

Overgeared 641

[Chapter 641](#)

"It's coming from the direction of the Lava Prison."

The yangbans quickly grasped where the explosion took place. Considering the distance between the royal palace and the Lava Prison here, the yangbans' hearing was beyond the category of a human.

"I don't understand why an uproar is happening in the capital. Is there a war?"

"No way."

The other kingdoms knew that the yangbans were currently staying in Kars. They wouldn't dare to cause a disturbance. Everybody knew that those who weren't polite to the yangbans would meet a terrible end.

"I heard that Han Seokbong is locked up in the Lava Prison. It's likely there's a group trying to rescue Han Seokbong and causing a disturbance."

"Hoh... They aren't afraid of us."

"They're afraid. But there are people willing to rescue Han Seokbong. The Han Seokbong father and daughter are nobles representing the Cho Kingdom and have many followers."

"Hrmm, I heard there was a black horse jiangshi at the Lava Prison. Is there anyone in the Cho Kingdom who can face the black horse jiangshi?"

"It's possible for the Cho King's 10 Swords."

"10 Swords? Isn't the Cho King the one who decided that Han Seokbong would be executed? Does it make sense that one of his confidants would try to rescue Han Seokbong? Ah, don't tell me?"

"It would fit. The Cho King is famous for his affection for Han Seokbong."

The reason why the Cho King announced that he would execute Han Seokbong was due to the yangbans. The Cho King actually wanted to save Han Seokbong. It wasn't strange that he would work to rescue Han Seokbong.

"In the end, the Cho King is behind the group trying to rescue Han Seokbong? Kukuk... The Cho King dares to deceive the yangban?"

Kwaduduk!

One especially luxurious dressed man was excited. The name of the angry man was Garam. He was famous for his strong sense of consciousness. He wouldn't forgive anyone who damaged the name of the yangbans. All human life other than the yangbans were trivial.

"I will make the Cho King shed tears of blood."

The two other men paid attention to Garam, who got up to walk out of the room.

"I don't care what you do, but keep in mind that this isn't the Hwan Kingdom. We have to keep the dignity of the yangbans in front of the residents."

"I will take care of it."

The upset Garam immediately headed to the great hall. But the Cho King wasn't present.

"His Majesty has gone to the execution ground. As you know, it's Han Seokbong's execution..."

'He's the one pulling the strings of Han Seokbong's rescue, yet he's pretending not to know anything?'

A tricky bastard. Garam flew coldly and suddenly stopped in the air. His eyes, which boasted better vision than a hawk, focused on the Lava Prison.

"Isn't it more exciting if the Han Seokbong rescue plan fails? Kukukuk!"

Pahat!

Garam floated in the ashy sky. He moved his feet lightly and he disappeared without a trace.

"Overgeared...? Overgeared King?"

He caught the black horse jiangshi because he was the Overgeared King? Sam Dasoo couldn't understand it at all. He didn't know what overgeared was in the first place. But he clearly understood the word 'king.' It was the same with Han Seokbong and Sua.

"King...? Grid is a king now?"

"Ah."

Grid belatedly realized at Han Seokbong's question. He realized he never told the Han Seokbong father and daughter of his true identity.

'I was paying attention to many things when I first came to the East Continent.'

But it was fine now. Grid trusted the Han Seokbong father and daughter. Weren't they worried about him even when their lives were at risk? They were righteous even to their last moments.

'The nature revealed before death is clean.'

They were completely different from him. Grid nodded with a smile.

"That's correct. I'm a king."

"..."

Han Seokbong and Sam Dasoo's faces were as hard as stone statues. There were only four people on the continent who could call themselves king. But Grid wasn't included in the four. In other words, Grid was a barbarian who didn't serve any kings.

"Oh my god..."

His savior was a barbarian king? Han Seokbong turned pale. Sam Dasoo pointed at him and cried out, "Han Seokbong is dirty! Acting as if you have no shame on the surface! Yet you're friendly with a barbarian king! You will surely be damned!"

'Barbarian king?'

Grid was puzzled by Han Seokbong's reaction and Sam Dasoo's words.

"Barbarian king? Do the people of the East Continent call the West Continent barbarians?"

"?!!"

"!!!"

Han Seokbong, Sua and Sam Dasoo were shocked. They were surprised since Grid called himself a person from the West Continent.

Sua looked at him and asked carefully, "Are you from the West Continent?"

"Yes."

Grid answered casually, causing Sam Dasoo to laugh. He cried out.

"You're lying to hide the fact that you are a barbarian! You have crossed the Red Sea? How can I believe that nonsense? Hup!"

Sam Dasoo shouted angrily only to recoil and close his mouth. Grid looked at him like he was prey. He was a monster who killed a black horse jiangshi. He had to think about what to do or his neck might be blown off.

Han Seokbong was sincerely relieved.

"I see... You're a person from the West Continent."

The West and East Continents were isolated from each other. It was due to the Red Sea between the two continents. But according to the description in history, there were occasions when people from the West Continent came to the East Continent. The people in distress were rescued from the Red Sea.

"Grid was in distress..."

Sua sent him a compassionate look. Grid seemed like a lost and alone person.

Grid smiled at her. "Nope. I came here on my own initiative. I have a way to return to the West Continent."

"...!!"

Han Seokbong and Sam Dasoo were shocked. In the past hundreds and thousands of years, the two continents didn't have any exchanges. Yet Grid said it was possible for him to move between continents. This was a shocking statement that completely destroyed common sense. Sam Dasoo thought negatively.

"This is ridiculous...! How is that possible?"

If Grid's words were true, it was a serious problem. The two continents had existed without each other's intervention. If an exchange was possible, there might be some confusion!

'Heok!'

Sam Dasoo came to his senses. He realized that now wasn't the time to be thinking about this. He was supposed to drag Han Seokbong to the execution ground.

'But how?'

How could he defeat the monster who killed the black horse jiangshi? The confused Sam Dasoo was restless and Grid felt doubts.

'Why isn't the quest cleared?'

The hidden quest 'Rescue the Han Seokbong Father and Daughter' required him to rescue Han Seokbong and Sua. Now Grid had rescued the Han Seokbong father and daughter, but it wasn't cleared. It meant the quest wasn't finished.

'Ah... Do I have to take them out of Kars unharmed?'

Grid thought this and urged the Han Seokbong father and daughter.

"Let's get out of here. It can be dangerous if we delay here."

Grid thought the Han Seokbong father and daughter would naturally follow him. But he was wrong. Han Seokbong refused Grid's hand.

"I can't leave."

"Huh?"

Grid was confused by the answer. Han Seokbong started to explain.

"I'm on death row because I disappointed the yangbans of the Hwan Kingdom. They wanted the whereabouts of the master craftsman, but I didn't know where you were and couldn't give the answer they wanted."

"The yangbans are looking for me? Why?"

"They're interested because you made a Red Phoenix Bow that's better than the original. In fact, it isn't a bad thing. I hoped that Grid would use this chance to make friends with the yangbans. But now I changed my mind. Maybe the yangbans won't like that you came from the West Continent."

"...Hrmm."

Grid thought it was possible. For the yangbans who were the best power on the East Continent, they wouldn't like the emergence of Westerners who were more skilled than them. They would be worried that their position would weaken.

'My impression wasn't good when I saw them in Pangea.'

Grid was convinced and reached out to Han Seokbong.

"So leave with me."

"I can't leave."

"Huh?"

"If I flee with Grid... The yangbans will ask the Cho Kingdom to pay for my sin and I don't know what will happen to the Cho Kingdom. I will remain here and be executed as scheduled. I just want to ask you. Please take my daughter with you."

"No, what..."

The moment Grid was going to argue.

-Run away.

Braham's soul whispered after a long time. He spoke in the same indifferent manner as usual but there was impatience in his voice.

"Why are you suddenly telling me to run away?"

-A guy you can't afford to go against is coming.

'What?'

-Che, it's too late. Use Assimilation.

'What...?'

What was Braham saying all of a sudden? Grid couldn't grasp the situation and was too late. A strange voice entered his ears.

"Hrmm? You aren't one of the 10 Swords?"

"...!!"

The voice was heard right above their heads. Grid raised his head and his eyes became bigger. There was a blue robe fluttering in the sky as the owner of the voice looked down at them. The clothing, appearance and atmosphere resembled Pagma.

"You...!"

The man that Grid saw in Pangea was floating in the sky. It was a yangban.

'Yangban...!'

What was this situation all of a sudden? Grid's eyes shook like an earthquake was happening.

"Hrmm, why do you look familiar?"

The yangban Garam was also familiar with Grid.

"Ah, the guy I saw in Pangea. I can't help noticing the smell of that weakling from you."

The weakling that Garam was referring to...

“Pagma’s smell. Kukuk, I see. It wasn’t a mistake. It was you? You recreated the Red Phoenix Bow.”

[You have an urge to bow.]

[You have resisted.]

“Are you Pagma’s Descendant?”

Duguen!

Grid’s heart thumped.

[Chapter 642](#)

The Hwan Kingdom. It was a pillar for the entire continent and a kingdom under the heavens. Since the day that a unique child was born in the ‘small kingdom,’ it had ruled over the continent. Why did the Hwan Kingdom reign? Was it right to divide humans between yangbans and the rest?

A child questioned the things that everyone took for granted.

“That kid’s name was Pagma. He was an idiot who believed that all humans are equally precious.”

“...”

Garam looked very happy as he recalled the past. There was a smile on his face. The long half moon eyes were beautiful enough to evoke laughter. But he was a man.

‘Damn bastard!’

Grid felt hostile towards Garam’s beauty. In the first place, Garam didn’t show any goodwill towards Grid. He was smiling, but his eyes that stared at Grid were different. It was like he was looking at a worm.

“That fool Pagma’s journey reached the peak when it came to useless non-fighting skills.”

Since he appeared, Garam had been talking about Pagma like he was a trivial person. But Grid wasn’t upset at all. Grid had never met Pagma, so he didn’t care about Pagma being ignored and criticized. But something caught his attention.

“Useless non-fighting skills... Are you talking about blacksmithing?”

Grid had no special feelings for the person called Pagma. However, he respected Pagma’s techniques and was proud to have learned them. For Grid, the blacksmithing job was the best blessing that changed his life. Yet Garam dismissed blacksmithing. It was natural that Grid felt offended.

Garam responded to Grid’s glare.

“It is. Are you glaring at me?”

“...I’m sorry. I got excited for a moment...”

Grid started brown-nosing straight away. It was because he knew instinctively. Garam was far stronger than himself. In particular, Grid wasn’t in a complete state right now. Most of his buff skills, including Belial’s Power, were on cooldown. It was too much to make Garam hostile.

'I'm not cringing because I'm scared to die! It's just better to act as courteous as possible in order to get information about Pagma!'

-Who are you talking to?

'...Don't misunderstand that I'm acting subservient.'

Kwaduduk!

Grid made excuses to Braham. The words were like a sharp dagger in his heart. Grid was reminded of the past where he was unable to beat the strong. He felt disgust at himself.

'Idiot... I promised myself that I would always be confident in the future. This nature is really the worst. It's garbage.'

Braham's ridicule was heard.

-It isn't shameful to be small in front of a strong person. Even a beast feels fear towards an opponent stronger than it. How can a human be better than a beast? You're not an idiot.

'...'

-Don't yield to the absurdity. If there's a person who insults you and demands something unreasonable just because they're strong, be ready to die instead of submitting. It isn't good to be so weak that you can even drop your pride. Well, I killed all those who were weak and tried to go against me.

'...'

Braham gave advice while showing his high self-esteem. Grid smiled and couldn't help feeling relaxed. He was no longer ashamed about shrinking back in front of Garam. Garam continued to speak.

"But it was surprisingly not useless. Once Pagma learned more about blacksmithing, the yangbans of the Hwan Kingdom started to lead a more convenient life. Pagma's tools were much better in quality than any other tools produced."

