid.

[Chapter 1347](#)

[The Great Robber of the Red Night is interested in you. Watch out for red nights.]

This was the warning that appeared when Grid entered the secret passage in the imperial palace and obtained the imperial palace’s blueprint. Until then, Grid wasn’t very conscious of the Great Robber of the Red Night. He guessed this person was just a great thief. It might be annoying if they got involved, but that was it.

However, he started to become wary of the Great Robber of the Red Night after visiting the Tower of Wisdom. This was due to the conversation he had with Radwolf, the third seat of the Tower of Wisdom.

“The Great Robber of the Red Night snuck into the Tower of Wisdom?”

“That’s right.”

“No, this... Is he a transcendent?”

“That’s right. He has been active for at least 600 years. His age rivals us. That damn guy stole Nevartan’s Necklace that was hidden here over 100 years ago.”

The Great Robber of the Red Night, who found the Tower of Wisdom that had all types of cloaking magic on it, and infiltrated it while deceiving the senses of the tower members—he was probably one of the strongest talents in existence. Such a great person appearing at this timing...

“A treasure trove has been opened. Kukuk.”

This person appeared in the imperial palace. He was an ordinary old man. His wrinkled skin had age spots and his waist was bent so much that people wanted to get him a cane. As he stood with his hands behind his back, the eyes of the officials moved to Grid. They were wondering if this was a person from the Overgeared Kingdom.

Basara shouted instead of Grid, “Surround him!”

“.....!”

The knights were startled by the urgent shout and surrounded the old man. The old man’s gaze turned to Basara. “Your attitude toward guests is very poor.”

“There is no tradition in the empire about treating thieves as guests.”

That’s right—Basara was the empress of the empire and naturally noticed the identity of the old man.

“Great Robber of the Red Night.”

“.....!”

“.....!”

The eyes of the officials widened. The knights surrounding the old man were also shocked and they drew their swords. They knew the story of the empire and were vaguely aware of how dangerous the Great Robber of the Red Night was.

“Take this aura!” The knights threatened.

Several knights were pulling out rope to bind the criminal. The atmosphere became harsh but the old man’s expression didn’t change. He didn’t look nervous about being surrounded by the Red Knights so the knights’ pride was hurt.

“Capture him!”

The moment the 13th knight gave an order to the Red Knights, the eyes of the old man, covered by his drooping eyelids, let out a strange glow.

“Eh?”

“.....?!”

The knights were tied up tightly and trapped. The surprising thing was that the ropes binding their bodies were those held in their hands not long ago. The knights had the ropes snatched from them in the blink of an eye and couldn't comprehend the situation. The old man patted the shoulders of those who were bound and turned back to Basara. "Then I'll leave with the right stuff. Don't mind it and just watch."

Stop.

The old man was able to leave the great hall only to stop in place. It was because a young man was blocking his way. He was wearing a silver crown. The old man's eyes became interested. "Looking at the treasures on your body, you must be the Overgeared King of the rumors."

"It is an honor to be recognized as your junior."

"Junior? Haha. I don't remember having a junior like you?"

The interest of the Great Robber of the Red Night lay in non-human objects. He might be a high ranking transcendent who achieved the world of transcendence and could move without the knights realizing it, but his eye for people was far inferior to Kyle. He didn't notice that Grid was also a transcendent. It didn't make much difference even if he noticed it. It was because the Great Robber of the Red Night wasn't the type to build friendships with people.

The Great Robber of the Red Night entered the transcendent realm again. One second felt like tens of seconds and his senses were maximized as he moved to pass by Grid's side. No, he tried to pass by.

"....."

For the first time, the Great Robber of the Red Night's expression changed as he faced Grid's hand that was blocking his way. He frowned as he looked at Grid. "I thought you were a goose laying golden eggs, but you are actually a beast hiding his claws."

A goose that lays golden eggs. That's right. The reason the Great Robber of the Red Night didn't try to steal from Grid after hearing the rumors about him was because he wanted Grid to make more treasures. Grid would be wary after being robbed once. Therefore, he planned to wait until Grid made more works before stealing them all at once. Now he felt Grid wouldn't be an easy target. "As far as I know, you aren't an old man who lived for hundreds of years. How have you become a transcendent so soon?"

Unlike legends who became so by achieving great feats, transcendence was a realm reached after a long period of training. Furthermore, those who achieved the transcendent realm were rare among transcendents. To be honest, the Great Robber of the Red Night felt a big shock.

"Amazing, amazing. It is unprecedented to reach transcendence at such an early age like you."

"I was just lucky."

He was lucky enough to become Pagma's Successor. Grid hated the public opinion that once said he was lucky but it was different now. Grid now knew that there were many people in the world who weren't rewarded no matter how hard they tried. He was lucky to be rewarded for his hard work and to reach the position he was currently in.

