

Overgeared 1001

[Chapter 1001](#)

Sky King Rigal's class was a rider, and his main weapon was a large bow. His archery skills were like a reaper's scythe as he climbed onto his ancient wyvern Allentica and fired from an altitude of 800 meters. Anybody targeted by Rigal would die, but now the situation was different.

Currently, Rigal was on the ground. He couldn't take advantage of the rider class, and the whip in his hand was normally used to train his wyvern. Jude's fist fell like a rock, and thunder rose from the ground. Every time Jude wielded his fist, a shockwave would stir up the ground. It was as if Jude's fist contained the greatest disaster that humans could suffer. The imperial forces gulped, and the Overgeared members had hope.

One hit... Jude's fist struck Rigal's face once, and it seemed the tide would turn.

"My Lord, I will cover you." In the end, a subordinate couldn't hide his anxiety and immediately wanted to give the entire army a boarding order.

Earl Baron, who was Rigal's right-hand man and commander of the air force, shook his head though. "Let him enjoy it. He seems to want to peek at the potential of that wild boar."

The conversation of the two people continued. During this time, Rigal carefully avoided all the attacks and wielded his whip while being wary of Jude's left hand.

"Urgh!"

A single whip tied up Jude's left right while he struck Jude's right hand at the same time. The small pendulum at the end of the whip contained more weight than expected, and Jude's hand instantly became swollen.

"This whip is an artifact that delivers shock through the scales and skin of a wyvern. If you are an ordinary person, you would've felt a pain that was unbearable." The corners of Rigal's lips curved up. "Yet you are enduring it. The more I look, the more I like you."

"Die!" Jude was like a wounded beast. His flesh couldn't feel anything as he pulled the whip around his left hand toward him. Simultaneously, Jude swung his fist.

"Haha, where... Hup?!" Rigal was like a frightened child as the whip was pulled tight. It was because he couldn't handle the strength of Jude's left hand and was dragged over. In Rigal's field of view, the landscape of the world moved at a high speed. He was suddenly right before Jude's nose. Jude's right fist struck Rigal's face.

"...!!"

It was an unreal sight! One of the Seven Dukes, the symbol of the authority and strength of the empire, was being overwhelmed by an obscure knight...? Rigal's soldiers were shocked by the unimaginable situation, but it was only temporary. The moment Jude's fist hit Rigal's face, it sounded like a rock being hit by a sledgehammer. Nevertheless, there wasn't a single drop of blood on Rigal's face, and he wasn't hurt. Rigal's body was hard enough to overcome Jude's offensive power.

“Ohhh...!”

“As expected from My Lord...!”

The soldiers cheered, but the euphoria didn't last long. Suddenly, Jude's left hand—which was bound by the whip— Rigal's abdomen.

“Kuek...!” Rigal groaned first. His face even twisted up with pain. The Gold Dragon Armor that symbolized the Sky King seemed colorless.

“You! Die!” Jude's killing intent rose further. His left hand, which was restored and strengthened by the will of his thoughts, darkened and was becoming as hard as metal. One blow, two blows, three blows, four blows!

“Cough!” Dark blood finally flowed from Rigal's mouth.

“This is ridiculous!” Earl Baron, who had been calm the whole time, was now embarrassed and ordered the entire army to board.

The international community was in an uproar.

-Wow... What is Jude's left hand? Just his left hand is terrifying.

-It is really incredible. I heard that even the high rankers can't fight against the seven dukes of the empire, but Grid's subordinate is doing it.

-It is being overgeared~

-Was one of the NPCs in the four heavenly kings in the Demon King's Subjugation named Jude?

-It seems like it.

-It seems like it? ⇨ ⇨ How does it seem like it? ⇨ ⇨ Jude is a fighter while the four heavenly kings were a fisherman, a swordsman, a knight, and a tank.

-Wow, really? Then Jude isn't one of the four heavenly kings? Yet he can hit one of the seven dukes?

-It is the power of overgeared. What the hell is he wearing on his left hand?

-I'm going to apply to naturalize to the Overgeared Kingdom right now. If I help out in the war with the empire, can I join the Overgeared Kingdom? I'll sign up and ask Grid to make me items.

-By the way, you guys... How can I get a NPC knight like that? What should I do to get him as a subordinate? I can't get a subordinate even when raising my affinity to the maximum. Do I have to feed him like a pet?

-Give gifts, not food... However, in order to make the NPC your subordinate, you must have some degree of status and you need to meet the target NPC's situation. It is just luck.

-What luck... The insight to correctly tell the situation is important.

-The method to seduce a named NPC?

-It is a real luck system.

-Hah~ this is a real game of luck.

-Overgeared King Grid...

12 times—this was the number of times Jude’s fist struck Rival in a few seconds. Strengthened by Frustration Raises a Man (SS), Jude’s left hand was currently above Jude’s original stats. Its power threatened Rival, who was one of the strongest NPCs on the continent.

“Cough, cough! Kuweek!” Rival completely lost the dignity of a duke who ruled over 13 kingdoms. Blood poured out from him. It didn’t suit the dignity of the Sky King Rival.

“You!”

An army consisting of 5,000 griffons and 300 wyverns. Suddenly, the air force soldiers boarded their mounts and aimed at Jude. Their weapons, magic, and wyvern breaths wanted to render Jude into powder. However, Jude didn’t shrink back. Jude’s idea was only to kill Rival. He didn’t care about his own safety.

“Ohhhh!”

All sensations from his left hand had disappeared a long time ago. His hand felt like it wasn’t his hand, but he didn’t think too much. Jude shouted as he used all his strength to aim at Rival. However...

“...?” Something strange happened, and Jude cocked his head. The moment his fist was going to reach Rival, something grabbed his neck and pulled him back. A normal person would turn his head and check the situation. Yet Jude wielded his fist at Rival without thinking. Jude’s strikes only hit air.

The existence holding onto his neck was a wyvern. It was a wyvern so big that it could be mistaken as a dragon. The wyvern’s name was a shining gold. It was the ancient wyvern Allentica who had been passed down through generations in the Gelder family. He had been disciplined for 200 years, and his magic abilities, flesh, and wisdom transcended those of ordinary wyverns.

“Jude! It is dangerous!”

“Look back, you idiot!”

The Overgeared members’ shouts were useless. Jude still glared at Rival and swung his fists through the air. Rival laughed as he pulled out a handkerchief and wiped his mouth. “You are brave and ignorant. The first person to wound me on the battlefield is such a fool.”

As Jude’s left hand struck the air, Rival suggested, “Jude, I will give you one last chance. Serve me. I’ll give you strength if you don’t need wealth.”

“...Strength!” Jude stopped. He now verified the snout of the wyvern holding his neck. “Jude. Strength. Is needed. I want to be. Strong.”

Rival’s mouth curved upward. It was rewarding to go down to Jude’s eye level. Rival knew how to obtain this stupid guy who had muscles as a brain but he failed to anticipate the next reaction.

“...?”

“You. Die.”

The ancient wyvern Allentica was thrown to the ground. It was the result of Jude grabbing the wyvern’s snout with his left hand. The people affected by the artificial earthquake fell down. The 5,300 strong air force took off instantly to avoid the aftermath. The air force took control of the sky with furious screams.

