

Overgeared 741

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'It's difficult to adjust to this body.'

Hao was a martial artist ahead of being a high ranker. In reality, he was a monster who practiced martial arts around the world to the limit. He had a transcendent body in Satisfy and the real world. Thus, he was forced to feel a lot of dissatisfaction with the newly granted body in Battlefield.

It was a rotten body equivalent to a level 10 character in Satisfy. Heavy, slow, and weak. Hao's perception was already far away while his body was still in place. Hao filled that his whole body was covered with shackles. He was shocked that he wasn't even aware someone was watching him.

'But.'

Hao thought. This unreasonable situation, it wasn't just him. All other participants were experiencing the same thing. He wasn't the only one disadvantaged. It was an equal situation. Hao tried to identify the man in front of him.

'It isn't Kraugel.'

Kraugel was the strongest person that even Hao envied. It was absurd that such a person would say that they wanted to test their abilities. Hao identified the blunt weapon in the man's hands and thought of a few people.

'Damian, Vantner, Toban, Bubat, Shane, Ronam...'

They were the rankers who focused on blunt weapons. Among them, Damian favored the sword. But he was a paladin, so he was probably used to blunt weapons. Hao thought about it and came to a conclusion.

'Damian.'

Hao decided since Vantner, Toban, Bubat, Shane, and Ronam were two or three levels below him. He was sure that this was the truth.

'If they saw my skills, they wouldn't dare come forward.'

On the other hand, Damian was different. Damian, one of the few people who played a close match with Grid in the last National Competition, was Hao's competitor.

'But that's in Satisfy.'

In Satisfy, Damian reigned as the pope. As the pope, his skills composition was beyond the realm of a player. Hao couldn't guarantee victory. But this was Battlefield. This was a separate world where he didn't need to be afraid of Damian's fraudulent skills.

'If we fight under the same conditions, I will definitely be superior.'

Supak!

Hao promised and moved the spear in a straight line. It was the basic thrust of the spear. Hao had steadily trained in the sword for 20 years, but he also had considerable skill with the spear. Moreover, he had Weapons Mastery and often used the spear in Satisfy. He was able to use spear techniques with a lot of difficulty.

Then why use a basic thrust? Difficult techniques would just grab his ankles. Hao judged that it was counterproductive in his present body. It would just expose gaps. Thus, he decided to rely on the most familiar and efficient basic operations. The result?

Puok!

Hao's basic thrust was very powerful. Hao guessed that his opponent was Damian. In other words, Hao's spear pierced Grid's chest. Grid couldn't respond to Hao's spear, which moved through the shortest route. Grid recognize that Hao's spear was coming almost at the same time that Hao's spear reached Grid's chest.

'This is my chance!'

Hao immediately withdrew the spear. He wanted to accumulate damage with continuous stabs. But he couldn't pull the spear back. It was because Grid moved forward the moment Hao started to retrieve the spear. The distance between Grid and Hao narrowed in an instant. It was a distance where Grid's blunt weapon could be effective.

Peng!

Grid rush and the blunt weapon narrowly brushed by Hao's head.

'Once again, a non-threatening action won't stop the enemy from attacking.'

As he listened to the ringing in his ears, Hao felt pity that he could only deal fixed damage. Normally, that attack would be enough to threaten the opponent's life. But how could the opponent in front of him be so brave?

Puuok!

Hao avoided Grid's attack and retreated, security a safe distance for the spear. Then he stabbed without hesitation. Grid was hit again as he rushed forward.

Peng!

Grid's blunt weapon once again brushed by Hao's face. This time, he twisted his body to avoid Grid's attack. He turned his spear to recover. Once his waist was back in its original position, he wielded it again.

Pakak!

Hao's spear struck Grid's forearm! Grid accumulated 3 damage in an instant.

'Vantner or Toban?'

The level was lower than expected. Hao realized that his opponent wasn't Damian and the audience sighed.

-Ah...He couldn't even hit Hao once while he was hit three times.

-The result is too obvious.What is Grid thinking?

-A fool mistakenly gained courage and his illusion was dissipated.

-That's the current Grid.

The audience clearly saw Grid's talent and thought that Grid was stupid and frustrating to challenge Hao. Did Grid upset himself with unfounded self-confidence? Was he crazy or stupid? The moment everyone thought this.

Cheook!

Grid was hit in the forearm with Hao's spear. Hao retreated to reclaim the spear again. Then Grid moved to the left and right in front of Hao. The movement was too ludicrous to be simple evasive action. It was like a dance. At that moment.

'These movements...!'

Hao's eyes widened.

-Eh...?

-Isn't this vaguely familiar?

The viewers felt something strange. Then Grid's blunt weapon struck once.

Peng!

The second blow.

Peeng!

The third blow.

Kwajak!

Hao allowed several blows. On the other hand, Grid avoided all of Hao's stabs. It was the side to side movement of Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link, performed by a level 10 character.

"Grid...!"

Hao shouted in a trembling voice after finding out who he was fighting with.

Grid retorted.

"It's best with behavior the body is familiar with. Right?"

Grid became familiar with Hao's basic motions of stabbing and used the Pagma's Swordsmanship that he was accustomed to. Pagma's sword dance had been used repeatedly over the years and was the 'base' of Grid. Grid reminded himself. Unlike other skills that could be activated just by crying out the skill name, this damn skill had the disadvantage of going through a 'process' before Pagma's Swordsmanship could be used.

The experience he had in Satisfy was shown here in Battlefield. The unavoidable accumulation of experience was sublimated into a powerful weapon at this moment.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

Grid started moving again. It was the skilled footwork that had been repeated hundreds of thousands of times. The moves he used to approach Hao weren’t ordinary. It was evasive and charging forward. Therefore, Hao shrank back. Hao’s excellent eyes grabbed his ankles at this moment.

“Kill!”

Peeng!

A technique that rushed towards the target while raising the killing intent. Unlike Satisfy, the damage was only 1. However, the momentum expressed was scary. Hao forgot that this was Battlefield and sensed his death. But it was only an illusion.

[You have suffered 1 damage.]

“Kuk...!”

He forgot to breathe as he was beaten by Grid’s attacks. The notification window reminded Hao of reality. He recovered his composure. But Grid already had the momentum.

“Endless Pagma’s Swordsmanship!”

No mana consumption! No cooldown! Grid didn’t rest but kept moving. He used the footwork for Link, Kill, Wave, Pinnacle, and Revolve. He started to avoid, attack, and counterattack. Finally.

Peok!

Puk!

Jjejejeok!

Grid’s attacks now hit once every three attempts while Hao’s attacks fell to one hit every three attempts. The situation of the two people was temporarily the same. The commentators and viewers couldn’t close their mouths as they watched the fierce fight.

-Grid and Hao are even...

-Is this a dragon fight?

-Wow, Grid is cool.He’s the best even without items.

-Where are all the people saying that Grid’s skills are only because of items?

-Grid has proved it.

-How he managed to get recognized as a legend.How he became king and how he got into the Hall of Fame.

He showed his experience winning, losing, fighting strong enemies, and winning to the world as he fought Hao. He was also a high ranker!

“Uraaaaaat!”

“Ugh...!”

Peng!

Peng!Pepeng!

Was he too excited? Grid roared like a beast and kept wielding the blunt weapon. In order to make sure that Hao couldn't use the long reach of a spear, Grid got up close and used the threatening nature of the blunt weapon. Due to the thick end, it was difficult to completely avoid the blunt weapon and it boasted a relatively wide attack range.

'It truly is Grid...!'

Grid was already acknowledged by Hao since the 2nd National Competition. He praised Grid so much that he probably would've followed Grid if he hadn't met Kraugel first. But he didn't give up.

'He has fully grasped the use of the blunt weapon with his natural talent.'

Hao's gaze temporarily moved away from Grid to behind Grid. It was the side of the cabin. Since they started fighting, Grid had been backing up towards the cabin.

'I made a sufficient gap in the beginning. In the end, I will be victorious. But it is difficult to suffer from this damage.'

Hao's eyes were caught by the long sword dropped by the competitor he previously defeated. It was at the side of the cabin entrance. Hao decided that if he could get the sword, he would be able to fight against Grid in a melee. He believed he could overpower Grid without any more damage. He was much more accustomed to a sword than a spear in the first place. However, there was a problem.

“Why do you think our positions have changed this way?”

Grid was aiming for the sword from the beginning. Grid was approaching the side of the cabin because Grid guided it this way. On the other hand, Hao had only recently become obsessed with the sword. At first, he didn't even care about the sword. He was confident that he could overpower the opponent with just a spear. His brow furrowed.

Grid opened the distance from Hao and picked up the sword! He laughed at the despairing Hao and opened the scripture in his other hand.

At the same time.

Shaaaaah-

Light covered Grid's body and his health was restored. Even here, it was the power of items.

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'What?'

As soon as Grid pulled out the blue booklet, Hao got goosebumps. He knew what the identity of this book was.

'Scripture...!'

Swaaaaah.

Grid's body was surrounded by light. The wounds that proved the fierceness of the battle disappeared like a lie. Hao's eyes shook.

'He selected a cleric?'

In the character selection value, Hao saw the cleric's value as low. A magician exerted a unique attack power after getting a magic wand, while a producer could make bows and arrows themselves. Both were excellent classes. In particular, Hao thought that Grid would choose the producer class. It was a speculation considering his identity as a legendary blacksmith. Yet he was a cleric?

Hao gulped.

'Grid, did you know from the beginning?'

In the character selection window, Hao saw the cleric as a bad class. Immediately after entering the battlefield, he realized after seeing that there were dozens of shrines on the mini-map. In fact, the cleric was the class with the greatest potential. Why? The scriptures, which he thought relied on pure luck, were actually items that could be secured strategically. If a cleric secured a large number of scriptures, Hao predicted that the cleric would be the greatest hurdle.

But he didn't worry much. He was sure that no one among the high rankers would choose a cleric.

'I don't anyone would've realized that the scriptures can be secured so easily just by looking at the character description.'

The scriptures were described as being all over the map. There was no explanation that it could be secured in a specific area. The other rankers were likely to evaluate a cleric lowly. But Grid was different. He selected a cleric.

'Grid, you read a few steps into the future. Indeed, you are the person that I acknowledge. I can only say that you are great.'

Hao was impressed and thrilled. Now he had 7 health left. On the other hand, Grid read the scripture and had 15 health.

'I need to hit him 15 times.'

The situation had become worse. The word 'defeat' entered Hao's head. However, Hao didn't know how to give up.

'There's still a chance. The possibility that Grid has secured two scriptures is very unlikely.'

He had to do two or three hits for every time he got hit! Hao held his spear and raised his concentration to the extremes. He had already become accustomed to Pagma's Swordsmanship.

'Grid turns when he uses Link and Wave, while he can respond with a faster thrust when he uses Kill. He doesn't attack when using the footwork of Revolve and will narrow the distance when he uses Pinnacle.'

Hao was a person who was praised as the master of fighting. His ability to identify the enemy's strengths and weaknesses and reverse the situation were excellent. He had excellent analytical abilities and improvisation so it wasn't difficult for him to grasp Pagma's Swordsmanship. Hao believed that he could observe the direction of Grid's feet during the sword dance and cope with it, allowing him to easily win.

At that moment.

Teong!

Grid stepped forward. The weight on his leg was different from simply moving. It was the precursor of Kill and Pinnacle.

Hao quickly identified it and moved his right foot backwards. He watched clearly how Grid's feet moved and took preliminary actions to cope with a stab or avoidance. At this point, Grid moved forward again. He narrowed the distance to Hao more than necessary.

'Pinnacle!'

Hao detected it! Hao didn't want to confront it with his low health and took one step back. He chose to take evasive action. At the same time.