“Hoh...” The Great Robber of the Red Night’s expression showed interest. All the transcendents he met so far had a high level of pride. Their noses were pointed so high that it seemed to touch the sky. Therefore, it was natural for him to be interested in Grid who showed humility. “So why block my way?”

Just as the Great Robber of the Red Night asked this question, hundreds of pillars of light fell from the sky. Every time a pillar fell, new figures appeared and filled the great hall. Piaro, the Overgeared Kingdom’s knights, the Overgeared members, and Braham had finally arrived at the scene.

The Great Robber of the Red Night got goosebumps. His eye for seeing people might be relatively lacking, but a transcendent was still a transcendent. It was impossible for him to not notice the level of magic power that Braham had. It wasn’t just Braham. Numerous legends and dozens of talented people suddenly appeared in one place, causing even the Great Robber of the Red Night to feel tense.

Grid had his colleagues behind his back as he spoke politely to the Great Robber of the Red Night, “As you already know, a great demon has appeared here. The great demons are the enemy of humanity. I would like to ask you to help us fight it.”

“.....”

Why should he? He always lived alone and would continue to do so. The Great Robber of the Red Night had this idea and wanted to refuse Grid’s request. He just hesitated a bit when he saw Grid under the protection of Braham, Piaro, Mercedes, Faker, Jishuka, and Euphemina.

The Great Robber of the Red Night was interested in Grid who had so many people who could leave a name in history as his subordinates. It was the first time in his over 600 years of living that he was intrigued by a person, not an object. Furthermore, for him, Grid was a goose that laid golden eggs. He determined that there was no need to have a negative relationship with Grid.

‘Additionally, the great demon who appeared here...’

Based on this degree of resentment and hate, it was probably the great demon of curses, Drasion. If he ran wild on the ground, there was a risk that the heavens as well as hell would intervene.

‘...This place might be ruined.’

The destruction of the world was something the Great Robber of the Red Night didn’t want. From his standpoint of wanting to collect more treasures in the future, it was better for humanity to survive so they could revive and make more treasures.

The Great Robber of the Red Night pondered on it for a moment before nodding. “Okay. I will help you a little bit.”

“.....!” Basara doubted her ears. It was shocking that the notorious Great Robber of the Red Night would fight for humanity.

“However, I have one condition. You have to give me three treasures regardless of whether we manage to defeat the great demon or not.”

“What type of treasure do you want?”

“I’ll think about it and decide.”

“I understand.”

Grid was willing even if the Great Robber of the Red Night asked him to hand over the Fire Dragon Sword. He could always make a new and better one (although it naturally wouldn't be easy) and this was the only chance to build up a friendship with the Great Robber of the Red Night.

‘He isn't an easy person to meet in the first place.’

Besides, the Great Robber of the Red Night could infiltrate the Overgeared Kingdom and steal things any time he wanted. If something was going to be stolen anyway, it was much better to give it away in exchange for friendship. Grid made this judgment and it was the correct one.

“It is refreshing that you are so cool about it.”

[Affinity with the Great Robber of the Red Night has increased by 1.]

The Great Robber of the Red Night had the most difficult appearance conditions among super named NPCs. Even if he appeared, it was difficult for players to meet him because the Great Robber of the Red Night would steal from the player and run away without the player being aware of it.

However, Grid met the Great Robber of the Red Night and built up affinity. It was with one of the strongest talents currently in existence.

“A big fish bit the bait,” Braham murmured as he watched the situation. Braham also saw that Grid's judgment was correct. It meant that Braham acknowledged the abilities of the Great Robber of the Red Night.

“Your subjects came running at Your Majesty's call.”

Then the talents of the empire arrived at the great hall one after another. It was the first time in decades that all the outstanding commanders and single digit Red Knights defending the empire's borders gathered together.

“Let's go.”

Grid led the group from the forefront.

A raid team consisting of the elite forces of the Overgeared Kingdom and the empire as well as the Great Robber of the Red Night—it was a rather strange combination, but it could be described as the strongest combination ever.

At Asgard...

The celestial gods gathered together for the first time in ages. It was because one of the fallen angels had woken up from a long sleep.

Martial God Zeratul argued, “This time, we must directly take action. If he is subjugated by humans and our private matters get revealed, then our prestige will fall to the ground.”

None of the gods disputed Zeratul's claims. Even the blacksmith god Hexetia was silent. For the safety of Grid on the ground, Drasion had to be defeated as soon as possible.

Zeratul rose from his seat. "I'll send my followers still in the west to the Abyss."

[Chapter 1348](#)

Golden clouds flowed in the colorful sky. It was a beautiful landscape that made people excited. Drasion quietly opened his eyes and wiped his cheeks with the back of his hand. The liquid that flowed down the rough, hard skin was clearly tears.

"....."

Drasion's eyes shook. The world he saw in his dreams was a place of darkness everywhere and it made him feel empty and afraid. A strange but nostalgic voice echoed in his confused mind—"I don't want to face your ugly eyes stained with the light of passion anymore."

