

Overgeared 331

Chapter 331

Irene's bedroom.

"Father!"

"My daughter!"

Irene and Marquis Steim hugged tightly.

It had been nine months since they had seen each other, so they couldn't control their emotions. They checked each other's health and shed tears of joy. In particular, Marquis Steim sniffed with a runny nose.

Irene used to follow her father around everywhere. Now his daughter was going to be a mother, so he felt strange and lonely. Marquis Steim confirmed her appearance and shifted his gaze towards Grid.

"I hope you will always love and cherish my daughter like you do now."

Grid answered with a genuine heart, without hesitation.

"I will love her more than I do now."

At the same time.

[The child in the belly has felt the true love of the couple, increasing all stats by 1.]

Grid whispered words of love to Irene every day, but there had been no response from the baby in the last few days. There was five days left before she gave birth. Perhaps today would be the last prenatal education.

Grid was chatting with Irene and Marquis Steim.

Outside Irene's bedroom, the knights of both families were standing side by side. The eyes of a young man suddenly sharpened. His name was Laden. After Phoenix, he was the best talent in the north.

"There are four people, not three in the bedroom. Does Duke Grid have a shadow?"

'Four people?'

Piara and Asmophel were confused at Laden's question. They could only feel three people in Irene's bedroom. Duke Grid, Irene and Marquis Steim.

'Does this young man want to show off his skills?'

A knight of the marquis. He was making something simple, bigger.

"Did you say you are Sir Laden? Are you certain enough to interrupt the duchess?"

Irene needed absolute stability. Taking the risk to go into Irene's bedroom and making a disturbance? What if there was no third person? It was obvious that Duke Grid and Marquis Steim would be furious.

Piario warned Laden that he would be held responsible. Laden understood and nodded, "I will take responsibility."

If so, there was no need to delay. Piario knocked on Irene's bedroom door.

"What's going on?"

Piario and Laden confirmed Grid's response. Then the knights of both families entered Irene's bedroom.

"What's going on?"

Irene became upset at the crowd entering, so Grid frowned.

"Why is it so loud?"

Laden took a step forward.

"There is a rodent."

"What?"

Rodent? Grid was feeling confused while Laden pulled out a sword at his waist. Then he kept stabbing his sword at the ceiling?

"...Gone."

"What?"

It was the worst. Piario hit his forehead and Grid's expression distorted. Laden explained, "A little while ago, I felt someone hiding on the ceiling. But now they have disappeared."

Grid was dumbfounded. His insight was a huge 1,550. Faker couldn't even secretly approach within 3m without Grid noticing.

"There was a rodent hiding above me? If this is true, why didn't I know about it?"

"..."

Laden couldn't say anything. He just bowed his head and waited to be punished. Grid asked Marquis Steim, "Who is this person?"

Marquis Steim replied with a little bit of embarrassment.

"An outstanding person. He's still young so he sometimes makes mistakes, please understand."

"Ah."

The Northern Nova, Laden. It was the moment when he was branded as a bluffer by Grid.

'Amazing.'

King of Shadows, Kasim. He was the strongest assassin in the world. It was surprising that he was caught by a young man.

'Time has given birth to talent.'

The Eternal Kingdom. Compared with the Saharan Empire, a great number of talented people were being born in the small kingdoms. In simple terms, the Saharan Empire had 10 times the population of the Eternal Kingdom, so they produced more talent. This wasn't a good thing from the viewpoint of Kasim, who was burning with vengeance towards the empire.

'Anyway, I'll have to be more careful for the moment.'

Suruk.

Kasim disappeared into the darkness.

"My money."

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

Grid went to the smithy for the first time in a while. Two anvils were lined up next to him and on top of them, four hands were hammering like Grid. The young blacksmiths were amazed by the sight.

Khan approached Grid, "You look upset. What's wrong?"

"Marquis Steim brought a young knight and he made me upset."

"Huhu, giving you a bad impression. The young man is pitiful."

"Irene is sensitive because of the child... Ah, I want to block his career path."

"It's a bad idea in your position. You've witnessed it from the side of the victim, that persecuting the weak can cause bad feelings."

"...Indeed. I wasn't thinking."

Up until two years ago, Grid was also weak. He knew how terrible it was to be persecuted by strong men. But now that he had power, he was thinking about abusing it? Grid was disappointed in himself.

"Thank you. You're too good for me."

"Huhu, you are also very very good."

"An old man should keep his dignity."

Grid smiled and leaned his head against Khan's shoulder for a moment. It was like a grandchild leaning on his grandfather. But the young blacksmiths thought differently.

'These two are very close.'

'A love that transcends status, sex and even age?'

'Umm... They should watch their mouths.'

Ttang!Ttang!

In the midst of this deepening misunderstanding, the God Hands kept working. They produced the necessary basics for the Mass Production Set and delivered it to Grid, who only trusted himself with the high quality materials.

[The skill level of the God Hand's Blacksmithing has increased to advanced level 2.]

[The skill level of (Understanding of Gods' Weapons) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill has increased to level 7.]

[The number of times the Legendary Blacksmith's Creation skill can be used has increased by three. Number of items that can be created at present: 13/21.]

Grid's growth continued today.

"Run!"

'How rotten!'

"Roll!"

'Damn!'

"Gear up!"

'Dammit!'

Reidan's training grounds. Thanks to the 'Will of Duke Grid!', the soldiers were being overworked today. They rolled over sand that was burning from the sun, crawled out, jumped over dangerous obstacles, and endlessly stabbed their swords and spears.

'How long will this last?'

These questions were on the verge of disappearing. It felt like all thoughts were being swept away due to the pain. It was the process where their muscles were being reconstructed. They wanted to give up many times.

"The more you sweat, the more you guarantee your family's safety."

"Do you want to go back to the old days of starvation! Then withstand it! Protect your home!"

Piara and Asmophel cried out every time their hearts weakened.

'Yes, stand up!'

The soldiers' eyes were filled with hate. Wasn't it funny to give up now? They had always been training with the idea of overcoming these trials. Still, they swore at Grid when they were tired.

'If I think about it, there isn't a war right now, so why do we need to be trained like this?'

'Duke Grid must be bullying us on purpose!'

'Damn Duke Grid! Curse Reidan's sun! Fall on the road and break your nose!'

[The loyalty of Reidan's soldiers has dropped by 7.]

[Rumors have spread that the soldiers of Reidan hate you.]

"Wow."

Loyalty could be raised at any time. Grid thought this and ordered that the training be gradually increased, not decreased. Now he started to feel alarmed. He was being hated? Wasn't this a stage beyond resentment?

'It is time to give them a carrot.'

Grid looked at the list of Reidan soldiers. The list briefly listed the information of Reidan's 1,003 soldiers. It was their name, gender, level, and occupation. The detailed stats, skills and unique story could only be checked with the Great Lord's Sword.

"Eh?"

Grid's eyes widened as he sorted the list of soldiers in order of level. One person. There was one soldier who achieved level 150? Compared to the average level of the other soldiers, which ranged between 136~139, it was a tremendous growth rate.

'What?'

Grid summoned Piaro.

"Did you call?"

After Lael and Rabbit, Piaro was the next busiest person. It couldn't be helped, since he had to manage the fields and army at the same time. But unlike Lael and Rabbit, who were always tired, his color was very good. It seemed he had no concept of tiredness because his basic stamina was so high. He was busy, so Grid immediately cut to the chase.

"When I saw the list of soldiers, Royman stands out. What happened? What special training did you give them?"

"Nothing. Asmophel and I instruct all the soldiers the same."

"Then why is Royman's growth rate so different?"

"It's the difference between talent and motivation. There are soldiers who follow the training schedule without thinking, but there are also soldiers who try to make it work better for their growth."

"Hrmm, can you give extra training for the soldier called Royman?"

"Do you want Royman to grow faster?"

"Yes, to at least level 160."

"I understand. I had already planned to configure a special group, so I will direct my training towards Royman."

"Special group?"

It seemed to be something great. What would be the name of this special group?

‘Overgeared Task Force?’

It happened when Grid’s eyes were shining like lanterns.

“Duke Grid! Irene had gone into labor!”

"What?"

Her expected due date was supposed to be in two days. Grid abandoned the items he was making and ran to the castle in a hurry. Piaro also followed. A notification window appeared in front of Grid.

[When the baby is born, do you want it to be a boy or a girl? Your answer will have a profound impact on the child’s gender.]

Grid answered without hesitation.

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Grid answered without hesitation.

"Daughter! I want a daughter!"

Wasn’t a son better than a daughter as the successor? That didn’t matter to Grid. He just wanted a child that was like Irene. The girl would be bright, kind, and beautiful, unlike him.

‘I am afraid a son will resemble me!’

Typically, a daughter resembled the father and the son resembled the mother, but Grid didn’t believe this. He didn’t think a girl would have his appearance and personality.

[Do you really want a daughter?]

“Yes!”

[Okay. The baby who will be born soon will reflect your will.]

“Okay!”

From the smithy to the castle. Grid ran through the streets using the shortest path. He wanted to see his child’s face as soon as possible.

"You aren’t late."

Lauel was waiting for him at the gates.

"It’s been 30 minutes since them midwife entered. Maybe the child will be born soon. Before that, are you really going to name your child Grene? Huh? How about rethinking the name?"

Lauel was sleep deprived, as always. In the game, he was busy managing Reidan, Bairan, and Cork Island, while in reality, he was responding to the endless flood of inquiries about joining the guild. So Lauel’s somewhat tense words were heard as they headed to the 3rd floor.

Cry!Cry!

The cries of a newborn baby was heard from Irene's bedroom at the end of the hall.

"Congratulations!"

The maid assisting the midwife ran out and shouted. The emotions in Grid's heart were indescribable. He really became a father! He felt a vague fear, but his joy was much greater.

"Daughter!"

The maid responded with a bright expression.

"Your son!"

Eh?

"What?"

It was an unexpected and shocking answer. Grid received a mental blow. On the other hand, Marquis Steim and his vassals were dancing.

"A precious baby boy was born in our family! A young gentleman, young gentleman!"

"Congratulations Duke Grid and Marquis Steim!"

"I wish you the best!"

"..."

A young gentleman.

'A son?'

Didn't it say that his choice would have a large effect on the gender of the child when born, so what was this?

"...Ah!"

Grid belatedly replied.

'I was originally unlucky.'

When had anything ever gone as he wanted? There were few occasions. The result always went against him. He had been lucky since becoming Pagma's Descendant, but before that, he had been so unlucky that he wondered if he had sold a country in his previous life.

Yes, this was the reality.

"Hah."

Grid sighed and entered Irene's bedroom.

“Dear husband... It’s a boy who resembles you. I’m so happy.”

Irene’s complexion was noticeably tired. It was difficult to fathom how painful childbirth would be. But Irene’s smile was brighter than ever. Grid realized something.

‘It might be more influenced by Irene’s wish than my bad luck.’

Grid was relieved when he saw the baby in Irene’s eyes. What did it matter if it was a daughter or a son? Proof of their precious love had been born. He was glad and happy. In the first place...

‘We can always have another child if I want a daughter.’

Irene was the only daughter of her family, so she had a strong desire for many children. She wanted to constantly give birth if she could. Grid smiled and kissed Irene’s forehead.

“You must’ve suffered. Thank you. Thank you for giving this gift to me. Above all, I wish for you to be healthy.”

"Dear husband..."