“I can’t stand it anymore.” Rigal abandoned his lingering feelings. “I’ll give you up.”

He would show mercy. “If I can’t have you, I will kill you.”

Rigal wielded this whip.

“Allentica!” Rigal cried out, and the wyvern rose from the ground with a roar. His flames knocked over Jude who was coming at Rigal. Jude jumped to his feet in the flames. Rigal mounted Allentica and pulled the bow that was nearly two meters long.

“The only advantage is your ignorant power. I thought it was cute, but you don’t know your limit.”

He raised his aura. An incredibly large arrow the size of a small spear shot through the swirling currents and reached Jude. Jude had all his equipment taken when he was captured, so his bare body was pierced by the arrow. Against the backdrop of the sunset, the giant silhouette with an arrow in his chest collapsing was like the ending of a movie.

“Ah...”The trapped Overgeared members were trapped and couldn’t give any help as Jude struggled. They were suffering from guilt and discomfort as they sensed it intuitively. Jude would die. He was dying. However—

『 No one can help. 』

『 The Overgeared members guarding Bairan aren’t Agnus. What can they do when they have no power? 』

『 It is a pity. The last fire of Bairan will be put out. 』

Bairan was a city that had already been occupied. Then Jude suddenly counterattacked, and the war was revived. It was a 5,301-against-1 war. The result was predictable, but many viewers around the world had predicted a reversal. Jude’s momentum was so intense that they kept sweating anxiously as they watched the situation.

However, there was no reversal. Jude seemed to be doing well, but he couldn’t even cut Rigal’s health by one-tenth. On the other hand, he fell into a critical condition after being hit by one arrow. Sure, Jude might be wearing no equipment, but one of the seven dukes was strong. According to rumors, Rigal was one of the strongest people in existence—an existence that players didn’t dare meet at the present time, the sky above the sky.

『 Look. This is a rough estimate of the damages that the Overgeared Kingdom will face when Bairan is occupied. 』

『 Huh, it is the worst. Reidan’s situation is also bad. The Overgeared Kingdom is in a great crisis. 』

『 The power of the Saharan Empire is too strong. This proves why the empire is the master of the continent. 』

『 The result of the war is obvious. The Overgeared Kingdom will be defeated and lose a lot of territories. 』

Rigal's altitude increased, and he once again drew his bow. This time, he aimed exactly at Jude's heart.

"Watch this place burn in hell."

There was no delay. Just like before, the arrow that was fired flew to Jude. The arrow hit. The location precisely matched the direction Rigal initially aimed at but Jude wasn't there. There was only bare ground in the place where Jude's heart was supposed to be.

"...?"

Rigal's eyes could miss the movement...?

...At this altitude? Rigal's expression changed in the sky. It was a much more serious expression than when he was unexpectedly pulled by Jude's fist earlier.

"...Overgeared King?"

A bigshot appeared. There was a surge of magic power. Rigal moved his gaze and saw the Overgeared King appear through Mass Teleport. Jude disappearing like a lie was probably due to the king's call.

Rigal smiled darkly as he aimed his bow at Grid. He was on a huge wyvern with 5,300 air force members behind him. In fact, they were all captured in Grid's vision.

Rigal fired his bow. He couldn't pass up this opportunity to take the head of the enemy leader. The arrow flew across one kilometer and hit its target.

[You have suffered 10,990 damage.]

[You are currently in a war.]

[In a war, the king's death can lead to the worst situation.]

[Be careful. If killed during a war, the king and kingdom will receive a large penalty.]

[There will be an increase in the experience loss rate, an increase in the item drop rate, the army morale will drop, the facilities level will drop, national security will decrease, reputation will decrease, the chance of a rebellion will increase, and so on.]

All types of warnings rose when Grid failed to evade and the arrow pierced his shoulder. Yet Grid wasn't daunted by them. From the moment the war began, he was already walking on thin ice. He was determined enough. Grid didn't think he could win easily against the top power of the empire.

"Blacksmith's Rage. Blackening."

Yes...

"Pagma's Swordsmanship."

Nevertheless, he would win.

“Transcended Link Flower.”

[Transcended Link Flower]

[Three sword dances have been sublimated into a single field.

Fire 40 swords with 200% physical attack power, leaving a mark on all visible enemies.

Two additional sword energy will be generated per mark and the added sword energy will aim at their targets. Any marked target hit by the sword energy will receive 122 physical damage + 20% magic damage.

Every two hits by the sword energy will create an additional mark. A maximum of five marks can be stacked up.

Skill Usage Conditions: Have a sword type weapon equipped.

Skill Sword Energy Cost: 300

Skill Cooldown Time: 20 minutes.]

10,000 petals bloomed in the night sky. The appearance of the blue petals fluttering was beautiful enough to cause one to lose their soul. The viewers, as well as Rigal’s air force, were briefly captivated. It was deadly. The 40 energy blades that passed through the scattering petals became a signal when they hit Rigal. The petals in the sky started to reveal their nature. Like they were blown by a gust of wind, they made contact with the soldiers and exploded.

“Keuk!”

“Kuaaaaak!”

Rigal groaned, and the soldiers screamed. The griffons and wyverns who were also targets of the petals shuddered. The skill damage coefficient might be low, but it was meaningless when Grid’s attack power was so high.

“100,000 Army.” Grid, who had narrowed the distance to Rigal while using Transcended Link Flower, retreated again. He placed them all in his field of view and wielded the sword. “Blockade Sword!”

The reason why Grid created the three fused sword dance Transcended Link Flower was to maximize his skills linkage. 100,000 Army Blockade Sword gave a small blow to all targets in his sight and also gave the ‘blocked’ effect. Approximately one-third of the air force was unable to resist. They were prevented from moving or using skills and magic.

Then new marks were placed on the air force members, including Rigal. Grid reached Rigal. Rigal’s ability to fly 800 meters above sea level was useless in front of Grid who could use Braham’s Boots to fly.

“You!” Rigal once again fired at Grid who had already been pierced with four arrows. The arrows which were fired this time were different. They were fired using Ultimatum, a blow that could kill anyone shot. The arrows contained the mana of Sky King Rigal and the essence of the techniques passed down through generations. Yet it was pointless if they didn’t reach.

“Revolve.” Grid rotated and returned Ultimatum to Rigal. Another mark was placed on Rigal’s body, and he was subjected to a shock powerful enough to damage his Gold Dragon Armor. Grid was still rushing toward Rigal.

“Kill.” It was a series of catastrophic damage. Rigal shot arrows with explosive properties in an attempt to shake off Grid. Nevertheless, Grid stood firm. He didn’t care about the explosion and narrowed the distance toward Rigal.

“Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle.”

Five markers were imprinted on Rigal’s body, and the death penalty dropped. Grid didn’t send an ultimatum. He just aimed to kill the opponent.

[Chapter 1002](#)

The Immortal King Grenhal, Beast King Morse, Drunk Duke Diworth, Golden Crown Basara—they led the army of their respective territories and drove the water clan out of the port cities around the empire.

