

Overgeared 591

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On the outskirts of Innsbruck, Austria.

If a person walked along the mountain path, they would see an old castle. It was a castle by a transparent lake. It was beautiful enough to capture the gaze of passing birds. But why did it feel so dreary?

Swaaah.

The wind blew through the fields. There were no signs of life.

A 100 pyeong room that didn't have any furniture or decorations. There was only one capsule placed in this room.

"Luna..."

The man sleeping in the capsule seemed to be having a terrible nightmare. The dyed green hair was wet from tears, and the haggard face was distorted with pain and sorrow.

"Luna...!"

The troubled man who repeatedly called out one name was none other than Agnus. He gave a loud scream and raised his body.

"Pant... Pant..."

He couldn't see his lover, no matter how hard he looked around the desolate castle. The awful reality cooled Agnus' cold head and blood.

"Luna..."

Agnus got up and moved to the window, his golden eyes staring at the lake. The landscape of the castle was reflected on the lake. He always felt warm when he saw this scene with her, but now it was the opposite.

"...The landscape that you wanted to see every morning."

He had accumulated wealth. It was an immense wealth that allowed him to buy a whole castle. But he was alone. There was no one but him in this huge castle.

Kkuok.

Agnus barely suppressed his tears. His lover Luna had to face a terrible end because of his incompetence. Agnus wanted to kill himself every time he thought about the past. He resented that he couldn't turn back time.

"I... I want to meet you again."

Stagger.

Agnus' powerless steps headed back to the capsule. Then he connected to another world, Satisfy. It was to achieve a desire that couldn't be fulfilled in reality.

"Shit! Dammit!"

"..."

Black and White attacked Reidan but died, suffering enormous losses. They were filled with poison as they reunited at the resurrection point. White cursed while Black screamed inwardly. Their fury towards Overgeared pierced the sky.

'What type of person is Grid? How did he get so many excellent NPCs?'

'Faker... A normal class dares...'

White wanted to run back to Reidan right now. This time, she would achieve her desire. Unfortunately, the opponent was too strong. She couldn't dream of revenge. Did this make sense? They should feel fear when fighting Kraugel or Grid, not Grid's subordinates!

A gentle voice entered the ears of the trembling sisters.

"It will be hard for you to confront Overgeared with your strength. It is safe to say that Overgeared's current power is a match for the Ares army."

"...!"

Who was at the resurrection point? The sisters' eyes sharpened as they stared warily in the direction of the voice. Then they were surprised as they saw the owner of the voice. It was a white-haired young man beautiful enough to be a woman, Veradin.

"Captain of the hyenas? Why are you here?"

Hyena. It was a derogatory term for necromancers. A necromancer could manipulate the corpses of others. They were called hyenas because they had a habit of looking for dead bodies on the battlefield. The reason why the sisters called Veradin the captain of the hyenas was simple.

Veradin was the top ranked necromancer.

'The one who was called the best genius along with Lael in the 10 Rookies.'

'Unlike Lael, he's been acting quietly. Why did he approach us?'

There must be a big picture. Veradin extended a hand to the sisters.

"If you want revenge on Overgeared, why don't you join us?"

"Hah...!"

White laughed. It was ridiculous.

"Join the White Wolf Guild? You want us to join the guild led by someone weaker? Do you not understand your targets? In the first place, how can you help us?"

It was a violent reaction, but Veradin wasn't offended. The White Wolf was a guild in the top 200 of the guild rankings. However, Veradin acknowledged it wasn't enough to recruit such big people like the White and Black sisters.

"Please don't misunderstand. I'm trying to recruit you into Immortal, not my guild."

"Immortal?"

It was a big name.

"The organization of necromancers?"

The sisters laughed but then Veradin spoke amazing words.

"Immortal is a secret organization that serves Agnus."

"A-Agnus?"

The weight of Agnus' name was enormous. Agnus, along with Kraugel and Ares, had a powerful force and a unique madness. Even the worst dark gamer group, Blood Carnival, avoided Agnus. None of them wanted to provoke Agnus and they were always wary of him.

But so far, Agnus didn't have much influence on the power structure. It was because Agnus was always alone, just like Kraugel. Now Veradin claimed otherwise. Agnus also had a force behind him.

"Wait a minute. Isn't it too dangerous to give power to that crazy guy?"

"He smashes a city every time he's bored..."

"..."

Veradin felt bitter that even the sisters, who weren't classified as normal, perceived Agnus as the biggest madman. Veradin laughed and shook his head. "Unlike what you think, Agnus has a surprisingly cool mind. He doesn't do mass murder unless his feelings are disturbed."

"..."

In other words, he would commit mass murder if he was in a bad mood. Veradin once again made an offer.

"Come to Immortal. If you're with Agnus, you don't have to be afraid of Overgeared."

"..."

It made a lot of sense. Agnus' presence was that big. In particular, there was Agnus' Death Knight Transformation. It might be temporary, but he could become the strongest undead knight that didn't have to fear death.

'If we're with a person like that...'

'We will gain wings on our back.'

However, it was difficult to change forces so easily. They had to look at the conditions.

“What is Immortal’s purpose?”

“It’s to make Agnus the king of the living and the dead. The goal is to dominate the whole continent in the future by setting up a kingdom where undead and users coexist.”

“...Interesting. It would be incredibly strong if you can create an undead army at the level of a kingdom.”

“But won’t there be annoying activities if we join? We’re in Blood Carnival because we’re guaranteed freedom.”

“Of course, you will also get freedom in Immortal. However, please be aware that Overgeared and the Ares army are our enemies. If there’s an armed conflict with the two forces, you will have to fight.”

“...”

The conditions weren’t bad for White and Black. Not only were they guaranteed freedom, they liked the fact that they were definitely opposed to Overgeared.

‘I’m wary about being hostile to Ares, but...’

‘Won’t we be invincible if our strength is combined with Agnus’ undead army?’

Their worries didn’t last long. They felt reassured when thinking about Agnus.

“Okay. Then we will withdraw from Blood Carnival.”

Veradin shook his head at the Black and White sisters.

"No, on the surface, you should stay in Blood Carnival. Just like I am staying in White Wolf."

“You aren’t announcing to the world that there is an organization called Immortal yet?”

"Yes, more than anything else, I’m curious. The master hidden behind Blood Carnival. What is his identity?"

"Ha, we also want to know that."

The White and Black sisters scoffed, but didn’t express any complaints. They were also curious about the master’s identity.

The stronghold of Blood Carnival located deep inside the Dravian Mountains. One person spent most of his time in the previous nest of the light dragon Nevartan. Blood Carnival’s master, a.k.a ‘Dark.’ Only the three founding members of Blood Carnival knew the identity of the hidden master.

‘It’s annoying that the White and Black sisters are silent.’

The sisters had attacked Reidan and failed. Based on their original nature, it wouldn’t be strange if they rushed to him right now. The Blood Carnival members gathered for the benefits of the individuals, so it was impossible for him to send forces to help.

However, they were silent and this didn’t make him feel good. He thought about this and sent a whisper to Viola, one of the founding members of Blood Carnival.

-Have you found any named NPCs on the level of Piaro?

-I have roamed several kingdoms with the kids and haven't seen a talented NPC. It's the first time I've discovered that an independent NPC is so precious.

-Everyone is greedy for talents. Hmmm... Maybe it is wiser to train one ourselves.

-Train a named NPC? How?

-Viola, have you seen the Bairan war video? One soldier was helping Grid covertly on the battlefield. Maybe Grid didn't look for named NPCs from the beginning. He might've systematically trained an ordinary NPC and evolved them into a named NPC.

-Is that possible?

-We need to figure out if it's possible or not. If you see a roughly gifted NPC, secure them. We will place them in the dungeon and raise their level.

-U-Understood.

Viola was dubious, but followed Dark's command. Her confidence in Dark was this deep. After passing on the order to Viola.

"I should keep it faithful to the owner."

Dark made a pleased expression and moved to a secret passage hidden behind a curtain. He descended the stairs and saw a complex maze. The creator of this maze?

"Let's work hard today."

It was none other than Dark.

Kaaang! Kaaang!

A dungeon with a terrible difficulty was created by Dark's hand that was holding a pickaxe. It was the emergence of a new hidden class, Dungeon Maker.

This would later be a great gift for Grid and Overgeared...

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A Dungeon Maker could build dungeons underground, in caves, inside buildings, etc.

The rating of the constructed dungeon varied according to the location, design, and scale. The higher the rating of the dungeon, the greater the number of traps and monsters that could be placed. Therefore, the rank of the dungeon was a factor that directly contributed to the difficulty.

[The third section of the 'Beware Dogs' dungeon has been completed.]

[The third section is structurally capable of placing 8 traps and 193 monsters. However, you can't place flying-type monsters.]

[This is a unique-rated dungeon. As a bonus, experience has increased by 10% and all stats have increased by 6.]

[Every time someone destroys a trap or hunts a monster, you will share some of their experience. You can acquire a certain amount of gold and building materials every time someone acquires items. If a dungeon explorer dies during the dungeon, you will receive various special rewards.]

The dungeon 'Beware Dogs' built in the Dravian Mountains by Dark was his masterpiece. It was a structure that thoroughly blocked intruders to protect 'it,' which would someday become its master. Of course, dungeons built by Dark weren't always used for this purpose.

Dungeons were a highly utilized space. Dark sometimes produced dungeons that trained his allies or were easy to attack for his own benefits. Often, he created special dungeons such as a ghost house and charged for admission, creating a tourist attraction.

In any case, Dark didn't doubt that Beware Dogs would fully protect him as he intended. But there was still a long time left until it was finished. The production time and cost for the dungeon was too big. In particular, money. More money was needed.

'Should I raise the commission cost for Blood Carnival?'

No, he couldn't be too greedy. Competitors in the same industry had been on the rise in recent years, so he had to be nervous.

'There are too many bad guys in the world.'

In the shadowy parts of the world, he could see all of them. There were those who harmed others casually, those who killed people for a reason, etc.

Kaaang!Kaaang!

Puok!Puk.

Suksak.

He repeatedly knocked down walls with a pickaxe, dug with a shovel, and built new walls with bricks. Dark was deeply involved in the creation of the dungeon when he felt skeptical.

'What is this feeling? I have a hidden class, but have to do hard labor every day?'

He looked at the pickaxe and shovel he never touched in reality and was appalled.

"Sigh... Still, I'm glad because it's a class that can earn me many rewards."

Dark sighed deeply. He was a lot like someone. That someone was naturally...

"Magic Missile! Magic Missile! Magic Missile! Magic... Oh! Hey, this #@!\$%~!"

Grid.

Grid used Magic Missile for hours on the iron ore placed on the anvil. He already emptied a few mana potions in his mouth and asked Braham again for confirmation.

"Is this real? Can I really learn the Magic Battle Gear Production Method by repeating this?"

Braham replied to the desperate looking Grid.

'That's right. After hitting the iron ore 10,000 times, you need to hit the jaffa ore 10,000 times and then orichalcum 10,000... If you continue this process, you will eventually strike adamantium and bloodstone 10,000 times and you will be qualified to learn the Magic Battle Gear Production Method.'

"Eh...??"

It wasn't just iron ore? Grid doubted his ears but didn't forget to use Magic Missile. Then a notification window appeared.

[Your intelligence has increased by 1.]

[Your magic accuracy has increased by 0.01%.]

"Ohhh!"

It was fortunate that his stats increased from labor. He was particularly pleased that his intelligence stat was increasing.

'...'

Grid had just been cursing and now he was as happy as a child. Braham thought it was absurd.

'There's such a simple person in this world?'

He wasn't disparaging this simplicity. Braham thought that Grid's talent came from this simplicity.

'In particular, his simple personality plays a big part when he focuses on repetitive work.'