Sakak-!

Grid's sword moved through the area where Hao had just been standing. It was an attack with more sharpness compared to using blunt weapons. A smile appeared on Hao's mouth.

'Now!'

It was time to counterattack. Hao moved his right foot in a wide manner. The spear in his hand stretched out like a flash. It was aimed precisely at Grid's heart. Hao was confident that he would completely stab Grid. But at that moment, Grid's sword falling towards the ground stopped in the air. The moment Hao came closer to Grid, the descending strike was converted into a stab.

Pinnacle Kill.

'What?'

Puk!

Hao's spear stabbed at Grid's chest.

Puooook!

Grid's sword pierced Hao's heart. Of course, Grid was faster. Before Hao could reclaim the spear, Grid retrieved the sword and attacked a second time. It was possible because the length of the sword was shorter than the spear.

Seokeok!

"Kuk...!"

Hao's shoulder was cut. Grid recovered his sword again and Hao, who already finished retrieving his spear, belatedly struck a second time. Hao tried to maintain his composure. If he could hit two more

times, they would return to the starting point. Therefore, he decided not to fret. However, Hao's second blow didn't hit.

Jjejeong!

Just before Hao's spear reached his chest. Grid turned his sword in the air and blocked Hao's spear. Revolve.

'What happened?'

Hao's eyes twitched. Not only did Grid's swordsmanship become more diverse, but it was surprising since it was linked at a faster timing than before. It might be a small change when other people saw it. But in Hao's case, he was directly dealing with Grid and Grid seemed to have been transformed into a different person.

Hao was confused.

"Sword dance, sword dance. It is no wonder that a sword is more appropriate for it than a blunt weapon."

Grid informed him of the situation. That's right. Grid changed the moment he switched from a blunt weapon to a sword. Now he was showing off his true talent.

'I can't lose with a sword!'

From the beginning, Grid saw Hao as a tough opponent. Thus, he was keenly looking for a sword from the moment the battle began. On the other hand, Hao saw Grid as below him. He wasn't obsessed with the sword at first.

'This is the result of carelessness!'

Hao realized the difference between himself and Grid. Grid was humble, while Hao was arrogant. This difference showed in the current results. Hao thought so. But the reality was somewhat different. Hao used various weapons thanks to Weapons Mastery. He was skilled with all weapons because of his excellent talent. That's why he wasn't obsessed with a specific weapon. On the other hand, Grid had no talent like Hao. He used a variety of weapons but he wasn't accustomed to weapons other than swords. Therefore, he had no confidence with other weapons. This was why he was so obsessed with the sword.

One who had talent and one who had not. The two of them were divided here. It wasn't because Grid was humble. It was a truth that no one knew.

'I can't win.'

Hao judged. He sensed it the moment Grid used two sword dances in a row.

'Achieving such complicated sword dances with the stats of this body... His talent is comparable to Kraugel.'

The difference between heaven and earth! Hao was enlightened and abandoned the weapon on his hand.

"I lost. Kill me."

“Huh?” Grid was confused when his opponent surrendered at the end. “Why are you surrendering? Shouldn’t you accumulate as much damage on me as possible, even if you lose?”

“I would’ve done this if I hated you.”

Hao had a great liking for Grid. That’s why he visited South Korea. He didn’t want to cause damage to Grid by fighting to the end. He wanted to cheer on Grid rather than grab at Grid’s ankle. Grid noticed his heart and smiled.

“You are truly Pon. Thank you.”

“...”

This guy, he still didn’t know Hao’s identity despite fighting for so long? Hao became frustrated once he realized how weak his presence was.

‘My skills are lacking.’

Hao was once Grid’s enemy. If Grid had been impressed by Hao, it would’ve been possible for him to identify Hao in this match. But Grid didn’t know Hao’s identity. It meant Hao didn’t leave an intense impression on Grid. Hao blamed himself for being lacking. But it wasn’t true. The reason why Grid mistook Hao as Pon wasn’t because he trivialized Hao’s ability. It was the opposite.

"How about it? You are Pon right? Only Pon can use the spear in such an amazing manner."

“...Haha, I am Hao.”

A big smile appeared on Hao’s face.

-Hao is pathetic!

-Surrendering without fighting to the end...!It’s the disgrace of a great nation!

The Chinese viewers were indignant. The top ranker of China was defeated by the ranker of a ‘small country.’

-Hao should be banished forever from China!

-Right!It is unacceptable for a representative of 1.5 billion people to kneel to a Korean representative!The entire world is watching as China surrenders to South Korea!It’s an absolute disgrace!!!

-Banish Hao!

-Send him to the trash!

The Internet was in chaos. The Chinese people were angry on various communities and social networks. Of course, this wasn’t all Chinese people. But some people disgraced the country of China with their selfishness and arrogance.

-I pity Hao.

-Yes.How many medals has Hao obtained for China so far...One result has caused him to be called a complete traitor.

-Aren't they particularly sensitive because Grid is Korean?The Chinese seem to ignore South Korea quite a bit.

-Why are they taking the competition between Grid and Hao like the competition between South Korea and China?It's a solo exhibition anyway.

-That's right.What does a person's nationality matter?

The moment when netizens of each country were accusing some of the Chinese netizens, the Korean netizens felt a great deal of pleasure.

-God Grid alone can turn the continent upside down. ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ Really amazing.

-South Koreans seemed to be genetically excellent.Our population isn't high, but one person in each field is always unique.

-Ah, I really like Grid.Thanks to Grid, I'm happy at every National Competition.

-Eh?What is this?

-Wow.It is big.

The people watching Battlefield grew restless. As Grid and Hao were facing each other, an Australian representative aimed at Grid through the bushes. Just before Grid was caught off guard.

-Avoid it!

-Notice it!

No matter how fast the netizens typed or the shouts of the audience, the contents couldn't reach Grid. Grid was thinking if it was better to kill Hao, who already acknowledged defeat, or team up with Hao. Then.

Teong!

An arrow flew through the bushes and hit Grid.

[You have suffered 2 damage.]

"Kuk...!"

High destructive power! Grid turned a perplexed gaze in the direction that the arrow came from.

"Take this. If you beat me then you better win."

Hao handed the blue booklet to Grid and rushed through the bushes.

Puk!

An arrow struck Hao's chest. Now Hao's health fell below 3. His vision started blinking red as a warning. However, Hao didn't stop. He moved accurately in the direction of the arrow and stabbed the spear in the opponent who ambushed Grid.

"Shit...! I thought I could eat for free! Aren't you enemies?"

The Australian representative shook as he was stabbed by the spear. He was also in a state of low health from fighting against other representatives.

Paaaat!

Hao and the Australian representative turned grey at the same time.

"Hao!"

Thanks to Hao, Grid preserved his health. There were now less than 400 people left on Battlefield.

[Chapter 743](#)

"Reap what you sow..."

Grid remembered how he treated Hao to jjampong when he came to South Korea. It was also 1,000 won more expensive than ordinary jjampong.

"I will repay this favor."

Grid vowed as he watched Hao turn to grey. He would live by killing many people in the future. He wouldn't sacrifice himself, but he realized it was better to help people in the proper limits.

'I will pay back those who helped me, like Hao!'

A heart full of evil intentions! Grid's intentions to advance weren't pure. However, he was developing. Grid was originally a person who hated the act of giving to others. But this was changing. It was bit by bit in the process of making friends, sharing with colleagues, sharing love with his family, and making new bones.

"...Thank you once again, Hao."

Grid confirmed the blue booklet that Hao gave him. It was a scripture. Hao had stopped by a shrine at the beginning of the game.

"The next time you go to South Korea, I will treat you to more expensive jjampong..."

Grid placed the scripture on one side of his inventory and approached the place where Hao and the Australian representative had died. He was hoping they would drop items. Unfortunately, all five items that dropped were arrows.

'Not all items that you own will drop if you die. The drop rate is like Satisfy.'

The cleric couldn't use a bow. Grid took the arrows and moved to the rear of the cabin. The cabin was located at the edge of a cliff and a small village could be seen beneath the cliff. This was the end of the forest.

'I should stop there and secure a few more swords.'

The Battlefield items also had durability like Satisfy. Every time he used it, the red gauge on the weapon was slightly reduced. Grid assumed that the item would be destroyed when the gauge disappeared. He needed extra weapons because half of the gauge was reduced when he fought against Hao.

Grid decided and went down to the village. He moved secretly and carefully so he wouldn't be seen by people in the village.

There was a small village on the mini-map with the name of 'Caroline.' It was a village located below a high altitude forest. Located on the outskirts of Battlefield, there were only nine small houses in this village. Now in this place.

"Pant... Pant..."

Brazil's representative, Jishuka was isolated. It was a mistake to stop by Caroline in order to get an item.

'I didn't think a team would be hiding.'

As soon as she entered the village, she was attacked by three people and barely survived. Now she had only 7 health left and her weapon was on the verge of breaking.

'If only I had a bow...'

Jishuka was a person praised as a godly archer. The weapon she was most familiar with was the bow. The bow was a tool to prove her true abilities. But she had no luck after entering Battlefield and couldn't see the bow.

"Girl, you will die anyway, so don't waste time. Huh?"

"What are you doing? You're also a representative of a country. Aren't you ashamed to hide like a rodent?"

"Or do you have no honor because you are the representative of a poor country? Kilkil."

The three men surrounded the house where Jishuka was hiding and shouted. For safer hunting, the French representatives provoked and attracted their prey. Those who were allies created a signal to confirm their identity immediately before accessing Battlefield. Since then, they were lucky to find each other and had been working together as a team of three. The number of people they hunted in this small village of Caroline had already reached 40 people.

"...She isn't coming out to the end."

"Dammit, we have to be careful. This woman is a ranker."

The French representatives trembled as they looked at their injuries. They were trying to hunt the women hiding in the house and suffered great damages. They were nervous. They had to deal with this fierce beast before starting the next hunt. Drain, the leader of the three men, calmed his teammates.

"It's time for the supplies to fall. We can recover using the potions, but not her. Wait calmly. In the end, that woman will become nervous."

Time was on their side. The map might become narrower and they had to fight more competitors, but there were three of them.

"We will be the last three people."

"That's right."

"Yes, let's wait."

His teammates leaned on Drain. He was always cool with facing the enemy and his unified ranking was as high as 10,000. His strength was also excellent. The moment that the French representatives believed they could be the final three with him.

Flap.

A parachute fell from the sky. It was a parachute loaded with a supplies box.

"It came!"

"Potions!"

The French representatives shifted their gaze to the sky at the same time. Fortunately, the supplies were falling near here. It was 40 meters away.

Drain said, "You stay in your positions. I will bring the potions."

"Understood."

"She isn't weak, so defend well."

Nod.

Drain confirmed his colleagues' trustworthy answers and moved away. The place where the supplies dropped was inside Caroline. Drain judged that the risk was low since they had occupied this area for more than an hour.

Indeed.

'There!'

The box of supplies was still in its place. Drain smiled as he rushed out of the alley which had four houses side by side. Drain left the alley and his hand stretched out to grab the box of supplies.

"Link."

Pipit!

"Kuk...!"

Something sharp flew twice in a row and cut at Drain's hand. Drain was physically shocked from suffering 2 damage and missed the supplies box.

“What bastard...?”

Someone sneaked into the village without them knowing? Damn, they paid too much attention to the female high ranker. They didn't guard the boundaries. The angry Drain hurriedly pulled out a weapon. Then he swung it in the direction that the sword was flying.

Jjejeong!

The two sounds let out a loud sound as they collided in the air. Drain threatened the intruder.

"I'm a warrior...! I'm different from you who can only deal 1 damage!"

Teong!