There was no battle. The water clan fled whenever the armies appeared. The dukes took it for granted. They thought there was no one in the world foolish enough to go against them.

“Is everybody healthy? We are gathering together for the first time in a few years.”

The final destination of the four dukes was Galest. Galest was the largest port city responsible for the empire’s economy. Just two days ago, the ships were paralyzed and unable to sail because of Maxong, the water clan king. Maxong was like the god of the sea, and Galest’s troops couldn’t resist him. Yet even the fearsome Maxong fled as soon as he heard the dukes had arrived.

Beast King Morse licked his lips with regret. “I thought it was a chance to tame the water clan king, but he ran away. I knew the different species were uncivilized, but I didn’t expect that even the king would have no honor.”

“A king of beasts is also a beast. There is no honor.”

“In any case, hasn’t the sea path opened? We can move to the rear of Reidan.”

“There are no ships that can depart immediately. The water clan king destroyed all the ships.”

“A beast used his head? This is embarrassing.”

“Do we need to hurry? Rigal has already taken over Bairan, so we can move at a leisurely pace.”

“Again? That Rigal is always fast.”

“The air force of the Gelder Family is the pride of the empire for a reason.”

Rigal had inherited the position when his father passed away. He had fought a total of 39 wars over the past 17 years. The air force he led had always been the first to strike and unconditionally won. It even boasted a 100% survival rate. This meant there had been no casualties in the 39 wars. It was a record that showed the dignity of the air force that shot at the enemies one-sidedly from a high altitude, making the air defense facilities of other countries meaningless.

“Wait until the ships are ready. Rigal will finish it anyway.”

The other dukes easily agreed to Drunk Duke Diworth’s suggestion. For them, a war was merely a game. The victory of the empire was natural. Thus, there was no anxiety or nervousness for them, unlike Rigal who was obsessed with building up his achievements.

The blue petals flew in the dark sky, and a subsequent black heat emerged. It was more colorful and beautiful than the fireworks produced at modern festivals. People were stunned. They felt a sense of loss when they thought that this rare sight would soon disappear. The flowers and the heat wave were so beautiful that they thought, ‘I wish time will stop.’

They were amazed that the cause of it was one player.

『 Grid...! 』 The commentators conveying the Overgeared Kingdom’s desperate situation started shouting. This was the best they could do. It had been less than four months since the end of the 4th National Competition. Grid’s combat power had reached a higher level. The current Grid couldn’t be summed up by the commentators’ knowledge and skills. Their words were limited.

『 T-The skill that Grid used in the sky...! 』

『 C-Casualties have started to appear in the air force! 』

『 The griffons who one-sidedly defeated the thousands of Bairan troops are falling! 』

『 Sky King Rigal...! He is bleeding!! 』

“Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle.”

It was only for one second. Seven blows were dealt per second and penetrated Rigal’s chest in succession. Simultaneously, 10 flowers with the energy of Pinnacle were automatically generated in the air and aimed at Rigal. Rigal suffered great damage after having Ultimatum returned to him, and he couldn’t stop the series of attacks.

[Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle]

[Four sword dances have been sublimated into a single field.

Fires seven energy blades per second that deal 1,850% physical damage. Every time it attacks the target, ‘Disarm’ will be triggered. Additionally, there will be a bleeding and desperation effect.

If there is a mark on the target, two energy blades will be summoned that ignore 65% of the target’s defense and deal 961% physical damage + 10% magic damage.

Skill Usage Conditions: Have a sword type weapon equipped.

Skill Sword Energy Cost: 400

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.]

This was a skill that proved why Grid still valued the combination of Link and Kill. It also proved why he was obsessed with Flower. The previous ultimate technique was Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. Thanks to the goddess' blessing, it dealt seven blows per second with 300% physical damage while also activating the effects of Wave and Pinnacle. It was somewhat incomplete, but the new Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle preserved all effects of Kill being fired seven times per second while maximizing the effect of the marks.

The biggest advantage was the relatively fast cooldown time and casting speed. The cooldown of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle was three hours while the cooldown of Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle was one hour. Additionally, the sword energy was spontaneously ignited during the seven blows per second, making it possible to suppress the enemy much faster than Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. Even the attack power was stronger.

Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle was stronger than Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle, even if five marks weren't left. Since the effect of Disarm was maintained throughout the attack, the target couldn't receive the effect of their items.

[The target has received 1,250,900 damage.]

[The target has received 1,199,320 damage.]

[The target has received 1,301,010 damage.]

[The black flames option effect of the Enlightenment Sword...]

[The target has received 699,000 damage.]

[The target has received 678,300 damage.]

[The target has received 730,950...]

[The target has received 16,409,200 damage.]

"...!!" Kill struck Rigal seven times while 10 petals filled with sword energy struck Rigal, not letting him scream. It was all he could do to endure the terrible pain that was worse than when he was hit by Ultimatum. The fast and powerful attack was also a burden on the caster.

"Pant. Pant. Pant." Grid breathed roughly as he felt a sharp drop in stamina the moment Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle finished. In front of his eyes, Rigal's health gauge was just over 20%.

'I thought this would kill him. It is damn hard.'

Grid never expected that Rigal would be fine despite being hit by his strongest combination. Moreover, Rigal had a low level in comparison to the others in the Seven Dukes. He was always worse when confronting the other Seven Dukes. In particular, his level was several times lower than Spear Saint Rachel and Sword Duke Limit. Despite having the strongest air force that disregarded air defense facilities, it was obvious that his individual combat power was lower. Rigal was the weakest.

"Allentica!" Then the moment Rigal shouted the ancient wyvern's name, his health gauge turned purple and recovered to 60%. Upon a closer look, the health gauge over the wyvern had disappeared. It was synchronization. Rigal's health and Allentica's health had combined.

‘A boss mob!’

What was the biggest weakness of named NPCs? The ‘humanoids’ had a limit on their health. However, Rigal overcame this weakness through his interaction with the wyvern. It was a boss monster phase.

‘This is a duke...’

It was greater than Grid had expected. Grid didn’t know about the Five Pillars, but he initially thought he could win in a one-on-one match against a duke. This was a misjudgment. His gaze wavered. Then the appearance of a giant evil influence burst out with a loud roar.

Rigal’s archery was the complete opposite of Jishuka’s archery. Unlike Jishuka’s arrows which were invisible and couldn’t be heard by the ears, Rigal’s arrows overwhelmed the opponent with their energy.

[You have suffered 14,500 damage.]

[The strong impact has caused a stiffness effect.]

[You have resisted.]

The arrow, shot from a close range, hurt Grid. It was much more painful than when firing from a distance. Grid collapsed with approximately 30% of his health left, and Rigal pulled the bowstring again. He intended to end Grid without giving him time to resist.

It was awesome. Ignoring the fact that he was the king of a small nation, Grid was too strong to spare. Rigal fired another arrow, and it became a signal. The thousands of air force soldiers behind Rigal also aimed at Grid with their arrows and magic.

『 Ah...! 』 The commentators of the international broadcasting companies were silent. A massive bombardment filled the sky. Grid’s death seemed inevitable the moment it hit. Now, Grid would lose his immortality and slowly die without finding an escape route.