Irene was always affectionate towards Grid. Irene was thrilled and handed the child to Grid.

"Please hug him."

“U-Um.”

Grid was startled. Didn’t the child have black hair like him? It was concerning. His son, he looked like Grid.

‘Please let his nature be different...’

Grid sincerely wished as Irene handed the child to him. Then his eyes widened.

‘Why is he so pretty?’

Babies who were just born and couldn’t open their eyes reminded him of monkeys. But what was this? The white skin was resilient and the already opened eyes were blue like Irene. They were intense eyes like gemstones.

Grid’s mouth stretched widely as he looked at his son. It was an exquisite combination of himself and Irene, so an infinite affection rose inside him.

"What is the name of our grandchild?"

Marquis Steim asked. His mouth was also stretched widely. He looked even more delighted than Grid.

"The child’s name..."

Everyone’s attention focused on Grid. In particular, Lauel was staring at him with eager eyes.

‘Please don’t let it be Grene!’

Was his wish heard? Grid spoke a normal name for some reason.

“Lord.”

Don't be despised like him, be loved and respected by all. Don't be envious of others like him, but have a wide heart. It was a name filled with these wishes.

'Lord...!'

It was a good name. It happened when everyone, including Lael, was feeling happy.

"Maybe I should add my initial preceding it, G-lord."

"...!"

Lael's expression twisted. He shouted angrily.

"Glord! That is a name that copies the format of an orc chief!"

"Ah."

Grid felt relieved of the frustration that filled him for a decade. Glord. It was a name that he came up thanks to all his naming experience.

"Phew, it's cool."

Lael saw Grid's expression and shouted again.

"Please just name him Lord!"

"Isn't that too common?"

"It is better than a name that copies an orc chief!"

He was correct. Glord was a proper noun in Satisfy, so it was right to avoid it. After a moment, Grid nodded.

"Okay, I understand. The name of this child is Lord."

At that moment.

[Congratulations on the fruit of the couple's love!]

[You are the first user to become a father!]

[The title 'First Father' has been obtained.]

[First Father]

* When you are in a party with your child, all of your stats will increase by 8%.

If the child's health drops below 30%, the passive skill 'Father's Instinctive Love' will be activated, increasing movement speed by 80% for 20 seconds and resetting skill cooldown.

Resetting skill cooldown time! It was truly a huge passive skill. Grid was glad when he suddenly felt doubts.

'Party?'

Why would he go hunting with his child?

'Why is it like this?'

Then Lord's status window floated in front of Grid's eyes.

Name: Lord Steim

Age: 0 years Gender: Male

Occupation: Young Nobleman

Title: Grid's Son

* The son of a legendary blacksmith. He has inherited most of his father's abilities.

Title: Genius of Eternal

* A genius that represents a country. He overwhelms local geniuses, and his level and abilities will rise 40% faster than normal. In addition, he can acquire skills in a wide range of fields.

However, there is a limit to the level and abilities that can be raised until he is 15 years old.

Title: One who Will Become a Legend

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

Level: 1

Strength: 31 Stamina: 39

Agility: 25 Intelligence: 47

Dexterity: 90 Charm: 100

Dignity: 15 Insight: 78

Skills: Beginner Blacksmith Skill (F), Beginner Weapons Mastery (C), Discerning Eyes (S), Overwhelming Charm (S), Famous and Legendary Pedigree (SS).

His mother is the successor of a noble family in the Eternal Kingdom and his father is a legend. He has inherited all of his parent's strengths, so his potential is outstanding. Teaching him will be inspiring.

However, his talent and environment are so good that he is likely to become arrogant. Education will determine his history.

"This is completely..."

A gold spoon in Satisfy. Grid was forced to admire it.

Lord Steim. It was the day when the overlord of the world, who would later have the name of the Overgeared clan, was born.

"Abu. Abu."

It had been a week since Lord was born. Compared to when he was born, the beauty of the child was already shining. He had Grid's eyes and high nose, the good parts of Grid, as well as Irene's face, skin, lips, and pupils.

"So pretty."

Saintess Ruby arrived in Reidan two days ago. She had wanted to see her nephew's face. She smiled and didn't leave Lord's side. On the other hand, three women were uncomfortable.

Yura, Jishuka, and Sexy Schoolgirl. The women who gathered in one place after a long time were struggling.

"Well, I'll admit that the baby is pretty. However, the next baby that I'll give birth to will be better. Think about it. How dignified and sexy would a child born from Grid and I be?"

It was Jishuka who talked with confidence. Sexy Schoolgirl couldn't believe her ears.

"Oh my~ Jishuka, are you going to marry Grid? Ah, in the game like Irene?"

"Huhut, this young girl is talking nonsense. If I was to marry Grid, it should be in reality. You can play the role of concubine in the game."

"Sister, do you not like me? Are you afraid that I will be sexier than you after one or two years? Yes?"

"This kid, shouldn't you be more self-conscious?"

"Be quiet. I don't have the emotions of a kid."

Yura intervened between the two girls. She was calm in front of Lord, unlike Jishuka and Sexy Schoolgirl.

"Yura, aren't you worried? Irene and Grid will probably become closer after Lord is born. Our positions will become smaller."

Yura spoke to Sexy Schoolgirl in a nonchalant manner, "I am already treated as a folding screen. I don't need to worry."

"..."

In the meantime, Grid was indifferent towards Yura. One of the world's most beautiful women, Yura, was treated as a folding screen. Jishuka and Sexy Schoolgirl honestly couldn't believe it. Sehee laughed from where she was playing with Lord with the baby toys that Grid had drawn.

'It is because Oppa is very shy.'

Everyone forgot it because Grid was married, but he had no experience with love in reality. In reality, he hadn't even held hands with a woman. An unrealistically beautiful and talented woman like Yura was too high of a barrier to be his first love. Ah, it might be different if Yura had a big chest like Jishuka.

At the same time.

"It's really amazing."

The soldier Royman reached level 160 under the thorough guidance of Piaro and Asmophel. Grid was thrilled when he confirmed Royman's information with the Great Lord's Sword.

At this time, a huge 5,000 troops were entering Reidan's vast desert.

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1st Prince Ren's expedition to Reidan had to proceed in secret.

Spreading the news would allow Grid time to respond. Ren secretly recruited his army by organizing small number of troops and moving through through the estates of the nobles. It took a lot of time due to that, but Ren didn't hesitate.

It was right to be prudent.

The day before Grid's son, Lord, was born. There was a big disturbance in the fortified city of Patrian. 1st Prince Ren visited the city with 7,000 troops.

"I greet the prince."

Earl Ashur greeted him. He had the strength to control the balance of the world, but he did his duty as someone loyal to the nation.

"Earl, you don't need to do this. Get up. Come on."

Prince Ren was uncomfortable. Even the prince of a kingdom couldn't afford to go against a great magician. It was the same in the empire.

Earl Ashur asked him, "Why has the prince visited this place with an army?"

Prince Ren explained honestly. He intended to from the beginning.

"Unfortunately, the king's life won't last much longer. I feel like as part of my duty to the stability of the kingdom and the royal family, I have decided to strike at Grid."

"..."

Earl Ashur had also heard rumors about what Grid had said at the rewards ceremony after the golem invasion. He understood the feelings and position of Prince Ren. But he was confused. The wicked Grid was holding his son hostage. His son might be in danger if Reidan was invaded.

Prince Ren saw Earl Ashur's worried face and opened his mouth.

"I'm well aware of your situation. Your son Bland is being held hostage in Reidan? Several months ago, Duke Grid used this weakness so that you would help him."

"..."

Earl Ashur couldn't say anything. He was too proud to admit the fact that one of the continent's 10 great magicians was in someone else's hands.

Prince Ren looked at him. "I will surely defeat Duke Grid and rescue Sir Bland. Trust me and cooperate with me."

"Do you have a good plan?"

Prince Ren was well aware of the strength of Grid's forces. Then what was this confidence? Earl Ashur showed interest and Prince Ren introduced a few people to him. It was the Royal Knights commander, Chucksley, and other people, including Hurent.

Earl Ashur was amazed as he examined their faces.

'Prince Ren had such a network?'

Recently, Chucksley was in the spotlight for shooting down three flying birds with one arrow. The kingdom's influential figures were following Ren. Among them were users (those who received the blessing of God), such as Hurent.

Their power was hard for even Earl Ashur to gauge.

Ren explained to him, "The ideal thing would be for you to personally join my army, but... Duke Grid could hurt Bland. I can't ask that of you, so please do me a favor. Teleport 3,000 of my soldiers to the Altes Mountains."

Altes Mountains!

Strictly speaking, it was the territory of the Saharan Empire located to the west of Reidan. It was the exact opposite position to Patrian, which was to the east of Reidan.

"A diversion?"

"Yes, the 4,000 soldiers will cross the desert and draw Duke Grid's eyes, while 3,000 soldiers will attack from the rear."

Reidan had many excellent talents, but there were only 1,000 soldiers. A diversion was highly likely to work. It wasn't bad. However, Earl Ashur found it hard to answer.

Teleporting 3,000 people?

It might be possible for the legendary Braham, but it was hard for Earl Ashur.

'2,000 soldiers might be possible.'

He would consume all his magic power at once and would probably receive a serious injury. It would be difficult to use magic for at least a fortnight.

Prince Ren knelt and looked up at Ashur. "I know that this is an unreasonable demand. But please, for the royal family. No, for the sake of this kingdom and Sir Bland."

The prince of a kingdom. The heir to the throne was kneeling while thousands of soldiers watched on. If Earl Ashur rejected this, it was clear that his reputation would be the worst. Earl Ashur realized.

'1st Prince... He is quiet sly, unlike his pure and decent appearance.'

Now Earl Ashur realized how he could acquire so many talents.

'Yes, he will be able to deal with that evil Grid.'

Earl Ashur laughed. He was elated by Prince Ren's plan and answered.

"I understand. I will follow your will. However, my lowly ability can only teleport 2,000 troops."

"That alone is good enough! Thank you!"

Prince Ren was thrilled to tears. Earl Ashur knew the tears were false, but the soldiers were different.

"Waaaaahhhh!"

"Hooray 1st Prince!"

"Hooray Earl Ashur!"

[The morale of the army has risen. The stats of all soldiers will rise by 5% and the stamina consumption rate will decrease. This effect will continue as long as morale doesn't fall.]

It was auspicious.

Hurent smiled at the notification window.

"The great magician who grabbed the ankles of the seven guilds is helping me. How about it? Bunny Bunny. Do you feel the difference between me and the seven guilds?"

He would get revenge on Grid and get rid of his humiliation in front of the whole world. Hurent took Bunny Bunny, the best gaming BJ in the world, with him to fulfill that. Bunny Bunny, who had been recording the whole process with his camera, raised his thumb.

"I must admit that there is a clear difference."

In fact, this situation was Prince Ren's achievement, but Hurent ignored that. Hurent had the vision to recognize Prince Ren's skill and accept the quest.

Name: Karin

Age: 21 Gender: Female

Occupation: Soldier

Title: Royman

A pseudonym used since she started pretending to be male. She really feels like a man, so her confidence increased and her strength increased by 5%. However, her charm is greatly reduced.

Title: New Star of the West

A genius that represents the region. Her level and abilities will rise 20% faster than normal. In the 'desert' terrain, all stats will increase by 150%.

Title: Watched by a Legend

She has attracted the attention of the legend Piaro. He has given her private lessons under the guise of military training. The rise in stats is very large and it is highly possible to acquire new skills.

