

Overgeared 271

Chapter 271

Combat. In particular, replaying battles where one was defeated was a big help to their growth.

Kamiyan closed his eyes and replayed it.

'When Grid decided to stab me.'

What if he didn't defend, but decided to push forward instead?

'I would still be hit. If Grid hit me from the side, the result would be the same.'

What if he backed off?

'I would still be hit. At that time, Grid was already narrowing the distance between us with the maximum stride.'

No matter how he looked, defense was the best choice. However, the problem was that Kamiyan's swordsmanship couldn't defend against it.

'It took an instant for the straight orbit to change into a circle.'

The spear flying in a straight line changed to a circular orbit just before it hit his sword. Honestly, it gave Kamiyan goose bumps. He was able to feel that Grid was an expert with the spear.

'I have to respond with a skill.'

If he used Super Armor, he could defend against the attack. Then he would be able to counterattack while Grid was being pushed back.

'Then I would've been the winner.'

He was hesitant to use his trump card in the first battle. He didn't use the skill, so the result was a defeat.

"Dammit... I didn't think it would hurt so much."

He wore the Red Armor, but he couldn't even survive one shot. The attack power of Lifael's Spear was beyond imagination. It was truly a divine artifact.

'It was a wrong fight from the beginning.'

Kamiyan hadn't expected that Grid could use Lifael's Spear. Therefore, he wasn't vigilant and didn't respond when Grid retrieved Lifael's Spear. From there, the flow passed onto Grid. It was unfair.

'Isn't he a swordsman?'

Several members of the church had witnessed Grid fighting against Drevigo. There were also elders among them. The elders had explained what happened. Grid was said to use a greatsword. Then how could he use a spear?

'In addition, it's Lifael's Spear!'

Wasn't Lifael's Spear a weapon that could only be used by a few 'women' who received the goddess' divine message?

"It's really annoying."

The biggest cause of his defeat was 'wrong information.' This error-prone information planted useless preconceptions and caused him to lose.

'I should've assumed that Grid could use Lifael's Spear.'

Then he wouldn't have been hit so hard!

Kwaduduk!

Kamiyan gritted his teeth. It was enough to drive him crazy. He was boiling with anger. The anger was unleashed through his sword, as he trained.

"Grid! Next time will be different! I will be alert! I will show you the true power of the Red Knights!"

It was evaluated by the enemies that the current Red Knights were weaker than they were in the past. It was inevitable. The former Red Knights had the great swordsman Piaro, so the current Red Knights without Piaro were judged to be one level lower. Duke Limit had never once won against Piaro. But that was a story of the past.

'Lord Limit is now over Piaro.'

It was clear that the Red Knights who studied under Duke Limit had also surpassed him. In order to prove it, the Red Knights had to be undefeated. Kamiyan was determined to beat Grid.

"You will see soon!"

Kwajak!

Kamiyan's sword was covered in aura and smashed the large rock. He became even stronger.

"Pagma."

The legendary blacksmith and the best swordsman after Sword Saint Muller. He was known to be able to handle all types of weapons. The same was true for Grid, who inherited his power. But to even be able to use the three divine artifacts of the church...

"This is very frustrating."

Pascal needed to quickly determine Isabel's successor. Pascal planned to raise his position by appointing a girl he secretly fostered as the new Rebecca's Daughter. But the problem was that Grid would definitely not hand over Lifael's Spear.

"...Damian, that bastard."

This must be Damian's trick. He asked Grid to protect Lifael's Spear in order to contain Pascal.

"I won't be hit by such a trick." Pascal went to meet the elders. He made them write an order for Grid to return Lifael's Spear. "Grid, even you can't violate the official order of our church."

If the command was broken?

'Then it can't be helped. You will be considered an enemy... Huh?'

Pascal held the order while heading towards the smithy.

"Pascal?"

"Damian!"

Pascal stumbled across Damian, who was campaigning. Damian was raising the atmosphere with the help of that fellow called Huroi, who was like a charlatan. Pascal was upset when he saw Damian.

"You! Lifael's Spear is a divine artifact of our church! How could you give it to Grid illegally? You have to clear this up or you will be punished!"

Damian didn't understand. "What are you saying? The current owner of Lifael's Spear is Isabel-chan. She is the one who left it directly to Grid..."

"Shut up!"

"..."

"Isabel is already dead! So the ownership of Lifael's Spear returned to the elders... Heok?"

Pascal suddenly closed his mouth. He looked like he had seen a ghost. His complexion was worse than when he wondered if Grid was a woman. It was because he saw a woman with brightly shining platinum hair approaching.

"What's the fuss?" The woman questioned. It was Isabel.

"W-What is this?"

Isabel wasn't dead? Rather than dying, her color was completely recovered and she was walking fine on her own? Damian asked the stunned Pascal, "Isabel-chan is dead? Have you finally become senile?"

"Unbelievable!"

How did she suddenly recover her health after dying?

'Things are going terribly wrong!'

Some unknown actions were occurring in a place that he couldn't see. This was a serious problem. Pascal held his head as he tried to understand the situation. Then he saw something dropping. It was hair. The stress that occurred since Grid appeared led to hair loss.

Hwuduk.Hwaduuk.

"..."

A bunch of hair fell every time he touched his head, causing Pascal's anger to escape.

“Gridddd!”

This person. Things started to become twisted the moment he appeared. Pascal could no longer tolerate Grid’s presence. He nervously tore up the order he just had written.

‘Grid! You are now my enemy!’

It was thoroughly decided. Damian and Isabel felt a sense of catharsis after seeing Pascal’s state and clapped.

[Light Wheel]

Stabbing, hacking, cutting, etc.

Any type of attack will be linked to a circular attack. The target won’t be able to escape this irregular attack.

* The hit rate is 100%.

* Contains the light attribute.

This skill gave Lifael’s Spear a 100% hit rate. There was no resource consumption or cooldown time. This skill had a ‘high’ chance of activating during a general attack, and the power was really fraudulent.

“I thought it wasn’t good because there was no additional damage.”

It was a miscalculation. Thanks to the extraordinary high base damage of Lifael’s Spear, the option of a 100% hit rate was huge. It was enough to knock down a famous Red Knight with one hit. It was an unexpected result even for Grid.

‘Lifael’s Spear. This is the majesty of a myth rated weapon.’

But there was one regrettable thing.

“A spear doesn’t fit with me.”

Pagma’s Swordsmanship Lv. 3 When deactivated, it increased Grid’s attack power by 32%, the chance of a critical attack by 22% and the damage of a critical attack by 15%. When activated, it allowed him to use active skills such as Kill, Link and Transcend.

However, this was on the condition that it was a sword type weapon. The skill wasn’t activated when weapons other than a sword type were equipped. It was a sad fact for Grid.

‘I have to give up on using Lifael’s Spear for myself.’

However, he scheduled it to be included in Grid’s set. It was for Pon, the guild members, and the soldiers who used the spear as their main weapon. That’s right. Grid planned for a day when the guild members and soldiers would wear Grid’s set.

“Kukukuk! Puhahahat!”

Overgeared Kingdom! Grid felt a thrill at the people who would praise the cool name, while the soldiers of his fantastic kingdom would wear the Grid set.

“That person... Isn’t he scary?”

“Right? I think so as well.”

“He doesn’t seem like a normal person...”

The smithy inside the Vatican. The blacksmiths muttered as they felt a negative energy coming from Grid. Their eyes weren’t good as they looked at Grid. But Grid didn’t care about the gaze of others. No. To be precise, there was no need to worry about it. His mind was solely focused on Lifael’s Spear.

Ttang!Ttang!

Lifael’s Spear was completely disassembled over two days. Grid tried to figure out the hidden structure of the spear through the process of reassembly. He spent a few days studying the spear in the smithy.

The process of observation, disassembly and assembly were tirelessly repeated. Thanks to his natural talents of ‘persistence’ and ‘concentration,’ Grid was able to immerse himself in the tedious process without ending it. The result...

[Your understanding of Lifael’s Spear is now at 100%!]

[Blueprint: Lifael’s Spear has been acquired.]

[Experiencing every detail of a myth rated weapon will raise your skills to the next level!]

[The level of all skills related to production will increase by one.]

[(Witness of God’s Weapon) Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship Skill has evolved into (Understanding of Gods’ Weapons) Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship Skill.]

“Good!”

Including the time he spent with Isabel in her room, he achieved this in 11 days. The hidden abilities didn’t appear as he expected, but he grasped how to use the Goddess’ Essence and various skills were strengthened. No, that wasn’t all. He had acquired the design of a myth rated item.

Grid was just as happy as when he obtained Piaro and Asmophel.

“First of all.”

Right now, he had no material to make Lifael’s Spear. But...

Grid made a meaningful smile and grasped the hammer again.

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‘I just need to obtain the materials if I don’t have them.’

Grid’s eyes were filled with greed as he dismantled Lifael’s Spear.

‘Shouldn’t I get some profit?’

Grid had saved Isabel by sacrificing the Goddess' Essence. He wanted to receive a little something in return.

'I will melt Lifael's Spear.'

Then he could obtain some adamantium. It was a unique opportunity to obtain a god mineral for free.

'It will be okay if I can take off a small portion of the spear.'

(Understanding of Gods' Weapons) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill was level 6 and 'greedy eyes' was mastered. According to the result of his analysis, Lifael's Spear was longer and thicker than necessary. It was somewhat unsuitable for women to use.

'It will turn out nicely for Isabel if I reduce the length and thickness of the spear.'

Grid justified it to himself as he threw the spear into the furnace. There was no hesitation. The essence of Grid's nature was greed. This was fueled by his desire as a blacksmith to make an item of a higher level as soon as possible. The present Grid was the embodiment of desire. No one could control him. Even the person involved couldn't suppress himself. He was like a drug addict in front of drugs.

Ttang!Ttang!

Grid's hands were much faster and sophisticated than before. It was thanks to the increase in skill level of his production skills. Lifael's Spear became shorter and thinner under his hands.

"Ohh!"

The blacksmiths in the smithy were at a loss for words. They looked at Grid's skills and wondered if this was a blacksmith of the gods.

"It's finished!"

After three hours of struggle, Grid reconstructed Lifael's Spear. His face distorted. The result was terrible.

[Incomplete Lifael's Spear has been created.]

[Incomplete Lifael's Spear]

The harmony designed by god is broken. This is a useless stick.

"...It's like this."

Had he experienced this only one or twice? Satisfy was thoroughly designed not to give any easy benefits.

"Sigh."

Ttang!Ttang!

The frustrated Grid started to restore Lifael's Spear. Unfortunately, it couldn't be helped. He didn't know what Goddess Rebecca would do if he gave Isabel an incomplete spear.

Ttiring~

Thus, he invested another three hours into restoring Lifael's Spear. Then there was a cheerful sound effect and an unbelievable message window popped up.

[The result was terrible, but your vision and spirit to challenge reinterpreting a god's weapon is deserving of high praise. You are qualified to become a true legend.]

[One of Pagma's Descendant's hidden pieces 'Sealed Ability' has been acquired.]

[The skill 'Legendary Blacksmith's Reconstruction' has been acquired.]

[Legendary Blacksmith's Reconstruction Lv. 1]

Reinterpret items with a 100% understanding into a new form.

The performance of the modified item will depend on your interpretation, skill and intentions.

* An item can only be reconstructed once.

* When the skill level increases, the number of reconstructions will increase by one.

[You have taken one step closer to becoming a true legend by opening the hidden piece 'Sealed Ability.' Skill cooldown time will be reduced by 10%.]

[Reputation throughout the continent will rise by +2.000.]

[You currently have 30,011 reputation throughout the continent. You can now use the Reputation Store.]

"...The old saying isn't wrong." Grid clenched his fists before he burst out laughing. "Nice people live well! Kuhahahahat!"

Grid benefited greatly from returning Lifael's Spear to its original shape, and saw himself as a good person. That's right. His original malicious intent of trying to obtain adamantium was erased from his memories. The brain resembled its owner and was selfish.

OGC was the world's first gaming specialty channel.

Decades before the emergence of virtual reality games, it held various game content and established the e-sports culture. Now Satisfy dominated the games market and OGC reigned as one of the world's top gaming stations.

