

Overgeared 931

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“Luck’s class is related to the war god.” Chris whistled after killing the last war god follower. It was a type of sigh.

Luck’s name was also familiar to Grid. “Ares’ subordinate?”

“That’s right. Among Ares’ three men, he is one of the strongest three. Like the war god’s followers, he has the passive skill to unconditionally counterattack. He is a headache to fight. I can’t count how many times the Giant Guild was beaten by him.”

“Luck is very strong. I fought with him frequently in my beginner days and lost.”

“Regas, you lost? Is the unconditional counterattack skill that fraudulent?”

“Haha. At that time, Luck didn’t have the counterattack skill. He was an ordinary martial artist like me. I was beaten with pure talent. Well, my level was lower at the time.”

Regas was a genius. He couldn’t lose just because his level was inferior. It was correct to say that the other person was also a genius.

“Hrmm...” Grid became tense as he was reminded of the fact that the world was wide and there were many strong people. If the Ares Army were to participate in this year’s National Competition, it would be much harder for Grid to play the role of the adversary.

‘Now that Kraugel is over level 300...’

Kraugel had gone to the final stages of the PvP after becoming a Sword Saint and having his level reset. How strong would he be this year after recovering his level? Could Grid glimpse the true power of a Sword Saint, the ultimate combat class? Pon saw the sinister smile that appeared on Grid’s face and asked, “What is so good? Did you get what you wanted?”

“Good? Me?”

“Eh. You keep smiling.”

“I’m smiling?”

“Hoh? Based on this expression, are you thinking about your lover? Yura? Jishuka? Or both?”

Grid felt tense yet he was smiling. It was proof that Grid was enjoying the tension. Getting rid of his smile, Grid shook his head. “It’s not like that. I didn’t get the things I wanted.”

“Really? Then what is it that you are looking for? You keep talking about a map. What is the map?”

“There is a place called the Sword Grave that is related to Pagma and Braham. The location is indicated on the map. The war god followers drop the map pieces.”

“What do the war god followers have to do with them?”

“I still don’t know. I will discover it gradually.”

It was a place involving two former legends. The group easily noticed it was a very important place for Grid, and they wanted to help him.

“You need to hunt the war god followers in earnest. Let’s group up and fight.”

Grid asked them, “Aren’t all of you busy preparing for the National Competition? You have to raise your level while hunting.”

If the goal was simply leveling up, then playing solo was better. The main way to raise their level was to hunt normal monsters as quickly as possible. There would be too little experience to gain if they joined a party with a person who had several pets. What about a raid party? The speed of hunting was slow, which meant leveling up was slow. Grid felt burdened from the excessive favor.

However, Pon didn’t allow him to refuse. “You shouldn’t be too moderate. I sometimes miss the Grid who was more selfish than anyone else.”

The more things that people had, the more they desired. People’s greed would grow even greater. Grid was the opposite, so it felt both fresh and worrying. When people were about to die, they would change, and Pon was worried Grid might be the same. Chris and Regas felt the same way.

“Yes, Grid. Let’s fight together until you collect all the maps.”

“We are happy to help.”

Grid muttered, “Really. Why do you want to help me when the National Competition isn’t far away? You have to take care of your own rice bowl.”

“The National Competition is important, but you are more important.”

“Hey! I’m getting goosebumps!”

“Goosebumps? I learned it from you. Stop nagging and form a party.”

In the end, he formed a party with Pon’s group.

Grid alone was able to target the war god followers just with Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle, the black flames, and when Blackening was activated, but it was different in Pon’s party. With them, he could raid the followers even when his skills were on cooldown. Chris’ heavy sword neutralized the followers for a second, and Regas was able to strike at all the joints of the followers thanks to the Dantalian’s Knowledge Fragment that Grid had given him. Meanwhile, Pon’s sharp attacks dealt serious blows to the followers.

[A war god follower who has escaped from the grave has been destroyed.]

[21,506,070 experience will be divided.]

[Party leader Grid has acquired the Sword Grave’s Map Fragment (2).]

“The experience gained is more than I thought it would be.”

“It is because they are too strong.”

A week after forming the party...

The expressions of the party members were bright after Grid finished half the map. They had teamed up purely for the sake of helping Grid, but the experience that accumulated wasn't bad. At this pace, they would be able to achieve their goal of gaining one level before the National Competition.

It was thanks to Grid's unrealistic attack power. Every time Grid swung the glowing Enlightenment Sword, the war god followers lost a significant amount of health. The party members could then concentrate on their role as supporters without worry. They focused solely on neutralizing the followers so that counterattacks couldn't be used.

Kuwaaaang! Another war god follower was swept away by an explosion. The flames that the Enlightenment Sword emitted seemed to swallow up the war god followers. Chris carefully asked a question, "Grid, speaking of your sword... It isn't due to the 'coolness' option from Reidan's alchemy facility but the successful enhancement?"

"Yes. It is only +4, but this is a myth rated weapon. So, the appearance changed.

"What? +4? Isn't it supposed to be almost impossible to raise the enhancement level of a myth rated item?"

Considering the base damage of myth rated weapons, the increase in attack power after being enhanced would be enormous. Yet it was +4...? Grid laughed at the astonished party members. "I am a lucky person."

"Yes...?"

This was Grid who failed repeatedly. In particular, the early members of the Overgeared Guild knew just how unlucky Grid was. The party found it funny when Grid said he was lucky, but they had to acknowledge that it wasn't a joke because the Enlightenment Sword had obviously gotten stronger.

Then Pon asked a question he had buried in his heart, "Why aren't you participating in this year's National Competition if you are so strong?"

Chris and Regas were curious too. Why would Grid skip the National Competition when he could definitely get some gold medal rewards? Everyone was focused on Grid's answer. Grid was reminded of the terms of the contract with the S.A Group, which stated he shouldn't leak information about the Demon King's Subjugation event to the outside world.

"Just know that it isn't in my nature to lose." He couldn't add anything else. There were no more words to say, and the situation suddenly changed.

"What?"

Was there a volcano erupting nearby? As Grid's party moved forward, the huge labyrinth started to shake like it would collapse right away. They prepared skills and potions in preparation for the upcoming shock.

[A change has been detected in the underground of the Galgunos Temple.]

[After confirming that his army has been reduced, Galgunos warns the intruders upstairs.]

“If you don’t want to die... Get out now...”

[A voice filled with strong magic power affects your heart and mind.]

[The chaos, fear, and mental breakdown states have overcome you.]

[The effect of the mental breakdown has quickly depleted your mana. 1,000 mana will be lost per second for one minute. Mana potions can’t be taken for 10 minutes.]

“Kuek...!” The party members grunted with pain. They leaned against a wall and sweat dripped down. Grid was the only one who was fine.

‘We didn’t enter the boss room, but the boss came out?’

Grid got a chill. The intermediate bosses of the Galgunos Temple—the ‘war god followers who escaped from the grave’—were on the level of elite monsters. The Galgunos Temple was more dangerous than the Overgeared Guild’s previous investigation, and the boss was likely to overwhelm the noble-grade vampires. It was as he expected.

“This is unpleasant...” [Tiramet has returned to his coffin.]

“I’m scared...” [Randy has run away.]

“Hanyaaang... Sleepy, ong...” [Noe feels sleepy. All of Noe’s mana has been depleted.]

Galgunos was a terrifying boss. Without appearing, he had already neutralized the elite party with just a ‘warning.’ The members would slowly recover after a minute, but it would take 24 hours before Grid could summon his pets again. What if the war god followers attacked during this time?

‘It’s dangerous...’

It was a dungeon that made numerical superiority obsolete. The Overgeared members wouldn’t be able to conquer this place until they learned how to deal with ‘mental breakdown.’ Grid was preparing for a raid on his own when his eyes widened. His shaky gaze was on the two skeletons.

[Overgeared Skeleton One is dancing.]

[Overgeared Skeleton Two is using ‘Ridicule.’]

The contents of the notification window were the same. Overgeared Skeleton One was shaking his shoulders and collarbones to an excited rhythm, while Overgeared Skeleton Two moved his jaw. They weren’t affected by Galgunos’ mental breakdown.

‘Is it because they are skeletons?’

Skeletons had no brains. They had no mental state to be weakened in the first place. Grid was trying to dismiss the matter as insignificant when he recalled Noe’s words.

‘Didn’t Noe say that the lich exerts power over the undead?’

It didn’t make sense for the Overgeared Skeletons to resist mental breakdown just because they didn’t have brains. Rather, the Overgeared Skeletons should’ve been more affected by Galgunos’ warning. At least, that would be the case if the Overgeared Skeletons were normal undead.

Yet, how were the Overgeared Skeletons normal undead? These guys weren't ordinary skeletons. They were a legacy left by the vampire Latina, and even Braham wasn't able to measure their strength. They were skeletons equipped with intelligence and capable of learning and emotions. A new notification window popped up.

[A change has been detected in the underground of the Galgunos Temple.]

[After confirming that he was mocked, Galgunos warns the upstairs intruders.]”

“Berache's experiments dare...! I will kill you if you don't stop laughing right now!!

[A voice filled with strong magic power affects your heart and mind.]

[The chaos, fear, and mental breakdown states have overcome you.]

[Mental breakdown is stacked on, and the mana depletion speed has increased. The time required for recovery has doubled.]

[You have resisted.]

[Overgeared Skeleton Two is using 'Ridicule.']

[Overgeared Skeleton One has learned 'Ridicule.']

[Overgeared Skeleton One is using 'Ridicule.']

“These guys!! I will turn you into powder!”

[The angered Galgunos is calling for his experimental bodies.]

[A war god follower, who learned two secret techniques, has discovered your position.]

There were continuous explosions from far away. The walls seemed to be breaking in order for the true 'intermediate boss' to get here quickly.

“G-Guys? Quickly get up.” Grid tried hitting the cheeks of his companions, but it was useless. None of them regained their spirits. This meant Grid had to fight alone for one minute. “This really sucks.”

Clack!Clack clack!

No matter what Grid felt, the Overgeared Skeletons were still laughing.

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“I am planning to increase the number of subordinate guilds under the Overgeared Guild. The leader of the guild should be one of Grid's close aides.”

They were lacking talents.

Lael habitually grumbled about this, but it was from the blind perspective of someone at the top. The Overgeared Guild was full of people. It was no longer possible to maintain only two guilds because they had reached the maximum capacity of each guild. Just as large companies had affiliates, it was time for them to separate their guilds.

“It is a prudent matter, and I plan to implement it gradually. But I need to set up the Shadows group as soon as possible. Today would be good. As you know, it is the busiest organization, and it is urgent to recruit people...”

“Do you want me to take care of it?”

“That’s correct. Can you do it?” Lael’s attitude was cautious.

Currently, the members of Overgeared Guild One were treated as ‘knights’ under Piaro, and they received a compensation effect to their stats. Their stats would drop the moment they left Overgeared Guild One. Now, Lael was forced to sacrifice Faker, who had been with them since the time of the Tzedakah Guild. Lael felt sorry about this, and his heart was heavy.

Faker nodded with a calm expression. “I understand.”

“...”

He didn’t present any conditions or show that he was upset. In fact, he would do anything for Grid and the guild. This was Faker. Faker’s cool answer made Lael feel more like a sinner. “I’d rather you be angry.”

Guilds had levels. The Overgeared Guild One, where Grid was the leader, had reached the max level. In addition to the knight buffs, all sorts of conveniences were provided. On the other hand, the Overgeared Shadows Guild would start at level one and wouldn’t have any conveniences. The disadvantages Faker would face weren’t just to do with the loss of stats.

Yet he responded like this? Lael had expected it, but once it actually happened, he couldn’t help scratching his head. Faker kept speaking with his blank expression, “I was prepared to do this one day. Additionally...”

Was Lael mistaken about Faker’s lips curving upward? Lael rubbed his eyes as he heard Faker’s words.

“In my grandfather’s country, there is a saying that a dog who attends Seodang (private schools for teaching Chinese classics) for three years will be able to recite Chinese scrolls. I am confident that I can develop and run a guild. Believe in me.”

As the shadow of the Overgeared Guild, Faker had been working with Lael for many years. He had observed Lael more closely than anyone else had done and naturally learned many things.

“Thank you.”

On this day, Faker left Overgeared Guild One and established the Overgeared Shadows Guild. All the assassin players belonging to Overgeared Guild One moved to the Overgeared Shadows, while some of those on the waiting list started with the Overgeared Shadows.

The largest ever assassin guild was created. They were a knife just for Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom.

“Damn these guys. Kids, stop aggravating him,” Grid begged, but the Overgeared Skeletons’ Ridicule didn’t stop.

Grid felt like a nasty villain.

'If I think of the person called Galgunos...'