Strength: 630 (▲) Stamina: 331 (▲)

Agility: 655 (▲) Intelligence: 99 (▲)

Belief: 10

Skills: Beginner Bow Mastery (F), Beginner Shield Mastery (F), Intermediate Sword Mastery (D), Farming (B), Prestigious Pedigree (A), Life Saving Sword (S)

In the days when Reidan was called the second capital, Karin was born the daughter of Reidan's greatest warrior. She trained in swordsmanship for a long time and dreamed of becoming a knight like her brothers.

But 10 years ago, Reidan became a desert, and her dreams were shattered. She lost her father to the monsters that constantly appeared, and her brothers disappeared in the vampire cities. Their status was unclear and her family fell.

No, it is correct to say that all of Reidan fell. Since then, Karin has been living every day waiting for her brothers to return. She is truly grateful to Duke Grid for restoring Reidan and giving her time to wait for her brothers.

She even abandoned her sex in order to do her best as a soldier.

Grid trembled.

"It's really amazing."

A named NPC with no limit on how their stats could increase. It was very difficult to build a relationship with these people. He heard it was more likely to win the lottery. However, named NPCs kept appearing around Grid.

'My luck is getting stronger!'

Grid thought this, but it was hard to see it simply as luck. It was simple when considering Grid's current status. A legendary blacksmith and duke of a kingdom. The number of people he had was still small, but he had unshakable power. It was natural for talent to gather around this power.

"But to think she was a woman."

She was quite pretty. Her skin was rough and her hair was short, but her thick lips and long eyelashes were attractive.

"Woman?"

Piario expressed doubts about Grid's words. Woman? Royman? That excellent soldier? It was ridiculous. It was the moment Grid was about to explain to the disbelieving Piario.

"Right? She is..."

“Duke Grid!”

Royman fell to her knees. She looked up at Grid with mournful eyes.

“I am a man! My dream is to become a knight and then a soldier, becoming a good man at your side!”

“...”

So please keep this a secret. Grid understood the implications.

“It’s a joke, a joke. Rather, I have a gift for you.”

Grid opened his inventory.

In the inventory, 31 sets of ‘Mass Production Grid Set’ were listed by type. In fact, he had over 100 sets but they were left in the warehouse due to their weight. Everything he put in the warehouse were normal~rare rated.

On the other hand, the Grid sets in his inventory had an average of an epic rating.

"Now, take this."

He gave Royman a unique rated set with the highest completion.

"U-Unbelievable."

The duke was personally giving her battle gear? The emotional Royman accepted the battle gear. Grid looked at her tearful eyes and urged her.

"Go ahead and put it on."

“Yes, yes!”

Royman held the Grid set in her arms and ran into the barracks. Piaro didn’t like this.

"That kid always changes his clothes secretly. It’s one of his few shortcomings."

"..."

Grid heard that Piaro had no experience with dating. It seemed like he didn’t have a sense for women and couldn’t distinguish a man from a woman. Grid couldn’t say anything. He never would’ve thought Royman was a girl if he hadn’t checked her details.

After a moment.

“This is amazing!”

Royman ran out in grey armor made of steel and black iron.

“Is it good?”

"Not good, it’s great! I have never seen such great battle gear since I was born! Three times...! No, I feel four times stronger!"

"That is being overgeared."

“Overgeared...! I don’t know what that means, but it’s really amazing!”

Royman’s tone kept rising due to her excitement. She couldn’t hide her female tone and Piaro frowned. Piaro determined that it was a top priority to raise Royman’s masculinity.

"If you are four time stronger, the intensity of your training should be increased by four times."

“Huh? A-Are you serious?”

"Have I ever spoken in vain?"

“...”

She was already working twice as hard as other soldiers and even had to do field work at dawn, now she was going to get more training? And by four times? Royman couldn’t help feeling afraid. She was like a frightened puppy.

However, Piaro had no mercy.

“Jump! Run straight up Altes Mountains!”

"A-Altes Mountains! It will take two days just getting there!"

" We will be back by tomorrow morning!

“P-Piaro!”

Piaro was full of motivation and Royman started her suffering as she began to run. There was anxiety on Grid’s face as he looked at them moving away. Thinking about it again, didn’t Royman have the Farming skill?

"Surely the special group doesn’t have something to do with farming?"

No way. He had a bad thought. Grid left this place.

At the same time, Altes Mountains.

Pahat!Pa pa pa pa pak!

Thousands of rays of light fell. Hurent and Bunny Bunny were at the forefront of the 2,000 troops that appeared.

"The great Hurent’s play, I want you to capture it on camera."

“Hehe, please leave it to me.”

The humiliated Hurent getting revenge on Grid. As long as he recorded this clearly and broadcasted it, Bunny Bunny could become rich overnight.

‘I wish that there would be many cool scenes!’

He wanted to capture the brilliant battlefield where strong players fought and skills ran rampant. It was Bunny Bunny’s desire.

"I hope you can clear the fields here."

"Piaro, why are you taking out a hand plow all of a sudden?"

"This is part of the training. And while doing field work, take off your armor. Feel nature with your flesh."

"...Yes."

The spectacular sight of Hurent and Bunny Bunny's army appeared in the distance.

Chapter 334

'The two of them have good chemistry.'

Piaro was a person who liked to teach others. There was no one in the Tzedakah Guild who hadn't been taught by Piaro. Royman also dreamed of reaching a higher ground, so if they stuck together, they could become a fantasy pair.

'Please don't lean towards becoming a farmer.'

The unique rated Mass Production Grid set. It had a 160 level limit and had significant value. In particular, it was suitable for people who wanted to grow rapidly. It was an investment, so Grid wanted Royman to achieve a growth beyond his expectations.

"Duke, we'll return to the north."

The road to the castle. Earl Steim's knights came and spoke to him.

"My father-in-law?"

Grid was puzzled because he didn't see Marquis Steim and Laden explained.

"The lord wants to stay near the young nobleman. We have to protect him, but the north is currently slightly unstable. It can't be left empty, so we'll return first. I ask you to please look after My Lord."

"I don't care what you say, but isn't the situation in the north unstable? Is it okay for Father-in-law to leave his position?"

"We will go first so that it will be okay, even if My Lord isn't there."

'Father-in-law has many good subordinates.'

Grid nodded.

"Okay, I understand. I will look after Father-in-law, so please go. If you're having a hard time in the north, go to Jude in Winston. He doesn't have any thoughts, but he has great strength, unlike a braggart like you."

"...I will listen. I am grateful for your care."

Laden and the knights respectfully said goodbye and left Reidan. It was with 1,000 soldiers. 500 elites were left behind to protect Marquis Steim.

"Vacating his territory because of his grandchild. He had no dignity as a marquis."

Grid said so, but he fully understood Marquis Steim's mind. Lord was cute, smart and pretty!

"Lord, wait! Father is coming!"

Grid hastened his pace. He wanted to see his son's face as soon as possible. Lael gazed at Grid as he entered in a hurry.

"Do you know that your work efficiency has been very poor since Lord was born?"

"Ugh."

Grid knew. Every day, he had played with Lord for at least two hours, so he had a tendency to neglect item making and hunting. Lael grinned at Grid, who couldn't speak.

"Well, your current look is very good."

"Eh?"

Grid was confused since he thought he would be scolded again. Lael gazed at him carefully.

"It is right to get used to loving someone. You will learn to be generous through this."

Grid was fundamentally a simple and narrow-minded person. What was the reason? Lael could roughly guess.

'It is because he has been despised most of his life by others.'

Grid had a low self-esteem and was narrow-minded compared to his ability. He wasn't good at interacting with others. If Lael listened to the Tzedakah Guild, Grid was much worse in the past. He only thought about himself and was always jealous of others.

But Grid started changing, and at the center of this change were Irene and Khan. Receiving love and giving love. Grid became more mature because he experienced one of the basic principles of human relations.

"You will eventually rule over millions of people and receive a lifetime of taxes from them. To become a good and wise king, you must learn compassion first."

"..."

If Grid was a normal user, he would've responded incredulously. Love? Charity? Good and wise king?

'Are you shooting a movie alone? This is just a game,' was what they would say.

However, Grid was different from a common user. Satisfy wasn't a simple game for Grid. It was a world that was as precious as reality, where he got wealth, friends, a lover and a child.

"I understand what you're trying to say. But isn't it better to think of the people first instead of me? We can't even raise the taxes, right?"

"It will be fine as long as I coordinate with you. As you know, I have the qualities of a tyrant like you. The two of us complement each other."

"Qualities of a tyrant... Two of us..."

Grid shivered. He struggled to shake off this feeling.

Reidan's desert was full of heat.

There were powerful and wild monsters here, as Prince Ren was well aware. Nevertheless, the reason why he marched his army without any hesitation was because he had a countermeasure.

"That way."

"Beyond there as well!"

The Royal Knights Captain, Chucksley. The best archer in the palace, Ferrell.

The two people, known as the strongest men, were leading a handful of troops. Their mission was to eliminate the monsters on the way. It was possible because the royal monster scholars displayed the location of the desert monsters on the map.

"It's easy."

The squads scattered in all directions around their base, defeating monsters. This allowed the base to safely advance. While this progressed smoothly, the smiling Ren gave orders to 20 assassins.

"Head to Reidan first. If the war begins and there's a gap in Reidan's defenses, grab the duchess and bring her to me. Alternatively, you can also kill her."

"Yes!"

The assassins moved quickly. Ren confirmed this and gained greater confidence, speeding up his march.

"Hurry! We have to arrive at Reidan tomorrow to match up with Hurent's schedule!"

"Ohhhhhh!"

The soldiers' morale increased. The heat of the desert? It wasn't an obstacle for a person who would soon become king.

"What's this?"

The northern knight leading 1,000 soldiers across the desert. He looked up at the high sand dune and stopped the march.

Tadat!

Laden climbed up the sand dune. The soldiers admired his slick movements. Then the sight of thousands of soldiers appeared before him.

"That flag is...!"

Laden's expression stiffened. It was a silver dragon with wings. It represented the royal family of the Eternal Kingdom.

'Why are royal troops here in the west?'

The royal army was advancing towards Reidan.

'Is it to celebrate the young lord's birth?'

However, the scale of the march was too big.

'It can't be!'

1st Prince Ren hated Duke Grid. No, strictly speaking, he was afraid of the duke. A rat cornered by a cat would act! Marquis Steim was concerned that Prince Ren would act against Grid after King Wiesbaden died. Therefore, he wanted to mediate between Prince Ren and Grid.

'My Lord's efforts have been ruined.'

It was clear that King Wiesbaden was dying. It happened when Laden was thinking.

"Why are northern troops here in the west?"

He heard someone's voice behind him. Laden turned and saw 300 people on horseback. They were one of the squads hunting monsters. The elite royal cavalry, the Iron Wind. The leader of the Iron Wind, Beida, was famous for being a master of two spears.

"I asked why northern troops are here in the west."

Beida approached and asked again. There weren't any hostile intentions and they were from the same kingdom, so the northern soldiers didn't bother him. But Laden was different.

"Get down!"

Laden shouted to the soldiers. The spear flew over the heads of the soldiers who had reflexively ducked. The spear was swung by Beida.

"H-Hik!"

The soldiers who survived peed themselves. The few people who were unable to escape had their heads separated from their bodies, causing the entire northern army to turn white. Beida's gaze fell on Laden.