The commentators didn’t explain it, but the tens of millions of viewers watching the battle were able to predict the result. The same was true for the Overgeared soldiers and the people on the ground. Their captain—the king—would die. They screamed desperately at the undeniable reality. Only one person... Only Grid smiled as he flung himself back as hard as possible.

“I’ve been waiting.”

Sky King Rigal was a person who had earned a high rank as the leader of an army, rather than an individual. As such, Grid had been waiting for Rigal to command the army. There were thousands of air forces. Grid wanted and hoped for the bastards, who had trampled on his land and people, to attack him in unison.

“Belial’s Power. Queen of Mocking and Violation.”

Grid divided into two people. On top of that, Rigal’s arrow struck him. Then there were three and four of Grid. The effect of Tiramet’s Power created an orange shield around his body, and his health was restored to 30% thanks to the First King title. Even so, it wasn’t reassuring. Numerous arrows and spells filled the sky and then poured down toward Grid. Rigal once again fired his bow.

“Flower Revolve.” The four Grids did a short sword dance while observing as many arrows and spells as possible. Pagma had fought Chreshler and read the thousands of light spears with his eyes, recognizing them as targets and counterattacking all of them.

This was impossible for Grid. The current Grid was dealing with arrows and spells that were comparatively slow to Chreshler’s light spears. Nevertheless, he couldn’t see all the attacks and recognize them as targets. Compared to the non-human Pagma, Grid’s perception and wits were lacking. It was why he opened up Belial’s Power and shared his vision with the clones. He used four fields of view to target thousands of arrows and spells, summoning hundreds of petals in the air. If someone looked closely, a fine rotation could be seen.

The hundreds of petals centered around Grid. They collided with the thousands of arrows and spells flying toward Grid and sent them back.

“...!”

It was an unbelievable phenomenon! The air force stiffened at the sight of their arrows and spells returning to them. The sky and the world were in a state of turbulence. The returned arrows and magic turned hundreds of air force members to ash. Meanwhile, Grid was hit by some arrows and spells, and he fell to the ground. The tens of thousands of cameras simultaneously shook and caused the viewers to get headaches.

-...

The viewers became dumbfounded.

Grid confronted thousands of enemies alone in the high sky. His appearance of returning some of the intense bombardment already caused him to go beyond the realm of a human being. People couldn’t measure or comprehend his strength. They were just admiring him while feeling astonished and thrilled.

[A legend doesn’t die easily. Your health is fixed to a minimum.]

Five seconds of immortality... The final notification window rose in Grid’s field of view as he lay on the ground.

‘Shit... I only managed to use Flower Revolve three times.’

The difficulty of using the skills with the clones was too high. Right when he had been about to use the fourth Flower Revolve, the enemies’ attacks had already arrived. Thus, he couldn’t deal as much damage as he expected. Grid was disappointed, but the position of another person was completely different. Rigal, who was the symbol of imperial nobility, had a red-tinged face. “You...! You!!”

The griffons and wyverns had been raised by the Gelder Family. Had Rigal ever experienced losing them? No. Yet for the first time today, Rigal saw his men screaming and dying. The number was almost 1,000.

“Your... Your head alone isn’t enough! I will destroy everyone in this place!”

The extremely enraged Rigal fired five arrows at once. He poured all his magic power into the arrows. He was determined to annihilate the Overgeared King lying on the ground as well as the residents of Bairan. At this moment, a voice emerged from the wounded Grid and entered Rigal’s ears.

“Summon Knight.”

“...!?”

The red disappeared from Rigal’s face like it was a lie. He recovered the magic power that he had poured into the arrows. It was instinct. The presence of the two knights who appeared in response to the Overgeared King’s call was so enormous that he judged he had to save his strength in order to survive them.

“W-What is this?” Rigal’s eyes shook as he watched the two knights appear to the left and right of Grid. He knew that His Majesty the Emperor had sent away Mercedes and that she became Grid’s knight. However, he hadn’t imagined this. That person was the Overgeared King’s knight? He was alive?

“S-Sir Piaro,” Rigal called out the name with a trembling voice.

“It has been a while. Since you are wearing the Gold Dragon Armor, your father must’ve died,” a response was heard. It meant it wasn’t an illusion. Rigal felt like he had seen a ghost.

Piario spoke to Rigal who had completely lost his soul, “We can talk later. Let’s meet in hell.”

Rigal was floating 800 meters above the ground. There was a shadow over his head that swallowed even the moonlight. He looked up and saw a huge mortar.

“Keuk!”

It was dangerous. The wound Grid had inflicted was serious. The fear of death won over confusion. Rigal regained his composure and quickly pulled on Allentica’s reins. It was necessary to escape the range of Pounding Mortar, and it was possible with Allentica’s fast flying speed. However—

“I can’t let you go.” Mercedes flew and blocked his way.

“You! Mercedes! You ugly traitor!”

The Gelder air force that made the air defense facilities of a kingdom meaningless—they were the strongest but why didn’t they act in the Lubana war in the past? The reason was simple—they were helpless against a transcendent’s strength. Just like Grid, the powerhouses who occupied the sky and the ground could hurt the air force with a single blow. Hundreds of years ago, the Gelder air force had been brutally trampled on by Undefeated King Madra. The advantages of flying were useless in front of Legendary Knight Mercedes.

A whirling silver sword cut Allentica and Rigal at the same time. It was as destructive as Grid’s swordsmanship, but it was faster and more sophisticated, managing to connect and hit a number of times. Rigal lost his balance, and a mortar fell on his head. The thousands of air force members were swept away by the pressure and turned to ash.

“Lord Rigal!”

The survivors, including Earl Baron, didn’t run away. They headed toward Rigal, who had been crushed by the mortar and had fallen to the ground. A bitter smile flashed on Grid’s face. If only they had run away... Then he could’ve slaughtered the disloyal troops without any regrets.

“My Lord! My Lord!” Rigal’s soldiers were a symbol of loyalty. They knew they would soon die, but they still helped and escorted Rigal. It was a meaningless sacrifice.

“Cough, cough...” Rigal had been hit by the legendary farmer and knight. He was in a seriously injured state that he couldn’t recover from. The gray light symbolizing death rose from his body.

“S-Sir Piaro. Please. Please...”Rigal wanted to leave a last will, but he couldn’t finish. The time given to him was too short. However, his eyes showed what he wanted to say. He was earnestly pleading for his men to be returned safely to their homeland and their families.

‘Piaro, don’t forget that you were their hero.’

“What should I do?” Mercedes asked while Piaro was stiff-faced.

Grid gazed at the remnants of the air force who stared at him with fear, confusion, anger, and killing intent. “Kill them all. Catch as many griffons and wyverns as possible.”

“Yes.”

If he was going to spare them, then he wouldn’t have used the Undefeated King’s swordsmanship or summoned Piaro. He couldn’t leave anyone alive. In the first place, war wasn’t a game. He was risking his life and the lives of his precious people. Additionally...

“...” Grid saw the destroyed statue of Khan.

A warning window appeared in his vision as he made a sad expression.