Galgunos was just trying to send away the people invading his house, only for the crazy robbers to keep mocking him without knowing how to be grateful. It was enough to cause a discussion on morality.

"...Well, people are villains. There is no need to think about the monster. Yes, this is it. Overgeared Skeletons, laugh to your hearts' content. Keep going. His name is Galgunos. I will give him the nickname of Galgu."

The sound of the walls breaking apart got nearer. It meant that the 'war god follower who learned two secret techniques' was narrowing the distance. Now, it was unavoidable. Grid was filled with an eerie sense of excitement as he held the Enlightenment Sword with the Blade Aiming at the Gods and light elemental floating beside him.

'What is the level of the real intermediate boss?'

According to Lauel's report, the Overgeared members had explored the Temple of Shadows and Galgunos' Temple. They found that the 'intermediate boss' who appeared on the first floor of the temple was 'war god follower who escaped from the grave.'

This 'intermediate boss' was dangerous. Their attack power and agility were comparable to Grid's, their defense was similar to Vantner's, and they had a health of at least nine million. They even possessed the skill of unconditional counterattack. It was one skill, but the skill was too fraudulent. The basic specs were also high, so it was advised to avoid a one-on-one fight.

Yes, Lauel and the Overgeared members misunderstood that the war god followers who escaped from the grave were the intermediate bosses because of how strong they were. In fact, they were also a threat to Grid.

Then what was the truth? This powerful boss monster wasn't the intermediate boss. Based on the number that appeared, they were elite monsters. They were below the second-grade war god follower who was called by Galgunos. In other words, it was unknown how powerful the true intermediate boss was.

'I can get a hint from the name.' Grid's thoughts accelerated. 'They can use two skills. The followers who escaped from the grave only have the counterattack, but the one approaching right now has another difficulty.'

'In normal dungeons, the difference between elite monsters and the intermediate boss is at least 30-60 levels. A monster's stats scale up by level, meaning the difference with the player's stats will be significant.'

'Now, the most important thing is health. It will be really hard if they have twice the health. If the combo of Blackening, Blacksmith's Rage, Flash, and Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle doesn't kill it, I have to be prepared to die.'

His accelerated thoughts didn't lead him to an answer. If everything could be solved by thinking, there would be no war or hunger in the world.

“Damn. I’ll find out soon.”

Grid currently didn’t have any information. He didn’t know if the war god follower who had learned two secret techniques was undead or alive like the war god followers who escaped from the grave. Its secret techniques were also unknown. Basically, Grid didn’t know anything, and it was meaningless to think.

In this sort of situation, he knew from experience that it was better to just empty his head. Grid wasn’t prideful or arrogant. He was a veteran who hadn’t stopped playing Satisfy since the day he started Satisfy.

“Blackening. Quick Movements. Blacksmith’s Rage.”

The wall in front of Grid collapsed, and a zombie in an old cloak appeared over the wall. The war god follower who had learned two secret techniques was also an undead. Grid responded calmly. He struck the war god follower with a basic attack from his sword. After doing so, he didn’t get a notice that the durability of the sword was reduced, that his health was lost, or that a fracture had occurred. Fortunately, it meant that the attack power of the intermediate boss was equal or lower than Grid’s attack power.

However, he couldn’t be relieved for long. Grid swung his sword at the war god followers continuously. As a result...

[You have suffered 7,930 damage.]

[The target has received 9,950 damage.]

[You have been counterattacked by a mysterious technique. You have suffered 9,950 damage.]

In two seconds, Grid dealt one attack and was hit by one. He was able to get a glimpse of the attack power and speed of the war god follower. The problem was the counterattack skill possessed by the war god followers. The war god followers responded to Grid at a transcendent speed once they registered that they were hit. They returned the same amount of damage that Grid had dealt.

‘Up to here is like the war god follower who escaped from the grave.’

The health was still difficult to gauge. Only 10,000 damage was dealt, so the health gauge of the war god follower didn’t go down. Grid’s brain worked more fiercely. ‘What will be the other skill?’

He would be at a disadvantage if this went on longer. It was the same with dealing with the war god follower who escaped from the grave. The damn followers of the war god were monsters who boasted the same specs as Grid’s buff state. This meant the fight had to be decided while his buffs were still maintained.

‘No, I have a bit more time to spare.’

Grid unleashed fierce blows toward the war god follower while turning his gaze toward his still dazed companions. These people who would wake up after 45 seconds were solid insurance for Grid.

‘I’m not alone.’

Grid's eyes flashed fiercely. He had many questions. The lich Galgunos was a servant of a great demon. Who was the great demon that he served? Where did he get the bodies of the war god followers from, and why was he using the war god followers as experimental bodies? The followers of the war god were looking for the Sword Grave. What was waiting in the Sword Grave?

Grid had to pursue victory if he wanted to find the answer to all these questions.

"Ah." Grid, who longed for victory and had a passion for combat, noticed that it was time for a new challenge. He used the 'illusion' ability of Belial's Power that he had ignored so far. Grid hadn't used it because he thought it was out of the range of his ability. Now seemed like the right time.

A new resolution and a spirit of challenge were required in order to reach a higher place. Grid didn't want to stagnate. He had to challenge it, especially when thinking of the demon king subjugation. Grid suffered every time the war god follower counterattacked. The war god follower's health gauge was fine, while Grid's health had fallen by half. Grid even started feeling gratitude for the +8 defense that his inner underwear gave him. He was that desperate.

"Belial's Power."

Thus, he used the power he had been ignoring. No, he 'challenged' the power.

[The power of the great demon Belial summoned in the Rune of Darkness has been opened!]

[It is impossible for a human to digest all three of Belial's powers.]

[You are in a half-demon state. Your body has endured the pressure of immense power. However, it is still impossible for a human to digest all three of Belial's powers at the same time.]

[You can use one of Belial's three powers of: Darkness, fire, or illusion.]

[You have chosen the power of illusion!]

[The passive skill 'Queen of Mocking and Violation' will be maintained for 2 minutes, and Queen's Distortion is now activated. Another magic will be activated if your intelligence exceeds 4,000.]

[Your intelligence is low. It is difficult to control Queen's Distortion.]

"Grid...?"

One minute had passed since Grid alone endured the attacks of the war god follower who had learned two secret techniques. It was time for Chris, Pon, and Regas to regain their minds. However, the three of them weren't fully aware that the negative states had been lifted.

It was because they saw five Grids, not one. They were confused like they had been drugged.

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[Queen of Mocking and Violation]

[Once health falls below 50%, an illusion will be summoned with every further 10% decrease in health.]

The health, defense, and agility of the clone are affected by your body's current health, defense, and agility. However, its attack power is fixed at 10% of the body. Additionally, the skills of the clone are limited to basic skills.

Every time you summon an illusion, it will show hallucinations to all the surrounding people. They won't be able to distinguish between your body and the illusion.

A target who attacks the clone will have 30% of the damage the target dealt reflected. However, it won't lead to death.]

The third of Belial's powers was a near perfect illusion magic. It summoned a clone every time the caster lost health. All targets in the area couldn't distinguish between the two of them. The target that attacked the illusion would receive reflected damage. Additionally, the clones copied most of the stats of the main body.

All the effects were as good as gold. He would be a pushover if he used such a skill and couldn't devastate the enemy. However, Grid never used this skill in actual combat. Was it because he was a pushover? No, it was because the skill was extremely difficult to control.

The disadvantage of this versatile skill was simple and clear. It was difficult.

[You have suffered 8,190 damage.]

[The target has received 12,200 damage.]

[You have been counterattacked by a mysterious technique.]

[You have suffered 12,200 damage.]

[An illusion has been summoned with the effect of Queen of Mocking and Violation.]

The body, which was wounded from exchanging blows with the war god follower, divided into two.

"...?" The war god follower stopped. It lost his aggro since Grid was split into two, and it became hard to tell which of the two Grids were real. The situation was good up to here. Grid was like the main character in a movie. It seemed as if the two Grids would work together to blow away the follower of the war god.

However, Grid stood still and couldn't move. Of course, it was hard to move. His 'vision' was divided into two.

'...Um.'

This was why Grid never used the power of lies. Every time an illusion was summoned, Grid had not only his own vision but the vision of the illusion as well. The really fortunate thing was that there was no crazy demand of 'I have to control the illusion.'

That's right. Grid watched in real time what the illusion was doing through the illusion's eyes, thinking and deciding how to cooperate with the illusion. This was a difficult problem.

"Urgh...!" Grid's illusion got hit, and the vision of one of the two Grids changed as he was blown through the air. One side of Grid saw the war god follower in front of him, while the other saw the crown of the

follower's head. He got motion sickness. This wasn't a problem solved by closing one eye. His divided vision remained the same even if he closed one eye. The split screen was just smaller.

The follower of the war god was blocking the illusion's attacks. The illusion had attracted its aggro. It was a natural result as Grid was standing still while the illusion moved swiftly. Now the follower of the war god was ignoring him as a fake. The more blows that the follower and the clone exchanged, the more nervous Grid felt. It was hard to adapt because the shared vision with the illusion was shaky and made him dizzy.

Still, Grid had to concentrate. He shared the vision of the illusion, and once the war god follower revealed a clear gap, he would enter the battle and change the flow.

'Steady yourself. Steady yourself, Grid! I have to hit it as much as possible before the buff ends!'

Grid started to raise his concentration. The clone used Link, and the war god follower was hit continuously. The war god follower couldn't defend against each one and allowed seven consecutive attacks. It wasn't a good thing from Grid's standpoint. If the illusion who had 10% of Grid's attack power could kill the war god follower, Grid wouldn't have suffered such damage from it.

On the other hand...

The clone couldn't cope with the war god follower's immediate counterattack and subsequent strikes. The bloody clone turned to ashes. In the process, the war god follower also suffered tens of thousands of reflected damage. At that moment...

"Flash!" Grid overcame the war god follower and activated the light elemental while rushing forward. The light elemental flew to the war god follower and released a bright light that blinded it.

"Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle!" Grid used his ultimate attack, and his continuous strikes pierced the war god follower.

[The target has received 490,580 damage.]

[The target has received 511,900 damage...]

"Kiyaaaaah!" The blind follower received a lot of damage, failed to counterattack, and struggled with the pain. Grid followed up with the movements of Wave. The dozens of energy blades tore at the war god follower and then gathered in the air.

"...Battle gear mountain...!"

The war god follower wasn't aware of the intense aura that had gathered above its head. The war god follower recovered from the blindness and roared, "Where?!"

Then Pinnacle fell like a lightning bolt.

[The target has received 3,040,580 damage.]

The war god follower was hit by the blow and sent stumbling. The follower's posture was so bad it was surprising the follower didn't drop its sword. Ignoring the rules of physics, the war god follower

triggered the counterattack skill despite the apparently unstable posture of the sword. It reflected the damage of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle! Then Grid followed up with his next play.

“Revolve.”

It was too close to Grid. Grid had dealt with many war god followers using Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle and had a perfect grasp of the timing for Revolve.

[The target has received 3,040,580 damage.]

The war god follower suffered even more damage because of Grid’s counterattack. In fact, the war god follower suffered damage it shouldn’t have had to bear originally and once again stumbled. If it had been a war god follower who escaped from the grave, it would’ve died by now.

‘Crazy. It is as I expected.’

Grid was currently facing the war god follower who had learned two secret techniques. The intermediate boss of this dungeon probably had twice as much health as the follower who escaped from the grave. Grid hit it with the ultimate skill and the reflected counterattack damage, but the follower still had half its health remaining.

The war god follower once again roared angrily, “I... Battle gear mountain...! Guide me!!”

The act of its counterattack being returned was a situation beyond the common sense of the war god follower. The war god follower felt a big threat come from Grid and showed its second skill.

“?!”

This was after the Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle combo. Grid had secured a safe distance from the war god follower and was restoring his breathing. Now his eyes widened. The sword had increased in size. The war god follower took only one step, yet the rusty sword it wielded stretched out over the three-meter distance.

Was this a magic trick? Grid got a chill, but it was too late for him to take evasive action. The sufficient distance that Grid had secured caught his ankle instead. He was relaxed, so his response to the unexpected situation was one step too late.

[You have suffered 19,250 damage.]

“Ugh!” Grid groaned as his chest was cut by the sword as the war god follower showed three times more attack power than usual. The war god follower took one more step, and the sword once again increased in size.

[An illusion has been summoned with the effect of Queen of Mocking and Violation.]

Grid’s body shook and split in two, causing the war god follower to once again lose its focus. The second skill of the war god follower couldn’t reach Grid and struck the ground between Grid and his illusion. Grid observed the sword stuck in the ground and discovered its identity. ‘Aura.’

It wasn’t a growing sword. An aura that was dozens of centimeters stretched out from the tip of the sword, making the sword stretch. This was a sword that could change its length in real time. It was

obviously a tricky technique. The attack power had tripled, so Grid would die after being hit several times. An ordinary player wouldn't be able to go against the war god follower who had learned two secret techniques.

