

## Overgeared 551

### Chapter 551

Borneo.

The Gauss players started to feel excited.

'What? 9 million dollars just for inflicting an injury?'

'900 million for killing...!'

How many chances like this would appear before ordinary people? It was low enough that it wouldn't be strange if they never experienced it. Katz's proposal was enough to capture the Gauss players.

'Money!'

'I will become rich!'

Money! Money! Money! This was a capitalist society that produced new monsters, a very desirable phenomenon for Katz.

"Seuron, give me one blow please."

"No, please just die. Yes? Please."

The eyes of the Gauss players changed. They revealed their intent to kill a high ranker that they normally wouldn't go against. Seuron was recognized as prey, like a chicken trapped in a poultry farm. Seuron gulped as he was surrounded by the Gauss players.

"Do you really believe his words? Aren't you just fools?"

The average level of the Gauss players was 100, with no rankers among them. If Seuron were behind some fortifications like Katz, he wouldn't care how many opponents there were. But unlike Katz, however, Seuron was alone in the middle of enemy territory. He was isolated among thousands of enemies. Even the 'Soul Predator' Seuron had to feel tense.

Seuron determined that he had to be careful and tried to speak with a calm expression, "This isn't \$90,000 or \$900,000. It is 9 million dollars and 900 million. Does it make sense that he will keep this promise?"

In other words, it was worth billions of won. No matter how wealthy a person was, spending that much money just to hunt one person in a game? It was a bluff. Seuron was sure of it and people started to become dubious.

"It is a lot of money. No matter how rich Katz is, can he really spend this much?"

"That... I would've believed it if it was a more realistic amount."

They could gain enough money to reverse their life if they dealt one injury to Seuron! This extraordinary condition ended up grabbing Katz' ankle. The Gauss players started to doubt Katz words and Seuron felt relief.

"Kukuk! Kuahahahat!" Katz' shoulders shook as he laughed from the wall. "People are fun. It is beyond your imagination so you deny it? Look, your imagination is too weak."

That was the only problem they had? Then he would adjust the level.

"I will correct the amount. I will give 100 million yen to people who injure Seuron and 10 billion yen for the person who kills him. I promise in the name of the JIN Group. How about it? Are you going to believe it?"

People didn't know how scary a madman with a lot of money was. Why? It was rare to see a madman with a lot of money!

"What are you doing? If you want to make money then you have to kill that beggar." Katz prompted with cold eyes.

It was the spark.

"Waaaaaaaaah!"

The players in the Gauss army no longer hesitated. Katz offered much better incentives than the quest rewards, making them all rush towards Seuron. Seuron shrank back from surprise and roared.

"Shit...! Shit!! Overgeareddddd!"

The Overgeared Guild was a nightmare for Seuron. He was killed by a farmer in the invasion of Reidan and was unable to do anything big in the National Competition due to the Overgeared members wearing the items that Grid made. Seuron hated the Overgeared Guild, who left a stain on his life. He wanted to trample on them and get rid of the shameful past.

Yet now he was being trampled on with the power of money? Why did he get stuck in a situation where he was tied up with the Overgeared members? It was enough to drive Seuron crazy.

"Do you think you can leave a scratch on me?"

"Kill! Kill Seuron!"

"We don't have anyone strong. Hit him at the same time! One hit means a lot of money!"

"It's mine!!"

A clash between the angry Seuron and the money-blinded Gauss players! Katz enjoyed the fierce sight from the walls. The power of money that made enemies into allies caused the whole world to shake.

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Bairan's siege had a special pattern. It was the first ever siege where the role of the one being sieged and the one attacking completely reversed.

Kiiiiik!

The firmly closed gate of Bairan once again opened.

"Hiik! Again!"

“D-Damage once again! Use the soldiers as a shield!”

The players belonging to Eternal started to retreat. The formations collapsed in an instant. The formations were a mess due to the players and the command system was temporarily paralyzed. The battlefield instantly became a mess.

At this time.

“I will show you my spirit today.”

Pon rose a white horse through the open gate and threw his spear. Rail Spear.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The lightning spear blew through the Eternal army like a lightning storm. Hundreds of soldiers and players turned to grey.

“Hiyah!”

Pon pulled out a new spear and ran out. He broke into the collapsed Eternal formation and wielded his spear. The soldiers were slaughtered. It was the scene of a one-sided massacre due to the overwhelming power difference. But the massacre didn’t last long.

Just 100 people. Pon defeated 100 people before recovering his spear and returning.

“Foolish guys! I told you not to let the ranks break!”

"Reform the ranks! The enemy’s next attack is coming!"

The commanders verified that Pon was gone and gave orders to the soldiers. They wanted the siege weapons that arrived late to be escorted. But time was too tight. In addition, the players were a problem. The average level of the players at Bairan was 140. Apart from a few people, the majority were low-level users who hadn’t received military training. The commanders did their best but the speed of the formations was too slow.

In the meantime, Yura emerged from the gate.

"I can’t let you use the siege weapons."

Peeng!

A Demon Slayer acquired black magic power each time they slew demonkin. She could use this black magic as a resource to activate special skills. One of them was black magic. This was a specialty of Yura who used to be first in the black magic rankings. She summoned black spheres and bombarded the enemy soldiers escorting the siege weapons. Her aim was the siege weapon and no one could stop her.

The elite Eternal soldiers were still only level 180. Their abilities were useless in front of Yura’s agility and aggressiveness, making them fall into helplessness.

Kurururung!

“Shit! How long will we let her run wild?”

The Eternal players realized the seriousness of the situation when they saw the collapsing siege weapons and firmed up their hearts. They started to concentrate on attacking Yura. They were eager to clear the quest as they fired arrows and magic. Their average level was lower than the soldiers but Yura was tired from the war that lasted five days.

Pepepepeng!

“Ugh.”

Yura started to allow attacks. She came out of the castle to fight, so she was physically and mentally at her limits. The good news was that Eternal’s players were weak. The difference in level and items was so severe that Yura wasn’t seriously injured. After barely enduring the attacks of the enemies and defeating the quota of 100 people, she returned to the castle.

Kuuong!

She flopped down as soon as the gate closed. Yura sat down. She gasped for breath as she sweated, while Pon spoke to her.

“The supplies are running out. The archers on the wall don’t have as many arrows and are running out of potions. We might only be able to last two more days.”

Yura, Toon, and other skills members of Overgeared were concentrated in Bairan. They alternated going out of the castle and attacking the enemies in order to protect the castle without a loss of troops. But this wasn’t possible forever. They couldn’t get enough rest so their stamina recovery speed was slow and the durability of their items was at the bottom. Their potions were also running out.

It was a desperate situation for Bairan. But Yura didn’t want to give up Bairan.

“Definitely... I will definitely keep it. It will be dangerous for Patrian if Bairan collapses.”

How much longer could they hold? Yura, Pon, Toon, and the Overgeared members. They risked their lives but wouldn’t be able to hold on for more than two days. Bairan would be finished if there were no reinforcements.

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Chaaeng!Chaeeeeeng!

“Kikik! Kikikikik!”

Puk.

“Kiiiiik!”

Red Sun Forest. For Korean players, it was known as the ‘Hypnotic Forest,’ where strange sights could be seen. The dubrick racer, or the nimble creatures that were deemed ‘unhunnable’ due to their species characteristics were being slaughtered by a single swordsman.

Seokeok!

Puhahahak!

A speed that couldn't be avoided. The white sword belonging to Kraugel blocked the dubrick racers that were three times faster than humans. The monsters that were 60 levels higher than him died. He wiped the sweat off his skin that was as beautiful as a woman's and tucked his hair behind his ears. His high nose and deep eyes were revealed. The man was handsome enough to capture the hearts of men and women.

"Kraugel."

Hao arrived at Kraugel's side. After discovering that Ares' men were aiming for Kraugel, he stayed by Kraugel's side for protection. Now he asked with an anxious expression.

"Is it really okay if you don't go and help Overgeared?"

Kraugel had a great liking for Overgeared, and couldn't hide his impatience while he grasped the war situation of Overgeared in real time. It seemed like he wanted to go and help Overgeared. But Kraugel continued hunting without heading to the Eternal Kingdom.

"Please let me know if there is anything stopping you from helping. I will assist you."

Kraugel could tell what Hao thought in his heart, since he was now quite familiar with Hao. Kraugel made a bitter smile and said, "Grid will want to avoid getting help from me."

"Why do you think that?"

"We are rivals before we are friends."

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Pangea, the East Continent.

"Today is the third day..."

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

The White Hammer blacksmiths were uneasy. Grid had been constantly hammering for the last three days. Could a person be okay after working three days without any rest? In particular, forging was something that required a tremendous amount of stamina. They were concerned about Grid's health.

"Captain White, what do we do if Grid falls down? Shouldn't he rest for a while?"

White shook his head at the concerned question. White was also showing signs of weariness. It was the aftermath of watching Grid work without sleeping for the past three days.

"Don't disturb the concentration of Pangea's Duke of Virtue."

Grid was a craftsman. Once he put his soul into making an item, he wouldn't stop for food and rest. The work was the most important thing to them. White knew this because he grew up watching his father. He never intended to disturb Grid. This was a great choice.

Grid was able to focus with White's support and succeeded in smelting the Red Phoenix Breath one day earlier than expected.

"Now... Now it is the real work."

Hwaruruk!

Grid increased the temperature of the furnace. The Legendary Blacksmith's Patience was activated for the fourth time and reduced his fatigue.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

Grid started the making of the Red Phoenix Bow. He had a vague inkling.

'The best masterpiece will be born.'

It was a well-founded confidence.

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'The Red Phoenix Bow is the strongest weapon.'

Grid thought this. Was it because he always did his best and wanted to be rewarded for his efforts? No, his faith didn't come from such a vague thing. It was an absolute conviction because of several reasons.

'The first evidence.'

The quality of the design was the best ever. The original version of the Red Phoenix Bow was likely to be myth rated.

'The second evidence.'

The quality of the materials used in the production was the best ever. The white phosphorus wood and Red Phoenix Breath. In particular, the material called the Red Phoenix Breath was likely to be equivalent to adamantium. Adamantium was a mineral that was collected from the world of the gods. In other words, the Red Phoenix Breath was a by-product of a god. It was a 'part of a god.'

'The third evidence.'

Grid's concentration was at its highest level. The effect of the Legendary Blacksmith's Patience had activated four times over the last three days. It was the first time since he became Pagma's Descendant.

'Thanks to the Legendary Blacksmith's Patience, I'm not tired at all and can devote myself to working without a break.'

It was a feast of the best conditions! They overlapped and would obtain the best results.

Ttiring~

[You can no longer smelt the Red Phoenix Breath. It is already in the best form.]

[Strengthened Red Phoenix Breath]

The aura of the Red Phoenix enhanced by the legendary blacksmith Grid.

Increases fire resistance by 40% even when carrying it in the inventory.

It can be used to infuse items with the powerful aura of the Red Phoenix.

However, it can only be attached to items with a strong fire attribute.

Weight: 2

The strengthened Red Phoenix Breath contained a stronger flame than before. The flames in the ruby rose like they wanted to run wild.

‘Now I can make the bow.’

Grid made good use of the extra time to heat up the furnace. He used all his knowledge to handle the white phosphorus wood. Now it was only necessary to add the additional materials such as the minotaur horns.

‘It’s okay. The kids will be able to hold on well even without me. I don’t have to worry and just focus on doing my best.’

Grid wasn’t aware of it, but he was able to exert a higher concentration than usual in the production of this item because of his different mindset. His colleagues were in a crisis and he couldn’t help. Grid had to suppress his anxiety and nerves from imagining the worst situation and his concentration naturally rose during this process. He used a variety of tools during the production.

Chiiiiik!

“...”

Grid stared at the water vapor that was generated by cooling the heated white phosphorus wood in the water. It shone firmly without yielding. It looked like the starlight in the night sky.

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

“...Good.”

The Legendary Blacksmith’s Patience skill once again activated! Grid smiled as sharp as a knife as his fatigue disappeared and his concentration stayed at the peak. The blacksmiths of the White Hammer smithy felt infinite awe as they watched Grid tirelessly work on the item for the fourth day in a row.

The next evening.

[The Legendary Blacksmith’s Breath has been activated.]

Grid received a welcome notification window as he entered the final stages of the production. He attached the Red Phoenix Breath to the finished bow. Then a red aura appeared around the white bow. Grid prayed for the message ‘a legendary item has been completed.’

‘Please!’

Give him a legendary rating!

...It might be too greedy. Maybe he should pray for a unique rating.

‘Then I can use Item Upgrade to make it a legendary rating.’

The moment that Grid’s mind weakened.

