

Overgeared 1391

Chapter 1391

Birds sitting side by side on branches moved their eyes. They were bewildered because the hulled millet always sprinkled on top of the snow-covered soy sauce jars couldn't be seen.

Chirp chirp!

The yangban, Mir, watched the birds that started chirping and opened his mouth, "Kaya's perpetual snow was created by the blue dragon's resentment."

The reason Kaya was called the Sand Kingdom was because it was surrounded by deserts. However, it only snowed in the capital. Since when did it start snowing? The people of Kaya, who forgot the blue dragon, didn't remember. However, Mir and the yangbans remembered it vividly. The moment the blue dragon was sealed, snow started falling from the cloudy sky.

"This snow hurt many people."

Kaya's people didn't know the cold. They weren't prepared for the cold. It was difficult to adapt to the cold and snow that suddenly occurred and many people froze to death or abandoned their hometown. It was the same for the animals. There were animals who lasted to the end like these birds, while others went extinct or hid in the desert.

"Did the blue dragon really not know that its resentment hurt those it protected?" Mir shook his head and whispered as he gazed at the Blue Dragon Dao. Then he took out a handful of hulled millet and sprinkled it in the yard.

Chirp chirp!

The happy birds gathered around Mir. Mir's expression was dark as he looked at the birds pecking at the millet and filling up their stomachs.

"The warm consideration of human beings barely saved these hungry little birds in winter. However, as things became harder for humans, they cared less for the birds and eventually starved again. I am the only one these birds can rely on now. They are just like the people of Kaya."

Mir's gaze turned to Yeum. Yeum flinched. Yeum couldn't adapt to the rough scar that covered Mir's beautiful face that wasn't erased by Mir.

"Yeum, I think gods and humans aren't very different."

The blue dragon, the guardian god of Kaya, who always protected and cared for the people. Behold the great god, who brought lightning and made countless yangbans tremble.

Cursing the gods who sealed it, the blue dragon brought snow all year round in the hopes that people would remember it and serve it again. It didn't think about how the people it had been protecting were suffering from the cold snow. No, it wouldn't care even if it knew. This was selfishness. The blue dragon also possessed the same lowly emotions as humans, just like the Five Seniors.

"Therefore, I'm not surprised that a human has become a god."

“.....” Yeum was silent. She criticized Grid for leaving the scar on Mir’s face and laughed at the human being who was impersonating a god. Now she could no longer criticize him or ridicule him. Rather, she felt angry and aggrieved. Even most of the yangbans became frustrated and gave up on becoming a god. Then why was a human called a god? The personalities of a god and humans might be the same, but the innate power was different...

Yet this was cruel reality.

Mir patted her shoulder. “Think of it as an experience.”

“.....?”

“Grid is an indication that I can become the Martial God. He is someone I should respect and learn from, rather than feel envious of.”

He meant it with all his heart. Mir was thrilled the moment he felt Grid’s apotheosis. He couldn’t control his overwhelming emotions and stood up while clenching his fists. The development of Grid, who became a god despite being human, was a great hope for Mir, who was god’s creation. It was an opportunity to be certain that his desire and efforts to be the ‘Martial God’ special among the gods weren’t in vain.

‘How far can he climb?’

Should he leave this scar or erase it due to it being worthless? This was something he would only know as he kept watching.

Mir’s expression as he sprinkled the millet was brighter than ever.

“Asmophel.”

“I greet My Liege.” The reunion after a few months wasn’t spectacular. Asmophel knelt down and greeted Grid, who entered the dark interrogation room.

“I’m glad you have come back.” Grid couldn’t hold back his delight. He was truly happy to reunite with a loyal subordinate, who had been supporting him for over 10 years.

Asmophel smiled at Grid who raised him up. “Your Majesty has grown stronger while I haven’t seen you. I am very proud.”

Asmophel couldn’t hide his admiration. He recognized Grid’s growth during this time. It was the same with Grid.

[Name: Asmophel

Age: 52 Gender: Male

Class: Overgeared Magic Knight Commander/ Overgeared Great General (Conditional Soldier)

Title: Fire Sword

* Uses gorgeous and delicate swordsmanship that flutters in full bloom like a flower. An extremely fast sword that neutralizes the target's defense and doesn't allow any counterattacks.

* There is a 30% chance of blocking the target's defensive behavior when using sword-related skills.

* There is a chance of reducing the target's counterattack chance by 60% when using sword-related skills.

★ Once the petals of sword energy burn brilliantly, all stats will increase by 20% and attack speed by 50%. Fire damage will also be gained. Completely block the target's counterattack during the duration.

Title: Eternal Second

* Can't be the number one. However, this doesn't mean being second-rate.

* All stats are reduced when fighting against the number one person in each field.

* All stats will increase when fighting an opponent other than the number one person in each field.

Level: 523

Strength: 3,859 Stamina: 2,220

Agility: 3,859 Intelligence: 3,180

Leadership: 2,812 Insight: 5,024

Political Power: 2,311

Skills: Imperial Swordsmanship (B), Empire's Military Tactics (A+), Reidan-style Spearmanship (A+), Politics (A+), Agitation (A+), Overgeared Army's Swordsmanship (A+), Highest Grade Sword Mastery (S), Red Sword (S), Fire Flower Sword (SS), Great Talent Matures Late (SS), A Soldier (SS), Magic Insight (??), Determination of the Number Two (??)

A descendant of a prestigious bloodline in the Saharan Empire, he was born with a natural talent for swordsmanship and military tactics. After reaching the right age and conditions, he joined the Red Knights and rose to the position of vice-commander after 12 years. He was later regarded as a pillar of the empire along with Piaro.

He was guilty of betraying Piaro and his colleagues due to Empress Marie's schemes and wanted to kill himself. He tried, but was since forgiven by Piaro. After that, he has been atoning at Grid's behest.]

'What?'

Asmophel's appearance after a few months was very different from what Grid expected. His level had increased a lot and his strength and agility reached the golden ratio. The development level exceeded Grid's expectations, but the direction was a bit different.

'Why does he have so much intelligence and insight?'

Asmophel's intelligence and insight were originally high. The stats of the knight class were originally fairly evenly distributed, but these two stats were higher than average due to Asmophel's history of

using tricks to take down the former Red Knights. However, it wasn't to this extent. In particular, insight seemed to have doubled compared to a few months ago.

'Ah...' Grid was dumbfounded before belatedly realizing a new fact. In Asmophel's list of skills, there was one called Magic Insight that hadn't existed before.

[Magic Insight]

[Passive

The experience of losing to the legendary great magician Braham was great nourishment. He studied magic in depth and can now easily analyze average level magic.

Magic resistance is increased by 200% and there is a 10% chance to nullify magic. If the target's level is low, he can see the list of magic the target has.]

It was a sub-compatible skill with the Magic Contemplation possessed by Grid. The awakening of Magic Insight seemed to have greatly affected Asmophel's stats.

'...It is a bit vague to be called sub-compatible.'

Of course, Magic Contemplation was much better than Magic Insight.

[Magic Contemplation Lv. 2]

[Passive

The knowledge and wisdom of the Duke of Wisdom will penetrate through the providence of all magic.

* Deciphers the magic used by the enemy. There is a 55% chance of breaking down the magic and a 4.5% chance of replicating or counterattacking the magic.

* Deciphers the magic used by an ally and there is a 35% chance of strengthening it.

* This effect is applied to magic of all attributes.

* It isn't yet possible to contemplate multiple spells at once.

Magic Resource Consumption: None.

Cooldown Time: 3 seconds.]

It was overwhelming. However, Magic Contemplation didn't have the ability to see the target's magic list, nor did it increase magic resistance.

'If I can see the target's list of magic then there is a high probability of destroying it...'

It seemed much more effective than the stated explanation. Maybe Asmophel would get the title of Magician Killer sooner or later. Grid imagined Asmophel's future of being a nightmare for all magicians and quickly looked around. The interrogation room was filled with 37 strangers and all of them were players.

"Are they the suspicious people?"

Royman nodded. "Yes, but as I said earlier, there is no clear basis for doubting them..."

No charges had been placed against the 37 suspicious people Asmophel arrested. Asmophel just arrested them for being suspicious, which could cause a big controversy. It was as expected...

"Aren't you abusing your power too much?"

One of the suspicious people stared at Grid and argued. It seemed like he would immediately log out and post on the Internet.

"Hmm... How should I deal with them?"

"Asmophel's claim is that they are magicians who specialize in wide area explosion magic. The fact that they are disguised as merchants or priests is suspicious, but I think we need to confirm if they are magicians first before starting the interrogation. Laella is coming from the magic tower. The moment Laella confirms it..."

"Asmophel."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Are you sure they are magicians?"

"I am certain."

"Then arrest them."

The situation was chaotic. It was unclear what type of work the people behind the Orc Kingdom had done behind the scenes. There was no hesitation on Grid's face and the expressions of the players trapped in the interrogation room were rotten. All of them were terrorists sent by the Chinese government.

The last day of the National Competition.

After several days of focusing on the uprising in the Orc Kingdom, media outlets from different countries turned their attention back to the National Competition. It was natural since the rebellion had entered the suppression phase. It was also the day of PvP, the event that distinguished the strongest players of the time, and the Demon King's Subjugation, which was the finale of the National Competition. The viewership of broadcasts related to the National Competition was high.

『 This year's PvP winner should be Hao. Hao is an expert in all weapons, has different combat skills, and is even a half-draconian. After the racial story that happened a few months ago, the power of the half-draconians developed rapidly and Hao literally gained wings. I can't think of an opponent who can compete with Hao this year. 』

『 I think Chris has a better chance of winning. Chris' greatsword is perfect for crushing the scales of the half-draconians. 』

『 Chris can't win. What can he do to prevent the half-draconian's flying ability? 』

『 Then what about Jishuka? The moment he flies in front of Jishuka, he will be a target straight away. If you use this logic, won't he lose to Jishuka? 』

『 No, how can there be such an extreme... 』

Many of the program's MCs and panelists pointed to Hao and Chris as the winners. They were convinced there would be no abnormalities and the viewers agreed.

"I think so too. Jishuka's level is still low and Ares is pretty weak 1v1..."

"Ares normally only competes in team events. Why is he listed in PvP? He has already won two gold medals in the group events. If he wins one more gold medal, then he will have a Grid or Kraugel level achievement. Why is he so obsessed with PvP to take this risk?"

"Winning PvP is the strongest symbol. Without both Grid and Kraugel, this is one of the few opportunities to win PvP. Who would want to miss it?"

"I heard that Valhalla's growth rate is low these days. Ares has no choice but to step up and work hard..."

Few people named Damian, who was usually one of the candidates to win PvP every year. Damian's condition was too bad this year. He might have two gold medals, but the appearance he showed in the process was far below expectations. In Japan, Damian's name was often mentioned. It wasn't due to expectations of Damian's performance. It was Zelos' influence.

『 Depending on the outcome of the first round, Damian and Zelos might fight in the second round. 』

『 From Japan's standpoint, their luck is the worst this year. Players from their country will compete from the beginning... 』

『 It seems very unlikely that a confrontation between the two of them can be achieved. I doubt Damian will be able to get through round 1. 』

『 Why did Damian have to change religions...? Hah, it is really frustrating. 』

"Waaaaaaaah!"

In the midst of people's expectations and worries, PvP began. On the stage, Damian took out his new weapon.

[The effect of Grid's Sword has activated part of Grid's Sword Dance.]

Chapter 1392

After the introduction of the Demon King's Subjugation event in the National Competition, there was a rule that the previous demon king would appear in the first match of PvP. If the former demon king didn't appear in PvP, then an event match with them would be held (except when they didn't participate in the National Competition). It was a type of courtesy toward the strongest, who proved their skills and became qualified to be the demon king.

Damian was the protagonist of the first stage of PvP this year. The opponent who was chosen as a scapegoat to face the former demon king would be nervous or desperate, unless they were a skilled player on the same level as the former demon king. However, the Korean ranker facing Damian was relaxed instead of nervous. He wasn't particularly famous or highly ranked, but he had high confidence.

'Is he a new rising power like Zelos?'

Time was fair to everyone. Everyone with passion tried hard in the same manner. Yesterday's weak could be today's strong and yesterday's loser could be today's winner. This was providence. Damian held his sword, but he took a posture reminiscent of Grid. It was completely different from when he was the pope.

'Ryu Jin.'

Damian thought about the information of the opponents that he secured in advance. His class was a linker and he had a legendary weapon called 'Sanao's Offense.' His period of activity in the coastal area near Siren was very long and there was a high probability of being a pirate. If so, he should be quite familiar with PvP.

'Sanao's Offense is a guandao. Does he use linker skills to bind the opponent and then approach to defeat them?'

Most linkers operated from a distance, but the combat style was more influenced by the player's tendencies, not their class. Damian thought about it and shook his head. Poor information just led to unnecessary speculation. He shouldn't be blinded. He planned to explore carefully to see the source of the other person's confidence with his own eyes.

The Korean ranker, Ryu Jin, shouted at the concentrating Damian, "I have good luck."