"You have very good eyes. What is your name?"

"You keep asking questions. You're like a coquettish woman."

"...!"

Laden's attitude that showed no fear stimulated Beida. He slowly revealed the wild nature that was hidden under his calm expression.

"You...! I will cut off your arms and legs first before asking again. Hiyah!"

Beida ran forward. It was a speed beyond common sense as he rushed through the desert hills. The northern troops were frightened, but Laden remained calm.

"The sin of killing Marquis Steim's soldiers, I will pay it back with death."

“Bah!”

Laden placed a hand on the sheathe at his waist and watched Beida.

"You are still wet behind the eyes!"

Puok!

Beida's spear stuck in the sand. It was the place where Laden had been standing just a moment ago. Laden avoided the spear and swung his sword at Beida's thigh.

Chaaeng!

Beida defended with his spear and declared angrily.

"You are fast but not very strong... Kuk?"

Beida paled as he realized it. Blood was rising from the wrist that held the spear.

“You!”

Phoenix wasn't the only strong one in the north? Laden knocked down the astonished Beida and commanded the northern troops.

"Kill all of them and return to Reidan."

Until yesterday, they were serving the same king. Laden believed that Marquis Steim would be on Duke Grid's side, rather than Prince Ren, and quickly knew what to do.

'It won't be long now.'

Hurent's mood was heightened as he descended towards the foot of the mountain. His blood boiled as he thought of paying back the 5 second humiliation.

'I will show you the true power of aura.'

The biggest advantages of aura were the fixed damage and form changes. At the time of the National Competition, Hurent couldn't properly make use of the form changes, but now it was different.

It was a power that made imagination become reality. With this fraudulent power, Hurent believed that he could defeat Grid. No, it wasn't just Grid. It included Kraugel, the top rankers, Agnus and the hidden rankers.

Hurent had no doubt that he would overwhelm all of them.

“Who are you?”

It happened when Hurent and the 2,000 troops had just left Altes Mountains and were about to enter the desert. Two farmers blocked their path. Hurent was upset and fired aura at them. The farmers' eyes widened as they saw the aura stretching like a whip.

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Swaeek!

The aura whip aimed at the farmers. The farmers standing here were Piaro and Royman.

'How can aura have this form?'

Royman was familiar with aura. Her father was a prominent swordsman and able to skillfully use aura. But this was the first time she had seen such a changeable aura. It was released from the sword? This wasn't aura, but magic!

'There are many masters in this world!'

Royman accepted Hurent as a master of a new world. She felt awe.

Chaaeng!

The aura blade aimed for her neck as she stared blankly. Piaro tsked and blocked it with a hand plow.

"Not reacting when a blade is coming at your neck, it's a convenient way to commit suicide."

"I-I'm really sorry!"

Royman was confused. That amazing aura was blocked by a hand plow?

'I knew Sir Piaro was strong, but this much?'

Royman expected Piaro to have the strength of an ordinary knight. It was natural since he did field work every day. He didn't look very special. But not now. Perhaps Piaro's strength was higher than Asmophel.

"I will teach you to reflexively defend, even if you don't have two arms. Let's plant rice for three hours every day starting from tomorrow."

"Huh?"

She was sincerely grateful for her life being spared. He would be her savior for the rest of her life. But planting rice? This wasn't a penalty game, so Royman couldn't understand what was going on.

On the other hand, Piaro was somewhat confused.

'Is there another strong person?'

The Red Knights.

Piaro carried out wars all over the continent when he was a part of them. He spent more days falling asleep on the battlefield than he did at home, and he had to face countless enemies. He saw the powerhouses that represented each nation.

However, the enemies he met while staying at this peaceful(?) Reidan were much more brilliant. It was truly amazing.

'Reidan entices powerhouses.'

Or maybe it was just a different time. In any case, Piaro enjoyed it. The invasion of enemies would be the food that further strengthened the legendary farmer's power. He was caught up in this positive feeling and told Hurent what he thought.

"Your ability to control aura is amazing. But it's still lacking strength."

"...Ah."

A farmer praising an aura master's aura, Hurent couldn't be happy.

'However, his skills are real.'

The dirt-covered farmer had blocked his aura with a hand plow. It wasn't a dream. The 2,000 soldiers all saw it.

'The rumors were true?'

He heard that there were powerful farmers in Reidan. There were rumors that the reason the seven guilds failed was due to farmers.

'Of course, I thought it was nonsense.'

Now it seemed to be true.

"Hrmm."

Hurent turned towards Bunny Bunny. Bunny Bunny had the camera in hand and was filming the situation. From his excited expression, he also seemed to be aware of the rumors about Reidan's farmers.

'I don't need to take risks before meeting Grid.'

He was confident about getting revenge on Grid, so he couldn't fall victim to this farmer. Hurent judged and turned towards Royman.

'Use him.'

Hurent's judgment and execution were excellent. There were no unnecessary delays. In order to increase his concentration, he closed his eyes and used 'Aura Impact.'

[You have released your aura.]

[Accurately imagine the shape of the aura within 2 seconds. If there is even a small error in the image, the skill will fail.]

He had been practicing image training every day for the past 10 months in order to bring out the true power of an aura master! Hurent's eyes flashed and he shouted.

"Dragon's Roar!"

[You have developed the breath of a dragon! By reproducing the power of a transcendent being, the power of your aura is greatly increased!]

[There is a limit to the power that a unique rated aura can exert.]

Kuwaaaang!

The aura fired by Hurent blew out in a straight line. The strong energy that stirred the earth and caused a sand storm couldn't be compared to the whip from before.

"Ha!"

Piaro was sincerely amazed. When he was a great swordsman, he realized the limits of aura. However, the man in front of him was different. He broke through the limits of aura. He was a truly respectable person who achieved a level that Piaro couldn't reach.

"In honor of your talent, I will also use my full power."

Piaro couldn't afford to relax. To be precise, he had no room to spare. He had to protect Royman, who would grow to be a strength for his lord. The power of the aura breath was strong and wide. He couldn't just stand by and watch.

"Free Farming 4th Style."

Suruk.

Piaro moved his hand to his waist. It was to extract a plow from one of the six sheaths hanging there. A plow that Grid created. As soon as he pulled it out, Piaro's power exploded.

The power of items.

[All skills related to farming will increase by 20%.]

"Plow the Field!"

Pepepeng!

Piaro's plow struck the ground, causing it to rise like a tsunami.

'Amazing!'

The world's top gaming BJ, Bunny Bunny. He pointed his camera and admired the whip-like aura. Hurent's control skills were extraordinary. However, Bunny Bunny was disappointed when the shabby farmer blocked it with a hand plow.

'A farmer could block that skill?'

Aura Master Hurent. His aura was gorgeous, but it was without strength. There was a reason he was defeated by Grid in 5 seconds.

'Instead of getting revenge on Grid, will he die in four seconds this time?'

Bunny Bunny was extremely disappointed in Hurent when he suddenly had a thought.

'I heard a rumor that there was a monster farmer in Reidan...'

Was the rumor true?

'A huge scoop!'

This was a great opportunity to inform the world about the truth of the rumors. The excited Bunny Bunny focused on filming. Hurent used a tremendous skill that was reminiscent of a dragon's breath.

'Ohhh!'

Hurent's abilities were real. It was too early to be disappointed in him. Bunny Bunny started sweating as he saw the power of that breath. How would the rumored farmer cope with this cool technique?

'Increase my viewership with a spectacular battle scene!'

Bunny Bunny prayed, but his wish was soon popped.

"Another farming equipment?"

The hand plow changed to a plow! The farmer called Piaro didn't seem to be showing a brilliant battle scene, unlike Bunny Bunny's expectations. No, Bunny Bunny was crazy to have high expectations in the first place.

Bunny Bunny frowned.

"Free Farming 4th Style, Plowing the Field."

Pepepepeok!

The earth rose and collided with Hurent's aura breath. At the same time, the ground started to be cleared for use as a farming field.

"What is this...?"

Bunny Bunny's camera picked up the stunning sight. Streams of water were rising from the center of the cleared land.

'This is the desert!'

Water was found in the desert? Bunny Bunny's cognitive abilities failed to keep up with the scene in front of him.

"Free Farming 1st Style, Sowing."

Papat!Pa pa pa pa pak!

Seeds poured down like rain over the confused Bunny Bunny and 2,000 soldiers.

'What is this?'

It was a series of processes that reminded him of farming.

'No, this is impossible.'

No one was crazy enough to start farming in front of 2,000 enemies...

"Free Farming 2nd Style, Rapid Growth."

Kwaduk!Kudududuk!

"Heok!"

Bunny Bunny's face turned white. It was because the thousands of seeds scattered on the ground started to sprout all at once.

'This is crazy!'

He wanted a spectacular battle scene, but it was a farming diary? Bunny Bunny felt more anger than wonder as he stared at the scene of a desert being turned into rice fields. At this time, Hurent was aiming for Royman.

[Block Toys to Help a Child's Development.]

It was an item Grid got from the Reputation Store. At first he thought it was a useless item, but he was glad to see Lord playing well with them.

"Abu. Abu."

A small baby was sitting on the bed and building a spire with the blocks. It was a crude shape that anyone could recognize as a castle. A child only 10 days old was building a castle with blocks? It was an unbelievable sight.

"A genius! The best genius of the continent!!"

Marquis Steim was sure of it. It was an objective assessment, not because he was blinded by love. Irene made a happy expression.

"It's good that his dexterity resembles my husband's. I think he will become a master of blacksmithing."

Grid replied with a smile.

"He's just like you."

"Dear husband..."

"Irene."

The eyes of the couple were filled with affection. The couple's love was much deeper than before. Every night, the six hands...

Omitted.

So it was natural that their love would deepen.

"Hum hum."

Marquis Steim coughed as the couple embraced each other. It was a signal that they shouldn't forget he was here.

"What type of education are you planning on focusing on for Lord?"

Marquis Steim's question activated the child care system.

[Please select Lord's education.]

[Lord's age is still young, so there are limited options to choose from.]

Leave it until he is older. Basic academic education. Basic etiquette education.

'Don't rush.'

What education should he give to a child who was only 10 days old? Grid was able to pick option one when he suddenly stopped.

'No, if I think about it, isn't the current Lord twice as intelligent as Jude?'

Jude's maximum intelligence was set at 20, while Lord was born with 48 intelligence. He was young, but had a good brain, so he was already at a level that could be taught. That's why basic academics and etiquette were provided in the options.

'He is highly likely to become arrogant.'

Grid pondered and made a decision.

"I will teach him etiquette. He was born with a gold spoon, but he shouldn't be too indulged."

"Um, yes. Early education is important. It's especially important for talented children."

"I'm in favor of Dear Husband's will."

[Lord's early education method has been selected. Your wife Irene will teach Lord.]

At this moment.

'Eh?'

Grid could see Lord's face, which had been smiling happily the whole time. Now Lord looked like he wanted to complain about something.

'Don't tell me he doesn't want to study?'

Did he understand their words?

'I must be mistaken.'

Grid was being too sensitive. Grid laughed it off.

"There's a strange expression on Lord's face, so it seems like he has done a poo."

"Oh my, really?"

Irene confirmed it and called a maid.

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"Indeed, my grandchild is great! He doesn't cry when doing a poo, he's a real man! Just like me!"

"It's good if you're dexterous like me. He is also pretty like Irene, and smart."