A huge smile. Grid was happy at the sight of his rising stats and Braham whispered to him.

'Please note that you can learn new magic if your intelligence increases a bit more.'

"R-Really? Okay! Magic Missile! Magic Missile!"

Teong!Teong!

[Your intelligence has increased by 1.]

[Your magic accuracy has increased by 0.01%.]

[Magic Mastery has increased by Lv. 5 to Lv. 6.]

There was compensation. Labor was always right. It didn't matter if it was hard.

"Pant pant! Magic Missile! Pant pant! Magic Missile! Magic Missile!"

Grid's satisfaction rose. His enthusiasm rose from the increasing stats and he continued to hit the iron ore with Magic Missile. At first, the iron ore was damaged or penetrated by Grid's Magic Missile, but now it was become firmer every time. It was the process of training his magic.

Minor. He had been serving Grid since he was a 13 year old boy. Now the talent forcefully obtained by Grid in Bairan had turned 18 years old. What had he been doing for the past five years? He was

exploring all over the continent for new and better quality minerals. It was very difficult. It had been difficult to find new minerals during his stay in Reidan.

But the power of education was terrible! His qualities had blossomed due to Grid forcing him to study, and at this moment, he found new minerals. The Dravian Mountains. It was renowned for being the nest of Light Dragon Nevartan.

‘This is really...!’ I feel the aura of a new mineral!’

Now he had good news to tell Duke Grid.

‘No, he isn’t a duke, but a king.’

Minor originally disliked Grid. Minor’s pride was high in the sky because he was such a unique genius and he thought it was shameful to serve only a duke. Minor thought that only the emperor of the Saharan Empire was qualified to become his master.

But his thoughts had changed recently. Despite being a commoner like Minor, Grid became a great nobleman and was even qualified to become the king of a nation. Minor’s impression of Grid changed a lot.

‘This is a person I can serve.’

Minor was determined to serve Grid in the future. He would perform faithfully under Grid and learn a lot.

‘Huhuhu... Then one day I will become a noble and a king.’

From now on, his goal was to become the second Grid. Minor felt resolved and pulled a pickaxe out of his bag. He planned to maximize his achievements by taking the newly discovered mineral directly to Grid. Grid utilized Minor as a minerals detector, but he liked mining more.

Minor, who was as greedy as Grid and as self-conscious as Lauel, started climbing the Dravian Mountains. He had developed great mobility skills and raised his strength, stamina, and persistence while exploring the continent for the past several years.

“Magic Missile! Magic Missile! Magic Missile!”

The average time it took to use Magic Missile (Enhanced) Lv. 3 was 1.5 seconds. The cooldown time was less than one second, but this calculation was when it was used repeatedly due to the very short activation time. It consumed 420 mana for one. Thanks to various titles and items, his total intelligence was over 1,900 and his mana was 12,000.

Calculating it simply, Grid’s mana was depleted when Magic Missile was used without rest for 40 seconds. There were limits, even if he took a mana potion. There was a waiting time for the potion reuse time. In other words, it was theoretically impossible for Grid to launch Magic Missile for dozens of minutes.

Yet Grid had already used Magic Missile for over four hours. It was due to the Ring of Absurdity that reduced the consumption of resources by 50%.

'This game is truly about items.'

Grid realized the undeniable truth again and smiled with delight. The moment the 10,000th Magic Missile hit the iron ore.

[You have learned the Iron Ore Magic Training method.]

[In the future, you can train the iron ore with various attack spells. The power and skill of the magic you use will determine the speed of the iron ore training.]

[The magically tempered minerals have a lower durability than traditionally handled minerals, but there is a possibility that special magic options will be attached. The types of options depends on the magic you use to temper it.]

"Oh...! Ohh!!"

Grid's joy pierced the sky after repeating the same thing for 4 hours and 10 minutes. Braham urged Grid as he was checking the rewards.

'Wouldn't it be better to keep using Magic Missile? Next is the jaffa ore.'

Perhaps Braham wasn't aware of his own emotions. Braham's voice also sounded excited and Grid laughed.

'I want to see the magic battle gear that you can create quickly.'

Iron ore, jaffa, mithril, orichalcum, black iron ore, blue orichalcum, and finally adamantium and bloodstone. Grid had to strike at least 19 types of metals 10,000 times and it would take at least a week. Of course, this included the stamina recovery time and Satisfy connection time limit.

The same process needed to be repeated for a week or more. It would be terrible and disgusting for another person. But it wasn't a big deal for Grid. Grid wasn't frustrated because it merely required patience, not talent. Not giving up was Grid's specialty.

[The long term magic use has slowed magic recovery speed and the mana deployment speed.]

[You are tired. Stamina is consumed more quickly. You have resisted.]

'It might take 10 days instead of a week.'

The system started to interfere. But Grid's expression didn't change at all. He had perfectly adapted to this training.

'Isabel, wait a little longer. I will surely give you the best spear.'

There was no anxiety. Grid's expression was calm as he started striking the jaffa ore with Magic Missile. Only those waiting by the side were nervous.

'How long is he going to repeat the same thing?'

'Isn't he bored? I'm dying of boredom just watching...'

'Uhh, my body is tired standing next to him. I am sore.'

'Please go and take a rest...'

Reinhardt's blacksmiths started to be afraid of Grid's obsession. On the other hand, Damian and Isabel looked at Grid like he was a role model. They thought that Grid's spirit was uncommon in this world.

"Magic Missile!"

Jeeeong!

White flashes occurred in the smithy through the night. Lael smiled at the sight from the distant walls.

"This light is the glorious future that will lead this kingdom. Hut...!"

The cool wind blew in the pleasant night.

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While Grid was learning the Magic Battle Gear Production Method.

The Overgeared members were scattered all over and performing their own duties. They encouraged and helped the people greatly damaged by the war and repaired Reinhardt, Patrian, and Bairan. The person who played the biggest role in this process wasn't the high rankers like Jishuka, Yura, Regas, or Pon. It was surprisingly Grid's sister, Ruby.

Ruby's overwhelming healing power and benevolent spirit helped to heal and encourage the wounded bodies and minds of the people and soldiers.

"Thank you! I really appreciate it! My friends and family are able to regain their health thanks to Saintess Ruby!"

"I thought I would spend my whole life like this, but I'm able to walk thanks to the Saintess. I will thank the Saintess for the rest of my life and live well."

"Ah! Saintess Ruby is Grid's sister? How could there be two such wonderful siblings?"

The people's love and respect for Ruby grew further. In accordance, Ruby's sphere of influence was naturally expanded. It was right below Grid's. Lael thoroughly took advantage of this.

"We will increase the speed of the recovery operation. Let the people and soldiers work more. If Ruby goes and preaches the necessity of labor, the people will be willing to work harder."

"Aren't the people already working all the time except for when they're eating and sleeping? No way. They'll collapse."

"Ruby, can't you heal them if they fall?"

Perfect infinite power! The value of the Saintess' wide-area healing ability was great. Lael really liked Ruby, who created an environment where the people and soldiers could be overworked. Ruby didn't like Lael's words.

"A bad person."

"You can condemn me, but I'm proud of myself. My decision is solely for the growth of Grid and Overgeared. I don't think I'm wrong."

"Hmph, I have nothing to say to you."

Ruby turned around, going to the people and soldiers to ask them for more harsh labor. Ruby was also a member of Overgeared and couldn't disobey Lael's orders.

"I'll take good care of you so that you don't get hurt."

Ruby promised the people.

A smile appeared on Lael's face.

"Unlike Grid, she has a cute side..."

Duguen!

The feelings deeply sealed in his heart were moving.

'What? What is this hot flame moving through my heart?'

Lael didn't know, but it was love. The late first love of the 22 year old Lael began.

"What? Lael ordered the troops to gather in Reidan?"

"Yes, because it's at the border of the Saharan Empire and must be thoroughly defended."

"Why did he make such a decision? Shouldn't we be paying attention to the remnants of the Eternal Kingdom, not the Saharan Empire? From their perspective, they can't forgive us for killing the king and dividing the kingdom. What if they gather their troops and advance to Bairan or Reinhardt?"

Toban questioned Lael's command. He had served as chief of staff of the Tzedakah Guild. From his point of view, Lael seemed to be making a big mistake.

Euphemina and Vantner agreed.

"Yes. In the current situation, the remnants of Eternal wouldn't miss this gap."

"Did Lael make a mistake because he is tired?"

The moment everyone was feeling distrustful of Lael's judgment.

"Lael hasn't overlooked the presence of Marquis Steim."

The silent Yura opened her mouth. Her peach lips captivated everyone's eyes.

"After the death of King Aslan, his evil deeds were revealed to the public and Marquis Steim has nothing to worry about anymore. He will unconditionally serve Youngwoo-ssi. But how can he come to Youngwoo-ssi with empty hands after he refused his support during the war?"

"I see!"

"There's still Marquis Stein!"

Vantner made a confused expression while Toban and Euphemina nodded immediately.

"Sooner or later, Marquis Stein will arrive with a gift."

"The gift is the remnants of those who are against Grid. Indeed, Lael is incredible. He expected this and stationed the troops in Reidan."

"Yura is also amazing for discovering it. Won't Lael have an easier time if Yura assists him?"

"No. Yura needs to level up. She's one of the strongest powers of our guild."

"..."

The strongest power. Was it really like that? Yura couldn't accept it.

'I'm weak.'

The epic class Euphemina, and Jishuka armed with the Red Phoenix Bow were comparable to the legendary rated Grid and Kraugel. She was weak, despite having a legendary class.

'This is a problem. I need to devote myself to finding the hidden pieces as soon as possible.'

It was a matter of pride. Yura also dreamt about becoming stronger than everyone else.

'My next destination is...'

Hell. The stage that maximized a Demon Slayer's abilities. Once the establishment of the Overgeared Kingdom was complete and the Overgeared Guild regained stability, she would rush to hell and concentrate on her growth. Yura was prepared.

Three Rebecca Temples would be built in Reinhardt. The elders of the Rebecca Church accepted Pope Damian's command. They would send full support to Grid and Overgeared, who destroyed the great demon Belial. The players belonging to the Rebecca Church received a quest.

[The 'Temple Construction' quest has been created.]

[Temple Construction]

Difficulty: A

The Rebecca Church plans to build three temples in Reinhardt, the territory of the great hero Grid.

Help the construction of the Rebecca Temples.

Quest Clear Conditions: Work for at least four days at the construction site of the Rebecca Temples.

Quest Reward: You have the right to be assigned to the newly built temple. Divine Power +20. The compensation will differ according to construction contribution.

"How much manpower are they lacking that they would make paladins and priests participate in the construction sites?"

"Isn't it common that the funds and manpower required for the construction of the temple be covered by the lord of the territory that the temple is built in?"

"Wow... Surely we aren't paying for the cost of the temples built in Reinhardt?"

"Pope Damian is abusing his authority. It's well known that he's a fan of Grid."

"I can't believe that the elders approved this."

The players in the Rebecca Church didn't like the Temple Construction quest. They couldn't understand why they were supposed to participate in the construction of the temple and felt uncomfortable because they seemed to be used for Damian's private affairs. However, there were very few players who refused the quest. A-grade quests weren't easy to get and the reward was quite good.

'It increases divine power by 20.'

'Reinhardt is one of the few very large cities on the whole continent. If I can get there, I can make great profits by clearing numerous quests every day.'

'I don't want to miss the chance to build up a friendship with Overgeared.'

'Follow the trend for the future.'

Talents started to gather in Reinhardt, which would become the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom. This was the power of Overgeared.

"I'm sorry!"