".....?"

"I get to fight against the person who changed classes and went backwards."

"....."

Was this the source of the confidence? Damian sighed as he understood the other person's heart.

'This confidence isn't because he believes in his own skills.'

He was a human being who competed based on the skills of the opponents. It was pathetic.

'Not all Koreans were influenced by Grid.'

"It is clear that the Japanese can't play games. Did you lose your senses after being a superstar due to the power of your class? You gave up the pope's position without understanding yourself. Hahat! Haven't you been really regretting it these days?"

"....."

Was there a need to speak for so long? There was no need to associate with a person with racial discrimination.

“Grid’s Sword Dance.”

“Bah.”

The moment Damian used his skill, Ryu Jin scoffed and triggered the skill Doll Display. It was one of the ultimate skills of the linker class that could link up to 10 people. It had a very high probability of binding the target. He knew the surest way to block Grid’s sword dances. Damian stopped in place. He couldn’t take a step forward.

Ryu Jin smiled with satisfaction at seeing him completely neutralized and linked the next skill.

“Transcend.” Damian’s purple hair soared upwards and his sword was filled with a strong sword energy. It was a sword dance that increased damage and transformed short-range attacks into long-range attacks. The sword dance that helped Grid’s Sword Dance be expressed in various forms was triggered without taking a single step. It meant it ignored the binding effects.

However, Ryu Jin didn’t panic. ‘Have I never seen Transcend before?’

It was just a bit unexpected.

“Dancing Doll!”

He calmly engaged in battle. Dancing Doll—it was a skill that made the bound target dance for a minimum of two seconds to a maximum of five seconds, making them uncontrollable.

“.....?” Ryu Jin maintained his smile while linking his skills, only for his eyes to widen. It was because he was going to be cut with sword energy. The linker’s greatest weakness was that they couldn’t attack while controlling the target. Dancing Doll was released and Damian regained his freedom.

‘This is shit!’

Doll Display was a technique that bound the target’s feet. It can’t restrict their entire behavior. The 0.5 seconds gap that occurred when connecting Dancing Doll with Doll Display was enough time for Damian to release several sword energies.

‘Is it because my stats are lacking?’ The attack speed was too fast. It was dangerous if this continued. Ryu Jin’s head spun as he witnessed the sword energies filling his field of view. ‘Defend? Counterattack?’

It was up to here. Damian’s sword energies pierced Ryu Jin’s heart before he could make a judgment.

[You have suffered catastrophic damage!]

‘...What?’

The power of this sword energy was different from the one earlier. Ryu Jin died a mysterious death. It took only four seconds.

“Waaaaaaaah!”

People who didn’t believe in Damian’s skills cheered.

Transcended Link Kill—they were enthusiastic about the three fusion sword dance that symbolized Grid.

『 The higher the number of sword dances that are combined, the better the utilization. A single sword dance and a two fusion sword dance are rather simple and it is easy to be attacked. However, it is a completely different skill from the three fusion sword dance. It can be applied in many ways to attack, defend, evade, and counterattack... 』

『 He just used three. 』

『 ...Yes, that's right. As you just saw, it was three. This is Grid's sword dance that we know. 』

The commentators were also excited. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the world was excited to get a glimpse of Grid, who hadn't been to the National Competition in several years.

On the other hand, PD Seichi's expression distorted. "What is this? How is he already using the three fusion sword dances?"

The potential of the Overgeared God Church was already well known. It had long been known that the higher the level of Grid's Sword Dance and the higher the faith toward Grid, the more diverse the fusion sword dances that could be acquired. No one would've predicted that a person could reproduce the three fusion sword dances in just a few months.

Zelos spoke like it wasn't a big deal, "He isn't a regular believer, he is the leader of the church. It is natural for him to receive benefits."

"Still, this is too fast. If he is already using the three fusion sword dance, his growth rate in the future will be beyond imagination. Isn't it unfair at this point?"

"Since when was it a fair game? In the first place, there is no fair game in the world. No matter if it is through luck, talent, or skills, those who are ahead will stand on top."

What was the fun of a game that was equal for everyone? Zelos became a ranker by trying harder than others and he thought this.

"Well... Don't worry too much. No matter what, it is the end with that three fusion sword dance."

Based on the way that the always smiling Damian's expression became cold, the other player seemed to have talked nonsense. Due to that, he became excited and unintentionally revealed his power.

'Good.'

It was a fight with high odds from the beginning but now the winning rate was even higher. Transcended Link Kill—a ranged attack that continuously fired powerful sword energies that pierced and cut. It was obviously a powerful sword dance but it was useless against Zelos.

Due to the characteristics of a guardian knight, while wearing sheet metal armor, he was highly resistant to long-ranged attacks. He also had the legendary rated item, Mirror Armor. It was armor obtained by winning Player 55. The damage taken would be reduced by half, there was a very high probability of being immune to ranged attacks, and it inflicted reflection damage once the immunity occurred.

'The first three fusion sword dance he learned is the one with the worst match against me. Damian is really unlucky.'

Of course, if Zelos was in Damian's place, then he would've also created a fusion sword dance based on Transcend. It was because the versatility of Transcend was really good. The only problem was that Damian would meet Zelos in the second round.

'My value will rise if I beat Damian and rise to the round of 32... No, it will skyrocket even if I make it to the round of 64.'

He would be in the top 64 among the high rankers who entered PvP this year. This alone was enough to raise global awareness. From then on, it would be a smooth road. He would become a bigshot that a TV station PD wouldn't even try to breath on.

『 Victory! Zelos!! 』

He passed the first round. Zelos barely won over the monk ranker, who swung a heavy wooden club that delivered shocks inside the armor. Then he returned to the waiting room and raised his concentration. He simulated a battle against Damian, whom he would meet in the second round, several times. He thought and thought again to seek victory.

Two hours after his first match, Zelos stood on stage as the second round finally began. He wore armor with dozens of disc crystals that acted as mirrors. It was an item that made it impossible for the target to look straight ahead. This structure reduced accuracy by making aiming itself difficult.

"Damian, I will be honest with you. I am a fan of Grid. However, I didn't have the courage to join the Overgeared God Church. It is extraordinary courage to abandon your original self and start over."

Zelos aimed for the top. To be honest, he wanted to join the Overgeared Guild. He didn't want to be an enemy with Damian, who was obviously a member of the Overgeared Guild.

"Damian, I admire your courage. As a fellow Japanese person, I am proud of you. Thus, I will do my best to fight even harder. I will face you with my full power. That is the polite thing to do."

"Yes, I will try my best as well," Damian responded with a smile to Zelos' polite greeting and moved. He took a step.

[The effect of Grid's Sword has activated part of Grid's Sword Dance.]

[Grid's Sword]

[Rating: Myth

Durability: 1,938/1,938 Attack Power: 2,959

- * Attack speed will increase by 50%.
- * Attack power will increase by 50% when using Grid's Sword Dance.
- * Hit rate will increase by 30% when using Grid's Sword Dance.
- * Evasion rate and defense will increase by 20% when using Grid's Sword Dance.
- * The growth rate of the proficiency of Grid's Sword Dance will increase.

* Instant activation of the single sword dances Wave, Link, Restraint, Kill, Transcend, Pinnacle, Revolve, Drop, and Flower.

* Depending on the number of times you pray to the Overgeared God statue, you can activate up to the three fusion sword dances. However, only one fusion sword can be activated and the cooldown time is six hours. The activated sword dance will disappear once used.

★ The deeper the user understands Grid's Sword Dance, the more powerful the fusion sword dance that could be activated.

This is the first divine artifact of the Overgeared God Church. It is a sword that exerts more power as the owner grows. It is said that the Overgeared God Grid personally created it for the first leader, Damian.

Conditions of Use: Overgeared God. The leader of the Overgeared God Church.

Weight: 5,500]

".....!" Zelos' expression became as stiff as stone.

Damian wanted to come close without using Transcend so he used Linked Kill Pinnacle.

Clang!

There was a sharp sound as the mirror was broken and Zelos turned to gray ash. It was a match that clearly showed the difference between the first generation high ranker and the younger rankers.

Damian was perfectly resurrected. He reached the fourth round of PvP and fought Chris. It could be called a miracle that he reached the fourth round while only being able to use the three fusion sword dances once. The winner of PvP for this year's National Competition was Chris.

As for the demon king who appeared in the Demon King's Subjugation that was the finale of the National Competition...

"....."

He melted into the shadows and was invisible. People couldn't guess the identity of the demon king this year. It was natural. This year's demon king, Faker, had never participated in the National Competition. It was hard to think of the name Faker.

Players couldn't break through the four castle doors guarded by shadow knights and soldiers.

Chapter 1393

"It is a bloodline with no flaws."

Duke Grenhal was impressed when he examined Queen Irene's ancestry in detail. He knew that her ancestor was the hero who founded the Eternal Kingdom with the king of the north, Loran, but it was the first time he discovered her family history that had no blemishes for more than 200 years. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the territories managed by the Steim family prospered in any era and this was unprecedented in history.

"As the generations passed, their combat ability faded, but their integrity hasn't changed."

The Steim family could truly be called an example of nobility. Even Duke Grenhal, one of the highest ranking nobles in the empire, felt respect. Duke Grenhal hoped that his descendants would emulate the Steim family.

'He succeeded his mother's character and his father's talent...'

Lord Steim—the only son of Grid would surely be great. He would become a kind and strong king, leading the Overgeared Kingdom well on behalf of his father, who was praised as a god and might one day leave for Heaven. It was a blessing not just for the Overgeared Kingdom, but for the empire who had the Overgeared Kingdom as its main ally.

'I'm really looking forward to it.'

On the way to the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom, Reinhardt...

A kind smile spread on Duke Grenhal's face as he recalled the black-haired boy he once saw. He felt happy and reassured at the thought of Prince Lord's future, who turned 15 years old this year and would slowly blossom his talent. He was immersed in his thoughts when he suddenly woke up. It was because the carriage carrying him stopped in place.

"S-Sir, you should come out and see this." The senior knight ran to the carriage in a hurry while trembling.

"Hmm." Duke Grenhal was one of the highest powers in Saharan. This meant he was one of the most powerful people in the West Continent and the most elite army was escorting him. It meant the knights of Duke Grenhal wouldn't be flustered when encountering a group of bandits.

'Have unscrupulous forces started to move due to this coming of age ceremony?'

Duke Grenhal opened the door of the carriage as he recalled the forces that were forced to be wary of the Overgeared Kingdom. He didn't do a stupid thing like look out the window in a situation where he could be shot at by an enemy.

".....?!" Duke Grenhal created a strong defense by raising his aura and stepped out of the carriage, only for his eyes to widen. He was shocked because the person blocking his way was completely unexpected. "Y-Your Majesty!"

Flop! Regardless of the dirt, Grenhal knelt down and kneeled deeply. There was only one person in the world who could make him kneel.

"Get up."

Empress Basara of the Saharan Empire. Why was she here when she should be in the capital? Basara smiled at Grenhal, who rose with a puzzled expression. "My friend... there is a happy event taking place in my benefactor's home. How can I not come?"

Originally, he would've made a fuss. It was because the emperor didn't go to events outside. The emperor didn't even attend the pope's crowning ceremony.

Saharan was the center of the world and the master of the world was the emperor, so the emperor only listened to reports about what happened outside. The emperor was the one who heard and saw

everything in the world without needing to come forward. This might be Lord's coming of age ceremony, but Grid should personally visit the empire and report to the emperor that it was completed safely. This was the majesty of the emperor expected by the empire.

Going to another kingdom far from home...

The knights gulped. They would worry that Duke Grenhal would once again nag at Basara who was different from the previous emperors.

Surprisingly, Duke Grenhal just smiled happily. "That's right. This is an event in the Overgeared Kingdom, not anywhere else. It will only shine if Your Majesty lights up the place. I should've had the foresight to bring Your Majesty. I am very sorry and ashamed to meet you by chance like this. Please scold your disloyal subordinate."

"Yes, you didn't notice this time."

"Huhum..."

Duke Grenhal, who was famous for his loyalty, and Empress Basara, who wasn't bound by old notions—the two different people who often clashed felt awkward. Now, little by little, they understood each other more and became more uncomfortable with each other.

"Hey~ old man! Eh?! Your Majesty as well?!"

"Everyone is here. It's been a long time since the disaster."

It was the same for Duke Morse and Rachel, who arrived belatedly. Now there were only three dukes left in the empire and they supported the empire more strongly than when there were seven. It was the result of cooperating with each other without being jealous and competing. It was the result of their relationship with Grid.

A blue greatsword in the shape of a shark—as the name 'Failure' suggested, it couldn't be called a luxury item. However, the sword had experienced numerous battles with Grid and was considered one of the symbols of the Overgeared King. Visitors who didn't know the history of the Overgeared Kingdom in detail envied Jude, the security captain. It wasn't because they knew he was Grid's first knight. It was due to the blue greatsword on his back.

Was it directly given by the Overgeared King? If it was directly given by the Overgeared King, then he must be a great swordsman compared to his rank.