Suuk.

Garam put his hand into his clothing and pulled out a smoking pipe. It was a white smoking pipe. It had a refined and smooth appearance.

"This pipe was made by Pagma out of white phosphorus wood. Kukuk, every time I smoke this pipe, I miss the Pagma who ran away. I recall the memories of tormenting him."

"..."

The legendary blacksmith made a smoking pipe?

'How strong are the yangbans that they could treat Pagma like this?'

Pagma was the strongest person who defeated a great demon after becoming Baal's Contractor. Even considering the fact that great demons who descended to Earth couldn't use their full power, Pagma's combat power was comparable to other combat legends. It felt strange that the man called Garam treated Pagma like this.

'Is this Pagma the same Pagma that I know?'

The moment Grid questioned this.

"Hoo."

Garam lit the smoking pipe. He breathed in deeply and exhaled, the smoke covering his face. It was an act that completely ignored Grid's personality.

"Yes, Pagma was a really convenient laborer. There are many yangbans who regretted that he fled from the kingdom. It's very good that the successor to Pagma's techniques appeared."

Garam scanned Grid like he was a delicious fruit. He made a decision.

"I will take you to the Hwan Kingdom. I don't think the clean air of the kingdom will decay because an ignorant person is living there. Kukuk."

'This bastard.'

Grid reached the limits of his patience. Grid's cowardice disappeared into his own 'nature.' Being subservient wasn't part of Grid's nature.

'What did he decide?'

Fear disappeared from Grid's eyes as he looked at Garam. Both hands clenched with anger.

"How dare you mock the world's best techniques? Do you think I will respond obediently, you XX? Do you think I will do nothing?"

The moment Grid was about to yell this.

-Calm down and talk to him more.

Braham stopped Grid. Braham wanted to know more about Pagma.

Pagma might've harmed Braham, but he'd been a friend at one time.

'Hrmm.'

Grid understood Braham's mind. Once he thought about it calmly, he also wanted to know more about Pagma. The more he understood Pagma, the closer he who become to the class quests and hidden pieces. Grid barely suppressed his agitation and asked Garam.

"I'm curious about why Pagma ran away from the Hwan Kingdom. What's hidden behind it? In addition, you look my age at most. How can you share the same timeline as the old and dead Pagma?"

It wasn't Garam who answered.

"This insane guy... What right do you have to ask this question? This is a great yangban! They can even deflect the years!"

Sam Dasoo. He had lay flat on the ground after Garam appeared and now he shouted while foaming at the mouth. It seemed he considered the yangbans a noble existence.

'They can deflect the years?'

Were they gods? Once Sam Dasoo's words were heard, Braham whispered to Grid.

-It isn't possible. Pagma was as helpless as ordinary humans in front of time.

'Then this guy called Garam is a braggart?'

Questions were piling up. Grid was feeling confused when Pagma talked.

"Why did Pagma run away? He became disillusioned with his own lacking strength and couldn't stand the shame."

"Lacking...strength?"

The legendary blacksmith Pagma?

"Yes, he was ashamed that he was so helpless. He failed to pass the yangban's chiyou test and ran away."

"Chiyou test?" (<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chiyou>)

"Let's just say it is a test showing your armed force."

"Armed force..."

How difficult was the test that someone strong like Pagma failed? Garam spoke words that were hard for Grid to believe.

"Well, Pagma was a famous weakling."

"Weakling...?"

"Yes, he's like that. His swordsmanship was just cheap tricks."

"..."

"Hrmm, I was thinking of old memories and delayed the time too much. Now, let's go to the Hwan Kingdom. I still have a lot to do. Ah, before that..."

Garam's gaze moved to the Han Seokbong father and daughter. At this moment, Grid, Sam Dasoo and the Han Seokbong father and daughter felt their hearts freeze. It was because Garam's gaze was cold compared to when he looked at Grid. They could see that Garam had been friendly to Grid.

"I should kill these people who dared to cheat the yangbans."

Suup.

Garam took a deep breath. Then his mouth turned red.

'No!'

Grid knew the characteristics of the white phosphorus wood. This was the precursor to the white phosphorus wood exploding. Garam's mouth was going to explode? Common sense said that Garam would be hurt. But Garam was a yangban. Common sense didn't apply to yangbans.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship!”

Grid acted reflexively. It was to protect the Han Seokbong father and daughter. At the same time.

Peeng!

Flames shot from Garam’s mouth towards the Han Seokbong father and daughter.

“Revolve.”

Pepepepeng!

Grid appeared in front of the Han Seokbong father and daughter and counterattacked.

“Ah... Ahh...”

“T-This...”

Sam Dasoo and the Han Seokbong father and daughter turned white as they saw Garam engulfed in flames. A yangban was hurt? It was impossible.

“Use this gap to escape.”

Grid reached out to the Han Seokbong father and daughter.

“Are you crazy?”

Garam whispered from amidst the flames. His low voice was shaking. It was filled with tremendous anger.

"This ignorant person dares to swing a sword at me...? Do I look easy to you?"

Pahat!

Garam rushed to Grid. One hand held the tobacco pipe while the other one was behind his back. Grid fired Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Link at him. It was fired from the Sword Ghost. However.

Hwiririk!

Peok!

Garam turned his body and avoided all of the Link energy blades. Then he hit Grid’s forehead.

[You have suffered 9,350 damage.]

‘Crazy?’

A basic hit did so much damage?

Jiing.

Grid trembled in pain as the smoking pipe turned red. Han Seokbong panicked and shouted.

“Grid!”

“...?”

Peeeeeeong!

[You have suffered 25,310 damage.]

[You have suffered serious damage on one eye. You have been blinded.]

“...?!”

The explosion was so sudden that Grid couldn't scream. He frowned as one eye was covered in blood and he stumbled. Garam made a nasty expression.

"The sword dance is too trivial."

Pagma's Swordsmanship. Garam mocked Grid's ultimate force as insignificant. The furious Grid moved his sword again. Sword Ghost moved through the air as Grid narrowed the distance to Garam.

"I can't stand it. Should I cut off your legs to get rid of your spirit?"

Garam's memory of Pagma's Swordsmanship was that it was trivial. He didn't feel threatened by Pagma's Swordsmanship and didn't feel the need to interfere with Grid's sword dance. This was a mistake.

"Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle."

“...?!?!”

It was a sword dance that far transcended Garam's memory of Pagma. Garam's eyes widened.

[Chapter 643](#)

The basic characteristic of a yangban was to have the intellect and power to overcome everyone in the world. The reason was because the yangbans had to reign as undeniable existences. But Pagma's talent wasn't impressive to the yangbans. The swordsmanship he created had too many blind spots.

First, the actions were too big and obvious. He had to do a dance before wielding his sword. It might be gorgeous on the outside, but it was useless in practice. Of course, that was a story when the swordsmanship was just invented. Pagma experienced a lot of frustration, but didn't give up. He continued to supplement his swordsmanship and eventually reached the point where he could use the sword dance as a means of avoiding and defending himself.

The disadvantages were turned into advantages. But that was the end. The talent of the yangbans were overwhelmingly higher than Pagma. The yangbans instantly recognized when Pagma linked his actions to avoid or defend and pierced the gap.

Pagma couldn't complete his sword dance against the yangbans. It was meaningless even if he finished his sword dance safely. Pagma was more focused on blacksmithing than swordsmanship and had lower physical abilities than the other yangbans. The yangbans didn't suffer much damage even if they were hit.

There was a clear difference in skill. It was a difference that couldn't be narrowed. In the end, Pagma was the first yangban to fail the Chiyou test. Everyone ridiculed him.

'But only one person.'

One of the five seniors, Hanul, recognized Pagma's potential. If Pagma grew enough to connect several sword dances in one movement, he would be able to stand shoulder to shoulder with the other yangbans.

'But Pagma never achieved it.'

The talented Pagma couldn't connect more than two sword dances properly and one day disappeared from the Hwan Kingdom. It was almost as if he blamed himself for his lack of talent and fled with shame. Yet at this moment...

"Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle."

'Four linked sword dances?'

This ignorant person reached a higher level than Pagma.

'This ignorant person...! Disgraceful person!'

It was true that Garam ignored Pagma and disliked him, but Pagma was also a yangban. Garam couldn't accept that an ignorant person went beyond Pagma.

Peeng!

Pepeng!

Pepepepeng!

The vicious sword aimed in succession at Garam's weak points. It was an attack that could be avoided with Garam's vision and agility. But Garam faced it head on without avoiding it. It was a matter of pride.

"How dare you attack me?"

A truly reprehensible person. This ignorant person that didn't have talent dared hurt him?

"One who is born with the quality to defy the natural order! I can't accept your presence!"

Garam yelled furiously and swung his smoking pipe. He would neutralize Grid's attack. But.

Kwajajak!

'What?'

Grid's strength exceeded Garam's prediction. As soon as the white phosphorus pipe met Grid's sword, Garam's chest was pierced.

Puok!

Puk!Puk puk!

A total of four stabs hurt Garam. But for the remaining three strikes, Garam gave up his pride and avoided them.

'He avoided it?'

Garam was able to avoid such aggressive attacks. It caused Grid to get goosebumps. However, Grid didn't shrink back. He maintained his concentration to the end in order to complete Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.

[Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle]

Four types of sword techniques are connected.

1,500% of your attack power will be dealt to the target due to Linked Kill.

If the target is hit at least four times, the damage of Linked Kill will increased by 200% and Wave will be summoned.

Wave will affect any enemy within a range of 5 meters. It will deal 500% of your attack power and all targets hit will have all speeds decreased by 30%. In addition, there will be definite damage from the Pinnacle that follows.

Pinnacle ignores 80% of the target's defense and deals 1,800% of your attack power as physical damage.

* This skill doesn't share a cooldown with Link, Kill, Wave, and Pinnacle.

Skill Mana Consumption: Half of the maximum mana.

Skill Cooldown Time: 3 hours.

Kwarururung!

Garam wasn't alert and allowed himself to be hit four times. The remnants of the energy blades that hit Garam rose to the sky like a dragon ascending. It was the culmination of Wave that followed Linked Kill. Linked Kill was avoidable, but Garam couldn't avoid Wave. The wide area Wave was aimed at only one person, making it unavoidable.

"Ugh!"

Garam's face was distressed and filled with pain.

"Hey, the yangban...!"

"Wounded...!"

Sam Dasoo, Han Seokbong, and Sua paled. They never imagined that a yangban would be bleeding. They started to accept Grid as a special person.

'A king from the West Continent...!'

'Overgeared...King!'

On the other hand, Grid's expression stiffed as his strikes poured on Garam.

[You have dealt 5,200 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 5,950 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt...]

...

...

[Critical!]

[The target has resisted the critical.]

[Critical damage isn't applied.]

[All speeds of the target are reduced.]

[The target has resisted.]

'This monster!'

The power of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle was enough for the gods to feel wary. The basic attack power of Wave was very weak, but the power of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle increased exponentially and caused at least 30,000 damage to Great Demon Belial.

Yet Garam only received one sixth of the damage. The weapon that Grid used during the Belial raid was Failure + Grid's Greatsword. Meanwhile he was only using Sword Ghost now. However, Garam's physical resistance seemed to be higher than Belial's. He could even nullify criticals.

'Yangbans are legends...! They are legendary class!!'

Grid wouldn't be able to win. But this didn't mean Grid's death was determined. Pinnacle was soon linked. It was the moment that Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle's real strength was exercised.

Kurururung!

A thunderous sound was heard in Garam's ears.

'This...!'

Garam was alarmed. He looked up at the sky and saw a huge energy blade descending.

'I must stop it!'

Pinnacle was a sword dance that was certain to hit the target. Garam knew he couldn't escape and planned to crush it. He extracted what looked like a silver flexible sword. It was a very thin, highly elastic sword that bent gently.

Hwiririk!