The members of the Silver Knights, including Peak Sword, returned. They thought of themselves as sinners. It was because Cork Island was completely destroyed. The Cork Island that flourished in the past couldn't exist again. Tears flowed down Peak Sword's face as he recalled the ruined Cork Island.

"If we had handed it over to Eternal when you told me..."

The island wouldn't have been destroyed. It would've been taken away, but they could've used it in the future. They needlessly protected Cork Island and brought about irreversible results. Lael comforted Peak Sword, who couldn't even lift his head.

"It isn't your fault. It's mine for not anticipating Blood Carnival's strike."

There was no way to predict it, but he didn't make excuses. Lael never thought that Peak Sword would completely protect Cork Island from Eternal's navy. In the first place, there was no reason for Blood Carnival to intervene. Unfortunately, Peak Sword was far more outstanding than expected and the result turned out like this.

'Now that Cork Island is destroyed, the cost of restoring the destroyed facilities is too high. It's better to give up neatly.'

They didn't need to be so obsessed. Originally, Cork Island was the major source of income for Overgeared. But this would change in the future. The territories belonging to Eternal that would be occupied by Overgeared were much more valuable than Cork Island.

Then Lael received a new report.

"Katz has returned."

Blood Warrior Katz. His strength was comparable to Grid when he was on the battlefield. No, maybe it was higher than Grid. Lael had big hopes for him. He hoped Borneo would be protected for 10 days. Lael rushed over and greeted Katz.

"You must have suffered a lot. We were able to protect our rear thanks to your actions."

It would be great if they could make Borneo completely theirs, but there were only 1,000 troops assigned to Katz. It was impossible to completely protect Borneo from the Gauss Kingdom which could move tens of thousands of troops. It was great work to keep it for just 10 days.

Katz reported to Lael. "The Gauss Kingdom's army has given up on occupying Borneo and has retreated. I think it's better to send reinforcements to Borneo so that the Gauss Kingdom doesn't attempt it again."

"...Huh?"

The Gauss Kingdom's army gave up on occupying Borneo and retreated? The result was unbelievably shocking.

"How did you keep Borneo?"

Katz formed a circle with his fingers after hearing Lael's question.

"Money."

"..."

Well, he should speak to Grid. Lael wanted to give Katz and Peak Sword good weapons for all their hard work.

Chaaeng!Chaaeng!Chaaeng!

Days passed. He kept using Magic Missile except for the time he spent sleeping.

Chaaeng!Chaaeng!Chaaeng!

"..."

Grid used Magic Missile on the metals without a break. The dark circles under his eyes were reminiscent of a dead man.

"Grid..."

Isabel's beautiful face was filled with worry as she watched Grid in the smithy. She felt sorry that Grid was struggling for her. She wondered if she could really abuse Grid this much.

'Suffering because of me... No. I can't endure it anymore.'

Isabel stood up. She didn't care about her own matter anymore. She only hoped for Grid to be safe.

"Grid...!"

Isabel was about to tell Grid to stop. Then the adamantium was hit 10,000 times by Grid's Magic Missile and shone brilliantly, lighting up the entire smithy. Grid turned to the amazed Isabel and smiled brightly.

"Are you ready to enjoy your happiness?"

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It was hard. It was seriously hard.

One week?

'Bullshit!'

He spend over a fortnight striking 19 types of metals with Magic Missile. The penalty of using magic continuously was far worse than Grid expected.

'Striking it?'

As soon as he opened his eyes, he connected to the game and repeated the same thing until he fell asleep. His mind was bound to weaken. Grid thought several times about giving up. It wasn't an exaggeration to say he was going crazy at the thought of firing Magic Missile 190,000 times.

'How can a human do such a crazy thing?'

It was different from the days when he looked for the North End Cave and became Pagma's Descendant.

Reaching the limits of his stamina and concentration wasn't enough to dampen Grid's will that was ignited by anger. Grid wanted to forget about that time even now. The idea that this repetitive action wasn't something a human should do weakened his heart.

'No... No. I can't give up now.'

He would waste the efforts of the past few days the moment he gave up. Grid's nature couldn't tolerate this loss. More than anything else.

"Grid..."

"..."

He couldn't turn away from Isabel, who was making a pained face from guilt. He started this in the first place because he wanted to make her happy.

'I won't give up!'

Kwaduduk!

Grid once again started firing Magic Missile. 100 times, 200, 500, 1,000, 5,000, 10,000 times a day... From that moment on, he couldn't count how many Magic Missiles he'd shot. He couldn't afford to count.

"Grid! That's it! Stop now!"

How many days had passed? The sight of Grid coughing up blood while shooting Magic Missile made Isabel become pale and confused. She couldn't bear it anymore and shouted. She didn't want Grid to suffer any longer because of her. At that moment.

Jeeeong!

Grid fired Magic Missile with a trembling hand.

[The quest has succeeded!]

['Magic Battle Gear Production Method' has been acquired.]

Notification windows popped up. It happened when the 190,000th Magic Missile struck adamantium.

[Magic Battle Gear Production Method Lv. 1]

Metal can be tempered with magic attacks. If you make an item with this metal, there is a certain chance of the item developing a magic option.

- * The rating of the metal enchanted with magic is subdivided from normal to legend. Depending on the rating, the magic options will be stronger and more varied.
- * Level 1 production. The magic that can be used to temper metal is limited to Magic Missile.
- * In order to raise the level of Magic Battle Gear Production Method, you must learn how to temper the metal with higher rated spells.

"Good. Very good."

The reward that came at the end of a huge amount of effort was always satisfying. A delighted smile appeared on Grid's haggard face.

"Isabel, are you ready to enjoy your happiness?"

"G-Grid..."

Isabel finally burst into tears. She was forced to sacrifice herself for Goddess Rebecca, who she loved and believed in the most. Now a savior had appeared. Grid's existence was becoming more and more special to Isabel. Her gratitude, respect, and trust in Grid was much stronger and more absolute than her heart that served Rebecca.

'Wait?'

Grid was proud when he saw the delighted Isabel, only to suddenly worry about his future.

- * In order to raise the level of Magic Battle Gear Production Method, you must learn how to temper the metal with higher rated spells.

A phrase in the skill description made Grid uneasy.

'Hey Braham. Raising the level of the Magic Battle Gear Production Method... Don't tell me...'

'Your guess is correct. Later, you will learn new magic and shoot it at all minerals 10,000 times.'

"..."

The reason Grid could fire Magic Missile 190,000 times despite grumbling about the difficulty was because the resources consumed by Magic Missile and the time needed to use it was small. It was impossible to compare 190,000 Magic Missiles to 190,000 higher rated spells.

"Hah..."

Grid sighed deeply like someone who had lost a country.

Recently, Brazil's real estate market had been suffering.

Jishuka. She accumulated a huge amount of wealth from Satisfy and had started to dispose of all the land and buildings she owned. It was a sudden sale. She hastily sold her properties at a cheaper price than the market value and converted it to cash.

What was the emergency? People started speculating.

Jishuka had received information that the Brazilian real estate market was going to collapse and disposed of her properties in advance.

Jishuka was addicted to drugs and was disposing of her properties to pay for the drugs.

Jishuka was preparing to move to South Korea to be with Grid. It was clear that her marriage to Grid was approaching.

And so on.

People's speculations about Jishuka ran wild. Once it became an issue, various types of media outlets came forward. The Brazil media requested an interview from Jishuka. Jishuka gave an interview in exchange for money and greatly shocked the Brazilian people.

"Recently, Jishuka's actions are making the Brazilian people uneasy. Can you explain the reason why you are disposing of your real estate so hurriedly?"

"It's to pay for an item."

"Huh?"

"Item...? An item in Satisfy?"

"Yes."

"...?????"

It was estimated that Jishuka's disposable real estate was worth almost 60 million dollars. It was big enough to make a company with a lot of capital. She was going to use this huge capital to pay for an item? The reporters barely regained their spirits and asked Jishuka.

"Are you entrusting Grid to make you a set of items?"

Yes, Grid was a legendary blacksmith. The value of the items he made was high enough to be different from normal items. If Grid produced a 'set' that covered the whole body, this astronomical price made sense. Think about being covered from head to toe in legendary items. They would be able to quickly kill monsters and monopolize various contents.

Jishuka shook her head at the reporters.

"It's the value of a bow."

"..."

Grid's items were priced at a premium that they couldn't imagine. This article became a hot topic all over the world and the Internet was once again turned upside down.

-Won't Grid become the world's largest conglomerate?

-Grid is really...

Yatan Church.

The eternal enemy of the Rebecca Church. Their purpose was working to bring the great demons to this earth. This meant they had to defeat Rebecca's Daughters. The Rebecca Church was the strongest force and placed too many restrictions on the Yatan Church's activities. Thus, the Yatan Church was forced to pursue them.

It was the reason why the quest 'Kill Rebecca's Daughters (SSS)' was always on the list of quests for players belonging to the Yatan Church. But was it really that easy to kill a Rebecca's Daughter? They were too strong. As the incarnation of divine power, Rebecca's Daughters were deadly to black knights and black magicians. It was realistically impossible for the Yatan Church to kill these women.

But at this moment, an opportunity came. Isabel, one of the most powerful Rebecca's Daughters of this time. The Yatan Church acquired information that she was weakened in the battle against the Great Demon Belial.

"Great Monarch Belial sacrificed herself for this chance."

"The current Isabel is extremely weak. It's enough to send only the believers."

The Yatan temples hidden throughout the continent. They would be able to find Isabel quickly. The Yatan Servants sat around a table and smiled with satisfaction.

The Yatan followers were divided into eight classes.

The 8th grade believers were as weak as the soldiers of any kingdom, while the 1st grade believers had a mighty force. Although there were only 100 of them across the Yatan Church. Their battle ability alone was comparable to the Yatan Servants.

"It's here."

"Immediately after the war, the defense is weak."

The 1st grade Yatan followers, Bon and Adus, succeeded in infiltrating Reinhardt. It was just after the war and Reinhardt wasn't able to fully control access of outsiders because the guard system wasn't fully in place.

"Where's Isabel?"

"I don't know exactly. We must measure the divine power."

In the dark. Bon and Adus concealed themselves under the shaded walls and started to use dark magic. It was the precursor of Magic Detection that most senior magicians could use. Magic Detection used with black magic power was particularly effective in detecting divine power. Bon and Adus were able to find Isabel without much difficulty.

"Indeed, she's weakened like the information said."

"I think it's possible even if we don't go out."

"But this mission definitely needs to be resolved. Don't leave it to the lower rated guys. We'll go out directly."

"Unfortunately, it can't be helped."

At present, Isabel's divine power was like a flickering candle. It meant her health was fading. They didn't need to watch out for White Transformation because she was so weak she would die immediately upon using White Transformation.

Suuuk.

Bon and Adus made confident expressions as they assimilated into the darkness and disappeared from the spot. Their destination was a smithy to the north of Reinhardt.

"I see her."

Bon and Adus spied on the inside of the smithy. Despite the darkness, the light of the furnace showed a blacksmith working and Isabel watching him.

"What's she doing?"

Rebecca's Daughter Isabel was sitting idly in the smithy, despite dying. Bon and Adus didn't understand the situation at all. But it was only for a moment. Their confused expressions changed to smiles.

"Maybe Lifael's Spear is broken?"

"Rebecca's divine artifact is broken? Is Rebecca's divine power corrupted?"

"Great Monarch Belial must've dealt a big blow."

"Ah!"

Now the situation was convincing. Isabel was wounded and couldn't return to the Vatican.

"Lifael's Spear is so badly damaged that it needs to be urgently repaired."

"This is a really great opportunity."

Isabel was weakened and her divine weapon damaged. Dealing with her was as simple and easy as hitting a fly. Bon and Adus exchanged a look before moving.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

They shattered the wall of the smithy with black magic.