Paaaat!

There was a gorgeous sight as the Red Phoenix Bow completely accepted the essence of the Red Phoenix, the white bow turning an orange-red color. It was an intense color like blazing fire. Then...

[An unexpected situation has occurred!]

“...?”

Unexpected situation? A chill went down the spine of the expectant Grid.

‘What the hell is this situation?’

Grid had been hit in the back of the head while playing the game more than once or twice. Grid’s expectations were always betrayed. Thus, he assumed the worst. However, it was the opposite.

[The rating of the item you produced is higher than legendary.]

[It is the result of breaking the limits due to the production method, the materials, and the maker’s commitment.]

“...Ah!!”

Grid was reminded of something. It was during the pope election episode. During the process of understanding and recreating the myth rated item Lifael’s Spear, Grid’s blacksmithing technique was upgraded from ‘Witness of God’s Weapon’ to ‘Understanding of God’s Weapon.’ Thanks to that, Grid had a very low probability of producing a myth rated (reproduction) item. But the odds were very low and had never happened before.

‘I wasn’t expecting this!’

At this moment, a myth reproduction was born. Grid was filled with a thrill that was beyond joy. The result far exceeded his expectations, causing excitement to flow like a tidal wave. But the result was different. The item made by Grid wasn’t a myth reproduction.

[Congratulations!]

[You are the first player to produce a myth rated item!]

[The title, ‘Watched by the Gods’ has been acquired.]

[(Understanding of Gods’ Weapons) Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship Skill has evolved into (Seeing the Gods’ Techniques) Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship Skill.]

“Wow.”

Grid’s eyes widened. It wasn’t a reproduction, but a pure myth rating. Grid was so surprised that his heart stopped. His head was refreshed. Grid looked at the updated skill information.

[(Seeing the Gods’ Techniques) Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship Skill Lv. 8]

There is a high probability of producing rare~ epic rated items.

There is a certain probability of creating unique rated items.

There is a rare probability of creating legendary rated items.



If certain conditions are met, there is a very rare probability of making a myth reproduction or myth rated item.

\* All stats of a production item will increase by 21%.

\* When myth rated items are produced, all stats will permanently rise by +10 and reputation throughout the continent will rise by +1,000.

\* Something special will occur with every three myth rated items created. (Currently 1/3)

“...”

Grid was happy, but frowned after a moment. The updated skill gave Grid a new penalty!

“No, dammit... Legendary items don't give me any stats now?”

No, wasn't this too severe? It didn't make sense that he would be treated like this when making legendary items. The price for making a myth rated item was too high. Grid's shoulders slumped.

'The future is uneasy...'

Something special would happen every time he made three myth grade items. Why did he feel like this might be a huge penalty?

"This damn Korean game."

It was too stingy to players. They didn't treat players well who paid a full fee every month. It was the typical attitude of a Korean game company. Grid couldn't confirm the details of the completed Red Phoenix Bow when he heard a disturbance.

“D-Demon...!”

"Pointy-eared demon!”

“...?”

There was an uproar from the entrance to the smithy. The White Hammer blacksmiths cried out fearfully.

'Pointy-eared demon?'

What type of monsters would scare the blacksmiths? Grid armed himself with the Sword Ghost and exited the smithy. Then he was shocked.

“Sticks!”

The pointy-eared demon that the blacksmiths were scared of. It was Sage Sticks. The person Grid had been waiting for! By the way...

"Why are you being treated as a demon?"

An elf. He was a noble existence. Elves were those who loved nature and peace, and were hostile to demonkin. They were historically honored and loved by people. It was strange that the blacksmiths of the White Hammer smithy would call him a demon.

Sticks reached out to Grid.

"I can't speculate, but the East Continent might have a difficult situation that is hard to untangle. Let's go back."

Now wasn't the time to think about the East Continent. His colleagues were the top priority. Grid nodded and grabbed Sticks' hand. Then the two people disappeared with a flash of light.

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"A stronghold of a small kingdom is at this level...?"

The Yak Guild that was one of the Seven Guilds. Bubab was the master of a small territory. Therefore, he was able to see how magnificent the high walls of Patrian were.

'The walls should be at least level 8.'

The durability was at least one million. It was natural that it would be difficult to scratch the walls with a level 100 or level 200 magic or skill bombardment. In order to break down the walls, at least a third advancement magician or high level siege weapon was needed.

'If only I could have one of these fortresses.'

The Yak Guild had considerable manpower and capital, and they'd spent five months raising the wall by one level. Of course, every time the level of the wall increased, the amount of capital and experience required for the next level up would increase. In other words, a player couldn't build level 8 walls.

'Grid got it for free... Tsk.'

He noticed that Earl Ashur was on Grid's side since the Reidan invasion. Grid had been raising Earl Ashur since the earliest days and consequently obtained this great fortress.

'I don't want to admit it...'

Grid was a very wide character. He wasn't the same as other high rankers who relied on force or skills.

'Being able to capture the hearts of NPCs. This is Grid's greatest strength!'

If Grid was left alone, he would proceed forward without limits. Putting personal grudges aside, Bubab had an obligation to keep in check any high ranking competitors. But this wasn't an easy task. It was because there were too few third advancement classes in the Eternal Kingdom.

'We have to use the siege weapons well.'

Eternal's army had 12 catapults. But they weren't effective. Patrian had prominent magicians such as Zednos, Laella, and Euphemina. Their magic easily neutralized the catapults' attacks. In particular, the girl called Euphemina was a problem.

She used the best defense spell with the right attributes.

'This monster... Did she obtain a legendary great magician class?'

Bubat clicked his tongue and turned his gaze to the leader of the Eternal army. Thousands of infantry tried to climb the walls of Patrian, but they couldn't deal with the pouring magic, arrows, and stones. In particular, the Overgeared unit led by Regas. They ran out of the castle for a while and when they did, Eternal's vanguard was severely damaged.

'Fortunately, Jishuka is tired. Now that she's on a break, it's time to get rid of Regas.'

If they defeated Regas' group, it would be very easy to climb Patrian's walls. Bubat believed this and looked at Jeff and Ralph.

"We're finally going to act?"

"My body was becoming stiff."

"We can't just watch."

The damage dealers of Overgeared were busy destroying or keeping in check the siege weapons. It was a safe environment where Bubat, Jeff, and Ralph could finally show their true colors.

"The target is Regas!"

"Kill all those who interfere!"

Bubat, Jeff, and Ralph guided their guilds forward. They killed any Eternal soldiers who blocked the road without hesitation and reached Regas. Regas screamed while fighting with Eternal's soldiers.

"Avoid it!"

The Overgeared members who were part of the Silver Knights Guild. It was the moment when the 30 of them heard Regas' call and tried to respond.

Kurururung!

There was the sound of thunder and the ground erupted. It was an earthquake caused by Bubat who was considered the best initiator.

"Aaaack!"

"Hiik!"

The average level of the Overgeared members in Regas' unit was 230. They couldn't resist the wide area CC used by Bubat and floated in the air. Regas barely escaped the CC and felt strained. Bubat grabbed the faces of two of the Overgeared members floating in the air.

Bubat smiled widely.

Kwajajak!

Bubat grabbed the faces of two Overgeared members and slammed them into the ground. It was the signal for the reversal.

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"Ugh!"

“Keuok...”

The Overgeared members had their faces pushed deeply into the ground. Following the air damage, they fell into a stunned state. Of course, the crisis didn't end there. Bubbat planned to completely destroy them.

Peok!

Peeeeek!

Bubat's one-handed hammer struck the back of the Overgeared members without hesitation. It was a cruel attack without any mercy.

"Gorose! Han Woochan!"

Regas' eyes shook wildly as his colleagues died. They were colleagues he'd fought with for the past week! It was also by Bubbat, a third party not involved in this war!

“Wicked person! I will never forgive you!”

Pachichik!

Regas kicked off from the ground. Among the third advancement classes, his Asura had one of the highest difficulties. The intense power of lightning wrapped around him.

“Uhh!”

‘There's no access!’

The Eternal soldiers were swept up in the rush and felt pain as their skin was torn and burnt. They tried to widen their distance from Regas. He used the precursor for the Asura's ultimate skill, ‘Send to Hell.’ That's right. Regas was in a cold rage. Regas decided that the biggest risk Bubbat had to be taken care of first, and he needed to prevent the enemy forces from reaching him. So he chose to use Send to Hell for his first strike.

“Haaaah!!

Peeeeeeong!

The moment Regas kicked Bubbat like a lightning bolt.

‘What?’

Regas was somewhat surprised. All the enemies he met so far always tried to avoid his ultimate move? On the other hand, Bubbat excluded any evasion actions altogether. He crossed his arms and defended against Regas' kick from the front. The cost was great.

Kudududuk!

Kuooooong.

Bubat's arms twisted in a strange direction after receiving Regas' kick and the ground he was standing on was dented like an excavator had swept through the spot. It was a scene where the terrible attack power of Send to Hell could be seen. Thus, it was amazing. Bubat was still standing!

"...!"

Regas was shaken.

"Cough!"

Bubat clenched his teeth and endured the pain. He ignored the warning windows that spoke about the damage and bone fractures as he laughed.

"Have you forgotten? It's impossible for even Grid to kill me with one blow."

Bubat's hidden class 'Crusher' had a passive skill that 'ignored damage after a certain level.' Bubat was convinced that even a dragon's breath couldn't kill him with one blow. In addition, a Crusher specialized in close proximity CC, charging, and terrain destruction. It was the reason why Bubat didn't flee from Regas. Rather than his broken arms, Bubat wrapped both legs around Regas' neck.

"I'll send it to you!"

Kwajajak!

Regas's body rotated 180 degrees and his head slammed into the ground.

"Keok!"

Dirt and stones were pushed into his eyes, nose, and mouth. At the same time, Regas experienced a strong pain that caused him to see stars. He was in a stunned state. Bubat wrapped his broken arms around Regas' back and kept smashing him into the ground.

"Kukuk! Puhahat! Your brain must be tired from fighting for the last few days!"

In the first place, a Crusher was the perfect counter to a martial artist. Furthermore, many of Regas' skills were on cooldown from when he was wiping out Eternal's army. Bubat knew this and aimed for this timing.

Chaaeng!Chaaeng!Chaaeng!

Bubat kept slamming Regas' head into the ground.

[You have suffered 3,900 damage.]

[You have suffered 4,030 damage.]

[You can't regain your mental state.]

[Your body is in a restrained position. It is difficult to move.]

[You have suffered 3,980 damage...]

...

...

The warning windows continuously rose in his field of view. Regas was aware of the serious crisis he was facing.

'I will die.'

The martial artist class was more about attacking than defense. Victory was settled the moment he was caught by Bubat and made helpless.

"Regas! Endure it a bit more! We're coming!"

The Overgeared members tried their best to rescue Regas, but the Yak Guild appeared in the gap caused by Bubat's air CC. The Overgeared members were surrounded by the Yak members and couldn't rescue Regas. It was difficult enough to protect their own lives. Bubat was delighted when he confirmed that Regas' health had fallen to one third.

'I can finally get revenge on Overgeared!'

Originally, Bubat had a good reputation for being undefeated in combat. But he was defeated by Grid every time in the National Competition and his reputation plummeted. He wanted to show a great appearance in this war that was being broadcasted across the world. After overwhelmingly defeating Regas, he would break down the walls with the army and take the heads of Jishuka and Euphemina.

'Then I will intercept Grid who will eventually appear and kill him!'

He would reclaim the glory of the past! Bubat was having fun as he imagined it.

Syuk!

Then an arrow flew and pierced him. To be exact, it stopped just before it pierced him. Bubat was protected by Jeff and Ralph. Jeff blocked Jishuka's arrow with a water droplet.

"Don't you know that projectiles have no power in front of me?"

Like Lauel, Jeff was a qigong master. But his combat ability was much higher than Lauel. Lauel specialized in climate and terrain changes as a flow master. Meanwhile, Jeff's third advancement class was 'Defying the Natural Order.' He possessed many skills that were excellent in combat. For example, he could neutralize projectiles like arrows.

"I will give it back."

Paang!

The water droplets. To be exact, Jishuka's arrow trapped in the water droplet shot in another direction. It was naturally towards Jishuka on the walls. It also had the same flying speed and attack power.

"That bastard."

Daring to return her own arrow? Jishuka's pride as the best archer was pricked and she frowned.

Papang!

She shot down the arrow with another arrow and turned her gaze to Regas, who was still caught by Bubat.

'I'm sorry, I can't help you.'