However, Grid was accustomed to aura. He knew its potential better than anyone else. This was due to what Piaro had told him. Why had Piaro placed Hurent near him, and what was the extent of Hurent's abilities? Piaro had described the characteristics of aura to Grid in the process of making sure that Grid fully understood.

Thus, Grid wasn't confused when the sword embedded in the ground suddenly changed to the form of a mace and sharp thorns stretched out from the mace. He easily avoided the thorns as if he had predicted it, even pulling his own illusion away. If the war god follower were alive, it would be panicked about how its secret technique was avoided.

This wasn't the case though as the war god follower Grid was fighting was an undead. It had no thoughts and wasn't upset by Grid dodging its blow. The war god follower just kept wielding its sword. The aura at the end of the sword changed every time. Sometimes it was a mace, a spear, or even a whip. Grid's body became more and more wounded as he moved tirelessly.

[An illusion has been summoned with the effect of Queen of Mocking and Violation.]

[An illusion has been summoned with the effect of Queen of Mocking and Violation.]

[An illusion has been summoned with the effect of Queen of Mocking....]

Grid's vision was split into five. It meant he had summoned four illusions. In the process, the war god follower missed its target several times, attacking an illusion and suffering from reflection damage.

"Pant... Pant..." Grid had a headache. His mental power was exhausted from dealing with five fields of view.

'It would be hard for Kraugel's grandfather, not Kraugel, to adapt,' Grid thought sincerely.

"Link."

"Kill."

"Wave."

"Pinnacle."

Grid's illusions surrounded the war god follower and started a sword dance. The visions of the illusions were shared by Grid, and he barely gulped. One illusion used Link, another used Kill, one more used Wave, and the last one used Pinnacle. Their fates were determined as they could only exercise one-tenth of Grid's attack power. This meant they would only deal slight damage to the war god followed before being hit by the counterattack and disappearing. They were just like flies from the perspective of the war god follower.

Yet what if the flies were actually wasps? The illusions couldn't avoid dying from the counterattacks, but what if their damage to the war god follower could exceed the predicted levels? The illusions' deaths wouldn't be in vain.

'Sigh. Sigh. Sigh. Let's go. I can do it.'

Out of the five fields of views that Grid was currently seeing, the 'main body' was at the center. He watched his illusions use skills on the war god follower. At this moment, Grid cast a spell, "Distortion."

Then Grid focused on another point of view. It was the scene where he was using Link on the war god follower.

[Queen's Distortion]

[Replace the body of the virtual image. The target can only be replaced once.]

Cooldown Time: None.

Mana consumption: 2,300]

"Ohhhhh!" Grid became the illusion who was using Link. He only focused on the central vision and aimed energy blades at the war god follower.

[The target has received 23,500 damage.]

[The target has received 21,430 damage.]

[The target has received 22,990 damage...]

[The target has received 22,800 damage...]

100% of Grid's attack power was applied. The war god follower suffered damage that couldn't be ignored and then counterattacked. Simultaneously, Grid swallowed his nausea and used a spell again, "Distortion...!"

This time, the scene that appeared in front of him was of an illusion stabbing the war god follower with Kill.

[Critical!]

[The target has received 1,010,590 damage.]

The body of the clone Grid had just occupied was blown away. Grid's field of views decreased from five to four, and he once again used Queen's Distortion. It was just in the nick of time. The illusion who used Kill was stabbed by the war god follower and turned to ashes. Additionally, the illusions who used Pinnacle and Wave died at the same time.

Now, Grid only had one field of view left. It was the view of his original body. Grid stared at the war god follower in the distance. There had been five Grids on the battlefield, and now there was only one.

"Kieeek! Kleeek...!" The war god follower was creaking like a toy that would soon be broken. The damage Grid had dealt as he moved and occupied the bodies of the different illusions was considerable. There was also the damage reflection every time Grid's illusions were killed.

"Pant... Pant... Pant..." Grid couldn't move. His mental power had been consumed by sharing the vision of five clones and using three consecutive distortions. It felt like his brain was burning.

'If my reflexes were a bit faster, I could've connected an attack from my main body with the attacks of the illusions.'

He could barely stand on his trembling legs.

"Leave it to us." The 1st ranked Chris, White Knight Pon, and Asura Regas stood side by side. The 1,000 Ton Sword and 100 Ton Sword caused the war god follower to fall down. Then Mach Spear pierced its heart, and lightning-fast kicks hit its head. At the end of the struggle...

[The war god follower who learned two secret techniques has been destroyed.]

[129,990,250 experience will be divided.]

[Overgeared Skeleton One's level has risen.]

[Overgeared Skeleton Two's level has risen.]

[Party leader Grid has acquired 'Burnt and Unreadable Secret Technique of the War God Follower.']

[Party leader Grid has acquired the Sword Grave's Map Fragment (7).]

[Party leader Grid has acquired the Sword Grave's Map Fragment (3).]

[Party leader Grid has acquired the Sword Grave's Map (1).]

[You have completed the map of the Sword Grave!]

Grid succeeded in the new challenge.

[Chapter 934](#)

[You have completed the map of the Sword Grave!]

"Good!"

Grid had expected to take at least a fortnight to complete the map, but the schedule quickened thanks to the emergence of the war god follower who had learned two secret techniques. An unexpected crisis turned out to be good luck.

"It is thanks to the increase in my good luck stat. Huhu. I should be renamed as the king of luck."

Grid smiled as he was reminded of his good luck stat soaring thanks to the elixirs. He ignored the Overgeared Skeletons who were making wistful expressions on the side.

'Additionally, I was also lucky when falling into Garam's trap. If this luck keeps up, I can reach the Sword Grave and clear the hidden quest before the National Competition.'

The excited Grid forgot something for a moment. This place was the Galgunos Temple. It wasn't a safe zone.

"You destroyed my created soldiers! It is hateful!" Galgunos' roar came from underground, and it shook the whole temple. Grid's group was alert since they had consumed all their resources while facing the war god follower. Judging that another war god follower was going to appear, they prepared to run.

Grid's party gulped and took potions while checking the status of their items and skills. Nevertheless, they were meaningless actions. The party didn't need to be so vigilant. That was because this time, Galgunos' action...

[Your relationship with Lich Galgunos, subordinate of a great demon, has become hostile.]

['Galgunos Imprint' is engraved on your heart.]

[The first imprint effect has occurred. The imprint is filled with the essence of magic power. You have failed to resist the imprint effect.]

[The first imprint effect has caused death. The imprint has disappeared.]

[Resistance to the first imprint effect has increased.]

[36.7% experience has been lost.]

[The +8 Ideal Dagger has been lost.]

He used his power instead of dispatching soldiers, and Grid's party died. They were inevitable deaths. Grid's party gained new information that raiding the intermediate boss of the first floor of the temple would mean 'unconditional death.'

"Are you okay?"

In the garden of Reinhardt Castle, Grid opened his eyes at the resurrection point and worried about his colleagues first. Death was fatal to Grid, but it wasn't big enough to cause him despair. Grid's hunting speed was several times faster than that of other people, so he didn't need to work as hard to recover the lost experience. The lost item was also easily recoverable unless it was legendary or above.

The Ideal Dagger—it was the item he had made when he first met Euphemina. It wasn't a big deal for Grid to lose it because he had been using it for 10 years already in Satisfy time, and the +8 enhancement wasn't that huge. He still had many enhancement scrolls from various rewards on the East Continent. It would be easy for him to enhance an item to +8 as long as it wasn't a myth item.

However, Chris, Pon, and Regas were different. After dying, they felt desperate. From their experience, the lost experience and items would be difficult to recover. Grid was worried about them.

"We're fine."

"Why are you making a fuss? There's nothing to worry about."

"Dying is natural while hunting."

The three men spoke like it was just a trivial thing. Of course, their actual thoughts were different. 'It will be difficult to reach our goal of gaining one level before the National Competition.'

'I dropped Lensia. Dammit. I need a new secondary weapon.'

'Death... My pride...'

However, they didn't express it. They didn't want to burden Grid.

In the first place, it was funny to complain after losing items and experience. It had already happened, and wasn't it caused by their negligence?

Pon patted Grid's shoulder. "Didn't you gain good results? You completed the dungeon map, and we confirmed the dungeon characteristics. We didn't die in vain. Grid, you might be upset but don't worry too much. It isn't good to be shaken."

Chris nodded in agreement. "I should go report to Lael. I have to tell him that we will receive great damage if we intend to attack the Galgunos Temple."

Those who killed the intermediate boss would receive an imprint, and the first imprint effect was to cause death unconditionally. Apart from Grid's group who already developed resistance to the imprint, everyone else who attacked the Galgunos Temple must be prepared to die.

"Lael will hold his tongue. His nature means he will never suggest attacking the Galgunos Temple."

"I have the same thought. Instruct the guild members not to raid the intermediate boss and only hunt the mobs on the first floor."

The reason players sought dungeons was to level up and gain a profit. It was enough to grab the respawned mobs in the dungeon to level up. Raiding the boss would give bigger rewards, but they was no need to risk it if the difficulty was too high. They would only receive harm while seeking uncertain rewards.

Chris, Pon, and Regas judged that the Galgunos Temple was a dungeon that shouldn't be attacked.

"Let's attack the temple after the National Competition," the silent Grid spoke ridiculous words and then grinned at his baffled colleagues. "At the very least, we won't die from the imprint."

"That's right. However, the imprint is secondary. The Galgunos Temple itself is very difficult. Grid, it will be difficult to challenge the dungeon with just the four of us."

"If you get two or three gold medals in the National Competition, won't it be easier than you think? Won't you become stronger from the gold medal compensation?"

"Ah. Right. There is such a simple method."

Grid was the only person in the world who would speak so easily about the gold medals. The party members could only laugh.

The video started from the sky above the clouds—a sky that humans couldn't reach. The camera angle stayed there for two seconds before starting to fall rapidly. It fell from above the clouds through the clouds and toward the land. There was an explosion, and the camera angle shook. Then silence followed. After a few seconds, the trembling returned again. A broken sword appeared.

-It seems to be Kraugel.

-Right. It is expressing the fallen sky.

-It is rough... We are being hit with the former sky above the sky from the opening video? ;;;

-The S.A Group is cruel.Killing a person twice.

-I feel sorry for Kraugel oppa.ㅠㅠ I don't want his pretty face to wrinkle.ㅠㅠㅠ

The pre-opening video for the 4th National Competition was short and intense. The video depicted the fall of Kraugel, who had kept his status until last year. Some people cheered, some were displeased, and others were sympathetic. The common feeling they all shared was 'regret'.

A hand grabbed the broken sword (from Kraugel's point of view) and then tried to climb back onto the throne. The rusty throne was abandoned by its master. It was an empty throne. This symbolized Grid's absence. People couldn't help feeling regretful.

-Ha... The video shows that Grid won't appear in this National Competition.

-It is empty, empty.There is no fun watching this National Competition.

-Honestly, this year's National Competition is meaningless.It is a fight between foxes in a forest free of a tiger.

-Tiger?Bullshit.Don't you know that Grid ran away?He didn't play this year because Kraugel will win. What type of tiger is that?He is just a piece of junk.

-You must be American.

-Is it wrong?What other reason is there for Grid giving up the gold medal compensation?Grid ran away because he was afraid of losing his title.

-You must be American.

-There is no Grid, so South Korea won't be able to win many medals this year.They will be edged out of the rankings.ㅎㅎ

-You must be Japanese.

-The Chinese?

-Taiwan number one!

-The foreigners are scared.Somebody go and get Peak Sword.

The communities all over the world were talking about the National Competition. In particular, the atmosphere of the Korean communities was boiling over. The foreign netizens, who wanted to ridicule South Korea in Grid's absence, flocked together like a tsunami every day. It meant there were many foreigners who were jealous of the Koreans, who had enjoyed the honey every time thanks to Grid.

Regardless of Grid's absence, the public's interest in the National Competition was still hot. After all, it was an event that only occurred once a year. Then a full version of the opening video was released a few days later, making people all over the world more excited.

Kraugel was staring at the empty throne. Then players from the US team gathered around him. One of them approached the empty throne. He sat on it and laughed wildly. His identity...

-Punching bag!

-Amazing ⇨ ⇨ Zibal is coming back at this time.

Before removing himself from the rankings, Zibal had maintained the second place in the overall rankings and had a rivalry with Kraugel. After two years, Zibal finally showed himself again. In particular, the Americans were excited about this. In the US team, there were more people to pay attention to.

-Doesn't that look like Haster standing beside Lauel?

-The FPS Emperor? Aish, it can't be. Why is the Emperor in Satisfy?