"Kuahahat! Rebecca's dog will be caught today!"

They swung swords made of black magic at Isabel. But their swords didn't reach Isabel.

"What is this?"

The blacksmith hammering in front of the furnace. Yes, it was a blacksmith. Bon and Adus hadn't paid attention to the person hammering at the golden spear. Then.

Paiijjik!

Dozens of Magic Missiles were fired from the golden spear.

"What?"

Pepepepeok!

Bon and Adus were confused by the bombardment of Magic Missiles. They were Magic Missiles with divine power that made the dark shield useless.

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"Kuaaaaak!"

"W-What is this...!"

A man whose face was covered in sweat and dust. The black-haired man was a blacksmith. There was no awkwardness to his movements as he hammered on the spear. He looked just like an ordinary blacksmith. But how could he wield Rebecca's divine weapon and manifest magic from it?

'What in the world is this blacksmith?'

'Surely a Rebecca paladin isn't disguised as a blacksmith? He's been polishing his blacksmith skills for years just for this day?'

Using common sense, it didn't make sense that the weakened Isabel didn't return to the Vatican. Was it possible for her to be left alone when she knew that the Yatan Church was after her?

'Wait. Does it make sense that a paladin is trained in blacksmithing skills?'

'No, have you forgotten how cunning the Rebecca bastards are? It's certainly possible! We've fallen into the vicious trap that this angelic female has dug!'

'T-That's right!'

Bon and Adus were indignant. They healed their wounded bodies with black magic and stared at Isabel and the blacksmith.

"Yes, just like the Rebecca dogs. Placing a trap to lure people here?"

"...?"

Isabel was confused by Bon and Adus' words, but Grid just laughed. It was annoying to argue with them when they were the one making a surprise attack. Grid had experienced ridiculous things more than one or twice already.

"Uh, that's right. It's a trap. So just die. Your deaths were determined the moment you fell into the trap."

Grid smiled widely. He was pleased to have an opponent to test the reconstructed Lifael's Spear on. His attitude was an eyesore to Bon and Adus.

'He's laughing at some of the most talented people in the Yatan Church?'

There were less than 200 1st grade followers in all of the Yatan Church. It meant it was really hard to be qualified as a 1st grade follower. They were lacking in the fields of theology, intelligence, politics, and military matters, but their combat ability was comparable to the Yatan Servants. This was why Bon and Adus had great pride. They didn't think they would be pushed, despite fighting Isabel on a one-on-one basis!

"The hyena might dig a trap, but it can't hunt a lion!"

"Do you think Isabel can stop us in her current state?"

Peeng!

Adus spoke confidently and his black magic exploded. It was so powerful that a shockwave occurred. The interior of the smithy shook like there was an earthquake. The flames in the furnace became bigger! The smithy became a sea of fire. Amongst the flames, Grid's smile widened.

'Indeed, they're good opponents to test this on.'

Bon and Adus' names were written in gold. It meant they were named NPCs. They were strong. If Grid was a normal player, he wouldn't dare be hostile to them. But who was Grid? Among the hidden classes, he showed off unique skills and was an outstanding figure. He had killed some Yatan Servants so the 1st grade followers weren't his opponent.

"I will start the test."

A myth rated spear that had been modified using the Magic Battle Gear Production Method. Grid held Lifael's Spear that was surrounded by a white light.

[Lifael's Spear]

Rating: Myth

Durability: 990/990

Attack Power: 1,530~2,190

* Divine Power +2,000

* All stats +200.

* 250% increase in health recovery.

* Fixed damage of +5,000 on each attack.

* There is a high probability of activating the 'Light Wheel' skill. Every time Light Wheel is activated, Magic Missile is shot. The number of Magic Missiles is determined according to the usage range of Light Wheel. The damage of Magic Missile is fixed at 4,000 per hit and will increase by 50% if the target is evil. No mana will be consumed.

* When defending or evading, there is a high probability that Shield of Light will activate. Magic Missile (Enhanced) is attached to the Shield of Light. Any target that pierces through the Shield of Light will be hit by Magic Missile. The damage of Magic Missile is fixed at 4,000 per hit and will increase by 50% if the target is evil. The accuracy of the Magic Missile counterattack is 100% and does not consume mana.

* When moving, there is a high probability of activating the 'Light of Guidance' skill.

* It is possible to use the 'Weakened White Transformation.'

* Attack power +30% against those with black magic power.

It is one of the three divine artefacts of the Rebecca Church. It contains a strong divine power that humans can't bear. However, the blacksmith Grid has suppressed the divine power.

The power of technology has restrained the divine power. Lifael's Spear is tempered by legendary enhanced magic and is now more powerful than before.

Conditions of Use: Rebecca's Daughter.

Hwiririk!Cheok!

Grid rotated Lifael's Spear and thrust it. In the past, he had tried to copy Pon's techniques. Now he acquired Weapons Mastery and his handling of the spear wasn't awkward at all.

'Strange?'

Bon and Adus hesitated as they were trying to kill Grid. They felt a sense of incongruity.

'Aren't Rebecca's Daughters the only ones who can handle Rebecca's three divine artifacts?'

This information wasn't certain. But when looking back at the history of the Rebecca Church, only Rebecca's Daughters had used the three divine weapons. But now this male blacksmith. No, the paladin disguised as a blacksmith, was using Lifael's Spear?

Grid rushed over as they were standing there bewildered. The spear wasn't Grid's main weapon and Bon and Adus were quite capable, so he didn't want to miss this opportunity.

"You dare!"

Bon and Adus scoffed as Grid narrowed the distance and swung the spear. They ridiculed Grid's movements, which was a slash instead of a thrust.

'This slow attack can't touch us... Heok!'

The relaxed Bon and Adus both turned pale at the same time. The golden orbit drawn by Lifael's Spear. Dozens of white flashes appeared simultaneously?

'Another spell!'

'How is this possible?'

Magic Missile was the lowest grade magic spell, but dozens of them were used at once and in rapid succession? In addition, the Magic Missiles used by this guy...

Pepepeng!

"Kuaaaack!"

"It hurts!"

It was enhanced Magic Missile!

"Ugh... How can Dark Shield be penetrated with Magic Missile?"

All things were born with a limit and magic was the same. Just like a pebble couldn't break a rock, the lowest grade Magic Missile shouldn't be able to penetrate Dark Shield, a superior defense spell.

'It's only possible if his magic power is tens or hundreds of times higher than ours...!'

Chill.

Adus got goosebumps. Was this an elder priest of the Rebecca Church? The blacksmith's simple force might be weaker than them, but he overwhelmed them in magic power.

'We were tricked!'

Swinging Lifael's Spear was just a gimmick. He was a priest, not a paladin. It was also a senior priest!

'That's why his spearsmanship is lousy!'

The blacksmith pulled their attention to the spear. It was just a means to attract their attention, while his real attack was the magic he used. Bon and Adus determined this as Grid swung the spear again.

'I won't be tricked anymore!'

Bon and Adus smiled. They ignored the spear Grid was wielding and attacked Grid. It was possibility because they were confident they wouldn't be hit by Grid's spear. But the result?

Seokeok!

Puok!

"Cough!"

"Eek!"

A single blow. Grid's spear severely tore their armor and their shoulders were severely pierced. It was a powerful destructive force that couldn't be compared with Magic Missile.

"Y-You...!"

Bon and Adus finally realized the seriousness of the situation. They finally guessed Grid's real identity.

"Tem...!"

A secret weapon raised by the Rebecca Church.

"...Templar!"

There were only a few of them, but if they were left alone, they would become comparable to Rebecca's Daughters. Grid shook his head at the astonished Bon and Adus.

"I am overgeared."

"...!!"

Peeeeeeong!

Grid swung the spear again. He had been stubbornly slashing so far, but this time it was a stab. It was a stab that maximized the attack distance of the spear. The speed and power of the attack was unmatched.

"Ugh!"

The targeted Adus hurriedly raised his sword. It was necessary to defend against the stab. But immediately before reaching Adus, Lifael's Spear curved and struck Adus' side instead. It was Light Wheel that had a high probability of activating.

[Light Wheel]

Stabbing, hacking, cutting, etc.

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

* The hit rate is 100%.

* Contains the light attribute.

Puok!

"Kyaak!"

Adus screamed as the orbit of the attack suddenly changed. Bon standing next to him also suffered terrible damage. As Grid attacked Adus, Magic Missile was emitted from the golden trail created and struck Bon.

Pepepepeng!

"Ugh...! Uhhh..."

Duk.

Dududuk.

The flames in the smithy became bigger and bigger. Adus and Bon's groans mixed in with Isabel's admiring cry. Adus and Pon were named NPCs and quickly got up.

"Overgeared!"

Yes, they remembered. The Yatan Servants' Slaughterer. From Malacus, Neberius, Dark Bus, and the First Servant Tallos. It was the worst danger to the Yatan Church.

"Grid... You are Grid."

Bon and Adus knew that Reinhardt was Grid's territory after the war. But they couldn't imagine that the blacksmith repairing one of the Rebecca Church's divine artifacts would be Grid. It was hard to imagine, since Grid had risen to a major rank and there was also the rumor that Grid used Blackening. It was a violation of common sense that he could handle an artifact filled with Rebecca's divine power.

"Who the hell are you?"

Blacksmith and swordsman.

Swordsman and magician.

A person who handled divine magic and the power of demonkin.

Bon and Adus were filled with confusion as Grid replied.

"Overgeared King."

The identity had already been established. It was thanks to the Overgeared Guild and it wasn't long before the Overgeared Kingdom would be established. In the future, Grid wanted the world to call him Overgeared King.

'What is overgeared?'

Adus and Bon were filled with strong doubts. The two men had completely recovered. Grid's performance test was enough. He handed Lifael's Spear back to Isabel.

"You can use White Transformation freely. It can be used as long as you have enough mana."

The spear no longer consumed health. It was tamer than before. But it was still strong.

"Have strength, Isabel."

He wanted to rest. It might be a little dangerous for him to deal with Bon and Adus right now. The story would be simple if he used Belial's Strength attached to the Rune of Darkness. But Grid had no intention of using that extraordinary power when he was sleepy.

Grid shook hands with Isabel and left the smithy, leaving Isabel to use the White Transformation of Lifael's Spear. She completely overcame the fear of death, making the power of the spear unfathomable.

[The quest has succeeded!]

[You have gained 1 point in deity from the quest reward.]

[Isabel deifies you even more. Isabel will even become hostile to Goddess Rebecca for you if it is required in the future.]

[Isabel will give you the loot she has acquired from Bon and Adus.]

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Swaaah.

It was important to do everything steadily. Shin Youngwoo originally had a bad physique, but he'd been working out for the last few years, resulting in a solid muscular body. The cold water coming from the shower that slipped over his smooth muscles was an attractive sight to look at. The changes in body and spirit were due to his efforts. This was one of the sources of Shin Youngwoo's confidence.

'The pros and cons of the Magic Battle Gear Production Method are clear.'

Shin Youngwoo thought as he cooled his forehead with cold water.

'Apart from hammering the metal, I have to train it with magic. It will take four times longer to handle and the durability of the metal is significantly reduced.'

Lifael's Spear. The original myth rated weapon had a durability of 1,500. But the durability dropped to 990 in the process of training it with Magic Missile. It had fallen by one-third.

'If I enhance a weapon with a low durability like a dagger, I might not be able to use it...'

Equipment items needed to be durable by default. The repeated use and repairs would inevitably drop the maximum durability. Therefore, people were reluctant to use items with low durability.

'If I'm planning to make items just for selling, it would be wiser not to use the Magic Battle Gear Production Method.'

Of course, it was true that items made using the Magic Battle Gear Production Method were excellent. In fact, Lifael's Spear was much more beautiful than before. But that was possible because Lifael's Spear was a myth rated weapon.