[The Saharan Empire’s duke ‘Sky King Rigal’ has been defeated.]

[It is a great accomplishment that no one has achieved.]

[Your reputation throughout the continent has increased. You have acquired 2,000 reputation points.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[The Duke Gelder Family’s Gold Dragon Armor has been acquired.]

[The Duke Gelder Family’s Giant Greatbow has been acquired.]

[Your knight ‘Jude’ has experienced a fight against the strong and has succeeded in breaking through his limits. His stats limit has increased.]

[You have gained a special opportunity and understood the concept of a legend, transcendent, and status.]

[From now on, the achievement system—which is the basis of the title system—will be applied to not only you but also to your knights.]

[Your knight ‘Jude’ has accomplished the achievement of ‘Loyal Knight.’]

[Your knight ‘Jude’ has accomplished the achievement of ‘Unquenchable Fire’]

[Your knight 'Jude' has accomplished the achievement of 'Battlefield Miracle.']

[Your knight 'Mercedes' has accomplished the achievement of 'Battlefield Miracle.']

[Your knight 'Piaro' has accomplished the achievement of 'Killing One of the Seven Dukes'.]

"Piaro, I'm sorry."

"Don't say that." Piaro bowed politely. Mercedes was silent. Jude got up and looked for a meal. Along with the three knights who had started to build up their 'status', Grid examined the people of Bairan.

[Chapter 1003](#)

Ibellin and the Overgeared members hadn't killed a single enemy. They had found it hard to intercept the air force who attacked from a high altitude, and they had also failed to penetrate the defense of the griffon and wyvern's heavy armor. Yes, they hadn't protected Bairan. They had been seriously trampled on, but they hadn't run away.

Instead, they had held on till the end and protected the people. They had taken on the arrows and spells pouring from the sky on behalf of the people, lost their lives, and resurrected while gathering information on the enemy. All of this information had been passed onto Lael.

Thanks to this, Lael could determine the power of the air force. Yet the one he sent as reinforcement was only Grid. The Overgeared members in Bairan were furious. Even if Grid was strong, how could he handle the 5,000 air force members and Sky King Rigal? Why had Grid been sent alone without the best archers, magicians, and tankers to protect him?

They felt that Lael had failed to understand the seriousness of the situation. Additionally, it wasn't good that they were placing great burdens on Grid all the time. In the end, they realized it was all because of their incompetence and felt a sense of shame. If they were strong in the first place, Bairan wouldn't have been captured and Grid wouldn't be burdened...

The Overgeared members knew they should reproach themselves, not Lael. Consequently, they couldn't make eye contact with Grid. In the meantime...

"...!" Grid smashed the air force with a single blow. He also beat up Rigal until the latter was bloody. Grid might've crashed to the ground and failed to hide his pained expression, but he stood up for his colleagues and people. He declared to Rigal that he would protect all of them.

"..."

Then Piaro and Mercedes arrived and destroyed all enemy forces.

"I'm sorry." The Overgeared members approached Grid and bowed. They still couldn't meet Grid's eyes.

"I'm sorry that I'm never of any help." Their words were full of bitterness.

They shook as Grid glanced at them. "What are you saying? More people would be dead without you."

"..."

"It would've been harder if you hadn't told me the information about the air force."

“...”

“You did well enough. Thank you.”

It wasn't a pretense. Grid was touched and thankful to his colleagues who had fought and died. He was relieved to see that the people were relatively well. To his colleagues who still couldn't raise their heads, Grid added some words, “If it is annoying to take the bus now, you can pay me back later with a plane.”

“How can we do that?”

“I'm sure it is possible.”

Grid was now certain. The gap was closing. Chairman Lim Cheolho's words would surely come true, and the gap between hidden classes and normal classes would be narrowed.

Transcendents...

The more normal the class, the more accomplishments they could gain. The more levels they raised, the more powerful they would be.

‘It must be.’

The 25 Overgeared members who fought to defend Bairan—they were classified as the mid-to-upper range of power in the Overgeared Guild. Then what about among the two billion users? They were high rankers that would feel far beyond ordinary people. Nevertheless, they were treated like children by one unit of the empire. It wasn't a good balance.

If the players were unable to do anything against increasingly stronger enemies like the empire, the great demons, and the yangban in the future, the willingness of the players to continue playing would gradually decrease and the game would be ruined. The S.A Group couldn't be unaware of this. Chairman Lim Cheolho had predicted the situation and arranged the transcendence system.

‘The people who deal with strong opponents and are frustrated will become transcendents faster.’

The first transcendent player would surely come from the Overgeared Guild. Grid didn't doubt it and told his colleagues his thoughts. The Overgeared members were stunned for a moment before asking Grid, “Don't you think it is unfair?”

“What?”

“You worked hard to become a legend and widened the gap with ordinary players. If that gap narrows, won't it be unfair and frustrating?”

“Who knows?” Grid stared up at the sky. Many stars decorated the night sky, but there was only one moon.

[Gold Dragon Armor]

[* When attacked by the same target within 3 seconds, the damage is reduced by 5%. This can go up to 30%.]

[Giant Greatbow]

[* Every time the bowstring is pulled, the power of the giant race can be felt.

The bow has special options because of the materials that make up the item.]

Grid had great interest in the items and planned to stay in the smithy for a while. He wanted to dismantle the Gold Dragon Armor and Giant Greatbow and make a new item with their characteristics.

Mercedes gave a somewhat disappointing report, "We have succeeded in capturing 957 griffons and 26 wyverns, but it won't be easy to tame them."

Their loyalty to their former master was too strong. Even named horses didn't easily change their masters, let alone griffons and wyverns. The Overgeared members were filled with regret.

"It's okay. Leave them with Nyangmong." Grid was the only one smiling.

Spear Saint Rachel was a descendant of Dehakei, a meritorious retainer at the founding of the empire and a legendary spearman. Among the Seven Dukes, her innate lineage and talents were excellent, and no one could treat her casually. Only one person was different.

Rigal, her childhood friend, treated her in a comfortable and easy manner. Perhaps he was a special existence. That's why the shock was larger.

"Rigal died?" Rachel couldn't believe the news that she received. Rigal had succeeded the duchy because his more talented older brother had been short-lived. Rachel knew better than anyone else how much effort Rigal had put in. In order to become a man worthy of being one of the Seven Dukes, he had trained hard day and night, looking after the people while feeling sorry for his dead brother. Rigal had been rewarded for his efforts. Yet he had died. Moreover, it had occurred in a war against a small country with less than 10 years of history.

"It isn't a funny joke in the morning." She felt nauseous. Her head was dizzy. Rachel, who looked unbelievably young and beautiful despite being 40 years old, swept back her signature long hair nervously. Her wavy blond hair shone in the sunshine while the expression of her adjutant was dark.

Rachel was unable to bear the uncomfortable silence and asked again, "...Is it true?"

"Yes, unfortunately..." The adjutant once again expressed the reality.

"The air force?"

"They were annihilated."

"..." Rachel's face crumpled in a terrible manner. The first person she thought of was Rigal's only son. The small child was only 9 this year. The child who lost his mother at an early age was now truly alone. Would the little child be able to keep the air force, which was the basis of the Gelder Family, from the hands of the greedy people wanting it? It was impossible. One of the seven families representing the empire was completely destroyed.