-Doesn't that look like Haster?

-It is real. He is Haster.

-Isn't this crazy? Haster is returning in Satisfy?

-He is going to be the emperor again.

-A legend is returning... This year's National Competition will be full of legends...

-Kraugel, Zibal, Haster, Lauel, Skull, Zephyr... It will be abnormal if the United States doesn't take first place this year.

There were 125 countries participating in the 4th National Competition. The five minute opening video didn't introduce all the countries. It only introduced the 13 countries that were treated as superpowers in Satisfy and played significant roles. The high rankers from weaker countries also appeared for a short time in the video. A typical example was Jishuka.

The spectacular sight made many people look forward to the National Competition. The most talked about scene...

There was a single hand gesture. In the darkness, against the background of a castle, one hand beckoned toward the camera. This was an obvious provocation. It was telling people to come.

'Come and face me,' it seemed to say.

-Who is that? Why aren't they showing his face?

-Is it a ranker participating for the first time in the National Competition?

-The person is arrogant. Who is one of the top rankers who haven't appeared in the National Competition??

-Russia's Knight? Is it North Korea's Jang Mihwan? Israel's Jacob?

-I don't know about Knight, but Jang Mihwan and Jacob aren't verified.

-Isn't it Jacob? Starting from the ID, his arrogance matches well with the video ⇨ ⇨

-I don't think it is him... It looks like someone from Europe. Isn't it GZ?

-How is it GZ? In my opinion, it seems like Faker.

-Faker...?Faker!Right, that's right!

-Wow.The force of the flow seems right.

-It is really Faker.

-Indeed.There is no one with a higher profile than Faker. Faker is decorating the video.

People started to be convinced that the main character of the video was Faker. The Death God Faker was one of the most accomplished high rankers who had never been in the public eye. He was also one of the strongest in the world and part of the strongest guild. There was a rumor that he was the person Grid trusted the most.

"Ohh~ It came out quite nicely? Is it because your face didn't come out?"

Shin Youngwoo and Shin Sehee—the two siblings sat next to each other on the couch and watched the opening video midnight. They had conflicting reactions. Sehee was excited about her brother's appearance while Youngwoo had a regretful expression.

'My lines were cut.'

There is no time, so bring it on all at once.

This was the line Youngwoo had spoken to the camera during the filming of the opening video. However, it had been edited out. He was angry and sad.

'They erased it?'

Was the line too childish and bad? Youngwoo sighed and glanced at his sister Sehee. He let out another sigh at the sight of her old and fluffy sweatshirt.

"Last time it was the school uniform, and now it's the school's gym clothes? You have already graduated from high school. Why are you still wearing the school uniform and gym clothes?"

"Didn't I tell you? I wear the clothes I used in high school so that I can concentrate more when studying."

"Why is a S University student studying at home? Shouldn't you only study at school?"

"I have to study to graduate."

"You are still a freshman. You should take it easy. Join school clubs like Yerim. Find a boyfriend. Although you will get a curfew."

"I'm too busy studying and playing the game."

Sehee had received too much from her brother and enjoyed too much thanks to him. She also wanted to succeed. At least economically, she wanted to be independent from her brother and relieve her

brother's burden. Now she wanted to help her brother. Thus, she became more and more immersed in the game. She knew the potential of a Saintess.

Youngwoo had no idea of Sehee's feelings and rose from his spot.

"I'm going to sleep."

'I need enough sleep to get a new start tomorrow. What is waiting for me at the Sword Grave?'

It was a place which contained the works from Pagma's last years and where Braham's body was buried. Youngwoo was looking forward to it for a number of reasons.

[Chapter 935](#)

It was rare for high rankers to think they were inferior. They were normally confident in their great talent and believed that the gap between their ranking and that of others was a calamity caused by various variables which took place over time. The gap between the rankers was as thin as a piece of paper, and even that was caused by various variables and 'luck'. This assertion of the high rankers came from true faith.

However, that was until last year. The high rankers' beliefs were shaken during the three national competitions. They realized just how arrogant their claims were. The rumored sky above the sky—Kraugel—showed off his skills to the world, and Grid—who was thought to be a lucky person—showed great progress year after year. The high rankers didn't have the same level of talent, and they had to admit there was a clear difference between them.

"Thus, I will completely abandon the PvP this year."

There was a man who carried a name that 'promised victory.' He was Bubat. Bubat had been defeated by Grid multiple times and recognized Grid's ability more quickly than anyone else. This year, he became Turkey's representative and once again sought the PvP event.

"Grid isn't appearing this year? Then there is no reason to give up. This year, the gold medal in PvP is mine."

The Yak Guild members asked:

"Why are you so fixated on PvP?"

"I agree. You will drop out in the round of 16 again."

"The round of 16? If you meant Kraugel in the qualifiers, then you will be eliminated in the qualifiers. Kilkil."

If Grid didn't exist, would Bubat be 1st in the PvP event? The Yak Guild knew about Bubat's strength, but even they couldn't guarantee it. PvP was an event where a ranker's pride was at stake. Kraugel, Seuron, Regas, and other strong players participated in the event. The others in the Yak Guild were frustrated with Bubat, who thought Grid's absence would be a chance to challenge PvP.

"Last year, you lost to Zhang Zheng... It might be different if PvP is a team event, but it is a solo show. It is too disadvantageous for Captain..."

Bubat's Crusher class had high levels of defense and various CCs. In particular, the two skills he had learned upon reaching level 360 could 'ignore status resistance' and show an absolute effect. However, what was the point of CC? Bubbat didn't have the power to defeat the enemy.

The PvP of the National Competition was too disadvantageous to Bubbat. Yet he was confident. It was thanks to a gift given by a Turkish person who claimed to be a big fan of Bubbat.

[Artina's Natural Disposition Gloves]

It was a legendary item. It was a great item that boosted the wearer's attack power in proportion to the wearer's defense. The fan who presented it to Bubbat was eager for him to raise Turkey's status this year.

"Huhu. Look forward to it. This year will be different."

Kraugel was no longer the supreme. Grid had proven it last year. Bubbat was confident in his strategy against Kraugel. Although Bubbat's chances of success might be slim, Kraugel was judged to be an opponent that could be defeated even if it wasn't by Grid.

It wasn't just Bubbat. Two years ago and last year, the rankers—who were stunned by the growing Grid and had vowed not to participate in PvP—felt new hope. After Grid declared that he would be absent, many people decided to participate in this year's PvP.

It was as expected. There was a flood of provocative articles all over the world. The rankers from different countries announced their intentions to play in PvP, shouting that they weren't afraid of Kraugel. The focus of attention was naturally on Kraugel.

"Kraugel, many rankers have announced that they are confident against you. What do you think about this?"

"I think they can be confident if they are on the same level as Grid."

Camera flashes started going off at the press conference. The reporters' expressions were thrilled at Kraugel's answer.

Don't be confident unless you are on the same level as Grid. I won't lose unless it is Grid.

Kraugel's words had this meaning. It was an answer filled with enough confidence and provocation to make a stimulating article.

Then a reporter asked a new question. It was a question that many people around the world were interested in. "There is a public consensus that Grid is running away from the National Competition. Kraugel, what do you think about Grid's absence from the National Competition?"

Grid fled because he was afraid he would lose his title of champion. This was one of the public opinions regarding Grid. What did Kraugel think? Kraugel stared indifferently at the reporters and replied briefly, "It is mercy, not running away."

"Mercy?"

The reporters couldn't understand what Kraugel meant right away. He cocked his head to one side. On the other hand, the smart reporters quickly started to write their articles. As Kraugel watched the bustling scene silently, a question popped into his mind.

'Grid...'

Kraugel was aware of the fact that Grid needed ether diamonds. At the present time, the only way to get ether diamonds was to participate in the National Competition. Thus, Kraugel knew the news that Grid wouldn't participate in the National Competition was false.

'Are you the demon king?'

'It is harder than I thought.'

There were seven new additions to the National Competition, one of which was the demon king subjugation event. Grid got a thorough understanding of the rules for the demon subjugation and felt disgruntled. The castle had north, south, east, and west gates, and each of the four heavenly kings protected one gate.

The players would be split into groups of 120, and they had to break through the gates. During this time, the demon king would wait in the castle and receive 200,000 bonus health for every 10 minutes that passed. The waiting time would end when all four gates were broken.

The most troubling part for Grid was the bonus 200,000 health per 10 minutes that he would receive. He had to maintain his spot while the four heavenly kings fought, and he would get 200,000 health every 10 minutes...?

'Isn't this too much?'

Grid's defense and magic resistance were beyond the category of a player. He wouldn't suffer much damage unless the skills used were proportional to health or defense. Yet his health was going to increase by 200,000 health every 10 minutes...?

'The gates that the four heavenly kings are guarding can't be broken through easily.'

Grid's health might actually exceed one million in the demon king subjugation. However, Grid was uneasy because the S.A Group created such a system despite knowing his specs.

'It seems that the National Competition participants are stronger than I thought...'

He was already prepared for a tough fight, but this might be tougher than expected. It was comforting that his sister, Sehee, wasn't participating in the National Competition. Grid shook his head at the scary thought. Still, there was something he didn't know.

Originally, the S.A Group had set it as the demon king's health increasing by 500,000 per 10 minutes. Grid was so strong that the health increase was lowered from 500,000 to 200,000.

What was the reason for this? It was known only to the S.A Group.

"By the way, is this the right road?"

Grid stopped and opened up a map. It was the map of the Sword Grave.

“It should be right...”

Grid was stupid, but he wasn't stupid when it came to directions. That's how he managed to find the North End Cave that contained Pagma's Rare Book. There was no problem with Grid's ability to read a map. Currently, Grid was following the map precisely.

However, the road was strange. This was the correct road, but it disappeared in the middle.

“What is this?”

There was a sheer cliff in front of where Grid stopped. It was a cliff that wasn't marked on the map which showed a plain mountain path instead.

‘Is the map wrong?’

Was the map a fake? Was all his struggling in vain? Then it happened as a chill was going down Grid's spine... The cliff in front of Grid suddenly started to split apart. The crack began to widen, and the cliff split into two cliffs. It was as if they had been separated in the first place.

Grid saw the path between the cliffs and moved without delay. From the moment the cliff split in two, the terrain was the same as what was shown on the map.

“Ah...!”

“Shit!”

Sighs and curses came from all over the place. It happened when Skunk turned the 594th sword three times to the left and four times to the right. The hill sank down and became a plains again.

The 594th sword was the problem. It was hard to figure out how to turn this sword, which could rotate 27 times to the left or the right. He needed to figure out in what order and direction the right 'key' was.

“It is already the 28th failure. It will take a few hours to start again from scratch.”

“Everybody's morale has fallen. I think it is better to stop for today,” a subordinate spoke carefully to the frowning Skunk.

Skunk's response was sharp, “Now we only need to figure out five swords. It isn't long before the Sword Grave will be opened.”

“I know your heart, but do we need to hurry? It has been several months already. There are only a few days left, so we should be calmer and careful. The work can be ruined if we rush,” Dog Woman's persuasion calmed Skunk.

Skunk took a deep breath and nodded. “Yes. There is no need to rush.”

Skunk's Expedition Group had been investigating the Sword Grave for the past five months, and no one had ever visited it. Considering the fact that Skunk's Expedition had taken six months to find the Sword

Grave, it wasn't possible for someone to appear here and steal their results. There was no need to fret about a loss.

Skunk controlled his heart and told his subordinates, "Everyone has worked hard. Let's end it here today. Have a good night's sleep and rest for tomorrow."

"Thank you for the trouble."

"Thanks for the trouble."

Phew, it was finally over. Hearing Skunk's words, his subordinates were relieved and opened their system windows. They wanted to log out and relax their exhausted minds and bodies. Even so, they couldn't go and rest.

"...!?"

In the Sword Grave, the unidentified fragments that never moved suddenly started to flash with a blue light.

"Why stars...?"

Of course, they knew that they weren't really stars. The blue lights were floating too close to be stars, and they were emitting a bright blue light during the day. Still, they shone as beautifully as stars and the people couldn't grasp it with their hands. Thus, the people were forced to call them stars.

"Maintain your place!" Skunk shouted at his subordinates who were shaking at the phenomenon that had never happened before.

Skunk's explorer's intuition and accumulated experience were telling him something. At this moment, the Sword Grave was going to change due to a new external factor.

'All of a sudden...? What...?'

This didn't feel good. Skunk swallowed his saliva.

"Ugh. I've finally arrived." An uninvited guest appeared.

Skunk and his subordinates paled as they confirmed the man's appearance.

[Chapter 936](#)

At the Sword Grave, the word 'grave' had two meanings. It contained the works which Pagma had produced in his later years, and it was also Braham's grave. The Sword Grave was a place with a deep connection to two former legends. It was likely to be one of the most significant places for Satisfy's worldview, and therefore, Skunk's Expedition Group were obsessed with the Sword Grave.