The magicians were desperately blocking the attacks from the catapults while the soldiers were stopping those climbing up the walls. Jishuka was currently the only one who could help Regas. However, her stamina was at its limits. It was impossible for her to use a skill. It would also be hard to rescue Regas from Bubat, Jeff, and Ralph with simple archery. They were some of the strongest rankers. There were few people who could easily neutralize them.

'One of those people is Grid...'

Grid naturally entered her mind. It was strange when she thought back to when she first met Grid. Jishuka never imagined when she first met Grid that she would rely on him so much. In the beginning, she just thought he was an idiot. But since then, he'd left a clear mark on Jishuka.

It couldn't be helped. When she realized that he was Pagma's Descendant that she was looking for, when he first made an item, when he appeared in a crisis and saved her, etc. Grid was always special and intense. Almost like a drug...

"...Oh my, what am I doing now?"

This was a war. The screams of her colleagues and the soldiers never ceased, and the number of enemies crossing the wall didn't show signs of diminishing. It was absurd that she was thinking about Grid in the middle of this situation.

'I'm tired.'

She realized it. There was no hope in this war. The enemies were stronger than Lael anticipated. Overgeared's strength was too weak.

"Well, we can start from scratch if we lose everything."

Becoming frustrated and giving up didn't fit her nature. Jishuka firmed up her heart and took out a new arrow from the inventory.

"I don't think we will lose everything?"

"..."

The battlefield filled with the sound of magic and weapons. It was so noisy that it was impossible to talk to the person next to her. Then why did she hear a clear voice?

"Grid..."

Jishuka turned her gaze in the direction of the voice. She smiled like the sun. Radiant, warm, and beautiful.

Above her head. Grid floated in the sky and smiled evilly, making him look like a goblin.

"Everyone has suffered."

Kiiiiiiing!

Dozens of round white lights rotated around Grid as he observed the battlefield. Each sphere contained a strong aura.

"What is that?"

The battlefield. The soldiers started murmuring as they discovered the white spheres in the sky. There were multiple small moons?

"...Eh?"

The Eternal soldiers were unfamiliar with this phenomenon and started speculating. A black-haired man floating among spheres of white light. He was only the hero of Eternal and was now a rebel, Duke Grid.

"A-Avoid it!"

"Run away!"

Grid wouldn't produce a special scene without any meaning. The Eternal commanders hurriedly shouted but it was too late. The white spheres around Grid started to shoot all over the battlefield. They poured down on the battlefield like rain.

A reversal in the war?

"Kill everything."

This was what it meant.

Pepeng!

Pepepepeok!

Hundreds of grey pillars rose simultaneously. Then Grid landed beside Jishuka and handed her a bow.

"Congratulations on truly becoming overgeared, Jishuka."

Dozens of white spheres hovered around Grid in the sky.

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Dozens of white spheres hovered around Grid in the sky. The lights suddenly spread out and covered the battlefield.

"What is this?"

It was a wide range magic that had never been seen before. As the Eternal players were feeling confused, someone shouted.

"Magic Missile! It's Magic Missile!"

Magic Missile was the lowest level magic. It had the advantages of a short cooldown time and activation time. In addition, the mana consumption was very small. This meant there was an obvious limit to its



power. But Grid had clearly proven in the National Competition that his Magic Missile was different. Grid's Magic Missile even hurt high rankers.

"They will aim for us!"

"A-Avoid it!"

The Eternal players started to run with all their might in order to avoid the bombardment. But there was no freedom on a battlefield filled with tens of thousands of people. In the confusion caused by the rush to get away, some people fell over and were turned to grey. They were players who died under the feet of their allies.

Peeng!

Pepepeng!

Hundreds of Eternal players died.

Kuwaaaaang!

Grid's Magic Missile bombardment hit the ground. Did the fierce white flash pierce the hearts of the soldiers? No. That wasn't their aim.

They hit the ground where thick shields were placed. The places where the siege weapons were. A hill filled with archers. The magic corps meant for increasing the speed of mana regeneration.

The places struck by Grid's Magic Missiles couldn't endure it and collapsed. Bubut watched the scene of the players and soldiers being devastated and felt alarmed.

"What is this bastard?"

Stopping Magic Missiles before they were launched and releasing them all at once?

"This is ridiculously overgeared!"

That's right. Bubut thought the reason why blacksmith Grid could use magic was due to artifacts. This was the most common sense interpretation. The voices of the Yak Guild members were heard in his ears.

"He intentionally caused an explosion by targeting the magic wards?"

"He also broke the siege weapons and killed the soldiers."

"That Grid, since when did he fight so cleverly?"

Originally, Magic Missile was a spell that dealt damage to a single target. Splash damage couldn't be expected because it was a penetration type of magic. But that story changed when it hit facilities or explosives. Jeff was angry at the Yak Guild members who felt admiration

"What's smart about that? It's a basic arrangement that junior high school students could do."

They knew that Grid was strong. But they shouldn't forget that the foundation of his strength was items.

"Don't shrink back just because you're overestimating them."

Jeff glanced at Bubat.

“What? Come and finish him off.”

He was talking about Regas stuck in the ground. They couldn’t give him a chance to recover. It happened when Bubat nodded and was about to hit Regas with a hammer.

Kiiiiiiing!

There was an unknown sound and a heat filled the area.

“What...?”

Bubat, Jeff, and Ralph started sweating and they paled. A giant firebird appeared in front of their shaking eyes.

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"Congratulations on truly becoming overgeared, Jishuka."

[Ownership of the Red Phoenix Bow has been transferred.]

“Truly overgeared?”

Overgeared was overgeared, what did he mean by truly overgeared? Jishuka was puzzled when she suddenly got goosebumps.

‘Don’t tell me.’

Did it mean an item she had been longing for since joining Overgeared? The bow had an intense color like flames were imprinted on it. Jishuka carefully guessed the identity of the bow that Grid passed her.

“Is this a legendary bow?”

Grid’s odds of creating a legendary item were very slim. It was the same probability of a named boss dropping a legendary item. Therefore, it was rare for people to have legendary items in Overgeared. It was the same for Jishuka. Grid laughed at Jishuka’s shining eyes.

“Let’s see?”

A meaningful answer!

Dugun dugun!

After Grid’s dramatic appearance, Jishuka’s wildly beating heart became faster. She was filled with anticipation as she confirmed the details of the Red Phoenix Bow. Then she became like a stone statue.

“Eh?”

What was with the rating of this bow?

“Legendary... No?”

[Red Phoenix Bow]

Rating: Myth

Durability: 1,203/1,203 Attack Power: 3,190

- \* Accuracy will increase by 60%.
- \* 80% increase in firing speed.
- \* Fire resistance will increase by 50%.
- \* Fire attribute skill damage will increase by 30%.
- \* 20% reduction in cooldown time of fire attribute skills.
- \* Causes splash damage equal to 12% of your total attack power to all targets in a one meter radius. A player in the same guild in the range of the splash damage will be healed.
- \* The arrows contain flames. It will added 4,000 fixed fire damage to your normal attack power and will cause burns. The splash damage doesn't apply to you. Once a critical strike is activated, the fixed damage will double.
- \* If the bowstring is pulled for more than three seconds, a protective shield is created to resist at least one status condition. There is a 2 minute cooldown. There is a very low probability that this shield is applied to party members.
- \* Every time you shoot an arrow, there is a chance to regain 1,000 health.
- \* The skill 'Fly Up!' will be generated.
- \* Passive skill 'Incarnation of Fire' will be generated.

A bow that is a myth beyond a legend.

The owner of this bow will leave countless achievements and will be the protagonists of hymns that future generations will sing.

It is made by Blacksmith Grid who has gone beyond his limits.

It is structurally perfect because it has the ideal shape of a bow. You can shoot faster, further, and stronger.

The breath of the Red Phoenix gives the wearer a mythical blessing.

Conditions of Use: Top three in the archer unified rankings.

Weight: 930

[Fly Up! Lv. 1]

Summons a copy of the Red Phoenix.

The clone of the Red Phoenix will deal fire damage equal to 800% of the total attack power to all enemies visible in the summoner's field of view.

- \* Skills attached to myth rated items can be upgraded.

Mana Consumption: 2,000

Cooldown Time: 12 hours.

[Incarnation of Fire Lv. 1]

A persistent passive.

You have a body that is close to immortal due to the favor of the Red Phoenix.

Health recovery and stamina recovery will increase by 90%, and your stamina won't drop below 5.

\* Skills attached to myth rated items can be upgraded.

"U-Uh?"

Not surprisingly, Jishuka was an educated woman. One of her hobbies was reading. Therefore, her ability to read and understand sentences was excellent. In a short time. She confirmed the details of the Red Phoenix Bow several times.

"Is this a dream?"

"..."

It was a puzzling reaction. But she didn't understand. Grid had created several weapons that were the strongest in existence, but this was the ultimate bow. Few people could readily convince themselves of this overwhelming performance.

"It isn't a dream."

"It isn't...a dream?"

Jishuka heard Grid's answer and recognized reality. She blankly took a few steps closer to Grid. Then she leaned her forehead against Grid's chest.

"Thank you for your efforts, Grid." Jishuka had been watching Grid for a few years. She knew how hard Grid worked whenever making one item. "You fought and studied hard on the East Continent."

Duguen.Duguen.Duguen.

Jishuka smiled warmly as she listened to Grid's heartbeat.

Gulp.

Grid's face turned red as he swallowed his saliva. The world's greatest beauty. A beauty completely to his taste had her face buried in his chest. Grid wanted to enjoy this time, but it was too unreasonable.

"Save Regas first."

Kkirik!

Jishuka suddenly pulled away from Grid and pulled back her bowstring.

Hwaruruk!

The jaffa arrow started burning. The entire battlefield filled Jishuka's eyes.

"Fly Up!"

The moment Jishuka's shout was heard from the walls...

Kiiiiiiing!

The cry of the Red Phoenix rang out on the battlefield.

Kurururururuk!

Hundreds of thousands of fireballs fell from the ground, emitting black smoke. It was a disaster itself. It was an overwhelming force that made even Grid, the maker of the Red Phoenix Bow, feel frightened.

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Kurururung!

"Pant..."

"What's this?"

Bubart, Jeff, Ralph and the hundreds of guild members led by them looked like they were possessed by ghosts. A firebird appeared in the sky and generated thousands of fireballs with a flap of its wings. It wasn't clear if this was a dream or reality.

It was an unreal sight. This was reality.

Thousands of fireballs poured out from the firebird and destroyed the battlefield in real time.

"What is this magic?"

The confusion of Bubart's party reached its peak. But they weren't rabble. They moved smartly in the midst of the confusion. They used defensive skills and evasion abilities to block the fireballs.

"These fireballs only aim once at one target! We just need to block it once!"

Kwa kwang!

Pepeng!

Kurururung!

All types of magic and skills were used, making the viewers happy. Bubart's group barely managed to overcome the crisis.

"Heok, heok... Heok?"

They barely blocked the fireball bombardment. The faces of Bubart's party turned white as they looked around again. Eternal's players and soldiers. Close to 20,000 were burned and died at once. For those whose level was in the mid-100s, the fireball bombardment was a catastrophic disaster.

"Unbelievable..."

“Who’s using such an ignorant magic... Don’t tell me?”

They might be low level players and soldiers, but there wasn’t a class that could ‘sweep up’ thousands of people at once. The monsters such as Kraugel, Agnus, and Grid couldn’t do it. Therefore, Bubab was confident. It must be Earl Ashur. The great magician on Grid’s side finally showed up on the battlefield!

“Shit! Retreat! Increase all magic resistance!”

The Yak Guild members started swapping their armor and accessories and the Jeff and Ralph guild members followed them. This was an obvious mistake.

Piing.

A fire arrow was shot from the top of Patrian’s wall.

“Jishuka!”

Bubat belatedly noticed the flying arrow. This dumb woman was as persistent as a cockroach. He couldn’t understand what a single arrow like this could do.

“Don’t be silly and stay down!”

Bubat was frustrated because of Grid and Earl Ashur. He was angry because he missed the chance to kill Regas. At this time, Jishuka’s arrow was very irritating.

Peeng!

"You can’t tie up my feet for long!"

Bubat used the small shield hanging at his wrist to block the arrow. He didn’t bother using any skills to improve his defense. A Crusher was basically a tank. He had high health, defense, and resistance. Bubab was even armed with the Undeclared King’s equipment. He had no doubt that one arrow couldn’t damage him. He intended to shake off Jishuka’s arrow and laugh. But it was impossible to laugh.

[You have suffered 7,390 damage.]

[The area hit by the arrow has started to burn! You will lose 2,500 health per second for 12 seconds.]

"Kuaaaaack!"

Bubat screamed from the unexpected pain. There was an explosion and fire burned his body the moment the arrow collided with the shield.