"Let's do a live broadcast of the pope candidates' speeches."

The director of OGC. He was a former PD who rose to an executive status, and had many accomplishments. It was enough to give him the nickname of 'Guaranteed Viewership.' But the members of his planning team raised concerns.

"How many people will be interested in who the pope of the Rebecca Church is? No one will be interested apart from the users who are part of the Rebecca Church."

"Speech events are just static. The ratings will hit the floor and it won't be easy to obtain advertisements."

"Wouldn't it be better to air the PvP tournament that is taking place in the Zik Principality at that time?"

"We can record it, but why does it have to be a live broadcast? It's the prime time."

"It isn't worth recording. It is better to cover it briefly in the news..."

The director watched his rebellious team and clapped. Once he confirmed that their attention was on him, he made a shocking remark.

"I was informed that a user is a pope candidate."

"Heok?"

"I-Is this true?"

Last year, the Rebecca Church had around 71 million members. But this year, the number of members had crossed 80 million. It was estimated that it would cross 90 million by the end of this year. It truly was Satisfy's first religion, as the growth rate was unbelievable. It was difficult to gauge how big it would grow in the future.

Then what if the master of this religion was a user? This was a rare scoop. It was a scoop comparable to the events that Grid was involved in. The motivation of the planning team started to burn.

"A live broadcast is good! Start promoting it right now!"

"I will seek sponsors."

"I will obtain advertisements!"

"Whoa, whoa." The director calmed his excited team members. "Do you want to create rumors? I don't want to share this expensive information with other broadcasters. Our goal is to have the exclusive live coverage. This information should only be disclosed once it has started."

As SNS evolved, the people's speed of information sharing was fast enough to exceed common sense.

"This pope candidates speech event. At the start, the ratings might be less than 0.1%, but it will reach at least 15%. The prices of the ads we insert in the middle will be a new record. Now, go and prepare."

"Yes!"

"Ku~ we will be busy."

At the time, the director didn't know this. OGC would secure the highest audience rating since its creation.

Earl Chirita.

Pascal's father was a mere viscount 10 years ago. The political circles of the empire didn't pay attention to him. But 10 years ago. His position suddenly changed after his son Pascal became the head of the

Judar Church. He was the father of the leader of a church with 20 million members, so he played a major role in politics and he earned the title of earl.

And now...

"Hup~! The air of the Vatican is very clear!"

Earl Chirita received the favor of Emperor Juander. It meant he became one of the best powers in the empire. It was natural, since his son would soon be pope. The earl's body was covered with various luxuries, so he really stood out. The various nobles who came to listen to the speeches of the pope candidates gathered around him.

"Earl Chirita, it's an honor to meet you."

"In a month, you will be the father of His Holiness."

"Won't you be awarded the title of duke at that time?"

The earl was excited at the behavior of the nobles from other nations. His life had changed like this thanks to having a good son. Pascal approached him at this time.

"Welcome, Earl Chirita."

"Ohh, Sir Pascal. It has been a long time."

Pascal was married to the church. Since he had an official position, he had to treat his father like everyone else. The two people excused themselves and moved to a secret place.

"Did you receive support from the emperor?"

"Um, yes. He sent five Black Knights and one Red Knight.

Pascal's face twisted.

'Only one Red Knight...'

The Red Knights were called the strongest group on the continent. But not long ago, didn't Grid take down Kamiyan with one blow? He was skeptical about sending only one Red Knight as support.

"What is the number of the knight?"

"The 19th knight."

"...!"

Pascal's eyes widened with surprise. The disappointment and anxiety on his face disappeared.

'A knight in the 10's was sent!'

The number attached to the knight was a measure of strength. The 30th knight was called a 100 man army, while the 20th knight was called a 1,000 man army. The 10th knight? They were at a level that could cope with five people with the strength of the 20th knight alone. The 19th knight was dozens of times stronger than the 30th knight, Kamiyan.

'The emperor truly cares about me!'

Pascal trembled with excitement when Earl Chirita asked him.

"But why did you ask for support?"

"A fly is bothering me."

Pascal had seen Grid as a disaster just a while ago. But not anymore. Now that the 19th knight came, Grid was just a fly.

'My hair loss will soon disappear.'

Pascal's forehead had become exposed in just a few days, but now he had a wide smile on his face.

"There will be a fuss."

The Vatican was fully crowded. Grid frowned as he watched the surging crowd.

'OGC Station?'

Broadcast cameras were installed throughout the Vatican. Choi Hyeyoung, an OGC announcer was rehearsing in front of the fountain.

'It will be annoying.'

The public's interest in the pope election seemed to be much higher than expected. If they saw him here, he would be flooded with interview requests. In order to avoid this, Grid wore the Slaughterer's mask and eye patch. His face and ID were hidden.

'It's easier these days.'

Damian and Huroi approached the relieved Grid. Isabel was with them. Then Grid handed Lifael's Spear to her.

"White Transformation was sealed. It won't eat at your health anymore."

"Thank you... Thank you very much."

Isabel was thrilled to tears. Thanks to Grid, she was saved from a hellish life and she liked Grid more than before. To her, Grid and Damian were bright lights from Goddess Rebecca. Meanwhile, Huroi was sighing with relief.

'I was worried that My Lord would try to take some of the materials and receive a divine punishment...'

Fortunately, it seemed like he didn't do anything to the divine weapon.

'Not becoming greedy when seeing such a great item... My Lord has grown further. It's really commendable.'

Huroi gave Grid a thumbs up.

'Why is he doing that?' Grid was bewildered.

Meanwhile, there were eyes closely watching him.

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OGC Station's PD, Park Jongsoo. He entered Satisfy directly and watched Damian.

"He's the pope candidate?"

"Yes, the audience ratings will become 15% due to him. Stick seven cameras to him."

"That's the rumored Isabel who is a Rebecca's Daughter? She's prettier than the rumors say."

"That's right. Put two cameras on her."

Her beauty will increase the number of male viewers. It was an indispensable element in broadcasting.

"I understand. Eh? That person...?" Park PD was looking at Damian and Isabel, when he became excited at the sight of an Asian man. "Huroi! The person next to Damian is Huroi!"

"Huroi? The first ranked orator, Huroi?"

"Yes! Overgeared!"

"The person closest to Grid?"

"It's certain!"

"Hoh? What is this?"

Someone close to Grid was attached to a pope candidate? The eyes of the director shone.

'Is Grid related to this election?'

Grid. He was the first to obtain a legendary class and South Korea's pride. He was involved in a variety of events, and now he was intervening in the Rebecca Church?

"Maybe this... Perhaps we might obtain a scoop?"

Of course, regardless of Grid, Huroi could be doing a personal activity.

"But we need to keep an eye out. We need to find out what type of relationship pope candidate Damian and Grid have. Put two cameras on Huroi as well."

"Yes, I understand. Then what about that man?"

The man wore a bizarre half mask that had a curious symmetry between crying and smiling. His face and ID couldn't be seen. He seemed to be close with Damian's group.

"Put one camera on him."

The courtyard that Huroi was in. Park PD agreed with the director's command to observe the man more thoroughly.

Grid's current insight stat exceeded 1,400. He could feel the attention of two low level users from 50m away.

'They are the station officials.'

As soon as they logged out, the cameras would start to roll. Grid was able to grasp their exact distance, despite not seeing them.

'It's too annoying, which is why I hid my identity.'

Grid scoffed. He didn't find the cameras particularly intrusive. It would be easy to escape them.

Damian asked him, "You have sealed Lifael's Spear, so are you returning to Reidan?"

Both Damian and Isabel looked regretful. Grid shook his head.

"No. I still have something to do."

Pascal finally recognized Grid as an enemy. It was what he wanted. The moment that Pascal attacked him...

'I will get experience.'

Damian spoke to Grid who was smiling wickedly. "Then please watch over me. I will do my best. I will tell everyone why I must become pope. I believe it is the reward for your infinite grace."

Damian had been making speeches with Huroi, so his eyes were filled with confidence. Grid nodded as he saw the imposing gaze.

"I'll trust you."

"Thank you. Then go and get ready."

"Grid, you must tell me before you leave. Don't leave without telling me. Understood?"

"Yes."

Damian and Isabel left for the venue, leaving Grid and Huroi alone. Isabel looked back a few times, like she was worried that Grid might disappear, but Damian just looked ahead and vowed again.

'I have to work hard today to build a foundation that will allow me to become pope.'

Grid saved Isabel-chan. Huroi also helped Damian gain the trust of the church's members. Damian was desperate to give back to those who hadn't been able to hunt for two weeks because they were stuck in the Vatican.

'I need to gain the ability to repay them. And in order to defend Isabel, I must become pope.'

Damian looked like he was heading to the battlefield. After a moment. Huroi asked carefully after he was left alone with Grid.

"Can I ask what it is you still have to do?"

"Hunting."

“Hunting... What are you saying?”

"Yes, apart from Ruby and Sexy Schoolgirl, aren't you and I the only ones who haven't reached level 300? Since we came all the way here, shouldn't we get some levels?"

The Vatican was an area with no monsters. It meant there was nothing to hunt.

“What are you going to catch to level up...? Can I ask about your plan?”

He had some idea. But he wanted his prediction to be wrong, so he asked out loud. Grid laughed at Huroi. “Elders.”

Pascal and the elders. They were trash who despised the weak and were a huge barrier to Damian. What would they do if Damian gave a good speech? He could never become pope with Pascal in the way. Grid had to take care of Pascal.

“And.”

Grid's gaze shifted behind Huroi.

"There is a bonus of seven knights."

“...!”

Huroi hurriedly looked back. There were two knights in red armor and five knights in black armor.

"Grid, I will pay back that disgrace."

Grid welcomed Kamiyan, “You came.”

He was relaxed. According to his own experience, the Black Knights and Red Knights were weak, unlike the rumors. The rumors must be exaggerated. Grid judged that he could take care of two Red Knights and the Black Knights in an instant.

At that moment.

[The pope candidate's speech event will begin soon. For the sake of safety, all outsiders are prohibited from possessing weapons.]

[All weapons in your inventory will be disabled.]

“...Eh?”

“Huh?”

The bewildered Grid and Huroi cried out. Kamiyan laughed at them and pulled out his sword. Kamiyan received the warning from Pascal ahead of time and registered the knights with the Rebecca Church. It was an effective temporary measure. Unlike Grid and Huroi, they could use weapons.

“This will be your grave.”

‘Ah, really.’

It had been a really long time since he stepped in shit. As Kamiyan approached, Grid retreated behind Huroi and said.

"We should leave here for now."

"Good decision!" Huroi immediately summoned his drake. "Descend! Lord of the Skies above the Grasslands!"

"..."

There was only silence. Grid's expression stiffened.

"Why isn't your drake coming?"

"T-That..." Huroi started sweating. "My pet summoning doesn't work."

"That joke isn't funny in a situation like this."

Grid tried to summon Noe and Randy.

[Goddess Rebecca is watching the pope candidates. Due to the extreme divine power concentrated on the Vatican, non-human existences can't enter.]

[Pet summoning has failed.]

"There really is a variety of things."

The relaxation disappeared from Grid's face as he grumbled.

"The problem with the Rebecca Church is that it is divided into several factions. Unity must be achieved in order to properly go against the Yatan Church..."

The speeches from the pope candidates began. They were free to speak as they liked. It caused drowsiness.

OGC Station. The employees had dark expressions. It was because the rating for the live broadcast didn't meet their expectations.

"Did you spread the information that a user is appearing among the pope candidates?"

"The candidate's speeches are more boring than expected. There isn't enough to make the viewers stick around."

"Try to focus on Damian more than the speeches of the other pope candidates. Keep filming the people I mentioned."

"I understand."

Out of the dozens of monitors, the most notable one was Isabel's beautiful face.

"This?"

The director was biting his fingernails out of nervousness, when his eyes suddenly widened. Something was happening on a small monitor at the bottom.

“Number 19! Look at monitor number 19!”

-This is boring.

-Why am I watching this broadcast?

-Isabel is really pretty.

The netizens, who came to the OGC web channel after hearing that there was a user among the pope candidates, started complaining. The chat window was bombarded with curses.