Drain used all his strength to bounce the other sword back and then pushed against the opponent's hard shoulder. Once the opponent lost his balance, he wielded his sword. As a ranker in the top 10,000 of the unified rankings, he had excellent combat ability. However, the viewers watching this scene didn't admire Drain's abilities.

Drain was ordinary compared to Hao, who was the main character of the screen a while ago. The intruder he was dealing with right now was the 2nd ranked on the unified rankings, who even beat Hao.

“Revolve.”

Kwakakakang!

“What?”

The opponent naturally rotated his body as he was falling to block the attack and counterattack at the same time? Not only did Drain's blow fail to hit, he also suffered 1 damage. Now he realized.

'This guy is a high ranker...!'

The opponent was a different level from him. The top 5,000. No, maybe this ranker was in the top 1,000.

'I have no chance!'

He had to join his teammates. Drain judged and started running without looking back. He was heading to where his teammates were. He easily gave up the supplies box. Thanks to this, Grid could easily obtain the supplies.

[One health potion has been acquired.]

[Two mana potions has been acquired.]

"There are three potions?"

Grid especially welcomed the mana potion. This made it possible to use a few more scriptures in the future.

“A dog profit.”

He could easily obtain this without receiving any harm! Grid wanted to hum but he was worried he might be discovered by someone else. He was about to search the houses when he stopped.

"Kyaaaak!"

It was because he heard a woman scream. The direction of the scream was the same direction that the man had run towards.

'Let's take a look.'

Of course, he didn't intend to help the owner of the scream. He wanted to watch the people fighting among themselves and then profit from it.

"Dammit! We have to finish soon!"

Drain was in a hurry after being struck by an unidentified high ranker and being deprived of the supplies box. His teammates thought it was strange since he was a leader who always kept his cool.

"Why? What's going on?"

His teammates were uneasy. Rather than bringing back supplies like potions, Drain was wounded. They were worried about what the problem was. Drain aimed his sword at the door of the house where Jishuka was hiding and explained.

"Another high ranker appeared. He will obviously aim for us. We have to get rid of the woman in this house before he comes."

They could run away and abandon the village. However, the unforeseeable danger from moving to another place was too great. Drain didn't want to leave this place. His companions read his intentions and responded. One pulled out a mace and the other pulled out an axe. The three of them attacked the door at the same time.

"You guys...!"

Jishuka hurriedly pulled out a sword from where she was hiding in the house. She intended to fight, but it wouldn't be easy.

Jjang!Jjejejeok!

Puk!

"Ohh!"

It was a tough fight because she was attacked by three people in a small space. In particular, Jishuka wasn't proficient at close combat. It was absolutely impossible for her to overpower the French trio who had good control. In the end.

"Kyaaaaak!"

Jishuka suffered a series of critical blows and screamed. The pain and fear she received psychologically was tremendous as she was hit by the weapons. In particular, the French trio were warriors. Jishuka drank all the potions she secured in advance but she only had three health left.

"It is really terrible."

“This is the end.”

Jishuka was also a warrior. The French representatives were also damaged by her fierce resistance. But it was finally over. The French representatives completely suppressed Jishuka. Now the fight would be over if Drain dealt the last blow. The moment Drain was about to stab Jishuka’s chest.

“Wave.”

Tong!

Teteteteng!

Suddenly, there was an eerie voice behind them and the three French representatives were simultaneously hit.

‘Wide area?’

The French representatives made disbelieving expressions. Weren’t there no attack skills on Battlefield? How were they suddenly hit at the same time? As they turned their heads with trembling eyes, Grid retrieved his sword.

"Three men shouldn’t be mean enough to attack one girl. Come here.”

“...”

Grid and Jishuka’s eyes met across the French trio. The two of them immediately recognized each other. Jishuka used Pagma’s Swordsmanship as a clue while Grid used her chest as a clue.

‘Grid...!’

‘E cup...’

Grid was convinced the masked woman was Jishuka. Both the size and shape matched. He could tell even if he couldn’t identify her face or voice. Grid know only one woman in the world with this ideal figure.

Chaaeng!

Grid swung his sword at Drain again, before pulling the bow and arrows out from his inventory and throwing them to Jishuka.

"Fly up!"

“Yes...!”

The advent of the godly archer.

“A bow in this narrow place...! Keok!”

The arrows fired at the French representatives in succession and Grid was able to finish them off easily. The moment the scattered bonds gathered together.

-He’s completely a prince on a white horse.

-He's protecting his girl.

-Jishuka is really sexy and pretty...I really envy Grid.

Grid's anti-cafe members started to increase as much as his fan cafe members. It happened every year due to the men's jealousy.

Finally, Battlefield was moving to the second half. The current number of survivors was 166.

[Chapter 744](#)

"How did you know it was me?"

Jishuka's eyes were shining brightly behind the mask. She was happy that Grid recognized her instantly. It was a happiness that couldn't be satisfied even with her natural beauty and wealth.

"That..."

"That?"

"...I knew when I took a close look. Haven't we been together for a few years?"

Grid didn't answer honestly because he was concerned that he might be accused of sexual harassment. His roundabout words would cause anyone else to be suspicious, but Jishuka just laughed.

"You recognized me despite changing my voice and covering my face...? Huhut."

"Huh...? I'm not a stalker. Please don't misunderstand."

"How interesting."

"..."

Grid was worried because he didn't understand Jishuka's mood. It was because he couldn't assume she liked him, when she had topped the list of women that men were attracted to for the third year in a row.

[An axe has been acquired.]

[A long sword has been acquired.]

[A tanto has been acquired.]

[A short bow has been acquired.]

[Four arrows have been acquired.]

[A ★ backpack ★ has been acquired.]

[★ Backpack ★]

Hidden Item.

Increases the maximum number of health potions and mana potions that can be held by one.

“Oh...?”

The French trio had taken over Caroline and hunted numerous competitors so they obtained plenty of good stuff. It was natural that Grid would see great benefits from killing them.

Lululala~

Grid hummed with pleasure and handed the bow and arrows to Jishuka.

"The Red Phoenix Bow is more of a short bow than a great bow right? Use this as a replacement."

"Grid, you're giving me this?"

Jishuka had been thinking of returning the bow that she received before to Grid. It was originally Grid's item. Grid thought she didn't want to be in debt to him and explained with an uncomfortable expression.

"I'm a cleric, so I can't use the bow."

"Cleric?"

"Yes."

"..."

Jishuka naturally thought that Grid was a producer. Yet he was a cleric?

"...You're not a magician or warrior? A cleric?"

"Yes."

"..."

Grid and a cleric. Was there any combination stranger than this? Grid shrugged at the confused Jishuka.

"I would've given it to you even if I could use the bow. Your archery is the best. Now drink this potion."

That's right. Grid had already made up his mind.

"Jishuka, team up with me. Survive together."

"Yes...!"

Jishuka smiled and nodded vigorously. This was a terrible survival game where only three players could survive. She was relieved and happy that she could be with someone more reliable than anyone else.

One and a half hours after Battlefield started.

『 Now it's hard to see a solo exhibition. 』

Most of the 166 survivors started teaming up. It was a natural phenomenon. As the number of survivors decreased, the participants in Battlefield could be identified relatively easily. They used their connections and ideas to hold hand with people of the same purpose.

『 Battlefield is an event designed to just every player's abilities... It's doubtful that the current flow is precisely what the S.A. Group wanted. 』

It was clear that a solo exhibition had been transformed into a team game. While there were people who thought like this...

『 Communication can also be considered to be an individual's ability. Anyone who can get a competent and trustworthy team in this difficult situation has already proven their worth. I don't think it's a problem. 』

Teaming up was also an ability. There was many people who welcomed the situation. Generally, there were more of the latter.

-It's a survival game of three people, so it isn't strange to have teams of three.

-The ability to enter a good team or not depends on personal capabilities.

The Internet started to heat up. The 166 survivors were big names so the audience engagement increased. Who would be the last three among these strong people of each country? One person was for certain.

The moment Battlefield started, many people escaped to the underpass. The relatively weak judged that it would be easier to defend in the dark and complex underground rather than the relatively open ground. After escaping to the underground, they picked the right terrain, hid themselves and took the ideal defense posture. It was with the belief that they would be safe for a limited time, unless the map disappeared. But it was wishful thinking.

A disaster occurred. The identity of this disaster was Sword Saint Kraugel.

Dark visibility and narrow, complex terrain. From a general point of view, the underpass was a disadvantage to attackers. It was beneficial to the defenders that were established first. Other people didn't go underground but Kraugel's interpretation was different. Kraugel determined that it was possible to complete hunting in an enclosed underground space. The defenders lost items and lost escape routes in exchange for safety. He personally descended underground in order to knock down competitors who would be a potential threat. All the people he encountered died.

Words were lacking to express the godly talent. Therefore, he was praised as the sky above the sky. In a battlefield of control, Kraugel was invincible. While people couldn't avoid his attacks, Kraugel neutralized attacks that came from all over the place. He was definitely beyond the category of a human. He was like an absolute figure in a movie.

'Is it settled here?'

He succeeded in defeating the hundreds of competitors in the underground. He was the only one remaining.

Step, step.

Kraugel was the only person to kill over one hundred of the 1,500 Battlefield participants. To be exact, it was 127 people. This was in a record one and a half hours.

“Um.”

Kraugel put all the usable items into his inventory and stopped as he was about to climb back up to the ground. The number of survivors had stopped at 166 for two minutes.

‘Are they starting to form teams?’

Given the size of the field, it was too early to see a lull in the 166 players remaining. Kraugel instantly realized that Battlefield was no longer a solo exhibition. Therefore.

‘I have to wait.’

Wariness. What did he have to be afraid of when he was invincible? It was naturally Grid.

‘Grid is likely to have assembled the Overgeared members.’

Kraugel was a person who appreciated Grid’s potential from the time when Grid hadn’t yet been acknowledged by the world. He was always wary of Grid. Control, speed, and communication were all considered. As a result of this calculation, he judged that he had low chances of winning at the moment. If Grid gathered the top talents of the Overgeared Guild then even Kraugel would suffer.

‘I will wait.’

Kraugel hid in the darkness of the underground. He was prepared to wait until the number of survivors decreased further. In the meantime, he would knock down anyone who came underground.

It had been two and a half hours since Battlefield started. There were only 30 minutes left and the map had shrunk by a third compared to the beginning. The surviving 32 participants struggled while Kraugel also prepared to move from the underground.

“My Lord...!”

The plane containing the Mongolia representatives. As soon as he entered the Battlefield, he cast a wide area taunt and was honored to be the ‘first’... No, Huroi suffered a bitter cup of hardships. He was watching Grid on the monitor. Since joining up with Jishuka, Grid’s team had focused on securing arrows and scriptures. On the other hand, the other survivors had teams of at least three to five. Kraugel was alone, but he was an outlier.

“My Lord is at a disadvantage...!”

If only he was competent! When he first logged onto Battlefield, he should’ve sworn at only one person instead of using a wide range provocation.

"If I did, I would’ve been by My Lord’s side right now! It’s an irreversible mistake!”

“...Sigh.”

The other Mongolian representatives sighed with relief at his words. If Hurio had survived and kept cursing, they thought that Mongolia would've been disgraced. They thought it was good that Huroi was eliminated early.

[After two minutes, this space on the mini-map will disappear.]

Beep beep!

The intervals between the warning windows gradually shortened. The survivors found it hard to find a space to hide. The distance between each other narrowed until they could see each other among several small buildings.

"Now the real fight will start."

"There is no party greater than ours."

The 32 survivors were filled with confidence. In particular, the party of Regas, Pon, and Lael were amazing. The strongest party that combined the best brain and best control. They believed that they could fight any opponent and win. In fact, they had consecutive winning streaks until now. No one could stop their momentum.