‘This damn girl! She recovered enough stamina to use her skills!’

Jishuka smiled brightly at Bubab, who hurriedly took out medicine for burns.

Chapter 555

"That was a normal attack."

“What?”

A normal attack? Bubbat had pride as a tanker. If there was a defense power rankings, he was sure that he would be in the top 50. Yet a normal attack dealt nearly 10,000 damage?

"Nonsense!"

Jishuka's arrow was accompanied by a great deal of fire damage and splash damage. There was a normal attack with such powerful features in the world? It wasn't possible even for Kraugel, who had the strongest legendary class Sword Saint. Of course this was a skill attack. It couldn't be a normal attack.

"Do you think I'm a fool?"

Bubat's face turned red when distorted by pain. He was infuriated that Jishuka was making fun of him. The Yak members immediately stopped him from running towards the walls.

"We have to run away!"

"Don't fall for that lowly provocation!"

"Kuoh...!"

Bubat barely suppressed his anger. He remembered that he would die if he delayed the time.

"Jishuka! I'm not avoiding you because I'm afraid! You know! In a one-on-one fight, you would be stuck in the ground next to Regas!"

Bubat participated in the war because he knew that the Overgeared Guild would be in a tough situation due to the numbers difference. The reason he could easily defeat Regas was by putting pressure on him using the numerical advantage. Now that the disadvantageous position was tilting, he planned to retreat.

There was a reason he couldn't help overreacting to Jishuka in the world. It was due to a past event.

In the past, it had been four months since Satisfy opened. Grid was still level 40, and Bubbat was level 100 and performing his class quest. The contents of the quest was to hunt 100 twin trolls alone within a week. It was before he was a Crusher, when he was still an ordinary tanker. Bubbat sought out the twin trolls.

But he couldn't see any twin trolls in the hunting grounds. It was because Jishuka had run rampant and defeated the twin trolls. Thus, Bubbat was irritated. The 300 twin trolls took one week to respawn and the probability of success was low due to his weak attack power. He was furious at Jishuka.

Therefore, he was determined. He would kill Jishuka and secure the hunting ground! Why didn't he explain the situation and ask her to concede the hunting ground? It was because Bubbat's pride as a ranker didn't tolerate it. In the first place, Bubbat thought that the PK system of Satisfy was the best.

The result? He fought her and died. Bubbat wasn't able to get his class advancement yet and wasn't the opponent of Jishuka, who'd already completed her class advancement. He suffered from her arrows and died. One blow? No, it was nine blows.

Jishuka didn't easily forgive Bubbat who tried to stab her in the back. She didn't leave the twin trolls hunting ground, continuing to shoot at Bubbat. Bubbat received two death penalties in four days and lost

access to the game. He naturally failed the class quest. If he failed, it would take another 10 days before he could do the class quest again.

‘That damn girl!’

Bubat lost a fortnight because of Jishuka. In the early days of Satisfy, losing a fortnight was deadly, and his ID disappeared from the rankings for a while. Bubat still shook when he thought about that time. His chest throbbed from where Jishuka’s arrow had hit him nine times.

‘Wait and see.’

Kwaduduk! Bubat turned his back to Patrian’s walls. Despite the ghosts of the past and the pride he couldn’t get rid of, his top priority was to run away. Jishuka’s voice entered his ears as he was running away.

"Where are you going?"

Paang!

Jishuka once again fired an arrow. It was another fire arrow. Jishuka claimed it was a normal attack.

"This is the second shot!"

Bubat used an iron wall skill this time. It was the ultimate defense skill that reduced the amount of damage done by half. However...

Peeeeeeong!

Bubat’s face became dismayed as he blocked the arrow with a small shield on his wrist.

[You have suffered 5,695 damage.]

[The area hit by the arrow has started to burn! You will lose 2,500 health per second for 12 seconds.]

“Ugh!”

No, why was the damage reduction so small?

‘Don’t tell me it’s fixed damage?’

Furthermore, why was there a huge burn every time he got hit?

‘How high is the probability of fire damage?’

There was also the splash damage...

It was a really good attack skill. Of course, the cooldown time would be long. No, in the first place, Jishuka’s stamina was at the limit. She might’ve recovered a little, but it would be depleted again after shooting a skill twice in a row. Bubat hurriedly pulled out burn medicine and screamed at the guild members.

“Don’t slack off and retreat! There was no reason to delay any longer!”



They were already exhausted by the time Earl Ashur and Grid appeared. They had to flee before they became targets. Bubab ignored Jishuka and hastened his retreat with his guild members.

Paang!

Papapapang!

Continuous sounds were heard from the walls of Patrian and Bubab felt puzzled.

'Again?'

It was the sound of flying arrows. It wasn't just one or two, but at least ten. What other archer could fire arrows from the walls that were 400 meters away? As far as he knew, there was only Jishuka.

"Don't tell me!"

Bubat turned his head back and his heart sank. It was because 10 arrows that looked the same as those that dealt great damage to him were flying.

"This is crazy!"

Continuously using skills? Wasn't her stamina depleted?

'No, why is the cooldown of such a powerful skill so short?'

Perhaps it wasn't an ordinary skill.

'Is it the ultimate skill of an archer?'

This ultimate skill was too dirty. Bubab cried out urgently, "Scatter!"

If they were gathered together, they would suffer great damage from the splash damage. As Bubab felt anxious and used a defense skill, Jeff laughed.

"Have you forgotten?"

The third advancement class of the qigong master. He could restrain flying projectiles and return it to the opponent. He had a perfect counter to an archer's skills. It was the Qi Barrier that made an enemy's ranged skill ineffective. It was one of the ultimate skills of Defying the Natural Order.

"Don't worry about your back and just retreat."

Jeff laughed in a relaxed manner and consumed a large amount of mana to open the barrier. He didn't doubt it. The barrier would destroy Jishuka's attack and give her a sense of despair. But reality was the exact opposite. It wasn't Jishuka who felt despair, but Jeff.

"Heok?"

The fire arrows hit the barrier. Rather than being extinguished, it passed through the barrier without any resistance. In other words...

"This isn't a skill!"

Jeff made a disbelieving expression. In addition, Bubab and the guild members believed in Jeff.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The fire arrows hit them and they were swept away by an explosion.

“Kuaaaaak!”

This was after the bombardment of thousands of fireballs. A large number of casualties occurred and screams echoed on the now relatively quiet battlefield.

“This bastard! Why didn’t you block it?”

Bubat grabbed Jeff’s collar after confirming that some of the guild members had been injured. Bubat knew Jeff’s abilities. He thought Jeff would easily block Jishuka’s skill. Yet the attack passed through? It was enough to make him suspect if Jeff was an Overgeared spy.

Jeff explained to the angry Bubat. “This isn’t a skill... It can’t be blocked by the barrier.”

“It isn’t a skill? Then what is it?”

"A normal attack."

“Eek! What nonsense are you spouting! Huh? Heok?”

Bubat’s eyes widened as he inserted more strength into Jeff’s hands. It was because he saw more fire arrows pouring from Patrian’s wall. This time, there were more than 10.

"No, what the hell is this skill?"

Why did such a strong skill have a short cooldown? The fire arrows reached Bubat.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

A powerful explosion rocked the battlefield again. The area where Bubat had been standing became a sea of fire.

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Jishuka had perfect compatibility with the Red Phoenix Bow and became incomparably stronger than before. She laughed as she fired the bow and Grid looked at her warmly. The sharp and threatening eyes seemed endlessly gentle today.

‘It’s the first time I’ve seen such delight.’

In fact, Grid always kept Jishuka in mind. It had been ever since Jishuka listened to him and handed the Tzedakah Guild over. Grid felt a desperate desire to repay her. However, he didn’t have a lot of chances to repay her. The rating was often low whenever he made her an item.

‘I never made a legendary rated bow.’

But this time, he gifted her a myth rated bow. Grid was proud that he repaid the favor and sacrifices she had given him.

‘In fact, I wanted to use it.’

There were limits to Grid's archery. It was especially fatal that the range of arrows was limited. On the other hand, Jishuka had a lot of exclusive skills to enhance the power of archery. Therefore, she could use the power of the Red Phoenix Bow properly. It was better to hand it over to Jishuka. The stronger she was, the stronger Overgeared would be and the more Grid would get in return.

Kwa kwang!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Jishuka devastated the battlefield with this bow. Grid felt reassured that she would play an active role in countless wars in the future. It was worth making a myth rated item.

'This...'

Jishuka belatedly realized that Grid was looking at her and blushed. She was fascinated by the power of the Red Phoenix Bow and forgot that Grid was by her side.

'...Would he like a woman who smiles when killing people?'

This was after Bubat's party died. Jishuka bowed her head in a sad manner and Grid stroked her hair.

"You are great. You are literally a weapon of mass destruction."

"Weapon of mass destruction..."

She heard that she was a weapon of mass destruction from her favorite man! Jishuka's mindset became more complicated. Grid reached out to her.

"...?"

What was this? Jishuka looked at Grid's big and thick hands and was filled with anticipation.

'Asking me to hold his hand, does Grid like me?'

Jishuka's imagination unfolded and she tried to place her hand in Grid's. Grid pulled back his hand in a startled manner and said.

"No, I'm asking for money. The value of the bow."

"...Ah."

That's right, it needed to be calculated. Jishuka's eyes darkened. It wasn't possible to determine the value of the Red Phoenix Bow. Everything seemed insufficient. In the end, she spoke after worrying about it.

"Shall we...get married? You will get all of my assets if we get married."

"...That's a funny joke." Grid shook his head and signalled to Sticks. "Let's go to Bairan first."

Chapter 556

"Let's go to Bairan first."

"Is Jishuka coming with us?"

Mass Teleport was a very complicated spell. A magic circle needed to be drawn every time. Depending on the number of users and coordinates, the form of the magic circle was different every time. That's why Sticks asked the question before drawing the magic circle. Grid replied, "No, it will just be the two of us."

The reason why they needed to defend Bairan was to defend Patrian. Patrian was the most important. Jishuka couldn't be allowed to leave if the enemy's offensive was going to continue. Jishuka knew this better than anyone.

'It's unfortunate that I can't move with Grid...'

She couldn't not use the power that Grid gave her. Jishuka wanted to be a useful person for Grid. She waved to Grid.

"Leave it to me. I will take care of Patrian. Let's settle the accounts next time."

"Yes."

Grid replied with a smile. He was sincerely relieved.

'I almost drank kimchi soup again.'

In the past, Grid was the master of drinking kimchi soup. Every time a woman looked at him or tried to talk to him, he mistakenly thought she liked him. He cared too much about the opposite sex and interpreted it the wrong way if the other person showed even a little interest in him.

But Grid realized it after the incident with Ahyoung. Reasonable grounds were needed in order to love someone. From this point of view, Grid thought that the best beauty Jishuka couldn't be sincere about her offer. It was natural. Jishuka would be courted by all type of competent, handsome, and personable men. Jishuka couldn't like him.

'In the first place, why would a woman like Jishuka propose to a man first?'

He almost took the joke seriously, but got goosebumps when he thought about Ahyoung.

'I couldn't tell it was a joke and almost misunderstood.'

He finally grew into a man who could read the mood! Grid felt his growth as he disappeared with a flash of light. Once Jishuka was alone, she couldn't bear it anymore and blushed.

"I was rejected..."

How many women in the world experienced being rejected after proposing to a man? Jishuka's chest hurt and she was also ashamed. She liked a man for the first time in her life and was rejected!

"You fool."

The big problem was that she proposed before they were even dating. It was likely that Grid thought she was a strange woman. She blushed with mortification.

"Hing."

Jishuka wiped her tears and sniffed, unlike her usual self. She was a solo person who became smaller in front of the opposite sex. On the other hand, on the battlefield below the walls...

“Everybody forgot about me?”

Regas barely recovered from where he was lodged in the ground. He was very sad.

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Gangnam, Seoul.

The finest luxury mansion that surpassed 50 billion won in value a year ago. Yura was sitting in the huge garden overlooking the Han River. Her dazzling white skin shone under the sun.

‘My body is heavy.’

Over the past few days, Yura had connected to the game until the daily access limit was reached. It was in order to defend Bairan from the enemy’s offensive. She needed to minimize the amount of time she left. As a result, fatigue pushed against her like the tide.

Her life patterns collapsed and the amount of food and exercise was insufficient. The biggest problem was that she couldn’t imagine when the enemy’s offensive would end. It was estimated that the Eternal Kingdom could mobilize approximately 500,000 soldiers. As long as Eternal had a complete food distribution route, it was possible that Bairan could deal with 100,000 enemies at once.

Could she hold on? Yura shook her head.