Visitors watched Jude with such questions and expectations. They never even imagined that Jude's blue greatsword was a success, not a failure.

[Success]

[Rating: Legendary]

Durability: 2,530/2,530

Attack Power: 1,510~3,266 Defense: 280

- * Agility +100.
- * There is a certain probability of blocking the enemy's attacks.
- * There is a high probability of activating the '5 Joint Attacks' skill.
- * There is a high probability of activating the 'Cutting' skill.
- * The skill 'Bisect' will be created.
- * There will be a fear effect if the enemy is more than 20 levels lower than the user.
- * Attack power +30% in dark places.

A greatsword made by the Overgeared King Grid by improving Failure. It is a work that eliminates the shortcomings of Failure and highlights its strength, so it isn't an exaggeration to call it a masterpiece of the times.

.....

...]

A work created with great care by Grid after using Open Potential. It is a luxurious product that overcame the inherent limitations of Failure that had structural defects. There were two reasons why Grid devoted himself to making this work. First, it was because he knew the power of symbols. Secondly, Jude wanted to have Failure.

Grid had handed Failure over with gratitude and affection to Prince Shining, who risked his life to protect Lord during the Yatan Church's invasion of the Vatican. Then he had to face Jude's gloomy gaze for months afterward. Compared to the past where he forgot everything quickly, Jude had become quite smart and sulked for a while. Grid couldn't turn a blind eye to it and created a new Failure. It was even one that was twice as good as the original. Jude didn't seem very satisfied, but...

"How beautiful and safe is it?"

1st Prince Shining of the Fold Kingdom—he traveled to attend Lord's coming of age ceremony and was as nervous as always. His kingdom was constantly haunted by thieves and monsters. Most other kingdoms also had poor security, so he paid particular attention to the escort when moving.

However, this tension disappeared after entering the Overgeared Kingdom. Unlike his barren kingdom, he had time to enjoy the green and peaceful scenery of the Overgeared Kingdom. The Overgeared Kingdom was such a safe country. The soldiers in all regions were well-trained and diligent, so no monsters reached the roadside. The people were well-off and there was no need to become bandits.

'The word 'peace' is probably coined in the Overgeared Kingdom...' Prince Shining lived a life far from peace as a native of the Fold Kingdom and he even had such a thought.

"This isn't the level of management. It is the level of purification. I can't feel the presence of any monsters. At this point, it is okay to say it has dried up."

The knights clicked their tongues when they entered the vicinity near Reinhardt. They couldn't feel the presence of monsters in the fields, forests, and mountains. They had the illusion of being in a different world.

"Is this the power of the Saintess?"

The Saintess of the Overgeared Kingdom was famous. A being that could destroy unclean things with power different from existing divine power. Monsters disappeared without a trace due to her stay in Reinhardt. Prince Shining and the knights made logical inferences, but it was completely different from the truth.

The Saintess didn't have the ability to cleanly wipe out monsters or suppress their appearance. The reason there were no monsters near Reinhardt was purely due to Nefelina. She set up her own domain, or lair, so the monsters didn't dare approach. Still, who would dare to imagine that a hatchling was staying in Reinhardt?

[He made a high status, aloof, and noble race, who insisted on being alone since she was perfect, become his servant.]

No one knew the identity of the 'high status, aloof, and noble race, who insisted on being alone' that appeared during the Overgeared God's 11th epic. It was due to the 'become his servant' part. What type of dragon would become the servant of a human? It wasn't possible in common sense to infer that the subject of the 11th epic was a dragon.

"I am seeing so many people for the first time..."

The knights who finally arrived in Reinhardt were mesmerized. There was an endless stream of people. The constant procession of people was familiar to those born in the Fold Kingdom.

"The same is true for me."

Prince Shining was also amazed. Even he was shocked by the size of the crowd, despite attending one of the top events of the continent—the pope's crowning ceremony.

'There weren't so many people gathered at the founding of the Overgeared Kingdom.'

Now the prince's coming of age ceremony had gathered such a large group of people...

It was clear how much the statue of the Overgeared Kingdom had risen in just 10 years.

"Gasp..." Prince Shining and his knights looked around like country bumpkins coming to a big city for the first time. Then they were shocked. It was due to the long wave-like procession that passed through the city gates. The center of the process was the empress and imperial dukes. It was already amazing that the empire sent a delegation to celebrate the coming of age ceremony of a prince, yet the empress and dukes personally visited.

"That." Someone approached Prince Shining, who was shocked beyond admiration. It was a big bear-like man. "Handle it?"

Prince Shining recognized his identity immediately. "Sir Jude, it has been a while."

“Who?”

Overgeared King Grid’s first knight. Prince Shining had met him several times. Unfortunately, the other person didn’t remember Prince Shining. It wasn’t because Prince Shining didn’t have much of a presence. It was just because he had a bad memory.

However, Prince Shining didn’t know Jude’s level of intelligence. He misunderstood the way Jude treated him like someone he didn’t know at all.

‘I’m too lacking.’

Jude didn’t even remember him. It stimulated him. Prince Shining pulled out Failure and squeezed it. “As you can see, I can handle it.”

Jude’s eyes flashed. “Recognize.”

“.....?”

“Jude, Prince Shining. Remember. Come here, come.”

“.....”

Prince Shining was guided by the Overgeared King’s first knight, Jude. It could be called the best VIP treatment.

His eyes widened the moment he entered the splendid palace selected as the stage of the coming of age ceremony. It was because it wasn’t just the empress and dukes of the empire and the pro-Overgeared people such as the water clan king and the Orc Lord present. There were also royalty from remote area kingdoms who didn’t usually engage in external activities.

Among them was an amazingly beautiful woman. Even Grid was uncomfortable due to her identity.

Chapter 1394

The royal family’s coming of age ceremony wasn’t complicated. They would display their etiquette, discuss what they had learned, or exhibit their talents in front of distinguished guests from different kingdoms. It was akin to a type of school meeting. The invited guests evaluated the appearance, dignity, and potential of the main character of the coming of age ceremony. They predicted the future of the protagonist and wondered what type of relationship to establish with them in the future.

In that sense, the first impression Lord gave was the best.

‘Beautiful.’

‘He will make the continent boil the moment he makes his debut in the social circle.’

The combination of black hair and blue eyes was in perfect harmony. The white and clean skin that resembled his mother might seem fragile, but the sharp eyes resembled his father. There was a sense of maturity that didn’t fit his age as he behaved well, moving among the VIPs with a graceful gait and a gentle smile.

The back of his hand revealed through the fluttering robes was full of calluses. It seemed he had learned swordsmanship and blacksmithing from his father. Seeing him followed by elementals that emitted light, it seemed he had studied the elementals with Great Sage Sticks.

'Three elementals... they are even light, earth, and water.'

He reached the point where he could grow flowers and trees using just elementals. It was at the young age of 15. Among the admirers, the empress and dukes had particularly wide eyes.

'It means he can grow flowers and trees by himself...'

'It is easy for him to learn agriculture from Sir Piaro.'

'It isn't just King Grid and Sir Sticks who serves as a teacher. Is it Sir Piaro as well?'

Swordsmanship, blacksmithing, elementals, and agriculture—it looked like many different fields, but they surprisingly had something in common. Learning swordsmanship gave physical strength and physical strength was needed for blacksmithing. Working in the smithy added muscle strength and muscle strength was needed for swordsmanship. Learning elemental techniques increased affinity with nature and this would help with agriculture. Learning agriculture helped to understand nature and assisted in dealing with elementals.

'He was taught systematically...'

'Starting from etiquette, there are no flaws.'

'Queen Irene's level of discipline is unusual. It is truly the blood of a famous family.'

It was a time when the distinguished guests, especially those with good vision, sighed with admiration...

"I would like to express my gratitude to the distinguished guests who came to bless me on my transition to adulthood," Lord opened his mouth for the first time. It was a clear, deep voice that pulled out people's souls. The hearts of many women shook. Lord had an irresistible factor that a normal boy could never have.

Sua smiled happily as silence fell in the hall.

'It is really rewarding to teach him.'

Lord's expressions, gestures, speech, and voice weren't a result of Irene's teachings alone. Sua corrected it a bit so that Lord could gain the favor of the opposite sex without losing his dignity. This was the result. Look at the expressions of the princesses from each country who visited with their parents and brothers. They completely lose their souls to Lord.

After that, Lord took the time to introduce himself. He exchanged questions and answers with the distinguished guests, carefully choosing words so he wouldn't damage the reputation of his parents and the Overgeared Kingdom.

Lord smiled at the ladies from all over who had bewitched expressions on their faces. Then he pulled out his sword and spoke to the distinguished guests, "I can't take away the time of such precious people for so long. I'm shy, but I'll do a few small tricks."

As mentioned earlier, the coming of age ceremony was a place to exhibit talent. The talent of the prince who would lead the Overgeared Kingdom in the future. Depending on what Lord displayed here, the distinguished guests would consider their future direction. How deep to establish their relationship with the Overgeared Kingdom, how much time they should set for it, etc.

The moment the distinguished dukes concentrated, Lord's sword went up in half moon and then came down in a diagonal slash. He did two cuts in one motion. It was quick and neat with no flaws.

"Hmm..."

The distinguished guests showed a lukewarm reaction. Some shook their heads, some touched their chins, and some slowly clapped. Their expressions were mostly the same. For the first time since Lord's appearance, they were expressionless.

The swordsmanship Lord exhibited was mediocre. No, calling it mediocre was very rude. It was right to evaluate it as excellent. However, their expectation was too high that it became normal.

'Why is it ordinary swordsmanship instead of a sword dance?'

That's right. The distinguished guests expected Lord to show Grid's sword dances. Then what was this swordsmanship? Doubts started to arise.

'Does he not have the talent to learn his father's sword dances?'

'It is rare for children to be better than their parents.'

There were still many promising observations.

'He is still young and it is too early to assess his swordsmanship talent. The difficulty of the sword dances can be considered as extremely high.'

'No, it is too much to discuss talent just by looking at a single sword technique. It is usually customary to set up a stage in the form of a duel... this isn't the end, right?'

'The Overgeared King's value doesn't lie in just his combat strength, but also in his blacksmithing techniques. It doesn't matter if his swordsmanship talent is ordinary if he is born with the blacksmithing talent.'

It happened as people were in turmoil...

".....!" A blond woman sprang up from her seat. Her seat was right behind the emperor. Her rank was much higher than the royal families of a number of kingdoms. It was natural. Her identity was one of the duke of the empire, the Spear Saint Rachel.

".....?"

".....?"

The atmosphere became unusual when Rachel rose from her seat and faced Lord while trembling. People wanted to see what was going to happen. There was a short moment of silence.

"Prince Lord, is that Kraugel's swordsmanship?" Rachel asked him straight away.

The wavelength created was huge. Kraugel—it was the name of the present day Sword Saint. Kraugel's name was always mentioned when discussing the 10 strongest people on the West Continent. People knew that after many years, Kraugel would be mentioned when discussing the five strongest people. After a long time, he would be mentioned when discussing the strongest person. The potential of all Sword Saints in history was that great.

Yet Lord used the Sword Saint's swordsmanship? People looked at Lord like they had seen a ghost. It was hard to believe that Lord had Grid, Sticks, and Piaro as teachers. Now there was also Kraugel among the teachers...

At this point, they were using the wrong premise to discuss Lord's talent.

'Sir Sticks and Sir Piaro are Grid's subordinates, but Kraugel is different.'

'The fact that the Sword Saint, who isn't affiliated with any forces and drifts like the wind, has taken Prince Lord as a student means that Prince Lord is a great talent...'

The distinguished guests gulped and reassessed Lord's swordsmanship. It changed from mediocre to the best. At least in the field of swordsmanship, the Sword Saint's influence was the greatest.

Lord explained with an embarrassed smile, "Yes, I'm lucky enough to learn the sword from Teacher Kraugel. Teacher Kraugel took care of me more than necessary due to being my father's close friend."

".....!"

".....!"

Only acquaintances knew about the relationship between Grid and Kraugel. Some of the distinguished guests were shocked when they found that the wandering Sword Saint Kraugel was Grid's friend.

'King Grid and the Sword Saint joining together to destroy the great demons wasn't a temporary alliance...'

'...It turns out they've been companions for a long time.'

According to the literature, Sword Saint Muller had been afraid of his own too strong power. He always lived alone, fearing that he would destroy the balance of the continent if he belonged somewhere. However, this didn't seem to be the case for the present day Sword Saint. He had a deep exchange with the Overgeared Kingdom. The distinguished guests thought that perhaps the Overgeared Kingdom would become the second Saharan.

In the uncomfortable silence, Lord showed off another talent. It was the manifestation of divine power. It wasn't the pure white divine power that symbolized the Rebecca Church. It was divine power that swayed like blue flames. It resembled the divine power of the Overgeared God Church members which had been increasing rapidly in recent times. However, this one was several times larger.