"Huhuhut... Even His Majesty can't stop us."

Lael gave a wicked laugh. In fact, the viewers recognized these three as candidates for the championship. They thought that even Kraugel couldn't win. So far, the abilities that Pon, Regas, and Lael showed were great. But they had a poison. It was Grid.

"Everybody listen!"

"...?"

The survivors gazed at one side after hearing a voice. There was a duo consisting of a man and woman. The man was shouting.

"From now on, I will make an item for anyone who surrenders!"

"...?"

Who was suddenly saying such nonsense? As everyone was feeling confused, Lael paled.

"That's cheating...!"

"I am the Overgeared King!"

"...!"

The survivors started to shake.

[Chapter 745](#)

28 minutes until Battlefield ended.

The Battlefield map had undergone a lot of destruction and the only area left was 'Trion.'

Trion was a small town with five six-story buildings and around 40 one-story houses. The boxes and drums left in the alleys, the large fountain in the central square, and the side roads created a number of variables by serving as cover. The six-story buildings were connected with clotheslines that were exceptionally thick and sturdy.

Like the other survivors, Grid was forced to move into a tree.

'The odds are low.'

Why? Grid had only teamed up with Jishuka, while the other survivors had at least three team members. There was even a team with five people.

'Most of the people here are rankers.'

Considering that Kraugel, Chris, and Pon would be present, Grid wasn't convinced of his superiority. In such a situation, the numerical disadvantage was a huge burden. Above all, the biggest problem was the narrow map.

'It's hard to find a sniping point.'

Grid was a cleric. The warrior Jishuka had to perform the role of damage dealer. She currently had a total of 136 arrows. Theoretically, it could exert sufficient attack power. However, the bow was a weapon that showed its true power when a certain distance was secured.

'For Jishuka to be active here... We must enter a high building...'

It would be easy to enter a building. However, as soon as Jishuka settled on a high floor and started shooting, it was obvious that the competitors' aggro would be concentrated on her.

'I have to guard the stairs to give Jishuka time to deal with them.'

However, clotheslines connected buildings. People could use the clotheslines to come from the building next door. It was impossible to contain all of them at the same time.

'In the first place, I don't know if I can protect the stairs.'

They had a numerical disadvantage and it was an environment where Jishuka couldn't fully demonstrate her archery. In the end, he came to the conclusion that he must play passively.

'I should look at the flow...'

Even that seemed difficult. The other competitors were already paying attention to Grid and Jishuka. It was because they were alone. They were branded as relatively easy prey. As soon as the lull was over, Grid and Jishuka were destined to be chased.

'Shit, these rotten bastards. Why are they pushing me to this point?'

Now Grid was familiar with the camera. He had awareness as an influential person in society. He was inwardly complaining but had a poker face on the surface. Jishuka's murmur was heard in his ears.

"Indeed... Everyone who has survived to the end is skilled enough to team up. It won't be easy."

"Skilled?"

Was forming a team also a merit?

"How can it... Ah?"

Then Grid realized something.

'That's right, it is a skill.'

In Battlefield, a solo exhibition wasn't a 'rule.' There was no provision that they couldn't form a team. That's why Grid teamed up with Jishuka.

'It isn't easy to form a team.'

How easy was it to turn competitors into teammates? It was virtually impossible to build a team here in Battlefield unless they had extraordinary competence or had a special charm. A person who didn't have skills couldn't get a team. Grid shook the moment he realized this.

'The means of proving my skills to people is far more diverse than I thought. I don't have to be obsessed with just showing off combat skills.'

Proof. That's right. Grid recognized Battlefield as a place to prove himself. It was a game where everyone else was in the same situation. Grid wanted to prove himself to people by surviving to the end. The rankers had pure talent who didn't rely only on his items or class. Grid hoped that he would be perceived as equal to those people. Foolishly, he confined his talents to combat ability. He was compelled to show he had better control skills. But not now. A ranker's skills weren't just about combat ability. It was much more diverse.

'I'll show them.'

Grid had skills. He would show everyone in the world why he could rise to this place. A smile crossed Grid's face. He found the answer and shouted without hesitation.

"Everybody listen! Surrender! From now on, I will make an item for anyone who surrenders!"

"...?"

There was awkward silence as the players in the trees tensed up. The survivors looked at each other with bewildered expressions.

'What nonsense is this?'

'Is he crazy?'

"I am the Overgeared King!"

In the confusion, Grid revealed his identity. He announced himself as the legendary blacksmith. He would take advantage of this ability to win. This was Grid's 'pure talent' that he advertised to the world and it was the proof of his 'competence.'

"This is a rare opportunity. Why are you hesitating to surrender?"

Grid was confident. There were few people who could resist his temptations. It was actually the case. The survivors started buzzing.

'Grid?'

'That bastard, pulling out something like this to win.'

'But think about it. Isn't it much better to surrender and earn items than to lose everything after failing to win an uncertain victory?'

'It's true. How easy is it to gain items that Grid produces? Doesn't it go up to a legendary rating?'

'He can even make growth rated items.'

Gulp!

The survivors started to realize what a wise choice it was. They bit the bait.

『 ... 』

The commentators were silent. The atmosphere of the survivors as they looked at each other showed they were willing to surrender. Looking at it objectively, there were few reasons not to surrender.

『 Why is this result...? 』

One commentator broke the silence. He wanted to relay a fierce and cool final match so he didn't welcome Grid's position. But he couldn't condemn it. The way that Grid caused the survivors to feel conflicted wasn't lousy. It was a strategy that caused admiration.

『 It's a shame to those watching but... I have to acknowledge it. Grid is a wise person. He's resourceful. 』

『 I agree. I never imagined he would use his ability to make items in order to manipulate the survivors. It's a strategy I couldn't imagine. 』

Currently, the survivors were playing the game called Battlefield. Wasn't it cheating for Satisfy to intervene here? There were few people who thought this. In the end, the survivors were Satisfy players and Satisfy was the reason why they joined Battlefield. It was natural for Grid to use his influence in Satisfy to survive.

Just.

-Nobody did this except for Grid...

-They didn't use it because they couldn't. If it wasn't Grid, who else can make the survivors surrender?

-You're right.

-Really amazing. He will win without fighting.

-I felt it from the beginning, but Grid's wit is really great. He doesn't have enough strength? It isn't that either. He even beat Hao. He's a perfect combination of intelligence and strength. He's exceptional among the high rankers.

-He also has the quality of an alpha, allowing him to be the first king. There seems to be a huge difference between the Grid we know and the actual Grid.

-That's right. We only got a few glimpses of him from videos and the National Competition. If we watch by his side...

-...There will be a huge liking towards him. Look at the members of Overgeared. I know why the Overgeared members are so loyal to Grid now.

-Isn't this why Pope Damian likes Grid?

The praise continued. They accurately saw Grid. He proved his abilities and his value to people.

Now.

-I don't think there will be any more fools ignoring Grid.

Grid was reborn as a complete existence. Just like Kraugel who Grid so envied.

"Now, what is everyone's choice?"

Grid didn't know the outside situation and was only focused on right now. He was expecting a few of the 30 survivors, apart from Jishuka, to surrender to him.

'Maybe not everyone will surrender?'

Grid was well aware of the value of his production items. Thus, he used his items as a means of transaction and diplomacy. He believed it would work again this time. He knew most of the survivors coveted his items and would surrender. But there was a problem.

Putting aside Grid and Jishuka, 14 of the 30 survivors were Overgeared members. The Overgeared members were able to get Grid's items even if they didn't surrender here. This was the part that Grid overlooked. It was evidence of his still lacking intelligence.

An achievement was an achievement. Just as Grid aspired to win, the Overgeared members also wanted to win.

"That Grid is fake!" Lael shouted. "There is no way to prove that he is Grid! Don't be confused!"

He loved Grid. He wanted to be companions for all his life. This was Lael's true heart. Lael really liked Grid. That's why he had been by Grid's side for so many years and wanted to be with him in the future. But he clearly distinguished between priorities. Lael never thought about giving up victory just because he liked Grid. He also wanted to win. He would do his best to win. It was for himself and the people of his country.

It wasn't just Lael. It was the same for the other Overgeared members.

"That's right! Grid isn't that kind!"

"Grid isn't that kind!"

“What...?”

All of a sudden, a wave spread! Grid was confused by the unexpected development while the survivors, who were misled by Grid’s proposal’ felt overwhelmed.

"That’s right. Maybe it is someone pretending to be Grid. I almost made a mistake."

“In the first place, will Grid really make us a ‘free’ item if we win?”

“No, I didn’t mean I would make it for free...”

“That person isn’t Grid!”

“No!”

“Oh!”

Grid had no chance to talk. The Overgeared members kept interrupted when Grid tried to talk.

Jishuka laughed. "Indeed, our kids aren’t that easy."

"What? They are Overgeared members?"

"Yes, just look."

“You stupid bastards!”

Grid was irritated but he was smiling proudly. He liked that his colleagues were doing their best in their respective positions.

‘Yes, if you want, then let’s fight to the end.’

He would fight fairly like they wanted. The moment Grid became prepared.

"I won’t surrender... I want to join your team. Will you make me an item in return?"

“...?”

In the middle of the bustling atmosphere, a man opened his mouth. He was alone. Unlike the other survivors, he didn’t have a team. Everyone’s gaze focused on the man. As if he was accustomed to attracting attention, the man approached Grid.

"You have two people, so it won’t be a problem if I join?"

The man moved right in front of Grid.

Grid asked him, "Is it okay? I just pulled a lot of aggro because of this turmoil. Won’t it be dangerous to team up with us?"

The man snorted.

"Who would be afraid with you and I together?"

“...?”

Who was this guy? The moment Grid cocked his head with confusion.

-Cra...Crazy....I can only say that it is crazy...

-Really ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ It is an unthinkable development.

-Isn't this the dream team?

The audience became excited. The community sites around the world were alarmed, as if they heard about Earth's destruction. A commentator shouted.

『 K-Kraugel...! Sword Saint Kraugel has announced his intentions to join Overgeared King Grid! 』

That's right. The only person who didn't pass up Grid's production item was the sky above the sky. The strongest person beyond the standards of a human.

"Why are you here...?"

As Grid looked stunned, the world sensed it.

Battlefield. It would end soon. The last three had already been set.

[Chapter 746](#)

"Who would be afraid with you and I together?"

"...?"

Who was this guy? Grid felt deja vu as he saw the man who intended to join his team. It felt like he had seen the man somewhere before. Then someone popped up in his head.

'No, it's impossible.'

Grid denied it. The man he thought of wouldn't be someone tempted by items.

"Don't you see the other teams coming?"

The participants were heading towards Grid. They didn't want Grid to form a team of three like them. They had to act quickly before the three people could team up.

Ping!

Piiing!

There was a flood of arrows. Four arrows shot from various place flew towards Grid, Jishuka, and the unknown man.

"Che!"

Things had become twisted. He ended up getting more aggro. Grid clicked his tongue and avoided an arrow. He would've been pierced by it if his reaction time was 0.5 seconds later. Meanwhile, an arrow was stuck in Jishuka's forearm. She couldn't avoid the arrow like Grid. In addition.

Chaaeng!

“...!!”

The unidentified man struck two arrows with his sword. Grid, Jishuka, and the survivors admired the skill involved.

“You...!” Grid was forced to admit it. He knew the identity of the man who wanted to join his team.

“Kraugel...?”

“That’s right.”

“...Why are you here?”

Yes, the sky above the sky. A person who combined skills with confidence!

Kraugel explained to the confused Grid. “Why am I here? Did you think I would be eliminated?”