"Pathetic guy. I told you to quickly get married and give birth as soon as possible."

Rachel knew the young Rigal had delayed his marriage because he liked her. However, the national law prohibited marriage between duchies, and Rachel had been forced to ignore Rigal's heart. She remembered how the young Rigal had always looked at her with a burning gaze.

"Will you go out?" The adjutant carefully asked.

The Twilight Spearmen—the elite army raised by Rachel was ready to go to war at any time. However, Rachel shook her head. She was a duke of the empire, and she couldn't be swayed by emotions.

"There is something I have to do first."

Rachel put on a cloak and left the barracks. Once she appeared, 30 knights split apart to create a path. One knight reported, "According to a report from the scouts, he returned last night."

"We must not forget who the opponent is. He isn't forced to be polite, so don't be offended by his words or actions."

"Yes!"

The best spearsman on the continent, Kirinus—it had taken her several years to find him. She came directly to this distant place to meet him. Rachel wanted to know if he was better than her. Was she not a legend because she was inferior to him? She had to find out the answer.

Inside Kirinus' cabin, Kirinus was interested in the development of the youth he had been teaching for nearly a year.

"You have improved with Control Sword."

Pushing forward, swirling, or stabbing—the motions that were the basis and essence of the spear were contained in eight swords floating in the air. They flew forward and cut the air. This was the moment when the fairly monotonous Control Sword evolved. After clearing a few hidden quests, the skill had evolved, and Kraugel was pleased.

On the other hand, Kirinus was disappointed. "You still haven't penetrated the essence."

"The essence?"

"The one fighting the enemy is you, not the sword."

"..." Kraugel understood immediately. Kirinus advised that there was no need for miscellaneous swords. Kraugel was reminded of the nature of the sword.

Cutting the target... In order to cut, he had to be fast and accurate. Kraugel took out a 'number' of swords when needed, but in fact, only one sword needed to be linked with Control Sword. The one sword flew at a speed much quicker than before and cut the rock. It was at a speed that humans couldn't avoid.

[Sword Control Lv. 2]

[You can control the sword with your will. The attack power of Control Sword is proportional to the weapon's attack power.

Number of available swords to be controlled: Up to 10.

Current Swords: Genuine White Fang.]

The moment he got the skill after becoming a Sword Saint, Kraugel had thought of Grid's God Hands. Just like how Grid handled the God Hands, Kraugel expected that he could be more active in battle by operating more swords. That's why he always took out many swords at the same time.

However, he was mistaken. It wasn't important to handle many swords. Instead, it was more important and powerful to wield a single sword. In the skill description, it didn't state that attack speed would increase depending on the number of swords. Rather, it was proportional to Kraugel's concentration.

"Ah." The enlightened Kraugel looked back on his battle with Grid. The battle had been more favorable before he used Control Sword. He had tried to avoid Grid's God Hands and only fully wielded one sword. That was when Grid threatened Kraugel.

'Control Sword isn't a skill to assist in combat.'

It would be far more powerful to understand and apply it as a general attack skill. Kraugel realized that he had developed further. He felt that it was something he couldn't have obtained if he walked on the path that Muller had laid. As such, Kraugel thought it was a good idea to have come to Kirinus—an opponent he could learn from and exchange feelings and thoughts. Kraugel realized the importance of a teacher as he thought about Khan and Grid.

Then it happened when he was concentrating.

"Kirinus, come out!" A group of people appeared and shouted.

"...?" Kraugel turned his head and was amazed when he saw Rachel. Kraugel, who had more information than other players, couldn't be ignorant about the empire's Seven Dukes. Unexpectedly, Rachel also knew Kraugel. The Sword Saint was also a celebrity in the empire.

"Why are you here?" Rachel inquired.

"It is a sign that I shouldn't turn a blind eye to a friend's crisis," Kraugel gave an answer with an unknown meaning. The Sword Saint pressured Rachel's knights.

[Chapter 1004](#)

For a Sword Saint, the sword wasn't a simple tool. The expression 'part of the body' was lacking. A Sword Saint couldn't distinguish between himself and the sword. He was a person who achieved mind and heart unification with the sword.

"The will to cut must be excellent in order to produce a result," Rachel stated while watching the Sword Saint. "Sword Saint Muller was said to have cut the enemy despite skipping the process of drawing the sword. However, you can't cut me even if you draw your sword."

“...” Kraugel couldn’t refute it. It was an accurate representation without any distortion. Kraugel had recognized Rachel as an enemy as soon as she appeared and drew the sword to cut her. However, he didn’t have a chance to attack. Kraugel’s level 5 Super Sensitivity warned that he would be in danger the moment he cut her. It was a greater warning than when he faced the fully buffed Grid. Consequently, Kraugel couldn’t cut her.

“A Sword Saint is worse than I am.” Rachel, who had been standing with folded arms, reached out to the empty space. A red spear with a curvature that resembled the flames of a dragon appeared in her hand. Simultaneously...

[You have suffered 8,010 damage.]

A hole was made in Kraugel’s chest. Rachel’s spear had pierced his chest. It was a stab which had occurred at an unrecognisably fast speed. No, was it right to call it ‘fast’? Did Rachel really swing the spear? Kraugel didn’t even feel the slightest wind pressure, let alone the spear moving.

He had cleared all types of hidden quests under Kirinus, and his agility had reached 2,600 points. Kraugel recalled there was no human power that couldn’t be recognized with his vision and Super Sensitivity. The newly acquired ‘One Who Peeked at the Peak of the Spear’ title reduced the damage by 15%, but the attack of a super-named NPC with a level close to 500 meant the damage received wasn’t small.

This was another form of attack. Kraugel immediately noticed it and was shaken. He ignored the blood flowing from his chest and kept an eye on Rachel. Then he saw it. An intangible energy was swirling around Rachel. There was no color and sound, but it was obviously in the shape of a spear. One of them flew and punched Kraugel.

Kraugel didn’t avoid it. There was no reason to be afraid of something that wasn’t real. The intangible spear that was stuck in Kraugel’s chest disappeared with a loud sound. Kraugel wasn’t hurt.

“...!” Rachel’s eyes were full of interest. There was a smile on Kirinus’ face. Kraugel was facing a notification window.

[A hidden piece!]

[You have succeeded in recognizing and neutralizing the ‘Manifestation of Will’ through the effect of the Sword Saint class!]

[The special stat ‘Willpower’ has opened.]

[The name skill Manifestation of Will has been acquired.]

[Willpower]

[It is strong enough to distort reality.]

* Stat points can’t be distributed to this stat.]

[Manifestation of Will Lv. 1]

[Only a saint can deal with the intangible.]

Distort reality with the manifestation of your solid will.

- * At the current level, the willpower can only be used to attack the enemies.
- * At the current level, the skill is only activated when a weapon is equipped. The shape of the will is the same as the appearance of the weapon being equipped.
- * The amount of damage done by Manifestation of Will is the same as the willpower stat combined with the strength stat. It completely ignores the target's resistance and defense.
- * A target with the willpower stat will ignore this attack.