"Ahh..." The anxiety and disbelief in the hearts of some of the distinguished guests who were wary of the Overgeared Kingdom started to melt like snow. Many people still hadn't admitted that Grid was a god. In any case, Grid had become a god and Lord was the child of a god. In the first place, he was an objection that shouldn't be evaluated by humans. The coming of age ceremony had to be different from all the previous ones so far. Everyone realized it.

“Hmm, this is Grid’s child.” Without any warning, the door of the great hall opened and a woman appeared. Fallen soldiers could be seen through the wide open doors. It was obviously a guest who wasn’t invited by anyone. The surprised guests were frightened while the knights of the Overgeared Kingdom escorting or guarding them drew their swords or spears immediately. Their actions were meaningless.

[You have encountered Vampire Duke Marie Rose.]

[Marie Rose’s evil influence makes your magic power turbid. All types of spells and skills aren’t available.]

[A vampire’s gaze will subdue lower species. You will lose your willpower and control over your body.]

[Marie Rose’s attraction is absolute. Her charm is so high there is even high odds of both genders being attracted.]

The uninvited guest was a woman so beautiful it was unrealistic. Her very existence made everyone submit to her.

“Marie Rose...!”

Grid rose from where he had been happily watching his son, Lord, showing off his skills. What was going on? How should he respond? Grid’s brain froze from the sudden event and it was impossible for him to make any judgments. Only his body moved. He rose from the throne and approached Marie Rose in a stately manner.

Gulp.

The stiffened guests and knights gulped. They were aware of the true identity of Marie Rose, who was sealed by the second pope hundreds of years ago, and couldn’t imagine the terrible things that would happen in the future. Fortunately, Grid was a wise man.

“W-Welcome, Marie Rose. Why did such a noble person come to this humble place...?” He seemed like he was going to lower his head to the ground. As Grid smiled politely and bowed deeply to Marie Rose, her evil influence lifted like it was a lie and people could breathe.

After receiving Jude’s guidance, Prince Shining arrived late at the scene and tilted his head without knowing the situation.

Chapter 1395

The distinguished guests who attended Lord’s coming of age ceremony were big names. They exercised their power without fear in their own kingdom or other kingdoms. Even so, they were human.

Marie Rose—the appearance of the top predator made all the distinguished guests in this area tremble. The big figures who didn’t know anxiety and fear due to their great pride dared not make eye contact with her and looked away. They tried to look as insignificant as possible to show they had no intention of defying her. It wasn’t a matter of humiliation and shame.

Could their ancestors have avoided dangerous situations if they didn't feel fear? No. Humanity wouldn't have survived until today. The humble attitude of the distinguished guests in front of Marie Rose was the natural instincts of humans. It was an extremely primitive instinct to feel fear and avoid risk factors.

'Marie Rose. Is it really Marie Rose?'

The dukes of the empire reflexively struggled as they were crushed by the terrible evil influence. They tried not to be noticed as much as possible and figure out the situation. They thought back. There were rumors that Marie Rose's seal was released 17 or 18 years ago. The former emperor Juander asked Bain to find out the authenticity. Bain returned and confirmed that the rumors were true.

This type of thick evil influence was likely to belong to Marie Rose. Only then could they be convinced.

I, us—

Immortal King Grenhal, Spear Saint Rachel, and Beast King Morse—they were filled with fear despite the fame and power they built up so far. It was only by admitting the other person was Marie Rose that they could accept it.

'This... it is destruction.'

Why did Marie Rose show up here and now? They couldn't afford to examine the reason. The dukes just felt dizzy. A monster that the second pope, Chreshler, could only barely seal when he sacrificed the lives of himself and the Rebecca's Daughters, despite being the strongest pope of all time. Saharan's ancient literature evaluated her as stronger than Beriache and one of the few beings that Baal was wary of. That monster, Marie Rose, appeared here. They were dead. They would die. They couldn't survive.

These thoughts revolved around the heads of the dukes.

Meanwhile, Empress Basara thought rationally. As the matriarch of many people, her sense of responsibility was transcendent. She was sober in this desperate situation.

'It is a raid aimed at the gathering place of many major figures from various kingdoms... she has ambitions to rule humanity.'

The world would be almost paralyzed the moment the guests here were wiped out. From then on, who would be able to handle Marie Rose? Humanity would lose its center and be one-sidedly slaughtered by Marie Rose.

'The people who need to be saved now are...'

Basara's gaze turned to Grid. Her judgment was quick.

'I have to protect Grid.'

Everyone in this position had to make sacrifices. Grid had to be evacuated using any means and methods. By making him the center of humanity, only then would the annihilation of humanity be avoided. Only he deserved it.

Basara's red energy rose. This was the power that was the proof of Saharan's lineage. This was the power of ruling that intervened and controlled everything. It was more of a constitution than a skill or magic. It wasn't sealed by the evil influence.

Basara had the capacity to intervene with Marie Rose's evil influence. She was determined that if she could control the evil influence for a while, she could join forces with the dukes to open the way for Grid, even if she lost her life from the backlash. She had to try it even if the chances of success were less than 1%.

Basara's red energy thickened.

"Hmm?" It happened when Marie Rose turned her gaze to Basara...

Step, step, step...

Someone's footsteps echoed in the quiet hall. One person was walking alone confidently while everyone was holding their breaths. It wasn't difficult to infer his identity.

'Grid?'

'King Grid...!'

Everyone's eyes turned to the direction of the footsteps. The central hall...

As expected, Grid was walking through it. He stared straight at Marie Rose. There was no hesitation in his gait and he stood upright. There was no trembling. Marie Rose terrified all the powerful people on the continent, but she couldn't scare Grid. The distinguished guests admired it.

"W-Welcome, Marie Rose. Why did such a noble person come to this humble place...?"

Grid finally reached Marie Rose and lowered his head with a smile. It was a completely different attitude than expected. It was surprising but no one thought that Grid was servile.

'As expected, it is Marie Rose. She might be a demonkin, but she is a legendary existence. It is natural to be polite to her when she built a reputation for transcending her founder hundreds of years ago.'

'The reason Grid bowed in the first place is due to us...'

Grid didn't seem affected by Marie Rose's evil influence. There was no particular fear of Marie Rose. The reason why he bowed was for the safety of the people gathered here. It meant he was forced to please Marie Rose to prevent her from acting hastily.

'He is truly the lantern of humanity.'

The distinguished guests. In particular, the distinguished guests who had only been exposed to Grid through rumors started to feel respect for Grid. A series of notifications popped up stating that the leaders of kingdoms or tribes that never communicated with the Overgeared Kingdom started to like Grid.

'What?'

Why did affinity suddenly increase? Marie Rose reached out to the flustered Grid. The white skin that reminded him of snow was reddened by the sunlight that leaked through the window. The sun wasn't good for vampires. Marie Rose had a stronger power than Beriache, the 3rd Great Demon. She also didn't receive any penalties in the human world because she was born here.

One of the strongest beings in the world, her few weaknesses included the sun. She was weak to sunlight because she inherited the power of Beriache and her vampire characteristics were more than anyone else. The reason why she visited Reinhardt in broad daylight like this was because...

"Did you become the Blood King while I was sleeping?" She wanted to congratulate Grid.

Grid politely kissed the back of her hand and smiled awkwardly. "Yes, it happened to be that way."

Marie Rose was the strongest vampire, but she wasn't suitable for the position of Blood King. Her purpose was merely to exterminate the great demons. She had no ambition to become the king and lead the vampires. The evidence was that she had no feelings for her siblings.

Grid knew this fact and simply accepted Marie Rose's congratulations. She didn't feel that the position of Blood King had been taken from her. In any case, Marie Rose's congratulations was sincere. Her brightly smiling face was so clear that it was like a beautiful flower emerging. "I am glad."

".....?"

"The man who released my seal has grown into an excellent spouse. I have to believe in the word destiny."

".....?"

".....?"

Blood King? Spouse? Ordinary people couldn't understand it. Even Grid didn't understand it. 'Spouse?'

He could feel eyes stabbing into his back. They weren't Queen Irene's eyes. She had long wanted Grid to take a concubine. She had urged Grid directly. She was becoming old faster than Grid and would leave first. For his sake, she hoped that another good person would stand by Grid's side. Queen Irene was fortunately now regaining her youth, but her thoughts remained the same. She hadn't given birth to a second child for 15 years already. The situation in the kingdom was too uneasy to have only one successor to the throne.

"....."

Grid glanced back. Unlike Irene, who hadn't changed her expression, Basara and Mercedes looked gloomy. There were shadows on their beautiful faces. This was why he felt stinging gazes. Why Basara...?

"Hum hum." Grid cocked his head for a moment before coughing to relieve the atmosphere. Then he guided Marie Rose to the top position. "Today is the day my son has finally become an adult. Some guests have gathered to celebrate, so let's talk about private matters next time."

"I noticed instantly that he is your child. He is talented and handsome, just like you. Perhaps our children too..."

“Hum hum! Now, come this way.”

“.....”

Marie’s expression changed dramatically the moment Grid coughed and interrupted her words. The bright smile turned meaningful and her eyes curved in a half moon. Grid’s heart thumped loudly. He wavered.

“Do you not want to be my spouse?”

“T-That, I’m a married man...”

“Hmm, then you can just give me your seed. There is no need to feel too burdened.”

“.....”

Silence filled the hall. In particular, Basara and Mercedes’ mouths were tightly shut. It was because they witnessed the regret and hardness that was in Marie Rose’s fascinating smile. Maybe she was serious about Grid. It happened the moment Basara and Mercedes had this thought...

“Why did you come to this place?”

A new figure appeared behind Jude and Prince Shining, both of whom were standing at the entrance of the great hall. A man with silver hair—the identity of the man so handsome that his appearance was comparable to Marie Rose was naturally Braham. The legendary great magician—the dukes of the empire who witnessed his power in the Drasion raid reflexively focused their attention

On the other hand, Marie Rose was relaxed. “You have grown up a lot, Braham. You actually dare to talk loudly to me.”

“Don’t spoil this precious event and get lost.”

“Previous event...? It is precious?” Marie Rose doubted her ears. Braham—the most selfish and cruel Braham, who slaughtered thousands and experimented on his kin, was actually respecting the events of others? “...Huhu, haven’t you changed a lot while I was asleep?”

There was a smile on Marie Rose’s face, but her eyes were cold. Braham flinched and stepped back. He recalled the past when Marie Rose pierced him in the heart and he lost his vampire power. Braham feared Marie Rose like everyone else, no, more than others. Her power had grown over the years beyond their mother and she was still in the process of regaining her strength.

‘Again... I am going to die.’

Just as he hated Marie Rose, Marie Rose hated him. Braham knew this and foresaw his own death. In the beginning, Marie Rose was an existence who could accomplish most of her wishes. No one could stop her if she wanted to kill Braham.

‘...I won’t go silently this time.’

He would inflict a wound that couldn’t be erased forever. Braham made up his mind and instinctively raised a hand behind him.

“An unexpected guest came.”

The legendary farmer Piaro and the recently returned Asmophel appeared next to each other. Grid’s messenger Sariel was also with him. Nefelina also didn’t seem to like this situation and her faint energy that exerted influence over the entire palace became stronger. Finally—

“Braham is my father’s friend. It is just like Marie Rose is my father’s friend.”

Lord stepped in front of Marie Rose as she stared at Braham. The murderous smile he learned from Sua surprised Marie Rose slightly.

“...You’ve made a lot of friends.” Marie Rose glanced at the people surrounding Braham in turn before taking one final look at Braham. Then she turned back to Grid. “You don’t have to look so scary. The reason I came today is to discuss our future, not to hurt your friend. Today... the timing is bad.”

“.....”

This time, Grid also saw the short regret that briefly passed through Marie Rose’s eyes.

“Then, bye! I’ll come back next time.” Marie Rose’s body turned to smoke and started to scatter. She returned to the dark underground area where there was nothing except the coffin where she had slept alone for a long time. To her—

“I will visit you next time,” Grid vowed.

A smile of joy adorned Marie Rose’s face as she gradually disappeared.

Chapter 1396

There was a big uproar in the middle, but Lord’s coming of age ceremony ended safely with the blessings of the people.

Lord, who had several teachers, boasted more talent than the distinguished guests had expected. Meanwhile, Grid proudly faced Marie Rose and impressed the distinguished guests. Thus, the evaluation of the Overgeared Kingdom soared to the sky.

Of course, everyone knew from the beginning that the Overgeared Kingdom was the second most powerful nation after the empire. It was just that no one could guess how much longer the power of the Overgeared Kingdom would continue in the future and in which direction it would be headed.

The Overgeared Kingdom was established and led by Overgeared King Grid. Who would dare to bet that after he retired, the Overgeared Kingdom would prosper like it was now or use tyranny?

Now the distinguished guests realized something. It was the fact that Grid’s son was a talent that was second to, no, perhaps comparable to Grid, and that he was an upright and good person. In the first place, Grid was a god. He was born as a human and had the body of a human, but he was an object of faith that transcended his existence due to the desires of humans. How could he and his son not be upright? Looking at the rumors drifting around recently about Goddess Rebecca, it was impossible to trust blindly just because they were gods, but... people wanted to believe in Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom.