“No, I don’t mean that. Running over here for an item doesn’t match with you.”

“Should I shake from a lofty position? I’m not stupid enough to turn a blind eye to a golden opportunity because of dignity.”

“Really? Even the great sky above the sky is like this?”

Grid’s rivalry with Kraugel was beyond imagination. Kraugel’s attitude of not even blinking when the enemies were rushing here was hateful. He could even afford to relax in a situation like this? Grid grumbled towards Kraugel.

“Kuk!”

Another arrow flew and stuck in Grid’s side. He frowned as he received 2 damage and shouted to Jishuka.

“Let’s first take refuge in a nearby building!”

“Yes!”

Grid and Jishuka didn’t hesitate. They rushed into a building that was right behind them. On the other hand, Kraugel was standing in the wrong place. Behind him was a group of 20 enemies flocking like dogs.

Grid hurriedly exclaimed, “Why aren’t you moving?”

“Do you accept me as a team member?”

“What...?” Had Kraugel been waiting for an answer? In this urgent situation? “This jerk...! Hey! Do I have a choice other than to join hands? Come quickly!”

By this time.

“...Yes.”

Step.

Kraugel started moving. But it was already too late. He was surrounded by four enemies.

“Where are you going?”

"Do you think we will let you join hands?"

There were only three final winners! The participants in Battlefield were obliged to disqualify other competitors and it was wise to choose the relatively weak prey to be eliminated. Grid had only two people in his team and the unidentified man who hadn't yet joined them was alone. It was natural that they would be the first targets.

But.

Sakak!

Chukakakakak!

"Keok..!"

"W-What?"

One lone man was stronger than a group of 100. Number wasn't a measure of power. Kraugel fought back while avoiding the four attacks, causing each of the four people to look like they had seen a ghost as they suffered 2 damage. They suddenly realized it.

What was the identity of the lone man?

"The sky above the sky...!"

"Crazy...!"

Cries of shock were heard everywhere. The momentum of the group chasing Grid stopped. It was an incredible sight. The top rankers representing each other were overwhelmed by one person and standing as stiff as a stone statue. The impact of the viewers watching this was very large.

-A different dimension... Could anything else be said?

Kraugel stood alone. He stood between dozens of competitors and the building that Grid and Jishuka entered. But he wasn't like a moth in front of a lamp. He was looking down at the other people from a high position. No one was able to rush at Kraugel. It seemed like the winner was already Kraugel.

At that moment.

"Kraugel! I'm glad!" Among the crowd of dogs, a man rushed out. He was also a tiger. He took out the claws that he had been hiding among the dogs. "It is the first time I can compete with you on an equal footing. I'm so happy!"

The man cried out childishly. He was a top ranker of the Overgeared Guild and represented the United Kingdom, Regas. Kraugel noticed his identity based on personality and laughed.

"It doesn't seem like an equal footing."

He was referring to the group Regas had been part of.

Step.

Kraugel took one step.

Step.

He took another step. In no time, he had reached the entrance of the building that Grid and Jishuka had entered.

"If you're really serious about fighting with me, chase after me."

Kraugel knew Regas' nature. Once he said this provocative words as he entered the building, Regas would have to chase after him.

"Of course I'm serious!"

"Wait! Please wait!" Lauel shouted but it was useless. In Regas' eyes, only Kraugel was visible. He had already entered the building. "Shit...! That stupid fool! Chase after him!"

The moment Lauel and Pon were going to enter the building.

Puk!

Puuok!

Arrows flew from above and pierced Lauel and Pon's shoulders. The arrows were perfectly fired. Pon and Lauel were reminded of one person.

"Jishuka?"

A light flashed through their heads. In their field of view...

"Hi~ nice to see you kids."

A woman sat on the window and pulled her bow. It was the woman who had been standing by Grid.

'It's ruined!'

Lauel and Pon had a hunch.

"You should raise your hands if you don't want your head to be broken."

Jishuka made a surprise announcement and started firing rapidly. It was terrible for the people on the ground. Most of them were members of Overgeared and recognized Jishuka. They avoided the falling arrows by sticking close to the wall of the building and exchanged opinions.

"Shit, Jishuka secured high ground."

"We were too relaxed. We have to get out of that witch's sight."

"No, let's go into the building like that fighting idiot before. In any case, we have no choice but to work together."

A party consisting of Grid, Jishuka, and Kraugel. They hated to admit it, but it was the best party. Unless they cooperated, there was no way to stop the trio.

"First join forces to get rid of those three and then we will compete. How about it?"

"Wouldn't it be too bad to form an alliance? Won't the viewers criticize us?"

Someone expressed their concern. The rankers who represented their country were really nervous about their image. Someone replied to the hesitating participant.

“Are we are ones who are wrong? Isn’t it a foul for those three to join together?”

“...You’re right.”

"Nobody would call us names.”

“Okay! Then let’s enter the building!”

"We will move to the building next door! We can use the clothesline!”

It was obvious that Kraugel and Grid would be guarding the stairs. It would be a tough fight because it was a difficult structure to try a pincer attack. But they had overwhelming numbers.

‘As time goes by, Grid’s party will reach the limits of their health and will eventually fall.’

Confidence! Momentum!

The participants smiled with satisfaction and started moving in teams. Those who were confident in their combat skills entered straight into the building where Grid’s party was. Those with bows and arrows moved to the next building and secured sniping spots. They would use the window to fire at Grid’s party and help their allies. Some also planned to use the clothesline to infiltrate.

The viewers watched them move and started sweating.

-The purpose of the event seems to have changed a lot...

-...

Battlefield was no longer a battlefield. It was catch Grid’s team! This was what the game had become. The commentators called it a natural phenomenon.

『 It’s the destiny of a strong person to rally the weak. 』

『 I wonder how long Grid, Kraugel, and Jishuka will last. 』

『 It doesn’t matter how great the three of them are, they can’t beat all these rankers. They were all intimidated by Kraugel, but look at Regas now. Isn’t he fighting well? He might beat Kraugel alone. 』

『 Isn’t it counterproductive to gather too strong team members? Grid’s party will surprisingly be the first to fall... Heok? 』

The commentators hurriedly shut up. It was because while they were speaking a few words, Regas was in a fatal condition. Regas seemed so strong throughout the game, but now he was losing to Kraugel. At first, it seemed like a close match, but now he was being completely overwhelmed.

“Pant... Pant... Incredible. How did you become so strong?”

The injured Regas. On the narrow stairs, he struggled with Kraugel and foresaw his loss. Kraugel thought it was absurd.

'Does this man really want to win against me?'

There was a reason why Kraugel had this question. Regas was fighting with his bare hands. That's right. Regas fought Kraugel without a weapon. It was because he was a martial artist. He chose the warrior class that dealt 1 damage with bare hands and believed he could show his true skills without a weapon. That's why he fought on Battlefield with his fists. Of course, the same applied when dealing with Kraugel.

"..."

The Overgeared members were really great people in several ways. Kraugel dealt the final blow to Regas.

"Kuk...! Truly the sky above the sky!"

Regas expressed his admiration as he turned to grey! The viewers mourned and felt admiration for Regas who fought in Battlefield with his bare hands. Then Kraugel faced the next crisis. 10 enemies were coming.

'I have surprisingly lost a lot of health.'

Regas's fists and kicks had dealt five blows to Kraugel. He decided that he shouldn't ignore the skills of the top-level talents and gripped his sword.

"Leave this place to me. Go protect Jishuka."

"Grid, you..."

Kraugel became speechless. Grid belatedly appeared in front of him. He was holding 10 scriptures in his hands.

"Hiccup!"

The advancing enemies were amazed at the sight. Grid stood on the stairs and declared, "I am the Overgeared King?"

"..."

[Chapter 747](#)

"...Are those scriptures?"

"No way...but the design is really similar."

The people climbing the stairs with dignity. They were just as good as Regas. They were the strongest people who everyone in the world knew. They survived to the end for a reason. It was natural for them to be filled with confidence. They didn't doubt that if they united their strengths, they would be able to win relatively easily. The characters in Battlefield only had 20 health. The maximum number of potions held was only two, so it was natural to think they would win. Until they witnessed over 10 scriptures in Grid's arms.

'This crazy guy...'

‘Did he only collect scriptures throughout the game?’

A thin booklet with a blue cover. The identity of Grid’s items was definitely a scripture. The scriptures, which were difficult for the other weak clerics to secure even a single one... The eyes of the people present shook. In the awkward silence, someone opened their mouth.

"Brother Grid, it’s great that you are here. It’s amazing. You have been only looking for scriptures? I know how important it is for a person to persevere every time I see you."

Ibellin, a member of Overgeared, laughed after speaking to Grid. There weren’t many people who called him ‘brother’ so Grid recognized Ibellin straight away.

“Oh, Ibellin? You survived?”

"I was lucky. I was able to survive because so many people were eliminated earlier."

"Is it lucky that you are here?"

“We’ll see.”

The fact that Grid secured a large number of scriptures was confusing. No, it was almost the level of a disaster. At least 10 scriptures. Using simple maths, it meant Grid had 100 health. If he had two potions as well, Grid would have almost six lives. But in the end, he was a cleric.

Clink!

Ibellin opened his inventory and took out a magic wand. It was a weapon that dealt 3 damage.

“Wow.”

“Heok.”

“Where did you get that?”

Grid and the other people temporarily allied with Ibellin were amazed. It was the first time they saw a magic wand, the strongest weapon in Battlefield. Ibellin laughed brightly as the magic wand illuminated with magic power.

"Isn't the game about items?"

"...I raised a tiger cub."

Grid started sweating. There was an atmosphere of death. All the viewers and the allied forces shrank back.

Ibellin was the same.

‘Now!’

Ibellin was well aware that Grid’s power was much better than what was known. He had watched Grid’s growth right next to him. Ibellin still vividly remembered.

In the Mystery Forest, Grid had fought Pagma’s doppelganger 83 times before finally winning.

'I can't give Brother a chance!'

He had to break Grid from the beginning. The momentum of the 'monster' called Grid rose as time passed. The determined Ibellin wielded his magic wand.

Jeeeeong!

The railing of the stairs broke. It was the railing where Grid had been standing just before.

"...Wow."

Grid barely avoided the attack and made a dumbfounded expression. He was impressed by the power. The other people saw it and thought.

'He's definitely shrinking back.'

Was it due to the obsession that he shouldn't be hit by the magic wand? Just now, Grid's eyes were only focused on Ibellin as he avoided the attack. He did his best to avoid the magic wand. His eyes were only chasing after the magic wand. It was obvious that all his nerves were concentrated on the magic wand.

'This is our chance!'

Grid was currently distracted by Ibellin's magic wand. The other rankers saw the best opportunity. They realized the right timing was when Ibellin wielded his magic wand again.

Then.

Wuuong!

Ibellin's magic wand moved in a large circle and magic aimed at Grid.

'Now!'

Three of the top rankers moved at the same time. They jumped up the narrow stairs and waved their weapons. They swung their weapons in the direction that Grid moved to avoid the magic wand.

'Perfect!'

Conviction passed through the minds of the rankers.

"No...!"

Ibellin noticed the crisis. He noticed it from the moment he missed his second attack. Grid didn't shrink back at all despite his outside appearance. Grid's composure was still perfect. It was evidence that he was tracking Ibellin's attack orbit and reacting. But even Ibellin, who was directly competing with Grid, only noticed at the very end. The other rankers couldn't read Grid's real intentions. He was playing around.

Grid looked at the three swords heading towards their escape points and smiled. He had already used the movements of Revolve to avoid Ibellin's attack.

Sururuk.

"?!"

The eyes of the three people attacking Grid widened. Grid reacted as if he had eyes in the back of his head, turning to avoid two of the three attacks.