Garam swung the soft sword dozens of times and they all chased after Pinnacle. Garam thought he could defeat Grid's Pinnacle. But Satisfy's system applied equally to both players and NPCs. Pinnacle would 'definitely hit' and Garam couldn't prevent it.

Sakak-!

Garam's clothes were torn. It was in vain.

"Cough!"

Garam stumbled while coughing up blood.

Chukakakakak!

Blood gushed from Garam's smooth chest that was exposed through the torn clothing.

"Hurry!"

As soon as Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle was over, Grid reached out to the Han Seokbong father and daughter. Grid's eyes were urgent.

"Use this gap to escape! If we miss this chance, both of you will die!"

"U-Um..."

Han Seokbong hesitated. He was determined to sacrifice his life so that the Cho Kingdom wouldn't receive the yangbans' anger. But it was now useless. One of the yangbans was injured. Would his anger disappear just because Han Seokbong sacrificed his life? It meant nothing if he died.

'I'm sorry, Your Majesty!'

In the end, Han Seokbong apologized to the Cho King and grabbed Grid's hand. It was the same with Sua. Sam Dasoo cried out with hatred at those escaping.

"You guys...! You have doomed the Cho Kingdom to hell!"

"..."

Han Seokbong hated the corrupt noble Sam Dasoo who was slowly driving the kingdom to ruin. He denied everything. But at this moment, he couldn't deny it. It was evident that the Cho Kingdom would slip into a crisis. Han Seokbong closed his eyes and heard Grid's whisper.

"Join forces with my kingdom. Let's gain strength and protect the Cho Kingdom."

"That... It's the only way to atone for my kingdom."

Han Seokbong grasped Grid's intentions and nodded. They started running. They had to get as far as possible while Garam couldn't move after suffering great damage. But Garam was a yangban. A transcendent yangban.

"You ignorant person...! You are really that fool Pagma's descendant! Youuuuu!"

Garam might be a transcendent named NPC, but he was still a humanoid. Compared to Belial, Garam's health was very low. Grid's Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle caused him to lose one-seventh of his health. It was clear how powerful Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle when thinking about the fact that Garam's level overwhelmed Grid's.

Peeng!

Garam quickly narrowed the distance with Grid.

Shunpo.

It was the peak footwork that all yangbans learned.

"I will cut your body into hundreds of pieces and feed them to the dogs!"

Garam made a menacing declaration and his sword aimed for Grid's back. He never imagined it. Grid could use such a powerful technique consecutively!

"Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle!"

"W-What?"

As Garam pursued him, Grid used Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle again. When he used Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle, he was fortunate enough for God's Command to trigger.

"Kuaaaaak!"

Garam was hit by Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle without any preparation and screamed. Then Grid swapped to the Ideal Dagger in the gap, used Quick Movements and escaped with the Han Seokbong father and daughter.

"..."

Sam Dasoo was left alone with Garam and trembled, not knowing where to look.

[Chapter 644](#)

'Why isn't he chasing?'

Grid's heart had thumped the moment Garam was hit with the second Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. Garam allowed only three hits from Linked Kill and avoided it from the fourth strike, so he wasn't affected by Wave and Pinnacle.

'His body was hit directly, but he avoided the following attacks...'

Truly a monster. He didn't seem made for a one on one fight. The wound wasn't fatal, so Grid expected Garam to come after him right away. He was prepared to pour all his power to stop Garam and buy time for Han Seokbong and Sua to escape. Yet Garam didn't chase him for some reason. He avoided the fourth to seventh blows and just sat down in a collapsed position.

'Did the story system force him to stop chasing me?'

It was a reasonable hypothesis. The yangbans were too strong. The players at this point in time wouldn't be able to face the yangbans.

'Anyway, it's good.'

They were able to escape unharmed. He couldn't miss this chance when Garam was still.

"Run quickly and don't look back!"

"Yes!"

"Understood!"

Grid and the Han Seokbong father and daughter sped up their escape speed.

Duk.

Duduk!

Red blood soaked the soil. It was the blood of the yangbans that was more precious than rain during a drought.

“...”

Garam collapsed from Grid’s unexpected blow. He remained calm for a moment and Sam Dasoo wondered what happened.

“Sir G-Garam...?”

Sam Dasoo called out carefully to Garam. But there was no reaction from Garam. He just silently shed blood.

‘Is the wound so bad that his body hasn’t recovered?’

The yangbans?

‘An ordinary human dealt a critical blow to a yangban... Overgeared King... Are all kings on the West Continent so strong?’

He was afraid of the people who would come from the West Continent sooner or later. Sam Dasoo gulped and cautiously took a step. It was to support Garam. The moment he approached Garam...

“Kuk...!”

Garam’s shoulder shook.

"H-Hik!"

Surely he wasn’t mad at Sam Dasoo? The frightened Sam Dasoo closed his eyes.

“Kuhahahaha!”

Garam burst out laughing. The wound on his chest was already healed. The yangbans had the Red Phoenix’s Breath, giving them an abnormal recovery.

"It was so outrageous that my head went blank? Kukuk, I missed the rodent."

Garam muttered while touching his torn clothing. He put the soft sword back in the sheath at his waist and neatened his clothing. The torn pieces of clothing started to gradually be restored. Garam’s robe was made with the scales of a blue dragon and this was the restoration ability of the Blue Dragon’s Breath.

“Umm.”

After confirming that his clothing was clean, Garam turned his gaze to Sam Dasoo. His eyes were filled with killing intent. Sam Dasoo’s heart fell and his pants became wet at the sight.

"Stay silent about what you saw today."

"Yes... Huh?"

Garam's words were unexpected. To be honest, Sam Dasoo thought that Garam would command all the troops in the Cho Kingdom to pursue Grid. But he was supposed to stay silent? Sam Dasoo was stunned while Garam clicked his tongue.

"I was hurt by someone who wasn't a yangban. It's better to keep this a secret since it's too shameful for this to be known. Isn't this good for the Cho Kingdom?"

"Hat...! Yes! That's right! I admire your deep thoughts!"

The Cho Kingdom overcame its crisis thanks to Garam's pride! Sam Dasoo was thrilled and bowed in thanks. Garam's expression wasn't good.

'Che.'

In fact, Garam wanted to kill Sam Dasoo right now. His pride meant he didn't want anyone who saw his shameful appearance to stay alive. But if he killed Sam Dasoo, the other yangbans might suspect the situation. He judged that it was better to handle this as quietly as possible.

'I will be laughed at if it's known that I was hit by Pagma's Descendant.'

To be honest, the word 'hit' wasn't appropriate. Garam would've easily won if he fought against Grid to the end. Garam hadn't even used any skills. No, Grid wouldn't be able to touch him if he opened one of the sacred creature's breaths. But Garam was careless and Grid escaped in this gap.

'I will kill him from the beginning the next time we meet.'

Garam's rage soared through the sky at the current situation. But it was strangely enjoyable. It felt like Grid revitalized his life that had felt boring after he passed the Chiyou test.

'It has been 300 years... Hmmm, I should start training again.'

"Are you sure?"

The execution square of Kars. Originally, it was the place where Han Seokbong's execution should be held. The execution time passed and Han Seokbong hadn't appeared. Then the yangban Garam showed up. Garam nodded at the Cho King's doubtful words.

"It's true. I have let the Han Seokbong father and daughter go. I thought it was too harsh to execute them just because they don't know where the maker of the Red Phoenix Bow is."

"Ahh...! Sir Garam is too kind!"

"The yangbans deserve to be respected!"

Han Seokbong was a noble who was loved and respected by the people of the Cho Kingdom. Many people were dissatisfied with Han Seokbong's execution. Once Garam said that he spared Han Seokbong, the people were glad and revered him. The Cho King spoke to Garam on behalf of the people.

“Thank you! Thank you very much! I will be loyal without forgetting the mercy you have shown!”

“Hooray Sir Garam!”

"Hooray the Hwan Kingdom!"

"Hooray then yangban!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

No one questioned it when their king bowed to the yangban. It was natural. Everyone was busy praising Garam and the Hwan Kingdom. Garam's expression was unaffected when he looked at them, unlike when he faced Grid. It was a face filled with no fun or interest.

“...Stupid fools.”

Garam muttered as he left.

“Prepare a carriage! I'm going to Pangea!”

The Cho King gave a command as soon as Garam disappeared. He wanted to be reunited with his dearest friend as soon as possible. He wanted to apologize for not being able to help Han Seokbong when he was struggling and to congratulate him for living.

But the Cho King wasn't able to achieve this dream. The reunion between the Cho King and Han Seokbong was only possible in the distant future.

“It seems that there's no pursuit.”

Sua had all types of training as Han Seokbong's heir. She was born talented, so despite having the body of a female, she became the best warrior of Pangea. She was also proficient in all fields of studies and calligraphy.

Name: Han Sua.

Age: 25 Gender: Female

Level: 277

Strength: 930 Stamina: 722

Agility: 1,511 Intelligence: 885

* Daughter of Pangea's lord.

* There is a 10% increase in stats in Pangea.

* Captain of the Red Phoenix Group.

There is a 10% increase in the stats of the Red Phoenix members when under her leadership.

* The strongest warrior in Pangea.

There is an increased bonus combat skill proficiency.

* The first beauty of the Cho Kingdom.

There is a high probability of bewitching the enemy.

The daughter of Han Seokbong. She has innate talent, beauty, and status, and has gained the respect of all residents in Pangea. Unlike her father, she is skilled in calligraphy like her grandfather. She looks perfect on the outside, but there's a desire that can't be controlled deep in her heart. If she can't meet a good match, she is likely to be corrupted.

Skills: Drawing (A), Singing (A), Finding the Enemy (A), Intermediate Weapons Mastery (Lv. 9), Han Family's Swordsmanship (A), Fighting Spirit (S+), Calligraphy in the Dark (SS-), Peerless Beauty (SS), An Irresistible Desire (SS+).

Grid observed Sua with the Great Lord's Sword. As Grid expected, Sua was a named NPC who boasted outstanding stats. But surprisingly, she didn't have many combat skills. This made Grid shake.

'The best warrior of Pangea only has grade A swordsmanship...'

Sua was talented. He didn't know how far she would be able to grow if she was taught by Sticks, Piaro, and Asmophel.

'But...'

There was an extremely worrisome part. An Irresistible Desire? If she couldn't meet a good match, she was likely to be corrupted?

'She truly is perverted...'

Sua might become a demon if she wasn't paired up with a man who could bear her desires.

"Why don't we take a break here?"

The outskirts of Kars. Grid's group was still in the territory of the Cho King, despite running for half a day. In fact, there was no time to rest. But Sua's Finding the Enemy skill was excellent and she didn't see any pursuers. It seemed like they could take a break for a while.

Han Seokbong was worn out. Now was the right timing to get a good rest. Grid thought the same as Sua.

"Then we will rest. I'll go bring my comrades who are hiding in Kars."

Han Seokbong was startled.

"You'll go back to Kars again? Haven't you been running for half a day without a break after fighting with Garam? You can still move?"

"I'm a little strong."

Grid was an all-rounder. Why could he perform the role of a tanker? It was possible because of his items as well as his high stamina stat. Grid's stamina was overwhelming. Sua looked at Grid with moist eyes.

"Strong..."

“...?”

It was vaguely creepy. The confused Grid hurriedly stepped away the moment he met Sua's eyes.

“Then I'll be back soon!”

“Take care... Hah...”

Sua flushed at Grid's back that was quickly retreating. The reason for her red cheeks and sigh was omitted.

[Chapter 645](#)

Invisibility cloak. As the name suggested, it made the wearer invisible. It was made by the legendary tailor Kruger and it was said there were only five left in the present day. It was a very rare item, so no user saw it in person. For most people, an invisibility cloak was an item that existed in dreams.

Yes, people could never imagine. Somebody had already produced an invisibility cloak.

Dururuk!

“It isn't useful unless the hood is up.”