"Uh... uuuuuh..."

He had regained his memories, so why did he miss the scenery and voice that couldn't be found in his memories. Why was his heart so cold and pained? What was this terrible solitude? Drasion held his head in agony and recalled a human he met during his days as Biplonz.

"You were born in a strange place after your previous life."

The white-haired human who seemed to know his previous life—the eyes of the person who looked at him contained both ridicule and sympathy.

'Is he talking about the me in the past, or who I am now?'

An absurd question came to mind and made Drasion feel ferocious. The turmoil that came like a tsunami made him feel more confused and afraid. Somehow, he felt a sense of anxiety like he shouldn't just sit still. The desire to quickly dye the world with his curse and inflict the same confusion and pain that he felt in others arose.

This was pure instinct. An instinct that couldn't be resisted.

'...I have to leave this place first.'

An abyss filled with deep darkness—in the Abyss, the entrance to hell and the exit to the earth coexisted, but Drasion only looked at the exit. He was a great demon who had experienced pain on the earth and there was the variable called Grid protecting the earth. Even so, the world he wanted was the earth, not hell.

Why? Drasion himself didn't understand his unusual obsession.

Flap.

Drasion raised his crouching body. Black feathers fluttered in all directions as he spread open his wings. He was trying to fly out when his ankle was grabbed by a hand rising from the ground. Drasion looked down in a startled manner and saw red eyes.

“Is there a need to be so anxious?”

The owner of the eyes exuded enough magic power to make even Drasion nervous. It was demonic energy that was thick enough to dye the golden clouds that Drasion saw in his dreams black.

“Baal...” The 1st great demon—Drasion vividly remembered the true evil that ruled hell on behalf of the evil god Yatan. “Why have you come to me?”

“I came to congratulate my old colleague after hearing that you opened your eyes.”

“Colleague?”

The great demons didn’t easily use the term ‘colleague.’ They just had a competitive or submissive relationship with each other. Drasion belonged to the former. In the past, he competed without obeying the great demons who had a higher rank than him. He showed this consistent attitude toward Baal, yet Baal used the word ‘colleague’ without hesitation. It was as if Drasion wasn’t a competitor from the start.

Baal rolled his eyes and made a complete appearance in front of the frowning Drasion. The eyes spun and accelerated like a spinning top. They seemed to be observing everything in the Abyss that was covered by darkness. He swept over it without missing anything.

Then Baal snapped his fingers and a series of explosions occurred in the darkness. It was the sound of those living in the Abyss dying. Now there were only two living beings here, Baal and Drasion. No one could eavesdrop on the conversation between the two of them. “I will tell you one thing.”

“?”

“You will die in this war. It is impossible to conquer the earth with the power of the 11th great demon.”

“.....”

It was a curse and a mockery. Baal’s terrible personality was still the same. Drasion was turning away due to this when he heard Baal’s words continue.

“So don’t deny death this time. Accept it.”

“.....?”

They were meaningful words. Drasion looked back and found that Baal was already gone.

The 1st ranked black magician, Rose—as a Servant of Yatan, she received revelations from the great demon Amoract. It was the same again this time. She was tasked with monitoring the great demon of curses who could possibly be resurrected.

Rose was a bit puzzled about why it was surveillance rather than assistance, but she completed the mission as seriously as always. She sent a familiar to the Abyss and witnessed the resurrection of the demon of curses. She was delighted to see Grid’s powerless retreat and frustrated when she saw that Drasion didn’t go up to the earth despite defeating Grid. Even so, she focused on her mission.

This was when the 1st great demon Baal appeared. The great demon at the peak that she only heard about through rumors was amazing just from his presence. The unique rated familiar, the 'twilight bat' was scared and tried to escape. Rose understood the heart of the twilight bat but didn't listen to its wish.

She controlled the twilight bat to observe Baal a bit more clearly. The result was painful. Baal rolled his eyes a few times and the twilight bat lost its life.

[The familiar 'twilight bat' has been destroyed.]

"I was noticed."

The familiar could work in places far away from its master and share its vision with the master but the penalty was that they only had one life. Unlike pets who could be summoned again after the cooldown had passed, death was the end for a familiar. Rose lost a unique rated familiar and suffered huge losses.

She was feeling regret when Amoract sent her a new revelation

-My dear child, set off for the Saharan Empire straight away.

The great demon of curses is about to rise to the earth.

The Saharan Empire will soon turn into a battlefield.

Amoract would tell her to stand on the side of Drasion and fight together—Rose thought of it this way and felt hope.

'This time, I will be sure to win.'

Until now, Rose had fought on the side of many great demons. Unfortunately, she never got a single victory. Was it because the great demons were weaker than she thought? No. It was just that humanity was strong. Every time people with different or similar abilities gathered around Grid, their fighting power was more than expected and the great demons were always defeated.