-No fun.No fun.

-Guys, is the pope going to be decided today?

-Nope.The pope election is in one month.This is just publicity for the pope candidates.

-What? Then I don't need to watch this.

-I know who the pope candidate is, so I will be going.

-The PvP tournament is live on another channel right now.There is more benefit to watching that.

-I should go see.There's no point watching this broadcast.

Thus. There was a quick reduction in the number of viewers on the OGC web channel. Suddenly, knights in red armor and black armor filled the screen that previously contained Isabel's face and the boring pope candidates.

-Huh?Red Knights?

-Wow!Red Knights and Black Knights?

-This isn't fake?

-It's real if you look at the pattern on the armor.

-The Saharan Empire's strongest knights!

Their unannounced appearance excited the viewers.

-But why are the Red Knights and Blacks Knights in the Vatican?

-Who are they fighting?

The attention of the audience focused on the people that the enemy knights were attacking. The opponents were two users. One was an unidentified masked man and the other was the first ranked orator, Huroi.

-Why are users fighting knights...?

-Huroi will die.

-Even if he is part of the Overgeared Guild, he still can't beat a knight ~ 꺾 꺾 꺾

-It will be the first time the Overgeared Guild is defeated.

-Who is the masked man?

-Who cares? It won't last long.

It was a one-sided battle. The knight called Kamiyan was driving back the man in the mask, while five Black Knights were surrounding Huroi. They wielded swords, while the masked man and Huroi could only evade and defend without any weapons.

Why weren't they holding weapons? As the viewers started to question it, subtitles rose that explained the current situation.

[Non-Rebecca Church members are prohibited from using weapons.]

Who was the man in the mask? Why and how were they under attack by the Red Knights and Black Knights? The viewers wondered. But they quickly realized that their questions wouldn't be resolved.

-It's over.

-Boring.

This fight will soon be over.

The man in the mask and Huroi would soon be pierced by the swords and turned to ashes, then the screen would once again show the boring speeches of the pope candidates. The viewers were sure of it, but the man in the video didn't allow the obvious development.

"You disgraceful bastards are really cheap."

The man in the mask cursed...

This voice was familiar?

-Eh???

-Grid?

-God Grid!

The comments in the chat window and the ratings started to rise exponentially. OGC's director was startled. As everyone's attention was focused on the screen...

"Lifael's Spear."

Grid pulled out a gold spear. It was the pavranium that used to be divided into seven blades in the past. Now it exerted an overwhelming attack power, causing blood to spray from Kamiyan's chest. Earlier, the director said that Damian would cause the ratings to rise to 15%.

"We are unable to measure the audience ratings!!!"

The call to raise the advertising shook OGC Station.

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Detecting the target. Predicting the risks. These were phrases that described the insight stat. Before meeting Piaro, Grid had only used insight to measure combat power. But in fact, insight was an absolute factor that could elevate his combat power.

In other words, he could predict risks.

"You rat bastards!"

He could read the enemy's movements. Grid didn't easily allow Kamiyan to attack him. He evaded or defended, then linked a counterattack. These were movements that Piaro had taught him several times.

"Keok!"

The efficient movements helped him draw out 100% of his abilities. Grid dealt a strong punch.

"K-Kuaaack! You bastard!"

Kamiyan couldn't believe it. Rather than overwhelming an opponent who didn't have a weapon, he was receiving damage.

'The difference between me and this guy is so large? Something is wrong...! It can't be!'

Kamiyan believed that the empire was the whole world. He was indifferent to the happenings of small kingdoms. Therefore, he had no idea about Grid. He only knew about the first time Grid came to the Vatican. Grid was just someone who 'barely' defeated ex-pope Drevigo.

But what was the truth? Grid had experience raiding bosses much more powerful than Drevigo. Under the guidance of Piaro, he had fought Pagma's clone 83 times. To be exact, Grid studied under Piaro, who was once the captain of the Red Knights. He wasn't an opponent that the 30th knight Kamiyan could go against.

Grid provoked Kamiyan. "Is your sword just a decoration? Isn't it disgraceful that you can't even subdue a bare handed opponent?"

"Shut up!"

Kamiyan lost his composure, then a gold spear suddenly flew and stabbed his chest. It was because his movements had become bigger after falling for Grid's provocation. This gave an advantage to Grid. The 'Vital Spot Detection' of the Slaughterer's Eye Patch combined with his high insight to create an explosive synergy. At this moment, Grid was the person controlling the puppet called Kamiyan.

Peek!Peeeeek!

The strongest martial artist, Regas. It might be awkward, but Grid could follow his movements. Sometimes short, sometimes cool, his powerful fists stretched out nonstop. The attacks that tenaciously aimed at the seams of his armor confused Kamiyan.

'Another five...!'

When Grid punched once, his gloves intermittently emitted light. Once that happened, Kamiyan felt like he was struck five times. It was the effect of the '5 Joint Attacks' attached to Holy Light Gloves.

That's right. Grid was actively relying on his items as always.

Swaeek!

Puk!

Lifael's Spear shot like a bullet every time there was a gap. This was the pinnacle of the power of items, a reproduction of a divine weapon made of pavranium. Unlike Grid's bare hands, it dealt damage to Kamiyan that couldn't be ignored.

[You have dealt 3,830 damage to the target.]

'Okay, this time it struck properly.'

[Lifael's Spear (Reproduction)]

Rating: Unique

Durability: None

Attack Power: 101~730

* Divine Power +200

* Fixed damage of +1,500 on each attack.

* There is a low probability of activating the 'Light Wheel' skill.

* Attack power +20% against those with dark magic power.

Maybe by the blacksmith G, who is being reborn as a true legend.

It is a miniature version of one of the three divine artifacts of the Rebecca Church, Lifael's Spear.

It is made from the legendary mineral with a will, pavranium. Therefore, it has a strong tendency to protect its owner. It makes decisions and moves by itself.

Weight: 14

There was no handgrip on the spear, so people couldn't use it directly. So it wasn't classified as a weapon. It might be due to that, or because it had divine power, but Lifael's Spear was free from the ban on weapons.

Grid aggressively took advantage of it. Kamiyan became increasingly injured.

"Kuaaah! Kill! I will kill you!"

Originally, Kamiyan was planning to play with Grid slowly. Now he became irritated and impatiently used a skill.

Papat!

Kamiyan used Keen Senses and consecutively avoided Grid's attack. His sword drew several lines without a time delay. It was the manifestation of Dual Cross Sword. It was only four strokes, but the quickly was comparable to Link. This was followed by a wave of energy.

The red light from Grid's eyes darkened. His high insight was warning him.

'I can't avoid it.'

Should he fight back right afterwards? No. Grid's bare hands would only receive damage that way. It was too weak. Then,

'Crush it.'

Grid formed a fist. Confronting an aura blade with his bare hands, it was crazy. Kamiyan believed that Grid's fist would be torn into eight pieces. The millions of viewers watching the battle were the same. But it was too arrogant to judge a legend by a moderate genius.

There was a reason for Grid's behavior that the public couldn't imagine. The power of items.

Chaaeng!

The moment the cross sword collided with Grid's fist...

Flash!

There was a light from the ruby ring Grid was wearing.

[The option effect of 'Dark Bus' Earring' is activated, neutralizing the target skill.]

"What?"

Kamiyan was shocked!

-Wow, what is that?

-The skill disappeared;;

-No, in the first place, why is Grid's control so good?How can he punch back against such quick swordsmanship?Is that really Grid?

-His agility is high.

- O O It seems like his agility is maximized by his gear.

The viewers admired it.

'If I can't avoid it, then I should use it.'

Grid's expression shot through the magic ball was splendid.

'Take a good look.'

Chaaeng!

Grid's fist pierced through the cross sword and struck Kamiyan's face. Kamiyan staggered and Lifael's Spear aimed towards him. Grid took out the Red Lightning Summoning Bead that he obtained from hunting the Frostlight Orc Chief in the past.

'I am the master of the Overgeared Guild.'

The Overgeared Guild was the strongest.

'Don't look down on us!'

This was a warning to the seven guilds who dared to invade Reidan while he was away. Then the red lightning bolt fell.

Kurururung.

The red lightning bolt that fell from the sky was nestled in Lifael's Spear.

Puok!

Additional lightning damage was added to the spear, which pierced Kamiyan.

[Critical!]

[The red lightning adds 30% damage. The target has received an electric shock.]

[You have dealt 17,300 damage to the target.]

"Kuaaaaak!"

Kamiyan screamed. It was the worst pain since the battle began. Now that he was in shock, it was a chance to deal a fatal injury. Grid determined and activated Blacksmith's Rage. Rather than using Grid's Boots that maximized the power of a greatsword, Grid equipped Braham's Boots. Then he wore the Hooded Zip Up. His movement speed was increased by 40%.

"W-Wait a minute...!"

Kamiyan begged as he was faced with the evil red light, but it was useless. Unbreakable Justice, the skill that was learned by rescuing Huroi and acquiring the title of Apostle of Justice. It was expressed through Grid's fist.

Kwaaaaang!

"...!"

Kamiyan couldn't even scream. His head was struck and he was thrown into the smithy wall. His teeth were broken and blood covered the Slaughterer's Mask.

[Critical!]

[The Holy Light Gloves's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated.]

[You have dealt 7,020 damage to the target.]

Jjejeok!Jjejejeok!

Cracks started to appear on the wall of the smithy above where Kamiyan's head had struck. This scene was proof of Grid's strength, which exceeded the level of a human. But more than two-thirds of Kamiyan's health still remained.

This was the limit of bare fists. First of all, Kamiyan's health and defense was too high.

'He won't be defeated unless he dies.'

There was another Red Knight in the distance. Grid would take full advantage of the lazy attitude of the knight who stood on the sidelines without participating. Grid would kill Kamiyan before the knight intervened.

Chaaeng!Chaaeng!!Jjejejeok!

Grid's fists continuously punched Kamiyan's face. Grid's damage and speed were enhanced by Blacksmith's Rage, so he completely neutralized Kamiyan. Kamiyan used Super Armor and tried to get away from Grid, but Dark Bus' Ring neutralized it.

'This bastard is a dragon!'

The golden spear, fast moving boots, ring that neutralized skills, gloves that hit several times, armor with overwhelming defense, and so on. Grid was covered with artifacts that appeared in legends. It was like an imperial treasury was walking around. Due to the short life span of humans, it was impossible to collect such artifacts in their entire life.

Kamiyan didn't like Grid. In the meantime, Grid's punching continued.

Kururung!

The wall of the smithy completely collapsed. As the place to lean on disappeared, Kamiyan fell down and Grid's knee hit his jaw. Then Lifael's Spear flew towards Kamiyan and wounded him,

Puook!

Blood scattered all over the remnants of the smithy. It was a scene reminiscent of a battlefield.

-Wow...

-God...

This strength was beyond common sense. After the golem invasion, Grid had grown much more aware from the public's eyes. He seemed to have also overcome his only weakness, control. Items, skills, stats and now control, Grid was becoming truly perfect.

-I had to change my underwear.

-I'm wearing a diaper.

-But isn't a Red Knight weaker than the rumors?

-This is the 30th knight?It is said that they are strong according to their number.

-- O O The single numbers must be a real wall.

-What? I was almost scared of Grid again.

-I am scared.—

-So that's the 30th knight? Even other rankers can defeat him.

-No. Grid is using his bare hands.

-What bare hands? He has the golden spear. Isn't that a weapon?

There were dozens of chat messages per second in the OGC web channel chat window. The chat administrators tried to restrain abusive users, but were forced to give up halfway. On the other hand, the TV channel's ratings were exceeding 30%. The ratings soared in real time.

It was 6:20 p.m. on a Saturday. It was prime time with various popular programs, so this was a phenomenal record for a cable channel.

'Indeed, Grid's power on audience ratings is beyond imagination.'

It was difficult to predict how the ratings would go up. But there was one problem.

"Isn't this too cruel?"

"We will be hit with a warning. We might have to stop broadcasting for a while."

Grid's battle style wasn't good for minors to watch. The opponent was an NPC, but Grid kept smiling as he hit the vital points. He was called a psychopath for a reason. The team members were concerned.