‘I have to hold on.’

She was working hard for Grid. They couldn’t lose in vain. Yura calmed her heart and confirmed the time. She could access the game in 30 minutes. She entered the living room and turned on the TV before taking off her clothes. It was for a shower. Her white skin was truly... Omitted.

『 Breaking news. I just received news that the Eternal army invading Patrian have been driven away. 』

Yura was heading to the bathroom and stopped when she heard noise from the TV. Patrian had excellent defensive features compared to Bairan. In addition, the average level of the soldiers that invaded Patrian was lower than those invading Bairan.

But it still wasn’t easy. There were at least 20,000 Eternal soldiers attacking Patrian, with the guilds led by Bubab, Jeff, and Ralph among them. Yet Patrian drove Eternal to the brink of collapse?

‘How is it possible?’

The TV started showing the Patrian war video, answering the question of Yura and the viewers.

『 As you can see, the primary strike from Reidan’s mage unit dealt a primary blow to Eternal’s siege weapons. Since then, the offensive of the army weakened. 』

『 The members of the magic unit are made of a species that is hard to see on the West Continent. Their skin color and tattoos are unique. 』

『 According to the information provided by Satisfy researchers, they're an ethnic minority called the UI Clan. They are said to have natural talent in magic. 』

『 Why are the UI Clan in Overgeared? 』

『 The UI Clan suffered destruction due to the Saharan Empire. They lost their home and Grid seemed to have obtained them in a timely manner. 』

『 Hah... Grid's ability to attract and manage NPCs is truly exceptional. 』

『 It seems he can raise the affinity of NPCs very easily. At this point, it might be fair to argue that the ability to be easily acknowledged by NPCs might be the effect of his class or titles. 』

In the video, the UI Clan suddenly appeared due to Mass Teleport. They bombarded the siege weapons deployed at the rear of the Eternal army and disappeared with Mass Teleport.

『 Even if it's a species specializing in magic, it's amazing that they can use Mass Teleport. I heard that only a few players and the great magicians can use it freely at this time. 』

『 No. If you look at the video closely, it isn't the UI Clan who are using Mass Teleport. Look at the person starting the Mass Teleport spell while the UI Clan are attacking the siege weapons. 』

The video zoomed in and showed Sage Sticks. The experts were surprised when they saw him.

『 An elf...! Grid is also friends with an elf! 』

Satisfy's episodes were still in the early stages. The existence of other species were very rare and it was rare for the two billion users to actually encounter other species. Yet Grid already made friends with an elf!

『 Grid's affinity seems to be applied even to other species. Really amazing. 』

『 Truly God Grid... 』

『 It's the first time an elf has appeared. But why a male instead of female? It's disappointing. 』

Some of the experts feeling admiration talked nonsense, but there wasn't a problem. The nonsense represented the hearts of most male viewers!

『 Hum hum, in any case, Patrian's Overgeared members are able to breathe for a while due to the mage unit. However, a crisis will soon come. Bubab, Jeff, and Ralph were just watching the war and made their move. 』

This time, the video showed Bubab's group. Regas was quite exhausted but the power of Bubab's group was overwhelming as they easily suppressed him. Jeff and Ralph was also successful as they slaughtered the Overgeared members. They showed the dignity of the high rankers. But it was only for a moment.

『 At this point, most viewers probably expect Patrian to be occupied soon. The Overgeared members are in a desperate situation. But then Grid appeared. 』

The dignity that Bubbat, Jeff, and Ralph showed? They fell into disarray the moment Grid emerged. Grid showed his majesty to the world as he fired dozens of Magic Missiles at the same time, devastating the army.

“Cool...”

Yura’s jewel-like eyes shone as she saw Grid’s appearance on the screen.

『 Now he’s handing over a bow. 』

Yura and the viewers witnessed the incredible sight of Grid giving Jishuka a bow. Then a firebird rose in the sky. The battlefield instantly turned into a sea of flames. Bubbat, Jeff, and Ralph were helpless before Jishuka’s arrows.

“The bow... What’s the rating?”

An unidentified bow that raised the user to a legendary level. It was an unusual performance compared to conventional legendary weapons. The experts guessed carefully.

『 It’s an extraordinary power, even considering the fact that the bow has good compatibility with Jishuka. In particular, the wide effect effects are overwhelming in a war. My guess is that it’s a quest only item. 』

A quest only item. It was an item indispensable for clearing a specific quests. There were causes where the item had transcendent function in order to complete the quest.

『 In other words, the Overgeared Guild has a quest to defend against Eternal’s offensive. In the course of the quest, Grid gained a powerful bow to prevent the enemy’s offensive and Jishuka became the incarnation of a fire god. 』

『 I agree. The reason why Grid didn’t show up during the war is now being explained. 』

『 Isn’t it great? Then the Overgeared Guild can prevent the Eternal invasion? 』

『 It’s difficult. How can they win a war just because of one item? Once Eternal secures a steady food supply and starts the artillery bombardment, all of Overgeared’s territories will be occupied in an instant. 』

『 But the Overgeared Guild will gain a reputation in exchange for losing their territories. The prestige of a single guild that fought fiercely against a kingdom. They will be legends in Satisfy, and that should be good enough. 』

The experts were always making guesses. They were guesses based on speculation and were rational. The problem was that Grid’s abilities were unreasonable. The speculation of the experts were unfortunately wrong.

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"Baron Duka and Earl Carrion have joined!"

"Marquis Bela and Earl Red have joined!"

As many as 100,000 people were gathered near Bairan. It was thanks to the leadership of the nobles under the command of the king. Chief Commander Duke Lucilliv smiled with satisfaction.

"Thanks to the advance forces, the rebels are already tired. Today we will occupy Bairan, putting Patrian into our hands!"

"For Eternal!"

"For King Aslan!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The morale of the 100,000 soldiers increased. The sight of the endless procession was spectacular. The beasts and monsters were surprised by the powerful march and ran away.

"Now the war will end and the people will be at peace."

The soldiers who joined from various places were making bright expressions. Grid, the one-time hero of the kingdom, who was now a rebel not loyal to the royal family. The soldiers were pleased that the man who caused turmoil in the kingdom was finally going to be punished and peace would return. It was like they were going to a picnic instead of a battlefield.

Only one soldier had a dark expression. A new recruit from Partu.

"Hey Ars. Are you tense?"

"..."

"Haha, it's natural to be nervous. This is the first time you're in a war. But don't worry too much. There are 100,000 of us. The rebels will be destroyed and the war will be over."

In fact, the senior soldiers of Partu were somewhat uneasy. All the young people in the land prior to the war and even beggars whose identities couldn't be proven were conscripted into the army, turning military discipline into a mess. It wasn't just from Partu's territory, but other territories.

The size of the army wasn't always advantageous. But what would happen? They could overwhelm the rebels with numbers.

"The rebels will never be able to endure the endlessly pushing army."

Ars quietly listened to the words of the senior soldiers and muttered.

"Until the command system is lost."

Ars' gaze was fixed to Duke Lucilliv's back. The leader of the 100,000 troops, Duke Lucilliv, was unaware of the gaze.

At the same time, in Bairan.

"100,000 troops are advancing from the direction of Partu."

"What? 100,000?"



It was crazy. The sweaty and bloody faces of Pon and the Overgeared members were filled with frustration and despair.

"They have already moved such a large army? Lauel's estimate was wrong?"

Lauel said that Eternal's army and transportation system had a blind spot. He predicted that Eternal wouldn't be able to operate an army of 100,000 for at least two weeks. But that was wrong. Eternal's army system was better organized than Lauel's analysis.

"Recently, Lauel has been making too many mistakes."

"He's managing the guild and the territories alone. He's too busy to be perfect."

"It can't be helped, even with geniuses. In any case, we can't hold on any longer. We need to retreat. Let's join Patrian."

The Overgeared members couldn't help thinking. How much better would it be if Asmophel was here? If the master of strategy led the army.

'...Sigh, there's hope even when he's playing as a soldier.'

Somewhere in the Overgeared territories, Private Ars was playing an active role. That's how Overgeared could withstand the enemy's offensive until now. Pon believed this.

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-It's finally done. The members can't hold on any longer. I will join the war.

Reidan.

Lauel heard a whisper and rose from the seat.

'Piaro and the water clan have arrived.'

Over the past week.

Lauel had scattered personnel throughout Eternal. It was in order to fully understand the military trends of the Eternal Kingdom.

'I think I'm getting hair loss.'

It was so hard and stressful that he lost hair in reality. A handful would fall out every time he ran a hand through his hair. But now wasn't the time to be afraid of becoming bald. It was time for him to move. He needed to put an end to the making Grid a king project.

"Before I leave, I would like to ask this of you, Kasim. Please do this in preparation for the empire's raid."

Prior to directly leading the army, Lauel summoned Kasim and gave him an order.

Kasim felt admiration as he heard it. "This is a remarkable plan. I understand."

Chapter 557

'Was he called Duke Lucilliv? The commander of this army is pretentious.'

The procession of 100,000 Eternal soldiers. The golden armor of the soldiers in the lead flashed in the sun. Tung! The relentless sound of drums shook the sky. This was the momentum of a great army. Anyone would be overwhelmed by the greatness. But it was just their appearance.

Most of the soldiers, apart from the ones in the lead, were wearing old leather armor, and their uneven marching was masked by the sound of the drums. The reason was simple. Half of the 100,000 soldiers weren't professionals. More than half of them were rabble who hadn't even completed basic training.

"How rotten... Why are we supposed to be involved in a battle between nobles?"

"What type of noble would attack the king? Shouldn't the people unconditionally listen to the king?"

"What does it matter if the king is betrayed if we starve to death?"

The lowest class. They were always poor and hungry. They weren't educated and didn't have a lot of patriotism. Their purpose in life was just surviving.

"Hah... Who will take care of my family without me? My pregnant wife is caring for our kids alone..."

"Geez, wearing armor and carrying a spear is really difficult at this age..."

The ordinary people. They labored all their lives for their family.

"Sob sob... I want to see my mum. I'm scared."

"My legs hurt too much... I can't endure it anymore."

Young boys who hadn't reached adulthood yet made up more than half of the 100,000 troops. The role of all these tired and struggling people was to die. The vanguard. Once they arrived in Bairan two days later, they were destined to swap places with the golden armored soldiers and stand at the forefront.

'But at this rate, they can't be used.'

Ars was in the same ranks as the vanguard. He had unusually bright blond hair and was cynical.

'The golden armor flashing in the sun was a burden on the eyes and the drumming sound was just a noise that increased fear. Their mental state will reach the limit before they arrive in Bairan.'

But Duke Lucilliv didn't know this.

The position of soldiers wasn't something that could be understood by nobles. A noble wouldn't think that such a marvelous march could put pressure on the soldiers. In the first place, they believed that people would give thanks just by receiving food.

It was hard to call them incompetent. It was a very aristocratic way of thinking.

'Was I the same in the past?'

Ars thought as he barely managed to chew the hard barley bread.

'Well, there will be a massive desertion at the next campsite.'

Then the first chance would come.

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The giants of the Eternal Kingdom referred to Marquis Steim and Duke Lucilliv.

Marquis Steim was a pioneer who revived the barren north, while Duke Lucilliv knew how to use his natural lineage. It was due to the power of Duke Lucilliv that he managed to gather the powerful armies of Baron Duka, Earl Red, Earl Carrion, and Marquis Bera in one place.

Who were they? As the masters of great territories in Eternal, they were great swordsmen and led large armies. Prince Aslan, who was on the throne in place of the dead Prince Ren, couldn't move them.

"Indeed, the duke himself is commanding the army."

Duke Lucilliv's barrack. Earl Red admired the 2,000 golden armored soldiers and 5,000 cavalry that were brought. It was admiration, not flattery. He thought the procession of troops following the golden soldiers was wonderful. On the other hand, Marquis Bera showed a little concern.

"You must've spent a considerable amount of money plating the soldiers' armor... And isn't it a waste? We can easily take Bairan and Patrian even if we advance normally."

Duke Lucilliv sipped his wine and his shoulders shook as he shrugged.

"Marquis Bera, your way of thinking is too small. Plating? My soldiers are wearing pure gold armor. The army led by Duke Lucilliv can't be ordinary. Isn't that right?"

"Yes...?"

All the nobles in this place, including Marquis Bera, were amazed. The golden soldiers at the head of the procession. In other words, Duke Lucilliv had at least 10,000 soldiers. They were all wearing pure gold armor? How much money was spent? Lucilliv shrugged at all the eyes on him.

"Well, the armor is just decoration and their defense is lousy. The armor is thin because I lack gold."

"...Duke, will your soldiers be safe from enemy attacks?"