'The higher the rating of the item, the greater the increase in options.'

Considering that the average rating of the items that Shin Youngwoo produced was usually epic, it wasn't worth investing so much time with the Magic Battle Gear Production Method.

'However, I will use the Magic Battle Gear Production Method on the items that the guild members will use as their main force.'

He could afford to spend valuable time on items for his colleagues. The disadvantage of the low durability was overcome by Shin Youngwoo's repair techniques. It was because the maximum durability didn't decrease when Shin Youngwoo repaired the item directly.

『 The world's attention towards the first country built by a player, Overgeared, is getting hotter day by day. It isn't just South Korea. Everyone around the world is focused on Overgeared's founding ceremony. There are many people who are wondering why Overgeared, who has already acquired the minimum qualifications to set up a kingdom, are delaying the establishment of the kingdom. 』

『 It must take a long time to prepare. It's an event that all countries and people all over the world are interested in. They want to create an unprecedented splendid and magnificent founding ceremony. 』

『 The restoration of the palace ruined by Belial will take quite a while. 』

As Shin Youngwoo was taking a shower, stories about Overgeared started to flow from the TV set on the bathroom wall. Shin Youngwoo witnessed the news and turned off the shower.

'Busy.'

As predicted by the news, Overgeared was planning a magnificent and brilliant founding ceremony. It was to announce the dignity of the best guild while the attention of the world was focused on them. It was too big for Lael to handle alone. Every member of Overgeared played a proper role, including Youngwoo. There was 14 days until the ceremony and Youngwoo needed to make items to reward the members.

It was Lael's plan. Once the items made by the legendary blacksmith were revealed at the scene of the foundation of the kingdom watched by billions of viewers, the wavelength caused would be truly enormous. Imagine it. New items would increase the Overgeared Guild by leaps and bounds. The viewers who saw this would feel envious and be filled with a burning desire to join Overgeared.

"Overgeared King... Kuoh."

It was a good name no matter how he thought about it. Shin Youngwoo admired his own naming sense as he left the bath and wrapped his wet hair with a towel.

Diririri-

The phone installed in the middle of the living room rang. It was Jishuka. Youngwoo was startled.

'She has gathered 60 million gold already?'

60 million gold was a huge amount of money. It couldn't be secured just by selling items in the game. She had to use money to buy gold from the trading sites and he couldn't imagine how big the transaction fees would be. Youngwoo opened his mouth as he kept in mind Jishuka's hard work.

"Pick up."

At the same time.

Yiing-

The phone stopped ringing and a video appeared on his phone. He could see Jishuka with an endless blue sea behind her. As always, she was smiling brilliantly.

"Hi~! Grid...!"

Jishuka tucked her hair being blown by the wind behind her ears, only to suddenly close her mouth and blush.

'Why?'

Youngwoo cocked his head, while Jishuka's face turned redder as her gaze focused on one part of his body.

"Are you appealing to me?"

"..."

Ah, he wasn't wearing clothes. Youngwoo belatedly felt a sense of shame and rushed to his room to grab clothes. In the video, Jishuka couldn't help feeling embarrassed and delighted.

"I think he's perfect for me."

The restored Reinhardt Palace.

"Erase all traces of Eternal's royal family."

The Eternal Kingdom had a history of 400 years. Reinhardt Palace might've been ruined in the aftermath of the Belial raid, but there were still traces of the Eternal dynasty remaining. It was from the small decorations to the architectural style. It was enough to bother Lauel.

"What? The historical value? There's no value to the history of the losers. Please remove all the statues of the Eternal kings and build a statue of Grid on the spot. Burn all the items engraved with the silver dragon emblem that symbolizes Eternal and imprint a hammer and anvil on the new items. All facilities designed for left-side traffic should be switched to right-side traffic, and..."

Lauel directed the workmen. His hands were constantly on his head. The habit of worrying about his hair loss in reality had transferred to the game.

Administrator Rabbit approached him and reported.

"All the royal families of the 15 kingdoms have rejected the invitation to the founding ceremony. It's an atmosphere where every kingdom on the continent aren't acknowledging us."

Lauel didn't panic.

"As expected."

Technically, Grid was a rebel who destroyed his kingdom. Recognizing Grid meant acknowledging rebels, so it wasn't possible for the royal families of other kingdoms to recognize the Overgeared Kingdom.

"Diplomatic isolation would be a major hindrance to national development. Is there a solution?"

Lauel nodded at Rabbit's question.

"It will be resolved with diplomatic quests."

"...?"

Overgeared was a kingdom set up by players. It was evident that it would evolve in the direction that players agreed on, since most of the people of Overgeared weren't NPCs. Lauel's focus was on the growth of NPCs and other players. In other words, quests.

'If the players of Overgeared go out to other kingdoms and repeatedly hunt and do quests, our culture and influence will naturally spread to other kingdoms. One day, the other kingdoms would have to acknowledge and accept Overgeared.'

It was a problem that would naturally resolve over time. There was just one point to pay attention to. It was the disruption of other forces such as the Saharan Empire, Ares, Agnus, and Blood Carnival. If the mighty forces sought to persecute the players of Overgeared, most players wouldn't join the Overgeared Kingdom.

'We must have the power to prevent that from happening.'

They had to prove that they had the power. That's why he invited not only Kraugel, Damian, and Chris to the founding ceremony, but also the high rankers who were once hostile to them.

'I have to prove our influence.'

Please let the rankers who received the invitation attend the ceremony.

Vantner approached the eagerly praying Lauel and whispered.

"Grow head. Is the pronunciation unusual? It's a Korean hair loss drug. It works well."

"Vantner, you..."

He recognized Lauel's grievance at a glance and recommended hair loss medicine?

Lauel pledged. He would never use the hair loss medicine recommended by Vantner, even if there was a knife at his neck. He didn't have any confidence in the hair loss medicine recommended by the bald Vantner.

"Many followers have volunteered to attend the construction site of the Reinhardt temples."

"It's a reflection of their respect for Grid, who defeated the great demon Belial and brought peace to this world."

The Rebecca Church's Vatican.

After the fall of Pope Drevigo and pop candidate Pascal. The high ranking priests sat in higher seats. Their gratitude and respect for Grid was sincere, making Damian feel good.

Damian sensed the atmosphere and said, "I received an invitation letter from Grid asking me to attend the ceremony for the establishment of the Overgeared Kingdom. I'm going to attend. Do any of the elders want to come with me?"

"..."

It grew silent in an instant. The elders made fake smiles and shut their mouths.

Damian realized his mistake.

'They respect Grid, but we can get the persecution of the empire if we support the Overgeared Kingdom... Well, it's a worry. I was too short-sighted.'

Maybe he would be pressured to not attend the founding ceremony? The moment that Damian was feeling concern.

Kung!

The 15 silent elders rushed to their feet. Then they looked at Damian with resentful eyes.

"W-Why?"

Damian hesitated as he was pushed by their momentum and then the elders cried out.

"It's regretful! How can Your Holiness take the opportunity to bless the path of Grid alone?"

"...?"

"We will go with you! We will lead all the believers of the Vatican to go and bless Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom!"

"Please take us too!"

"...Yes, yep."

Damian was surprised by the unexpectedly strong reaction and nodded.

Isabel smiled from next to him. She was more beautiful than ever now that her health was completely restored and the shadows of her mind were gone.

"Kraugel, what about you?"

"Are you going?"

Sword Saint Kraugel. Hao and Alexander came to find Kraugel, who was clearing a dungeon with level 300 monsters alone. Would Kraugel, who was dreaming about reclaiming first place, participate in the Overgeared Kingdom's founding ceremony? Alexander was convinced it wasn't possible. Kraugel's desire for strength was stronger than anybody else, and Kraugel wouldn't be happy about having his training disturbed.

But Kraugel's answer was different from his prediction.

"It would be nice to attend. I can't let down a friend."

"...Eh?"

Unlike the disbelieving Alexander, Hao laughed quietly.

Then Kraugel suggested. "If you don't mind, how about coming with me?"

"I understand. I will also come."

"...Understood. I will attend with the Russian rankers."

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Grid destroyed the Eternal Kingdom and seized this chance to build a new kingdom. Emperor Juander of the Saharan Empire had already seen reports of this, but didn't respond. It was an attitude of not being interested in such a trivial matter.

Grid inherited the power of a legend and was steadily expanding his reputation throughout the continent. But so what? There were countless talents in the empire that were comparable or better than Grid. He didn't have time to care about a person who would soon self-destruct.

"That's what His Majesty said."

1st Prince Roland smiled. 2nd Prince Dulandal confirmed that his teacup was empty, signalled to the maid and asked.

"Brother, what do you think? Can we leave Grid unattended?"

Roland lifted the cup that the maid had replenished and nodded.

"I also know that the force of a legend transcends the human category. But in the end, that's the power of an individual. He can't afford to go against Saharan, our great empire which dominates the continent."

"There are many people in the empire that transcend the category of a human."

"That isn't all. In the first place, Grid is a traitor. The royal families of other nations can't tolerate his existence, since he won the throne through resisting the royal family."

"Acknowledging Grid will have an adverse effect on the people. Other kingdoms will hope for Grid's destruction."

"That's right. They will constantly oppress him and keep him in check. Grid and the kingdom he builds will self-destruct."

1st Prince Roland and 2nd Prince Dulandal. They were the children of Empress Aria, who left the world six years ago. They were highly likely to be crowned as the heir due to their abilities and adaptability. However, their positions had greatly reduced in recent years.

It was because the emperor's favorite, Empress Marie, politically isolated them. The trend in recent years was 4th Prince Edan. There was much talk that Empress Marie's son would become the crown prince.

After Eternal's royal family had been destroyed. Apart from the Saharan Empire, the royal families of the 15 nations gathered together. The place of the meeting was in the Gauss Kingdom, located close to the Eternal Kingdom. The king of the Gauss Kingdom, Cactus, opened his mouth.

"I'm thankful that the princes of the prestigious nations are gathered here."

"It's an honour to meet King Cactus."

"My father asked me to apologize for not being able to attend personally."

The atmosphere of the meeting place was cheerful because they were in accord. The reason for gathering was to discuss the Overgeared Kingdom which would soon be established.

"There must not be peace for a kingdom that a rebel has established."

"That's right. There's no glory for rebellion. We need to ensure that our people know this."

"The Overgeared Kingdom must be destroyed quickly."

"Thus, we should put pressure on it."

"Of course. We won't be establishing diplomacy with Overgeared."

"That's right, that's right. We have to isolate the Overgeared Kingdom and make them self-destruct."

The princes of the kingdoms spoke. There was a smile on the face of King Cactus, who looked at them as if they were cute. It was a smile that fit well with the appearance of a toad.

"It's essential to isolate them. How about all 15 of us send a representative to Overgeared's founding ceremony?"

"Huh?"

The princes frowned at King Cactus' sudden proposal.

"Why do you want to send representatives to the founding ceremony of a kingdom that can't be accepted?"

"Do you want to celebrate?"

There was a backlash from the princes.

King Cactus shook his head. "We will send a delegation that if he doesn't pay tribute to our 15 kingdoms, we will condemn him. How about it?"

"Hoh... That's a great idea."

"Making the Overgeared Kingdom send tribute to us..."

“It will accelerate the destruction of the Overgeared Kingdom! Hahahahat!”

Loud laughter filled the meeting place. It was 10 days before the establishment of the Overgeared Kingdom.

Levanfield.

It was a small town near Reinhardt. The peaceful village surrounded by mountains on every side was as quiet as a dead rat. From the outskirts, it looked like a ghost town where no one lived.

“Hik... Hiik... S-Spare me Sir. Please...”