The Hooded Zip Up made by Grid after consuming Item Creation had the basic effect of the invisibility cloak. It was a special item that made the wearer invisible and unable to be identified.

‘Of course, the original invisibility cloak is likely to be much better.’

Grid assumed that the original invisibility cloak would erase every trace of the wearer. For those who were over a certain level, he couldn't be confident that the Hooded Zip Up would be useful compared to the invisibility cloak. But it was enough.

The significance of the invisibility cloak was to make things invisible. The Hooded Zip Up was useful enough for now. It allowed him to walk through Kars safely.

“H-Heok? G-Grid?”

“When did you come back?”

At an inn located in the middle of nowhere. Once Grid came back, he found Yang Fei cleaning her bed and Idan studying cooking recipes. They were shocked because the window suddenly opened and Grid appeared. He came out of nowhere! It was like he was a ghost.

‘A sudden appearance and disappearance like Hong Gildong...’

Was Grid the legendary Hong Gildong? Grid prompted the stunned Yang Fei and Idan.

“Let's get out of here.”

“Ah...? Yes!”

Idan was confused, but Yang Fei was a quick-witted person. She had grown quickly at a young age due to supporting her parents and 15 siblings. Once she saw Grid's attitude, she realized that the situation was urgent and started to pack her things. The confused Idan moved slowly, but packed his frying pan once

he saw the look Yang Fei sent him. Idan had been weak to Yang Fei from the days he operated the restaurant.

Grid identified that the two people completed their task and summoned Noe and the God Hands.

"Did you have a good rest? Take them and follow me."

"I understand nyang!"

Noe's '人' shaped mouth bit Yang Fei's collar while the God Hands grabbed Idan. Then they jumped out the window behind Grid and flew into the sky.

"Hiik! W-What are these hands?"

Idan felt fear at the sight in front of him. He was confused and frightened at being caught by the golden hands moving by themselves. He looked down at the ground, upon which were small dots, and almost fainted. On the other hand, Yang Fei's eyes were wide and shining like lanterns.

'I'm flying!'

Yang Fei watched the morning sun rising in the east. It seemed she would see many fun and interesting things in the future while serving Grid.

[Affinity with Idan has decreased by 10.]

[Affinity with Yang Fei has increased by 10. It is already at the maximum.]

"What's the atmosphere of Kars? Are we all wanted?"

"Is the Cho King safe? Did the yangbans punish the Cho Kingdom?"

Sua carefully asked Grid, who had brought Idan and Yang Fei. Grid shook his head.

"I flew in the sky, so I couldn't figure out the overall atmosphere of the capital."

"The sky..."

"You flew?"

Wasn't this the domain of shamans? Grid was a swordsman, a blacksmith who made the Red Phoenix Bow, and could even fly in the sky?

"What are you...?"

A person who made them feel surprised and admiration many times. The more Han Seokbong knew about Grid, the more awe he felt.

'He is a really mysterious person.'

Numerous men had ogled Sua. But none of them could make Sua's heart race. Sua, who was born in that direction (?), could only live a quiet and modest life because she hadn't met a person who could ignite

her desires. Now there was a man called Grid. Sua wanted to give her mind and body to Grid. The problem was that Grid avoided her.

"That..."

After being carried away for a moment, Han Seokbong regained his spirit and spoke carefully.

"What are we going to do next?"

The influence of the yangbans was spread through the East Continent. There was no place for Grid and his companions to go after hurting Garam. They had succeeded in escaping Kars, but the future was dark. Grid pulled out the scroll to the West Continent and showed it to Han Seokbong, who was frustrated by the reality.

"Didn't I ask you to come to my kingdom and build up our strength together?"

"That is...?"

The scroll that Grid pulled out was seemingly ordinary paper. It was also very old paper. Unlike the confused Han Seokbong, Sua noticed immediately.

"Is that talisman the way to go to the East Continent?"

Grid nodded.

"That's correct. It's a scroll that contains movement magic between continents."

"All of us can move to the West Continent if we use it?"

"Yes."

An ordinary scroll to the West Continent was for one person. However, the reason Grid returned to the East Continent was to regain troops. Sticks clearly wouldn't give him a scroll for a single person when he knew this. Sticks was a clever person and gave Grid a massive scroll that allowed him to move with several people.

"Let's leave."

Grid said and was about to tear the scroll with both hands, only for Han Seokbong to stop him. Then he bowed his head and asked.

"I know that this is presumptuous. But I can't leave my mother alone in Pangea. Before we leave, can I stop by Pangea and take my mother with us?"

In fact, Han Seokbong knew that this was a shameless request. It was suicide to delay time in a situation where the yangbans were pursuing them. But he couldn't escape alone without his mother. If left alone, his mother would face the stigma of being a traitor and suffer terribly. Han Seokbong couldn't leave his mother.

Grid's heart was heavy. Grid also had a mother.

"I understand."

“...!!”

Grid’s nod that contained no hesitation was different from what Han Seokbong expected. Han Seokbong thought Grid would reject or hesitate for a long time.

“Grid, you really... You’re really amazing.”

He was a person with a vessel that was hard to gauge the size of. He wasn’t just the king of a nation. Han Seokbong’s respect for Grid rose. Grid smiled.

"In fact, I was also thinking it would be better to stop by Pangea. I want to take the members of the Red Phoenix Group to my kingdom.”

The Red Phoenix Group hadn’t done a lot against the armored needles. But that didn’t mean their skills could be ignored. They were comparable to the Black Knights of the Saharan Empire and their level would be ranked at the top of the West Continent.

‘In particular, their stats will rise by 10% when Sua directs them. If I give the training of Sua and the Red Phoenix Group over to Asmophel, the Red Phoenix Group will be able to grow beyond imagination.’

Sua nodded.

“Certainly... I believe the Red Phoenix Group will follow us once they know the circumstances.”

"Gulp."

Sua’s lips were fascinating. Grid gulped every time she opened her lips to talk. He wasn’t even aware of it.

"Hum hum, okay. Then let’s go to Pangea.”

Grid’s party immediately moved to Pangea. However, their movement speed wasn’t very fast. Idan and Yang Fei’s physical strength were low compared to the Han Seokbong father and daughter. They got tired along the way and the travelling speed of the party slowed down.

But nobody blamed Idan and Yang Fei. Why were the Han Seokbong father and daughter loved and respected by the people? It was because they were very generous. Han Seokbong and Sua encouraged Idan and Yang Fei, allowing them to concentrate on the march.

In the process, Idan and Yang Fei’s stamina stat increased slightly. Grid smiled warmly as he looked at them. He thought it was really good that he came to the East Continent.

"The execution date of Lord Han Seokbong was four days ago?"

“The great lord experienced something so terrible...”

“I don’t want to believe it...! This is a nightmare! Sob sob.”

"...The lord must’ve gone to a good place.”

“Lady Sua? What happened to Lady Sua?”

Pangea was one of the largest places in the Cho Kingdom. It was a port city always full of vitality. But that was only until recently. One month ago, Lord Han Seokbong was taken to the capital. Since then, a dark cloud hung over Pangea. Once the news of Han Seokbong's execution was heard, the depressed atmosphere was completely established. The people mourned Han Seokbong and felt resentful.

"However... What about Mother Park?"

Mother Park was how the people called Han Seokbong's mother, Park Jurim. Mother! It was a title that showed how high the virtue of Han Seokbong's mother was.

"The lord was executed and Mother Park won't be safe..."

"Unbelievable... My parents once used to serve Mother Park."

"Mother Park tried hard for us when there was a famine after the evil daoist's invasion. If it wasn't for Mother Park, all of us would've starved."

"We have to protect Mother Park! We should repay her grace!"

"Yes! We will defend Mother Park!"

The hearts of the Pangea people united over Mother Park. They all went to the castle, insisting on protecting Mother Park.

"Mother Park! Avoid it!"

"It isn't the time to be staying in the castle! The capital will send soldiers to capture Mother Park!"

"We will raise our farming equipment so that Mother Park can run away! We'll shield you from the royal army!"

"Run away!"

The outside of the castle was crowded with people. They held farming equipment while telling Mother Park to run away. Once she heard the noise, Park Jurim rushed outside.

"You dare to rebel against the royal family!?"

"...!!"

The voice was so loud it was hard to believe Park Jurim was over 80 years old. Her yell echoed throughout the whole castle. The people were startled by the unexpected reaction and fell silent. Then Park Jurim's wrinkled face smiled sadly.

"My son was a great noble, lord, and child. But in the end, he was executed as a sinner. Protecting the mother of a sinner? All of you will become sinners? My husband! My son! The people I cherish will become sinners against the royal family? It isn't right!"

"..."

"M-Mother..."

The hearts filled with rebellion against the royal family quickly calmed down. Mother Park should be the saddest and most fearful person in the world right now. Yet she was worrying about them instead. Conflicted emotions filled their hearts. They thought that they shouldn't do anything foolish for her sake.

In the end.

Flop!

"Sob...! Sob sob!"

"Mother... Mother Park...!"

The people dropped their farming equipment and sat on the ground. They pounded against the innocent land and lamented. Then someone said something they shouldn't have said.

"This is all due to that blacksmith...! The blacksmith who made the Red Phoenix Bow! He...! Lord Han Seokbong wouldn't have been executed if he hadn't made the Red Phoenix Bow!"

"..."

In fact, everyone knew. Han Seokbong was dragged to the capital and executed because he didn't tell the yangbans where the maker of the Red Phoenix Bow was. However, the blacksmith who made the Red Phoenix Bow shouldn't be blamed. If he hadn't restored the lost Red Phoenix Bow, the yangbans would've been angry at all of Pangea. Pangea as a whole would've been eliminated.

"I know. All of us know."

"He shouldn't be blamed for restoring the Red Phoenix Bow... I know that we should be thankful!"

But what could they do? The situation was so sad and desperate that it would seem unfair if they didn't grumble.

Kwarururung!

Did the tears of thousands of people move the heart of Heaven? A thunderstorm suddenly appeared in the clear sky.

Swaaaaah.

Rain poured down on the people and cooled their hearts. The ground and the subjects were wet. Park Jurim was worried when she saw the people became wet.

"Geez, they will all get a cold."

She thought of the people like her children. It was a motto that had been passed down through the Han family for ages. It was natural that Park Jurim would worry about the people since she married into the Han family.

"What are you doing? Send them all home!"

Park Jurim shouted towards the Red Phoenix Group. It was at that moment. A familiar voice was heard from the tile roof of the palace.

“No. Leave them. A large audience is better.”

“...!!!”

Park Yurim and the Red Phoenix members were shocked. Then their eyes widened. There was a black-haired young man with sharp eyes and an unusual physique.

“Pangea’s Duke of Virtue!”

The maker of the Red Phoenix Bow!

[Chapter 646](#)

“Pangea’s Duke of Virtue!”

The person who restored the Red Phoenix Bow, killed Arube, and wiped out the armored needles. On the other hand, he was the one who drove Han Seokbong to death. The appearance of Pangea’s Duke of Virtue, Grid, confused everyone.

“W-Why are you here?”

The whereabouts of Pangea’s Duke of Virtue were unknown to everyone. The reason for Han Seokbong’s execution was because he didn’t know where Pangea’s Duke of Virtue was. Now he showed up in Pangea?

Someone shouted courageously. “Why...? Why did you come back? I would rather you not appear than show up at the end!”

He shouldn’t have left the Cho Kingdom. If he was going to come back anyway, it would’ve been nice for him to come before Han Seokbong was executed.

“Why...? Why now?”

The people knew rationally that Pangea’s Duke of Virtue wasn’t at fault and that they shouldn’t blame him. But there was a nasty feeling since he came back just after Han Seokbong’s execution. The moment people booed and started to blame Grid.

“Everybody shut up!”

Blacksmiths came forward. They were blacksmiths from the Black Anvil Smithy, Red Tongs Smithy, the Blue Flames Smithy, and naturally the White Hammer Smithy.