Lucilliv lectured the careful Marquis Bera. "Why would my soldiers be in danger? Isn't it possible for the thousands of other soldiers to finish the war in an instant? Will my soldiers even need to go out?"

That's right. The other nobles nodded at Duke Lucilliv's call. Their goal was to establish great merits in this war. It was shameful if they didn't participate in the war. They planned to occupy the rebel bases in an instant by directing the troops.

"Right, right. We can trample on and slaughter the rebels with our troops. The soldiers of Duke Lucilliv will increase the morale of our soldiers."

"Haha! That is my exact intention! I'm trying to make the war more advantageous by raising the morale of our allies! Right?"

"Indeed, the duke is great."

From their point of view, Duke Lucilliv's intentions were very good. More than half of the 100,000 soldiers were rabble, but that didn't decrease their value. They could be used as sacrifices in the

vanguard. It would be enough to exhaust Earl Ashur's magic, which was considered the biggest problem. It was important to raise the morale of the soldiers who would be attacked by a large number of arrows.

But they overlooked one thing. Duke Lucilliv was able to pay for the gold armor of 10,000 soldiers because he took the money from the supplies area. That's why the 100,000 soldiers only had enough food for 14 days. Most of it was three month old food sold by Duke Lucilliv.

This was crucial to inducing a state of insecurity. The soldiers who had a tough march all day. Their physical strength was exhausted beyond the limit and their complaints soared to the sky after receiving their ridiculous meals. They were forcibly conscripted and couldn't even eat proper meals?

"Duke! Troops have deserted!"

A knight shouted after entering the barrack and Duke Lucilliv couldn't understand.

"No, why?"

This was a glorious chance for them to fight for their kingdom. Why would they desert? Marquis Bera ordered the knight on behalf of Duke Lucilliv.

"Catch and execute all of them! Show the soldiers how terrible it is to desert!"

"Yes!"

The knights received the order and immediately left. A total of 1,831 soldiers were captured while trying to escape and then executed. They were lower class citizens forcibly conscripted. They tried to beg for help, but ended up dying. The senior soldiers of Partu approached one soldier who was watching quietly.

"Don't think about trying to escape. At least our Partu is treating the soldiers reasonably. You must always be grateful."

"I'm afraid that if you run away, you'll end up dying like that. If you want to live, stay until the end."

"Aren't you much happier now that you can chew on dry bread rather than living on the cold streets?"

"Private Ars. I understand."

Ars' gaze was fixed on Duke Lucilliv's barrack.

'The duke didn't move, so there's no gap in his guards.'

Duke Lucilliv's guards were a few levels below the empire's Black Knights, but there were too many of them. Above all, the biggest problem was the other nobles around the duke. They could exercise considerable power and Ars couldn't jump in blindly.

'I will wait for the next time.'

The incident that occurred today was enough to firmly plant fear and insecurity in the hearts of the soldiers. The morale of the soldiers was greatly diminished. Ars expected there would be more people trying to desert tomorrow.

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Bairan was in a great crisis.

The advance of the enemy forces could be seen from all the gates. The arrows fired by the Overgeared members were no longer as quick and strong as they were in the beginning.

"Your parents are suffering from poor circulation! Go home and blow on your parent's hands and feet!"

Huroi's cries were no longer effective in disturbing the enemy. As the number of enemies decreased to 10,000, Eternal no longer had any place to retreat and managed to damage the gates and walls of Bairan.

"This is serious."

Kuuong!Kung!

As the enemy's siege weapons kept striking the gate, the durability was rapidly falling. Yura became anxious as soon as the connection time limit was over and she entered the game.

"It's the end the moment that we allow the enemy to enter."

Yura and the Overgeared members had to deal with thousands of enemies at once? They would slaughter the Overgeared soldiers and trample everything in Bairan.

"Shit... I want to go outside and kill the enemy's momentum. However, the enemies will just enter if I open the gates now."

Pon gritted his teeth. His stamina was already on the verge of being depleted. He wouldn't be able to use any skills if he left the castle. In this desperate situation, Yura and Pon received Lauel's whisper.

-Lead the remaining troops and retreat to Patrian.

It caused a backlash with Pon.

-What about the people?

-In the end, Bairan's people are still Eternal's people. Why would the army bother killing people who didn't cause any destruction? Retreat with confidence.

-They're people who serve the rebel Grid. Are you sure they really won't be killed?

-They will be busy with looting and assaults due to the excitement of victory. But what can we do? We can't lose the soldiers that we worked so hard to nurture.

-You...! Can you so easily abandon the people who believed in and served Grid?

Bairan was originally the territory of the Tzedakah Guild. Pon and the Tzedakah Guild had been with the people of Bairan for a long time. It wasn't easy to throw them away. Lauel recognized this but they were currently at war. It wasn't possible for him to look at it with an individual's position.

-Is it possible to lost the tens of thousands of people in Reidan just because you want to protect thousands of people? Shouldn't you be calmer?

-Kuack!

Pon gritted his teeth. He understood Lael's words with his mind but it was still unpleasant. In the end, he spat out words that he shouldn't have said.

-In the first place, it's because you are incompetent!What?We'll be able to endure the enemy's offensive to the end?They won't be able to organize an army of 100,000 for a long time?Stop talking nonsense!Everything you said was wrong!You incompetent...!

Pon's agitated voice became smaller. He belatedly realized his mistake. Who was Lael?

He was someone who worked harder than anyone else for Overgeared. He took on the heavy responsibility alone. This was the burden they placed on him. They didn't help him enough. Now Pon was trying to put the responsibility on Lael when the situation wasn't good?

-...I'm sorry.

Pon sincerely apologized to Lael. He felt really sorry because it was Lael.

-No, I'm the one who should be sorry.In fact, I've deceived you.

-...?

-I have to fool my allies to fool my enemies.I secretly kept a plan from you in the hope that you would fight fiercely.

What was Lael saying? Pon didn't understand the words and Lael explained.

-Right now, I'm heading to Reinhardt.

-What...!

The capital of the Eternal Kingdom, Reinhardt. Now that most of the troops were gone, Lael was leading his army there.

-The war will end soon.

At the same time, in a mysterious place. Sticks was coughing up blood with a pale expression while Grid looked at him with concern.

'He just had to have a heart attack at this timing.'

Dozens of minutes ago. Mass Teleport was activated at Patrian. The curse of the gourmet dragon Raiders engulfed Sticks and he failed to manage his mana. Thanks to this, Mass Teleport was affected and Grid and Sticks landed in an unknown place.

'It's a place where whispers are impossible.'

They fell into a strange place. It was an instant dungeon where nothing was visible. What was happening at Bairan? To Yura and his colleagues? Grid was nervous and uneasy, but couldn't express his displeasure to Sticks. Grid waited quietly while Sticks took his medicine and recovered.

'Is this the bad luck that came from making a myth rated bow?'

The gourmet dragon, Grid wanted to strike it hard in the stomach.

## Chapter 558

“Cough cough! I-I’m really sorry. In this situation... I don’t want to hold your ankles.”

Sticks coughed while looking like someone who was about to die. However, he apologized because he was more worried about Overgeared than himself. It was a good attitude that Grid liked.

‘It’s because I made him use Mass Teleport several times...’

It was meaningless to be irritated. He wasn’t in a position to worry about Sticks’ sickness, but he couldn’t help feeling sorry and worried. Grid controlled his mind and smiled benevolently.

“Please don’t worry and just focus on recovery. You have to live a long and healthy life in order to pass on all your knowledge to my son.”

“G-Grid...”

Sticks’ voice trembled. The pointed ears that symbolized a high elf shook! The beautiful face turned red. He was moved by the words ‘long and healthy.’ Grid interpreted it this way but the reason for Sticks’ response was different from what he expected.

“Only wanting me to give knowledge to young Lord... Does that mean you want me to live a short life? Huh? Do you want me to die early? I don’t want to...”

“...”

As a high elf, Sticks had a strong commitment to life. He was 983 years old. There was a moment of awkward silence before Sticks suddenly felt afraid.

‘This strong magic power! Don’t tell me!’

He needed to recover and escape. Sticks hurried to recover. On the other hand, Braham’s soul was also fluctuating uneasily.

‘If this pathetic elf doesn’t recover, Grid will die.’

In the first place, Grid shouldn’t have been in this place. Braham whispered to Grid.

‘That elf will recover quickly. Don’t waste time and gather Magic Missiles with the Alarm magic.’

Grid nodded.

“I will do so.”

Grid was also disturbed by this place. His high insight warned him about something in the depths of the darkness.

‘My pride is hurt.’

He tried so hard, but he was still very weak. Grid realized this and used Magic Missile and Alarm repeatedly. The loss of mana potions was very painful, but right now wasn’t the time to save money. Then they left for Bairan after an hour.

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Kuuong!Kuuong!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

“Ohhh!”

“Finally!”

Bairan’s southern gate failed to survive the ongoing attack of the siege weapons and collapsed. The soldiers were excited. In particular, the players shouted with joy. Over the past week. Most of the players had died many times in battle and received severe damage. Not only did they lose a lot of experience, some of them also dropped expensive items.

The strong counterattack of the Overgeared members caused them countless pain and frustration. But that frustration would end today. From now on, it was time to receive their rewards for the sacrifices they made throughout the war!

“Forward! Shoot!”

“Enter Bairan! First smash all of the Overgeared members!”

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The purpose of the players’ quest was to occupy Bairan! If they occupied Bairan, the rewards would be comparable to SS grade quests. An ordinary player’s life could be changed with these huge rewards. The surging momentum seemed to pierce the sky. In particular, additional rewards could be obtained if they defeated the Overgeared members or soldiers. As they entered Bairan, they climbed onto the walls and started attacking the Overgeared archers.

"These damn scum! I suffered so much that I lost levels! Get lost!"

“Revenge!”

“Kuak!”

The Overgeared soldiers wearing Grid’s set were very strong. The same level players couldn’t beat them in a one-on-one fight. Even at the same level, the Overgeared soldiers were stronger than the Eternal players. However, the Overgeared soldiers were very tired and inadequate in numbers.

The Overgeared soldiers were unable to cope with the players constantly rushing in. They used Grid’s Dagger (Entry Level) to try and protect their bodies, but it was hard to last long. As a result, the soldiers turned to grey one by one. This made the Overgeared members angry. How much time and money did they invest into the soldiers?

"You didn’t even go to your mother’s funeral!"

Huroi cried out and pulled out a long sword. It was Grid’s Longsword that had been constantly improved since the days when the guild stayed in Winston. The players thought it was ridiculous.

“An orator is holding a sword?”

"There’s no way you can wield it!"



An orator was considered one of the weakest classes in close combat. It wasn't possible for the players to shrink back from Huroi. They regarded the sword that Huroi was holding as a decoration. However, Huroi had a second class. As the Apostle of Justice's Partner, he could use a sword.

Chaeng!

Seokeok!

Chaaeng!

Puuok!

"Keok!"

"Heeok!"

Every time Huroi wielded his sword, one of the players died. The players were astonished.

"How can an orator use a sword?"

"It's a second class!"

They belatedly noticed, but it was already too late.

"Bah! Descend! Lord of the Skies above the Grasslands!"

The excited Huroi shouted.

*Kiyaaaaaah!*

"...!"

A dazzling explosion filled the sky. It was the advent of a huge wyvern. It was also a red wyvern! A wyvern that boasted the strongest fire attribute!

Kurururu!

The red wyvern in the sky poured out a breath and 50 Eternal players caught on fire.

"Aaaagh!"

"H-Hik!"

The players felt fear as flames burned their bodies. The lower level players were unable to deal with the damage and died.

"T-This..."

How was he so strong?

"I thought he was all talk!"

At the south wall.

Huroi was the only Overgeared member protecting this place. The players assumed that they could easily occupy it, but reality was terrible. In fact, Huroi wasn't on the front lines like Yura and Pon, and he also had the highest stamina. In particular, he was one of 100 people who owned a wyvern.

Strong. The south wall that Huroi defended became a hell for Eternal.

"I am the descendant of the great blue wolf!"

Seokeok!Puk.

Kwarururung!

Huroi flew on the wyvern and burned the Eternal players. Dozens of cameras watched as he proclaimed to the whole world.

"I am Grid's first servant!"

"Ser...!"

"Vant!"

A top ranker was just Grid's servant! The astonished Eternal soldiers were swept away by flames.

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The east wall.

"He's fighting really well."

Pon watched Huroi at the south wall with admiration. The reason why he placed the smallest unit on the south wall was because he believed in Huroi's strength. Now he felt rewarded for his faith.

"Huroi is also top class."