Teong!

The stairs were too cramped for five people. Grid was tangled up in the three people and used the weight of their shoulders to push them away.

“Eh? Ohhh.”

The three people in an unsecure position were pushed back a few steps.

‘Eh?’

A chill went down the spines of the three people. It felt like that feet were stepping on thin air. That’s right. They were pushed to the ledge that Ibellin created. The result?

“Kuaaaaaaah!”

Kwajak!

Ku tang tang tang!

Falling down.

All three of them fell from the fourth floor to the first floor, suffering 10 damage each. It was a critical wound that couldn’t be overcome with one potion. Grid spoke to the enemies who were looking blank.

“There is no room for carelessness. Isn’t this the basics?”

Grid’s previously shaken eyes looked different. They were sharp like a bird of prey. The Overgeared members, including Ibellin, knew these eyes. It was the eyes of their king.

Gulp!

It was unknown if this was Battlefield or Satisfy. Ibellin was frightened and stepped back. His attitude was like he wasn’t holding a magic wand in his hand. The moment that Grid stabbed him without hesitation.

Teeeeeong!

A greatsword flew. The lower part of the blade blocked Grid’s sword and then it tilted, causing the axis of Grid’s sword to incline.

Then.

Seokeok!

The top of the greatsword approached Grid’s neck. During this process, the master of the greatsword moved naturally and took control of Grid’s rear.

Chukakakakak!

The blade descended. Grid hurriedly retreated. He escaped to the top of the stairs. The fourth floor landing was occupied by the enemies in an instant. It was faster than expected, causing Grid to laugh bitterly.

"Isn't this too big?"

The owner of the greatsword.

"I'm only a shade in front of you and Kraugel."

"No. Nobody would think so."

1st on the unified rankings, Chris.

Grid inwardly grumbled.

'Ah, why didn't he go to Kraugel's side?'

Chris' greatsword contained an unparalleled force. The world acknowledged his abilities and Grid admired it every time he saw it. One of the reasons why Grid was greedy for the greatsword was due to Chris. Why? As long as Chris existed, Grid knew he couldn't be the symbol of the greatsword.

'Yes...'

Grid confirmed the time remaining in Battlefield and counted the number of enemies in front of him. It was 13 people, including Chris. Grid's goal was drastically modified.

'I won't destroy them.' The ideal thing to do it... 'Hang in there until the others come.'

That's right. Grid's original purpose was to destroy all the enemies here. They were the highest rankers representing their countries. Was it pride? No, it was a realistic judgment based on solid grounds. Grid was above ordinary rankers from the moment he knocked out Hao. He was a master.

'Well, I have a name.'

In addition, there was the sky above the sky and the godly archer. He believed they would block all the enemies coming from the rear and then help him.

"Now, the first one."

Shaaaaaah-

Grid opened one of the scriptures and a light covered his body. The wounds on his body disappeared like a lie and his health was restored.

"I still have 11 scriptures left."

"Cockroach..."

"..."

Someone muttered. It was undeniable, striking a chord in Grid's heart.

Peng!

"...Oh my."

Dust fell on Jishuka's head as she drew the bowstring. An arrow pierced the place right above her head.

"Are you aiming for a headshot?"

Tiing!

Jishuka fired arrows through the window of the building across the street.

Puk!

[You have dealt 1 damage to the target.]

"Amazing."

Kraugel felt admiration for the third time. Jishuka's archery that pierced the enemies was astonishing even to the sky above the sky. Jishuka shrugged.

"It's nothing. I'm no Grid."

"..."

The nature of the Overgeared members was somewhat difficult for Kraugel. He didn't know what to say and just wielded his sword. It was to cut an enemy coming across the clothesline. The moment Kraugel exposed himself through the window.

Ping!

Pipiping!

Three arrows flew from the building across the street.

"It's dangerous...!"

Jishuka shouted. Kraugel twisted his body and avoided all three arrows.

"...Are you a person?"

"I am."

It was an easy question to answer. Kraugel was pleased.

At that moment.

Kwajajak!

A spear flew through the window on the left. Kraugel blocked it and was alert, but the next move came through the right window instead of the left. Jishuka tried to cover him but she couldn't cope with the arrows that suddenly focused on her. She had to hide in a corner to avoid the flying arrows.

'They have realized it's useless to shoot at Kraugel.'

It was stressful. Jishuka avoided the flying arrows and noticed two men. They surrounded Kraugel on the left and right. It was Pon and Lauel.

[Chapter 748](#)

‘Why didn’t I see them?’

A tough clothesline that couldn’t be cut or sawed off. At the window, Kraugel was blocking the enemies crossing the clothesline. In other words, he was looking at all the clothesline connected from the building across the street. But he didn’t see Pon or Lauel at all. They suddenly appeared at the windowsill like ghosts.

‘This is it.’

Kraugel was feeling puzzled when his gaze landed on a spear stabbed into the wall. It was a completely dull spear, like the durability had been exhausted.

‘They crawled up the outer wall.’

This five-storey building they were gathered in was old and ugly. The exterior wall was rugged and cracked in places. It was a structure that could be climbed using a tool. However, the condition was showing agility, patience, and concentration.

Suook.

Kraugel watched the two men who surrounded him. One of them was armed with a spear while the other was holding a fan made of iron.

‘Who are they?’

Kraugel was feeling alert when they told him their identities. It was honestly without any lies.

"I am Lauel of the Overgeared Kingdom. Oh, should I introduce myself as American Representative Lauel. This is a separate event not related to the National Competition, but I regret that we couldn’t fight together..."

Shortly before Lauel’s words finished.

Syuk!

Kraugel swung his sword. His target was Lauel. He judged that Lauel needed to be taken care of quickly. What was the identity of the man holding the spear next to Lauel? Of course, it was Pon.

‘Pon is strong.’

On the other hand, Lauel was a schemer. His fighting skills were weak. Kraugel decided to take care of Lauel first before focusing on Pon. That’s why he did a surprise attack. However.

Jjejeong!

“...!”

Lael blocked Kraugel's attack, like he predicted it. He read the timing of the sword and opened the fan to defend. Kraugel was surprised by his unexpected skill. His eyes widened but there was no change in expression. Lael folded the fan back up and placed it against his mouth.

"I have also advanced. Well, it's a different scale from you who is at the top of 2 billion users."

Around three years ago, there were 10 geniuses who overturned the world. The young boys and girls topped the rankings despite playing late. They were the very first generation of the 10 Rookies. And Lael was the best of them. He was praised by countless people. After joining the Overgeared Kingdom, he became a flow master to direct the battle.

"But my basic skills are still present."

In Battlefield where all characters were the same and strength was determined by control, Lael was a top player.

Kukuk! He laughed at Kraugel.

"In addition, I have the brilliant mind that allows me to predict your behavior pattern. Kraugel, you will have a pretty tough fight. The blood is boiling in my body. Huhuhut."

"..."

He truly was an Overgeared member difficult to deal with. Kraugel got goosebumps from the words when a spear flew at him. It was from Pon. Kraugel rolled to the side to avoid it. Then he immediately rose and tried to counterattack.

Jjejeong!

Lael's iron fan followed his actions. Kraugel defended and Pon's spear aimed at the back of his neck. Both of them were quick and fast. It was a perfect pincer attack.

Puok!

Kraugel was bleeding. It was a scene that shocked the world.

『 Kraugel was hit by the enemy first...! 』

『 It's a sight I never imagined! 』

The commentators of broadcasting companies around the world made a fuss. It was rare for Kraugel to allow a hit.

"Kraugel!"

Jishuka was surprised by the sudden development and tried to help, but...

Puk!Puk puk!

"Ugh...!"

The arrows constantly flying from the other side of the building made her unable to move. She was forced to hide behind a large leather couch.

'This is annoying!'

Jishuka felt angry at the situation. What was her role? Shoot as many enemies as possible before covering both Grid and Kraugel inside. But the situation was too difficult because the enemies allied with each other.

'I wanted to win with Grid.' She wanted to embrace him on the stage while everyone was watching. If the atmosphere was nice then she might've kissed him. But this seemed to be difficult. 'I'm incompetent! I am too incompetent!'

Puok!

An arrow flew as Jishuka was busy lamenting. The tip of the arrow pierced through the leather sofa. The leather sofa Jishuka was hiding behind had completely become a hedgehog.

'There are almost no spaces left. I will be a hedgehog when I get out of here.'

The interior of the building was too bare and there were many windows. In order to shoot a bow, the target had to be followed with their eyes. But if she left the leather sofa, she would receive a flood of arrows.

'...I can't follow them with my eyes?'

Then...

'I will have to use my ears.'

Jishuka took deep breaths to calm herself and closed her eyes. She focused on the footsteps of Kraugel, Pon and Lauel, who were fighting in this narrow space, and pulled her bowstring. At that moment.

Puk puk puk!

Several arrows flew and threatened her.

'Ah, they can see what I'm doing because of the mirror over there.'

Who would place a mirror in an old building with almost nothing in it?

"The map designer had archers in mind. Hah."

She put down the bow with a deep sigh. Surprisingly, she didn't feel despair.

'It is okay. There is a limit to the number of arrows.'

After joining Grid, Jishuka looked for arrows and scriptures and discovered it was actually very hard to find arrows. They were hard to find and even if she found some, there were only one or two. It was an item close to a consumable so a lot of effort was needed to collect it. It would also be the same for the other people.

Jishuka thought that the arrows threatening her would stop soon. On the other hand, what about her?

'My arrows are now almost endless.'

In the dusty mirror, Jishuka's beautiful face shone. The sofa and walls filled with arrows made her feel good.

'I'm glad there's Jishuka.'

The arrows from the other building no longer headed for Kraugel. Kraugel's evasion rate was high but he was worried that Pon and Lael would attack in that gap. It was good that the aggro of the archers were completely focused on Jishuka.

'There's a problem.'

The close range dealers. Earlier, they had unsuccessfully tried to cross the clothesline and now they were trying to move across again. Kraugel had to get rid of Pon and Lael as quickly as possible. But Pon and Lael wasn't easy opponents.

Chaaeng!Chaeng!

A fan less than 30 centimeters long. Lael was tangled up with Kraugel and quickly hit him with the iron fan.

Swaeeeeek!

Pon stayed at a medium range and stabbed his spear. As time passed, the two men were completely grabbing Kraugel's ankles.

Peok!

Lael, who was struck by Kraugel's sword in exchange for a punch, smiled instead of panicking.

"A damage of 1 isn't possible. Are you irritated because time isn't on your side?"

Lael confirmed that his allies had started to cross the clotheslines. Sooner or later, Kraugel would lose his composure. It couldn't be overlooked that he was still a human. Lael knew it for certain because he served by Grid's side. Grid was at the top like Kraugel and didn't he often lose his composure?

'You will also in the end... Eh?' Lael was puzzled as he was immersed in wielding the iron fan. His vision spun and he felt his body being hit. "What?"

He was caught unawares and blown away? Lael became aware of his situation when he had already fallen to the ground. He was defenseless and Kraugel struck him with the sword.

Puok!

"Cough!"

The moment Lael was pierced in the chest, Pon's spear flashed towards Kraugel. Then it was blocked by the shield.

[The defense is successful!]

[The damage received has been reduced.]

[You have suffered 1 damage.]

[The shield's durability has fallen by one.]

The shield, a warrior only item. It was one of the items that Kraugel had obtained from the 'underground hunt.' It could definitely block the enemy's attack but it lost durability every time it was used to defend. The total durability was only 10. But Kraugel wasn't disappointed by the loss in the shield's durability. It was because of who the opponents were. The skills of the Lael and Pon duo were excellent. Kraugel felt it was worth using the shield against them.