“Why are you blaming Pangea’s Duke of Virtue?”

“Pangea’s Duke of Virtue is willing to cooperate with the yangbans! He didn’t know he was called, but he isn’t afraid of the yangbans!”

“Pangea’s Duke of Virtue is a human like us! Why are you only placing the blame on Pangea’s Duke of Virtue?”

Blacksmith White, who once lacked confidence and was passive, started shouting in the loudest voice. It was the roar of a man who had changed thanks to Grid.

“...”

White and the blacksmiths' words were correct. The people scolded by them turned as quiet as a dead rat. They couldn't complain at Grid anymore. The sense of reason started to rule over their emotions.

"Hrmm."

Standing on wet tiles, Grid looked like an elegant leopard lying in a tree as he looked at the ground. He looked at White and the blacksmiths with pleasure.

'Putting aside White, I didn't expect the blacksmiths of the other smithies to defend me. Blacksmiths have their own sense of pride. I have to take them with me.'

The level of the East Continent blacksmiths were very high. In particular, the masters of the four smithies had the potential to reach the craftsman level. It would be much easier to produce the Grid set if he could take them to the Overgeared Kingdom.

Then the voice of Park Jurim entered Grid's ears.

"You should leave. You will experience their pain and resentment if you stay here."

An elderly person in the castle. Grid heard she was 10 years older than Khan, but her waist was straight and her eyes sharp. Grid admired Park Jurim's healthy appearance and asked her.

"Are you blaming me too?"

"How can that be?" Park Jurim immediately denied it, despite her son being executed. She lost her son, but was still capable of normal thinking. She had tremendous mental strength. "I'm just grateful to you. It will continue in the future."

"...Good."

Grid grasped Park Jurim's character and smiled widely. He was happy about being able to take many good people from the East Continent. The people who witnessed his smile recoiled.

'Smiling?'

'What is so funny that he is smiling?'

Everyone was mourning, while Grid was smiling alone? The people couldn't understand Grid and became suspicious. The barely suppressed anger and resentment of the people started to spring up again. But it was only for a moment. It was soon suppressed.

Ttaak!

Grid snapped his fingers.

"N-No...!"

"Lord Han Seokbong?"

"Lady Sua?"

Everyone doubted their eyes. It was because four golden hands appeared behind Grid holding Han Seokbong and Sua. The people who were dead showed up alive? What was going on? Grid shouted at everyone who was feeling confused. The heavy rain that buried the misery of the people couldn't stop Grid's voice. It was an additional quality of the high dignity stat. Everyone in this place was gripped by Grid's voice.

"I, Overgeared King Grid of the West Continent, will make a declaration."

'West Continent?'

'Overgeared King?'

'Grid?'

Grid's origin and identity. The people learned new facts about Grid and thought it was ridiculous.

"I will kidnap Lord Han Seokbong and his family to my kingdom."

"...!!!"

"Tell your king! The Cho Kingdom will forever regret losing such a loyal family to Overgeared King Grid!"

"..."

The atmosphere subsided. Grid had a vicious expression on his face, but nobody believed his words. If Han Seokbong and his daughter were really 'kidnapped,' they wouldn't be acting so calm. In the first place, Han Seokbong was on death row. But he was alive. The people weren't idiots and could guess what happened.

Tears flowed down from the eyes of the people wet from rain. The reason why the Han Seokbong father and daughter were alive and why Grid had 'kidnapped' them. Everyone was aware of it.

'Grid rescued Lord Han Seokbong and Lady Sua.'

'He's taking away Lord Han Seokbong, who lost his place.'

'Saying that they were kidnapped...'

'If Han Seokbong flees the country of his own will, the Cho Kingdom will recognize him as a real rebel. In order to prevent this, Pangea's Duke of Virtue needs to be the reason behind it.'

'It isn't enough that he saved Lord Han Seokbong's life, his honor was also protected... Is there anyone else in the world like this?'

That's right. The people correctly grasped Grid's intentions. Grid was supposed to return to Pangea someday and devour the East Continent. The Han Seokbong family was necessary for this, so the people couldn't resent them. He thought about it during the few times travelling back to Pangea.

"Pangea's Duke of Virtue!"

"Thank you!"

"Thank you for saving the young lady!"

“Hooray Pangea’s Duke of Virtue!”

“Hooray Overgeared King!”

“Hooray Grid!”

The hundreds of thousands of people cheered on Grid. It was just like the procession of yangbans. At that moment, notification windows popped up in Grid’s vision.

[The inhabitants of Pangea have started to deify you!]

[As a special reward, your deity stat has increased by 1.]

“...”

A dog profit! Grid barely suppressed the cry that wanted to emerge. It was to try and protect his dignity.

“Hum hum.”

Grid coughed while Park Jurim moved to Han Seokbong’s side. Then he took out the scroll to return to the West Continent.

“Now, let’s start the kidnapping. Gather all those who want to leave for my kingdom!”

Grid winked at the Red Phoenix Group and the blacksmiths. He hoped for as many Red Phoenix Group members and blacksmiths to join as possible. However.

"Waaahhhhhhh!"

"Eh?"

“Here! I want to come!”

“My family will follow you!”

"Ehh?"

"I will go to hell if I can serve Pangea’s Duke of Virtue and Lord Han Seokbong!"

“Ehhhhh?”

It wasn’t only the Red Phoenix members and blacksmiths who gathered around Grid. Most of the hundreds of thousands of Pangea people cheering for Grid gathered together. Grid was no longer able to think.

“D-Dog profit...”

The capital of the Overgeared Kingdom, Reinhardt.

“Hurry! I’m busy!”

“Don’t rest! There’s no time!”

People were running around everywhere. Agriculture, industry, education, magic, the military, etc. All areas of Reinhardt were suffering from a shortage in manpower. No, it wasn't just Reinhardt. It was all the territories in the Overgeared Kingdom. If it wasn't for the funds and manpower supplied by Duke Steim, the Overgeared Kingdom would've become paralyzed.

"People. More people are required."

The influx of players was steadily increasing thanks to the linked quests that awarded the mass produced Grid set. Thanks to them, the market economy was revitalized. But what was this? They didn't have anything to sell!

'However, real estate transactions are brisk due to a surplus of land.'

More workers were needed in many areas. But it wasn't easy for NPCs to carry out the role of workers. Lael once again thought that Grid was great. It was hard to obtain professional NPCs, yet Grid was able to gather a lot of named NPCs. Common sense said that it wasn't easy for players to build up favor with NPCs and make them a player's own person.

'In the first place, there are only a few users with NPCs by their side.'

Lael was the same. During the time when he was playing solo, Lael only cared about his growth. He didn't consider his relationship with NPCs at all. He only accumulated a moderate favorability with NPCs by raising his level, clearing quests, and enhancing items.

'Normally, I focused on exchanging with players until I needed to talk to NPCs.'

But common sense always went away when it came to Grid. Lael rose from his seat. It was time to visit the smithy.

'I need to give more strength to the blacksmiths.'

The Overgeared Kingdom was a blacksmith kingdom and was putting great effort in their blacksmithing business. A lot of money was invested. The problem was that just like other areas, the smithies were lacking manpower. They weren't able to meet the players' demands.

'I have to tell Khan to reduce the rest time a bit more.'

They hadn't been able to rest lately, and now it would be reduced again? Lael knew there would be a backlash from the blacksmiths. But it couldn't be helped since they were lacking people.

"Sigh. Huh?"

Lael left the castle with a deep sigh and stopped on the way. Suddenly, a huge pillar of light appeared in the palace's garden.

"U-Uh?"

Lael closed and opened his eyes several times. He also rubbed it. He pinched his cheeks. He couldn't tell if the sight that unfolded in front of him was a dream or not. Grid waved to Lael who was making a stupid expression.

"You came."

“Haha... Is this true?”

Lauel realized it was reality and laughed. Grid arrived in a pillar of light. It was because the areas near him were filled with NPCs.

‘Was Grid a trafficker in his past life?’

[Chapter 647](#)

“30,000... Exactly 30,000 people...”

It was a premise that took a considerable amount of time, but a village with only 1,000 NPCs would become a city if there was a steady inflow of players. A minimum of 100,000 people was required to build a kingdom. However, Grid had gone to the East Continent and brought back 30,000 NPCs in 10 days.

It was an enormous number that was unrealistic. Lauel couldn’t help feeling shocked.

“Do you know? A typical player has difficulty accumulating 100% affinity with one NPC.”

Even if affinity with an NPC was maximized, there were few players who could make NPCs follow them. They almost didn’t exist.

“But Your Majesty captivated the hearts of 30,000 people in less than 10 days?”

Lauel knew that Grid had the title effect of being ‘easily acknowledged’ after becoming Pagma’s Descendant. However, the reason behind Grid quickly building up affinity with NPCs wasn’t just due to the title effect. Grid’s ability to charm NPCs was phenomenal. Lauel expressed his surprise and admiration and Grid told him the truth.

“As a matter of fact, there were 250,000 people from Pangea who wanted to follow me. All the inhabitants of Pangea wanted to become people of Overgeared. Unfortunately, the return scroll to the West Continent only allowed 30,000 people. So I only brought 30,000.”

“...”

If the other person wasn’t Grid, Lauel would’ve been 100% convinced it was a lie. He would tell them not to exaggerate. But Lauel absolutely trusted Grid. He believed all of Grid’s words.

“...Indeed, a man with a sincere heart. Grid’s charm is like a swamp. Nobody can deny it. Just like how I can’t escape from Your Majesty.”

“...R-Really?”

Grid got goosebumps and opened the quest window for his own sake. Grid had a special quest in his list.

[King’s Quest]

It was a large-scale quest that was generated after Grid established the Overgeared Kingdom. It was a quest that existed only for players who became king. It didn’t exist for ordinary players.

‘The blacksmiths will be given to Khan, Han Seokbong to Lauel, and the Red Phoenix Group to Asmopehl.’

He had yet to figure out the talents of the remaining Pangea residents. Grid wanted to know their details before placing them in the right place. However, it was ridiculous to look at all 30,000 residents with the Great Lord's Sword one by one. It couldn't be done in a day or two, and could take months.

Thus, he opened up the list of King's Quests. It was to complete the quest that had been postponed. It was a quest to upgrade the Great Lord's Sword to the King's Sword.

[The King's Role (1)]

Level of Difficulty: Linked Quest

The king is part of all the people.

There is a duty to look after the people and place them in the right place.

Experience the lives of the people and understand them more deeply.

Quest Clear Conditions: Experience 100 classes.

Quest Reward: Learn how to make the King's Sword. A following linked quest.

[The King's Sword]

Durability: 530/530 Attack Power: 320

* Dignity +300

* Insight +300

* Leadership +300

* The skill 'Wide Area Character Observation' is created.

* Skill 'Talent Search' will be generated.

A sword that could only be used by the ruler of a kingdom. You can observe the soldiers and residents more closely and efficiently command them.

Conditions of Use: A king.

Weight: 490

Wide Area Character Observation. It was clear that it had a different effect from the Great Lord's Sword that could only observe one person at a time.

'Searching for talent will be much easier if I can observe several people at once.'

In other words, Grid wanted the King's Sword. But look at the quest clear conditions! He had to experience at least 100 classes. The degree of difficulty of the quest was high enough to be absurd.

'I have been postponing it because it's annoying...'

Grid wanted to observe not just the 30,000 Pangea residents, but also the 800,000 people who made up the kingdom. Would there be a named NPC classified as a genius among them?

'I can't be too greedy.'

Grid wanted a level of ordinary talent that could 'fit' in each field. If he could deploy the people efficiently, the labor shortage of the Overgeared Kingdom would be greatly resolved.

'I need to prepare my heart.'

Grid took a deep breath and rose from his throne.

"From now on, I will travel in disguise."

Hell had begun.