Cooldown Time: 1 minute.]

"...?"

It was an unexpected stat and skill. Kraugel cocked his head and tried to use Manifestation of Will. Four intangible swords resembling the currently equipped White Tiger appeared around Kraugel. The reason why there were only four swords was that the newly opened stat only had four points. Manifestation of Will wasn't a control-based skill but a recognition-based automatic skill.

The moment Kraugel thought about attacking Rachel, four swords flew toward her. However, they were blocked by an invisible wall. The intangible swords didn't reach Rachel but collided with her willpower, scattering like pieces of glass.

Rachel muttered, "Growing in real time?"

After arriving here, Rachel had instantly noticed the relationship between Kraugel and Kirinus and become furious. She recalled Piaro. Her yearning...

Piario walked the path of the sword to become a Sword Saint, but he was frustrated and suffered setbacks. Now the Sword Saint who reached the peak of the sword was learning how to use a spear. Rachel was furious with Kraugel's deception. She was displeased with his attitude of denying Piario's life.

However, now she realized it wasn't a deception. The Sword Saint was an unparalleled genius. He was unique and beyond Piario, whom she and numerous nobles of the empire admired. Kraugel was the precursor of a future greater threat to the dukes of the empire.

"You can't be kept alive."

Yellow buds should be stepped on in advance. This was the way of the empire. Rachel started releasing killing intent.

"The real threat is the tyranny that has been left unchecked." Kirinus stepped forward from behind Kraugel.

"The real threat?" Rachel didn't get it.

Kirinus sighed. "Experience it yourself. Karma will hit the empire."

"I don't know what you're talking about. One thing is certain. No matter what threatens the empire, the empire has lasted thousands of years and is eternal."

“Tsk.” Kirinus frowned. It was pitiful and frustrating that she didn’t know the person who had driven the empress to her death was currently eating at the empire.

“Sometimes, violence is a good way of solving the problem. Come on. I know why you came here, and I’ll comply with you.”

The descendant of Harken couldn’t tolerate that the title of best spearman on the continent was taken by someone else. Kirinus knew Rachel and provoked her, causing her to respond immediately.

“It is good that this is moving fast. I was concerned that you would avoid the fight.

“...”

Kirinus grabbed an unimpressive wooden spear while Rachel’s fiery red spear stood upright. As the greatest fighting powers stared at each other, birds left the forest and filled the sky. They sensed the impending disaster. Then the two spears collided. There was a thunderous roar, and the ground of the area was blown away.

“...” Kraugel’s field of view shook as he and Rachel’s knights stared at each other. Rachel’s knights wanted to kill Kraugel who aimed a sword at their master, while Kraugel was displeased with their attitude.

“You should come if you have time to bark.”

“Impertinent bastard!”

Kraugel and 30 knights clashed in mid-air. Rachel’s knights—they had the same strength as the Red Knights in the 20s and led thousands of spearmen. The 30 of them were needed to demonstrate the power of the Twilight Spearmen. Kraugel’s ability that took advantage of the intangible swords, Control Sword and Super Sensitivity, overwhelmed the 30 people for a while. Additionally, Kraugel was an excellent person with the insight to read the battlefield.

“Space Sword.”

Right at the beginning of the battle, he completely cut through the bodies of the knights who hadn’t yet shown their strength.

“You can’t live,” Kraugel declared as he raised the White Tiger Sword. The sword made by Grid was practicing the will of the Sword Saint.

Grid was in the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom, Reinhardt.

“...?” He had returned here after recovering Bairan, only to stop walking. Raising his head, Grid gazed at the distant sky.

Duguen, duguen, duguen.

He didn’t know why but his heart was suddenly thumping.

“Your Majesty?” The beautiful voice woke him up. He turned back and saw Mercedes’ face. She was worried.

“Did something happen?”

“...No, it is nothing.”

Grid checked the time. There were only two minutes remaining in today’s connection time. Unfortunately, he couldn’t see Irene’s face.

“Mercedes, I will take a break. Look after the queen and prince while I’m gone.”

“Yes.”

“Tell the maids to feed Jude a good meal.”

“Huhut, I understand,” Mercedes laughed as she saw Jude’s face while he was carried on Grid’s back. This was the hero who had struggled to defend Bairan while Grid was away. The moment the war ended, Jude had woken up, eaten a meal, and fallen asleep again. He was drooling while looking for food in his sleep. Did he know that he was now on his king’s back? He wouldn’t be able to imagine it.

Mercedes’s eyes were full of respect and affection toward Grid.

“Uhh, I’m tired.”

Youngwoo logged out and wanted to stretch out in bed. The war with the empire was exhausting his physical strength and spirit. However, today was the second Friday. It was the day he would go on a date with Yura. This was a schedule that had started with Youngwoo’s suggestion. As Youngwoo couldn’t respond to Yura’s confession, he had suggested that they should take time to learn more about each other.

‘Let’s go on a date every two weeks,’ this was suggested by Yura. She might be mistaken about liking him, so Youngwoo intended to give her a chance to confirm her feelings. No matter how much Youngwoo thought about it, he couldn’t believe that a beautiful, kind, smart, and lovely girl would like him. She could be mistaken. It would be a big problem if they got married because of a misunderstanding. Once the illusion was peeled off, Yura might get tired of him and have an affair. In the country of South Korea where adultery had long been abolished, the phenomenon of a spouse cheating couldn’t be overlooked.

‘No, I am thinking of marriage ahead of myself again.’

This was just like when he reunited with his first love Ahyoung after a long time. He had skipped through the romance and proposed to her in his mind. It was his vicious dark history.

“Uwaaaack!!!”

The memory of that shame was painful! Youngwoo looked wretched as he screamed in the luxurious bathroom.

“Would you like to go watch a movie?”

“S-Shall we?”

Yura was beautiful today. The appearance of Yura wearing armor in the game was beautiful and cool, but he thought that Yura looked the best wearing plain clothes in real life. He wondered how the sky-blue one piece dress could suit her so well.

‘The skirt seems a bit short... Hum hum.’

Youngwoo relied on the automatic driving function. He reached the car park of the cinema and got off the car. Then he got into the elevator with Yura, only to be taken aback.

‘Damn?’

He searched through his memories and realized this was his first time at a movie theatre.

‘How do I buy a movie ticket?’

How was he to order a drink with popcorn? What seat should he get? Was the front row a good place to see the screen? What if he needed to pee while watching the movie? Since the launch of Satisfy, the movie business had been on a steady downturn. Who would watch a movie when Satisfy allowed them to experience a world that was more colourful, majestic, and sometimes brutal?

Yes, the slump in the movie business had started after the release of Satisfy. Satisfy had been released back when Youngwoo was a university student, but the reason why he never went to the cinema had nothing to do with Satisfy.

“...” Youngwoo was depressed when he recalled the past and lowered his head.

Ding dong~! The elevator stopped. Youngwoo planned to go the bathroom and search for ‘how to attend a movie theatre.’ However, he didn’t have to do this.

“Greetings, Yura-nim, Youngwoo-nim.”