“The gifts are stacked up like mountains.”

The afternoon after the coming of age ceremony...

The last banquet ended and the guests had finally left the castle. Lael faced the mountain of treasures they had left behind and laughed. He had been tired every day and it had been a long time since he showed such a bright expression.

“The reason they are trying to establish a friendship with the Overgeared Kingdom is because they are fascinated by the greatness of the king or do they want to rely on the almighty power of a god?”

The procession of the departing guests filled Lael’s blue eyes as he looked out the window and talked to himself. He seemed to be in good condition since he spoke such cheesy comments for the first time in ages.

“None of the distinguished guests who visited this time caused problems, right?” Grid urgently led the conversation. He didn’t want to give Lael time to monologue.

Lael nodded. “Yes, I only invited those whose origin and ideologies were verified. They are all great people who fight for the peace of the continent and the dignity of humanity. They don’t cause incidents due to personal greed, so there is nothing wrong with forming a friendship with them.”

“Yes, you picked them well.” Grid nodded and pulled out a few letters. They were letters privately handed to him before the kings of each kingdom left. The thing they had in common was that they all had daughters. Grid opened the letters with a heart that thought ‘no way,’ only to laugh. “Lord is really good.”

I want to discuss marriage between Prince Lord and my daughter...

The contents of the 11 letters were similar. In particular, the attitudes of the principalities that weren’t kingdoms were positive. They seemed willing to use marriage to attach themselves to the Overgeared Kingdom. Lael’s face was brighter as they read the letters together side by side.

“I particularly covet the Hemilton Principality. It is a place founded by Saharan’s third son. It is a line of descent from the imperial family and the origins are good. If Prince Lord married a Hemilton woman and has children, we can handle them properly even if they don’t inherit his talent.” Lael excitedly explained.

He was discussing the marriage between the prince and a well-known family. It was natural to be happy. On the contrary, Grid’s response was cold, “It’s fine, I don’t mean to intervene in Lord’s relationships or marriage.”

“But...”

“It’s too much for a child who just had his coming of age ceremony. I don’t want to use Lord’s marriage for politics. I don’t intend to be a shameless person who sells my son for the benefit of myself and the kingdom.”

“No, that...”

“Lauel, don’t be greedy. Thanks to your efforts, the Overgeared Kingdom has already flourished enough. Is it necessary to sacrifice Lord’s happiness?”

“It isn’t like that...”

Grid stopped talking and Lauel pointed out the window. Once Grid approached the window and saw the view outside, he finally shut his mouth. He could see Lord with hundreds of beauties who were the Rebecca’s Daughters candidates. He was lying down and using the knees of a blonde beauty as a pillow while hugging a brunette beauty’s waist and kissed her cheek.

Lauel directly told Grid, “...If you leave it like this, it will be a serious problem.”

“.....”

Lord hadn’t changed. He cared for the girls who lost their place since they were young. People used to watch the appearance of such a Lord happily. Now Lord was too old. This scene became strange because he was more mature than his peers and looked like a young man. Like the protagonist of a martial arts or fantasy novel, he looked like a horny man who made a harem.

It was as expected. The expressions of the people passing by weren’t good as they saw Lord being surrounded by beauties.

“Prince Lord’s heart might still be pure, but the Rebecca’s Daughters candidates are different. Their hearts grew as they aged. If you don’t separate them from now on, you really will have hundreds of grandchildren.”

“.....”

In the royal family, the tragedy of killing one’s siblings was common. The more children a king had, the more the tragedy intensified. Grid was troubled for a long time before stating with a frown, “It is time for Lord to go on an adventure.” Lord’s growth restrictions were lifted yesterday with the end of the coming of age ceremony. Despite being named, his various stats and levels were blocked by the restriction. Now they could be raised without any limits.

“Tiramet, Cray.”

“I have responded to Your Majesty’s call.”

“Why are you calling me?”

Tiramet and Cray—they were the direct descendant vampires who swore allegiance to Blood King Grid and had their souls liberated. As children born from Beriache, they might be inferior to Marie Rose and Braham, but from a general point of view, they were a disaster at the level of a named boss.

“For the time being, follow by Lord’s side and take care of him.”

“Yes.”

“Yes.”

There were many excellent hunting spots and attractions within the Overgeared Kingdom. Lord’s first adventure would be using the Overgeared Kingdom as the stage, not a distant foreign kingdom.

However, not all areas were safe just because they were in the Overgeared Kingdom. In particular, Lord still had a low level. His identity meant it wouldn't be strange if he was targeted by a specific force.

'Still, there is less danger in low level zones, so it is enough to have Tiramet and Cray as an escort.'

The low level hunting grounds were easy to manage and security was good. There were soldiers and knights from the Overgeared Kingdom everywhere. This meant it was unlikely that anyone would be aiming for Lord.

'Once Lord's level rises and he aims for the high level hunting ground, I can increase the escorts at that time.'

Elfin Stone, Noll, Yetima, etc.—there were many direct descendant vampires to use as escorts. In the worst case scenario, he could rely on the title 'First Father.' First Father recognized when the child's health fell below 30% and the Father's Instinctive Love skill will be activated. At that time, he would come running to save Lord.

Grid was thinking this when he came to his senses. It was because Lauel's eyes were fixed on him.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

"It is absurd. If you are so worried, then you might as well bring Prince Lord with you."

"No, this doesn't suit the purpose of letting him go on an adventure."

Grid wanted Lord to go on an adventurer because he wanted Lord to build up experience, learn and create new relationships, while fostering independence. He hoped Lord would do his part alone, while also getting out of the skirts of the Rebecca's Daughter candidates. He wondered if anything would change if Lord just followed him.

"If that is really your purpose, you have to trust him and let him go alone."

"...I can't give him escorts?"

"I am in favor of an escort, but it is recommended that you attach the Overgeared Shadows so that Prince Lord doesn't notice it."

"Certainly..." It was questionable if the independence of Lord could be increased by sending an open escort. The presence of an escort could instead make Lord relax. "Fine then. Please send as many outstanding ones as possible."

"Yes. If we want to deceive Prince Lord's senses, then we have to put one of the best talents on him."

"Hmm... Come to think of it, Faker is doing well."

Before logging into Satisfy and attending the coming of age ceremony, Grid also watched the National Competition. He cheered for Damian's hard work and watched the emergence of the Shadow Demon King. This year's demon king who used the shadows of everything as weapons and soldiers brought a great shock to the people. The sight of the shadow army, that rose again and again no matter how many times they were knocked down, and how they killed players, was overwhelming.

Lauel smiled. "There is no need to worry about Faker, right?"

“Indeed...”

Faker had been protecting the members of the Overgeared Guild. If Grid was the sun, then Faker was the moon. After becoming Lantier and increasing his strength, the scene of his defeat in this National Competition was never seen.

After participating in the National Competition, show a cool appearance and come back.

Grid sent Faker support in his heart and brought up the active quest window.

[The Secret Story of the Birth of the Blood King]

[Difficulty: ???]

The progenitor Beriache had to overcome all types of trials alone. After being driven out of hell and wandering around the human world alone, she realized how painful solitude was.

This was why she gave her children genders.

Beriache didn't want her children to be lonely. She hoped they would meet a life partner and overcome their cursed fate together.

This was why she couldn't forgive Braham who harmed Elfin Stone's fiancée, and the reason the arrangement of the Blood King exists.

The Blood King—you are the Blood King that Pope Chreshler failed to become and that Sword Saint Muller rejected. You have a duty to appease Marie Rose's solitude.

Quest Clear Conditions: Achieve 10 points of affinity with Marie Rose.

Quest Clear Rewards: The information 'Secret Story of the Birth of the Blood King' can be viewed.]

It was a quest that automatically occurred when Marie Rose mentioned her spouse and his seed. It was also the quest that gave Grid the courage to promise he would visit her.

'I have to go and see her.'

Information was power. New information often brought up hidden functions. Additionally, Marie Rose was a possible ally. Grid had determined that it was better to clear this quest as soon as possible.

'There is nothing good about delaying and making Marie Rose come to me first again.'

He had a hunch that the situation at that time wouldn't be good. Marie Rose was someone whose affinity didn't rise even when she talked about marriage. He couldn't read her heart, so he needed to pay more attention.

'Before that.'

Just then, a deafening noise was heard in the distance. Grid looked over and saw a corner of a mountain collapsing. The spear of light that was stuck in the mountain scattered and disappeared.

'Let's start with Braham.'

Braham destroyed a mountain every time he forged Greed with the legendary great magic, Disintegrate. Grid wanted to encourage Braham, who had been doing the same thing repeatedly for several weeks to help the creation of new minerals, and to comfort him, who was upset by the meeting with Marie Rose.

"I will go to Braham. Ah, I will also send the golden walnuts as gifts to the guests who attended this coming of age ceremony."

At present, the golden walnuts being grown on Cokro Island were half a success. It had a similar elixir effect to the golden walnuts grown on the East Continent, but there were limitations on the effect. It was only effective two times per person. Of course, this alone was a great effect. It was the best gift.

"Isn't this too much as a gift?" I'd rather spread it among the knights of the Overgeared Guild..."

"Piaro wants more land to grow them. I plan to let as many kingdoms know about the golden walnut as possible to cooperate and rent land with a climate similar to Cokro Island."

"To grow the perfect golden walnut, he needs to experiment under more conditions. Yes, I understand." Lael was sufficiently convinced and nodded.

Then Grid went to Braham. Once he came back, he planned to call Lord to tell him to go on an adventure.

Chapter 1397

The moment he faced Marie Rose and his head turned blank, he felt Piaro and Asmophel approaching and felt expectant. He could survive as long as he was with them. He had the lowly hope that he wouldn't lose anything this time. It was the shame of a lifetime.

The pride of the legendary great magician was trampled on the moment he realized he was reliant on others who were even weaker than himself. The natural pride he had as a child of his mother, Beriache, was shattered. First and foremost, he was ashamed. He saw Grid, who used to seriously listen to him as the strongest, look at him with a worried expression and wanted to hide in a mouse hole.

"...Marie Rose!"

Braham's surrounding magic power was turbulent. It whirled around like a gust of wind before quickly gathering to form a large spear of light. Hundreds of years ago, Braham used Disintegrate to penetrate and destroy the palace of King Farah. The great magic that was called the product of a legend while Braham was asleep was now thrown at Greed on the anvil. It was originally a magic that could destroy even a mountain.

One of the reasons why Braham could get rid of the pursuit of the fire dragon Trauka was that the precursor of Disintegrate awakened Trauka's wariness. However, the current Disintegrate was very weak. A significant portion of the power was absorbed by Greed, but only a 'corner' of the small mountain disappeared. He hunted a hydra and became part of the myth, but he hadn't yet recovered the strength from his prime.

On the other hand, what about Marie Rose? She spent more of her life asleep and stockpiling power. Now she had much more powerful magic power than she used to. It was safe to say that the difference between his skills and Marie Rose's skills was greater than ever.

Of course, this was a story when comparing Braham in his vampire days. Braham wasn't a magician when his heart was pierced by Marie Rose. He was just a beast absorbed in his innate strength and knowledge.

'If I could regain my strength back then...'

The power of a direct descendant vampire and all the magic that accumulated as a great magician—if he could regain all this power and merge it with divinity, then there would be some degree of balance between him and her, even if he couldn't pierce Marie Rose's heart or tear off her head.

Then they could talk about who was truly the strongest. At that time, he would truly become 'Braham'...

'To restore my strength....'

Time was needed. He shouldn't be frustrated. He should keep devoting himself and working hard. Braham's eyes stopped shaking and subsided calmly. Marie Rose was born at the expense of their mother and used the Curse of Sloth as an excuse to waste time. He repressed the deep anger and resentment he had toward his damn enemy. He took the disappointment and disgust he felt as nutrients for enthusiasm and maintained his spirit that was on the verge of collapse.

This was the mentality of the great magician, not the vampire. Braham honed his spiritual strength after losing the power of a vampire, being exiled to the human world, and overcoming many types of hardships.

"Hoo..." He was controlling his breathing when he heard a familiar sound. He could see Grid approaching through the air. His reliance on old boots, despite being able to spread open the wings of a dragon, made Braham smile.

Then before Grid approached, he erased the smile so there were no traces. He greeted Grid in a blunt manner, "Did you come here to comfort me? Forget it. Marie Rose is the one who has inherited the power of our mother. It is natural to shrink back from that woman, so I'm not particularly ashamed or angry."

"Do I look so impudent? I don't have the qualifications to comfort Braham."

This was a fact that Braham didn't know, but Grid used the vision he didn't have before. Long before he arrived, he observed Braham. He witnessed Braham's determination to abandon his anxiety and anger. Therefore, he wasn't worried about Braham. What was the point of worrying about someone who could endure it alone and overcome it?

"Then why did you come to me?"

"No, can I only come to you when there is work? Have you eaten~ What type of tea did you have at tea time today~ I came because of curiosity."