The people who had been with Grid from the beginning. Euphemina and Huroi. Unlike the other Overgeared members, they rarely revealed themselves in public. However, they had the highest level of combat power and versatility. They were with Grid from the beginning for a reason.

'Grid has a talent for choosing people.'

The Overgeared members urged Pon while he was thinking.

"The gates are beginning to collapse. We'll soon be pushed by the enemies."

"Let's run away while Huroi buys time."

It was time to flee through the north gate that Yura had opened. Huroi was able to get away at any time on the wyvern.

"Yes, let's go. Order a full retreat."

Pon was concerned about the residents of Bairan, but he had to trust Lael. The residents of Bairan were fundamentally people of Eternal. The Eternal army wouldn't slaughter them.

"Full retreat!"

“Move through the north gate!”

The Overgeared members moved in an orderly fashion. They quickly commanded the soldier and archers on the walls and moved them to the north gate. The northern wall already contained the elites of Overgeared, including Yura, who opened the path.

However, Eternal didn't watch in silence. The Eternal knights moved to the north and blocked the path of the Overgeared members. Magic and arrows poured from all sides to tie up the feet of Overgeared and the knights attacked, causing great damage.

"Shit!"

It wasn't easy to take care of knights unless they were Grid. The Overgeared members couldn't use skills due to their low stamina and were caught by the enemy's offensive.

“(#%\$/@!P\$#~\*\$!%##(.\*!!!!)”

The wyvern flew high in the sky and Huroi shouted in a loud voice. His curses spread through the battlefield. It was the moment when the skills of an orator were activated.

"That... Wicked person!"

“How can you insult my dead ancestors!”

“Do you have no parents?”

As the Eternal army converged on Huroi, the broadcasters around the world were busy trying to censor Huroi.

“Now!”

The Overgeared members didn't miss their chance to press ahead. They succeeded in securing their retreat and moved away from Bairan.

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『 The Overgeared Guild has abandoned Bairan. 』

『 There were limits from the beginning. They probably would've been wiped out if they persisted longer. 』

『 Bairan is just the beginning. Eternal has secured the route to attack Patrian by occupying Bairan. Now they can launch a full offensive against Patrian and the Overgeared Guild won't be able to withstand it. They will lose Patrian and Reidan sequentially. 』

『 It's only a matter of time until all the territories of Overgeared Guild fall. 』

『 It's the aftermath of expanding their forces too hastily. They couldn't avoid an economic and diplomatic catastrophe. The Overgeared Guild will have to live quietly like dead rats for at least one year in the future. 』

Bairan had been the stage of an intense war for the past week. Eternal's flags were stuck all over the ruined walls. Now that Bairan was once again the territory of the Eternal Kingdom, the thousands of players who participated in the Bairan occupation were surrounded with golden pillars symbolizing a level up. The amount of experience was enough to raise their level and skills, and they were also pleased with the epic and unique rated items they received.

The commentators relaying the war predicted the future situations.

『 The players of Eternal have become stronger in an instant. They're growing as a result of the Overgeared Guild's rebellion. 』

『 The king of Eternal is still young. Opportunities are overflowing. Based on their growing military power, they will soon invade the Gauss Kingdom and expand. 』

『 The future of the West Continent might... Eh? What's this? 』

The commentators suddenly became confused.

Duong!Duong!

Kung!Kung!Kung!

The sound of 100,000 soldiers marching and their drums! The procession of a golden army came to Bairan. The commentators had covered many events in Satisfy, but this was the first time they were overwhelmed.

『 Eternal's army...! 』

『 This is too huge! This large army will soon be advancing to Patrian! 』

The commentators were filled with excitement. They couldn't help feeling excited since it was the first time they witnessed a 100,000 large army. It was the same with the viewers. They realized that this was a war and how strong one country could be.

Thanks to this, viewership of Bairan's battle started to rise steeply. However, the broadcasting stations soon reached a point where they stopped with tears in their eyes.

Why? It was because Duke Lucilliv, commander in chief of the 100,000 strong army, was trying to do something ridiculous. After gathering the thousands of Bairan residents into the center of the city, he had them stand in a line with bows aimed at them?

『S-Surely he isn't going to execute so many people? 』

『 They're just ordinary people. It's their lord who rebelled. Why should they be held responsible and put to death? 』

『 It's really terrible. 』

The commentators and viewers felt uncomfortable. The Bairan residents were going to be executed just because they were Grid's people. No one could watch as the people, young and old, cried out in fear

after becoming targets of the bows. The broadcasters realized it was a scene that young viewers couldn't watch and tried to stop it.

Pahat.

A light flashed in the sky and a man appeared. He had hundreds of white spheres around him. The breeze blew through black hair, revealing sharp eyes.

"Grid!"

Yes, it was the emergence of Grid. The master of this rebellion had shown up in front of 100,000 soldiers! Duke Lucilliv was stunned for a moment before shouting.

"Catch him!"

[The 'Fight the Rebel Leader' has been created!]

The Eternal players received a new quest.

"Eh? Why isn't anyone here...?"

Grid started sweating. The timing of his appearance was too unfortunate.

Chapter 559

At the center of Bairan.

More than 9,000 people were tied up in a row. It was due to Duke Lucilliv's words.

"You didn't leave here, despite Bairan becoming a den of rebels. It's clearly a crime. Your taxes and labor have filled the rebels' stomachs. As a result, you're also against the royal family."

The Bairan residents were no longer people of Eternal.

Duke Lucilliv judged. "They are not qualified to live on Eternal's lands. Kill them. All generations will be destroyed and the graves of their ancestors torn down."

"...!"

The residents of Bairan thought it was unfair. Someone with courage tried to plea for mercy, but they weren't allowed to open their mouths. The senior magicians used silence magic to forcibly shut the villagers' mouths.

"Hup...! Oof!"

They couldn't talk? Desperation filled the eyes of the residents. At the very least, they wanted Duke Lucilliv to spare their children or parents. But Duke Lucilliv gave the command without caring.

"Kill them."

"Oof! Oof!"

The residents tried to resist. They couldn't move because they were bound tightly by rope. The soldiers overpowered them and they became the target of the bows.

“This is impossible...”

More than half the 100,000 troops were conscripted soldiers. They trembled with fear as they watched the unbelievable sight in front of them.

“Are they really going to kill all these people?”

“This is nonsense... Why are they guilty? Wasn't it the country's incompetence that the land was taken away by rebels in the first place, rather than the people's fault? Why are they placing the sin on the people?”

“They're facing death for just being in the presence of rebels! Even the young children who don't know anything!”

Their commander was someone who didn't care about the lives of the people. As soon as they realized this fact, the morale of the common soldiers was sharply reduced. They lost confidence in their commander. It was the moment when their mental state was broken down after their physical strength was pushed to the limits from the hard march.

‘From now on, only fear can be used to control them.’

Ars made an unpleasant expression.

‘I guess there will be more deserters tonight.’

The number of people who deserted on the way from Partu to Bairan came close to 6,000. It would soon go over 10,000. Ars stared at Duke Lucilliv's back.

‘There will be a chance very soon.’

Duke Lucilliv had a small crack that he wasn't aware of. The command system of the army would eventually break down and cause confusion. Wouldn't it be ideal if Duke Lucilliv revealed a gap at that time? Based on the result of his observations, Duke Lucilliv placed his own safety as the top priority. He was always protected by 300 guards and 10 senior magicians, so Ars found it hard to find a chance to assassinate him.

‘If not, I need to rush to the front.’

If the situation reached that point, he didn't mind sacrificing his life for his master. In the first place, his life was saved by Grid. Therefore, he could offer his life for his lord.

‘I will entrust my revenge on the emperor to Piaro.’

The moment a bittersweet smile appeared on Ars' face.

Paaaat!

A light flashed in the sky and Grid appeared.

“M-My Lord...?”

Private Ars from Partu. His actual identity was Asmophel of Overgeared and now he felt shocked.

'Why is My Lord here?'

It was a situation where the troops protecting Bairan had already retreated! Then why did his master run to this place alone?

'Don't tell me?'

His lord came to save the people left here?

"Unbelievable..."

A lord who faced 100,000 troops alone in order to defend his people. Asmophel's chest was hot as he looked up at the sky.

"I would like to see the kingdom that My Lord will establish."

A king who thought about the people, rather than his own life. It was certainly stupid. The king was an irreplaceable entity, yet he was risking his life to protect the people? In the days when Asmophel was a noble, he would've laughed at the thought of such a king.

But now Asmophel was looking at the world from the viewpoint of a soldier and his heart was different. He thought Grid looked nice. He wondered how Grid's kingdom would look. Therefore, he would protect his lord.

'I will protect you. I will be the force that carries out My Lord's faith and will.'

Kkuok!

Asmophel's hands shook as he held a spear. He started to move among the 100,000 troops as a bombardment was launched at Grid.

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"Eh?"

Grid doubted his eyes when he arrived in Bairan with Sticks. The familiar faces weren't there anymore and an army filled the city.

"Why is no one...?"

Grid discovered the flag of Eternal planted on the walls and the soldiers wearing golden armor.

"...You? Shit."

Grid's face darkened as he panicked for a moment.

"Are they dead?"

These bastards who took his land! His dead colleagues and soldiers! Grid couldn't suppress his rage while Sticks, who was tired from continuously using Mass Teleport, hastily tried to calm him.

"Pant... Pant... Grid, calm down. Do you think your soldiers and knights will be so easily beaten?"

Right now, they were in the middle of enemy territory while the number of soldiers were like grains of sand in a desert. If Grid lost his temper and acted emotionally, it was inevitable that he would die. Grid barely regained his coolness at Sticks reminder and asked in the guild chat.

@Grid: What happened to the members protecting Bairan?

@Pon: It wasn't possible to protect it, so we retreated. Sorry we couldn't keep it Grid. We'll be sure to get it back.

@Ibellin: Brother Grid! Why did you come back so soon? Weren't you planning to stay on the East Continent for a long time?

@Vatnenr: The bow you gave Jishuka is amazing! It is really great!

"Sigh..."

Grid was relieved when he saw Pon's answer. He thought it was the worst situation where all the power in Bairan was exterminated.

"Let's go. It was a strategic retreat."

The number of enemies was really countless. Grid hadn't seen such a large number even on TV. It was hard to imagine fighting them alone.

"...?"

Grid was feeling overwhelmed when he noticed the Bairan people. They were all sentenced to death, regardless of gender or sex. He gazed at the targets that the bows were aiming at.

Flinch.

Grid stopped in place.

Smith, who taught him how to make the jaffa arrows. The young people he repaired the walls with after stopping the invasion of the Yatan Church. The girl who gave him fruits and the elderly people who told him stories. Grid saw the people he had built ties with in his beginner days.

'They're going to be hurt?'

Grid's anger skyrocketed. He was someone who valued his bonds. In other words, it was unacceptable that Eternal tried to 'steal' what was his.

"Grid?"

The enemy archers and magicians were already starting the attack. Sticks cast a shield spell and made an uneasy expression as he saw the attacks filling the sky. Grid looked very serious.

"Sticks, go to Patrian first."

Indeed.



“Is it necessary to stand up against such a large army alone? It’s out of the question with how many there are. There were 100,000 enemies. I know your strength, but it’s suicide to deal with 100,000 alone...”

"But isn't it shameful to step back like this? I, the leader of Overgeared, retreated when meeting the enemies? It would shame the honor of my colleagues who fought for me."

Grid was conscious of the cameras from the broadcasting stations all over the world.

‘Watch.’

His power had grown steadily since the 2nd National Competition. Was he closer to the position of the best now? It was a good opportunity to let the people assess him. In addition, he was curious himself. He wondered if he could play an active role when it was a battle of 1 VS 100,000.

‘There’s 20 minutes until the alarm of Magic Missiles go off.’

He would fight with all his strength until then.

‘My top priority is to secure the escape of the people.’

Braham whispered to Grid.

‘Do you understand? For a legend, the concept of numbers is meaningless. A legend isn’t afraid to move against one million people, let alone 100,000. In other words, if you and I are together, the 100,000 soldiers... Well, it doesn’t have to be together.’

The only thing that could overcome a transcendent existence was someone with similar strength. There were only a handful capable of that. Grid nodded and laughed.

‘I will look at the situation and call you if needed.’

‘Bah. I’ll do it if you insist.’

Grid confirmed Braham’s answer and his eyes became serious again.

‘This is an opportunity to gauge the gap between me and the previous legends.’

The first one who came to mind was Lantier on the Behen Archipelago.

“I will check it and then challenge him again!”

Chiiiiing!

Grid had hundreds of white spheres around his body. The first thing he needed to do was deal with the archers aiming their bows at the people of Bairan.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Transcend.”