Snap!

Kraugel gripped Pon's spear that was blocked by the shield. Then he used the elasticity of his body to dig it into Pon's heart.

Puk!

Puk puk puk!

An attack that maximized the benefits of a dagger! He hadn't reclaimed the sword piercing Lael and there was already a small dagger in Kraugel's hand. Two strikes quickly accumulated on Pon's abdomen.

"Shit...!"

It wasn't an exaggeration to say that it happened in the blink of an eye. Lael lost concentration. But at this moment, the situation completely reversed. Lael got goosebumps. He rushed to help Pon but Kraugel had already grabbed Pon's neck and pushed him out the window frame.

Peok!

Kraugel grabbed Pon's ankle to tilt him out the window and Pon fell out.

"Pon! Kuk!"

What was this creepy and realistic battle? Lael got a chill as he was left alone. Kraugel dismissed the dagger and took out a new sword from his inventory. It was a great help that he secured many weapons in the underground hunting.

"This place is a big wide so it would be more advantageous for Pon. But as you can see, this is inside a building. From the beginning, the odds were low."

"You...!"

The word 'monster' almost popped out. Lael barely closed his mouth as he looked out the window. He could see his allies coming on the clothesline.

In addition.

Piing!

He also saw the arrow aiming at Kraugel. The situation started to change rapidly once the archers fired. Lael's judgment was quick. Surprisingly, he was running to Jishuka, not Kraugel. It was to create a

situation where Jishuka couldn't control his enemies. Thanks to this, Kraugel was surrounded by arrows. His enemies managed to cross the clotheslines safely and reached the window frame.

Seokeok!

Kraugel judged that the answer wasn't to avoid the arrows. He used the shield to block the arrows. Then he abandoned the shield that lost its durability.

He took a potion while attacking the enemies hanging on the window frame. But potions were more limited than the shield and Kraugel couldn't hold out against the arrows forever. In the end, he only caused four enemies to fall and the remaining six enemies succeeded in entering the building.

"Laue! You bastard!"

Jishuka shouted at Laue while counterattacking. Laue was amazed that she could fire an arrow again after being hit with an iron fan.

"Battlefield is great training. Thanks to the battle today, the Overgeared Guild will grow bigger. Please think about your trials as growing pains."

"The training instructor is a dog! A master at ganging up on people! You lousy bastard!"

"...Is it King Grid's influence? You use a lot of Korean curses. Well, it's a hundred times better than learning from Huroi's curses."

Laue had regained his composure. Jishuka lost her motivation and her resistance started to weaken. Meanwhile, Kraugel was besieged in a narrow space.

'We will win.'

Laue smiled as he watched a man competing with Kraugel. It was Soul Predator Seuron.

"You bastard! I will knock you down!"

Chaaeng!Chaeng chaeng!

Kraugel's momentum weakened quickly as he blocked Seuron's sword. He was already in a tired condition. In the first place, it was impossible to stop over 20 enemies. Were the enemies regular players? They were mainly rankers in the top 100. They were talented enough to be called the best wherever they went.

'I'm sorry, Grid.'

Jishuka felt a sense of defeat as she saw Kraugel's wounds. She couldn't help being disappointed that she got help from Grid every time. She was filled with bitter frustration. Then suddenly,

"Kuaaaak!"

"This damn guy...!"

Jishuka came to her senses as she heard an enemy scream. She shifted her gaze and saw that Kraugel was still fighting against the enemies with unshakable eyes. He didn't care that his health was in the single digits. He was focused. He always did his best. The arrows kept flying from the opposite building

and he stood up to the six strongest people without flinching. Every time there was a wound on his body, he dealt two or three injuries to the enemy.

'Me too...!'

Jishuka's heart was grabbed. She was inspired by Kraugel, who did his best and didn't feel despair under the same circumstances. She took a step forward.

At the same time.

Kwajak!

The firmly closed door opened with a loud sound. It was the door connected to downstairs. Yes, the door that the intruders were so eager to open. In addition, it was the door Grid was guarding.

"Grid...!"

At the same time, Jishuka and Kraugel faced the door. They were waiting for Grid. How funny. Could Grid fight alone against 10 enemies? He came here after repelling all enemies. It wasn't a feasible fantasy.

Indeed.

"...It's chaos."

The person who opened the door wasn't Grid. It was a man armed with a greatsword.

"Chris!" Lauel knew his identity and shouted with pleasure.

'Grid was defeated?'

'It's hard to see.'

Jishuka and Kraugel were forced to accept reality. They thought that Grid hadn't survived. It was a reasonable judgment. So what if he could restore his health with scriptures? He could only inflict 1 damage on the enemy... Such a non-threatening attack couldn't wipe out 10 of the strongest people. Jishuka's face filled with dark clouds while Kraugel silently wielded the sword.

"Then... I wish you luck... Cough!"

Chris, who opened the door, suddenly coughed up blood and turned to grey.

Then.

"Ah, what is with you guys? Why are you so late? No matter how long I waited, I had to do it all by myself. Sigh, forget it."

Grid appeared among the grey ash scattering.

"Wave."

Sharp flashes reminiscent of a crescent moon cut down many enemies at the same time.

[Chapter 749](#)

“Wave.”

‘A skill?’

How was this possible? All players in Battlefield were given characters with the same abilities. There wasn't one active skill that could be used. But Grid was triggering a skill at this moment. It was even the famous Pagma's Swordsmanship. A legendary rated skill in Satisfy was being implemented in Battlefield.

‘A bug...? No!’

Grid approached using the sword dance. Seuron, who had been shrinking back from Grid, regained his mind. Grid's attack was just a simple slash. That's right. Grid's attack wasn't a skill but a basic strike. He just mixed in the attack with the motions.

"A trick!"

It was a low quality trick to shake them by pretending to use a skill. First of all, how could a skill emerge in a place where a system didn't exist?

‘I was playing so seriously that I was almost deceived!’

The Overgeared King, he was a treacherous guy. There were hundreds of sly foxes in his head.

‘He isn't a good king...!’

Seuron moved his sword to defend against Grid's attack. However.

‘What?’

Grid's orbit suddenly changed. It went down and then back up. As the name suggested, it had the momentum of a wave.

‘Crazy?’

Chukakakakak!

Seuron failed to defend because of the unexpected anomaly. Another ranked player next to him was simultaneously hit by Grid's sword.

[You have suffered 1 damage.]

Seuron's eyes shook fiercely as he checked the notification window.

‘He has this much control?’

Grid was overgeared. He was merely a person who relied on the performance of his items, meaning his combat skills were low. Seuron couldn't deny that Grid's ability to use items was extraordinary, but this was how Seuron evaluated Grid. But now that assessment had changed.

‘He grew this much in a year...? He has the best combat qualities!’

This was a talent from the heavens.

‘Another sky above the sky...!’

Chill!

At this moment, Seuron got a chill.

'Grid has given me new enlightenment.' Kraugel was also surprised by Grid's technique that cut Seuron. It was more shocking than when Grid appeared with over 10 scriptures. 'He uses the motion of Satisfy's skills to add real power to the attack.'

Grid sublimated his skill in the game into real martial arts. Kraugel naturally felt admiration.

'Grid's idea has a clear basis.'

Satisfy's skills weren't realistic. Walking on water, smashing rocks, moving in a flash, etc. It was ridiculous for such transcendental effects and powers to be manifested in the real world. But the motions when using the skill weren't foolish. Such motions weren't significantly different from the laws of physics. The supercomputer Morpheus based them on martial arts theories that existed all over the world. There were strangely realistic and sufficiently practical parts.

'Grid and his Pagma's Swordsmanship is a good example of this.'

Sigh.

'Being able to implement Pagma's Swordsmanship in reality, he will reap the benefits of fighting here in Battlefield.'

Wonderful. Kraugel's appreciation of Grid could be summed up with this one word.

'Making an effort to memorize, study, and become completely accustomed to the skill so that the movements could be used just by crying out the name... It's definitely far from normal.'

This moment proved it. Grid was a person looking 10 steps ahead.

"Kraugel!"

It could be expressed as a short moment. Kraugel heard Grid's voice and settled his mind. Grid's eyes were looking at the right side behind Kraugel. Based on this, Kraugel tilted his head to the left. Then a spear shot by his face. If Kraugel had been a little bit late, his head would've been pierced by the spear right now.

"...It seems the rumor that you have eyes in the back of the head is true."

Grid was astonished by Kraugel's amazing evasion and Kraugel explained.

"It is just instant analysis and fast judgment. It's nothing compared to your foresight."

"Foresight?"

Did he have foresight?

'It's the most ridiculous thing I've heard all year.'

Was this bastard teasing him? Two arrows flew toward the frowning Grid. They were shot by archers from the other building.

Puk puk!

[You have suffered 1 damage.]

[You have suffered 1 damage.]

"Kuk...!"

Grid couldn't escape. He wasn't free enough to respond to arrows flying from a distance. Seuron would strike when he tried to avoid the arrows.

"Che!"

Seuron had a nasty expression as he saw Grid defend against Seuron and his colleagues' attacks in exchange for being hit by the arrows.

"I understand that you are guarding against me, Soul Predator Seuron, but can you afford to keep accumulating damage? Aren't you going to become a hedgehog while worrying about my attack?"

'Ah, it was Seuron.'

Seuron believed that Grid had recognized him from the beginning but it was just excessive self-confidence. Grid only now realized his identity. In addition, he didn't care. Seuron was a threat in Satisfy, but it was different in Battlefield.

'He isn't Pon or Regas.'

Jjejeong!

Grid hit Seuron's incoming sword and kept advancing.

"Kill."

Puk!

"Kill. Kill."

Puk puk!

"Kill. Kill. Kill."

Puk puk puk!

"Ugh...?"

"Barley."

"?"

"A fake! Kill!"

Puok!

Grid's attack was a mere stab. However, the momentum seemed more vicious than a normal stab. It was because Grid kept taking one step forward. Grid gave off a strange sense of pressure every time he got closer to Seuron.

'This bastard, it's clear that he has practiced stabbing tens of thousands of times.'

Seuron saw the skill and confidence in Grid's movements. It was because Grid had been steadily training in swordsmanship every day.

Chaeng!

Chaeeeeeng!

"Cough!"

Seuron was pushed back by Grid, but he wasn't one-sidedly hit. He blocked as many attacks as possible and sharply counterattacked. But he couldn't fight to the end and let out a huge scream. It was because an arrow shot by an ally in the opposite building pierced him.

'A mistake?'

The flying arrows had hit the wrong target. The allied archers weren't experts like Jishuka, so he couldn't blame them for making mistakes. Seuron thought so but it didn't seem to be a mistake.

Puk puk!

"These scum...!"

It wasn't just Seuron. His other colleagues were started to get hit by the arrows flying from the opposite building. The atmosphere was strange.

"What are you doing?"

Seuron gritted his teeth and yelled as he pushed at Grid. There was an immediate reply to Seuron from the other building.

"You guys are useless. Just die together."

There was less than 10 minutes left in Battlefield. The map was gradually narrowing. It seemed like all areas were going to disappear and only one building was left. Therefore, the six archers in the opposite building agreed. They had to get rid of their allies and Grid's party before the map was completely destroyed.

"Son of a bitch!"

Seuron was irritated. The same was true for Lauel who was fighting Jishuka alone.

'I didn't imagine that it would take so long.'

Grid was too big a variable. Lauel never imagined he would crush Chris' team alone.

Puk!

Chaeng!

Chaeeeeeng!

It was pandemonium. Grid, Seuron, and Lael fought hard as they struggled with the rain of arrows from the other building.

'There's still hope!'

Seuron hadn't given up. It was because Grid was much more tired than him.