Levanfield’s food warehouses. More than 2,000 residents were sobbing in a corner.

Earl Logan screamed at them. “Shut up! The king has died and the kingdom is in turmoil, yet you’re still obsessed with your little lives?”

Earl Logan was really angry. The flag hanging in the centre of Levanfield was a hammer and anvil, not a silver dragon.

"These commoners...! This town is supporting the the rebels who have occupied the kingdom! You guys are turncoats and need to die!"

“H-Hik...!”

Earl Logan eventually pulled out a blade. He planned to kill all the residents of Levanfield. Then Marquis Vedaman spoke up.

"Are you going to make your blade dull before tomorrow’s holy war? Don’t worry about the pigs who are too busy eating on their hands and knees when they’re given bread.”

“Marquis Vedaman is right. The reason why we’re here isn’t to dispose of livestock, but to regain the kingdom from the traitor.”

“Cough...”

Earl Logan stopped his sword at the nobles’ words. The residents of Levanfield sighed with relief. Marquis Vedaman asked them, “The hammer and anvil is the symbol of the traitor Grid?”

“Yes, yes! That’s right! A few days ago, soldiers arrived from Reinhardt and changed the flag!”

At that moment.

Seokeok!

Earl Logan, who had wanted to pull back, brandished his sword as hard as he could. The head of the resident talking to Marquis Vedaman was cut off and rolled across the ground. Earl Logan gritted his teeth.

“Flag! Acknowledging the rebels’ kingdom!!”

"H-Hik...!"

The faces of the Levanfield residents changed. The situation recently had been too confusing. The king, who had never done anything for them, died and the kingdom imposed hard taxes, depleting their food warehouses. Why should they be sad? Why should they hate the rebels? Was it their fault that the flag was raised by the rebels? They were taught to always follow the royal family and nobles. They just did what they were taught.

"In the first place...! It isn't our fault that the kingdom was lost! Weren't you the one who lost the country because of your own helplessness?"

A young man screamed as he held his dead father that was murdered by Earl Logan.

"First, this is our kingdom! Eternal is our kingdom and we are not livestock!"

"You!"

Earl Logan's eyes bugged out. His face distorted like a demon and he tried to swing his sword again.

"Stop."

The tightly closed door of the food warehouse opened, revealing a middle-aged man. It was a man who looked like a bear. The moment he appeared, he radiated a large presence to the nobles and residents of Levenfield.

"Marquis Steim...!"

He used his natural bravery and superb mercenaries to clear up the monsters in the north, becoming its lord. The sudden appearance of one of the greatest powers in Eternal made the nobles, including Earl Logan, feel confused. Marquis Steim looked over the silent crowd and sighed.

"Do you have to involve the people in politics? I'm ashamed of my fellow Eternal nobles."

"Ik...! Eek!"

Earl Logan was silent for a moment before shouting in an enraged manner.

"Marquis Steim! Why did you come here?"

The rebel Grid was Marquis Steim's son-in-law. In addition, Marquis Steim had remained silent during the war. He just watched as the kingdom perished. Earl Logan was convinced that Marquis Steim was allied with Grid. The other nobles thought differently.

"Earl Logan! Politely greet Marquis Steim!"

"Marquis Steim wouldn't betray this kingdom!"

Marquis Steim had always been a loyal figure to the royal family of Eternal. The fact that he didn't act during the war didn't mean that he supported Grid. Marquis Vedaman felt confident. Marquis Steim would surely help with the Eternal nobles' independence movement. That's why he sent a letter telling Marquis Steim of this place.

"I have known for a long time that Marquis Steim isn't stuck on petty things like marriage relations. I sincerely thank you for accepting my invitation. Together, we will punish Grid and set up the Eternal Kingdom again."

"..."

Marquis Vedaman held out a hand to shake. Marquis Steim stared at it and asked, "Do you still not know the reason behind how Aslan rose to the throne?"

"...Of course I know. King Aslan killed Prince Ren. However, that's already in the past. There's no reason for us to fall apart because of King Aslan. We must quickly wipe out the rebels and set up a proper king."

Marquis Steim shook his head.

"No, there is no proper king. The moment Prince Ren and King Aslan died, the direct line of Wiesbaden was erased from the world."

"What?"

It might be minor, but there were many places in the kingdom where the bloodline of the royal family still existed. This couldn't be denied. It proved that Marquis Steim had a dangerous mindset.

"Marquis Steim! In the end, you are siding with your son-in-law?"

Marquis Vedaman noticed it at last, causing the nobles, knights, and soldiers to pull out their weapons. The soldiers hiding outside the food warehouse gathered together, isolating Marquis Steim and his men within thousands of people. But Marquis Steim didn't even blink.

"My son-in-law might not be the right king, but he's qualified enough to become a new king. Is there any person in the world more suited to be king than my son with his power, strategy, and resourcefulness? I am sure that even the emperor of the empire won't be better than my son."

"Nonsense!"

Earl Logan couldn't listen anymore. He was determined to cut off Marquis Steim's head with his sword. But he coughed up blood and died before he could move even a few steps. It was due to a sword that came flying from behind. It was a man who the nobles firmly believed belonged to the Nobles Against Grid Alliance. It was the sudden betrayal of Viscount Chris.

"Who are you?"

Chris ignored the screaming Marquis Vedaman and bowed his head to Marquis Steim, staring at him from afar.

"A friend of Grid."

Marquis Steim laughed.

"A colleague of my son-in-law is also my colleague. Laden, kill the enemies."

"Yes."

The Northern Nova, Laden. The young man, a genius who represented the kingdom, moved as soon as Marquis Steim gave the order. He was like a black lightning bolt. Every time he moved, half a dozen enemy soldiers died. But the alliance also had talent. The good knights pressed Laden.

Then Chris and the Giant Guild moved.

Kwarururung!

Grid's Greatsword. The sword roared like a beast as it swept through the allies.

[The 'Against Grid Alliance' quest was abandoned. The quest rewards have been permanently destroyed.]

The quest reward? How could they be more valuable than the future with Grid? Chris and the Giant Guild members couldn't guarantee it.

"Kill them all! Don't allow even one of them to reach Reinhardt!"

"Kuaack! Chrissss!"

The remaining nobles of Eternal started dying. It was a week away from the establishment of the Overgeared Kingdom.

[Chapter 598](#)

The Overgeared Guild won the battle against Belial and laid the foundation to establish a kingdom. Every member of the guild was faithful to their role. It was thanks to them that Overgeared was able to establish a kingdom. Grid knew this, so he wanted to reward all the members of Overgeared with magic battle items.

But it was impossible in terms of both time and capital. In particular, Lauel's objections were severe.

"Don't you know the meaning of meritorious retainers? It's a word that refers to a subordinates who built up a lot of merits when establishing a country. Since we worked hard, we are all meritorious retainers? That's ridiculous. Unless you select and reward those who sacrificed more, you will lose the meaning of meritorious retainers."

"It's a shame."

But Lauel was right. Giving the same reward to both those who were active and who weren't active? The people who were more active might feel a sense of deprivation.

'Indeed, this isn't a communist country. What is equal compensation?'

As a simple example, people received different rewards in raids. Grid was convinced and broke down the contributions of the Overgeared members. He excluded personal friendship and thought objectively.

'The first person on the list of meritorious retainers is Katz.'

At first, Katz was a disagreeable guy. He was a typical right-wing Japanese who disparaged Koreans. It was difficult for Grid to accept him. But Katz withdrew all his comments in the past and sincerely apologized. Not only did he apologize, he abandoned all of the narrow perceptions he had about South

Korea. He attempted to atone by creating new jobs for Koreans living in Japan. After joining Overgeared, his activities were dazzling. Take a look at this war. He defended Borneo with only 1,000 troops. Katz alone defeated the Gauss Kingdom.

'Thanks to him, we were able to fully concentrate on the war and raid.'

It would've been terrible if Borneo was taken back by the Gauss Kingdom. The Eternal Kingdom would've worked with the Gauss Kingdom and Overgeared would've been completely isolated and destroyed.

'Therefore, Katz must definitely be placed on the list of meritorious retainers.'

The second was Jishuka. She defended Patrian until Grid's arrival and completely fled once she received the Red Phoenix Bow. She completely destroyed Eternal and played a great role in reversing the situation by healing her dying allies in the Belial raid.

'I shouldn't forget about Piaro.'

Without Piaro, they wouldn't have been able to raid Belial.

'Asmophel's work was also great.'

Grid now knew for certain the role that Asmophel played during the battle of 1 against 100,000. He watched the war videos playing on TV and confirmed Asmophel's actions.

'If Asmophel hadn't assassinated the enemy leaders, I might've died during the battle.'

What if he had died?

'I wouldn't have arrived at the Belial raid on time. Eventually, Piaro and all of Overgeared would've been destroyed.'

That wasn't all Asmophel did. During the war, he penetrated the enemy forces, secured all types of information, disturbed the enemy forces, etc. But.

'Let's pretend not to know.'

Grid felt sorry for Asmophel, but Asmophel's passive skill called Determination of the Number Two exerted itself when he needed to prove himself.

'As soon as I acknowledge Asmophel, Determination of the Number Two will weaken and his growth rate will slow down.'

This didn't mean that he would be excluded from the list of meritorious retainers. Asmophel was a pillar supporting the kingdom and he needed to be placed in the appropriate position.

"Hrmm..."

He had to give a title, but Asmophel's value would decrease the moment he was given a title. What should he do? Grid worried about how to handle Asmophel for a long time.

'I should consult with Lael.'

If he couldn't think about it alone, then he should discuss it with Lael. As always.

'Thank you.'

It had already become a habit to thank Lael. Grid completed the list of meritorious retainers and went to visit them one by one.

"What item do you want to have?"

Of course, every person needed different items. Some wanted a weapon that would maximize their class characteristics, some wanted armor to boost their survivability, while others wanted farming equipment that would improve the efficiency of farming. There was one point they all had in common.

"If I can obtain Grid's magic items, I can grow faster than ever."

"Okay."

It was a gratifying response. Grid was motivated to work. After securing the necessary materials to produce the items, he asked Sticks to move him to Reidan. Along with Khan and the Reidan blacksmiths, he lit up all the Reidan furnaces. He generously used the white phosphorous wood as fuel.

"The intermediate blacksmiths should ensure the fires in the furnaces aren't turned off and the advanced blacksmiths should refine iron ore. Khan will help me."

"I understand. Do you have anything for the beginner blacksmiths to do?"

"Tell them to focus on observing my techniques."

"..."

The Reidan blacksmiths fell into confusion. A beginner blacksmith could do the work of one person in a smithy while an intermediate blacksmith could work as a private blacksmith. Furthermore, an advanced blacksmith was talented enough to work at a palace. But the beginner blacksmiths weren't given any jobs, while the intermediate blacksmiths had to maintain the furnace and the advanced blacksmiths needed to smelt iron ore?

Even Khan, a craftsman grade blacksmith skilled enough to work in the empire, was acting as an assistant? The blacksmiths confident in their skills couldn't understand Grid's role assignment. But none of them disobeyed Grid's command. They witnessed Grid's work after a long time and once again realized that even Khan wasn't a match.

'I will soon become an intermediate blacksmith thanks to Grid's help.'

'It's the best honor to do odd jobs for him.'

The Reidan blacksmiths understood the topic and no longer questioned Grid's orders.

"Father, fighting!"

Lord held Irene's hand and came to the smithy. He spoke the cheer he learned from Aunt Ruby and pulled out a small hammer. Then he watched his father's movements.

Ttang!Ttang!

Tatang!Tang!

The sight of the father and son next to each other was peaceful and joyful. There was a happy smile on Irene's beautiful face.

"I want to see Grid look bewildered and scared."