"...Bah. If you want to know the progress of the magic forging, then don't worry. It is progressing without wasting a single second."

"Ah, the magic forging. That... can't you do it in your mental world?"

Braham smashed mountains every time he forged Greed. It meant that after a few weeks, the mountains near Reinhardt would disappear completely. Braham shook his head. "That is pointless. It is possible to transfer Greed to my mental world, but it is impossible to take the newly forged Greed out of the mental world.

"Why?"

"It is because the material that changed in my mental world naturally becomes part of my mind."

"Ah..." Grid roughly understood. In any case, it meant the magic forging must be done externally.

"Then at least don't destroy the mountains."

Wood, minerals, and herbs could be gathered from the mountains near Reinhardt. It was also a favorite stage for newcomers to hunt wild animals and mountains. If the mountains were gone, resources could be imported. However, there would be no jobs for people and hunting grounds for players, so he would need to worry about the long-term losses.

Braham snorted. "It is up to me where to go and what to do."

"....."

Was this person still upset because of Marie Rose? From Grid's point of view, Braham was behaving badly for no reason. He just couldn't persuade Braham any longer. It was something to be thankful for that Braham was spending his time using magic forging on Greed. It should be shameless if he told Braham to go do it on an uninhabited island.

'Yes... at least he is smashing the mountains, not the city.'

In the first place, the reason Braham came to the mountains to practice magic was to avoid harming people. It was a pity to keep picking on him when he was being considerate in many ways.

'If the mountains disappear, there will be an increase in clearings. The farmers will like it.'

Grid thought positively before taking out folded clothes and handing it to Braham. It was a reproduction of the original form of Beriache's Underclothing, which changed to a shape suitable for Grid's body.

"...What is this?"

"It is a restoration of the underclothing believed to have been used by Beriache during her days as a great demon."

".....?"

"I restored it using my Tailoring skill to give to you as a gift," Grid proudly explained, happy that he made clothes for Braham to remember his mother.

Of course, Braham's reaction was very cold.

"It seems you have lost your mind for a moment before you met Marie Rose."

If it was a symbol other than underwear, then he might've been slightly impressed. However, it was underwear. It was a bit strange to cherish his mother's underwear...

Grid saw Braham frowning and belatedly realized his mistake.

[Name: Lord Steim

Age: 15 Gender: Male

Class: Prince

Title: Genius of the West Continent

* A genius that represents one continent. He overwhelms national geniuses, and his level and abilities will rise 60% faster than normal. Additionally, he can acquire skills in a wide range of fields.

Title: One who Will Become a Legend

A person who will leave his name in history. There is an 80% chance of being immune to all status effects and illnesses. When attacked, if his health falls to 1 point, he will enter the immortal state for 2.5 seconds.

Title: Overgeared God's Child

Not a half-god. He was born in the days when the Overgeared God was a human, so he doesn't have the blood, body, and power of a god. However, there is a chance that he will become an object of faith.

Title: Devilish Man

Even if there are no special intentions, there is a high probability of tempting the opposite sex. It can be lucky or it can be unlucky.

Level: 150

Strength: 1,500 Stamina: 1,500

Agility: 1,500 Intelligence: 1,447

Dexterity: 1,500 Divine Power: 1,160

Charm: 1,500 Dignity: 870

Insight: 1,500 Politics: 552

Persistence: 1,210 Composure: 1,210

The son of Overgeared God Grid.

He has inherited all of his parent's strengths so his potential is outstanding. Teaching him will be inspiring. He has six teachers who are influential for their time and has perfectly digested their courses. The legendary great magician Braham also seems interested in his talent.

He grew up with an upright personality thanks to his mother's excellent discipline. He has a morality that can't be shaken by any temptation. However, caution is needed because he has a fairly free mind when it comes to relationships with the opposite sex.

Skills Possessed: Riding (A), Physical Technique (A), Advanced Bow Mastery (A), Advanced Spear Mastery (A), Rebecca Church's Divine power (A ▼ ▼ ▼), Etiquette (S), Daluka's Methods (S), Incomplete Sword Saint's Swordsmanship (S+), Advanced Weapons Mastery (S+), Sage Sticks Elementalism (SS), Advanced Blacksmithing (SS), Farming (SS), Discerning Eye (SS), Overwhelming Charm (SS), Prestigious and Legendary Lineage (SS), Morality (SS), Lantier's Techniques (SS+), Sage's Wisdom (SS+), Son of a God (??)]

This was the status window of Lord with no items. The (-) mark attached to level 150 and each stat that had reached 1,500 had been removed. It meant the growth restrictions had been lifted. Grid predicted that Lord's average stats would exceed 2,000 in the near future.

'The regretting thing is the Rebecca Church's divine power.'

He remembered it was SS grade when he saw it a few months ago. Suddenly, it was downgraded to an A grade because he went against the Rebecca Church.

'...I think the reason why Overwhelming Charm has risen is Sua's influence.'

The title of Devilish Man was particularly difficult. Grid checked Lord's status window with a slightly troubled expression and spoke after thinking carefully, "Lord, now that you've grown up, why don't you go on an adventure?"

"Yes! I think it will be really fun!" Lord smiled widely and replied vigorously.

There might be some uneasiness about going out into the unknown world, but he looked very happy. It wasn't because he didn't know the ins and outs of the world. Lord was a genius. He understood the rules and regulations of the world. Nevertheless, he expressed confidence because he had already prepared a thorough growth plan.

"An adventure must have a purpose. The intention of an adventure can change if you wander around aimlessly. Have you considered the purpose of the adventure?"

Lord's eyes shone. "First of all, I want to defeat the Guardian of the Forest."

The first chapter of the Overgeared King's biography (now Overgeared God's biography) that was sung by the bards opened with the battle against the Guardian of the Forest.

Lord was keen to follow in his father's footsteps. It was also reasonable.

'Bairan as his first adventure... it is appropriate.'

Grid had poured a lot of affection toward Lord. From the time that Lord gained a teacher in each field and started to engage in full-scale training, Grid gave items that would grow with Lord as gifts.

Given that most of Lord's exclusive equipment were rare and epic rated, and the overall level of his skills was legendary rated, the fields and dungeons around Bairan wouldn't be a major threat to Lord. His stats might not be high due to the age restrictions, but he could kill monsters with items and skills.

'He will be at least 20 levels higher when he meets the Guardian of the Forest...'

His stats would rise evenly in the aftermath of his actions and choices, so it was possible for him to raid the Guardian of the Forest on his own. Grid smiled widely enough to reveal his white teeth as he thought about it.

“Okay. Take down the Guardian of the Forest and return.”

“Yes, Father! I will bring back the blue orichalcum as a token!” Lord answered vigorously and left Reinhardt after being seen off by Queen Irene and his girlfriends.

Lord was excited about going on his first adventure alone (?) and didn’t use the warpgate or ride a horse. He used both legs and ran in the direction of Bairan. Grid watched Lord’s back getting further away with Barbatos’ Vision and laughed.

‘Rather than becoming tired, he is getting faster and faster.’

The act of ‘running’ alone was raising his stamina and agility stats in real time. The stats that had been stopped for several years after reaching the max value were already starting to grow explosively.

“.....!”

“.....!”

The Overgeared Shadows, who had initially been keeping a considerable distance from Lord, panicked and sped up. They would be spotted sooner or later...

Grid clicked his tongue and spoke to Kasim, who was in the shadows, “Leave the queen’s protection to Faker for the time being. I will ask you to look after Lord.”

“Yes.” Kasim disappeared into the shadows. It was only when Grid was reassured that he looked at the notification windows floating to one side of his vision.

[Your son, Lord, has gone on an adventure.]

[Lord will come back to you with the gift of blue orichalcum.]

Chapter 1398

“Are you going to see Marie Rose? Hmm... Do whatever you want.”

It was neither Grid’s intention nor meaning to ask Braham for permission. He just thought it wasn’t polite to contact Marie Rose without informing Braham.

“It’s okay?”

Grid expected a violent reaction from Braham. From Braham’s point of view, Marie Rose was someone Braham had a deep-rooted enmity with. Grid thought Braham would be angry with him for meeting her. Yet Braham was surprisingly sober. “Why wouldn’t it be okay? It is up to you who you meet and what you do. It doesn’t matter even if you have a liaison with her or not.”

“T-The term liaison is a bit... in the first place, I’m not interested in her.”

Grid looked around like someone was listening. Marie Rose was pure and bewitching. She might have the most ideal ratio of beauty, but surprisingly, she wasn’t to Grid’s taste. Perhaps it was because her

beauty was so perfect that it felt unrealistic. In the first place, Grid had people he loved. Shifting his eyes to a new woman when he couldn't even organize his relationships properly with the women already in his life? He couldn't do that unless he was a son of a bitch.

"I mean it doesn't matter if you cooperate... what did you take it for?"

The embarrassed Grid coughed and asked straightforwardly, "Hum hum, can you be amiable with Marie Rose?"

Braham wondered, "What is your purpose?"

Purpose? Of course, it was to eat and live well. He wanted his family, colleagues, and people to be happy and peaceful. The necessary processes to achieve this ultimate wish were...

"Destroy the great demons in hell, help the four gods of the East Continent, and save Hexetia in Heaven."

"Destroying the great demons is among them. That is also my wish and Marie Rose's duty. It isn't bad to join forces for a while if there is a part that matches our purpose. Personal feelings are just a luxury in front of the cause."

Magicians were extremely intelligent people. As long as Braham recognized himself as a 'magician' instead of a 'vampire,' he would be able to postpone any resentment toward Marie Rose. Grid was reminded of Kasim. The man who swallowed his grudge against the empire for the future of the Overgeared Kingdom...

Kasim and Braham were truly very good people.

"Um..."

Lord was now too far away even for Barbatos' Vision. Grid came back from the memory of his conversation with Braham and made up his mind as he stood with his back against the setting sun.

'Let's go.'

He could intuitively tell that a meeting with Marie Rose couldn't be avoided just because he didn't want to be in a relationship with her. They would be involved in the future anyway. It was better to establish a good relationship with her. Above all, Braham wasn't worried about Grid going to meet Marie Rose. Braham was well aware of Marie Rose's personality, so it meant that the possibility of her harming Grid was low.

"Your Majesty," Mercedes called out to Grid who was ready to leave. "I will go with you."

He felt the will to never withdraw from her determined eyes.

Grid nodded gently. "Yes, let's go together."

".....?" Mercedes was confused. Her duty was to defend Grid but Grid had always been reluctant to let her accompany him on the pretext of danger. Now he was saying to go together so easily? Mercedes was relieved.

'I thought he wanted to go to a dangerous place alone again. Fortunately, this isn't the case.'

Yes, there should be times for people to rest. Mercedes thought they were going for a walk nearby but she soon turned white as she followed Grid. The only place among the vampire cities that hadn't been attacked. No, it was a place they couldn't attack. Grid stopped in front of the entrance that was 'her land,' also known as the home of the vampire duke Marie Rose.

"....."

She never imagined their destination would be here until she took the warp gate to Reidan. Why did he come to this place that he had been avoiding so far? Was His Majesty fascinated by her as well? Mercedes' hair shook slightly as he recalled the shocking beauty of Marie Rose, who came to Lord's coming of age ceremony. Yet she didn't break her posture no matter the time or the circumstances.

Grid looked at her blue hair that was the only lively thing in this dry desert under the hot sun and opened his mouth, "You've already seen it with Keen Insight, but Marie Rose is very strong. Perhaps even a dragon can't treat her carelessly."

Mercedes didn't deny it. The Marie Rose whom she met at Lord's coming of age ceremony was in a different dimension. She was confident that she had become stronger after defeating Hell Gao with Grid's help, but she couldn't do anything against Marie Rose. It wasn't merely at a level that could be called a species difference. Marie Rose was special compared to the direct descendant vampires who followed Grid. Her origin itself felt different.

"I think Marie Rose's strength is necessary for the future of humanity."

Mercedes with her Keen Insight and Grandmaster Zikfrector. Two of the people with humanity's greatest potential were originally destined to have died. Satisfy's story was designed to continue without them. However, could the story continue without Marie Rose? Grid predicted that there would be no variable of Marie Rose's death.

In particular, if he assumed that the reason why the Evil God Yatan expelled Beriache instead of killing her was because he couldn't kill Beriache, it meant that Marie Rose's power—that transcended Beriache—could reach a divine level. Physically, it was hard for her to die.

"Marie Rose was born at the expense of Beriache's life and has a duty to avenge Beriache. Her enemy is Yatan, the evil god who expelled Beriache from hell and the great demons who follow him."

"...You mean that you can cooperate with her."

There was confidence in Grid's voice as he answered, "Yes."

Therefore, Mercedes had no doubts. "I will follow you. If she doesn't want to stand by your side, I will punish her even if it means sacrificing my life."

"...Don't do that."

Then let's die together.

"Is this a warning? He is still so childish."

A boy examined the landscape outside Reinhardt and clicked his tongue. The skinny body and pale white skin caught the eye of passersby. A man who appeared to be in a group with him was completely covered by a robe, making them seem even more suspicious. The man who didn't care asked the boy, "What do you mean?"