The moment they uncovered the mystery of the Sword Grave would be equivalent to when they uncovered the main Yatan Temple. No, maybe they could get even greater fame and riches for the Sword Grave. Skunk wanted to buy his own plane to travel around the world, Dog Woman wanted medical facilities that could prolong her terminally ill brother's life, and Crocodile wanted to display more than 10 supercars in her garage.

Yes. Skunk's Expedition Group had invested a year in the Sword Grave.

...And this would have continued until an uninvited guest appeared.

"G-Grid...!"

The person wore a crown on black hair and had a high nose. He had eyes as fierce as a bird of prey, and he had a muscular body that couldn't be hidden with armor and a cloak. The Skunk Expedition Group felt hatred for him when they saw the uninvited guest and confirmed the ID above his head. Meanwhile, Grid cocked his head. "You are...?"

Players unrelated to Pagma's Descendant shouldn't know about the existence of the Sword Grave, let alone its location. Grid felt suspicious about the group of people who had arrived at the Sword Grave one step ahead of him.

"Were you chasing after me?" Grid's eyes narrowed with suspicion.

"No. Isn't that impossible? Our encounter should be a coincidence," Skunk responded quickly. He didn't want the past year to be wasted, so Skunk didn't have a stupid idea in mind like blocking Grid. If Skunk were a fool, he wouldn't have become the leader of a group or the representative of his class.

Skunk sighed because of his heavy thoughts and struggled to relax his stiff facial muscles. He had a really bright smile as he faced Grid. It was a smile that might make someone misunderstand that he was Grid's fan.

"Grid, it is an honor to coincidentally meet you here. I am the 1st ranked explorer, Skunk. It is a humble name, but... perhaps you've heard of it?"

"Skunk? Ah." Grid couldn't forget this name. It was a name that reminded him of farts, so it wasn't easy to forget. He remembered that he had met Skunk at the Yatan Temple the first time Braham used Assimilation.

"I'm aware. You found the location of the main Yatan Church and made the news for a while."

"I'm honored that you know me." Skunk smiled, but he was inwardly surprised. Wasn't Grid someone who talked nonsense and acted arrogantly in public? Why was he showing a polite attitude in a private place where he didn't need to be aware of the eyes of others?

'It can't be because he is good-natured...' Skunk was analyzing the situation from a negative perspective. Grid was the ruler of a kingdom. The level of his intelligence network was different from that of ordinary players. Depending on his choice and selection, it was possible for Grid to grasp the current status of the Skunk Expedition Group.

Thus, Skunk concluded that Grid must've been watching the Skunk Expedition Group for a long time and waited for them to dig out the secrets of the Sword Grave on his behalf. The Sword Grave was a special place to Grid. Naturally, he would have been paying attention to it. So, he took advantage of them completely...

'He is using honorifics because he feels sorry for me.'

Skunk was stupid. He was aiming for a place related to Pagma, so he should've been alert to Grid. Yet he had been thinking about doing business with Grid without knowing the reality. This cost him.

"...Um." Skunk found it harder to manage his facial expressions. He felt sorry for his colleagues, but he was also afraid of the wicked eyes in front of him. There was no place for Skunk to look. However, Skunk gathered his strength. He knew what he had to do. The eyes that had been flitting about in all directions calmed down, and he bowed deeply to Grid. "I'm sorry."

It was an apology filled with various meanings. One meaning was that Skunk was sorry for trying to preempt Grid's quest. He also felt sorry for pretending it was a coincidental meeting. The other people were upset by Skunk's actions though. Skunk's colleagues and even Grid didn't know what was going on.

"Skunk! What are you going all of a sudden?"

"Why randomly apologize?"

The Skunk Expedition Group started to cry out. Then Dog Woman quickly realized what Skunk was doing and told her companions to be quiet. On the other hand, Grid was alone. It was very difficult for him to judge the situation. "I don't know why you are apologizing to me."

Upon hearing Grid's words, Skunk's heart sank. 'He isn't willing to forgive me.'

Skunk once again redefined the Grid that he knew. Grid was the ambitious person who married a high-ranking noble of the Eternal Kingdom in the West Continent, building up enough personal and political power to swallow the kingdom as a whole. He had set up his follower, Damian, as the pope and then manipulated him. After obtaining many NPCs using his power as a king, Grid had been cold-blooded enough to use an NPC as a shield in the Great Demon Belial raid. He was also the opportunist who had used the death of an NPC as an excuse to wipe out Immortal. Additionally, he had been the first to try using 'diplomacy' with the empire, but he wasn't satisfied with making Yura and Jishuka his women. It was hard to measure him.

Grid was vicious, sneaky, oppressive, and clever. From the beginning, it had been unreasonable to hope for mercy from such a fearsome man.

"I see. Is this your will?"

This was frustrating. It seemed impossible to be forgiven for the act of daring to break into Pagma's Grave.

'I don't mind being punished. It is just that my colleagues are different.' Skunk glanced at his colleagues who had nervous expressions. 'I won't be able to forgive myself if they get injured because of my carelessness.'

His colleagues had wasted a year, and now they had to lose their lives as well? He couldn't allow it to happen. Skunk had been biting his lips anxiously, and now he raised his head.

Grid still wasn't saying anything. It was an attitude that forced them to decide the punishment themselves. In the first place, Grid didn't think much of the Skunk Expedition. They probably seemed like a group that was just playing around. It would be unproductive for Grid to directly choose the punishment for the Skunk Expedition Group.

Skunk spoke with a bitter smile, "I would like to speak honestly. My colleagues have figured out how to unlock the secrets here. They will all be a great help to you. Please, Grid. Please direct your anger only at me. Please show them mercy..."

"Skunk! Shut up!"

"Captain, why are you trying to take the responsibility alone? Have you forgotten there is only one Skunk Expedition Group?"

After Skunk's words to Grid, the expedition members belatedly noticed the situation and screamed. They didn't want their captain to sacrifice himself alone.

"If Grid is going to kill us, then it is better to die together!"

"Yes! Shit! I don't know why we have to die in the first place!"

"Captain! Don't try to take on everything alone!"

"...Ah?"

They yelled in an agitated manner at Skunk and without knowing it, they all turned toward Grid. Skunk was the same. Grid turned away from the Skunk Expedition Group without saying anything. It seemed to be an attitude that meant forgiveness.

I didn't see you today.

I'm not seeing you right now.

So leave.

It will be as if nothing happened.

I will forget today.

Grid seemed to be saying this as he stared at the stars floating in the sky. Skunk was overwhelmed with feelings. 'I misunderstood him.'

From Grid's position, it was inevitable for him to dislike the Skunk Expedition Group. The Skunk Expedition Group had wanted to preempt the Sword Grave and then sell the treasure obtained inside it to Grid at an expensive price. Grid had obviously been watching, which was why Skunk discussed sin and punishment. However, Grid was showing them mercy. From Skunk's perspective, Grid should be barely controlling the anger in his heart.

'He has a heart as wide as the sea.' Skunk was greatly shocked because he had analyzed Grid as a wicked person. With the benefit of hindsight, he realized that perhaps it was this meek and generous Grid who was the real Grid. Weren't Chris, Faker, Pon, Regas, Damian, Yura, and Jishuka powerhouses? Would they have followed Grid for years if he were really a wicked person?

'All of them know the real Grid.'

After realizing this, Skunk shivered and bowed deeply to Grid. "Thank you. I will never forget today's grace."

Skunk glanced at his party members. The Skunk Expedition Group glanced at Grid, who was staring at the stars, and moved to Skunk's side. Then Skunk sent a friend request to Grid.

"With regard to the Sword Grave... No, please send me a whisper if you ever need my help in the future. I will surely help," Skunk said these final words before departing with his colleagues. Even until the end, Grid didn't look at them. Skunk looked back a few times, but Grid was silently staring at the stars.

'He is a great person.'

It wouldn't be strange for him to hold a grudge against the Skunk Expedition Group if he were anyone else. For Grid, the Skunk Expedition Group would be no different from robbers who tried to break into the grave of a teacher he admired. Yet he forgave them for everything.

"Overgeared King. The Overgeared Kingdom..." Skunk started to think of a new home.

Meanwhile, Grid had forgotten about the existence of the Skunk Expedition Group. He hadn't heard Skunk's voice in front of him. Right now, his five senses were focused on the stars.

[An unknown light was approaching you but stopped.]

[The unknown light claims to have never missed you.]

[The unknown light insists he has forgotten the days he spent with you. He says those days were insignificant and poor.]

[The unknown light doubts your quality as you are still weak.]

[The unknown light wanted to ask if you have been eating well but stopped.]

[The unknown light can't endure it.]

-You're still ugly. The voice that was transmitted to his brain was familiar to Grid, and he felt great to hear it. He had never forgotten this voice. Grid, who felt that the attitude of the unknown light was familiar, eventually shed tears.

"Aren't you supposed to be a transcendent great magician? You are more like a dog magician," Grid spat out with a frowning face.

He had noticed something. Why had Braham left him earlier than planned? How long had Braham been suffering after leaving Grid's body? Grid could see everything from the soul fragments. Thus, his voice trembled because of his rising emotions as he said, "Really... I really wanted to see you, Braham."

He didn't know if he was laughing or crying. Grid smiled through his tears. Surrounding him, the soul fragments of Braham just shone quietly.

[Chapter 937](#)

From the first time Grid met him, Braham had already been in an incomplete state. He had lost his life and his physical body, with only his soul still surviving. Braham hated the god who had cursed his mother, and he cursed the friend who had betrayed him. His fragmented soul burned with the fire of rage.

Nevertheless, Braham wasn't insignificant. He was a flame that could never be put out. His soul fragments had endless power and courage, all of which evoked Grid's reverence. Braham had been able to exist in this world despite his imperfect form. This absolute figure was the legendary great magician, Braham.

Now, a few years had passed, and the Braham whom Grid met was different. Braham's soul fragments were weak and shabby. They seemed like flames that were about to go out. Braham didn't burn anymore. His smaller soul pieces looked like ashes left behind after death.

He had forced Grid to submit, seen the whole world, and dominated the Red Sea with one spell. Yet the dignity of this legendary great magician had disappeared for no reason. Why—

"...Why did you leave me?" Grid's smiling and crying face crumpled. Now he was only crying. He even felt angry. "You look so shabby."

Braham's strength was weak.

"If you were going to wander like this..."

He should've at least regained his body.

"Why did you leave?" Grid repeated the same question as he suppressed his rising anger. He couldn't forget the day he had separated from Braham.

I have gathered all my strength and will leave.

You were just a vessel I needed temporarily while gathering my strength.

It is easy to part because we merely had a contractual relationship.

Braham had left after saying these words.

"It was bullshit that you had gathered all your strength."

Braham had actually become weaker.

"What damn vessel?"

He loved Grid.

"It's easy, my ass."

Now that they had met again, Grid discovered Braham had missed him after parting. In the end, Grid was unable to repress his emotions and shouted, "You what? Why did you lie to me and leave me? Why did you suffer alone? Tell me! Tell me!!!"

[The unknown light is expressing doubt.]

-What's wrong with you? Why did your mind become so strange?

"Is that all you have to say to me?" Grid was the idiot who was angry and cried alone. He was upset that Braham trivialized him instead of answering the question. Funnily enough, it was this that made him regain his calm and suppress his surging emotions.

Braham spoke lightly,-There is no need for a long explanation.Things were different from what I expected.That's all.

It was a lie. Braham had known from the outset that he would fail. The amount of magic power he had recovered while staying inside Grid hadn't met the amount required for resurrection. Braham had known his soul would collapse the moment he left Grid.

Yet he still left. It was because he had known Grid would suffer greatly if he stayed on with Grid. Of course, Braham didn't speak the truth. He didn't want to place a rock in Grid's heart. Instead, Braham changed the topic,-By the way, why haven't you changed in three years?You are still so weak.It's pathetic.

During the separation from Braham, Grid had made rapid progress. He had absorbed the power of the direct vampire descendants, gained the great demon Astaroth's strength, acquired the light elemental, and improved his blacksmithing skill to the limit. Grid was confident that he had grown significantly.

However, Braham ridiculed him. After all, Braham saw all vampires as insignificant beings, except for his mother and Marie Rose. He also knew that Astaroth had lost his body to Muller hundreds of years ago and that his power had been halved. As for the light elemental...? Putting aside the rating, it was a young being that had just been born. It wasn't worth evaluating yet.

-The magic formulas I gave you are still sealed.How stupid are you to not unseal a single formula in three years?

"Braham,"Grid called out to Braham, who kept speaking harsh words.

Grid was able to completely calm down after watching Braham pretend to be cold. The soul fragments in the sky looked at Grid.