Baron Kons was excited as the carriage moved. He wondered how surprised and frustrated Grid would be when he heard that he had to offer a tribute to 15 kingdoms, including Gauss.

"It isn't that simple to build up a kingdom."

If it was that easy to set up and maintain a kingdom, there would be hundreds of kingdoms on the continent by now. Baron Kons laughed as he imagined the look on Grid's face.

"We've arrived."

Baron Kon's carriage stopped in front of Reinhardt Palace.

"Hrmm..."

Baron Kons was surprised as he got out of the carriage. Unlike what he expected, there were no traces of war anywhere in Reinhardt.

'The damage from the war was repaired so soon? Did he work the people as slaves?'

That bastard called Grid was stupid. It was only a matter of time before the people's hostility would grow and the Overgeared Kingdom would self-destruct much faster than expected.

"Tsk tsk, abusing the people when you aren't fully established yet. As expected, not just anyone can become a king."

"Excuse me."

A knight approached Baron Kons. The knights were wearing sturdy black armor.

"Are you Baron Kons of the Gauss Kingdom?"

"Yes."

It was hard to imagine that these excellent knights had just gone through a war. Baron Kons gulped nervously while the knights scratched their heads.

"You don't need to be polite to soldiers like us."

"Relax your manner of speaking."

"...???"

Baron Kons was stunned. It was absurd that they were calling themselves soldiers when they were wearing such excellent armor.

'Who are they trying to fool?'

Why were these knights pretending to be soldiers and tricking him? Baron Kons soon became angry.

'That's right. Overgeared is trying to tell me not to look down on them because their soldiers are as well trained as the knights.'

Yes, it was acting.

'Who would be deceived by this?'

Baron Kons shook his head as he was entering the palace garden.

'There will be no well-known person.'

Which famous person would attend the founding ceremony of a kingdom established by a traitor? Baron Kons predicted that it would be filled with random people or the event site would be empty. However...

"Oh, Your Holiness. Look at that wonderful statue. Brother Grid's appearance is really reproduced well."

"Wouldn't it be nice to put a statue of Goddess Rebecca next to it?"

"Grid wouldn't want to pay for it."

"Huhu, Your Holiness is too much. Brother Grid has contributed so much to the Rebecca Church. How can he oppose the creation of a statue of Goddess Rebecca? A statue will be built at all costs."

"Heok."

Baron Kons became breathless as he walked through the garden. 15 middle-aged men dressed in the clothing of the elders of the Rebecca Church were calling a young man the 'pope?'

'This is ridiculous!'

The pope and elders of the Rebecca Church. They didn't even come when the emperor of the empire called, yet they were attending the founding of the Overgeared Kingdom? Baron Kons had to deny it.

'It's a scam. It can't be true! It's obvious that Grid dressed up his own men as the Rebecca Church's pope and elders!'

The pope was so dominant that no one dared judge him, but the Rebecca elders were famous for their heavy hips. In order to meet them, the great King Cactus himself had to visit the Vatican. Yet they were attending the founding of the Overgeared Kingdom?

"Excuse me."

A group brushed past Baron Kons as he was denying it.

'Fishy smell?'

Baron Kons blocked his nose and frowned, then he looked at the group passing by. He recoiled like he had seen a ghost.

'T-The water clan!'

Water clan. A species that lived in Siren deep below the sea. They were famous for their excellent magic. Many kingdoms, including the Gauss Kingdom, wanted to ally with them. But they didn't like humans. Humans were turned away, even during their most difficult times. Yet they were attending the Overgeared's founding ceremony!

'No, this is impossible.'

The water clan were here for the Overgeared Kingdom's founding ceremony? He wasn't convinced. They must've come for other reasons.

'Maybe Grid needs to repay the water clan somehow?'

Baron Kons constantly tried to deny reality, but it became hard to deny it anymore.

"King Maxong of the water clan is entering!"

"?!?!?!?!"

The water clan's king? Baron Kons' eyes widened as he turned towards the entrance of the garden. The existence who entered was much larger than the water clan people he saw earlier and give off a majestic and overwhelming presence.

'R-Really. It really is the king!'

While Baron Kons was feeling shocked, King Maxong approached the group pretending to be the Rebecca Church's pope and elders.

"Hello King Maxong."

"Oh, Your Holiness. It has been a while. Have you met Grid yet?"

"I couldn't see him yet."

"..."

In this atmosphere, the pope and elders seemed to be the real deal. Baron Kons' eyes trembled.

'Is it true that a great demon descended to Reinhardt and that Grid and the pope united their strength to defeat it?'

Rumors had spread throughout the continent that Grid had destroyed a great demon. But hardly anyone believed this rumor. The great demons existed to annihilate the human race. It didn't make sense, even if Grid was a legend. The people in the world thought Grid had spread false rumors to increase his reputation.

Now Baron Kons thought the rumor might not be false after all.

'King Cactus... I... I can't...'

In an event where the greatest figures such as the pope and water clan king were attending, he needed to demand that Grid give them a tribute? It was too much for Baron Kons to do such a crazy thing.

[Chapter 599](#)

"All 15 kingdoms except the empire dispatched an envoy?"

They refused the founding ceremony invitation, but now they sent representatives? The members of Overgeared reacted strongly when they heard the news.

"Why are they acting as they please? Why are they acting like we are pushovers?"

"It's obnoxious, but the situation isn't that bad. The fact that they sent representatives means they're willing to deal with us."

"Isn't that too unbelievable? Those bastards are accepting Overgeared as a kingdom?"

"Why did they suddenly change their position?"

"Overgeared will become as big as the empire in the future and they are trying to suck up to us! Puhuhu!"

"Now they have realized the dignity of God Grid! Puhahahat!"

The more the conversation progressed, the more excited the atmosphere became. The positive energy generated by Peak Sword and Vantner caused unfounded confidence.

Lauel sighed and poured cold water on them. "That's impossible. They will deny us until the end."

"Eh? So why are they sending representatives?"

"Hut, isn't it obvious? My reincarnation has already detected 100% of their intentions. Well, there won't be too much trouble no matter how we act. Huhuhut, this is a very good opportunity."

"..."

Lauel was very happy. He was like a snake looking at his prey: the representatives from 15 kingdoms.

It was around an hour after the Gauss Kingdom representative arrived. The rest of the 14 representatives gathered in Reinhardt. Baron Cudan of the Murrary Kingdom was surprised.

"There are a lot more people than I thought?"

Reinhardt Palace, where the founding ceremony would take place, was really packed. No matter where he turned his gaze, he could only see people. Why was it so crowded, despite being a kingdom without a foundation? It was completely unexpected. The representative of the Ultana Kingdom shrugged at the confused Baron Cudan.

"Aren't they just pretending? Take a good look at their faces. There isn't a single celebrity."

"Certainly..."

There were no big people gathered at the venue. The majority of them were anchors and staff members of the broadcasting companies. There were also users with low or medium reputation. In the eyes of the NPC nobles, they were only flies.

"Where is Baron Kons of the Gauss Kingdom who arrived earlier?"

A knight dressed in black armor approached the representatives and explained.

"He suddenly moved to a restroom because he felt sick. Can I help you?"

"Um...? No, it's okay."

The knight's equipment was unusual. The armor and weapons were all exceptional.

"I thought they wouldn't have enough money because they need to invest in the founding ceremony..."

"Overgeared Kingdom... It surprisingly has significant capital."

"How can that be? It's just bravado. The knights are only wearing good armor in front of the guests."

"But there are too many knights wearing the same thing..."

"..."

The gazes of the representatives shifted. The number of black knights scattered throughout the venue seemed to be around 1,000. The representatives were stunned.

'What? Even the empire doesn't have such a large number of knights?'

There was a stir among the representatives. There was silence until Baron Briton of the Arc Kingdom trembled.

"Grid... He's a wicked man."

"What do you mean?"

"Think about it. How can a new nation have so many knights unless it's exploiting the people? These 1,000 knights were raised by squeezing out the blood of the people. It proves that Grid treats people as less than cattle."

"Hrmmm..."

Treating the people as less than cattle? Some representatives didn't agree with each other. On the other hand, Baron Cudan was furious.

"What a demon!"

A person who betrayed his kingdom and his king. A vicious demon. A kingdom ruled by such a person? It couldn't happen. Baron Cudan touched the sheath at his waist.

'For the peace of the continent, isn't it better to kill him?'

Baron Cudan's momentum was fearsome as he thought about it. It was enough to make the people around him shrink back. The other representatives admired it.

'What a fearsome energy. Murray's Lion isn't an empty name.'

Baron Cudan was famous for fighting one against two with the empire's Black Knights. He was a very upright person which didn't allow him to gain a high position. But Baron Cudan's swordsmanship was

well known throughout the continent. He wasn't called Murray's Lion for nothing. The moment everyone was feeling amazed by Baron Cudan.

"Put away your sword energy."

"...?"

One soldier approached Baron Cudan.

"Why are you emitting sword energy? If you're a representative, you should be aware of the basic courtesies. Don't you know the basic courtesies?"

The blond soldier took a step forward. He was wearing shabby armor. As he scratched it with his fingers, the old leather armor seemed to tear. Overgeared Kingdom. The soldiers were treated so insignificantly compared to the elite knights?

'It's the soldiers at the forefront of the battlefield, not the knights... Grid is just bluffing.'

The representatives laughed at Grid. On the other hand, Baron Cudan was white.

'What is this soldier?'

The blond soldier in shabby leather. The soldier looked just like a soldier. Compared to the black armored knights he witnessed before, the soldier seemed like a trivial existence. However, it was difficult to gauge his status when actually facing him. The sword energy that Baron Cudan was proud of shrunk back in front of the soldier.

'Eh... How can a lowly soldier seem so profound?'

Goosebumps appeared on Baron Cudan's body. If one soldier was so strong, what about the 1,000 knights scattered around the venue?

Gulp!

Baron Cudan stood like a stone statue and gulped.

"How dare you say such ridiculous things?"

"We're soldiers of the great Murray Kingdom!"

Baron Cudan's knights were angry and drew their swords. The moment they were about to strike at the blond soldier. Baron Cudan hastily stopped them.

"S-Stop!"

If they attacked in this place, it would mean all their deaths. It was also from a soldier! Baron Cudan suddenly held his stomach and fell.

"U-Ugh? No? Why does my stomach suddenly hurt? Oh my? I'm too sick to move?"

"M-My Lord?"

Baron Cudan's knights were embarrassed. Baron Cudan's innate health was so great that they couldn't help feeling like this once Baron Cudan complained of stomach pain. Baron Cudan urged them not to worry about the rude soldier anymore.

"We need to go back to the kingdom. Let's go back. Oh my, it burns. It must be the beef jerky I ate on the way here."

"B-But the king's request..."

"It burns! Go back!"

"Heok! Yes, yes!!"

Baron Cudan's knights hastily took him away. The moment that the Murray Kingdom's delegation left Reinhardt.

"Look over here! Baron Cudan!"

"Hah... What is this...?"

The representatives were stunned. Baron Cudan left before fulfilling his duties as a representative.

'It's different from the usual discipline of the Murray Kingdom.'

The representatives thought it was ridiculous as they watched Baron Cudan leaving this place. All of them didn't recognize the Murray Kingdom anymore.

On the other hand, Baron Cudan made a resolute expression as he left Reinhardt.

'I must speak to the king about making peace with the Overgeared Kingdom.'

How could the person called Grid be more vicious than the emperor of the empire? He might be a rebel, but his power seemed to transcend imagination. He was the trend.

"What? The Gauss Kingdom's representative has also left?"

Two of the 15 representatives were gone. The remaining 13 representatives thought it was ridiculous.

"What representative would return before completing his mission?"

"Baron Kons and Baron Cudan are both incompetent."