However, this time would be different. Rose had seen Drasion's Doom. The biggest reason players could do boss raids with less health was due to their 'healing' and 'recovery' abilities. Doom was a deadly power that blocked this. Humans would never be able to raid Drasion as long as he had this great power.

Rose's mouth curved up in a smile when she thought this. She imagined the soaring authority of the Yatan Church and the rewards that would be earned the moment a great demon's territory was established on the earth and she was fascinated.

'There are no eternally strong people.'

In many MMORPGs in the past, there were always strong forces. A guild made by gathering numerous rankers or an alliance of strong guilds would rule the game. However, Rose knew there were few forces that reigned forever. It was because a force that was too strong would create another force to go against it.

'The era of the Yatan Church is beginning.'

The moment the Yatan Church established itself in the Saharan Empire destroyed by Drasion, there was a high possibility that the forces hostile to or wary of the Overgeared Kingdom would cooperate with the Yatan Church. It meant that the strongest force in the history of Satisfy would be born with the great demons behind it.

“Yes, I know...”

It happened when the joyful Rose was going to answer vigorously...

-Go and help the humans destroy Drasion.

Amoract’s words continued and the glorious future Rose imagined was shattered.

“...Huh? Fight on the same side as humans?”

Rose doubted her ears. She thought she heard Amoract incorrectly. Unfortunately, this wasn’t the case.

[A new revelation has occurred.]

[Destroy the Demon of Curses]

[Rating: SSS++

Amoract, the agent of God Yatan, wants the destruction of Drasion, the demon of curses.

Follow her will and destroy Drasion along with humanity.

Revelation Clear Reward: 2 levels. A race change to a demon.]

‘I don’t know the relationship between great demons.’

Rose knew that the great demons had a competitive relationship. She just didn’t expect there would be a case of cooperating with humans to kill another great demon.

“...I understand.”

Would the Overgeared Guild accept her help? Rose’s relationship with the Overgeared Guild was the worst. If she went to help then it would be fortunate not to have a knife stabbed in her back. Still, Rose had no choice. It was changing her race to a demon, not a simple demonkin.

This time, the reward was too big. From Rose’s position, it was a revelation she wanted to complete.

Empress Basara prepared for a war with Drasion and first evacuated the people. Only the sound of knights and soldiers marching through the empty Titan was heard.

“Wouldn’t we be able to defeat even Baal with this much power?”

On the way to the Abyss, Vantner deliberately spoke loudly in order to break the tense silence.

“Our Overgeared Kingdom and the empire is united. What can the 11th ranked great demon do against us?”

Color returned to the faces of the soldiers trembling with fear. Piaro, the pillar of the former empire and Kyle, the pillar of the current empire. 1st Knight Mercedes of the previous generation and the single digit Red Knights of the current generation. Overgeared King Grid and the dukes of the empire.

The soldiers were reminded of who they were with and felt courage they didn't have. Yes, they would win. They would fight and defeat the great demons with the strongest of the empire and the Overgeared Kingdom. Unlike the imperial soldiers whose morale was raised, Grid was tense.

'Can we win?'

Doom was too hard to withstand. He had warned everyone of the power of Doom, but it was doubtful they could handle it properly. As he was feeling nervous, they got closer to the Abyss. The entrance of the Abyss could be seen in the distance.

The imperial army was commanded by the dukes while the Overgeared Kingdom's army was commanded by Asmophel and Mercedes. Soldiers holding bows surrounded the entrance of the Abyss in formations while magicians and priests stood before the soldiers.

The moment Drasion appeared, the soldiers would fire arrows to accumulate even the smallest damage while the priests and magicians would protect the soldiers from Drasion's wide area attacks.

"Sigh."

Grid breathed deeply while the elites of the Overgeared Kingdom and the empire took positions near the entrance.

"If you are a magician please take your place by our side."

"Shut up."

The imperial great magicians pointed out Braham's position, but Braham just scoffed.

After a while...

[Drasion, the great demon of curses has appeared!]

The ground shook and Drasion appeared. Arrows and magic poured out at once and hit him. Once his gaze was drawn away, the Overgeared members unleashed their ultimate attacks. No, they tried to release them.

"Gravity."

The Overgeared members had been rushing toward Drasion in the sky. Then they were unable to bear the effects of gravity and fell to the ground. It was Braham's doing.

"What are you doing?" Vantner was about to scold Braham only to turn pale. It was because the single digit knights who jumped with them were cut in half by invisible blades.

[Chapter 1349](#)

Was there any chance to survive if an ordinary soldier was Drasion's target? Of course not. The chances of the soldiers surviving was low even if Drasion didn't care about them. It was just like a mouse being stepped on and crushed by a bull. Drasion's unknowing behavior was likely to cruelly kill the soldiers.

Grid, the Overgeared members, Empress Basara, the ministers of the empire, and even the soldiers knew it. The reason why the soldiers of the empire participated in the battle against Drasion was because they had a firm will. It was a will to protect their homeland. The reason Basara accepted their will to participate was because she needed their strength.