50 days passed.

Grid mixed in among the people and experienced two jobs every day. He served in a restaurant, cleaned a toilet, managed bedding, escorted someone as a guard, and performed secret missions for different guilds. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that he experienced most jobs in Reinhardt. Grid didn't realize it, but it was possible purely because he was Grid.

Think about it. How many players could perform all the tasks? For example, a player with a knight class wouldn't be able to perform secret missions for the Assassin's Guild. They didn't have the ability for it. But Grid had high stats and was overgeared.

It was easy to clear the secret mission of the Assassin's Guild using his high agility and the Hooded Zip Up. In the Magician's Guild mission, he used Magic Missile and Belial's Staff. He was also a big hit in the Tanker's Guild. The mission of 'tanking the enemy's attacks while escorting a peddler' was easily cleared. Grid had once tanked 100,000 enemies alone. Other ordinary tankers performing the quest said that 'a monster guard who surpasses Vantner has appeared.'

"Is Grid a munchkin?"

"Munchkin?" (TL: Generally used to describe players who play games in an overly competitive way. Rather than enjoy the game itself, they play the game for a certain goal, often at the expense of other people. In Korean novels, it means a fraudulently strong character who ignores the power balance.)

"A type of character in fantasy novels."

"..."

The Overgeared members wondered when they saw Grid's current situation. It was like Grid was playing a completely different game by himself. Grid had now become a fraudulent caricature. But Grid didn't think so.

'I'm still rising.'

He was a legend who glimpsed the myths, but he wasn't really a legend. What did this mean? The possibility of a myth class was opened up, but he was still incompetent compared to previous legends. He was incomplete. He wasn't yet one or the other. This was how Grid assessed himself.

'A bit more. No, a lot more.'

He would try and do his best. Grow further. He would become competent. Grid pledged while working in Reinhardt.

There were all types of rumors flying in Reinhardt for the 50 days he concealed his identity.

"A genius magician has emerged in Reinhardt."

"A genius assassin has emerged in Reinhardt..."

"A genius cleaner has emerged in Reinhardt..."

"A genius masseur..."

All the rumors were talking about Grid. Grid didn't know. The 50 days of rumors led to more players entering the Overgeared Kingdom. In particular, many people wanted to meet the masseur. Some people speculated that the person's skills were so excellent that the 'legendary masseur' class had appeared.

"This is the last one."

While Grid was performing the 50 day quest. Peak Sword was completing the mission that Grid gave him. The mission was in reality, not the game. It was to find the Dungeon Maker, Eat Spicy Jokbal. It was a very important mission.

"I have been eating only spicy jokbal all month..."

Peak Sword searched the Internet and found there were a total of 109 stores where spicy jokbal was available. There was a fairly large jokbal chain. Would he find a clue to the 'Dungeon Maker' in one of the 109 stores? Peak Sword spent a fortnight visiting jokbal stores and eating spicy jokbal every day. His lips were sore and his heartburn was driving him crazy.

"Welcome."

Haenam, South Jeolla Province. In the southernmost part of South Korea, there was a spicy jokbal store. It was a great distance from Seoul. Peak Sword grumbled as he entered the store and skillfully ordered spicy jokbal.

"One small spicy jokbal. Please add a bit of starch syrup to make it taste less sweet and stir fry it over a high heat."

"I understand."

This wasn't the type of person who ate spicy jokbal once or twice. The owner of the spicy jokbal store in Haenam noticed that Peak Sword was a gourmet. Then he started to cook the spicy jokbal. After a moment.

"Please enjoy."

The owner himself brought out the spicy jokbal. He seemed very confident in the taste. Peak Sword faced him and declared.

“Dark.”

“...?”

“Blood Carnival.”

"...???"

“Insane dragon egg.”

"...???"

Peak Sword observed the owner of the restaurant carefully every time he spoke. The owner would be the Dungeon Maker if he showed any shaky signs at all. But the owner wasn't shaken. He returned to the kitchen like Peak Sword was strange. A chill went down Peak Sword's spine.

“Not here either?”

He had visited 109 spicy jokbal stores all over the country and hadn't met the Dungeon Maker? In other words.

“The worst... Perhaps the Dungeon Maker that Grid spoke about isn't a person who runs a spicy jokbal store. He might just love spicy jokbal.”

Then would he have to go around to all 109 stores and ask them for a list of regulars?

“Ah, shit.”

Peak Sword ate all of the spicy jokbal and returned to his van. It was a luxury van with a Satisfy capsule installed. Peak Sword sat in the capsule and told his driver.

"Wake me up when we get home.”

“Yep.”

Bururung.

The van returned to Seoul. The owner of the spicy jokbal restaurant lit his cigarette and watched the van move away.

“Sigh... I moved to this faraway place, yet a demon still came. Grid, you really aren't an ordinary person. You're cruel and tenacious.”

It was fortunate that he looked different from his character in the game. The president of the spicy jokbal store was so relieved that he was sweating. He was panicked and seriously wondering if he should go abroad. At this moment, Peak Sword's van returned.

“Hey Boss.”

Dururuk.

Peak Sword opened the door of the van. He smiled at the owner of the spicy jokbal store, who was trying to maintain a calm expression.

"You're the Dungeon Maker, Eat Spicy Jokbal?"

"What do you mean?"

"Your restaurant doesn't have a TV. It's a characteristic of Satisfy players to neglect the TV."

"..."

"Boss, you don't watch TV and you don't even have a TV in your restaurant for customers. How about it? Isn't this reasoning worthy of the president of the Patriotic Association? I boast the excellent brain of someone who grew up eating soybean paste and kimchi."

"...Aren't there a few restaurants without a TV?"

"Yes, that's why I wasn't sure at first. But you're wearing sunglasses. Why would the owner of a spicy jokbal store wear sunglasses? You wanted to hide. It's your face. Right?"

"...Amazing. You're worthy of being the president of the Patriotic Society."

Flap.

The boss of the spicy jokbal store took off his apron. He couldn't avoid this situation and was ready to face it.

"Is it because Cork Island was destroyed by Blood Carnival? Bring it on. I'll deal with you."

He had been playing games since before Satisfy was released. The boss of the Haenam spicy jokbal store had a career of at least 10 years. He raised his fist confidently while Peak Sword felt confused.

"Does God Grid and the Overgeared Guild have such a narrow mindset? Don't make me laugh. We just wanted to meet you."

"What? You have no hard feelings towards the head of Blood Carnival?"

"It's something to be proud of. A South Korean was the head of a powerful force. I feel pride as president of the Patriotic Association. I'm a bit embarrassed that it's a vicious force."

"..."

"Then I'll be going. If you ever want to join the Overgeared Guild, feel free to contact me."

Peak Sword placed his business card in the store and left leisurely. He thought he was cool.

[Chapter 648](#)

Grid communicated to the Overgeared Guild everything he had seen and experienced on the East Continent. It was sharing information for the development of his forces. The Overgeared members tried to find out new and informative facts based on the information that Grid received.

The staff, led by Lael, grasped the power structure, politics, ideology, culture, economy, armed forces etc. and developed them into knowledge. There was also Garam and the yangbans.

"Grid evaluated Garam as a legend. Grid experienced it directly, so we can't disagree. But I have to say this. Can Garam exercise a force as strong as a great demon?"

"Of course. Grid said that Garam's attack and defense is far better than Belial. Instead, his health is lower than Belial. But in a one on one match, he will overwhelm Belial. At a minimum, he's equal to a great demon of a higher rank."

"My thoughts are different. I think that under any circumstances, a great demon is superior to the yangbans. Remember the hell field that Belial summoned? We had Demon Slayer Yura who disabled the hell. But from a general point of view, a hell was literally summoned."

"I think so as well. Belial was much stronger in the hell field. I think the yangbans will be the prey of the great demons, no matter how strong they are."

"In other words, the yangbans are more powerful than legendary players, but relatively weaker than great demons?"

"That also fits the balance. Think about it. The yangbans are the inhabitants of the Hwan Kingdom. Won't the ecosystem be a mess if the yangbans are stronger than great demons?"

"Right. The yangbans would clear out hell."

"Hrmm..."

Jishuka listened silently to the debate and turned her gaze to Han Seokbong.

"Han Seokbong, are you aware of the presence of great demons in the East Continent?"

"Of course. We also recognize the great demons as the greatest enemy of humanity."

"Then have the yangbans of the Hwan Kingdom fought against the great demons?"

"No. They don't deal directly with them. The Hwan Kingdom sealed the entrance of hell by placing the Blue Dragon Dao in the eastern Kaya Kingdom, the White Tiger Spear in the western Pa Kingdom, the Red Phoenix Bow in the southern Cho Kingdom, and the Black Tortoise Jewel in the northern Xing Kingdom.

"The sacred creature artifacts that Grid mentioned..."

"Look. Why did the Hwan Kingdom seal the entrance to hell? They don't have the power to repel the great demons. It doesn't make sense to speculate that the yangbans are stronger than great demons."

The atmosphere was in full swing.

"No, the Hwan Kingdom isn't doing this because it is powerless against the great demons. It's to preserve the value of the kingdom."

Lauel appeared in the meeting room.

"Value?"

It was a meaningful remark. Everyone listened to Lauel's words. It was the same for Han Seokbong. Lauel asked him.

"Isn't there a myth on the East Continent that the 'enemy who comes down to the ground will be blocked by the Hwan Kingdom and peace will fill the world'?"

"Heok? How did you know that?"

"Huhuhut, it's easy to guess."

Laue heard that the Hwan Kingdom had reigned like a god since the beginning of the East Continent. In other words, the other kingdoms had been serving the Hwan Kingdom since the beginning of the East Continent's history. It was a phenomenon that was possible because the Hwan Kingdom played a great role in the genesis of the East Continent. Laue was convinced.

"It's likely that the Hwan Kingdom recognizes the great demon as a 'fearful being' because it highlights the need for them. The East Continent believes that the Hwan Kingdom is necessary for peace and will continue to worship them."

"Then the reason the Hwan Kingdom doesn't repel the great demons is to keep their rice bowl, not because they're weak?"

"I think so. It's hard to imagine that they're weaker than the great demons when Grid likens them to a legend. In the first place, it's too simple for the end content to be hell."

Repel the great demons and bring peace to the world? It wasn't desirable. Satisfy's true history would begin the moment the great demons were punished. It would be a massive power struggle between players. Laue speculated that new stories would constantly be generated and that the Hwan Kingdom would become a variable.

'The S.A. Group is nasty.'

Well, whatever.

"It's good for us that the Hwan Kingdom isn't facing the great demons. The great demons are the prey of our Overgeared Kingdom. Kukukuk!"

"..."

Laue had a habit of covering half his face with his hand when he laughed. It was an effort to look as cool as possible. Han Seokbong couldn't understand this action at all.

"Why does that person cover his face every time he laughs?"

"...It's better that you don't know."

Jishuka smiled awkwardly at Han Seokbong's question. After hearing her answer, Han Seokbong decided it was better not to ask anymore. Sticks entered the meeting room while Laue was laughing. It was because Laue called him. Laue asked him a question.

"The return scroll to the West Continent. Can it be made to accommodate tens of thousands of people and bring back the people of Pangea?"

"Unfortunately, that's impossible. The big scroll I gave to Grid was made in the decades that I stayed in the Behen Archipelago."

"Decades... Will the production period be shortened if the number of people is lowered? In addition, it doesn't need to be across continents. Can't it be used as a strategic weapon on the West Continent?"

"What you want is a Mass Teleport scroll. It takes at least 15 years to create a Mass Teleport scroll. This is on the premise that I'm fully committed to the task."

"...Just quit."

There were many uses for Sage Sticks. It was too much for him to spend 15 years producing a Mass Teleport scroll.

"Let's put aside our worries about the Hwan Kingdom and yangbans for the moment. After all, we're on the West Continent, not the East Continent. Our current enemy is the empire."