"I will take responsibility for everything. Don't worry and keep broadcasting."

His broadcaster's blood was boiling. He would take responsibility for any repercussions, even if he needed to take off his clothes. He would write a new legend in the broadcasting world.

Chapter 275

19th knight, Fulito. He was dissatisfied with this mission. His high pride meant he was upset at having to follow the orders of a priest.

'I am a knight in the 10s.'

He questioned why a such a distinguished person the Red Knights had to do a chore like this.

'It is sufficient for the guys in the 20s, tsk.'

This disgruntled thought disappeared the moment he witnessed Grid overwhelming Kamiyan.

'Strong.'

Was he a duke of the Eternal Kingdom? That person called Grid, his skills were excellent and he was also holding several artifacts that were at the level of a national treasure. In particular, the performance of the golden spear was phenomenal.

'A competent person is hiding in a small kingdom.'

It was true that Kamiyan was inexperienced, but he was still a Red Knight. He was a member of the strongest group. It was honestly surprising that Grid could crush him so easily.

'It is approximately the level of the 21st knight. I have to intervene.'

The restlessness and boredom in Fulito's eyes disappeared. He was finally motivated.

"Let's take a look."

Lifael's Spear stabbed continuously at Kamiyan, who suffered a fatal wound. Right before Kamiyan died, Fulito fired a skill. At the same time, Grid used Fly. Fulito witnessed Grid flying towards him and smiled with satisfaction.

'Did you notice that I am your rival?'

Fulito wasn't careless. He pulled out his sword and tried to attack Grid, only to stop.

'What?'

Regardless of his will, his consciousness headed to another place. He became completely indifferent to Grid. He didn't swing his sword.

'Why am I doing this?'

Swaeek!

Grid brushed past the side of the confused Fulito. It was a dreadful speed.

"Pant... Pant..."

Apostle of Justice's Partner. Very few people knew about this part of Huroi's identity. When he was with Grid, all of his stats increased by 20%. He also had many skills that could be used without needing weapons. But he was different from Grid.

He didn't have overwhelming stats like Grid. He was fundamentally an orator, so his combat related stats like strength, stamina and agility were extremely low. He didn't even have the power of his items. It was impossible for him to confront five Black Knights with his bare hands.

"Ugh..."

Huroi moaned while bleeding. The Black Knights glared angrily at him.

"Wicked person! How could you scorn my late grandmother? I will surely kill you!"

"Why are you talking about my parents?"

"My colleagues didn't ask me to pick up soap!"

That's right.

Huroi had already ridiculed them. He debuffed the enemies, but now he reached his limit. The cooldown of Spiteful Tongue had yet to end and his whole body was already wounded. His health had fallen to a dangerous level.

But Huroi wasn't worried about his own life right now. He could die a hundred times. Lost experience and items? It was incomparable to his lord's life. Huroi just wanted his lord to be safe.

"M-My Lord...!"

How much frustration was he feeling while fighting against a Red Knight with his bare hands? Huroi turned his gaze towards Grid. He thought that Grid would be going through a lot. But it was different.

"Die! Die! Die! Puhahahat!"

"..."

Grid was fine. He was enjoying himself while one-sidedly beating up the Red Knight. The knight's face was swollen to the point that it was pitiful.

"Wow." Huroi felt like an idiot for worrying.

Puok!

As Huroi's attention was wandering, a sword flew and deeply pierced his side.

"Where are you looking?"

"Kuck!"

Huroi's field of view shook. Now he had less than two-tenths of his health left. If he received two or three more attacks then he would die. Huroi gritted his teeth.

'I need to bring one of them with me.'

It would relieve the burden on Grid. Huroi made up his mind and moved with all his strength. He grabbed one of the Black Knights and punched with all his strength. But with his skills and strength, he couldn't hurt the Black Knight. His fists falling on the black armor was just like a cotton bat.

"This weak brat! I don't even feel a tingle!"

The sneering knight grabbed Huroi's wrist and raised his arm. Then the area around Huroi's heart was exposed. Another Black Knight stabbed precisely with his sword.

-This is normal. How can a Black Knight be taken down without a weapon?

-Right...Grid is abnormal.

Huroi and the viewers took Huroi's death for granted. But Grid was different. Grid didn't party with Huroi because of the waste of experience, but he didn't want Huroi to die. He was anxious about Huroi and used the 'Secret Hero' ability.

Secret Hero was one of the titles he won while raiding Dark Bus. The condition to acquire this title was to 'raid' three named bosses higher in level 'alone.' It wasn't a title that just anyone could get, and its value was unmatched.

[You have dispersed the consciousness of the enemies.]

The aggro was turned off.

[The skill 'Influence' has been activated. This effect will last for 10 seconds.]

[Reduces the defense of all enemies within 50m of you by 50%.]

[The skill 'Freely Move' can be used once.]

[Creates a high level daash skill that avoids all attacks until it reaches the 'desired target' that is within 200 meters.]

"You dare!"

Teong!

Grid became furious after seeing Huroi and floated in the air. Then he rushed towards the Black Knights. His movement speed was so fast that the camera lost him for a moment.

"Huh...?"

Fulito, who was rushing towards Grid, stopped in place. He wasn't able to focus on Grid due to the effect of his consciousness being dispersed. Grid ignored him and passed by.

"A really strange ability."

Fulio clicked his tongue and swung his sword towards the distant Grid.

Pahat!

A strong aura poured out like a flash of light. Grid's back was fully exposed. It was natural that he would be hit by Fulito's aura. But Grid had Freely Move activated. He was able to avoid all attacks except for automatic targeting skills. As if he had eyes in the back of his head, Grid moved his body and avoided Fulito's attack. Then he broke through four Black Knights.

"W-What?"

The Black Knight trying to stab Huroi's heart was shocked. Grid's movements were phenomenal.

"Get lost."

Peeok!Puk!

"Ugh!"

The combo of Lifael's Spear and Unbreakable Justice was used. The Black Knight's defense was reduced due to Influence, so he suffered great damage. Grid kicked the Black Knight away and grabbed Huroi.

"Are you still weak? You still have the status of a punching bag."

“Haha... I am weak.”

In the end, the power of his items was still lacking.

“Let’s aim for the third advancement class soon. Then I’ll make new items for you. Your biggest problem is that you are lacking items.”

“I will keep that in mind.”

“Join my party now.”

It happened when Grid extended a hand to Huroi. Kamiyan regained his posture, rushed over and attacked Huroi.

“Cough...!”

“...!”

Huroi’s blood soaked Grid’s Hooded Zip Up. Grid’s expression stiffened. Huroi was worried about Grid even when dying.

“Please... Stay alive. My Lord absolutely can’t collapse.”

[Your morale has increased.]

[Your attack power and magic attack power will significantly rise for the next attack.]

[The next attack will be a critical hit!]

Flop!

Huroi sat down after using the strongest buff skill that he saved for Grid. Kamiyan wielded his sword again, aiming at Huroi who only have a sliver of health left. He saw that Grid cared about Huroi.

Chaaeng!

It went as Kamiyan intended. Grid moved to protect Huroi. He took out the Divine Shield after a long time and blocked Kamiyan’s attack.

“You! You are like a turtle!”

Kamiyan laughed at Grid who was protecting his colleague with a shield and swung his sword.

Chaaeng!Chaeeeeeng!

Puok!Puk puk!

Grid could only face Kamiyan and defend. He couldn’t respond to the Black Knights who were stabbing from the rear. He couldn’t avoid it and protect Huroi at the same time. Huroi didn’t like it.

“My Lord, why are you sacrificing yourself for me! Wake up! Fight against the enemies! I don’t want to grab at My Lord’s ankles!”

“You and I, aren’t we friends before the master and subordinate relationship?”

“...!”

“Well, I usually treat you more like a subordinate than a friend.”

He would repay Huroi’s honest heart someday. He had promised many times.

Puk!Puuok!

Seokeok!

After that, the injuries on Grid’s body increased as he protected Huroi.

‘Foolish man. Sacrificing yourself to protect your subordinate, you are no match for me.’

Fulito folded his arms. He lost interest in Grid and returned to his bystander’s attitude. Meanwhile, Kamiyan’s onslaught continued.

“Without that golden spear, you are nothing!”

Kamiyan didn’t give Grid a chance to breathe. Then a notification window flashed in front of Grid.

[The Legendary Blacksmith’s Patience skill has been activated.]

[Health, defense and dexterity will rise by 200% for one hour.]

It was a skill that couldn’t be used intentionally. It was only triggered when he was showing extreme patience. Grid had some room to move thanks to its help, while Kamiyan and the Black Knights turned pale.

‘What ridiculous defense!’

Grid wouldn’t fall, no matter how much he was injured. Therefore, Kamiyan and the Black Knights looked at Grid like he was a monster. Grid’s armor and shield were so powerful. How long could he endure?

“Light Sword!”

Kamiyan used a skill that he developed from Duke Limit.

Chaaeng!

A sword of aura moved through the air and struck the Divine Shield. It was the overwhelming attack power. Grid’s body was defenseless for a moment, and five Black Knights stabbed at him.

At that moment. The Slaughterer’s Mask that covered half of Grid’s face was painted a clear red. This was why Grid allowed the attacks of the Black Knights without defending using Lifael’s Spear.

[The effect of Evil Spirit’s Bloody Tears is activated. Attack power will increase by 50% for 5 seconds.]

“Now it’s my turn.” Grid invoked Blacksmith’s Rage and declared towards Kamiyan. “I will kill all of you within five seconds.”

A dark red light shone from his eyes. Kamiyan perceived the danger and triggered Keen Senses. Grid’s fist flew towards him. Kamiyan tried to avoid it, but Lifael’s Spear flew and constricted his behavior.

“Kuheook!”

What was this damage? It was much more powerful than before. Grid’s fists continuously struck Kamiyan’s face, who was shocked by the previous impact through the red armor. The Black Knights tried to control Grid by attacking him, but it was useless. Lifael’s Spear flew over and protected him.

Chaaeng!Jjang!Jjejejeok!

Crash!

Blacksmith’s Rage, Evil Spirit’s Bloody Tears and Morale Boost.

Kamiyan was constantly struck for four seconds by Grid’s fists that had the strongest buff skills overlapped, and eventually kneeled down. His remaining health was already low so he couldn’t survive five seconds.

“This... Yo...u.”

A grey pillar rose into the sky. It symbolized Kamiyan’s end.

“...”

A Red Knight was defeated with bare hands! Everyone was shocked. All of South Korea was shaking. The news spread around the world within minutes. Currently, OGC’s audience rating was 41%.

"Are you having fun?"

OGC Station.

The director was cheering like it was a jackpot, when a visitor arrived. Her perfect proportions and slender legs captivated everyone’s eyes. She was so beautiful that all other existences faded away. It was none other than Yura.

"I came to receive Youngwoo-ssi’s payment."

Yura made a smile that fascinated those of all ages. Her eyes were as cold as ice.

Chapter 276

Yura was praised as one of the best beauties in the world. Her beauty transcended race and people’s tastes. She was a hundred times more beautiful in reality than on TV or photos. It felt like they would go blind when they stared at her.

It was so astounding that everyone was silent.

“...”

The director was entranced by Yura’s beauty and came forward. He was 45 years old. He married his first love 20 years ago and hadn’t cheated once. But this was the first time he faced a crisis.

“Hum hum! Hum!” The director regained his senses. He cleared his throat and smiled brightly. “It is the most auspicious day for this station thanks to Yura-ssi’s presence. But why did you come here?”

“I came to claim Youngwoo-ssi’s fee.”

“Youngwoo...?”

One man came to mind.

‘Grid.’

His real name was Shin Youngwoo. The team members were agitated.

"Did Grid give you permission to broadcast live?"

"What permission? We didn't know it was Grid in the first place."

"Huh, you can be in big trouble if you aren't careful."

"Why is Yura coming forward for Grid?"

"The rumor that she is close to Grid is true."

"...Isn't Grid together with Jishuka? Wasn't there a scandal last time?"

"There was also a scandal with Yura."

"..."

The men trembled. They really envied Grid. It was to the point where they wanted to cry.