"Ha! He's perfect! It is almost a perfect work by God! Giving birth to such a great son, I respect you!"

"I admire the man who helped give birth to a lovely woman like Irene!"

"Kelkelkel!"

"Hahaha!"

Grid and Marquis Steim made a fuss as the maid changed Lord's diaper. The great lords who represented their nation had forgotten their dignity. Irene was somewhat disgruntled, but didn't say anything. She didn't want to break their excitement because she understood their hearts.

"Lord is sleepy. We shouldn't interrupt his nap time, so we should go out."

"T-This... I want to play together a bit more."

"Father is right. Don't you know how important sleeping is for a child when growing up? We shouldn't prevent him from sleeping."

"...It can't be helped."

"Sleep well, Lord. Chu."

The Grid couple left the child to the nanny and left the room with Marquis Steim.

After a moment.

It happened when the nanny fell asleep.

"..."

Somebody fell from the ceiling. It was done secretly with no sound. The sleeping nanny and knights guarding outside didn't notice the appearance of the visitor. It was natural. The man with dark skin and long arms was none other than Kasim, king of shadows.

How many people could detect Kasim's stealth? There were only a few throughout the continent.

'He's cuter up close.'

Originally Kasim was protecting Irene, but now he was by Lord's side. Most nobles cherished their heir more than their wives. Grid was the same, so Kasim changed his protection priorities.

'Once he's older, he will attract many women.'

The last 10 days.

Kasim was amazed as he watched Lord. It was the first time he had seen such a beautiful and clever newborn. Kasim didn't share a single drop of blood with him, but he was glad to watch.

'If it wasn't for the empire...'

He would be able to marry a Nero woman, have a child, and live a normal life.

Kwaduduk!

It was at this moment that Kasim's desire for revenge on the empire was revived. Suddenly, the sleeping Lord opened his eyes. The newborn baby detected him when the nanny and knights outside the door couldn't.

Kasim was thrilled.

'His innate senses goes far beyond an ordinary person.'

"Abu! Abu!"

Lord reached out to Kasim. There was clearly a smile in his eyes. It felt like he was just looking at Kasim.

'Does he know that I am guarding him?'

This baby was the real thing. Kasim, the strongest assassin currently in existence. He became greedy when he saw the transcendent genius.

"Little boy, do you want to play with me every night from now on?"

"Abu! Abu!"

His eyes shone like they had lanterns. It seemed like an answer. Kasim smiled with satisfaction, picked up the block pieces and arranged them on one side of Lord.

"Throw this. Like so."

Kasim demonstrated directly. He threw a block and hit one of the dolls placed on the window frame.

Tok! After seeing that the doll fell, Lord laughed. But with the baby's control, the dolls were still too far away.

"Bubu! Bu!"

Lord waved his arms when the block he threw wasn't able to reach the window. His pride seemed to be hurt that he couldn't match Kasim. Kasim thought it was absurd.

'A newborn baby is aware of my words and is also burning for victory...!'

Also!

'His strength is already better than most boys!'

The block that Lord threw was very light. In order to throw it towards the window, he needed the strength of a 14 year old. However, Lord was still 0 years old. Kasim's enthusiasm grew. This child's innate senses and power!

'I might be able to impart the completeness of the secret techniques Master left behind!'

Doran and Kasim were slightly lacking in talent. They could only learn half of their master's secret techniques.

'But this child...!'

Lord Steim.

It was the day he met the first of his seven mentors.

"Oh my!"

The nanny woke up and felt like she had been hit by lightning. It was because the formerly clean room now had blocks scattered around it.

'Was it the young Lord?'

A newborn baby climbed down from bed and played with toys? It was nonsense, the nanny was well aware of this. But if someone had entered the room, the knights outside the door would've called out and woken her up. She was forced to suspect Lord.

However...

Lord was in a deep sleep. His sleeping form was consistent with when she last saw him.

'Lord is sleeping, so what happened?'

She got goosebumps. It seemed to be a ghost. On the other hand, Kasim was shocked from his spot on the ceiling.

'A newborn baby is pretending to sleep!'

It was amazing.

The desert had been turned into a field.

The soldiers freaked out as the hot desert turned into a golden wheat field.

"Wow... What is this?"

"Am I dreaming right now?"

The 2,000 soldiers were confused at the unbelievable situation.

'What is this sudden scene?'

Bunny Bunny was angry.

"What's the point of making a field? It's in vain!"

Hurent rushed towards Royman.

"Uh!"

Chaaeng!

Royman barely defended against Hurent's blow. A blue light aimed at her waist. It was Aura Impact, which he used to create another blade and attack through the gap.

'It is the end!'

Royman felt sure of her death. She closed her eyes as the aura blade flew at her.

"Is there more than one life? Fight to the end and don't give up so easily."

Piario. He seemed to be busy with the wheat field, but he ran to protect Royman.

"Sir Piario...!"

Royman looked at Piario different after her life was saved again. She was full of longing. But she couldn't look into Piario's eyes for long. She was embarrassed and shyly bowed her head.

"..."

A person of talent who had just started to walk along his path. There was no need to feel ashamed for being powerless against the strong. He spoke words of comfort, "I will add two hours of planting."

"Heok."

Piario had no mercy. He turned towards Hurent after reducing Royman's sleeping time to 3 hours and 30 minutes. Hurent was smiling despite his attack being blocked. He could afford to relax.

"I heard that a crazy farmer was the guardian of Reidan. I'm embarrassed, since I didn't expect it to be true."

"You seem quite amused for someone who is embarrassed."

"Of course I'm amused. What if I defeat the farmer who stopped the seven guilds from reaching Reidan? Won't my evaluation soar up infinitely?"

"Don't put impossible words in your mouth."

"We'll see. I know the long and short of it."

"It seems like you believe in the 2,000 soldiers."

"No, I only believe in me."

Ttaak!

Hurent snapped his fingers. Was it a signal for the soldiers to attack? Piario thought so, but the soldiers didn't move.

'What?'

"Uh!"

Piario was puzzled as Royman suddenly groaned. It was because she started to feel pain from her side, which had been lightly grazed by the aura blade.

"My aura left a mark."

"Mark?"

"Yes, a mark where aura can manifest. Imagine it. If I release aura from your lover's side, what will happen to your lover? She is so fragile that she will break in two."

"...!"

Piara's eyes widened. He was certainly upset.

Hurent smiled with satisfaction.

"Now, make your choice. Allow my army to advance! Or I will break your precious lover apart in front of you!"

Hurent shouted with confidence towards Piara.

"Is that a mark that can be carved into the ground?"

"Eh?"

What? There was no tension in that question. Hurent was confused and nodded.

"T-That's correct. It is a technique with a high utilization."

"Hoh."

Ssik!

A smile appeared on Piara's face. He looked very wicked.

"Won't this be useful for clearing the fields?"

"What?"

Clearing the fields? What was this? Hurent couldn't understand the words and frowned. Piara copied his style of speaking.

"I will give you a choice. Work in the fields with me. Or do you want to work in the fields after losing all 2,000 soldiers?"

'No, what nonsense is he saying?'

Wasn't Hurent the one in an advantageous position right now? It was like talking to a wall. Hurent realized it.

'He was called a crazy farmer for a reason!'

This farmer truly wasn't sane. Hurent determined and triggered the skill to let Piara know his position.

"Kyaak!"

Royman couldn't bear the pain coming from her waist and sat down. Her side was already soaked with blood. Piara saw it and shouted, "You have chosen!"

"...Eh?"

“Free Farming 8th Style. Polishing!”

The reason why Piaro left Hurent alone and cleared the field. It was because his enemy wasn't just Hurent. Piaro was thinking about the big picture.

Pepeng!Pepepepeok!

The wheat field that covered the whole area. Explosions occurred where the 2,000 soldiers and Hurent were standing. The myriad of wheat had become powerful bombs, destroying the whole area.

“What?”

Hurent was at a loss for words as he saw the soldiers screaming and dying. A ranged skill that could target 2,000 people? This was equivalent to the Meteor skill that could only be learned by a legendary great magician.

“Don't tell me, a legendary...!”

Piaro approached the astonished Hurent and wielded his hand plow.

Puk!

[You have suffered 15,500 damage.]

Puk!

[You have suffered 15,900 damage.]

Puk!

[You have suffered 16,100 damage.]

[You have suffered catastrophic damage in a short period of time! You are in a critical condition!]

'T-This is crazy!'

What was this? Hurent was hit successively in the forehead by a hand plow and sat down.

The sight behind Piaro was a mountain of bodies and a river of blood.

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Hurent had been playing Satisfy since the closed beta. He went through a lot of adventures, so he knew better than anyone how vast the world was. A farmer was stronger than him? He could accept it.

Yes, it wasn't surprising if a legendary farmer could use a meteor type skill.

'The legendary fisherman might be friends with the dragon king by now.'

There were many hermits in this world. But there was one thing that Hurent couldn't accept. A legendary farmer was excellent. Then why was he Grid's subordinate?

'Grid, where is your limit?'

He gained a legendary class faster than anybody else, and now he also had a legendary NPC? Grid was an object of hatred, but Hurent had to acknowledge his superior abilities. Piaro reached out to the frustrated Hurent.

"Come with me."

"..."

The crazy farmer. He didn't even blink after killing thousands of people, making him look strange. Hurent wanted to resist. However, his body wasn't in a state where it could move. In the end, he had to give up.

"Yes, I will follow. Drag me to Grid, where you can boil or bake me to your heart's content."

"No, you will do farming with me."

"What?"

Was he really crazy?

It was funny to say this with his own mouth, but Hurent was the leader of an army that wanted to invade Reidan. From Reidan's point of view, he was a sinner that they could acquire a lot of information from. As a person of high importance, it was right to handle him carefully.

But he was going to do farming? It was surreal and his ego was hurt. Did Piaro read his mind? Piaro made a ridiculing sound at Hurent's expression.

"The leader of an army who died before reaching Reidan has no value. You just have to think about doing farming."

"Eek!"

Hurent's ego was shattered. He panicked and made a mistake.

"I have a lot of confidential information! If you don't obtain the information from me, Reidan will be turned into a sea of fire! So treat me as a high priority prisoner!"

"Oh, really?"

Piaro's expression changed. It was the moment Piaro transformed from a farmer into the commander of Reidan. Hurent realized his mistake.

"Kuheok! Cough! Cough!"

The explosion of countless wheat was enormous. More than half of the 2,000 soldiers died, and the rest were seriously injured. Bunny Bunny's state was in the middle. He barely survived with 15% of his health left and he was gripped with an unknown terror.

'He is a huge monster!'

Reidan's crazy farmer. Rumor had it that he overwhelmed the 2nd ranked Zibal and the 3rd ranked Chris, turning Chris into a serf. The rumor that he blocked the seven guilds alone(?) was also not an exaggeration.

'How terrible was Zibal's fight with that monster?'

The world was wide and there were many monsters. Bunny Bunny was caught in a desire to capture all of them with his camera. He wanted to become a conglomerate by monopolizing all the viewers.

But to do this, he needed to survive. Swiftiness was needed to catch all types of scoop, so he steadily raised his agility with every level. It should be enough to avoid death.

'The first thing is to live.'

It was enough that he captured video of the rumored farmer. The farmer made a wheat field in an instant and used it for an explosion that destroyed most of the 2,000 soldiers. There was no longer any reason to stay here.

Then Hurent? Wasn't Hurent going to get revenge on Grid?