"Shoot!"

It was the moment a deeper shadow was cast at the entrance of the Abyss and the ground started to shake. Tens of thousands of arrows were fired the moment the commanders shouted. Sharp arrows filled the red sky above the huge entrance of the Abyss. It was a spectacular show that fully demonstrated the strength of the empire.

The thousands of arrows struck the giant body of Drasion that was just revealed. However, all the arrows bounced back without even scratching Drasion's skin. The soldiers didn't despair. The eyes of the tens of thousands of soldiers who loaded new arrows were still shining brightly.

The magic of the magicians dwelled on the arrowheads of the soldiers. Some arrows were surrounded by fire while others by wind, ice, or earth. There were also arrows covered in the divine power of the Rebecca Church.

"Shoot!" The commanders shouted again.

The tens of thousands of arrows once again flew in an arc. Unlike the first shot that was fired at the entrance after predicting Drasion's appearance, the second shot accurately targeted Drasion. It boasted a higher accuracy. Drasion just stared up at the sky and most of the arrows hit him.

The difference was that some of the arrows penetrated Drasion's skin slightly. A small portion of the tens of thousands of arrows—less than 110 arrows decorated Drasion's body like thorns. Among the arrows that fused different attributes and divine power, those fired by centurion-grade or higher soldiers had a small effect. The magicians and priests exchanged looks and focused their target on the arrows of the centurions and officers.

"Express your inner anger."

Then Drasion murmured as he took his gaze away from the sky. Black magic power spread like a fog and covered the battlefield.

[Drasion's curse is spreading!]

The raid finally began. Drasion's curse peeked at and brought out the anger and resentment in the human heart, causing confusion and violence.

"Kuaaaak!"

Screams were heard from the camp of the imperial army. Some of the soldiers cursed by Drasion lost their rationality and started attacking allies. However, the confusion in the Overgeared army was lower. It was because Drasion's curse that stimulated the 'target's resentment' showed a high hit rate against

NPCs, but not players. Lauel's choice to build a raid unit with player soldiers, not NPCs, became a divine move.

'It is lucky.'

The reason Lauel chose players rather than NPCs was simple. It was an era where the average level of players was higher than ordinary soldier NPCs. Their abnormal status resistance and attribute resistance increased every time they gained a level so Lauel decided that player soldiers would be much more useful in the great demon raid than NPC soldiers. He didn't predict that Drasion's curse had more of an effect on NPCs, but it was a good fit.

"Kuaaaaaah! I will kill them all! I'm going to kill them all!"

Of course, this didn't mean that players were completely immune to the curses. In particular, players with low dark attribute resistance or confusion resistance were easily cursed. They lost their temper and started attacking allies. It was just that the number was relatively small.

"Jude, ears hurt."

Bam!

"Frozen Crystal."

They were quickly overpowered. There were so many strong people who could respond to variables in the camp of the Overgeared Kingdom. This included Jude, Marquis Ashur, Amelda, Dante, the former Red Knights, and the upper-intermediate members of the Overgeared members. They were members who couldn't join the main party, but it wasn't because they were weak. The main power of the Overgeared Kingdom was just unusually strong.

"Uraaaaaah!" Vantner's noisy shout rang through the middle of the battlefield. There was a momentary gap when Drasion first appeared and the soldiers pulled the aggro. Then the main force moved quickly in order not to miss the golden opportunity created by numerous sacrifices. The main figures of the empire and the Overgeared Kingdom aimed at Drasion who was paying attention to the soldiers and launched an offensive.

'Good.'

The soldiers of the empire might've made great sacrifices, but it was off to a good start, as planned. Relief flashed on Lauel's face as he climbed onto the watchtower installed on the carriage and observed the battlefield. Light passed through the air for a brief moment before disappearing quickly.

".....!"

Lauel's expression became as stiff as stone. He first detected a change due to Mercedes' actions. She was spreading open her silver wings to fly when she abruptly stopped and turned. Soon after, Grid stopped as he was doing the footwork of a four fusion sword dance and immediately after that, Piaro suddenly pulled out seeds and started sowing them around.

"Gravity."

Subsequently, it wasn't known when Braham started chanting, but his great magic was used. It was magic that crushed all the Overgeared members approaching Drasion with gravity except for Mercedes, Grid, and Piaro who retreated first.

"What are you doing?"

Vantner, who had been holding an axe in one hand and a shield in the other, spun like a windmill and suddenly crashed. He jumped up from where he was stuck in the group and was going to angrily question it when he abruptly stopped. It was because hot, red liquid poured toward Vantner's bald head that had swelled like a mushroom.

".....!!"

".....!!"

Vantner and the Overgeared members stared up at the sky and were shocked. They witnessed the appearance of the single digit Red Knights whose bodies were cut in half.

"W-What?"