"You're right. I am weak."

It was true. Grid was confident in his strength, but this was only against other players.

The 'world' that Grid saw was far beyond the other players. That's why...

"I need you. Come back to me."

Grid was completely honest. This was his desperate wish.

[The unknown light is silent.]

"Let's be together again. There are many things I want to learn from you."

[The unknown light is silent.]

"You don't want to? Okay, I'll concede. You don't need to teach me anything. Don't do anything. Just stay with me."

Grid showed no signs of pretenses. He didn't covet Braham's knowledge and magic or the hidden quests the great magician might generate. Grid just didn't want a second Khan. He didn't want Braham to die in solitude and pain. Instead, he wanted to support the weakened Braham.

“Use me as a vessel. I will lend you my body until the time you restore your strength. You can leave again the moment your strength is fully recovered.”

-...

[The unknown light is shaking.]

[The unknown light tries to stop his shaking.]

[The unknown light doesn't want to get caught up in your emotions.]

[The unknown light is shaking strongly.]

[The unknown light can't endure it.]

-...I will bother you.

-Lich Mumud is strong, and some of his restraints will be lifted when he meets me.

-The master of Mumud is under the protection of Great Demon Baal. He may be young right now but someday the world will revolve around him.

-You will continue experiencing a crisis if you are with me and eventually, you won't be able to resist the crisis.

These were the words which had been buried deeply in Braham's heart when he decided to leave Grid a few years ago. Braham released these desperate words. Yet Grid wasn't unsettled at all.

“I will become stronger.”

Grid's eyes didn't shake.

“I will become strong enough to defend you.”

He had no intention of hiding his feelings.

“A crisis that I can't resist? There won't be one.”

This was the reason Grid had been working so hard. The reason why he kept wanting to work in the future.

“I will protect my family and friends.”

His wish was to protect his precious ones. Grid—who used to only pursue individual profits—changed, changed, and changed again after going through many incidents. He wasn't satisfied with becoming rich, a celebrity, or a hero. Instead, he was constantly working.

This was why Grid could say it clearly, “I have been happy for a long time. I've been happy since the moment I left the life where I was lacking, weak, and despised. It started from the moment I could eat the food I wanted... I felt happiness from the moment I made friends who liked me.”

This happiness...

“I want to share this happiness with my precious people. I want to share the happiness I am feeling with the people who are important to me.”

Grid looked at the stars. They were small lights the size of pebbles. The dozens of dim lights all stared at Grid.

“You are one of them.”

Grid knew Braham. He knew about the curse Braham had received and the pain he had suffered. Braham actually felt deeply distressed at turning his back on his brothers and betraying his disciple. Grid knew all of this. Braham hadn't had a chance to rectify his regrets as he had been betrayed by a friend and killed.

Consequently, Grid wanted to offer Braham a new life—a blessed life. He wanted to pay back the countless things he had received from Braham.

“Braham, trust me and be with me,” Grid reached out.

[The unknown light is silent.]

[The unknown light tells the truth.]

Braham hesitated.

-I am weak.

-I can't give you any help.

-I am a burden and poison to you.

[Yet the unknown light still wants to be with you.]

-...Is it still okay for me to be with you?

Grid lit up. “It's great.”

The dozens of light fragments started to enter Grid's body, and a thread of fate tied Grid's and Braham's souls together. Then a notification window popped up.

[The Soul of a Great Magician Who Lost his Power has been acquired.]

[The second class 'Great Magician' will be changed to 'Duke of Wisdom'.]

[You have obtained a legendary rated second class twice in a row!]

[The number of additional stat points you gain for each level has increased from 2 to 4.]

[Every time your level rises, half of the stat points acquired will be invested in intelligence.]

[The Soul of a Great Magician Who Lost his Power is currently in a 'disabled' state.]

[You can't learn any new spells in the current state.]

[You can't use Assimilation in the current state.]

[The Soul of a Great Magician Who Lost his Power will recover with every year that passes or whenever your intelligence rises by 1,000.]

[The Soul of a Great Magician Who Lost his Power is divided into the five states of 'disabled', 'weakened', 'improved', 'recovering', and 'complete.' It is important to note that something special will happen in the 'recovering' and 'complete' states.]

[The skill Magic Contemplation is created.]

[Magic Contemplation Lv. 1]

[-Passive.

The knowledge and wisdom of the Duke of Wisdom will penetrate through the providence of all magic.

* Deciphers the magic used by the enemy. There is a 50% chance of breaking down the magic and a 4% chance of replicating the magic.

* Deciphers the magic used by an ally, and there is a 30% chance of strengthening it.

* This effect is applied to magic of all attributes.

* It isn't yet possible to contemplate multiple spells at once.

Magic Resource Consumption: None.

Cooldown Time: 3 seconds.]

"Ah..."

This wasn't what Grid wanted. He wanted to be helpful to Braham, not receive something from him. However, Grid was honestly happy with the new power. In fact, he was filled with admiration.

'How strong was Braham during his active days?'

Then Braham's voice entered the ears of the open-mouthed Grid. It was a precursor for a quest.

-Pagma was wary of me to the last minute.

[A hidden quest has occurred!]

-He placed my body in ice and hid it somewhere here so that I can't even approach without the password. Grid, I must reclaim my body one day. I want to make sure it is safe.

[Braham's Request]

[★ Hidden Quest ★

Braham is frustrated that Pagma is tormenting him even after death.

Braham is dreaming of resurrection and wants to make sure his body is intact.

Quest Clear Conditions: Find Braham's body.

Quest Clear Reward: Braham's affinity +30.]

[Your affinity with Braham has already surpassed the maximum.]

[The quest clear reward has changed.]

[Quest Clear Reward: Intelligence +50. A linked hidden quest.]

Should Grid talk about it? It might be better to tell Braham in advance. Grid agonized over the contents of the quest before carefully opening his mouth, "Braham, Pagma regretted betraying you."

-What?

"After realizing that the one who incited the great demons to invade the world was a god, he realized the act of distinguishing between good and evil was meaningless and regretted what he had done to you. He felt sick to the extent of shedding tears. The reason he placed your body in ice and hid it wasn't because he was wary of you and wanted to torment you. Rather, it was to protect your body..."

-Shut up. I'm not using you as a vessel to listen to such bullshit.

Braham's voice shook Grid. The huge confusion that Braham felt was passed on to Grid. Grid sensed it. A new story would start the moment he broke through the traps of regret and hatred that bound the two legends. There was only one person in this world who could start the story, and it was Pagma's descendant and Braham's friend. It was Grid.

"Pagma's Eyes."

Grid decided to take it step by step rather than acting hastily. Then his eyes shone with a blue light. The Sword Grave entered his field of view, and the 4,179 swords started to dig into his eyes. Pagma...? No, was it someone else?

There was only one among the 4,179 swords that responded to Grid. It was an ego sword. The sword was highly reminiscent to the Rebecca Church's treasure, the First Holy Sword.

Grid got goosebumps. The ego embedded in the holy sword must surely be a saint, and among Pagma's old friends, one of them was a pope. At this point, Grid was afraid of Pagma.

[Chapter 938](#)

'Is it the 5th pope...? No, it can't be. That's impossible.'

5th Pope Franz—he was said to be close to Pagma and the true master of the Holy Light set. It wasn't a false history. Pagma was the maker of the Holy Light set. Furthermore, Pagma had sealed the Rebecca Church's three artifacts as a favor to Franz. The relationship between the two men was likely to be deeper than what was known.

'I can't seal the soul of a close friend into a sword unless I am crazy...'

Grid shook his head to dispel such absurd suspicions. Pagma had a history of killing a friend called Braham. It didn't make sense to place him in the category of an ordinary person.

"Are you Pope Franz?" Grid questioned. He was hoping for an answer, no matter how unlikely it was. Grid hoped that Pagma wasn't as bad as he imagined. Unfortunately, the holy sword's answer was 'YES.'

-I'm surprised that you can guess who I am. You are truly a person associated with Pagma. You must be very familiar with Pagma. You can use Pagma's power, right?

The voice of the holy sword was clear and bright. The expression 'youthful' was appropriate to describe it. Grid got goosebumps for many reasons. Pagma was cruel enough to imprison his friend's soul in a cold sword. Meanwhile, Pope Franz retained his bright personality despite having been trapped in a sword for hundreds of years.

'It seems to be the area of personality rather than mental power.'

Was he an infinitely positive person?

The holy sword questioned the stiff Grid, -Did you visit here because of Braham's soul that you are harboring?

"Can you feel Braham's soul?"

-At first, I couldn't detect his magic power. I didn't think that a soul could radiate such arrogant energy.

The holy sword seemed to be smiling. The present situation was pleasant.

"Is that why you are guarding this place?"

-You guessed correctly. I am guarding Braham's body, which is preserved in the glacier dungeon under the Sword Grave.

At this moment, Braham's thunderous voice rang through Grid's mind, -The dog of Rebecca is trying to control my body, which is in his hands!

'Calm down, Braham. Didn't he say he was guarding it?'

-Guarding it from me! It is to prevent me from getting back my body! That Pagma who is eviler than a great demon—he is bothering me even after death!

"..."

Braham's anger and anxiety were too strong. His soul fragment was small and weak and couldn't afford the pressure from his emotions. It was dangerous. Grid decided to speed up with the quest in order to calm Braham down. He moved closer to the sword. The information of the holy sword was analyzed using Pagma's Eyes.

[Sword Guarding the Grave]

[Rating: Legendary]

Durability: ??? Attack Power: 8,395

Divine Power: ??? Defense: 2,029

* A legendary-grade ego is nestled inside.

*???

*???

* The passive skill 'Pope Who Lost Faith' has been generated.

.....

.....

It is a work left by the legendary blacksmith Pagma in his last years. It is a treasure that will be remembered in hundreds, even thousands, of years.

The Sword Guarding the Grave is imprinted with the ego of 5th Pope Franz and exercises his own will.

* Unavailable item.]

'Pagma's last years...'

The pieces left behind by Pagma varied depending on the time of production. Pagma's earlier works were less complete than Grid's works while Pagma's works from his middle years were more or less equal to Grid's, and the works of the Pagma's latter years were far beyond Grid's. It was the power of experience and age. The works were at a height that Grid would reach eventually since he was acknowledged by God Hexetia.

"Please guide me to Braham's body," Grid asked politely. He didn't know when Franz had become a sword—if he was forced by Pagma and how many years he had been like this. Grid had many things he wanted to ask, but he first had to find Braham's body.

Unexpectedly, the holy sword was uncooperative.-Isn't my role guarding the glacier dungeon from invaders?How can I just let you in?

"Invader?"Grid was upset.

Didn't the holy sword know that Grid was related to Pagma and that he had Braham's soul? Why was he treating Grid as an invader and stopping him from entering? Grid frowned and proudly introduced himself, "I'm the one who inherited Pagma's skill, and I'm protecting Braham's soul. Why are you treating me as an invader? Aren't I the only one eligible to enter the glacier dungeon?"

-You have inherited Pagma's skill, but that doesn't mean you have his will.It is also unknown if you are protecting Braham's soul or holding it captive.

[A new hidden quest has occurred!]

[Proof]

[★ Hidden Quest ★

Pass the test of the Sword Guarding the Grave!

Quest Clear Conditions: Pass the test.

Quest Reward: Qualification to enter the glacier dungeon.]

'A test?'

It was a sword with over 8,000 attack power—a work that was produced by Pagma in his later years and had the soul of a former pope imprinted in it. Was it possible to fight against this fearsome sword when the fraudulent effects couldn't even be seen?

'Still, I have to fight.' Grid gulped and pulled out the Enlightenment Sword.

-Now I will give the first question! What was Pagma's cause?

"...Eh? W-World peace?"

-Ding dong daeng! That is the correct answer!

"..."

-The second question! What idea did Pagma consider most important?

"H-Humanitarian ideal of using blacksmithing to benefit other people?"

-Ding dong daeng! That is the correct answer! Then this is the third question. What is Braham's identity?

'Braham's identity...' Grid's dumbfounded eyes calmed down at this question. He replied in a voice that was as deep as the look in his eyes, "He was a vampire, a human, and a legendary great magician. He was a man who was praised as the Duke of Wisdom despite not reaching the truth."

Additionally...

"He was a man who hated Yatan, the god who expelled and cursed his mother. He was also a person who was betrayed by his only friend."

-You... Braham's soul shook. He could feel it as Grid spoke in a clear voice. This wasn't the trivial emotion called compassion. At this moment, Grid had a complete understanding of Braham. Perhaps he was the only one in the world who did.

-Great. It is the right answer. The voice of the holy sword, which was bright and excited enough to feel frivolous, calmed down. -Finally, the last question. Do you sympathize with Pagma?