Puk!

"Heok!"

Puk!

"Kuack!"

Puk!

"Kuheeok!"

"..."

Looking at Hurent being hit three times on the forehead with a hand plow, Hurent's desire for revenge on Grid seemed like a dream.

'Discard Hurent!'

Bunny Bunny determined, wore the 'Fast Boots,' and quickly left the battlefield. He was planning to join Prince Ren. Prince Ren had many talents who were above Hurent. What if he filmed the gorgeous clash between them and Overgeared?

'I will be sitting on money! I must shoot a video worth 100 billion dollars today!'

Bunny Bunny's aspirations were great.

"Where have all the kids gone? Why don't I see any of the guild members?"

After playing with Lord. Grid stopped by Lauel's office before going to the smithy. As always, paper was piled up like a mountain.

"Everybody is busy. They aren't at the estate because they are committed to their missions or hunting."

"Aren't they only hunting in the vampire cities?"

"That is the most efficient method. Aside from the experience, vampire items and elixirs can be obtained. The desert ecosystem is in a fairly stable state, so this is appropriate."

"Did anyone find an elixir?"

"Not yet."

"Ah."

The drop rate was truly the worst. It was a shame for Grid, who coveted the agility elixir.

Lael asked him.

"Do you remember how 10 years ago, the former lord of Reidan sent out an expedition to the vampire cities?"

"I remember. Why are you asking about it all of a sudden?"

"It's annoying because the Overgeared members haven't found any traces of the vampire expedition, despite searching all over the vampire cities."

"Why is it annoying? It was 10 years ago, so is it strange for all evidence to be wiped out?"

"Yes. The records left behind showed that there were close to 18,000 people on the vampire expedition. It is normal that some traces of them should remain."

"Well, there are many vampire cities that we haven't visited yet. The evidence might be somewhere there. But is it an important issue?"

"At the present time, no."

"At the present time? Then it could become an important issue later on?"

The moment Grid asked the question.

"Earl Lael"

A young knight ran into the office. Entering the office without even knocking on the door? Lael was offended, but this didn't seem like a situation where etiquette was important. The knight's entire body was covered in wounds.

"Aren't you one of Marquis Steim's knights? What is going on?"

"Well... Heok!"

The knight was going to explain to Lael when he panicked. It was because he noticed Grid sitting on the couch.

"I-I greet Duke Grid!"

Grid waved his hand.

"There is no time to say hello so please explain."

"Ah, yes! 5,000 enemy troops are advancing towards Reidan!"

"5,000 enemy troops?"

The face of the knight was filled with despair.

"It is the royal troops!"

"Royal troops? Eternal?"

"Yes! Sir Laden is leading the 1,000 northern soldiers to slow the enemy's march, but it's a terrible situation!"

"Eh?"

Grid couldn't believe it.

"Why is the royal army of the Eternal Kingdom coming to invade Reidan? Aren't we on the same side?"

Lauel smiled. "The rice that we sowed was eaten."

"Sowed rice...?"

The Grid in the past would've failed to understand the present situation until the end. But Lauel had been his subordinate for 9 months in reality and 27 months in game time. It had been so long, so how could Grid not learn something?

"Did King Wiesbaden die?"

"...!"

Lauel's eyes widened. He honestly never imagined that Grid would guess this himself.

'He has grown steadily, but to think he reached this level!'

The astonished Lauel was speechless for a while.

"This situation is interesting."

Grid rose from his spot and smiled darkly.

"Lauel, have Asmophel convene the soldiers. It's time for the storm."

Grid headed towards his private warehouse. The warehouse was filled with 'Mass Production Grid Sets.'

"Kuaack!"

"M-Marquis Steim... I couldn't hold out until the end...I'm sorry... Cough! Cough!"

The 1,000 troops led by Laden and 10 knights. They fell into a crisis after wiping out the Iron Wind troops. It was because he was caught by the unit led by the great swordsman, Chucksley.

“You’re great.”

Great Swordsman Chucksley. He was comparable to the past Piaro of the empire. He praised Laden, who defended against his sword four times.

“20 years later. No, you might’ve been able to hit me in 10 years. I have never seen anyone with such a terrific talent like you.”

“Pant... Pant...”

Laden had defeated Beida and several others talents alone. He was exhausted and at a disadvantage when facing Chucksley. To be honest, it wouldn’t be strange if he collapsed immediately. However, Laden didn’t show weakness to the end. He knew that the moment he fell, the 1,000 troops he treasured would be wiped out.

‘I have to give my all for My Lord.’

He felt disappointment and despair at not meeting expectations.

Kkuok!

Laden tightened his grip on his sword. He ignored the blood in his mouth and laughed.

“Are you sure? I don’t need 10 years. Five years. No, I will go beyond you in three years.”

“...”

Chucksley’s face distorted. He was unable to deny Laden’s arrogant remark, making him feel uncomfortable.

“Isn’t that only if you survive?”

“...That’s right.”

“Yes, try to survive.”

Chucksley’s family had been loyal to the royal family for generations. For him, Marquis Steim was an annoying presence that could threaten the royal family. It was more so after his son-in-law became Duke Grid.

But now. It was a golden opportunity to catch both Marquis Steim and Duke Grid. It was fortunate that he met the northern troops by chance in the desert. It was evidence that Marquis Steim was in Reidan!

Chaaeng!

“Ugh!”

Chucksley’s swordsmanship was sophisticated without any deviations. He was faithful to the basics, which excluded any variables. However, it wasn’t something that Laden, who lacked training and experience, could go against.

Chaaeng!Chaeng!

Puok!

"Kuaaaak!"

As the exchange of blows continued, Laden's wounds increased while Chucksley's technique became sharper. The northern army and Chucksley's Black unit were clearly divided as they watched the confrontation.

'We won.'

'It is over.'

The Black unit cheered while the northern troops were frustrated. At this moment, 5,000 soldiers appeared on the horizon. Was it the appearance of a friend like a miracle? No way. The identity of the great army was the main troops of Prince Ren, the enemy.

Tears flowed down Laden's bloody and dirty cheeks as he saw it.

'My Lord...'

He felt guilty for his lacking strength.

Chapter 338

"Pant... Pant..."

He reached his physical limits. Nevertheless, he was able to hold on for only one reason. It was to hold up the enemies until Marquis Steim received the news of the invasion. Laden struggled to buy some time.

But now it was over. The moment he witnessed the 5,000 troops, unbearable despair suppressed Laden's tired mind and body.

"Bow to the prince!"

Chucksley easily overpowered Laden and forced him to kneel.

"K-Kuack...!"

Laden didn't want to bow his head. The royal family of Eternal? Future king? No matter what, it was still his lord's enemy.

"Damn bastard!"

Chucksley pushed down Laden's head. Due to the pressure on his neck, Laden's gaze was finally directed towards the ground. The satisfied Chucksley bowed to the prince.

"I greet the prince!"

"You suffered on the way here."

Prince Ren talked to Chucksley before turning his gaze to Laden.

"You defeated Beida? You have great skills for your young age. I heard that the northern powerhouse is Phoenix, but that seems to be a story of the past."

"..."

Laden didn't answer. It was enough to incite the wrath of the royal retainers, including Chucksley.

"You! You should appreciate the prince's generosity!"

"Shut your mouth, it isn't an honor!"

"Calm down."

Ren stared at the northern army. They looked frightened. They were accused of opposing the royal family, so only fools wouldn't realize they would die. Ren smiled benevolently towards them.

"You are also people of the Eternal Kingdom and it is right to follow me, successor of the royal family. If you repent and surrender, I will forgive and accept your sin."

In the end, they were people from the same nation. The prince's attitude weakened the hearts of the northern troops. They started looking at each other the moment they saw a hole to survive.

At this point, Laden shouted, "The one who protected us was Marquis Steim, not the king! It is only thanks to the marquis that our northern people can exist, and we have pledged allegiance to him! So I can't accept your suggestion!"

The north was formerly a land of war. The area was filled with the most monsters and barbarians, causing the royal family to give up on it. Thanks to that, the northern people were always threatened and felt despair.

The person who led them was Marquis Steim. He wasn't frustrated, despite the royal family cutting off their support. He had excellent leadership and united the northern people to protect and stabilize his territory.

Marquis Steim was a hero and savior for the northern people. The northern troops recalled this thanks to Laden's cry and firmed up their hearts. Rather than surrendering, they held their weapons and took an attitude of resistance to the end.

"Everybody is so excited to die."

Ren's expression distorted. It was unpleasant to miss the opportunity to obtain 1,000 soldiers. He revealed his true nature as he gave an order to Chucksley.

"Kill those useless dogs."

"Yes!"

Chucksley answered and pointed his sword at Laden's neck. Laden didn't feel any regret. It was better to die than to beg for life and betray his master.

'Duke Grid, please guard my lord.'

Kingdom's Hero. His strength would be able to overcome this ordeal. Laden didn't doubt it and closed his eyes.

Jeeeong!

A golden hand glowed under the desert sun. It flashed through the 5,000 troops and protected Laden.

'What is this?'

Chucksley's eyes widened. It was absurd. A golden hand was flying alone and swinging a sword without a master? It wasn't very threatening, but he had to admit that it was fast. He couldn't understand it.

"What type of person?"

Chucksley shouted as he blocked the golden hand. The answer came from the sky.

"The duke."

"...!"

It was a calm and relaxing voice. It was the middle of a battlefield. Chucksley, Prince Ren, the 5,000 royal troops, Laden, and the northern army stared up at the sky. There was a man with black hair. The man had a small crown on his head. He wore harmonious red armor and black boots as he looked down at the battlefield.

"Beggars move around in groups. Foolish."

The man spoke with arrogance on his face. That person was Grid. A person who rose from a commoner to a duke! His sudden appearance reversed the atmosphere of the battlefield.

"Grid...!"

"Duke Grid!!"

The 5,000 royal troops shrank back because of a single man, while the northern army were delighted. It was a presence beyond common sense.

Fast Boots boasted a wonderful movement speed. Stamina and endurance suffered from a rapid decline, but movement speed increased by up to three times in all terrains.

Bunny Bunny ran through the desert and was able to catch up to Prince Ren.

'I'm not too late!'

Bunny Bunny felt relieved and switched his view to camera mode.

Peeng!

"What...?"

Something moved swiftly over his head. At first, he thought it was a huge bird. But then he zoomed in and saw that it was Grid.

"It's natural!"

Bunny Bunny thought Grid appeared in a dramatic moment to save the northern troops. Grid had done it countless times in the National Competition and the Reinhardt golem invasion. He was a hero who made the crowd cheer by appearing at the perfect timing.

‘Why did I only realize this now?’

Unlike other celebrities in Satisfy, Grid had a lot of anti-fans. This was because he relied on items rather than skills. It was the same with Bunny Bunny. Bunny Bunny didn’t like Grid. He judged that it was difficult to raise the public’s enthusiasm for Grid as the protagonist. In other words, it wasn’t easy.

He always watching Grid through sunglasses, but it was different now. Now he belatedly realized. In the first place, items weren’t a factor that could be underestimated. Didn’t Bunny Bunny arrive here quickly because of the Fast Boots? Items were an indispensable element in the game. It meant he wasn’t looking at Grid through sunglasses.

Bunny Bunny discarded his useless egotism and focused on Grid.

“Grid! Show me the performance of a hero!”

His video would make people cheer all over the world.