They were weaker than the Red Knights in Juander's era, but they were still the Red Knights. The level of the single digit Red Knights must exceed 450. Yet an attack completely destroyed their armor and cut them with one blow.

"Groan..."

The knights numbered 1-4 landed on the ground and groaned like they had escaped the crisis. However, all the other single digit knights couldn't avoid death and turned to gray ash. There was a metallic sound from one side of the sky where the blood of the dead was falling.

Everyone's eyes turned in that direction. Rachel, Morse, and Grenhal—the empire's dukes were defending against someone's attacks with their backs to each other. The man attacking the dukes had his two legs bound by chains. The dukes were hurriedly defending against his swift attacks. The three dukes with such high skills were being pushed by only one enemy. Those watching felt it was absurd.

"You..." Grid's expression hardened as he looked at the situation on the ground. He alone knew the identity of the uninvited visitor overwhelming the three dukes. The person who had his eyes blindfolded and both hands restrained by a thick iron plate. His ankles were also tied by chains that were too long.

There was only one person with such an unusual appearance that Grid knew. Lee Jeong—one of the Triad, and the person who was said to have the strongest ability among the followers of the Martial God.

"Braham!" Grid anxiously called out to Braham. The dukes didn't have the ability to fly. In the state of a full jump under the influence of gravity, they couldn't bear Lee Jeong's fierce attacks and needed help.

"Tsk." Braham clicked his eyes like he didn't like Grid's anxious eyes. Then he stretched out his long fingers and pointed it at Lee Jeong. "Giga Lightning."

Lee Jeong was pressuring the dukes by changing positions from all directions. It was virtually impossible to target him from a distance. Therefore, Braham took control of all the possible paths. A powerful wave

of electricity stretched out and spread around the dukes, causing the surprised Lee Jeong to back off. Thanks to this, the dukes managed to land safely on the ground and they bowed respectfully to Braham.

“Thank you for the help.”

The resurrection of Great Magician Braham had already been revealed to the public. The great magicians stuck in the magic towers didn't recognize Braham, but everyone else knew him.

“Hiccup!” Great Magician Ricilia's eyes widened and he hiccuped. It was the aftermath of seeing Braham's magic. The wave of magic power was so powerful that it was impossible to measure because it was instantly cast without the help of a magic circle or chant. Braham's strength was difficult to understand even with the vast knowledge of Great Magician Ricilia.

“What are you looking at?” Braham became uncomfortable with the looks and questioned Ricilia and the magic tower members who couldn't take their eyes off him. They were startled and bowed simultaneously.

“Ah. I have sinned earlier. I didn't know who you were and dared to point things out.

Ricilia and the magic tower members were great magicians who shivered with disgust at those who lost their dignity, yet they were all equal under Braham, Braham was satisfied with their attitude of deep reflection and warned Grid, “There are some people who are trying to help Drasion.”

“I can see.”

What was going on? Why were the followers of the Martial God helping Drasion? Grid stared at Lee Jeong in the sky before turning to Kyle. Kyle was a follower of the Martial God, but he didn't know the situation. Kyle spoke with difficulty, “No, the Martial God has sent a revelation.”

“Revelation?”

“...I-It is a revelation to wipe out all the humans fighting Drasion.”

“What?” Wiping out the humans who worshipped him instead of helping? Grid wasn't curious about the reason at all. He just felt a strong disgust. “These fuckers who are worse than dogs...”

Flinch!

Kyle's back was wet with sweat and he was shocked when he heard Grid's low curses. Grid gave a chance to the fidgety Kyle. “You take responsibility for this.”

This was a test. If Kyle broke the revelation and fought Lee Jeong, then it would prove that Kyle's allegiance to Grid was real.

“A-Are you telling me to fight one of the Triad?”

The Triad was the peak of the followers. Additionally, there were rumors that Lee Jeong had recently learned the ultimate martial art.

“.....”

Kyle was dumbfounded and shut his mouth. He saw Grid's eyes and realized he was in the midst of a great ordeal. If it was just Grid here, then Kyle wouldn't have been troubled for too long. He would naturally choose the Martial God, not Grid. However, it was different now.

Kyle looked at the tens of thousands of troops surrounding the battlefield. He didn't feel anything. It didn't matter how many soldiers there were. They posed no threat to him.

Kyle's gaze fell on the dukes and surviving single digit knights. He wasn't afraid. He felt he could face them alone.

Then Kyle's gaze turned to Mercedes and Piaro. He was pretty nervous. He had learned new secret techniques over the past year and was strong enough, but it seemed difficult to beat them both. Nevertheless, he didn't think he would lose.

Finally, Kyle's gaze turned to Braham. The moment he made eye contact with Braham, he was terrified and immediately shifted his gaze. It was the end of the conflict.

"U-Understood. I won't be able to beat him, but I'll somehow buy some time."