‘In my next life, I must be born as Grid!’

They would hit the ground and wail with regret if they were born as Grid, but they didn't know this fact.

"Let's go somewhere else."

The director led Yura to his office. The chief director's office. Elegance flowed from Yura as she sat on the sofa. Even the way she held the cup of tea was reminiscent of a noble. Yura sipped the tea before cutting to the chase.

"Pay Youngwoo-ssi 30% of the ad revenue generated by this broadcast. Then Youngwoo-ssi will forget that it was broadcasted without his permission."

"30% of the ad revenue?"

It was absurd. It was enough to break down the broadcasting system.

"This joke is too much."

Currently, the best star in South Korea was Yura. Even she wasn't given a proportion of the advertising revenue for a broadcast. Grid was a popular trend, but Yura's demands were too unrealistic.

"I will give 350 million won."

It was an amount that put him in the same class as Yura. This was more than necessary. But it didn't come close to satisfying Yura.

"You know that you can be held seriously liable if you use the gameplay video of another person for commercial purposes without permission."

“...”

“Many cruel things were shown on this broadcast, so the Communications Commission is likely to come down harshly on you. It will become bothersome. Excess greed is just a poison.”

Yura was one of the wealthiest people in South Korea. She had the best lawyers. The director wasn't ignorant of this. He thought carefully and replied, "I know that our position is disadvantageous. But 30% is too much.”

It was estimated that the advertising revenue of this live broadcast would be close to 15 billion won. This was an industry record. But to hand over one-third of it to an individual? It was beyond common sense and he couldn't make the decision alone.

“In the first place, we relayed without knowing that the man in the mask was Grid. There is no reason to believe that we intentionally exploited Grid. In addition, Grid didn't directly reveal his face, so it doesn't infringe on his image rights. Besides, the filming stage was a public event. We have the right to broadcast everything that happens in a public venue...”

In fact, OGC Station's position wasn't disadvantageous. However, the person holding the sword was Yura.

"Please handle it flexibly. If you show me your sincerity, I will coordinate my schedule with OGC. Who knows? Youngwoo-ssi might also like OGC because of this work.”

“Ah...!”

It wasn't time to look at the immediate profit and loss. Grid and Yura. Wasn't this an opportunity to build a relationship with the two top stars who represented South Korea? If he could plan a broadcast around them, OGC would be able to steadily generate profits like today.

“I will contact you after a meeting. If we're to transfer the advertising revenue, we will need to draw up a few separate contracts that I hope you'll review.”

"Okay, now the conversation is good.”

Yura smiled brightly at the director's clever judgment. Then the director asked her a careful question as she rose from her seat.

“However... You recently disappeared from the rankings. Is it because you obtained a hidden class like everyone guessed?”

“Maybe one day I will explain in an interview with OGC news.”

“Oh my! If this is true... I'm happy just imagining it!”

A huge smile. The director's rising lips were unwilling to go down. He escorted Yura out of the building.

Click.

Yura entered the limousine with a bright expression. She was very satisfied, because the negotiations proceeded more easily than she had expected.

'It would've been different if this was a major broadcasting station.' Fortunately, the opponent was OGC. As a broadcaster that only dealt with the 'games' genre, they appreciated Grid's value. 'Won't Youngwoo-ssi be happy?'

Demon Slayer was a class hostile to the Yatan Church and demonkin. Therefore, she had no choice but to build up a relationship with the Rebecca Church. Yura was interested in the pope candidates for this reason. She watched OGC's live broadcast of the speeches.

But what was this? The broadcast's main character changed to Grid. Yura was worried when she watched the broadcast. Grid still didn't know about the broadcasting world and this could harm him. She was concerned and immediately took action.

She visited OGC and made it so that Grid received a huge profit rather than a loss.

Her reasoning was simple: Yura wanted to look good to Grid. As the former 5th ranked user, she was well aware of Overgeared's importance and wished to join them. She needed a place to rely on until her level was restored.

A few private emotions were also mixed in.

The Vatican.

"Such a pathetic person."

Kamiyan might be inexperienced, but Fulito never thought he would be killed by a fist. He was the shame of the Red Knights. Fulito didn't mourn Kamiyan's death. Rather, he cursed Kamiyan.

"I'm in this embarrassing situation because of that jerk."

After Piaro betrayed the empire. The new Red Knights developed by Sword Duke Limit were reputed to be black-hearted. They sneered at the residents of the empire, calling anyone not part of the Red Knights weak. In such a situation, a Red Knight was killed by a man's bare fists? The dignity of the Red Knights was shaken to its roots.

Fulito was obliged to prevent this situation.

"Wait until the end of the event." Grid would be able to use weapons once the event was over. "At that time, I will beat you up and regain the dignity of the Red Knights."

"Hoh."

This was good news for Grid. Fulito's combat power couldn't be measured. He was much stronger compared to Kamiyan. He wasn't someone that could be beaten just by relying on Lifael's Spear. Grid hadn't been sure how to deal with him, so it was good that Fulito was giving him a chance.

The viewers cheered.

-Wow, Fulito of the Red Knights is a little scary. He gave Grid time to beat his colleague to death.

-His confidence is incredible. Is he a single number?

-No, single number knights have gold epaulettes on their shoulders.

-Hrmm...Then he must be in the 10's.

-Even the 20th knight is several times stronger than the 30th knight.

The illegal gambling sites were booming with all types of speculations.

[Grid vs. Red Knight Fulito]

The gamblers started betting on who would win the match. Surprisingly, many gamblers bet on Fulito's victory. He had leisurely watched while Kamiyan was killed by Grid. Considering that he also gave Grid time to use weapons, Fulito must be much stronger. In any case, Fulito seemed certain that he was stronger than Grid, so the winner of the battle would naturally be Fulito.

-It's time for my chicken to come.

-My chicken arrived 5 minutes ago and I've already eaten two chicken legs.

-Sigh...When will this start? I will drink a bottle of soju while waiting.

-There are many boring pope candidates.

-Ah ㅋㅋㅋㅋ I just remembered that this broadcast was originally a speech event for the pope candidates ㅋㅋㅋㅋ

As Grid waited for the end of the event, OGC's audience ratings surpassed 43%. Rumors that the confrontation between Grid and the Red Knight would be started soon began to spread. Millions of foreign viewers flooded to the OGC web channel, almost paralyzing the server.

As the whole world was watching,

[The pope candidate's speech event has ended.]

[The weapons that have been disabled for safety are released.]

[The +9 Failure has been equipped.]

[The +8 Doppelganger's Greatsword has been equipped. Only 50% of the weapon's attack power will be applied due to the penalty.]

Grid held the two greatswords in both hands. The users were excited.

-Two sword style?

-Is he a rookie?How can Two Sword Style be used with greatswords?Really stupid;;

-It should be very restrictive to swing two large weapons at the same time.His posture will easily crumble.

-Aish, you should only use one greatsword while fighting.This is just to look cool.

The community of the gambling sites fell into chaos. The gamblers who bet on Grid started complaining.

-Ah, this sucks.

-I stupidly believed in him.Hah...

-I was mistaken when I thought he was better than before.

-The nightmare is starting again...

-Does he know he's being ridiculed?

Grid attacked Fulito without saying a single word.

Jjejeong!

When the attack from the Doppelganger's Greatsword was blocked...

Papat!

Failure was swung. Unlike Kamiyan's Keen Senses which was an active skill, Fulito's movements were affected by a passive skill, so it was hard to hit him. Fulito avoided Grid's counterattack and used a skill.

"Light Sword."

The power of this skill was incomparable to what Kamiyan used before. It was obvious that Grid would take a lot of damage when defending, and the orbit was too exquisite to avoid. Then what should Grid do? The maturing Grid knew how to cope with this.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Revolve."

Peeeeeeong!

A counterattack triggered at the perfect timing. The power of the skill also rose due to the Doppelganger's Greatsword. Blood spurted from Fulito's chest.

'What?'

Fulito was shocked. Grid was much stronger than when he defeated Kamiyan. It was natural.

Pagma's Swordsmanship increased attack power, critical attack chance, and critical attack damage, as well as generating all types of passive skills. But this was only applied when a sword type weapon was equipped.

When armed with a greatsword, Grid was strong enough to exceed the extent that Fulito had assumed.

-Wow, Two Sword Style really appeared.

-Kyah~ truly God Grid.

As always, the viewers' switch in opinion was fast. The people who were ignoring Grid just a minute ago were now praising him.

Currently, OGC's audience rating was 45%. Reaching 50% wasn't a dream. It was a record in the decades of Korean broadcasting. Grid was once again writing a new legend.

Chapter 277

Rankers were mainly popular around the world, but Grid was different. Most foreigners disliked Grid. There were those who mocked and criticized him for his poor control skills in the National Competition.

But at this moment, the flow started to change. Grid elevated his control after endless efforts and was silencing the criticism against him.

“Aura Festival!”

Pepeng!Pepepepeong!

It was like firecrackers. The chain of aura explosions put pressure on Grid.

‘Let’s concentrate.’

It was a great skill, but there was no need to shrink back in front of it. A red light shone from Grid’s eyes. He utilized his high insight to grasp the trajectory of the explosions and evade, causing the viewers to feel admiration.

[You have suffered 2,362 damage.]

[You have suffered 2,510 damage.]

[You have suffered 2,487...]

The advantage of Aura Festival was its range. It was such a widespread attack that it was impossible to avoid them all completely with Grid’s agility. However, it was such a large-scale skill that its damage was weak. Allowing a few attacks wasn’t fatal. Thanks to the doppelganger’s accessory set, his indomitable stat was maximized and helped reduce the damage.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

Kuoooooh!

The atmosphere in the sky started swarming towards Grid. A huge explosion of energy burst from Grid. No, it was at the level of a gravity pull. It was the precursor to Grid’s conversion from a close range damage dealer to a ranged damage dealer.

“Transcend.”

Supak!

Every time Grid swung the sword,

Kukwakwang!

An energy blade was shot at Fulito on the ground. The momentum was comparable to lightning.

“Ugh!”

The attack speed and downpour of energy blades from Grid served as a disaster for Fulito. Failure hit once. Then the Doppelganger’s Greatsword hit once again. The two greatswords that were continuously swung without rest were fast and strong. They didn’t give Fulito any breathing room.

‘An entirely different level!’

Fulito ran around the crumbling ground and gradually realized the seriousness of the situation.

'A single number...!'

The single number knights were a target of awe for their fellow Red Knights. Grid's skills resembled them. From the moment Aura Festival was beaten, Fulito had already determined the gap between himself and Grid.

'Eternal! A mere small kingdom was hiding a monster like this!'

It was scandalous and dangerous. He had to tell this fact to the emperor. There was an obligation to raise their vigilance towards the Eternal Kingdom.

Peeng!

Fulito was hit in the right shoulder.

'Damn!'

He was helpless. He couldn't avoid the storm of energy blades that was pouring towards him. Fulito used Super Armor.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The golden protective layer neutralized the energy blades. It was tremendous defense, but unfortunately, the duration of Super Armor wasn't very long. Fulito shouted to the Black Knights.

"I will retreat! Tie up his feet and earn me some time!"

It was a desperate command. The Black Knights paled at the thought of sacrificing themselves. But the principles of the subordinates were absolute. The Black Knights grasped their swords and attacked. They confronted Grid's energy blades to allow Fulito to retreat.

Grid stopped using Transcend and descended to the ground before using Link.

"This is Huroi's share."

It was punishment for their sin of attacking Huroi.

Chaaeng!Chaeeeeeng!

The Black Knights' attacks were offset by Link and then the onslaught began.

Pit!Pipipipit!

Puhwahak!

"Kuaaaak!"

Blood emerged from the seams of the black armor. His swordsmanship combined with Vital Spot Detection was much more mature compared to the past.

"Don't send...!"

The Black Knights barely managed to strike back against Grid. They all aimed at him. They used their strongest skills, without caring about defense. It was an obvious crisis for Grid.

-Wow.

-Will Grid die?

The viewers were immersed in the broadcast and forgot to eat their chicken.

Hwiririk!