"It's proof that their kings aren't dignified."

Baron Vedika was the representative of the Ultana Kingdom. His nickname was 'vampire baron' because he hunted the intermediate vampires that appeared in his territory and acquired the vampire rings as loot. He had a reputation for his great sustainability in combat, since he restored his health by taking his enemy's. It was rumored that he was almost immortal when he fought. He was a brave man and disappeared the runaway Baron Kons and Baron Cudan as cowards.

'They ran out of fear after seeing the 1,000 knights.'

They thought they would be struck by the knights the moment they demanded that Overgeared pay tribute to their kingdoms.

'Truly pathetic. Anyone who represents their kingdom should put their honor of the kingdom above their fear. Tsk tsk tsk...'

To be honest, Baron Vedika was also tense. He could gain honor as soon as he accomplished the mission, but he could be executed by the 1,000 knights that surrounded them. However, he had the power to overcome this fear.

'I have the vampire ring.'

It was a ring obtained by hunting the intermediate vampires in his territory along with all his knights. Baron Vedika believed that with the vampire ring, he could survive in a 1 vs 1,000 fight.

"Huhuhut... Huh?"

Baron Vedika was looking at the ring on his finger when he suddenly became aghast.

"Will there be group activities after the founding ceremony? What is it?"

"A group will be organized to hunt in the vampire cities."

"Ah, what? The vampires are too weak to be fun anymore, and they don't give much experience."

"But isn't it a good day today? We'll be able to raise the level of the guild members in the second group."

"Well... Yes, if I have to go, then I should do my best."

"It would be fun to try a city we haven't cleared yet."

"..."

Organizing a group to hunt in the vampire cities? The vampires are too weak?

'What are they saying?'

Baron Vedika laughed as he heard the words of the group passing by. He believed they were just bluffing. This lasted until he spotted a ring on one of their fingers.

"Pant... Pant?"

Baron Vedika doubted his eyes. The dozens of people, including a bald man, were wearing vampire rings on their fingers. The rings also contained better magic power than the ring that Baron Vedika wore. Baron Vedika made a disbelieving expression, before gathering his courage and approaching the bald man.

"If I'm not being impolite... Can I ask what you're doing here?"

Gulp.

Baron Vedika swallowed his saliva as he asked the question. Then the bald man replied.

"We are King Grid's subordinates. Why are you asking?"

"...U-Urgh? Why am I suddenly feeling anemic? Isn't it weird?"

In the end. The representative of the Ultana Kingdom also ran away from Reinhardt.

"...???"

The remaining 12 representatives failed to recognize the situation and finally settled in to observe the founding ceremony.

[Chapter 600](#)

The world's attention towards the first country built by a player, Overgeared, was very hot. Many broadcasting companies around the world dispatched people to Reinhardt.

"Move the positions of cameras 5 and 7! Be careful to film Grid from all angles!"

"The Japanese people want to see Katz' face more than once. Arrange the camera so that Katz' face can be seen from time to time."

"There are many beautiful woman in Overgeared. Make the lights bright so that their beauty is stronger... Hey! Why are you filming Vantner? The ratings will fall!"

Every broadcaster identified the trends of their viewers and designed their broadcasts accordingly. The female-oriented broadcasters with many female viewers focused on anyone handsome. The broadcasters who focused on accurate information communicated the situation of Grid, Reinhardt, and the Overgeared Guild. Political and diplomatic experts sat on a panel to deeply evaluate the future of the Overgeared Kingdom.

"Kuk, I am nervous."

There were cameras and lights everywhere they looked.

Several Overgeared members were nervous at the thought of the whole world paying attention to them. Most of the members of Overgeared were from the Silver Knights Guild. Those who were high rankers were afraid of the camera because they weren't familiar with appearing on air.

"Aren't you a citizen of South Korea and a member of the Overgeared Kingdom? Don't be nervous and straighten your shoulders."

"Yes!"

Peak Sword's encouragement was effective. The Silver Knights members didn't shrink back anymore. They stood proudly as they appeared on the camera.

『 I noticed it once again. There are a lot of Asians in Overgeared. .』

『 Most of them are Koreans. It's the impact of absorbing the Silver Knights Guild. 』

『 But I'm surprised that they don't show the national color. Usually, wouldn't most guilds anchored to a country show bias towards them? 』

『 This is a glimpse of Grid's true heights. Overgeared started as a multinational guild. If he focuses too much on a certain country, some members of Overgeared might feel alienated. Grid deliberately excluded the colors of his country because of this concern. 』

『 I can see how well Grid is coordinating the guild members just by looking at Katz. Who would have expected Katz, a famous Japanese nationalist, to adapt so well to the Overgeared Guild? 』

『 As expected from Grid... He's the person who built up a network of friends and NPCs. 』

『 There's no way to explain how big his vessel is. Grid goes far beyond ordinary standards. Recently, some people in China are claiming that Grid is the reincarnation of Liu Bei. 』

『 Liu Bei? Liu Bei from China's Three Kingdoms era? Hah, truly. China still has a habit of claiming any good thing as theirs. Why is the Korean Grid called the reincarnation of a Chinese person? 』

『 Hum hum, please refrain from personal comments during the broadcast. 』

The people who ignored Grid and laughed at him were now hard to find.

He had proven his skills many times to people who didn't acknowledge him and built up such unparalleled achievements that he was no longer treated as a psychopath. But was it truly possible to fully grasp someone? The world still didn't know Grid's true value.

'The reincarnation of Liu Bei? What nonsense!'

Grid trembled when he accidentally heard what some people were saying. Pangea's Lord of Virtue. It was a title that had a certain probability of sparing a monster when hunting. Grid felt very uncomfortable when he forcibly acquired this useless title due to a misunderstanding.

"Ugh, this is sick. Why isn't there a feature to delete titles?"

Grid was waiting for the coronation and founding ceremony. Lael heard Grid's grumbling as he approached through the crowd.

"In general, titles are things you can get after making a direct connection to Satisfy's setting or stories. If there was a title removal function, Satisfy's setup and story would collapse."

"...What is that?"

Grid freaked out when he saw Lael. Lael had a black eye patch over his left eye and there was a black mask over his mouth. Both were items with no function. They were a favorite among middle school students. Lael saw Grid's confused face and raised two fingers.

"Kukukuk! Grid, this is a style I prepared to coordinate with you. It's a recreation of my days as a dragon knight. How about it? Isn't it cool?"

'What a waste of his face.'

Pure white skin and silver hair. Lael was a young man who gave off a mysterious feeling. It felt like he came from a manhwa. He was a charmed existence. But he was a chuuni. He didn't care about love and

only devoted himself to his previous life. Grid couldn't imagine how many women would be saddened by this.

"Tsk tsk..."

He would never achieve love. Grid clicked his tongue and turned back to looking out the window.

Suddenly, people started moving.

'What?'

The atmosphere was incredible.

『 Breaking news! Breaking news! According to reports from players, the remnants of the Eternal nobles are gathering near Reinhardt! 』

『 The number of armed troops led by the nobles is as high as 100,000! On the other hand, there are no more than 5,000 troops in Reinhardt! 』

『 Currently, most of the Overgeared forces are concentrated in Reidan. 』

『 Reidan? No, why? Placing troops elsewhere ahead of a big event... 』

『 It must be due to the Saharan Empire. What if they placed the troops here in Reinhardt? Reidan would be empty and a good prey for the empire. 』

『 Hah... In other words, they were alert to the empire and forgot about the Eternal nobles? 』

『 That's right. This is clearly Overgeared's mistake for not looking beyond a few steps. Grid and Lael have overcome previous crises with superb maneuvering and armed force, but it's very shallow compared to our experts. 』

The founding ceremony that would be held in a few minutes was ruined in an instant. The anchors and panel members of the broadcasting stations, as well as the players gathered at the scene, started to shake.

"Shouldn't we run away? We'll be swept up in the war."

"I don't want to die just because I'm watching an event. Hurry."

"Wait. What's the fuss? Grid has fought 100,000 people before. In addition, the high rankers of Overgeared are gathered here. The 100,000 enemies will be killed by Overgeared in an instant."

"Are you a fool? Don't you know that the level of monsters and NPCs in the new episodes are far ahead of the level of monsters and NPCs in previous episodes?"

"The enemy soldiers who might not be over level 200 during the war episode have probably completed their second advancement in this episode. Do you think that even Grid can deal with 100,000 second advancement soldiers?"

"Even though Grid and Overgeared wins the war, what about us? Will the enemies leave us alone?"

Buzz buzz.

The frightened players started making a fuss. Some people were already running away from the palace. However, the soldiers of Overgeared blocked the entrance to the palace.

"Get out of the way! I want to leave!"

"..."

The players shouted but the soldiers were unmoved. They stood there silently. The international broadcasters and experts figured out the situation.

『 This...! I think I know why Grid blocked the entrance! 』

『 What? 』

『 Grid is trying to use the players gathered here as sacrifices! 』

『 Hah...!! 』

The people currently gathered in the palace. From the enemy's point of view, they were all on the same side. Soon the enemies would attack everybody they saw, intent on killing Grid and the Overgeared members.

"Demon!"

"Grid is a demon!"

Everyone remembered Grid's old nicknames. Psychopath, butcher. Grid was recently called a virtuous person, but what was his true nature?

"H-Hik...!"

Kung!

Kung kung kung kung!

The ground shook. It felt like tens of thousands of troops were surrounding the palace. The players became confused and frightened, while the broadcasters spoke in real time.

-Wow, Overgeared...Are they going to sacrifice innocent people in order to live?

-Really vicious.

-It's better than being fooled by kindness.

-Does this really deserve to be the first kingdom built by a player?

The people around the world had various reactions towards Overgeared. Some blamed Overgeared, some agreed with Overgeared's choice, and some insisted they should imitate Overgeared. The turmoil increased.

Step.

Grid appeared inside the palace for the first time. He walked towards the entrance of the palace as thousands of players gazed at him with resentful eyes. Then...

Kuuong!

The marching sound of the large army beyond the walls stopped. It meant the 100,000 troops led by the Eternal nobles had reached the palace.

“D-Dammit!”

“Let me logout!”

The faces of the players became paler. On the other hand, Grid remained calm. He looked at the crowd with his uniquely sharp eyes.

"Open the gate."

He ordered the soldiers sealing the entrance to the palace.

“...!!!!!”

The players and broadcasting station staff were scared. Opening the gate when the enemies were outside? Everyone thought Grid was crazy and started blaming him. But Grid didn't withdraw the order and the soldiers opened the firmly closed gates.

Kiiiiiiiik-!

The gates slowly opened. Tens of thousands of troops came into view, with the city behind them. The players were stunned. Grid wanted all of them to die. However.

Cheek!

The tens of thousands of people gathered beyond the gate. Rather than pushing inside the palace and starting the slaughter, they took a military stance?

『 W-What is this? 』

The players and staff of the broadcasting companies were stunned.

"We see King Grid!"

“Attention!”

The tens of thousands of troops saluted Grid, shouting and saluting him without any distractions. The leader of the army was Marquis Steim. It was truly spectacular. It wasn't just the players gathered at the scene, but the millions of people watching in each country. They all got goosebumps.

As the world was feeling shock and doubt, Grid declared to the saluting soldiers.

“In the name of the Overgeared King Grid, I will start the founding ceremony.”

[A new kingdom has been born on the West Continent! The Overgeared Kingdom! The name of the king is Grid!]

[The first player to become a king has appeared! His great achievements will remain in Satisfy's history!]

Snap! Snap snap!

The lights that the broadcasters prepared focused on Grid. Thousands of cameras only captured Grid's appearance. As the military band started playing music, the ratings of the founding ceremony skyrocketed.

It was the beginning of a new era.