Kyle answered with a tearful expression and soared into the sky. It was the moment when a traitor was born among the 30 followers still remaining on the West Continent. Thanks to this, the Drasion raid team could focus on Drasion again.

[Chapter 1350](#)

The reason why the Triad had the best skills among the followers of the Martial God and why they were also called the Three Kings was simple. It was because they were people who could destroy a kingdom, build one, or ascend to the throne with their own strength. Kyle speculated that if the Saharan Empire became the target of the Triad, then the Saharan Empire's status would be no different from a candle in the wind.

"Your intentions are impure." Lee Jeong, one of the Triad, didn't show his face. There was no one in the world to witness his bare face when his eyes and nose were covered by a thick cloth. The people he showed his bare face to were all dead. "Kyle, human who is favored by the Martial God, those steel-hardened hands of yours have choked countless humans. Why are you blocking my path when you were chosen and faithful to the Martial God?"

"....."

It was only three or four years ago that Kyle became the follower of the Martial God, but his loyalty to the Martial God was real. He learned various secret techniques at the Ruins of the Martial God and was favored by the Martial God after having his potential recognized. He also recognized the miracle of regaining his lost arm. However, he wasn't blinded by the illusion of faith and loyalty. Kyle was basically a smart person. He doubted the Martial God's will to harm humans.

Gulp.

Kyle gulped due to the pressure Lee Jeong gave off and asked a difficult question, "Is the revelation wrong? Human beings worship the gods and make them strong. I don't know why the Martial God is hurting humans instead of helping them fight against great demons."

“How can you measure the will of a god?” Lee Jeong answered immediately, but he didn’t give an appropriate answer. Lee Jeong also didn’t know the will of the gods. He just believed his god’s will was right and didn’t doubt it. Unlike Kyle, he blindly believed in the Martial God. This blind faith was one of the sins easily committed by the foolish.

“.....”

Lee Jeong, who once looked like a huge mountain in Kyle’s eyes, now became infinitely small. The awe he felt completely disappeared the moment he glimpsed Lee Jeong’s foolishness.

“...You stupid fool.” Kyle’s self-esteem was high as he developed and steadily grew his talent with the help of Juander. There were times when he believed he was the best. Anyone who could subdue Kyle had to be stronger and smarter than him, just like Grid and Braham.

“Are you talking about me?” Lee Jeong doubted his ears. A fool? One of the top three followers of the Martial God, he had reached the peak and was unfamiliar with this criticism.

“You are the only one here who is idle enough to listen to me. Who else would I be criticizing if not you?”

The situation on the battlefield was flowing urgently. Humanity gathered with one heart and one will to launch a full-fledged battle against Drasion. As Drasion soared high into the sky, he spread open his wings and black feathers covered the entire battlefield, causing destruction. The tens of thousands of arrows filling the sky weren’t only aiming at Drasion, but also humans. The number of soldiers affected by the curse was constantly increasing.

The golems that had formed a barrier in the imperial capital started to operate. The number was in the thousands. All the golems of each magic tower were committed to this war. The golems that were the most active in this war were golems made of dirt. They might be low-grade golems with a lower cost unit and power than other elemental golems, but the magicians and priests had already grasped that Drasioin was vulnerable to the earth attribute.

“Holy Weapon!”

“Holy Armor!”

The dirt bodies of the golems were covered with a sacred light. The people covered with armor and light gauntlets slowly and steadfastly advanced to Drasion and formed an encirclement.

“Fly Up!”

The archers, including Jishuka, and Zednos, Laella, and the empire’s great magicians, tried to bring Drasion down to the ground. They fired arrows and magic without a break from a distance, focusing on Drasion’s wings. Drasion had to deploy a shield for the first time. Dark magic unfolded in a circle and surrounded Drasion, stopping the attacks of Jishuka and the magicians.

The Overgeared members still looked bright despite seeing his unscathed figure.

‘It seems damage above a certain level can’t be neutralized.’

The soldiers' arrows and the magic of ordinary priests and magicians were consistently disregarded by Drasion. His health gauge that didn't change even after being hit several times had made the Overgeared members anxious. There were people who doubted that attacks wouldn't work against Drasion.

Fortunately, Drasion wasn't invincible. The proof that he was threatened to some extent was the shield that unfolded to defend against the attacks. The problem was after that.

".....!"

".....!"

Drasion didn't stop his offensive just because he focused on defense. His wings spread wide beyond the shield and scattered feathers without stopping. The humans on the ground were pierced by the feathers and were killed or injured.

"Ugh!"

Vantner and Toban were surprised as they set up shields to block the feathers. It was because the feathers that collided with their shields suddenly turned into giant birds and opened their mouths. Their rolling eyeballs seemed to pop out and the hundreds of teeth inside the long beak seemed like sawblades. It was really creepy.