"These mountains." The boy pointed to some debris that had large and small rocks mixed with them. The man thought it was traces of destroying a building, but it turned out to be a 'mountain.' The boy continued, "It is the aftermath of Disintegrate."

"Disintegrate..."

The legendary great magic that was said to be the strongest among magic with no attributes. As far as humanity knew, there was currently only one man who could use it. Braham. The strongest power Grid relied on. The man's expression stiffened at the thought and the boy explained, "As long as Braham leaves a mark that he is staying here, no one would dare to make trouble here. It is a type of domain marking."

"Kukuk, smashing mountains just to show his domain, he has a hot-tempered personality."

"He is a crazy guy. In any case, I don't want to deal with him."

The boy frowned when the man in the robe laughed.

"Can you please show us your ID?" Just then, soldiers approached and surrounded them. The passersby seemed to be going past, but they had actually reported it.

Did he look like a child abuser? The man was frowning invisibly when the boy whispered to him, "Should I kill them?"

"Didn't you just say that you don't want to meet Braham? You might immediately encounter him if you cause a disturbance here."

"It is your wish. In any case, I have to follow as long as you are my master."

The boy who spoke bluntly was called Pauld. Pauld was a magician who was active in Braham's era. He failed to become a legend because his skills, achievements, and every aspect were lacking compared to Braham, but he was still called a great magician. A few months ago, he was resurrected hundreds of years after his death. He ate the Kunlun Ginseng and was reborn as a complete lich. His master was naturally...

"Excuse me? Please cooperate."

"Of course I will cooperate. I'm sorry for my slow actions."

It was Agnus. He took off his robe with a wide smile once the soldiers urged him and pulled out an ID card. The soldiers confirmed it. The name was Havel. 35 years old. Occupation was a craftsman. His residence was in Saharan and he was supporting an ailing mother and a young son...

There were no problems with the contents of the ID. However, the soldiers of the Overgeared Kingdom were known for their thoroughness. "Is this your son?"

"Yes, my son's dream is to also become a craftsman. He saw that I was visiting Elizabeth's workshop and resolutely followed me. He isn't in good health."

"Um..."

The soldier who was trying to ask for the boy's ID looked nervous. At a glance, the sickly boy and the thin father were rich in life experience and could endure all types of storms. The ID card was fine and there was nothing strange, so he didn't want to be stricter than necessary.

However, the senior soldier's attitude was different. This investigation was carried out due to the report of residents, so he planned to proceed with the formal procedure. "Your son's ID."

"Yes, here."

"Um... How is your relationship with your father?"

"It's good. Very much so."

"I'm glad. I'm done checking. I hope you make good memories in Reinhardt."

"Thank you."

Agnus nodded to the soldiers, passed by the fields, and reached the city gates. He also passed unharmed through the gates.

Pauld laughed. "It is magic to change your appearance by covering yourself with the skin of a corpse. It is really disgusting like a demon's technique, but it is convenient."

"Isn't it ridiculous for a madman who turned himself into a lich to say it is disgusting? Sniff sniff." Agnus suddenly started sniffing. He thought there was an unpleasant smell at the tip of his nose, but it turned out to be the stench from his body. The corpse skin he was wearing had started to rot. It seemed he needed new corpse skin before visiting Elizabeth's workshop.

He didn't want his identity to be discovered and a commotion to occur. He only had one purpose in visiting Reinhardt. It was to gain the materials needed for the artifacts that Pauld would create. Elizabeth was a craftsman level accessories maker and she could make the materials. He would have to pay quite a lot of money, but...

"Look for a graveyard. Find a private cemetery or family cemetery where there are few people."

"Croak. You are too careful. Since ancient times, Baal's Contractor should advance and dominate with overwhelming force and no scruples. Croak. You have almost been like a rat recently. Croak."

It was Cepardea who grumbled while jumping and searching for a graveyard. The toad, who was the subordinate of the 1st Great Demon, Baal, was useful in many ways.

"There are quite a few powerful people. We have to be very careful while we're staying here." The soldiers who were merely security guards gave off a feeling of martial ability with just one glance. Perhaps they might be caught the moment a high ranking security guard passed by. Pauld reflexively controlled his magic power and warned Agnus. Agnus looked over a fence toward a training ground and nodded.

“I know that.”

The dozens of targets lined up in the training ground had traces of arrows piercing ‘only the center.’ The spacious grounds of the academy were filled with elemental energy, while the towering towers were filled with powerful magic power. On the surface, it was a seemingly peaceful city. From a slightly different perspective, it was a place where all types of monsters lived.

“Let’s become rats as Cepardea said.”

After the destruction of Luna (believed to be real), Agnus changed. Now he faced reality. Like other rankers, he became calm and cautious. The Agnus who always lived with madness and death no longer existed in the world. It was the birth of a new evil, the demon king.

Chapter 1399

It was common in games that once one faction prevailed, opposing forces would be created to contain it. If it was difficult to control a single force, they would oppose it even if it meant forming an alliance. The Overgeared Kingdom that had already maintained its top position for many years was a rare case in the long history of gaming.

Why wasn’t there a huge alliance formed to go against the Overgeared Kingdom? Of course, it was because the Overgeared Kingdom was overwhelmingly strong.

However, there was a larger reason. They didn’t make any big mistakes. The Overgeared Kingdom that was thoroughly managed by Lauel rarely committed acts that would arouse the resentment of people. Rather, their use of various systems was to help people and generate profit from them. It wasn’t the so-called power abuse nor did they commit any deep-rooted evil.

Additionally, Grid’s heroic activities contributed greatly to the Overgeared Kingdom’s external image. Look at Lord’s coming of age ceremony a few days ago. For the safety of the many distinguished guests, the Overgeared Kingdom hosted the coming of age ceremony on a small scale and in private. All entrances to the palace were blocked and barricades put up to prevent outsiders from accessing the venue.

However, the people’s congratulatory celebrations didn’t stop. Countless people filled Reinhardt’s streets and called out the names of Grid and Lord. It overlapped with the duration of the National Competition. The other forces had no cause or courage to be hostile to the Overgeared Kingdom.

“It is a kingdom that will last a thousand years,” Pauld murmured as he leisurely enjoyed the scenery of Reinhardt. Hundreds of years ago, he had still been human. The many feelings he had when he saw the empire in its golden age was once again felt here in Reinhardt.

“The ‘cheeky guy’ mentioned by the toad many times is the master of this place? He is going to be a real pain in the ass.”

‘This kingdom is too strong to be destroyed using your power alone. It will be your biggest stumbling block.’ Pauld swallowed back these words.

Agnus would know even if he didn’t say anything. Agnus, who couldn’t adapt to his short hair and swept it back as usual, replied with an expressionless face, “Won’t Baal come out when it is time?”

“Indeed...”

Since joining Agnus, Pauld had visited hell several times and met Baal. Therefore, Pauld easily understood. However, Agnus, who said the words, didn't trust Baal.

‘It would be meaningless if Baal comes forward.’

All demons were weak in the human world. The great demons were no exception. They became weakened by three or four times. However, Baal suffered a much bigger penalty. It was impossible in itself for his body to come to the human world. It was only possible to barely breathe the air of the human world by splitting himself into small pieces and transplanting himself into Baal's Contractor. No matter how much stronger he was than the 32nd Great Demon, Belial, he couldn't be active in the human world.

‘Well... this is why I am getting all types of benefits.’

Baal's Contractor was the agent of Baal, who was weak in the human world, and the one who would complete the conquest of the human world on behalf of Baal. Baal provided a lot of amenities for Agnus in order for him to become stronger. But...

‘You never know when he will act capriciously.’

Baal might suddenly lose interest in the human world and force them to do something else. This was Baal's personality.

‘What is Baal's purpose in the first place?’

On the surface, the principle behind Baal's actions was the fulfillment of his desires. He planned and did everything purely for his own entertainment. Yet was that really all? He was one of the ultimate bosses, so wouldn't he have a hidden heart?

It happened around the time that Agnus' questions started deepening...

The frog—Chepardea, Baal's subordinate and Agnus' watcher—jumped onto Agnus' shoulder and proudly reported, “Croak. I found a graveyard.”

“Good work.”

A dragonfly sitting on a flower a bit further away was pierced by a bone thorn. Agnus pulled it over and threw it to Chepardea. Chepardea stretched out his tongue and ate it. Then he became angry. “Croak! Don't treat me as a frog! Croak!”

“It's here.”

Agnus had adapted to Chepardea's noisy personality a long time ago. He ignored this noisy guy and stood in front of a quiet cemetery. He could feel the corpses sleeping in the cemetery. It was ‘Traces of the Dead’ that could only be used by a necromancer. As Agnus was Baal's Contractor, the appearance of the dead and some of the characteristics could be seen. It was a type of character observation.

“Put On.”

The dignity of a human was trampled on. The graveyard carefully built by the family members was dug up and a rotten body appeared. Subsequently, it was overlaid on Agnus' body. It looked just like it was in life.

[The effect of the skill 'Put On' has changed your appearance and stats. It lasts for two hours. You can turn it off at will.]

[During the time when this skill is maintained, the use of all skills is sealed except for the exclusive skills of Baal's Contractor.]

"Sniff sniff." The stench had disappeared. He also liked the length of his hair this time.

Agnus was sweeping back the hair that fell down to his cheeks when Cepardea scolded him, "Are you a serf this time? Croak! Baal's Contractor should use the corpse of a hero at a minimum! It is pathetic! Croak!"

"Serf?"

Agnus confirmed what he looked like in the pond. Certainly, this was a serf to anyone who looked. He was even old. The problem was...

'I thought it was a soldier.'

The stats were high. The effect of Put On was to use the target's 'appearance and stats before death.' However, the stats were too high to be reasonable for an old serf. In particular, his strength and stamina were great. It was a level just below a knight.

Agnus was feeling puzzled when his eyes suddenly curved in a smile.

'Ahh, this is a farmer of the Overgeared Kingdom.'

Agnus looked over the city. Soldiers training in barracks everywhere, magicians experimenting in the magic towers, students being educated at the academy, knights guarding the streets, and monsters at every corner...

Agnus' consciousness that was only focused on them extended to the fields outside the city gates. The thousands of serfs that had previously been seen as insignificant were now a military force. It was a military force blindly loyal to Grid.

'It is great, Grid.'

During the years when Agnus had been an irrational beast, Grid had developed this far. A cold smile spread on the face of the admiring Agnus. He thought of the strongest army that would be born the moment he killed Grid's soldiers and made them his own. As long as the Lantern of Humanity kept growing, his power against humanity would be strengthened in proportion.

Agnus was immersed in a strange excitement as he ripped off his left arm.

At Elizabeth's workshop...

Elizabeth grew by making accessories for the Overgeared members and had now become a master craftsman. Her name was always mentioned when discussing the continent's greatest accessory makers. Her excellent skills always attracted new guests and quests.

"I'm sorry but I'm not accepting customers for the time being. I can't even make reservations."

Customers who came to the workshop were often turned away at the doors. Elizabeth was so busy that it was hard for her to accept new customers. It was even more so from the time she became a craftsman and could make simple artifacts.

"Would you like to look at this design drawing first before throwing us out?"

".....?"

A boy spoke boldly and handed over a design. Elizabeth laughed as she turned her eyes to him, who had white skin like the vampires she often encountered in the Overgeared Guild. "Why? Do you think your designs will get this sister's attention?"

"Probably."

"Hehe, really?"

There were surprisingly many customers of this type. They tried to attract attention somehow to open up an opportunity for conversation and entrust the request. This little boy...

'I guess that old man asked him to do it.' Elizabeth glanced at the boy's group member with a deep gaze before reaching out to the boy.

"Give it to me. Instead, if there is nothing special then bye bye!"

He would probably just ask her to make pretty earrings or necklaces. Perhaps it was a gift he wanted to give to his mother.

'His heart is very special, but his mother's gift should be entrusted to other accessory makers on the street.'

Bah, what did people know?

".....?"

Elizabeth's face stiffened like a stone as she placed her wavy blonde hair behind her ear. There were complex but sophisticated figures and geometric shapes. The formulas and shapes that filled the design had a depth that pushed Elizabeth's limits, whose craftsman skill had reached level 3.

"W-What? What about these parts? Are you going to assemble a magic machine or something?"

Of course, this was an exaggerated question. However, the parts drawn on the design had a structure that was delicate enough for such an exaggeration.

The boy scratched his head. "No way. I just need parts to make a prosthetic arm."

"Groan... If the springs are built like this and assembled, you intend to circulate magic power..."

The boy points to the person he came with and explained, "Yes, I want to give my grandfather an arm that moves like a real one."

It was an old serf. He was unfortunately missing one arm.

"It is difficult to make these parts with your skills?"

"It isn't easy, but..." Elizabeth removed all the jewels and tools she had laid out on the workbench. It was a request from a regular customer who booked a month ago, but it wasn't an important issue now. "I can do it."