It had been two months since they started offering a tribute to the Saharan Empire. The financial blow meant the Overgeared Kingdom stopped investing in businesses for two months. The Overgeared Kingdom's policy was to concentrate on agriculture so that the soldiers and people wouldn't starve.

Jishuka carefully opened her mouth.

"There's no future if this continues. Do we have no choice but to have an all-out war with the empire?"

The kingdom would be ruined soon if this continued. Everyone thought it would be better to fight and die in a cool way, rather than quietly being destroyed like slaves. Lauel agreed.

"Of course. We have to fight. But we won't be shedding our blood."

Lauel smiled widely. It was a bad smile that the past Grid often showed. Of course, it was reassuring when on the same side. What ulterior motive did he have? The Overgeared members were full of expectations while Lauel uttered unexpected words.

"I will dispatch a few elite troops, including Grid, to the Ares Army."

"What?"

"Ares?"

God of War Ares. He was the strongest unofficial ranker. It was estimated that he was stronger than sun grade and had several strong subordinates. This was a story learned from Kraugel not long ago. Kraugel said that he fought one of Ares' subordinates when he was still 1st on the rankings.

"Wait... Don't we need to keep the Ares Army in check? Why are we helping them?"

"You might think that the enemy of our enemy is our friend. But didn't the Ares Army lose to the empire two months ago and have many troops wiped out? Is it worth helping them?"

"Most of his lost forces have already been restored. According to the information given by Kraugel, one of Ares' best skills is Conscription."

"Conscription... Hmm, then what is our objective?"

"We will make Ares a king, form an alliance with him and work together to keep the empire in check. At present, Ares is staying in the Belto Kingdom, which is on the opposite side of the empire from the Overgeared Kingdom. We can press on the empire from both sides."

"We'll distribute the attention of the empire?"

“That’s correct. We’ll restore our national affairs when the empire’s surveillance weakens.”

“It’s a good idea. But what if we damage ourselves? Will we create another monster while trying to avoid a monster?”

“What can we do when the monster in front of us is about to eat us? In the first place, the Ares Army will naturally be a monster if left alone.”

Of course, that would only happen after a while.

“Even if it will advance at that time, it’s right to use it as a means to overcome our crisis. As long as the empire’s power is maintained, we will have a solid ally. In addition.” Lauel’s sly smile thickened. “It will be useful to gain information about the enemy in advance.”

“...”

“I will remind the people who will be sent in advance. Don’t expose any abilities that haven’t already been seen in front of the Ares Army. Hide 30% of your power and spy on the Ares Army members. Ah, King Grid must hide 60% of his power.”

Lauel believed that those sent to the Ares Army would gain more insights and grow further. There were many things to learn from the Ares Army.

“Believe in me. This operation will give us many gifts.”

[Supreme Ruler]

Rating: SSS

The strongest force related passive skill in addition to God’s Command and Domain.

Physical attack power is permanently increased by 20%, while all skills and magic are permanently increased by 10%.

With a basic attack, there is a 30% chance to double the damage.

Hunt one of the top 20 people in each occupation. The acquisition condition of the strongest passive skill ‘Supreme Ruler’ meant it was almost impossible to acquire. Of course, it was easy for Agnus.

“I have eaten a lot after gaining the Rune of Death... It’s useful in many ways.”

Agnus confirmed the performance of Supreme Ruler with a pleased expression. A whisper came to him when he was trying to resist the Mumud lich’s knife. It was a whisper from Veradin.

-You have obtained Supreme Ruler just now? Congratulations.

-Kikik, you are really like a ghost.

Veradin. A genius who had been compared to Lauel since the time of the 10 Rookies. Agnus was frankly surprised Veradin wanted to follow him. He didn’t know that there was someone in this world who wanted to serve him with his personality.

'At first, I thought he a noob trying to eat my crumbs.'

Agnus laughed as he recalled the past.

-Yes, I finally got it.It took an awfully long time.You begged me several times not to hunt the Overgeared members, so I had to find other prey.

-It's because the power of the Overgeared Kingdom is still unknown.

-This parrot-like bastard always says the same thing.How long do I have to do this?Why do I have to avoid those people?

-It's finished.

-Kik?

-Now is the time to announce your existence to the Overgeared Kingdom.Feel free to show off all your skills.All the shame you have endured is for today.

-...Kikik, what are you up to this time?

-I assure you, the Overgeared Kingdom will contact the Ares Army sooner or later.Both sides are being pushed to the edge of the cliff by the empire. They will ally because the empire is a common enemy.

Veradin had been exposed to the Overgeared Guild through the media and predicted Lauel's behavior. Agnus knew Veradin's predictions were always a hit.

-You will be on the side of the empire.It's a perfect chance to step on tough enemies at the same time.

"...Kil! Kikikik!"

Agnus was smiling from ear to ear. His shoulders shook and he muttered.

"It was fun playing with Kraugel..."

He hoped that they would be interesting and make him forget his terrible life.

Agnus' golden eyes shone strangely.

Baal's Contractor. It was a conflict with a madman who would be against Grid forever.

[Chapter 649](#)

Yura couldn't forget the wonder that she felt the first time she met Grid. She had been 5th in the overall rankings. He was the man who stood up against the onslaught of one of the best among two billion users. His first impression was more intense than when she met Kraugel.

'At that moment, he was imprinted on me.'

Yura became conscious of Grid more than was necessary. Without knowing it, she followed Grid's steps with her eyes and ears. In the process, she felt a strange attraction to Grid. Unlike other men, Grid didn't look at her appearance or money. He saw the person called 'Yura.' The flavor of the bulgogi that she ate at the restaurant he took her to still lingered in her mouth.

“Yura?”

“Ah.”

Yura was planning an expedition to hell in order to obtain the hidden pieces of a Demon Slayer. She made all her preparations and regained her spirit in front of the gate.

Lael laughed. "You seem to be nervous about the long expedition in front of you. Don't worry. You will do well, as always."

"I don't know if I should leave when the kingdom is in a crisis."

In fact, Yura wanted to solve the dispute with the empire. She wanted to add her strength. But Lael urged her to go to hell as soon as possible.

“Believe in us. We can get through the hardships. Of course, it doesn't mean we don't need your strength. I'm confident that your value will be higher than Grid or Kraugel in the future. I won't hold your ankle in order for that day to arrive faster.”

The items and titles dropped when Belial died were enormous. In particular, she dropped myth rated items. Lael anticipated that all the great demons were likely to drop myth rated items. In other words, the power of the Overgeared Guild would rise exponentially every time a great demon was raided. In order to raid a great demon, Yura's power was absolutely necessary.

“The woman called Sua is as beautiful and wise as Irene. Youngwoo-ssi would like her.”

Prior to entering the gate, Yura expressed the anxiety that she had been trying to bury. She didn't realize it, but it was jealousy. She was anxious and irritated that Grid would continue to have good relationships with other women. She resented that Grid didn't pay any attention to her and found her unattractive.

Lael smiled at Yura.

"You are more beautiful and wiser than both Irene and Sua. Don't watch them. They are only fleeting existences that can't be tied to the real Grid."

The real Grid. It meant Shin Youngwoo in reality. Yura's snow white cheeks became painted in pink.

“I don't think I will be with Youngwoo-ssi...”

No. So what if she liked Grid? Grid didn't have any interest in her. Yura looked down in shame while Lael became sad.

‘Even a woman loved by all men isn't liked by the person she loves.’

He didn't know it, but love was really heard. There were many solo people, including Peak Sword and Vantner. Last year, they spent Christmas alone and they would be spending the summer vacation alone this year. It was ironic that Yura, one of the world's best beauties, belonged to this category.

“Then I'm going.”

Yura took a deep breath and stepped into the gate to hell. Several months after the Belial raid. She had worked hard to become qualified to enter hell.

Lauel sincerely cheered her on. "Come back after obtaining what you want."

"Haha... You looked like a beginner, so I didn't think you would do such a great job. You aren't afraid of shovelling poop and you are too skilled, like you were born for it."

"I was born to be shovelling poop...? Ah really... You are too much."

"No, I'm not exaggerating. My words are sincere."

"Haha, well, aren't we all subjects of King Grid? Of course I will be competent."

"Kelkel! There are good people under a great king! Right, right! Everyone in the Overgeared Kingdom is capable. Kelkelkelkel!"

"Hahahahat!"

Reinhardt, the capital of the Eternal Kingdom, was reset after the Overgeared Kingdom was formed. This included the level of most facilities. As with any game, it was a natural penalty. That's why the sewage facilities of Reinhardt were only level 2. The job of cleaning up poop was widespread. This was one of Lauel's methods to create as many jobs as possible, but the ordinary people didn't know this.

A young man was cheerfully gossiping with his fellow workers while shovelling poop. He was Grid. He had been experiencing the lives of the people for the last 50 days. He actively engaged in propaganda activities that were only possible after penetrating deeply into the lives of the people.

[You have completed 100 types of job experiences.]

[Your understanding of the people has deepened.]

[The King's Role (1) quest is linked to the King's Role (2) quest.]

[Your level isn't high enough to perform the King's Role (2) quest yet. The King's Role (2) quest will open at level 350.]

[The production method for the King's Sword has been obtained as a reward for clearing the quest.]

[Production Method: The King's Sword]

Rating: Unique

You can learn how to make the King's Sword.

Learning Condition: King Grid.

"Then I'm going now."

Grid said goodbye to the workers he spent half a day with. He entered an alleyway and gritted his teeth.

'My guess was right.'

The condition for learning how to make the King's Sword... Grid's mood fell as he looked at it.

'I'm the only one who can learn it.'

It wasn't good. This suggested that the rewards for the King quests varied depending on the player.

'I got the production method as a reward because my class is classified as a blacksmith.

The reward for the King's Role (1) for players of other classes as likely to be a 'perfect King's Sword.' Grid thought it was unfair.

'Isn't it a loss for me?'

He couldn't use the sword except when carrying out his duties as a king. It was meaningless to make several of them. Grid acquired the production method as a blacksmith, which meant he had to invest time and money into making it. He was hurting alone while other kings would get the sword when they completed the quest.

'It feels like the damages will become greater as the King quest progresses.'

As an extreme example, suppose that Ares was on the throne. His class was a general. The rewards he would gain from the King quests were likely to be associated with a growth in military power. Meanwhile, Grid was likely to receive compensation as a blacksmith.

'It's too much damage for the King quests.'

Why was he was a blacksmith? Grid mourned for a long time. He placed his forehead on the wall in frustration and heard some voices.

"That man is shitting..."

"Oh my, his clothes are covered in poop. It must be annoying."

"Let us help you."

"We will feed you a bowl of hot soup and take care of you at home."

The shaking Grid couldn't help smiling. The world in which he lived was cruel to the weak. It didn't matter if it was reality or the game. Most people ignored or laughed when they saw someone below them. But the people of Overgeared didn't do this. Grid was currently wearing beginner's clothing that were covered in poop. However, they didn't laugh and were worried about him.

Grid felt pride rising in his chest.

'The Overgeared Kingdom is educating the people very well.'

Don't judge a person by their outward appearance. Help those having hard times. Don't ignore or feel contempt for the weak.

Lauel and the Overgeared members preached this to the people out of consideration for Grid's past. The Overgeared members knew what type of life Grid had lived. They didn't want to make a second or third Grid in the Overgeared Kingdom and this increased the value of the kingdom.

'New users who start the game in the Overgeared Kingdom will be able to enjoy themselves without being humiliated or insulted.'

Grid's expectations were right on target. In fact, new users tended to point to the Overgeared Kingdom as the best place to start. It was because they were rarely subjected to personal insults when receiving quests in the Overgeared Kingdom, unlike the other kingdoms. The existing NPC kingdoms reflected real society so well that they were unfriendly to beginners, while the Overgeared Kingdom was a utopia for beginners.