A white hooded zip up was seen. Grid used the movements that he saw when Piaro sparred against Faker and rotated his body like a spin top. The Black Knights simultaneously used five skills, but two of them were non-targeted skills and didn't hit him. He was lightly grazed and only received minor damage.

"Shit!"

The frustrated Black Knights found themselves covered in a blue light. Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave threatened the five Black Knights.

"This is my share!"

This was punishment for the sin of aiming their swords against him!

"Kuheok!"

The waves of energy that stretched out from Grid caused the Black Knights to scream. In the process, Grid was hit by three skills, but he suffered less damage than the Black Knights. It was natural. Grid was currently armed with the armor set made by the legendary blacksmith Pagma out of a god mineral.

"This is my share! Pinnacle!"

"Why do you have another share?"

The behavior of Grid, who took more of a share than the beaten up Huroi, confused the Black Knights. Anyway, the attack hit them regardless of their feelings.

Seokeok!

The Black Knights were slowed by the effects of Grid, and the one in the front had his armor completely broken by Grid. It was the power of Failure.

[You have defeated Black Knight Dever.]

[8,960,000 experience has been acquired.]

[79]

[Your level has risen.]

Grid had gained a large amount of experience from Kamiyan, so he enjoyed the sight of the level up notification window. He was now level 296. There were four more levels left until he reached 300. Very soon, his stats would undergo the third awakening.

Ssik!

Laughing while cutting a person in half? Grid was wearing a bizarre mask with an eerie red light behind it. He looked like a blood covered demon as he laughed. In other words, he seemed crazy.

-It reminds me of old times.

-When Grid was called the Butcher?

-Right. It was when he killed the Giant Guild. At that time, a regular user going against the Giant Guild. It was invigorating to watch.

What was the reason why users became fans of rankers? It was because they could live vicariously through them. The users were thrilled when they saw the rankers do things that were impossible for them. Then they gradually became fans. This was how the viewers watching Grid felt now. There were also foreigners watching the broadcast through the web channel. In the chat window, the anti-fans fell silent.

Teong!

Grid used Fly magic to break through the Black Knight that turned into ash. He moved at a fast speed and reached Fulito, before switching his shoes. Braham's Boots disappeared and Grid's Boots were equipped.

At the same time, the Fly spell was turned off. Grid's body rapidly gained weight and fell to the ground. Fulito used a skill to defend against the two greatswords that were falling rapidly.

"Red Sword!"

It was one of the strongest skills passed down through the Red Knights for generations. A secret technique that only the Red Knights from the 10s onwards could receive.

Hwaruruk!

The golden aura around Fulito's sword was stained red. It was flames itself. The flames flying towards Grid were enough to blow away a small mountain. But the viewers knew.

-Grid has more skills.

-Legendary skills.

"Kill."

The greatsword was strengthened by Grid's Boots, so the fierce Kill decided Victory.

Peeeeeeong!

"Heeok?"

Kill crushed the Red Sword that it collided with. One of the Red Knights, with their 300 years of history, collapsed to this extent? Fulito's face was stunned as the blow overwhelmed the Red Sword. Fulito screamed as he offset half the power of Kill with Limit Sword.

“Who the hell are you? How could a strong person like you be so anonymous in the meantime?”

Fulito had determined that the source of Grid’s power was in the artifacts, including the golden spear. But that was a clear misjudgment. Grid’s strength was his swordsmanship. It was a rare transcendental swordsmanship.

Transcendental swordsmanship! It wasn’t an exaggeration. Grid had inherited the powers of Pagma, the legendary blacksmith and great swordsman, as well as studied under Piaro. Just looking at this environmental aspects, Grid had the foundations to leapfrog above existing legends.

The problem was that his natural talent was low.

“Anonymous? I am famous?”

The Red Knights believed that the Saharan Empire was the whole world. Grid was well aware that they were frogs in a well and stabbed Failure at Fulito’s heart.

"It won't be so easy!"

Fulito fired Super Sensitivity, which lasted for five seconds, avoided Failure and rushed to Grid’s side. Using Super Sensitivity caused his brain to overload, so Fulito was already determined to die.

‘If I have to die, I will take you with me!’

This was the last resort. But by the time he reached his destination, the Doppelganger’s Greatsword was already flying. Grid had predicted the behavior. If the stabbing of a greatsword failed, how would the enemy respond?

‘I fought Randy who cloned Pagma over 80 times.’

Puok!

“T-This...!”

"Goodbye, fake knight."

Piario and Asmophel. Only Red Knights with their strength would be a threat to Grid. No, Piario’s strength surpassed Grid. Compared to them, Fulito was just shameful.

"Kukuk...! You might be strong enough to win over Kamiyan and I! There are many Red Knights who I can't be compared with! You can't go against the single number knights!"

"Stop speaking long words."

Grid didn’t exert his full skills in this battle. There were still a lot of items and title effects that would be saved.

“Damn bastard!”

Fulito still had one-third of his health left despite his heart being pierced. He was secretly preparing a counterattack. He secretly gathered his aura while pulling Grid’s attention. He was planning to inflict damage on Grid by exploding his aura and then link up his swordsmanship. But Grid’s sword was faster than the aura explosion.

“Where are you going?”

Grid read the suspicious actions and successively swung Failure and the Doppelganger’s Greatsword. The two greatswords crossed many times and Fulito’s health fell to the bottom. Grid checked it and declared.

‘Bring it on, Pascal.’

The price for aiming at Grid’s life would be repaid. Then Grid smiled as many notification windows appeared in front of him.

Chapter 278

[You have defeated Fulito, the 19th Red Knight of the Saharan Empire, who slaughtered ethnic minorities under their banner.]

[If this news is spread to the empire, the empire will order your assassination.]

[43,908,500 experience has been acquired.]

[81]

[Red Armor has been acquired.]

[Skill Book: Aura Festival has been acquired.]

[Red Armor]

Rating: Unique

...

...

User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. Advanced Heavy Armor Mastery Level 5 or higher.

[Skill Book: Aura Festival]

Rating: Unique

Launches aura that causes a wide explosion.

The higher the skill level, the better the range and power.

Acquisition Conditions: Must be able to use aura.

The red armor was too heavy and boasted high durability and defense instead of having options. It was lacking for the Overgeared members to use.

‘But it can be sold at a pretty high price.’

The Overgeared members felt like the Red Armor was lacking because Grid made items for them, but general users were different. For general users, the Red Armor was an S-grade item. It was the case even if they couldn’t wear the armor.

'But it's better to sell it after making modifications.'

If the reconstruction was successful, the value of the item might surge. Maybe it would be enough for the Overgeared members to use.

'Skill book...'

It was amazing. Aura Festival. There was a reason why it was dangerous.

'Unique skill.'

Skills could be used permanently once learned. The value of a unique skillbook was similar or better than the value of a legendary item.

'I should sell this to Pon or Ibellin.'

He earned a huge amount of money after a long time. He had been living as a beggar after pouring all his money into the building construction, and now he had room to spare again.

'I'll have a pizza for celebration.'

He planned to eat a cheese crust, which cost an extra 3,000 won more. He would also add grated Parmesan cheese and hot sauce for an extra 700 won each.

"Kukukuk."

Grid was filled with joy. His smiling face while wearing a bloody mask caused the viewers to get the chills.

'Wait.'

Grid stopping laughing and turned his gaze towards the camera.

'Aren't a few people watching?'

OGC was recognized as a professional gaming channel. Grid assumed there would be at least 100,000 people watching the broadcast right now.

'A broadcast that appeared unexpectedly.'

He should thoroughly utilize this. Grid started promoting his guild.

"The Overgeared Guild is recruiting guild members with secondary classes like cleaners, chefs, tailors, construction workers, blacksmiths, alchemists, etc. For more information, please contact Lauel."

Except for Grid and Euphemina, the Overgeared members were solely dedicated to combat. The soon to be merged Silver Knights Guild also had a much higher percentage of combat classes. In order to develop his estate, he needed to employ a large number of secondary classes.

'Maybe 100 people will apply to join. There should be a few talented people that could be used.'

Grid never knew it, but OGC's audience rating now exceeded 55%. The peak audience rating was close to 63%. A record was set after half a century. It was the first time a single channel in South Korea monopolized the views since the end of full-fledged channels in 2011.

15 seconds of advertisements were sold for around 3 billion won. Now that the broadcast reached its climax, Grid was promoting to millions of people for free. The impact was tremendous. Right now, tens of thousands of users were writing letters to Lael to ask to join the guild.

Now Lael was so busy that he even ran out of time to sleep. Grid unintentionally gave a lot of work to Lael.

Then a new notification window appeared in front of Grid.

[The time attack quest 'Evidence Destruction' has been created.]

[Evidence Destruction]

Level of Difficulty: AAA

The fact that you have defeated the Black Knights and Red Knights of the Saharan Empire will inevitably bring a crisis towards you.

Destroy the remaining enemies and kill or appease the leaders of the incident.

Quest Clear Conditions: Eliminate the surviving Black Knights (0/4). Kill or reconcile with the leaders of this incident, Pascal and the elders.

Quest Clear Rewards: Rumors about you won't spread to the Saharan Empire.

Quest Failure: The Saharan Empire will issue an order for your death.

Time Period: 2 hours.

"Huroi."

"Yes."

Huroi had restored his health under the protection of Lifael's Spear while Grid had been fighting Fulito. Grid told him, "Kill the remaining Black Knights."

It would give him an opportunity to get revenge for his humiliation and get some experience. Huroi was thrilled as he understood the meaning and replied, "Leave it to me."

"Okay."

Grid immediately left the place. His destination was the elders' meeting room. After being left alone, the Black Knights immediately surrounded Huroi. They smiled with satisfaction.

"Grid, he's stupid. Leaving you alone."

"We'll kill you, then return to the empire to accuse Grid!"

"Don't mention My Lord's name with your dirty mouth."

"Someone who will soon die should shut their mouths!"

The Black Knights made fun of Huroi. They had seen Huroi's skills earlier, and they was terrible. Didn't Grid actually say it? Huroi was weak. The Black Knights were the second most influential knights group on the continent. It was four against one, so the fight seemed advantageous to the Black Knights.

"Die!"

The Black Knights attacked in unison. The momentum was overwhelming. However, Huroi didn't shrink back. Huroi pulled out the smaller one-handed version of Dainsleif and defended against the Black Knights' attacks.

"You...!"

"You aren't our opponent!"

The Black Knights increased their momentum and tried to attack again. Then a huge shadow appeared above them.

Kuwooooh!

A red drake roared. It was said that only 100 out of two billion users owned a drake. This was Huroi's true identity.

"I am weak, but that is only when compared to My Lord."

"T-This...!"

Kwaaaaah!

Flames poured out. Huroi broke down the Black Knights one by one. The Apostle of Justice's Partner started his rampage.

-Wow...

An orator killing the Black Knights? Huroi's appearance gave a new shock to the viewers.

One hour before the pope's speech event began.

Pon and Regas, who had been out of contact for a month, finally returned to Reidan. Did they succeed in clearing the dungeon? No. It was a failure. The strongest duo in Overgeared died without even reaching the boss. The vampire city had countless numbers of powerful vampires.

"It isn't a dungeon that is originally intended for two users. There needs to be at least 10 third advancement classes in the party. More than 20 people is probably necessary if we want to clear it within four days."

"The vampires' evasion ability is designed to disable attacks apart from the divine attribute. If we want to hunt them more easily, we need weapons or skills with divine power."

"We tried to reach the boss and obtain the information before we died, but it wasn't enough."

"Our preparations were too insufficient. We ran out of potions and food, and our items' durability fell, so it was unavoidable."

And so on.

Pon and Regas shared the information about the vampire city with the guild members. Lauel looked at the overall situation.

'There are at least 13 vampire cities in the western part of the Eternal Kingdom.'

The city was categorized as a dungeon and the entrance was blocked 10 seconds after people entered. The exit wouldn't be created until the vampire boss was knocked down. The only way to escape was to hunt the boss or die.

'In the 13th city, the vampires are at least level 280 to 350. They are sensitive to the smell and blood and light, and have excellent ability to read facial expressions. Their main skills are dark magic and the evasion of other attributes. Some of them use the sword as a weapon. The items they drop are various jewellery and cloth armor.'