Was it because he felt that the mood of the holy sword had become strange...? Grid was wary and answered truthfully, "I understand him, but I don't think his actions are right. I will never betray a friend."

-I see.

Was he mistaken about the sword's mood? The attitude of the holy sword was gentle. The sword rotated twice from the left to right, and the blade embedded more deeply in the ground. The terrain of the Sword Grave started to change. The center of the plains rose like a hill and turned into a form suitable to be called a grave, revealing a firmly closed iron door hidden at the bottom of the hill. The true appearance of the Sword Grave, which the Skunk Expedition Group hadn't been able to uncover for half a month, was revealed in just a few moments.

-Braham, I can't hear your voice, but can you hear me?

The iron door slowly opened. A chill emerged from the open iron gate and descended the hill, freezing the ground.

[★Hidden Quest ★ 'Proof' has been cleared.]

The holy sword conveyed the truth, -Braham, Pagma sincerely regretted betraying you and hurting you. After protecting the Behen Archipelago from the great demons, the first place he came was to the glacier dungeon where he buried your body. Pagma anticipated that one day you would regain your body and be resurrected. He made this Sword Grave in the hope that your body would be safe. Then he summoned my soul and asked me to protect you.

-Shut up, shut up, shut up!

-It wasn't an act to ask for your forgiveness. Pagma knew that the sins against you could never be forgiven. He might've just wanted to reduce his loathing toward himself.

-Shut up!

-Check your body. I hope that someday you will be resurrected. Hell and Marie Rose, the Hwan Kingdom and the gods... The problems that Pagma couldn't solve, maybe you...

-Shut up!

"Braham..." Grid held his chest. Braham's soul was incomplete and in disorder. Grid was afraid that he might vanish.

-Pagma's Descendant. The holy sword was saying goodbye. -Based on your attitude toward Braham right now, you are the opposite of Pagma. I personally want to cheer you on. Now, enter the dungeon. The door will soon close.

"I will see you next time."

-Yes. I will guard this place until Braham is resurrected. Please come back whenever you need to.

This was karma—the karma of the foolish pope who weakened the church instead of regarding Rebecca's Daughters as disposable tools. Franz, who had been a cold sword for hundreds of years, had never once regretted his choice of having Pagma seal the three artifacts.

The iron door closed once Grid entered the glacier dungeon. The hill once again became a plains and 4,179 swords stood silently.

Was the human language that lousy? Grid had this thought when he witnessed the man with white hair trapped in the ice. He quickly realized that it was impossible to express the beauty of the man in the ice with his heart and intellect.

Braham's soul was stabilizing.

-It is safe.

"I'm glad."

-You look even more like a squid after I can see myself again.

“...” Grid couldn’t refute these words. He even felt grateful. Based on Braham’s body in the ice, Grid wasn’t a squid. Calling him a squid would be overrating himself. (TL: squid is often used to call someone ugly in South Korea)

[★Hidden Quest ★ ‘Braham’s Request’ has been cleared.]

[Intelligence has increased by 50 as a quest clear reward.]

[You can’t learn any new spells in your current state.]

[The quest clear reward has given a new hidden quest.]

[Pagma’s Arrangement]

[★ Hidden Quest ★

The reason why Pagma left his book in this world is for the sake of his old friend, Braham. Braham knows the value of pavranium. Pagma knew that Braham would seek out Pagma’s Descendant and ask them to make the Vessel of the Soul.

He is deeply grateful for you bringing Braham here and will give you a gift.]

[★Hidden Quest ★ ‘Pagma’s Arrangement’ has been cleared.]

[The hidden piece skill ‘Mineral Creation’ has been acquired as a quest clear reward.]

-Grid.

“Yes.”

-I don’t intend to forgive Pagma.I will hate him forever.If we ever meet again in hell, I will kill him with my own hands.

“You do that.”

‘Perhaps this was what Pagma wanted,’Grid swallowed back these words.

[Chapter 939](#)

[A thousand-year-old chill has penetrated deep into your bones.]

[Your heart is frozen.]

The space itself was the last safeguard. The glacier dungeon, which resealed as soon as Grid entered, didn’t tolerate any living thing.

‘There is a reason why Pagma selected this place.’

The possibility was infinitely small, but if the Sword Grave were discovered by robbers, Braham’s body would still be safe.

[You have resisted.]

[Your body temperature is maintained due to the effect of Valhalla of Infinite Affection.]

'Pagma...' Grid felt a sense of compassion as he watched the notification window. The feelings that Pagma had when he constructed the Sword Grave would've been similar to Khan's when he made Valhalla. However, Pagma's heart wasn't conveyed to Braham due to the great sin Pagma had committed. After Braham confirmed that his body was safe, he only felt relieved and still hated Pagma.

Of course, Pagma would've known it would be like this. He must have known that he would never be forgiven by his friend whom he had killed with his own hands.

'He must've been lonely.'

Pagma had died with pain and regrets. Grid had no intention of defending or understanding Pagma, but he couldn't help feeling a bit bitter. However, these thoughts only lasted a short time. Grid wanted to quickly check the information of his newly acquired skill.

[Mineral Creation]

[-Create new minerals by mixing multiple minerals. The cooperation of a magician is required for the skill.

Skill Usage Conditions: Sign a research contract with a magician.

Duration required for the skill research: ?

Number of minerals that can be created: 1.]

'As expected.'

Grid thought of pavranium when he heard the name 'Mineral Creation.' Pavranium was the strongest mineral that Pagma and Braham had created after studying together for a long time. It had infinite durability and its own will.

'The mineral I create may have other characteristics.'

The skill stated that a new mineral would be created by mixing together several minerals. It was highly likely that the characteristics of the mineral would vary depending on which minerals were mixed.

'By the way, isn't the description pretty ambiguous?'

It was disconcerting that the period of the skill research was unknown. It was possible to mix several minerals, but the exact number of minerals wasn't specified. Braham sensed Grid's questions and explained, -The number of minerals mixed in and the duration of the research will be determined by the level of the magician. It is impossible to guess accurately.

One thing was for sure.

-Signing a contract with this legendary body will allow you to create new minerals by mixing many types of minerals. It will also be fairly quick.

Braham had experience creating pavranium with Pagma. It wasn't difficult to create a new mineral once a person involved had gained some experience.

“You sure are dependable.” Grid smiled. The chill that froze his bones and heart didn’t interfere with his smile.

Then Braham spoke unexpected words, -However, I’m not a legendary great magician right now. I’m just a hollow shell with little knowledge. I can’t help with your research.

“Isn’t it fine with just knowledge?”

-I am a magician. My knowledge is based on magic, so I need magic to implement my knowledge.

“Ah...”

This meant Grid couldn’t create a second pavranium with Braham until Braham’s soul was restored. Braham told the disappointed Grid, -I remember there was a magician among your subordinates?

How was there only one person? Grid had thousands of magicians as his subordinates. However, Grid knew the person Braham was referring to—Great Magician Ashur. He was the only person who met the ‘minimum’ qualifications to be considered a magician by Braham.

-If you cooperate with him, you can start your research right now.

Grid scoffed at Braham’s words and said decisively, “I will definitely do my research with you.”

-How annoying. I’m already trembling at the thought of doing research with an idiot like you... Well, it can’t be helped if that is what you want. Later, kiss my feet and say thank you. Braham’s soul shook. It seemed that he was happy.

“I understand. It is easy to kiss your instep.”

-H-Hey, look at this crazy guy! I don’t need your kiss!

“What are you saying...?”

Either way, it was useless to talk about it now. Braham had to restore his soul to become a legendary magician again, and the time period required wasn’t short.

“Well, let’s stop talking. Let’s concentrate on your recovery until the day we make the grivurnum that surpasses pavranium.”

-Grivurnum?

“It is the name of the new mineral we will create. Grivurnum, named after Grid and Braham.”

-Then where does the ‘vur’ come from?

“That...” Grid’s mind was stuck. He felt a sense of shame because he had subconsciously thought of ‘gravure’.

‘Am I sexually frustrated these days?’

Would it be better to name the new mineral something simple and nice like Overgeared Stone? No, he couldn’t. He wanted to add Braham’s name to the mineral because he would be making it with Braham.

-?? Braham’s face reddened as he couldn’t understand the scene of Grid shaking his head alone.

[The return scroll has been used.]

Grid's field of view blinked.

-It's okay. Braham was slightly impressed as he returned to Reinhardt Castle after a long time. Then he found the portrait of Grid decorating the castle lobby. -It is a good picture. It is 100 times better than the real thing.

"I know."

-Why are you blushing? It is natural to have a portrait of the king in the castle. Do you need to feel ashamed?

"I'm just ashamed to have my squid-like face on display."

-Hah? Compared to me, you're a squid alright. As for human males...

Just as Grid was feeling embarrassed about the large portrait, Lord returned from training and discovered him. "Father!"

Lord was ready to literally dive into Grid's arms, but wasn't he too big for that now? So, he paused, conscious of the surrounding gazes, and then bowed politely. "Did your trip turn out well? I was very worried."

Grid fell to his knees and hugged Lord. "Thank you for your concern. I returned safely."

"Ah... My clothes are dirty."

"It is natural to have dirt on your clothing."

Certainly, Grid and Lord were different from ordinary royal families. Their clothes were always stained with dirt and sweat. Grid was a blacksmith and hunted, while Lord trained in many things. It was unavoidable.

-Your son is correct.

After taking a bath with Lord and spending time with Irene in the bedroom... omitted... Grid returned to his office. Braham, who had remained silent during Grid's time with his family, finally opened his mouth. He was somewhat excited. -I felt he was a bit unusual from the first time I saw him, but your son is a thousand times more talented than you.

"Huhu. My son is a genius above geniuses."

Even hedgehogs had beautiful babies. Grid was naturally proud of Lord, who was beautiful and had a talent that represented the continent. Braham spoke meaningful words to the grinning Grid, -Don't teach him magic yet.

"Huh? Why? My Lord is so great and good at everything that I think he will soon learn magic."

-Don't teach him anyway.

“Why?”

-I don't want to say it. It is frustrating and annoying to explain until you understand it.

“Ah, is that so?”

Just as Braham trusted Grid, besides the intelligence part, Grid also trusted Braham. Grid thought Braham had a deeper meaning behind this and immediately told Lord to stop studying magic.

“Then, the next thing...”

The only thing left was for Grid to be the demon king. Grid placed the things he had prepared in advance on the desk. He started to think about what to create using Item Creation, which could be used freely on the National Competition's server.

The host of the 4th National Competition was China. As the National Competition on the 3rd of August approached, one column was making big waves in China. It was a column written by an old reporter who had been engaged in the e-sports industry for 63 years.

[Koreans will learn humility.]

[We know that South Korea is one of the smaller countries in Northeast Asia. Until the release of Satisfy, South Korea hadn't been an important country for the majority of Chinese players, and some had not even known it existed.

However, for e-sports fans, South Korea is a historic country. South Korea was not only the birthplace of e-sports, but the majority of pro gamers called 'legends' from decades ago were Koreans. Yes, they were legends decades ago. In the end, what happened to South Korea? Now South Korea is just a part of history. There aren't many people wondering about the e-sports nation, and the time when Koreans played an active role in the e-sports world was already decades ago.

60 years ago...

I still vividly remember the first time I visited South Korea. I can't forget the imposing sight of the Korean pro gamers who swept the trophies in all game genres. For my youthful self, they were heavenly gods I couldn't forget.

What about now? South Korea has fallen. Their last heroes were Faker, Wolf, and Bang. The Korean professional gamers being active in e-sports is just the distant past.

However, the South Koreans are still proud. They believe they are still a nation of e-sports and believe that the hero Grid will support the country alone forever.

I want to ask them. How many heroes do we have in China? How many heroes are there in the United States? Don't they know that the Grid they praise as a hero is only an individual? South Korea has a limit. I have to admit that they are a nation that gives birth to heroes every few decades, and I can't deny that Grid is supporting South Korea in the present day. But can the age of Grid last forever?

E-sports countries like China and the United States have built up infrastructure based on enormous capital. This infrastructure produces dozens of new heroes every year. But South Korea? They are in a different situation.

In a time when e-sports started to revive, the South Korean government was incompetent (at least in this area) enough to define games as a 'drug.' South Korea is an insular and outdated country. They hurriedly built infrastructure after Satisfy was released, but they don't have the know-how and they have to go through all types of trials and errors.

Unlike us, South Korea can't continue raising heroes and has to rely on one 'genius' hero, just as they did in the past. They are unaware of reality. South Korea believes they will once again reach the peak of e-sports.

This reporter thinks that Grid declared he won't attend the National Competition this year as a wake-up call to the people. Grid will learn humility when South Korea loses this year.]