Of course, it was also true for those who were perfectly qualified. The people of the Overgeared Kingdom were much more considerate and kind compared to people of other nations. The people of the Overgeared Kingdom weren't lazy.

-Have you cleared the King's quest by now?

Grid received a whisper as he wore a hood and returned to the palace. It was a whisper from Lael. Grid clicked his tongue.

-You're like a ghost. How did you know to send me a whisper at this time?

-I have been with you for over two years in real time. I use my genius brain and capabilities from all my reincarnations to grasp the situation of Your Majesty by taking into account your personality and power. Kuk!Kukuk!

-...So what did you need?

-I have organized the personnel to be sent to the Ares Army. Please review the list and tell me if there are any problems.

-Who?

-Your Majesty, Duke Jishuka, Earl Pon, Earl Regas, and Earl Euphemina.

Only five people. Wasn't the number too small to support the forces who were trying to take over a kingdom? It wasn't strange to have this question from a normal point of view. But Grid was well aware of the abilities of the Overgeared members and thought differently.

-Great.

Jishuka was the owner of the Red Phoenix Bow. Her combat power in a war was far beyond Grid and Kraugel. It was the best among two billion users. The fighting point of Spear Knight Pon and Asura Regas was also obvious. In the days when Grid was the lord of Reidan, it was hard to predict a 100% chance of victory when he fought them. He was only 90% confident. Now they had grown and their capabilities were incomparable to that time. They were called the double chariots of Overgeared.

Finally, there was Euphemina. The qualifier to describe her was still the same. The conditional strongest. Her destructive power was unmatched when she copied a sufficient number of skills. In particular, she received the Mumud's Soul Liberation quest and was seeking to become Mumud's Descendant. She was much more powerful than before now that she could use Mumud's water magic and non-attribute magic, and her potential was at the myth level.

-It's reassuring if this much power is sent to the Ares Army.

-Yes, even Ares will welcome you with both arms wide open. Huhut...Oh, just.

-Just?

-There is little known about Euphemina. In fact, Euphemina didn't play a large role in the Eternal war and Belial raid.

It couldn't be helped. Since the war lasted a long time, Euphemina constantly consumed skills and gradually weakened, lowering her impact.

-Maybe the Ares Army won't treat her well. Euphemina might be offended and Your Majesty will have to soothe her.

-Treat Euphemina as a girl.

-Uh, yes. I will take care of her.

Just like she was a little sister.

Grid suddenly thought about Sehee.

-What are Sexy Schoolgirl and Ruby doing these days?

-They are still looking after the people. They are helping with quests, but also raising their level and gaining rewards. The two of them are growing steadily, so don't worry.

[Chapter 650](#)

Of course, the majority of unofficial rankers were anonymous. In the wide world of Satisfy, there were people who intentionally concealed their existences and weren't known to the public. Yes, Ares was no exception. He might be recognized by the Overgeared members, but he was unknown to ordinary players.

The Belto Kingdom. The size of the economy and the actual land made it the smallest kingdom on the far east of the West Continent. There were no clear advantages to staying here, so the Ares Army's secrecy was guaranteed. However.

"The Overgeared Kingdom has proposed an alliance. They will help us take control of the Belto Kingdom and strengthen our power against the empire."

"...?"

The Overgeared Guild was aware of their army? They even knew that Ares was aiming for the Belto Kingdom? The staff members called by Ares were surprised. But it only a portion of them. The majority of people were numb.

"It's no wonder that the Overgeared Guild knows about us."

"There's a rumor that there's a special relationship between Grid and Kraugel. Kraugel leaked our information to the Overgeared Guild."

"You shouldn't accept the Overgeared Guild's alliance offer. They're using an excuse to stop us from hunting Kraugel."

"Does the Overgeared Guild even know that we are hunting Kraugel? Surely Kraugel wouldn't run to Grid for help? I can't imagine it."

"I have the same idea. The Overgeared Guild's alliance offer is irrelevant to Kraugel. The Overgeared Guild wants something else."

"We have to determine their real intention before deciding if we should accept the alliance offer or not. We should be in an advantageous position."

Ares stayed silent while his chief staff members talked. Making his subordinates feel free to express their opinions without worrying about their positions, this was the best way for making an ideal choice on comprehensive issues. It was one of Ares' biggest strengths.

"Do you know that the Red Knights returned to the empire after winning the war against the Belto Kingdom and stabilizing the rear?"

"..."

Scott, one of Ares' closest aides, opened his mouth and the crowd fell silent. Everyone's attention was focused on what Scott was saying.

"It's very likely that the empire's gaze is flowing back to the Overgeared Kingdom. The Overgeared Kingdom is under pressure from the empire. They offered us an alliance in order to save themselves."

"Then the Overgeared Kingdom offered us an alliance because..."

"Do they mean to help us cause a disturbance in the rear of the empire and grow during that gap?"

"It's the most natural reason."

"Um."

The silent Ares finally nodded. It was a gesture that showed he agreed with Scott.

"The Overgeared Guild proposed an alliance with the intention of 'helping' us, but it's actually the Overgeared Guild that needs help."

The Belto Kingdom was defeated in the war and had already dropped from the empire's interest. Ares wasn't in a hurry. He used his duke's position in the Belto Kingdom to steadily build up his forces. He would look for a chance to overthrow the royal family and seize the Belto Kingdom.

'Yes, I don't need the Overgeared Guild's help.'

Of course, it would be much faster to swallow up the Belto Kingdom if he had the Overgeared Guild's help. But Ares' ultimate targets included the Overgeared Guild. Helping the Overgeared Guild would just end up nurturing the enemy.

"I will reject the alliance offer."

The moment that Ares made this decision.

"Ares! Ares!"

Ares' other closest aide, Luck, rushed into the meeting room. He said that the meeting was boring and went hunting. Now everyone was curious about why he was making a fuss.

"What's going on?"

Scott asked instead of Ares.

"The royal army is advancing here!"

"What?"

Ares was able to rise to the position of a duke in the Belto Kingdom because he showed great loyalty. On the surface, Ares was the loyalist person in the Belto Kingdom. It was natural for the king and royal family to trust Ares. So why was an army dispatched?

What was this situation all of a sudden? There was an uproar in the meeting room due to the unexpected situation. In the midst of the chaos, Ares and Scott were gritting their teeth.

'It's clearly Lauel's ploy.'

The Overgeared Kingdom was created with Grid's power and Lauel's brains. Lauel's intelligence was acknowledged by the whole world, and it was the same with Ares and Scott.

"Ares, it's clear that Lauel drove a wedge between us and the royal family."

"I know. It's to force the alliance."

"What? The current situation was induced by the Overgeared Guild?"

"Disgraceful! Never accept the alliance!"

A chief staff member shouted in agitation after hearing the conversation between Ares and Scott. In particular, Luck's face was extremely red. He was the one who competed with Kraugel. He persisted in hunting Kraugel after Kraugel's level was reset and now he felt furious at the Overgeared Guild.

"After overcoming this and taking control of the Belto Kingdom, shall we go straight to the Overgeared Kingdom?"

Scott soothed the agitated Luck.

"No, it's impossible. We can't beat the royal family with our current power."

The Belto Kingdom might be small, but the level of their army was enormous. It was all Ares' merits. In the meantime, the Ares Army had fostered a militia and systematic military organization in order to gain the trust of the Belto royal family. It was also a means of building up strength against the empire. Now the efforts of the past was a poison against them. They were furious but what could they do?

"Accept the Overgeared Guild's proposal."

Scott started to persuade Ares.

"Isn't it better to worry about the enemy in front of us rather than the enemy of the future?"

"..."

Of course Ares knew this. But he was unwilling. His pride was hurt at moving in accordance with the intentions of others.

“You will someday pay back today’s disgrace. The chance will come if you take control of the Belto Kingdom and find stability.”

“...It can’t be helped.”

Under Scott’s continued persuasion, Ares finally made a decision. In the first place, he wasn’t someone who would make a foolish decision due to his pride.

“I will accept the alliance offer.”

The Belto Kingdom. The royal army that entered the Ares Duchy was divided into eight branches. The dust rising like a storm and the sharp screams from all directions caused Grid to frown in the sky.

-Isn’t there an answer yet?

Grid observed the ground and sent an impatient whisper. It was regrettable watching the NPC residents die without being able to do anything. Lauel replied to Grid’s whisper.

-Ares will have no choice but to accept our offer. You don’t have to worry. Sooner or later, an answer will come.

-That’s the problem.

Lauel had designed the situation so that the royal army attacked the Ares Duchy. Ares was pushed to the brink and had to accept the alliance. Grid didn’t like it.

-Can we trust this type of alliance?

-In the first place, we can never be friends with Ares. Their ambition is far too big and can’t coexist with us. Strictly speaking, this is a short-term business relationship. There is no need to question its validity.

-...Hmm.

Nevertheless, the sight of innocent NPCs being slaughtered was painful. The residents of the Ares Duchy were being slaughtered by the royal army without understanding the situation. The Belto Kingdom had defined all the residents of the Ares Duchy as accomplices of Ares.

‘They can’t neglect the potential risks.’

Every person had their own reasons. Grid was calming his mind when Lauel’s whisper arrived.

-Ares has accepted the alliance. However, a condition is attached. They asked the Overgeared Guild to stop two out of the eight branches of the royal army. Stop their advance for three days until the main force that has been sent elsewhere for training arrives.

-Isn’t this the shit that we made?

-They want to test the skills of our allies.

-Didn't you tell me not to expose my skills?

-Yes, it's dangerous to expose all your power to a potential enemy. Use only the skills that you showed during the Belial raid.

A smile appeared on Grid's face.

-Then I will handle two of the enemy branches.

-...No, you just need to grab their ankles for three days...Your Majesty?Your Majesty??Sir?

"I was suspicious of Ares from the beginning."

Duke Vanish. He was originally the greatest power in the Belto Kingdom. But in the process of Ares emerging like a comet and ascending to the position of duke, he lost a lot of power. The royal family, the officials, and the people. Everyone appreciated Duke Ares more than Duke Vanish. Duke Vanish could only watch as Duke Ares expanded his forces. Duke Vanish's sense of loss was very large. The power that he was able to enjoy due to his family being loyal to the Belto Kingdom for generations was lost to a stone who came rolling in one day.

But it was virtually impossible for him to keep Ares in check. Ares was too capable. His military talent was so great that the Belto Kingdom's weak military power grew by leaps and bounds in just three years. If there wasn't the empire in the middle, the Belto Kingdom would be able to expand its power by targeting other kingdoms.

'It doesn't make sense that such a great person is loyal to a small kingdom like ours.'

Even the Saharan Empire would want such talent. Then why was Ares loyal to the Belto Kingdom? Duke Vanish felt great doubts. That's why he was glad about the news that arrived a few days ago. Duke Ares' ultimate goal was the capture of the Belto Kingdom.

There was credible evidence in the anonymous report. It was the military trend of the Ares Duchy. The army deployed by Duke Ares was able to advance to the capital at any time. In addition, they were practicing war strategies in a city that recreated the structure of the capital. It was a military exercise intended to take control of the capital.

Duke Vanish reported this to the king, and the king, who was extremely furious due to his high trust in Duke Ares, ordered Duke Vanish to invade the Ares Duchy straight away. He even had the support of the royal army!

"Can he stop the 10,000 troops?"

The strength of the royal family was different in dimension. They were active and grew in the war against the empire. On the other hand, Ares lost a considerable amount of troops in the war against the empire. Now he didn't have the power to confront the royal army.

"Kukuk... Kuhahaha! Smash them! Burn the land that Ares stepped on and destroy all the facilities that Ares touched! Remove the Ares Duchy from the map!"

"Waaahhhhhhh!"

Duke Vanish was giddy with joy as the royal army advanced with no obstacles. The army divided into eight branches in order to burn all of the Ares Duchy. No one was able to stop it. No, he thought they couldn't be stopped.