[Great Lord’s Sword]

It was a rare sword only given to the greatest lords and it made it possible to closely observe the target. Normally this target was only limited to one person. It was difficult to observe several people at the same time.

However, Grid had a high level of insight. His insight further amplified the power of the Character Observation skill attached to the Great Lord’s Sword. Thanks to that, Grid could simultaneously observe the information of the people on the battlefield.

Instead, the information was very brief.

Name: Chucksley Rokan.

Level: 313

Name: Ferrell Shaiva du Bon.

Level: 305

Name: Andu

Level: 301

...

..

It included the knights of the royal army.

Name: Laden

Level: 258

...

..

The northern knights. In addition, there were the royal soldiers and the northern soldiers. Grid could identify their name and levels. It was impossible to check the details information including stats, skills and stories, but this alone was a big help.

'The average level is 130... It is surprisingly high.'

The average level of the northern soldiers was 110, while the average level of the royal soldiers was 20 higher. Given that the Winston soldiers he saw a few months ago weren't even level 100 yet, the level of the royal soldiers was well above the average. In other words, they were the elite of the kingdom.

'But so what?'

It wasn't as good as Reidan's soldiers. The average level of Reidan's soldiers was 148.

'Today they will reach 160!'

Ssik!

It was truly a wily smile. It was enough to make the royal army uneasy. Grid dismissed the Great Lord's Sword and swapped Braham's Boots with Grid's Boots.

[The magic Fly is no longer available. Fly is stopped.]

[You will fall.]

Kwaang!

Grid's Boots boasted a heavy weight. Sand scattered as Grid fell onto the desert sand.

"D-Duke Grid!"

Laden was baffled. He discarded his favourable position in the sky and fell into the middle of the enemy? He couldn't understand Grid's judgment. Grid spoke harshly towards him.

"You are really weak."

"...Huh?"

"I've known you since you started bluffing. You are a braggart who can't fight properly."

Grid judged Laden using three things.

Firstly, it was the first time they met. Laden said there was a rodent hiding in Irene's bedroom. But the result? There wasn't even a fly, let alone a rodent.

The second was his level. The level of the royal knights was at least 300, while Laden was only level 258. It meant that while everyone was hunting hard, Laden was playing alone.

The third thing was results. The royal knights and soldiers were fine, while Laden and the northern army were dying. No matter how great the number, this one-sided result proved that he was powerless.

"Tsk tsk... I don't understand why Father-in-law appreciates you so much."

"Ugh..."

Laden's heart was stabbed as he heard the words.

'The duke's words are true. I am too weak and useless.'

Laden fell into shame. He felt guilty to his lord. Meanwhile, the royal army was astonished.

'He got rid of Beida and the Iron Wind.'

'He is strong enough to defend against Chucksley's sword many times.'

'Yet he is weak?'

Grid's measure of strength seemed to be much different from theirs. Indeed, it was natural. Grid was the kingdom's hero. He already showed overwhelming strength in the golem invasion. They couldn't be compared. The 5,000 army shrank back.

"Plunging into enemy territory alone, you don't understand the situation."

Chucksley pointed his sword at Grid. His momentum was great. Great Swordsman. He had the title of one of the continent's strongest swordsmen, so he didn't shrink back despite the opponent being Grid.

"During the Reinhardt invasion, I was somewhat lacking. I could only watch you from a distance."

But.

"Since then, I have made an effort to become stronger than before."

Chucksley wielded his sword. It was a straight trajectory with no flaws. It truly was a sleek and sophisticated blow. Bunny Bunny exclaimed as he filmed the scene from a considerable distance.

'Too fast!'

It was an unavoidable attack. The problem was that Grid gave the enemy an opportunity. Bunny Bunny was sure that Grid would be hit first.

But.

Jeeong!

A blood sword emerged from a dark space in front of him. It wasn't a greatsword that Grid normally used, so his attack speed surpassed that of Chucksley.

'Fast!'

It was so fast that it couldn't be seen! Grid scoffed at Chucksley, whose attack was blocked.

"Are you a fool? Do you think that I was playing around while you became stronger? I have grown stronger, just like you. You won't catch up."

"Won't catch up?" (TL: Grid uses an Internet slang that basically means someone who can't catch up)

What did that mean? Grid's onslaught poured towards the puzzled Chucksley.

The repetitive use, disassembly and assembly process led to a 100% understanding, and Iyarugt was now going to turn the battlefield into disarray.

Chapter 339

At the time of the pope candidates episode.

Grid got a great chance to study Lifael's Spear. He repeatedly disassembled and reassembled a myth rated item and raised his understanding to 100%. This was valuable research that couldn't be converted into money. It was a dream that other blacksmiths couldn't even hope for.

"Cry, Yakult."

It wasn't difficult for Grid to raise his understanding of Iyarugt, which was still only unique rated. It was very easy compared to understanding Lifael's Spear. Grid was now able to control Iyarugt without resorting to Blackening.

However, the renaming failed.

[Iyarugt is the best sword of hell! You, don't replace my noble name just because you find it hard to pronounce!]

Iyarugt had tremendous pride in his name. He followed Grid, but he couldn't accept a new name. He didn't know what it meant, but he felt an instinctive rejection towards Yakult. Grid didn't care. The sword would obey his command, no matter what name he called it.

[Iyarugt has used Blood Cry.]

[All targets within a 30m radius will lose their sense of balance for 1.5 seconds.]

Kiiing...

"Ugh!"

Blood Cry didn't distinguish between friend or foe. The northern troops and royal army around Grid all groaned with pain and stumbled. It was the same for Prince Ren and his escort knights.

'Making me fall to my knees!'

Prince Ren was the heir of the Eternal Kingdom. As the 1st Prince, he had never bowed to anyone except the king. But now. Grid used a skill to make him kneel for a while. It was really terrible. His ego was shattered.

'No?'

Amazement appeared on Prince Ren's face as he looked up. He looked around and saw that knights and soldiers on both sides were all kneeling together. Even Chucksley seemed on the brink of collapse.

The person who was standing in this spot? It was only Grid. It was an absurd appearance where he overpowered everyone.

'This is the strength of a legend...!'

He truly was a fearful enemy. If possible, he never wanted to go against Grid. However, he was a mountain that must be overcome if Ren wanted to become king. While Prince Ren was shivering, Grid was baffled.

"What? You endured it?"

Blood Cry consumed a lot of mana and had a long cooldown time. It was also dangerous because it didn't distinguish between enemies. It was a great way to exert his power, but Chucksley was relatively stable. He had resistance comparable to a boss monster.

"I won't fall from something like this!"

Chucksley demonstrated an extreme mental strength as he overcame Blood Cry and defended against Grid's attack, then he fought back. It was a simple trajectory. Thanks to the Iyarugt, Grid was able to respond without much difficulty.

Chaaeng!

Chucksley and Iyarugt collided in an impressive manner and dust flew all over the place. It was an ignorant attack. Grid and Chucksley exchanged looks through the dust. Unlike the composed Chucksley, Grid didn't look very good.

He was confused because the opponent was exceedingly stronger than he expected.

'What is this guy?'

He had high status resistance and his swordsmanship was odd. His technique seemed simple, but it was strong when actually facing it.

'This is the first time.'

Grid's surroundings were filled with geniuses. Except for Grid, even Jude could be considered a genius in certain areas. In particular, there were the sword geniuses, Piaro and Ibellin. What did they have in common?

They were the masters of anomalies. They used unconventional swordsmanship to confuse and overwhelm their opponent. Then what about Chucksley? He didn't show any gaps, because he was faithful to the basics and excluded variables.

This style of swordsmanship was bad for Grid, who was still lacking. All of Grid's techniques were blocked.

Chaaeng!Chaeng!

'Hey, this...'

The more Grid competed with the sword, the more he understood Chucksley's strength. Grid had the advantage in speed, but he couldn't use it.

'I want to see his status window.'

He wanted to swap to the Great Lord's Sword and view Chucksley's information. Chucksley was probably a named NPC. But he couldn't afford to do it.

Jjeejeeong!

The extremely honest, but fast and powerful sword, put pressure on Grid. Grid was forced to focus on defense.

"Okay! You're doing well, Sir Chucksley!"

Prince Ren cheered after standing up. He gained confidence after seeing Chucksley overpower Grid.

"Grid! This is the result of your pride and self-righteousness!"

How could he confront 5,000 soldiers alone? The royal army was helped by Grid's stupidity. Prince Ren was sure that he would win this war.

"Kill him! Kill Grid and go straight to Reidan!"

Prince Ren shouted while Bunny Bunny cursed in the distance.

'Dammit!'

The protagonist of Bunny Bunny's video was originally Hurent. But Hurent was dominated in an instant by a farmer. Then he tried turning the main character into Grid, but...

'Grid is losing to Chucksley!'

Bunny Bunny didn't want this result. He wanted Grid to defeat the strong enemies. However, the current situation looked helpless. Bunny Bunny was feeling resentful when a voice entered his ears.

"The majority of the northern army seems to have survived. We made good time."

"...!"

Bunny Bunny was a second advancement assassin. A person could get close to him without him noticing? They could only be a top ranker. In other words, the owner of the voice next to Bunny Bunny wasn't ordinary.

"You...!"

Bunny Bunny turned around and was shocked. It was the master of beauty, Lauel of the silver hair. One of the 10 Rookies who played for the US team in the National Competition, and someone who was now one of Grid's top aides.

Bunny Bunny's eyes shone at meeting a celebrity and Lauel grinned.

"It's interesting to see Bunny Bunny, who I've only seen on TV before. Are you live?"

"T-That's impossible. I need to solve the problem of image rights, so I'm taking a recording."

"Ah, it's a relief that you aren't stupid. Please contact me before you start the broadcast. We have to talk about the distribution of revenue."

"Yes, yes. I will keep that in mind."

Lael's profile stated that he was 20 years old. Bunny Bunny was seven years older. But he couldn't feel comfortable around Lael. The only thing that mattered in society was power and wealth.

"Earl Lael, the soldiers are ready."

A blond man appeared behind Lael. He was an NPC called Asmophel. There were 1,000 soldiers gathered behind him with excellent military discipline. Every soldier had killing intent in their eyes and they were orderly. Compared to them, the royal army that was considered the best in the Eternal Kingdom was like a child.

'What is this?'

Bunny Bunny admired it. He never imagined that Grid could train an army to this degree.

'Grid is even great at nurturing an army!'

The more he discovered, the greater he thought Grid was. But what was this? Why was he on the verge of dying alone in enemy territory? Bunny Bunny directed his gaze back to the battlefield.

Grid was still dueling Chucksley. He didn't have any wounds, but it was the same for Chucksley. Chucksley overpowered Grid with his swordsmanship, while Grid made up for what he was lacking with speed.

The problem was that there were 5,000 soldiers behind Chucksley.

'The moment those 5,000 soldiers move...'

The balance would collapse and Grid would die. Bunny Bunny felt nervous and asked.

"Lael, shouldn't you help Grid?"

Lael was relaxed. As he watched the battle of Grid and Chucksley through the dust, he made a meaningful remark.

"You don't know Grid's abilities."

In the first place, Grid's strength wasn't swordsmanship.

"I don't know why he's playing around with swordsmanship with that person, but I don't need to worry. Knight Chucksley, he might be strong, but he isn't comparable to the people that Grid has faced so far. Isn't that right? Sir Asmophel."

"The opponent's skill is still insufficient."