Her skill level would rise the moment she completed this boy's request. Elizabeth was convinced and became motivated. It was hard to miss the moment that came after a long time.

There was always danger in darkness. Grid had attacked many vampire cities so far and was well aware of how dangerous a place without any light was. Familiars lurking in the darkness would attack the intruders and lead them to the side of the vampires sleeping in the coffin.

"There is nothing."

"...Yes."

How strong were Marie Rose's familiars and vampires? No matter how strong, they wouldn't be stronger than the demons of the single digit hells, right? Grid was feeling nervous when he showed a deflated response. The city where Marie Rose lived was quiet. It wasn't because the familiars and vampires were hiding. There was just nothing. His transcendent senses and Mercedes's Keen Insight confirmed it.

'There aren't even any ruins.'

The vampire cities he had visited so far were literally cities. There were many different types of buildings with dozens or hundreds of coffins. Yet this place was different. The only thing that existed was darkness. It was a space of nothingness.

"Ah."

How long did they walk? Grid and Mercedes were walking in a dull manner only to stop. A huge shadow was seen in the distance. It was the first time they saw something since entering the city.

"This... it is a castle."

No matter how much time passed, the darkness they couldn't adapt to swallowed up their sense of direction and distance. They would've been lost if they were anyone other than Grid and Mercedes. They would've reached the point where they didn't even know where each other was.

However, Grid had his transcendent senses and Mercedes had Keen Insight. The two of them witnessed the faintly swaying shadow in the distance and noticed it was a huge building. There was no need to wander any longer. They quickened their pace and within dozens of minutes, they finally reached the high gate.

[You have found the castle of Vampire Duke Marie Rose.]

[The first discovery reward will increase the amount of experience earned and the probability of acquiring items for a week.]

Was it a welcome? Torches lit up to the left and right with the gate as the center. There were thousands of torches. It was a number that allowed them to guess the size of the castle.

Creak.

The gate opened. Grid thought they would have to move through an inner gate, but the corridor appeared right away.

‘We are inside right from the outer gate?’

It was a structure that didn’t take into account the enemy invasion at all. Was it because no one with foolhardy bravery dared to enter this place? Grid once again realized how great Marie Rose’s existence was. He gulped and walked down the corridor covered with red carpet. He took a few steps before noticing something.

It was that the paintings on the wall contained myths and legends that weren’t a product of imagination, but an eyewitness record. The figure in the first painting was probably the evil god Yatan. A being painted all in black.

In the second painting, darkness floated about his head like a crown while there were three demons by his side. The small female body with her long hair braided on both sides that was painted in red looked like Beriache. She was attached to Yatan’s side like they were going to link arms. The demon standing behind Yatan with a lowered head was depicted in green, but it was hard to infer who it was. The last demon was a giant. He was alone away from the group and was clearly Baal due to the long, sharp nails that were painted black, red, and white.

‘This is the beginning of hell.’

Then what was the next one? Grid sped up his pace. It was because he wanted to see the third painting quickly.

“.....!”

Grid stopped in front of the third painting. Black, green, red, and the giant—unlike the previous painting that expressed Yatan and the demons with colors and features, the third painting was a portrait drawn elaborately like a photograph.

Rebecca, the goddess of light. Her face that was familiar to Grid filled up the frame. She looked down at Grid in a contemptuous manner with a hideous, distorted smile. She was like a demon. The unknown painter seemed to have wanted to say that Rebecca was a demon.

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“This... it is a portrait of Goddess Rebecca.” She noticed after mistaking it for the face of a living person. Mercedes, who stepped back in surprise after seeing the third painting, belatedly identified the identity of the subject of the painting and corrected her posture.

“It is like she is watching us.”

It was like the gaze of Mona Lisa. No matter which direction they looked at the painting, Rebecca’s line of sight in the painting always followed Grid and Mercedes.

‘I’m getting goosebumps.’

If she had a gentle face like the Mona Lisa, then she would give off a mysterious feeling. Yet in the painting, Rebecca smiled ferociously. The disdainful gaze followed Grid and Mercedes, making them feel unpleasant and creepy.

“it must be painted by a demon right?”

Mercedes was also active in the Drasion raid. She had witnessed the depravity of the angels, who committed evil deeds to hide the disgrace of the gods. It meant she knew the truth that ‘gods are unconditionally good’ was wrong. This didn’t mean she thought ‘the gods are evil.’ Humanity hadn’t reached that point yet.

“Perhaps it isn’t the work of a human.”

Putting aside the interpretation of Rebecca for the moment, the artist was likely to be a demon just by looking at the fact that they knew about the beginning of hell. Since this was Marie Rose’s castle, the artist’s identity might be Beriache.

‘...No, it is unlikely to be Beriache.’

If she was the artist, then she would’ve portrayed Yatan, who drove her out of hell, as ugly as Rebecca. Step.

Grid hastened his pace. He wanted to quickly get away from Rebecca’s gaze in the painting.

‘Damn, surely it isn’t a ghost?’

The back of his head was itchy. Rebecca’s gaze continued to follow.

“Your Majesty?”

He hated ghosts. They weren’t scary (probably), but he hated them physiologically. Mercedes chased Grid who started to run. Moments later, the two of them found the fourth painting and stopped in front of it. The protagonist of the fourth painting was Yatan. It was just a black existence. He stood alone on a cliff and seemed to be looking down. There was darkness above his head. In the first and second paintings, it was like a crown. Now it faded like a fire about to go out.

“He looks depressed for some reason.”

There was no right answer to art. Regardless of the artist’s intention, the essence of the work depended on the viewer’s interpretation. Grid had no intention of denying Mercedes’ sentiment. No, he thought it was an appropriate impression. Was it because the darkness above his head was weakened or was it due to the back that bent while looking down the cliff? Yatan in the painting looked really listless. He seemed to be in agony. The origin of all evil was like this... it really didn’t suit him.

Step, step.

The two of them walked a bit further. They soon stood in front of the fifth painting. The red demon, green demon, and giant demon, that appeared in the second painting, stood by Yatan. Yatan's back was straight and the darkness above his head was burning majestically again.

"It feels like he has regained his energy. Does it mean that it is meaningless for a god to exist alone and that he is a god because he is being served?"

The usually silent Mercedes had a lot to say today. At this point, Grid noticed she had a lot of interest in paintings.

'Come to think about it... there were several paintings in the place where Mercedes originally lived.'

It was when Mercedes was still the empire's knight. She was attacked by the 4th Red Knight Gyuratan (Great Demon Astaroth) in her home and Grid helped her. At that time, the interior of the mansion had been slightly exposed by the collapsed outer wall. The scene of various paintings hanging flashed in Grid's memories.

'Why am I only thinking about it now?'

He said she was precious with words, but in fact, he was indifferent to Mercedes. Grid frowned as he touched his forehead. He realized what a ruthless person he was to those around him.

'Thinking about it, Jishuka immigrated to South Korea because of me.'

He didn't believe it at first. He told himself the reason she moved to South Korea was to find some new opportunities. However, it was impossible to deny it now. Jishuka's feelings toward him were real. He trampled on her heart himself. He said it was a choice made for her, but was it convincing from her position?

'...I feel bitter.'

He let out a sigh. However, he didn't think about Jishuka's problem right now. He had to focus on the situation in front of him. This was a very important section.

"I'm sorry. I was presumptuous."

After a period of silence, Mercedes lowered her head. She was worried that a shallow interpretation would hinder her king's concentration.

"No, not at all. I think it is a good interpretation."

Grid patted Mercedes' shoulder while making up his mind at this moment. In the future, he would collect good paintings and give them to Mercedes. At the same time, he started thinking. He wondered if Yatan's recovery in the fifth painting was actually a bluff.

The situation in the painting. In the third painting, Goddess Rebecca suddenly appeared. Then in the next painting, Yatan was anguished. It was probably because he heard some type of sly whisper from Goddess Rebecca. The whisper would've been to propose (or discuss) the destruction and restoration of

the world and Yatan's anguish deepened. It meant it was somewhat unreasonable to say that he had recovered his energy.

"....."

There were dozens of colors painted in the sixth painting. There were exactly 32 colors with the exception of the black Yatan, and Baal, who was characterized as a giant. Three demons had grown to 33. It was the birth of the 33 great demons.

The seventh painting was a landscape painting. The rough land, grim sky, and red river. It contained the scenery Grid had seen many times in hell. A number of demons appeared in the eighth painting. Thousands of demons with different appearances filled the vast but nutritious land of hell. In the ninth painting...

"Ah, it gave me a fright."

Once again, Goddess Rebecca appeared. Like the third painting, it was a delicately painted portrait. It seemed to have copied the real thing. There was a wave of light floating above her head like a crown. Her hands were neatly clasped together and she was smiling lovingly.

The goddess of light, who blessed all of humanity. It was the appearance of the Goddess Rebecca that people knew.

"It warms my heart."

"Um..."

Just looking at the painting made them feel relieved and happy. He was confident that the moment this painting was released to the world, the Rebecca Church would be revitalized. Sure enough, Goddess Rebecca must be kind... Perhaps the actions of the angels, who stabbed Damian to death, were arbitrary, or the order of another god who envied Rebecca?

The moment Grid had this thought, the frame rotated and the back of the painting was revealed. The 10th painting appeared after the 9th painting. It was a slaughter. The black color representing Yatan spread out to hell and the human world above hell, swallowing up all living creatures.

The frame rotated one more time. The portrait of Goddess Rebecca once again appeared. Like the third painting, it was a portrait of Goddess Rebecca with an ugly smile. The two neat hands of Goddess Rebecca were now covered with red paint. It meant blood.

"....."

It was unpleasant. Grid retreated from the painting, grabbed Mercedes' hand, and started walking again. This was a long corridor. Every time Grid advanced forward one step, a torch lit up the path ahead. However, the end was still an abyss.

'Is there an end?'

At this point, he couldn't help suspecting that he was bewitched. Grid felt nervous and stopped walking. The 11th painting was revealed under the newly lit torch. The figure in black was slumped down. It was a painting of the evil god Yatan, who collapsed as if he was crying. He felt Yatan's deep regret and sorrow.

“The creator of this work portrays Rebecca as the source of destruction and Yatan as the victim.”

“Um...”

At this point, he wasn't a victim but a pushover. A puppet controlled by Rebecca's willpower. The artist depicted Yatan just like this. A piece of trash that had no value in discussing good or evil.

'Now that I see this—'

It seemed that this was indeed Beriache's work. It was almost certain seeing that both Rebecca and Yatan were criticized.

Step step.

Grid and Mercedes continued to walk. The corridor wasn't finished and paintings were constantly appearing. From the first painting to the 11th one... after that, the same paintings appeared again and again. It seemed to express a world that was repeatedly destroyed and re-blessed.

How many hours did they walk?

A new painting appeared in the corridor where only the same paintings appeared repeatedly for a while. It depicted Rebecca, who was smiling in an ugly manner, and Yatan watching the red figure in front of them.

Red.

The color that seemed to symbolize Beriache faced Yatan alone in the following painting. In the next painting, the red figure fell below the cliff. The size of the red figure that fell was twice as small as it had been so far. Then it was multiplied in the next painting.

There were several reds.

'The red was indeed Beriache.'

The bottom of the cliff meant the human world and the smaller size meant she lost the power of a great demon. The proliferation represented the birth of her children.

Finally, Grid and Mercedes saw the end of the corridor. Two newly lit torches illuminated the entrance to another location.

Click.

Mercedes raised her shield and advanced first. “I will go in first.”

Marie Rose. Was it the aftermath of His Majesty becoming the Blood King? She was as favorable to him as any other vampire. Even so, Mercedes couldn't let go of her tension...

“.....!”

Mercedes, who had been ready to unfold her silver wings at any time when she entered the castle, stiffened like a stone. It was because a fishy blood smell entered the tip of her nose and a red wave surged.

“Ugh...!” A torrent of blood crushed Mercedes’ shield. She spread out her silver wings, but it was hard to bear the pressure. She stepped back and was pushed along the corridor as someone in the darkness spoke to her, “You don’t qualify, so step back.”

It was Marie Rose’s voice. “The only person who can step into my bedroom is the Blood King.”

There were slight tremors in her voice. It was obviously excitement. Mercedes’ fair face distorted slightly from displeasure. However, she didn’t have the qualifications or strength to restrain Marie Rose. After pushing Mercedes away, the blood stream soaking the ground vibrated and rose. It had the shape of a giant hand.

“Your Majesty!”

It wrapped around Grid’s waist.

“Huhu, come in.” Marie Rose brought him into the room... “...E-Eh?”

Marie Rose’s always laid back and relaxed voice suddenly became perplexed. It was because the bloody hand wrapped around Grid stopped listening to her. Marie Rose naturally dominated all the blood in the world since her birth. This was the first time this incident happened to her, so she naturally stopped.

[The effect of the blood magic has been blocked due to the ‘Blood Master’ skill attached to Beriache’s Underclothing.]

On the other hand, Grid felt the texture of the underclothing covering his bare skin more clearly than ever.