"The pattern has changed! Try to intercept the feathers as much as possible!" Toban shouted as he slammed a mace against the beak of the bird trying to swallow him. Up to now, while the feathers shot by Drasion were sharp enough to cut the target and had the curse ability to weaken the target, they were of no threat once they were blocked. However, things had changed now.

Once shot, Drasion's feathers turned into living monsters and became a death army that destroyed lives. It was only by intercepting and destroying the feathers that they could prevent Drasion's power from proliferating.

"Shoot!"

The commanders' shouts became urgent and the speed at which the soldiers shot arrows increased. The soldiers were now targeting the feathers fired by Drasion, not Drasion. Thanks to the soldiers' performance, the army of death couldn't increase the number.

The moment that more difficult trials began, the participation of the soldiers started to show their worth. After all, there were no useless people in the world.

"Uwaaaaahhhh!" The soldiers increased their shouts after confirming they were of value. Even if their fingers were bleeding, they still shot arrows to intercept the feathers, impressing the knights of the empire.

The single digit knights had been scared and lost their motivation after seeing their colleagues slaughtered. Now they regained their fighting spirit. Even the infinitely cowardly soldiers fought courageously. They thought they couldn't let down the soldiers' hopes. Additionally, the unidentified strong man who made them lose their motivation was facing Kyle, the pillar of the empire.

Kyle's back seemed to be saying, 'I will repay the grudges of the dead knights.'

“I used to think that Kyle, who was on Prince Dulandal’s side, is an enemy...”

Everyone was united when their homeland was in danger. The single digit knights smiled bitterly at their vigilance and doubts toward Kyle over the past years. They were gathering aura at the tip of their swords when a voice was heard.

“Slow down your breathing.”

The strongest and most beautiful woman in the empire—the former single digit knight, Mercedes, who the current ones once admired, had approached and gave them advice.

“.....!”

The single digit knights who followed her advice were astonished. According to this new breathing method, the smoother the breathing, the thicker the mana in their body became and the greater the flow. Mercedes stood at the forefront of the single digit knights who felt they were more powerful than before. “Follow me.”

“Yes...!”

They shot forward the moment Mercedes’ silver wings opened. All the feathers and monsters in her path were cut apart and disappeared. Meanwhile, the aura at the tip of the swords of the single digit knights gradually became larger.

“Now!”

Soon, a sharp stab from Mercedes broke through the lower part of Drasion’s shield. The aura of the single digit knights pieced the waist of Drasion waist that was revealed through this gap. Drasion shook for a moment.

“Don’t you hate the empress and the people who drove you to this battlefield?” Drasion asked as he quietly turned his gaze to the knights. Cold magic power gathered at his fingertips and swirled. It seemed like it should shoot forward like a gust of wind.

“Keuk!”

Cold sweat flowed down the faces of the knights. It was because they couldn’t pull out the swords inserted in Drasion. Drasion’s skin tightened around the swords of the knights and didn’t let go.

“Leave the swords!” Faker, who was guarding their backs while moving between the shadows of the main forces, appeared impatiently and shouted. However, for knights, their swords were as valuable as their lives. Throwing away their swords was throwing their pride into the gutter.

“You must hate your own foolishness.”

Drasion’s magic was completed in the moment when the knights were hesitating. The cold demonic energy swirling around his hand was fired. Then there was the sound of skin exploding. The trajectory of the demonic energy that was fired at the knights was twisted and shot into the red sky.

The eyes of everyone on the battlefield were focused on Drasion’s chest. There was a spear piercing the chest that was as wide as a playground. It was from Pon. The conditional passive skill ‘One Cavalry

Defeats 1,000 Enemies' doubled his strength stat so his Rail Spear was powerful enough to critically injure Drasion.

Drasion pulled out the spear embedded in his chest and returned it to Pon. The spear thrown by the great demon was extremely fast and exerted the power to destroy the earth. Pon failed to completely avoid the spear and his shoulder was pierced.

"Pon! Are you okay?" Vantner shouted with worry.

Pon's trembling gaze fixed on Vantner's bald head. "Light... I see it."

"This jerk!"

Joking at a time like this? Vantner was about to fly into a rage when he raised his head in amazement. A brilliant light was spreading in the gloomy sky that was a mixture of a red sunset and black demonic energy. It was a light created by Grid's sword energies that contained an absolute momentum.

"Link."

The dozens of sword energies split the shield that Drasion urgently deployed into dozens of pieces.

"Disintegrate."

A spear of light made from a powerful magic power beyond the limit pierced Drasion's body and dropped him to the ground. It was the moment when Drasion fell to the ground for the first time since he appeared...

The human land didn't welcome his encroachment.

"Land of Destruction."

The ultimate in earth magic—similar to Disintegrate, the great magic that only appeared in legends caused a powerful earthquake that swallowed up Drasion.

"Pounding Mortar."

Subsequently, Piaro's attack smashed Drasion's body deep underground.

Grid, Braham, and Piaro—it was the moment when three legends who met across the ages overwhelmed the 11th great demon.