China's public opinion was boiling over because of Grid. They started to praise Grid as the hero of the 'small country' they had ignored so much. Their superficial reason for praising Grid was the awe they had for the 'thoughtful hero', but what was the reality of the situation?

China was joyful because they thought that they could get first or second at the National Competition in Grid's absence. As the host country, the billions of Chinese people were hoping that China would do as well as they expected.

Then a change happened. In the Battlefield mini-game that was held before the National Competition, there were no Chinese survivors. Yet one of the survivors was Korean. It was Coke—the young blood who had the 10 meritorious retainers as his mentors.

[Chapter 940](#)

“Has the South Korean DNA been resurrected?”

There was an upset in the 4th National Competition, even though Grid wasn't playing for South Korea. Despite predictions that South Korea wouldn't perform well, the small country of the east had already won two gold medals. South Korea's first gold medal was won by Yura in 'Drawing the Saint Sword', while Coke won the second gold medal in 'Recapture the Mine.'

“Coke is a monster. From a new rookie to a survivor of Battlefield and the gold medal winner in Recapture the Mine? He is a different person on the genetic level. He is a super ultra genius.”

Battlefield and Recapture the Mine were completely different events. Battlefield was a game focused purely on individual skill while Recapture the Mine was a commanding game where they had to deliver orders to 20 miners in real time and develop a strategy.

Coke's debut in two different events was overly gorgeous. It might not be as spectacular as Grid's and Kraugel's debut, but it could be evaluated as the next best level.

“Yura, Grid, Peak Sword, Jokbal, and now Coke... Look at the skills of the South Korean rankers who have appeared in the past few years. The number of people with SSS-grade talent might only be enough to win a few gold medals, but isn't this the power of DNA? Kraugel is also a Korean person.”

Many foreign players were agitated. They had stated that this year's South Korea wasn't a threat. Thus, Coke's emergence was a headache. In every interview the foreign players had with the media, they stated that they would get better results than the South Korea Grid had abandoned. Yet it ended up like this on the first day.

The players were already under pressure, but they were now criticized and ridiculed by their own people. In particular, China was in an uproar.

China was the country where Sun Tzu had been born. It was one of the best military strategy books that Chinese rankers studied. The new 'Recapture the Mine' event, along with the siege war, was supposed to be a certainty for China. The gold medal in events about strategy would naturally belong to China. That's why the Chinese people were outraged.

-A gold medal was expected yet only a bronze medal was received?

-Are the Chinese rankers only skilled with using their mouths? It is because they are already full. They receive all sorts of sponsorships and funding from companies. They are too complacent.

-Why else did they give another gold medal to the South Koreans? The number of people in China is 30 times that of their small country. Why are we robbed by them every time in the National Competition? It is normal for there to be more talented people in China, just based on the population ratio!

-It is due to a lack of effort. The Chinese e-sports have been good for so long that the players have become less vigilant and lazy. On the other hand, South Korea has been trying to catch up with China for decades. The difference is big.

-How long do you think an excuse like that will be accepted? It has been four years since the Satisfy National Competition began, and China has been struggling for four years because of a lack of effort? The United States, which is the top e-sports country along with China, has won first or second for the past four years. The Chinese are incompetent. This is the difference in genetics! Let's achieve a mental victory!

"It is too unfair. The bronze medal is also great."

In the Chinese waiting room, a girl was holding her knees and looking at the reactions on the Internet. Then she turned off her phone. The cute girl with her hair in double buns, like a panda, was Mei Xiao. She was one of the novices who, together with Zhang Jian and Liao Wei, were receiving the expectations of the Chinese people.

Mei Xiao comforted Li Xuandu, who had come back from the Recapture the Mine event with a bronze medal. "Mister, you worked hard. Don't worry about what people are saying because they don't know anything. The players know that you did your best."

"Thank you."

However, her attempt to console him was useless. Results were all that mattered. At the age of 40, Li Xuandu was aware of the truths of society. He smiled bitterly at the girl and then apologized, "I'm also sorry."

Li Xuandu was placed in the category of 'incompetent Chinese players' because he didn't win a gold medal. Furthermore, the nice and kind Mei Xiao came from the same generation of rookies as Coke. For her, the gold medal was taken away by one of her opponents who had made a successful debut, making Li Xuandu's heart feel heavy.

"Mei Xiao, you planned a spectacular debut, but someone else achieved it first. How unfair must you feel? I can only say I'm sorry."

"It's okay." Mei Xiao shook her head and smiled like a flower in full bloom. Despite her young age, she knew that her dream was her own and that she couldn't rely on others.

'I will do well. The latter stages are also more advantageous.'

At the 4th National Competition that lasted four days, Mei Xiao's events were crowded on the fourth day. They were breaking the hero, PvP, and the demon king subjugation. They were all major events. PvP was the most popular event in the world, and the hero of breaking the hero this year was Grid. Thus, interest in breaking the hero was as high as PvP.

Finally, there was the big demon king subjugation event. It was a group event that only 3 to 4 players of each country could participate in, but it was bigger than PvP due to its nature. Mei Xiao was convinced that even if someone else left a strong impression at the beginning of the National Competition, it would eventually fade from the public's memories. She just had to do well in the final stages.

'I will do well for Brother's sake.'

After defeating the hero and competing with Kraugel in the finals of the PvP event, she would impress the world by defeating the demon king. Mei Xiao, who once again made a promise to herself, was the younger sister of Hao, who was absent from the National Competition this year.

She planned to make a splendid debut for her parents, who had adopted her when she was an orphan and raised her as their own child, and her brother, who had grown up with her. The young girl wanted to become a Chinese hero and restore the fallen honor of her brother.

Frankly, she was nervous. Mei Xiao wondered if she could even reach the PvP finals when there was the old legend Haster around. Her dream of being the first in the current generation to gain a gold medal had also been taken by Coke. She felt tense right from the beginning.

"Uwah! It's okay! I can do it!" Mei Xiao cheered herself up. There were smiles on the faces of Zhang Jian and Liao Wei as they watched her from one side of the waiting room.

'I can't let the sister of Hao, who became Kraugel's dog, do what she wants. I will kill her in one blow if we meet in PvP.'

'I can defeat the hero faster than her and will monopolize the spotlight in the demon king subjugation.'

This year's rising stars from China differed in confidence. They were confident that they had the best skills among billions of people and were also full of money from the sponsors. As for South Korea's Coke...

"Eh? Am I participating in breaking the hero? Of course I'm not. Is there any chance of me breaking the hero?"

He was very humble. No, he had a precise grasp of the opponent. Coke looked at the reporters with pity as they asked questions that couldn't be answered.

Unlike the first day, the second day of the National Competition proceeded smoothly. The United States, Canada, and China won two gold medals each, while the large powers of the United Kingdom, France, Japan, and Russia secured large numbers of silver medals.

On the other hand, Brazil won a precious gold medal. It was naturally in the target processing event. The winner was Jishuka. Many people speculated that her noticeably evolved Bow Mastery skill was close to a master level. It was evaluated that few people could threaten Jishuka in target processing when she had the Red Phoenix Bow.

-Jishuka's senses are crazy. Shooting such arrows at low angles.

-Look at her covering ability...

-How does she know which direction the attacks are flying from? Did she predict them?

-Jishuka is so pretty.

-Isn't she particularly sexy when pulling the bowstring?

-Isn't Jishuka always beautiful and sexy?

-Hah! That dog Grid.

-Grid should die.

"Okay!!"

From South Korea, Peak Sword and Toon won silver medals. Peak Sword could've won a gold medal until Iyarugt went berserk, so he was unhappy about the silver medal. Meanwhile, Toon was pleased getting a peek at his own potential. Certainly, Toon's ability in the obstacles race was very commendable. His ability to judge the form and characteristics of the obstacles and transform into various animals to cope with them was to be praised. He would probably play a bigger role next year.

-Peak Sword is really... Why is he cutting through the air alone?

-The silver medal is great enough. I'm proud but it is a pity——;;

-I can't tell if Peak Sword is a troll or a bigshot.

-Didn't you see Toon's extreme gum chewing?

-The person above... you should improve your Korean pronunciation.

-Yes, this is sincere advice.

-By the way, Toon is really good. I am grateful he moved to South Korea.

-That's right. I also want to thank the government for letting him immigrate and giving him a military exemption.

-...?? It was originally like that.

-Please distinguish between jokes.

-Toon ⇨ ⇨ He uploaded a photo of him eating jjampong on SNS ⇨ ⇨

-Grid likes jjampong and eats it almost every day. ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ ⇨

-Isn't Grid the reason why Toon immigrated to South Korea? Then can other Overgeared members move to South Korea like Toon?

-Please let Jishuka come.

-I will suggest that Euphemina come here.

-Faker moving would be the real jackpot.

-What if the Baldy comes?

-Vantner isn't bald. He shaved his hair.

-You say he is bald, I say he is Vantner.

-I think that is our Vantner.

This was the best festival that surpassed the Olympics, World Cup, and Super Bowl. The 4th National Competition was a world-class show, regardless of Grid's absence. New issues occurred every year, and new heroes were born. Some people were frustrated, while others shed tears.

On the third day of the National Competition, the big shots that people were anxiously waiting for finally appeared. They were Zibal, who made the boss raid a ridiculous spectacle by riding on the back of a boss monster to hunt, and Haster, who made his debut in 'cliff flower' and used the 'sound' of the wind to capture the emerging monsters.

Neither of them were normal; they surpassed common sense. Their attitudes were detached like it was natural for them to win the gold medal. The Americans felt regretful. Kraugel, Haster, and Zibal—these three people had to beat each other to win a gold medal in PvP. The representatives knew that PvP was a source of pride, but two of the three players would be forced to miss out on the gold medal.

『 Ah! It has come! Five players have been hit by the US' Kraugel! 』

『 Ah! The players have become stars and disappeared. It almost seems like this energy can break through the atmosphere? What type of technique is this? 』

『 It seems like a skill to remove the enemies from the battlefield. It seems to be a very useful skill for Kraugel, who likes to play solo. 』

A person who was called the strongest—Kraugel was still unrivaled. He participated in the siege war with Lael and didn't even bring out the sword technique that cut the world. His overwhelming force

that made tactics meaningless thrilled the world. People couldn't understand how this monster had fallen to Grid. Even Lauel, the person closest to Grid, was nervous.

"Kukukuk! You managed to completely control your sword in just one year? You have developed so much that you can't be compared to last year. You really are the sky... The only people who can excite me are Grid and you."

"Did you hurt your face?"

"Huh? No..." Lauel lowered the one hand covering his face with embarrassment. It was rare for people to respond as seriously as Kraugel did when they saw Lauel's 'black dragon attitude', and his chuuni atmosphere died down. Lauel coughed and pointed to the north on the map. "The representatives from South Korea in the siege are Yura and Coke. With their tactical ability, they will conquer the seven castles in the north and ally with Japan in the west. We need to move the barracks to the center, even if we give up some camps. Kraugel, your role at this time is..."

"Wait, South Korea and Japan will be allies?"

"Ahhh, I understand your question. You are wondering why Japan might form an alliance with South Korea when the representative of the siege is the master of the Sakura Guild and not Katz or Damian? They will team up naturally. There are a number of reasons. First of all..."

"..."

Kraugel felt that Grid was great. How had Grid tamed this talkative and lonely genius for so many years? Kraugel preferred playing solo, and his compatibility with Lauel was bad. However, this was just a matter of personality compatibility. The best brains and most powerful strength—their chemistry was perfect.

In the siege war, the United States won a gold medal, China won the silver medal, and Canada won the bronze medal. The alliance between South Korea and Japan thoroughly collapsed in front of Lauel's evil tactics. They didn't expect China to accept the United States' alliance proposal.

The next few events for the day progressed normally. Finally, the fourth day of the National Competition was launched. Breaking through the labyrinth, building blocks, breaking the hero, PvP, and the demon king subjugation events—only the best stages remained on the last day of the festival.

The overall rankings fluctuated in real time.

"The demon king subjugation will have a big impact on the rankings."

Every time the four heavenly kings and the demon king were beaten, medals would be given to some of the participants.

The score was based on the survival rate, the amount of damage dealt, the amount of damage defended against, the buffs placed on allies, the debuffs placed on enemies, the healing of enemies, and so on. Then the system would distribute a certain amount of gold, silver, and bronze medals accordingly.

It was a benefit that showed the high level of difficulty.

"...Who were the ones who ran their mouths in the interviews?"

There was a private waiting room for only one person. Sitting in the big room, Grid started to search for articles related to himself. The main keywords were 'ran away', 'trash', 'hemorrhoids', and 'ugly.' Grid remembered the foreign players who spread all types of rumors about his absence from South Korea. In particular, he remembered the Argentinian person who said the bullshit that 'Grid has hemorrhoids, which is why he can't appear in the National Competition.'