In the case of 'true blood vampires,' which were classified as quasi boss grade monsters, they also dropped spellbooks and elixirs.

'Elixirs... It's huge.'

Elixirs permanently raised stats. Naturally the value was astronomical. A vampire city was a great growth platform for a guild if they could monopolize it.

'The boss monster information is still unknown.'

Seuk seuk.

Lauel's hands moved quickly as he wrote a report for Grid. He was concentrating when he heard a knock on the door.

"Come in."

"Hasn't it been a while?"

Lauel was an earl of the Eternal Kingdom and acting lord of Reidan. There was only one person, apart from the Overgeared members, who would treat him like this. It was Minor, who was famous for being indifferent.

About 3 months ago. Grid had ordered the minerals detector boy to search for pavranium, and he had finally returned safely.

"Sigh, really. It was a hard search."

Lauel didn't object to the rude behavior of the boy, who sat on the couch without permission. Lauel's standards for evaluating people were their capabilities over personality.

That was how he decided to follow Grid.

"I'm glad to see you've come back safely."

Lauel said with a smile, causing Minor to shrug.

"I'm not glad at all."

"Hahaha! You're still like this. By the way, did you find the golem's labyrinths?"

"No. No labyrinths exist here in the west."

Lauel's expression stiffened. "No pavranium...? Duke Grid will be very disappointed."

"Who said there is no pavranium? I just said there were no golem labyrinths."

"What are you saying?"

Minor handed a map to the puzzled Lauel. "I can feel the energy of pavranium from these dungeons marked here."

A map of the west. There were 15 places marked with a X and unfortunately, one of the coincided with the vampire city.

'This, perhaps...?' Lauel asked. "Are the dungeon entrances in the form of an ant hill?"

"Eh? How did you know?"

Indeed. The places that Minor marked on the map were vampire cities.

"Kukukuk..."

Lauel covered his face with his hand and his shoulders shook as he laughed. He muttered as he exposed the whites of his teeth.

"This, this... If the pavranium are sealed in the vampire cities... Lady Luck that I used to love in my past life hasn't forgotten me, and it's giving me great help. In order to give back to her, I should retrieve the memories of my past life that I have sealed. Then I will give her a kiss on the cheek."

'Crazy guy.'

Minor was a young boy, but he could see that normal people were rare to find around Grid. It was natural. Grid himself wasn't normal.

'I don't belong in this place. I should be the emperor's genius right hand.'

He dreamed of a place with great fame.

"Huhuhut..."

"Kukukuk..."

Lauel and Minor laughed wildly while absorbed in their thoughts.

"Um."

Jude felt a strange feeling as he came to the office to report to Lauel.

Chapter 279

"There's gold painted on his mouth."

Damian was the biggest player in the pope candidates' speech event. The other candidates criticized the factions, the Yatan Church, and showed their political colors, while Damian emphasized charity.

By calling up the basic doctrines pursued by the Rebecca Church, it stimulated the nature of the clergy and reminded them of how wicked Pascal's behavior was. It was a speech technique based on Huroi's teachings that if the audience's attention was scattered, it was better to approach them indirectly.

The effect was big. Pascal's supporters stood indecisively as cracks showed, and some showed a small affinity for Damian. In the past two weeks, Huroi had thoroughly trained Damian. But Pascal was scornful.

"Your ideals can never be realized. Most of the existing senior priests are already dirty because of Drevigo. Charity? Why are you so obsessed with that meaningless act?"

"What do you want to say?"

"It means that flattering the junior priests are useless. The senior priests with the right to vote won't agree with you. Your speech targeted the wrong people."

Damian wasn't upset at all.

"That might be the case right now. However, it will change slowly. Most of the priests aren't rotten to the core, unlike you. I will try my best to help the priests recover their past. Today is only the first step."

"You..."

Damian's atmosphere had changed significantly over the past two weeks. He was more proud and didn't know fear. A firm belief was giving him confidence. He had unwavering eyes since Grid emerged.

'It's unlucky.'

He was becoming more like that dirty Grid. Pascal shrugged and said with a sigh. "Well, you might believe in Grid now, but that is just short-lived. Sooner or later, you will realize reality. I look forward to it. In a month, I will become pope and treat Rebecca's Daughters harshly. You will be helpless and have to watch with despair."

Isabel, standing next to Damian, flinched. Her past hell-like days surfaced when she saw Pascal's snake eyes. She felt the fear more strongly because she was at the crossroad of life and death just a few days ago. Damian hid Isabel behind his back and declared, "Even if you are the pope, I will protect Isabel-chan."

"You still haven't grasped things to the end. If you don't have the strength, you should shut up and sit down. It's providence."

Only the strong could reign, while the weak existed to be trampled on. It was the value of the empire that conquered many colonies and turned the people into livestock. If Pascal became the pope, the Rebecca Church would be transformed into a religion that followed the interests of the empire.

"Hahahahat!"

Damian covered the frightened Isabel. Pascal laughed at them and left the room. Damian shook his head and reassured Isabel.

"Don't worry. Isabel-chan will be happy. I will make it so."

"Damian..."

The young man's pure and true heart started to reach the girl.

The elders' meeting room.

23 elders were having a drinking party in a place that oversaw the divine affairs of the Rebecca Church. Some people had naked women beside them. They were prostitutes that Earl Chirita brought from the empire.

Pascal's face twisted. "What are you doing? Have you forgotten how many people from all over the world are coming to see the Vatican today? You should be careful today when there are a lot of eyes!"

"Now, now. Don't be so angry. Aren't we in a secret place?" Earl Chirita rose from his seat among the elders. He pulled Pascal down into a chair and smiled at him. "That guy called Grid, he should be dead by now."

Pascal suppressed his temper.

"Are you sure?"

"Isn't it obvious? 19th Knight Fulito is capable of killing thousands of soldiers alone. As soon as Grid became his target, there was no room to escape, no matter what tricks he used."

There was no doubt. The Red Knights might be less than the ones of the previous generation, but the power of the knights in the 10's was absolute. They couldn't be defeated.

"Let's drink to my son, he will become the father of 80 millions members in a month."

Pascal received Earl Chirita's drink. They were father and son, but their behavior was quite natural.

"Hrmm."

Grid was an eyesore. He couldn't help feeling pleasure at the thought of Grid being dead. It seemed like new hair would grow out from his bald patches.

'I am finally free from that damn hair loss.'

Pascal was feeling invigorated over the glass of alcohol when the door burst open. Was it Fulito returning after his mission? Everybody thought so.

"Kuak!"

Ku tang tang tang!

Someone crossed the door without permission. No, one of Earl Chirita's knights came flying. He was one of the six knights guarding the entrance. He was already dying.

“R-Run away.” The knight stuttered. He was frightened. It was like he had witnessed the grim reaper.

“Run away?”

This was the meeting room of the elders. As one of the most sacred places in the Vatican, its safety was guaranteed for hundreds of years. This was the final stronghold that people escaped to, not run away from! So what was this person saying now?

A drunk elder rose from his seat.

“Who dares intrude on this sacred place?”

“Is this a sacred place? I thought it was a rotten place?”

Then a sarcastic voice was heard from behind the door.

Step step.

The steps came closer. It was someone that nobody expected. The identity of the intruder...

“G-Grid?”

“Unbelievable!”

Pascal and the elders looked like they were seeing ghosts. Wasn't Grid supposed to be killed by the Red Knights and Black Knights!?

‘It can't be!’

A chill went down Pascal's spine.

‘Grid defeated the 19th knight?’

As the confusion spread, Grid looked over at the prostitutes. There were some women with large breasts, and usually his gaze would be fixed on them.

“Look at this.”

At this moment, Grid was convinced.

‘Goddess Rebecca is wrong.’

They broke the doctrines and committed wicked acts, but they still had divine power as long as they sincerely believed in her? She was a very narrow-minded and careless goddess.

‘No, the goddess might just be pure.’

The problem was with those who abused the purity of the goddess.

‘Whatever, it doesn't matter to me.’

Now there was only one thing Grid wanted. “All of you will die here.”

“...!”

Pascal and the elders flinched with fright. Grid grinned at them with a hard expression in his eyes.

"Didn't I tell you? I'm in a different position from Damian, so I can deal with you as I like. This is the truth, but thank you for aiming at me."

Pascal and the elders turned red. The system recognized that they had sent the Red Knights and Black Knights as assassins. Therefore, he could attack them without fearing the Goddess' Curse. Earl Chirita yelled at the grinning Grid.

"You dumb bastard! Don't you know who I am? Who are you to come here and say such random things?"

Thanks to his son, Earl Chirita had lost his sense of reason. He thought that everything would always go his way.

"What are you doing? Go and kill him!"

He ordered the wounded knights. They were going to die anyway. The knights of Earl Chirita rose up again. Then they immediately struck at Grid. They didn't feel fighting spirit, or the will to live. They only felt fear. However, they weren't in the 200's yet and couldn't be Grid's opponent.

Seokeok!

The biggest advantage of a greatsword was its destructive power. The superb sword cut the knights to pieces. The blood of the knights scattered all over the table filled with delicacies.

"Kyaak!"

The prostitutes and Earl Chirita fell back down.

"R-Really... He is stronger than Fulito..."

Earl Chirita muttered blankly, while Pascal tried to calm Grid down.

"Duke Grid, what happened that made you in such a rage? First of all, let's settle down and talk out the misunderstanding."

Indeed, Pascal was a real trickster. At this moment, his acting was really natural.

Grid snorted. "What should we speak about when you sent the Red Knights and Black Knights to assassinate me? Just stay silent and die."

Pascal angrily denied it. "No, was there such a thing? I don't know anything about it."

"Stop acting."

"Ah!" Grid didn't believe him, so Pascal glanced towards Earl Chirita. "Earl Chirita, was it you? Did you send assassins to kill Duke Grid?"

"W-What...?"

This guy was trying to sell out his own father? Earl Chirita received a big shock and was speechless. Pascal whispered to him, "Sacrifice yourself. I am the one who is going to be the pope."

"Pascal...! How can you do this to your father?"

Pascal's expression became angry as he gazed at Earl Chirita.

"Over the past decades, you were able to become a favored lord thanks to me. Haven't I done my best as your child? On the other hand, what about you? Have you done anything for me as my father?"

"P-Pascal..."

"You should be a father once before you die. Isn't that right?"

"U-Ugh..."

Earl Chirita finally shed tears. It wasn't due to fear of Grid. He was shocked and sad when he was treated as insignificant by his son, who was his only pride. As he bowed his head and sobbed, Pascal grinned towards Grid.

"Haha, it's like this. Earl Chirita seems to have done something foolish. Now Duke Grid. Pour your wrath towards the earl and receive my glass of alcohol..."

"Crazy bastard."

The fundamental reason why Grid hated Pascal was because he was the type to trample on the weak. He was in a bad mood whenever he saw Pascal, because he was reminded of the people who taunted and bothered him in the past. But at this moment, Grid found another reason to hate Pascal.

"Unfilial bastard."

Grid was born and grew up in the East. He was a filial son who gave the chicken legs to his parents whenever they ate chicken. Pascal sacrificing his father was unacceptable, causing Grid to feel extreme hatred.

"Don't try these tricks on me. In any case, I am the only one who can leave here alive."

Grid clearly changed as he equipped the mask and eye patch. Pascal was threatened by the red light and shouted.

"Quit being stupid! The Saharan Empire will punish you if you touch its ambassadors! Aren't you afraid of them?"

"Of course I'm afraid."

He couldn't become the enemy of the Saharan Empire just yet. Reidan would be crushed in half a day if it had to face the power of the empire.

"So I have to kill all of you. The fact that I killed the Red Knights and Black Knights can't be passed onto the empire."

"You should be worried! Even if you kill us, things would go out of control! Do you think there is no one who witnessed you heading here? You will die after being pinpointed as the criminal, and Damian won't become pope since he has ties with you!"

"There's no need to worry about that. 'I' am currently chatting with the church members in the Vatican's gardens."

Doppelganger Randy.

"I have the perfect alibi."

"I don't know what you're talking about!"

"It doesn't matter. You will die soon."

"Ugh!"