'Playing around? A great swordsman is lacking?'

Bunny Bunny doubted his ears. He thought that Lael and Asmophel were speaking unreasonably. At that moment.

"Kuaaaack!"

A terrible scream shot into the sky. It must be Grid! Bunny Bunny freaked out and zoomed in on the direction.

"This is impossible!"

Bunny Bunny was at a loss for words. The great swordsman Chucksley, who had been dominating the whole time, was now bleeding from the chest.

"Now."

Lael instructed Asmophel, who shouted towards the soldiers.

"Aim your bows!"

Reidan's soldiers moved in a sleek manner. They quickly stabilized their feet in the sand, took out a bow and pulled back the bowstring.

'What are they thinking?'

Bunny Bunny wondered. The distance from here to Grid was approximately 300m. It was too far to hit the mark. Even if there was a lucky shot, it was obvious that the person wouldn't suffer a great impact because the power would be greatly reduced.

However, Reidan's soldiers had a hidden secret. It was the power of items. Reidan's soldiers were equipped with items produced by Khan. The power and accuracy were completely different from typical bows. What if the power of qigong master Lael was added?

"Wind Dragon's Roar."

Kuoooooh!!

A westerly wind started to sweep through the desert.

"Fire!"

Papat!Pa pa pa pat!

1,000 arrows were simultaneously shot. On the battlefield, the royal army watching Grid was forced to accept the baptism of arrows pouring down.

"Wow..."

Bunny Bunny trembled.

It was the first time he saw the scene of 1,000 soldiers being wrapped in a pillar of light, symbolizing they had levelled up at the same time.

Chapter 340

Training, training, training! And more training! Why did they have to go through such hellish days. Reidan's soldiers had always questioned it. They couldn't understand why they had to train so much every day.

'I know that it's necessary to become stronger to protect our home and families. But still, isn't this too much? Once we adjust to a training regime, we are forced to do a new one and then adjust to that. What if this keeps repeating?'

"The baker was a former soldier. I don't think there is any army on the continent training as hard as us."

"The infantry in the rear are grumbling. The level of training we receive has already exceeded the level of ordinary soldiers?"

"Of course. Isn't our training at the level of special forces? It's crazy. Why do we have to climb a wall without a ladder?"

"I don't like the giant worm hell training. When I move through sand that is pouring down like a waterfall, I really feel like a hamster on a wheel. Then when I see the giant worms, I get goosebumps..."

"Isn't it ridiculous to train new archers by firing at birds? No, we're infantry, so why do we need to have good archery skills?"

"I don't understand why we have to do field work. Isn't this exploitation of labor instead of training?"

"Hah... Why is the duke giving us such trials?"

Reidan's soldiers loved and respected Grid. It wasn't an exaggeration. Duke Grid was the one who saved them from starving in their bleak homeland. The soldiers would lay down their lives for Grid.

But those thoughts gradually faded. As they were forced to do harsh training by Grid, this gratitude disappeared and hatred started growing. It was a natural phenomenon. The training that the soldiers of Reidan received?

It was similar to the training received by the Black Knights, the second strongest knights division of the empire. It was much higher compared to normal training, so it was at a mental and physical level that ordinary soldiers couldn't afford.

But they somehow managed to endure.

Piaro and Asmophel.

It was possible because the two people, who were originally supposed to be pillars of the empire, instructed them.

"Prepare!"

A westerly wind started blowing in the desert. The soldiers of Reidan pulled back their bowstrings without a single error. These were the poisonous eyes of those who had endured the hell training.

Grid was struggling on the battlefield alone.

"Shoot!"

Pak!Pa pa pa pa pak!

The 1,000 soldiers simultaneously fired their bows. Their posture was really good and the arrows flying with the wind were perfect.

Puk!Puuooooook!

"Kyaak!"

"Hik!"

Khan had achieved Advanced Blacksmithing level 8. He was Albatino's descendant, and Grid's friend and disciple, so the power of the arrow and bows he produced were beyond imagination.

The arrows flew 300m away and killed the royal troops.

"Do it again!"

The soldiers of Reidan became covered with the level up pillars of light as the number of casualties in the royal army increased. Their strength, stamina, and agility increased as they pulled the bowstring again.

Grid's form was seen in their fierce gazes.

'Duke Grid!'

'This is why you forced us to do such difficult training!'

'You predicted the enemy's invasion!'

'I am impressed with My Lord's foresight! I really admire you!'

Today.

The unexpected invasion of Reidan and the misunderstanding involving Grid allowed all their hatred to disappear. Loyalty burned fiercely inside them.

'Facing the enemy alone to minimize the damage!'

'You are truly great and courageous!'

'I will devote myself more to you!'

It was the first battle they had been in since they started training with Jude. The soldiers of Reidan showed a high concentration which greatly affected their skills.

"Shoot!"

Pak!Pa pa pa pa pak!

Asmophel ordered and arrows once again flew.

Puk!Puuooooook!

“Ugh!”

“Kuheok!”

Reidan’s soldiers kept growing in real time through level ups. Hundreds of royal soldiers couldn’t endure the powerful arrows and died.

“What is this?”

Prince Ren was severely shaken. The 5,000 soldiers were focused on Grid and allowed a surprise attack. The shock was huge. He felt desperation and despair on this battlefield where one man demonstrated an absolute power.

Ferrell, the chief archer of the Eternal Kingdom, was amazed.

‘Don’t tell me that they’re all archers!’

Reidan’s 1,000 soldiers. Firing arrows from a distance of 300m wasn’t something that ordinary soldiers were capable of. By default, talented people needed to train their archery skills for 10 years before being capable of this.

Thus Ferrell was confused.

‘I thought that Reidan was a dying city.’

There were 20,000 people in the city and Grid had only taken over it for 16 months. He could train such elite archers in only 16 months? It was nonsense. It was impossible. Ferrell was confident because he had personally trained archers.

‘Also!’

He heard that Reidan had a total of 1,000 troops. Wasn’t it probable that all 1,000 would be archers? No. An army without infantry was powerless. Grid would be insane to train an entire army to be archers.

‘It can’t be...!’

A shocking thought passed through Ferrell’s mind.

‘What if they’re all knights?’

Archery was included in the arsenal of knights, and a knight level talent would be capable of learning archery to this degree after 16 months.

‘This! Reidan is a complete gold mine!’

There were so many talents to train as knights! Ferrell misunderstood and pulled out his bow. It was the Thunder Bow, which was a family heirloom passed down from generation to generation.

“Reidan...! I will cut off that bud!”

Pachik!Pachichik!

Thunder sparked as Ferrell pulled back the bow. There was a flash and an arrow that was more like a lightning bolt flew.

Peeng!

Pepepepeng!

The screaming in the sky! Thunderbolts after thunderbolts appeared in succession. Reidan's 1,000 soldiers. They didn't know what to do when faced with the magic arrow.

"Heok?"

"Suddenly!"

The soldiers of Reidan had endured hell training that put them on the verge of death. But this was the first time they experienced such a sudden danger. They paled as they saw the flying arrow, then someone appeared in front of them.

With his red cloak flapping, it was Asmophel. He took out a long sword that he had used since his days in the Red Knights. He moved his sword in a trajectory that was like a stream of paper, or a calligrapher writing on blank paper.

Pepepepeong!

"What?"

Ferrell's vision was as good as a hawk, so he was shocked. It was the first time he saw a sword destroying his arrow.

'Even Captain Chucksley can't face my arrow head on...!'

Ferrell was astonished and blinked blankly.

"Try and stop this!"

There was no meaning for an archer who couldn't hit his target. Ferrell was the best archer in the kingdom and fired his bow again. The arrow he fired this time was several times stronger and faster than the previous one.

Kwa kwang!

Thunder rang out as the arrow flew towards Asmophel's nose. The corners of Asmophel's gorgeous lips curved up. Was this his first chance to play an active role since serving Duke Grid? The only thing he had done so far was collect gold coins and train the soldiers.

Asmophel wanted to prove his value by playing an active role and Ferrell was a good opponent. Asmophel's manifested a red aura and blocked Ferrell's arrow with his strength, then he shouted.

"I will cut off the enemy's head!"

Taack!

It happened when Asmophel jumped from the sand dune and was about to head to the enemy.

“That bow, it looks good?”

To be precise, he was interested in the materials that made up the bow. Grid didn't hide the greed in his eyes as he reached Ferrell first. Asmophel wanted to cry.

"My Lord! Please give me a chance to work!"

Asmophel's voice failed to reach Grid. It was due to the screams of the thousands of confused royal soldiers being attacked that dominated the battlefield.

Puok!

"Kuk...!"

Ferrell was only focused on Asmophel. He thought Grid was fighting Chucksley and had no idea that he would receive a surprise attack. He allowed the attack and started bleeding, while Grid connected the next blow.

[Critical!]

[Iyarugt's option effect is activated, reducing the target's healing power by 50%.]

[Critical!]

[Iyarugt's option effect is activated, giving the target a bleeding status that will last for 3 seconds.

[The 3rd combo has been achieved!]

[The bleeding effect is maximized. The damage that the target will receive is increased by 200% for 1 second.]

'Now!'

Grid's eyes shone as he aimed at the named NPC who had a high health.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship, Pinnacle.”

Seokeok!

Pinnacle descended. Blood spurted like a fountain from Ferrell's chest, filling his field of view as Grid raised his sword to strike again.

[The 5th combo has been achieved!]

[The target's thinking ability has been destroyed for 0.3 seconds! You can link Hell Sword.]

In the blink of an eye. Ferrell was stunned by the repeated onslaught.

“Hell Sword.”

Kwajik!

Pajijijijik—!

Dozens of red-black stems emerged from Iyarugt and pierced Ferrell's chest.

The sight,

“Okay! Gorgeous! The best!!”

Bunny Bunny’s video seamlessly moved between the sky and the ground. Grid dominating the battlefield would surely be passed onto the viewers.

On the other hand.

"Ferrell!"

Chucksley fell victim to Grid who suddenly used a skill when exchanging sword blows. He was outraged by the sight of Ferrell being blindsided due to his carelessness and attacked Grid.

“Rising Sword!”

It was an extremely irregular technique that looked like it rose from the ground. Chucksley was sure that Grid would be hit by this technique. But he was wrong. The reason why Grid was unable to subdue Chucksley despite his speed advantage was due to the firmness of the swordsmanship. Chucksley used a big technique and abandoned his own strength, revealing a gap.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Kill.”

Peeeeeeong!

Grid was hit in the chest while Chucksley’s waist was struck. The difference between the two sword skills was clear. Grid was hurt in a much more deadly area. It was the moment when Chucksley seemed to have the initiative.

"Ohhhh!"

“My Lord!”

Prince Ren and the royal troops cheered, while Asmophel and Reidan’s soldiers felt desperate. Even Bunny Bunny’s face darkened as he filmed. Except for one person. Lael had a smile on his face as he looked at Grid.

"Gotcha."

Grid grasped Chucksley’s neck.

“My Lord’s strength isn’t swordsmanship.”

Lael shrugged. This was a fact that the two people knew. Grid wasn’t a swordsman.

“It’s being overgeared.”

Receiving a wound in a critical area? His armor had outstanding defense and minimized the damage. He couldn’t hit the enemy? He would maximize his damage with superior weapons.

Clink!

Clink clink.

Four golden hands flashed and surrounded the gasping Chucksley. Then a white flash stunned the battlefield.