[Attack power is doubled. Your basic attacks will be converted to ranged attacks. This effect will last for 30 seconds.]

"Normal attacks will suffice."

Kwa kwang!

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Grid separated Sword Ghost into two pieces and swung his arms without stopping. 7~8 energy blades per second poured down from the sky towards the Eternal archers.

"Kuaaaack!"

It became pandemonium in an instant. Hundreds of soldiers instantly died. It was insane firepower!

"Eek! First turn off the flying magic!"

Marquis Bera hurriedly shouted. A magician from his territory immediately cast a spell. It affected the mana circuit of all magicians within range, making it impossible to use Fly. Yet the magic didn't work on Grid. Grid used Fly through Braham's Boots rather than his own magic.

"No! The magic didn't work?"

"It's due to a magic artifact!"

The magicians panicked at wasting a difficult spell in vain. But there were 100,000 soldiers. Other people were attacking while the magicians struggled in vain.

"Shoot! Continue shooting!"

The elite soldiers gathered from various places. They succeeded in breaking down Sticks' shield with arrows and magic before focusing their attacks on Grid. Grid was an easy target once fully exposed.

'It's deadly to be in the sky when hit.'

After allowing a few magic bombardments, Grid swapped boots and landed on the ground. Then he was surprised. He deliberately landed in a narrow space between buildings. However, all four sides were already full of enemies.

"Die!"

The Eternal soldiers pushed at Grid. Due to their large numbers, they forgot about Grid's strength and were courageous.

"Hiyaaaah!"

Right in front.

Ten soldiers stabbed with their spears at the same time. The viewers around the world wondered how Grid would respond.

-It's impossible to counterattack against all 10 people.

-I think he'll wipe them all out with an attack skill. But using a skill consumes a lot of stamina.

-By the way, how many people will Grid kill?

-The Eternal soldiers have an average level of 160...I think Grid will kill at least 5,000.

It was a really short amount of time. The amount of time it took the viewers to write a sentence.

"Get lost."

Grid pulled out Failure and swung it. Yes, he just swung it. It was a normal attack.

Jjeejeeong!

"Kuaaaak!"

The 10 Eternal spearmen were struck by it and died.

-...

-...

The chat windows of the Internet broadcasting sites stopped like there was a lag.

"This is funny."

As the world fell silent, Grid laughed. He was excited when he recalled that the world was paying attention to him. However, he wasn't careless. There were a number of elite knights and magicians in the 100,000 troops, so he was always on guard.

However, a group of third advancement troops were under attack by a private.

Chapter 560

Blood flowed under the blazing sun and screams echoed.

Grid wore a bizarre half mask that made it unknown if he was laughing or crying. Every time his sword swung in a half circle, 10 soldiers died. Sometimes it was 20 soldiers when he drew a full moon. The shark-shaped blue greatsword tore the soldiers' armor apart.

"There were rumors that his swordsmanship is strong."

Well, he already had a reputation for having great swordsmanship. But there was one thing that was hard to identify.

"What are the white spheres circling around him?"

Baron Duka. He was one of Eternal's great swordsmen that emerged after Chucksley. He earned Duke Lucilliv's favor thanks to his strength and was promised the title of an earl after this war. Of course, this was on the premise that his performance was sufficient. If he could directly cut off Grid's head, he would become a marquis instead of an earl.

Baron Duka watched Grid with interest while his deputy spoke up.

"According to the analysis of the magicians, it's estimated to be Magic Missile. It's probably through an artifact like Fly magic."

"Hoh... Magic Missile that isn't immediately launched."

There were exactly 113 white spheres around Grid. The reason was clear. It was to help in combat. Grid intended to protect his own body and release a Magic Missile when he was in a crisis.

‘There are also the four golden hands called the God Hands.’

Every hand guarded Grid’s rear while holding hammers. The amazing thing was that the hammers swung by the God Hands killed the soldiers.

‘Strong.’

It was a perfect harmony between strong swordsmanship and overwhelming artifacts. Grid had great power as a legend.

‘It might be different if he was armed with ordinary weapons. Still, I wouldn’t dare fight him alone.’

But Baron Duka wasn’t afraid of Grid. There were 100,000 troops here. Grid would kill the soldiers surging like a tsunami and become exhausted. It was impossible for Grid to block all the attacks. Right now, he was accumulating wounds by allowing the attacks from magicians and archers.

‘In the next few hours, he will become exhausted.’

Then he would bring the knights and easily overpower Grid.

“Hmm?”

Baron Duka smiled wickedly at the thought.

Step step.

He heard someone coming up the stairs. The clock tower in the central square. Baron Duka came him in order to see the battlefield at a glance and ordered his troops not to let anyone up. Then who was coming up?

‘Marquis Bera?’

There was no one else who would be authorized. Baron Duka naturally thought that the owner of the footsteps was a noble like himself. However, that wasn’t it. The clock tower had six floors. A soldier came to the spot where Baron Duka and his deputy were standing.

It was a soldier wearing leather armor. A private with a low status who was conscripted.

‘How did a soldier come here?’

The deputy went forward to question the soldier on Baron Duka’s behalf.

"It’s scandalous to leave your position during a war. What unit do you belong to? No, why did you come here in the first place?"

A non-regular soldier, Ars. He answered while pointing his spear.

"I am a soldier serving under Grid. The reason I came here today is to take Baron Duka’s head."

“...?”

Bark bark.

Why did he hear the sound of a dog barking? The absurd introduction of the soldier made Baron Duka and his deputy go blank.

“Haha.”

Baron Duka regained himself and laughed. Of course, it wasn't a laugh of enjoyment. His real feelings were expressed by his deputy.

“You're crazy.”

The deputy made an angry expression and pulled out his sword without hesitation.

“Grid's spy! I will have your head!”

Baron Duka's deputy was also a master with the sword. He could easily kill one soldier.

Seokeok!

The sharp blade extended towards Ars' neck. The sharp sword reached Ars' neck in an instant. The deputy didn't think much of it. The soldier in front of him would die without even realizing his head was separated from his body. But it was strange.

'Eh?'

Where was the soldier whose head should've been cut off? And why was his gaze falling towards the ground?

Duk.

The head of the deputy fell to the ground. That's right. The deputy hadn't realized his head was cut off when he died.

“...What's your identity?”

Grid's subordinate had swiftly used the spear to cut off the deputy's head. Baron Duka stared at the scattered ashes of his deputy and then the bloody spear. Ars picked up the sword and replied, “I am Grid's soldier.”

"Nonsense!"

A person who could make a great swordsman nervous couldn't be a lowly soldier! Killing intent filled Baron Duka's eyes. His sword headed towards Ars. It was an incredible swordsmanship that cut from the left and right without a time difference.

Chaaeng!

However, Ars angled the spear to block the two swords at once and laughed at Baron Duka.

“Your swordsmanship is poor compared to other great swordsmen.”

Baron Duka had just recently become a great swordsman. It was lacking compared to when Piaro was a great swordsman of the empire. Ars had been growing steadily while serving under Grid and Baron Duka wasn't a match for him. Baron Duka got chills as he realized the difference between their skills.

"You are...! Kirinus!"

The best spearman on the continent was serving Grid?

"Reidan's Spearmanship 3rd style, Splitting the Seven Seas."

Peeeeeeong!

Baron Duka's sword was deflected and the golden spear moved in a straight line. This was the technique that Nautilus of the Red Knights couldn't withstand, so Baron Duka was devastated.

"Kuaaaack!"

Baron Duka was swept up by the golden flash and disappeared. Ars finished his mission and descended the clock tower. His next target was Earl Carrion. The earl had become a great swordsman one step ahead of Baron Duka. Ars would wipe out anyone who could threaten Grid.

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'This is easier than I thought. Is it still early?'

Death in the game wasn't comparable to death in reality. It didn't mean a complete ending. But users who played the game were more afraid of death than anything else. They were frightened of losing their level and hard-earned items.

Yes, Grid was amazing. He thought he was crazy when he plunged into 100,000 troops alone. But his fear disappeared as he fought. He displayed his overwhelming power and felt pleasure rather than fear.

[Critical!]

[The +9 Failure's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated!]

[You have dealt 155,900 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 149,540 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt...]

The level, stats, and items of the general soldiers were poor compared to Grid. Grid's basic damage was like skill damage and all the soldiers within range of the attack were killed in one blow.

"Magic Missile."

Grid refrained from using skills in order to preserve his stamina. He used Magic Missile which didn't consume any stamina because it was the lowest level magic. His maximum mana increased and it wasn't difficult to use. He also wanted to raise the level of Magic Mastery that he learned from the Behen Archipelago.

"You monster!"

“Die!”

Puk!Puuok!

Grid wasn't Kraugel. He had ranker level control, but that didn't mean he was a god. He couldn't completely block the attacks of all the soldiers. But it didn't matter.

[You have suffered 230 damage.]

[You have suffered 155 damage.]

“Good, good. You're doing very well. Hit me more.”

The benefits to Grid were significant after receiving damage from many people at once.

[Weapons Mastery has risen to Lv. 5.]

[The experience of Tiramet's Belt (Unique) has increased by 0.01%!]

His skill experience and item's experience rose at a tremendous pace. Grid was becoming stronger in real time.

'If this continues, Weapons Mastery will hopefully gain one more level today and Tiramet's Belt might accumulate 30% experience.'

Weapons Mastery was a passive skill that raised his attack power and speed no matter what weapon was worn. Magic Mastery was a passive skill that raised the power of magic. Tiramet's Belt reduced damage and allowed him to summon the vampire Tiramet if it reached the legendary rating.

Grid was pleased with this growth. He was able to reduce the stress of having demonic power rise every time he killed a person. At this moment, Grid perceived the battlefield as a workplace. There was no tension. Why?

'None of them are a match for me.'

The 100,000 troops. It was literally just numbers. There were no enemies who could threaten Grid.

'Are there no knights?'

Braham spoke to the curious Grid. 'The enemies are waiting for you to become tired. Then they will commit their true power.'

'I know.'

He needed to be vigilant. Grid controlled his mind and saw the soldiers rushing at him with shields.

'Now they are using tactics?'

Use the shields in the lead to block Grid while attacking Grid from the rear with spears. Duke Lucilliv used basic, but efficient, tactics to press at Grid. It was a means to reduce losing troops and accelerate Grid's stamina consumption. But what if he pierced through?

“Do you want to stop my sword with these cheap shields?”

Seokeok!

Grid wasn't burdened by the shields. From the public's point of view, the soldiers with large shields seemed very strong. But Grid slashed at them without hesitation. Then.

"Kuaaaack!"

The sword pierced through their shields and armor, killing the soldiers.

"Heok."

The spearmen who believed in the shields panicked. Their upper bodies were exposed and Grid rotated, cutting at them.

Seokeok!

"...!"

An overwhelming attack that made the combination of shields and spears useless! The morale of the Eternal army fell rapidly after they witnessed this.

[The morale of the soldiers is at the bottom. The soldiers' attack and defense will drop by 20% and their recovery speed is reduced.]

"Wow."

The Eternal players were shocked by the warning windows that appeared before them. They couldn't catch the timing to attack Grid. They coveted the rewards for the 'Fight the Rebel Leader' quest, but could they really obtain it? It was more likely that they would be killed by Grid.

Grid's momentum shot to the top.

Pepepepeok!

Then the magic bombardment from the rooftops of the two-story houses surrounding the central square began. Duke Lucilliv grabbed Grid's eyes with the shield infantry and used the magicians in this gap.

[You have suffered 2,200 damage.]

[You have suffered 930 damage.]

[You have suffered 1,660 damage.]

[You have suffered 3,490...]

...

...

"Ugh."

Grid's face became tense for the first time. The magic damage was quite burdensome because he was wearing Triple Layers, not the Holy Light set. The bombardment poured at him from all directions. It was



difficult to avoid or stop. However, did he replace his battle gear with the Holy Light set? No, it was meaningless. The damage from the pouring arrows would just increase instead.

The reaction of the viewers was updated in real time.

-Crazy;; Hundreds of magic spells are pouring down. It's a big hit.

-The Overgeared members wouldn't be able to withstand that. —; It seems really dangerous.

-A reversal...It's the end for Grid.

-5,000 people is nonsense. He couldn't even kill 2,000 people. Kraugel would've killed way more.

Pepepepeok!

In the midst of the magic bombardment.

"Item Transformation."

Grid transformed two of the God Hands protecting him. They changed to a bow. The Red Phoenix Bow. One Red Phoenix Bow was held by two God Hands while the other was held by Grid.

"Fly Up!"

Kiiiiiiing!

Bairan Castle. Two red phoenixes appeared in the sky above it.