Grid's killing intent thickened. Pascal realized the battle was unavoidable and shouted to the elders.

"We can endure if we use buffs and heals! The paladins will rush over once the turmoil grows!"

Pascal's divine power was currently close to former pope Drevigo. It was truly great to have pope level divine power despite not being crowned pope yet. What if Pascal and the 23 elders decided to join forces?

'We won't die!'

As long as they weren't killed by a single blow, they could continue to heal each other. It was a fairly rational thinking. But the problem was that the opponent was Grid. Divine power and black magic power were the antithesis of each other.

"Blackening."

[Your black magic power has increased.]

[You don't have any black magic power. It will be replaced with demonic power.]

[While Blackening is activated, your species will change to half-demon.]

[As a half demon, your maximum health is reduced by 50%. Your attack power, magic power and agility will increased by 20% each.]

[All attacks will be converted to the black magic attribute.]

Blackening. This was a skill that belonged to the legendary rated accessory, 'Dark Bus' Earrings.' It had good compatibility with Grid, who possessed demonic power.

Sururuk.

His skin became pale white and there were no whites in his eyes, as it became entirely black. The black hair fluttering with demonic energy made him look ominous. Grid's current appearance wasn't much different from the demons imagined by humans.

"Transcended Link."

A berserk demonic power filled the room. The elders' meeting room was filled with fear.

Chapter 280

Kwa kwang!

Kukwakwang!

It was like being hit by a tsunami of black energy blades. The elders' meeting room was turned into ruins in an instant.

'Enormous damage!'

Pascal and the elders thought. The prostitutes shaking in the corner were protected by Lifael's Spear, but the elders only had each other to rely on..

"Holy Shield!"

"Resist the Dark!"

Pascal and the others increased their physical and black magic resistance before using heals on each other. There was no room to worry about mana. Their top priority was enduring and surviving the aggressive attack.

"The paladins will rush over when the turmoil grows! Buy time until then!"

"Don't stop healing!"

Flash!

The green light restoring their wounds and health shone without rest. It was like looking at an aurora. These were heals used by the highest ranked priests of the Rebecca Church. It could even endure a dragon's breath for a while. But the current reality was different.

'The amount of recovery can't keep up with the damage!'

'This isn't a destructive power that humans can exert! Grid is surely a demonkin!'

The +9 Failure. It was a weapon that had an attack power comparable to the Rebecca Church's three divine artefacts. The +8 Doppelganger's Sword. The attack power couldn't be fully exerted thanks to the penalty, but it had the option to increase the damage of skills by 20%.

The power of the legendary skills used by these two swords was more than imagined.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

"Kuaaaak!"

The 23 elders had an average level of 300. Among them, seven were still second advancement priests with a level of 290. They were the ones severely injured.

Black magic was the antithesis of divine power.

'These people are the hole.'

The seven elders were torn into rags. Grid's red light detected their weaknesses.

'I have to finish it as quickly as possible.'

The duration of Blackening was only five minutes. If he didn't win in five minutes, he wouldn't be able to cope with the resilience of Pascal and the elders' heals.

“Blacksmith’s Rage.”

[Attack power will increase by 25% and attack speed will increase by 40%.]

Blacksmith’s Rage was now level 4, so the duration was longer. 35 seconds. It was a golden opportunity for Grid.

Teong!

He leapt over the crushed round table. He moved carefully so that the prostitutes wouldn’t be harmed.

“Link.”

Pit!Pipipipit!

Several dozens of black energy swords were drawn around the seven elders as Grid narrowed the distance. Afterimages were formed because of his quick speed.

‘What?’

The elders didn’t even notice that they were cut.

Puhahak!

They were bewildered for a moment. Blood simultaneously poured from the bodies of the seven elders.

“Hueok!”

“H-Help me...!”

Those struck didn’t even know it. How creepy was this? The terrified elders used Heal. However, Grid’s attack speed was much faster than the casting speed of Heal. In the first place, they shouldn’t have allowed him to get close.

Seokeok!

Puok!

“Kyaak!”

The ‘5 Joint Attacks’ attached to the Holy Light Gloves and the ‘Bisect’ skill attached to Failure turned the elders to grey ash.

[You have defeated the corrupt elder Huda.]

[12,910,300 experience has been acquired.]

[Advanced priest’s clothing has been acquired.]

[A high quality emerald ring has been acquired.]

[You have killed a human in the half demon state, so demonic magic power has increased by 10.]

[You have defeated the corrupt elder Furell.]

[12,552,000 experience has been acquired.]

[Advanced priest's shoes have been acquired.]

[You have killed a human in the half demon...]

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The notification windows after killing the seven second advancement elders came to a halt in Grid's sight. The dropped items weren't anything special, but the experience was significant. However, the fact that demonic power increased by 10 points made Grid uneasy.

The increase in demonic power made it possible for him to go to hell, but was that really all? Perhaps he might change species into a demon.

Chaaeng!

A green light hit Grid while he was filled with anxiety. It was a Heal from Pascal. He had aimed it perfectly after Grid took care of the seven elders.

[You have been affected by Great Heal.]

[The Holy Light Armor raises the recovery magic's power by 300%.]

[Great Heal is a deadly poison to a half demon!]

[You have suffered 23,640 damage.]

"Kuak!"

The Holy Light Armor gave Grid absolute power. That strongest armor was now his weakness. Grid's health gauge fell by two-thirds in a single blow. Pascal identified Grid's pain and was confused.

'What? It was more effective than expected?'

Why? Pascal didn't know the exact reason, but he interpreted it in his own way.

'The goddess is blessing me!'

For sure! Goddess Rebecca was hoping for Grid's death! Pascal was convinced by this and his momentum rose.

"Now! Pour out your heals towards him! Give the goddess' punishment to that wicked demon, who is trying to deceive everyone!"

Flash!

All of the survive 16 priests were third advancement priests. The power of the Great Heals they used was different from the seven elders who died earlier.

Chaaeng!Jjeong!

16 rays of green light hit Grid. At first, Grid tried to avoid it, but he stopped in place as soon as one attack was allowed. Grid was caught by the light and hit by multiple healing magic. Pascal and the elders smiled with satisfaction at the sight.

'Surprisingly easy!'

'He sold his soul to the demons!'

'Grid is killed!'

The moment that Pascal and the elders were convinced of their victory.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship."

Rather than dying within the light, Grid started moving again.

"What?"

Teong!

Grid approached the astonished Pascal. It was really a tremendous speed. It was due to Quick Movements that was attached to the +8 Ideal Dagger. A blue light shot in a straight line.

"Kill!"

Peeeeeeong!

Pascal's Holy Divine Shield was crushed in a single blow. This was despite the fact that it was three times more powerful than a typical Holy Shield.

"Y-You! Why are you alive?"

Grid's status wasn't fine either. He was deeply wounded everywhere and shedding blood.. There was a hole in the vicinity of his chest. It wouldn't be strange if he died. However, Grid had a passive skill.

[A legend doesn't die easily. You can resist all attacks for 5 seconds with a minimum of health.]

Grid had long been dependent on the invincible skill, and he was now enraged.

"Rotten bastards! How can multiple people attack one person?"

"What now...? Aren't you the one who came to attack all of us alone?"

Pascal felt that Grid was ridiculous as he used Heal on himself. At the same time, his Holy Divine Shield was restored. It was double casting. Grid didn't stay still. Evil Spirit's Bloody Tears had been activated and his attack power increased.

After using Wave to slow down Pascal and the elders' speed, he was able to link Unbreakable Justice with no time difference, not giving Pascal the chance to complete the shield. Then he used his strongest skill straight away.

"Linked Kill!"

Puk!

One blow to Pascal's heart.

Puok!

The second blow.

Puook!

The third blow. Two greatswords stabbed at the same time. Grid smacked his lips.

'I would've been able to kill him if there were two more blows.'

The number of strikes that Linked Kill dealt was random. It couldn't be intentionally controlled. It was unfortunate. Pascal was struck in the heart and suffering from terrible pain.

"Y-You cruel bastard...!"

Grid hadn't once frowned while persistently aiming at the heart. Now he looked like he found this delicious, so he certainly wasn't normal.

"What right do you have to denounce and punish me, when you are just as cruel?"

Pascal cried out to Grid with an unfair expression.

"The right of the strong."

This was enough. Pascal had trampled on many weak people just because he was strong. Now he was reaping what he sowed. Pascal felt like he had been hit in the back of the head.

There were no apparent objections, so Grid wielded Failure successively. The elders used Heal to save Pascal, but it wasn't enough. Pascal was directly hit by Linked Kill and lost almost all his health. Demonic power also infiltrated his body, so Heal couldn't have a proper effect.

"This guy!"

The veins bulged on the balding Pascal's head and his eyes became red and bloodshot. In one month! In one month, he would've become pope and reigned over 80 million people!

"Why did you appear before me...? Youuu! Kuaaaaak! I won't die alone! Light Blaze!"

Pascal was level 330. His divine power was lower than former Pope Drevigo, but his level was much higher. Named NPCs grew in proportion to the average level of the users. The magic that he used couldn't be ignored.

Peeng!

Pepepepeong!

Pascal caused a divine explosion, firing dozens of magic power rays at Grid.

'It isn't a big deal!'

There were still two seconds left on the invincible duration. Grid attacked without fleeing from the magic power rays.

“Crazy!”

Pascal couldn't understand the situation at all. He meant for both of them to die, so why didn't this person lose momentum?

"Even if you are a zombie, you won't be able to survive this! Goddess' Wrath!"

Pascal had no place to retreat anymore. He depleted all of his divine power and health to cast this spell. It was his final decision to end Grid who ruined his life.

Papat!Pa pa pa pat!

Two large gold circles, approximately 3m in diameter, were quickly created behind Pascal's back. It was the magic spell that Pope Drevigo used in the past. The size of the magic circles was much smaller than when Drevigo used it, since he was lacking divine power. However, it was still enough power against the current Grid.

Kuwaaaang!

A brilliant flash of light was emitted from the circles. The whole room shook and cracked in the aftermath. This was the goddess' magic that surpassed Transcended Link in terms of power. As the light shot at him, notification windows appeared in Grid's vision.

[The duration of Invincible is over.]

Would he die?

'No.'

The strength of Pascal with the healing shuttles called the elders was beyond Grid's expectations. But the result wouldn't change. Grid knew it from the beginning.

'I will win.'

It had been a year and three months since the fall of Pope Drevigo. In the meantime, Grid had made considerable progress. Regardless of the variables, it was impossible for Grid to be defeated by Pascal, who was on the same level as Drevigo.

“Freely Move!”

It was the skill attached to the title 'Secret Hero.' There were limits to the range of use, and the cooldown time was one hour. However, it was a top dashing skill that allowed him to avoid all non-targeting skills until he reached his target.

Teong!

Grid rushed towards Pascal. He turned in the air and avoided two flashes of light from Goddess' Wrath.

Kuoooooh!

His raging demonic power concentrated on Failure and the Doppelganger's Greatsword.

“This is ridiculous!”

His magic couldn't hit the target in front of it? The greatswords fell towards the astonished Pascal.

"Pinnacle!"

[The level of Pagma's Swordsmanship, Pinnacle has increased.]

[The amount of damage done to the target and the mana consumption will increase.]

Seokeok!

"Kuk...! Kuaaaaak!"

Pascal screamed. The elders determined they couldn't save him and used Heal against Grid.

Flash!

It was immediately after Invincible and Freely Move ran out. He only had one health left and 16 rays of green light were aiming at the unprotected Grid. Would he die now? No. Grid was no longer the helpless person who tasted countless deaths.

He was careful and clever... No, it was common sense. It was easy to calculate.

[Dark Bus' Earrings have been turned off.]

[The effect of Blackening will disappear.]

[You have been affected by Great Heal.]

[The Holy Light Armor raises the recovery magic's power by 300%.]

[Your health has been restored.]

[Your health has been restored.]

[Your health...]

"What...?"

Shortly before dying. Pascal was happy at the thought of having Grid as a companion on his journey of death, only for his expression to twist. Grid was close to death, only to be restored by the elders' Heal.

"This is crazy!"

It was Pascal's last call before he turned to ash.