'There are no more potions left.'

It was shortly after Grid struggled with many competitors. It was safe to say that all his potions were consumed. On the other hand, Seuron still had one potion remaining. It was the power of numerical superiority.

[Battlefield will end in 7 minutes.]

Kurururung!

Along with the notification window, part of the map started to disappear. Now the only area remaining was this building. The other building with the archers and the clothesline started to collapse. Seuron saw this and shouted. "Let's finish this off and then deal with the traitors... Heok!"

Even if he was hit two or three more times, he just needed to succeed with one counterattack.

The enemy's limited health would soon be depleted. Seuron judged and shouted, only to close his mouth.

Swaaaaah.

Grid opened a blue booklet and was covered with light. It was a scripture.

"You monster...!"

Seuron had guessed Grid was a cleric based on the damage. He noticed that Grid had secured a large number of scriptures, allowing him to wipe out Chris' party. But he hadn't expected Grid to have scriptures left. Seuron was feeling astonished when a sword flew from behind.

It was Kraugel's sword. As Grid was struggling two against one, Kraugel joined in and took care of the rest.

"Let's finish this."

"Pant... Pant... Yes, please finish it."

Grid and Kraugel's gaze headed to the window at the same time. There were new enemies crossing the clothesline.

Kwajajajak!

Without needing to say anything, Grid and Kraugel pulled out spears and stabbed them. The two of them made the same judgment simultaneously. The enemies were pierced and fell down one by one. They hit the ground and started to vanish.

“...I’ll surrender.”

Now the only one left to face Grid’s party was Lael, who realized that he was outmatched and abandoned his weapon. The final three survivors of Battlefield was determined to be Grid, Kraugel, and Jishuka.

Shortly after arriving in Japan, hundreds of reporters and Japanese fans were waiting for the South Korean team representatives. The crowd was huge enough to paralyze the airport. Most of them were Grid’s fans.

[Chapter 750](#)

"A glass of beer."

Red Deer, Canada. It was a small town in southern Alberta. In this small city with 80,000 residents, the black-haired foreigner was conspicuous. But today was an exception. Due to the live broadcast of Battlefield, the streets were quiet and most people were focused on the TV.

Thanks to this, the black-haired man was able to sit in the seat without receiving any attention. His white skin, small lips, less developed brow bone, and ebony hair showed that he was a man with Asian blood in him. The eyes behind dark sunglasses were also black.

His name was Ray and he had a Korean father and a Canadian mother. His ID in Satisfy was Faker. Of course, people didn’t know his identity.

"You never take off your sunglasses. It has been a while since you’ve come. Jennifer often asks about you."

A middle-aged man running the shabby pub alone handed him a beer. Was it because he didn’t want to indulge in useless chatter or because of his original reticent nature?

“...”

Faker nodded silently and drank a mouthful of beer. Like the other guests, his gaze was on the TV.

"Oh, Grid’s movements are fantastic.

“But Chris is a level above him.”

“Hahaha! Chris is Canada’s pride for a reason.”

“Have strength Chris! Forget that Grid is your king for the moment!”

The customers were enthusiastic. They praised Grid’s skills in protecting the stairs alone and were excited by Chris’ skills, which overwhelmed him. On TV, Grid was continuing to read the scriptures. However, he was being overwhelmed. There was too big a difference with Chris’ skills.

‘But Grid is doing well enough. If he puts in a bit more effort to protect his health, he will be able to hold on.’

This was Faker’s impression.

‘If it was last year’s Grid, he wouldn’t have been able to face Chris in Battlefield.’

It was a bright growth rate. And the root of this growth wasn't talent, but effort.

'Excellent.'

Faker wasn't aware of it himself but he had a habit of smiling every time he observed Grid. If Grid found out Faker had such a good impression of him, he would be moved to tears. A normal class user who was strong enough to beat sun-grade powerhouses. Faker was above a sun and Grid was one of his targets.

"What?"

"What's Chris doing all of a sudden?"

At this point, Faker's glass of beer was half empty. The development of Battlefield changed rapidly. Grid, who was being one-sidedly pushed by Chris, starting pushing back as if he had awakened. As Chris was on the defensive, Grid caught the other rankers in the confusion. The enemies turned to grey one by one.

Faker's gaze was fixed on a woman. Her name was Yura, one of the rankers allied with Chris. A South Korean representative.

'Her movements are limiting Chris' actions.'

Faker's saw her actions accurately. In fact, Yura was interfering with Chris. She blocked his path every time Chris tried to respond to Grid's attack. Of course, it wasn't blatant. The movements were very fine. There were few people in the world who would see that she was bothering Chris. Even the people in Battlefield couldn't read her intentions. Only Chris probably noticed her interference.

"Young Master is in a crisis... Yura's heart is for Grid."

Faker heard an old man's voice as he was concentrating on the TV. Faker turned his head and was surprised. The old gentleman had neatly brushed white hair. Zirkan. He was once the first ranked swordsman. But at some point, he devoted all his energy into raising Chris. He was Chris' mentor, a captain in the Giant Guild, and now a solid power in the Overgeared Kingdom.

"You... Why didn't you go to Japan with Chris?"

Faker wasn't surprised to see that Zirkan had found out his position. He knew what a big influence Chris' family had in Canada. It was easy for Zirkan to find out when he was a steward of Chris' family.

"It isn't easy to travel long distances at this age. Isn't it better for me to rest at home than to be a burden?" Zirkan laughed and sat across from Faker. The old man laid down his cane and tapped his knees. But Faker could see the solid muscular body beneath the coat. "Grid is blessed. He has the love of so many beauties. I would be jealous if I was 10 years younger."

Zirkan didn't have any hard feelings about Yura interfering with Chris. Yura was also a valuable colleague in the Overgeared Guild and above all, he liked her feelings towards Grid. It was from his years of experience.

"Love is good. Really good." Zirkan neatly folded his coat and gave an order to the owner. "A glass of Coke over here please."

"Yes, I understand."

The owner was very kind to Zirkan. It wasn't just because he was an elderly person. It was a pleasure to know that this young man had a friend.

"He's a good person."

'That's why I have been going to this store for a few years.' Faker swallowed back the words he wanted to say to Zirkan. It was better not to advertise this place.

"Please understand why I am only drinking Coke. My body is getting old and can't handle the alcohol properly. That's why I'm trying to stay away from alcohol."

Zirkan spoke shamelessly. Faker bluntly asked him, "Then why did you come here from Toronto?"

"I thought you would be lonely."

"...?"

The words were unexpected. What was this old man saying? Zirkan smiled benignly at the rarely embarrassed Faker.

"You have more talent than anyone else and are more passionate than anyone else. Like Chris and Grid, you can also play in the sun. You would surely win medals."

"..."

"But you're forced to stay in the shade because of your position. That's why you can't participate in the National Competition this year."

"..."

"Your blood will be boiling."

That's right. Zirkan saw through it exactly. Faker felt a desire to act in the National Competition. He wanted to compete with Grid and the other talented people in front of the public. He wanted to publicize his existence to the world. However, Faker was a person who could control himself.

"This boiling blood is easily settled. I know that much. Even if I don't participate, the public is already aware of me. This is sufficient."

"...Excellent." Zirkan was happy. "You're much better than the me last year. Was I like this at your age?"

The reason why Zirkan was focused on Chris' education was because Zirkan was old. Once he determined that international activities were difficult, he decided to concentrate on his role as Chris' steward and teacher. But he soon regretted it.

Zirkan liked the game more than he expected. He enjoyed standing in front of the public. He regretted it and realized that his retirement was too soon. When he failed to compete in the National Competition last year because of his rusty skills, his stress was very great. That's why he came to Faker. Zirkan wanted to heal Faker, who would feel a similar grievance to him. However, he was mistaken. Faker was already well-centred.

‘At a young age, your heart is mature without being overburdened by your talent... Is it the blood of your grandfather?’

Decades ago, when South Korea was still called a powerhouse in e-sports, there were many legendary gamers in South Korea and as a young man, Zirkan was fascinated with them. One of them was Faker’s grandfather. The information wasn’t officially disclosed, but Zirkan could see it when he first met Faker. Faker was the spitting image of his grandfather.

"...This talent might’ve been inherited from your grandfather."

Faker’s gaze returned to the TV as he answered. Grid was rampaging.

"I have learned about hard work from Grid."

It wasn’t a lie. Faker was originally a diligent person full of tenacity, but he was reasonable. No matter what, he didn’t do anything that violated common sense. There was a limit. But Faker changed as he met Grid and watched Grid’s changes. Now there was no limit to his efforts. That’s why he could grow enough to defeat a sun-grade powerhouse.

"There’s no greed to be in the sun as long as there is Grid. I will let Grid be the king in the sun while I will be king of the shadows."

"...Even your spirits are similar." Zirkan’s eyes were blurred with memories as he called out to the pub owner. "A glass of beer over here please. I will have a drink. It’s rare to get a chance to drink with a legendary bloodline."

"Kyaaaaak! Grid-sama!"

"God Grid! God Grid!"

"Yura! Yura! Yura!"

"..."

The airport staff rushed to the Korean representatives after the immigration process. They requested for the representatives to wait while they extended the security.

‘I knew there would be a lot of fans waiting.’

Peak Sword saw the crowd and clicked his tongue.

‘It’s beyond imagination.’

It wasn’t thousands, but tens of thousands. Over 10,000 people gathered here to meet Grid and Yura. They were even Japanese. Peak Sword felt very proud.

‘Koreans are truly great! We have a small population, but we’re steadily becoming a global giant!’

He didn’t intend to denounce foreigners. He just ‘objectively’ saw Koreans as superior to foreigners.

"Um..."

Peak Sword felt proud as a member of the Korean Patriotic Association. He nodded with satisfaction.

"Player Grid, there are evaluations that you control skills have improved dramatically in one year. Can I ask about the secret to your improvement?"

"I did well from the beginning. It was just buried by my items."

"The Overgeared Kingdom is the first of the West Continent countries to establish an alliance with the empire. As a result, it's speculated that the composition of the continent will greatly change. Now that you have the strong backing of the empire, what will happen to the Overgeared Kingdom?"

"It isn't an alliance with the empire. We just signed a temporary truce agreement. It isn't right to describe the empire as being behind me."

"Is there anything you like about Japanese culture? For example, manga?"

"Hey... Hum hum, hum! I like baseball videos."

"Baseball videos? Do you mean recorded videos of the Japanese Baseball League?"

"Ah, yes. That's correct. Baseball is a representative sport of Japan... No, it's significant in developed countries. I have great interest in it."

"As a Japanese person, I am happy and proud that you like Japanese baseball. If you don't mind, can I ask what team your cheer for?"

"Es O di?"

"Huh? There isn't a team like that?"

"Too bad... No, I was confused for a moment because of all the questions at once. I like and cheer on every team."

"You encourage everyone while cheering on a particular team? You are very considerate. As expected from the leader of a kingdom."

"Excuse me. I have a question. What is your favorite food?"

"I like wraps."

"You mean the popular style of wrapping beef or pork in lettuce?"

"Isn't it eaten with canned tuna?"

"...?"

"I don't eat meat with vegetables... The taste of the most expensive meat with the taste of vegetables is a bit..."

They were specific questions for Grid. In the past, he would've refused most interviews because he was uncomfortable or annoyed. But now he was well aware of his position. He never forgot that he represented a kingdom and answered all questions faithfully.

The result.

【 Lettuce, canned tuna, and hot pepper paste are temporarily out of stock. Sorry. We hope to secure more quantities quickly. Thank you. 】

Such signs were attached to various marts and convenience stores in Japan. It was the moment when a new Korean dish (?) was spread to Japan. This was the ripple effect of a huge star.