“...?”

It was because Yura had rented the entire movie theatre. Youngwoo didn’t have to buy tickets or popcorn in a normal manner. The cinema staff took care of the arrangements. The two people were escorted to a super luxurious hall that was empty and sat down in their desired spots.

“Do you feel uncomfortable?” Yura asked the dumbfounded Youngwoo.

Youngwoo smiled and answered, “No? I just think this is too good.”

He was serious. Youngwoo thought that he and Yura had personalities that suited each other. Both of them didn’t have an ordinary person’s common sense.

[Chapter 1005](#)

Reidan, which faced the empire, could be called the gateway to the Overgeared Kingdom. The Overgeared Kingdom had never allowed the empire to advance into Reidan. The elite forces armed with Grid’s mass-produced set and the top rankers blocked the empire.

It was why the imperial army had been stuck in the desert for a month. The imperial army was exhausted from fighting every day in the desolate and hot desert and was tired enough to think that the spires of Reidan Castle in the distance was actually a mirage.

It happened one day when the imperial army's morale was low.

"The enemy in front has retreated!"

"Ha!"

Good news came to them. The desert—it was an unfamiliar terrain for the imperial soldiers. It was news that the Overgeared Kingdom's troops fighting here had moved back.

"Now we can break through the desert without interference!"

"Start a rapid march to Reidan Castle!"

In the imperial army's main barracks, the nobles were excited by the good news, but the commander—Marquis Fulbas—ignored their cries. He sought advice from his staff, "The desert is a very favorable terrain for the Overgeared members who are familiar with the desert. Why did they discard the desert and move back? Will there be traps?"

"There will naturally be traps."

"There is a high probability that they will lead us to terrain with many giant worms."

"Every oasis will release poison."

"There is also a need to be careful of ambushes using the curved slope."

"Nevertheless, we must traverse the desert. If we don't cross the desert, we won't be able to reach Reidan."

"If we march with sufficient care, we won't suffer much damage from the traps."

The opinions of the staff members all coincided. They knew there were traps, yet they had no choice but to march.

"We must advance as quickly as possible. I'm sure the reason why the Overgeared army moved back is that they're tired."

"That's right. Now is the right time for red energy."

They had to take risks in order to win the opportunity. The staff members insisted, and Marquis Fulbas nodded. The imperial army was less tired because reinforcements kept arriving, but the Overgeared army was different. Their numbers were limited, and they couldn't help being tired from the ongoing battle. The time had come to glimpse victory.

"Send a command to march with full force."

"Yes!"

"Understood!"

After all, they had a great army of 250,000. Thousands of troops had been consumed in the lasting war, but the size of the imperial army had grown. Before them, Reidan's 80,000 troops were no different from a candle in front of the wind.

"Waaahhhhhhh!"

The leaders engaged in propaganda through the barracks, and the empire's momentum rose to the sky. They literally stepped foot in the desert. It was hot sand that their feet sank into. The Overgeared army that had been camped there just yesterday was gone.

The imperial army marched in without a hitch. They continued to move forward, keeping the high spires of Reidan Castle in their vision. Of course, the march wasn't easy. Giant worms popped up all over the desert and destroyed the formation of the imperial army, eating hundreds of soldiers. Due to the poisoning of every oasis, they couldn't get an independent supply of water and were forced to wait for the supply unit. The marching rate gradually slowed down.

"I resent the Rebecca Church." Marquis Fulbas clicked his tongue.

Why had the empire sponsored and respected the Rebecca Church for hundreds of years? They felt deep respect for the supreme goddess, Rebecca, but they also coveted the divine power of the Rebecca Church. The divine power of the Rebecca priests who 'cleansed' curses and 'healed' wounds was the greatest strength in wartime. Look at this war. The casualties would be greatly diminished with the presence of priests.

However, the Rebecca Church had denied the request for support by using the pretext of the war with the Yatan Church. It was a natural attitude for Pope Damian, the man who was seated beside Overgeared King Grid.

'Pascal's failure influenced this...'

It was regrettable. The worst mistake the empire had made was not taking over the Rebecca Church. His Majesty the Emperor was too comfortable. The death of Empress Aria and the betrayal of Piaro robbed the emperor's willpower and weakened the empire.

"There is something strange."

"...?"

Marquis Fulbas, who was marching at the head of the army, stopped in place. The expressions of his deputy and staff didn't look good.

"All contact has been lost from the scouts."

"...!"

Night had come. The hot sand of the desert cooled down. They had to speed up the march before the night got darker. Then why did he get an ominous feeling at this timing?

"Give the whole army a break and send new scouts."

"Yes!"

100 horsemen were swiftly selected by the deputy and rode away. They had an obligation to identify and report in advance the hazards of the main route. Yet a report didn't come back. The newly dispatched 100 people also disappeared like ghosts.

"Prepare for battle!"

Marquis Fulbas read the situation as strange, and the 250,000 soldiers took their formations. During the cold desert night, the muscles of the soldiers contracted as their tension was heightened. Their nerves were sharpened as they gripped their weapons.

However, the desert was calm. The enemy's approach wasn't detected at all. There weren't even the cries of beasts.

"..."

The more tightly pulled the thread was, the sooner it would break. As time passed and nothing happened, the tension of the soldiers dispersed. At this moment, there was an explosion from the center of the formation. "...?!"

The earth shook, and the sand of the desert vibrated. The surprised Marquis Fulbas and the imperial forces turned their eyes toward the source. Then they were dumbfounded.

"A young child?"

It was a 13-year-old child. The beautiful boy rose from the ground and looked at the crowd with arrogant eyes that weren't suitable for his age.

"Prey has arrived after a long time."

"...!"

Marquis Fulbas witnessed the teeth protruding from the smiling boy's mouth and was astonished. With transcendent beauty, long pointy teeth, and eyes that looked at humans like they were cattle...this boy wasn't a human.

"Vampire!"

Vampires were a species that had been expelled from hell. The empire knew that their home was underneath Reidan's desert, but the vampire species had been cursed strongly by God Yatan. It was the Curse of Idleness. They didn't wake up easily from their sleep. There were few cases in history of them rising aboveground. So, why was a vampire boy in the desert? How had he overcome the Curse of Idleness and come up from below the ground?

Marquis Fulbas was filled with an ominous feeling and the leaders of each unit quickly commanded the soldiers. The heavy armored infantry raised their shields and surrounded the vampire boy, while bows and spears aimed at the boy. There was only one vampire. Even a true blood vampire was just an ant in front of the 250,000 imperial troops.

"Kill him! Punish the demonkin who don't know themselves and go stepping on human land!"

The leaders remained calm, and the courage of the soldiers increased by a hundredfold. They had no fear as they fired their bows and stabbed their spears. Hundreds of infantry rushed with their weapons. The vampire was destined to be stabbed to death like skewered meat. Even so, the boy didn't feel any fear. He just gave a smile that was full of ridicule. No, it was closer to a laugh. "Piggish bastards."

Magic power exploded from the boy. It was a bloody magic power that cleared the darkness of the night. Stretching over the desert to the extent of swallowing it, the bloody magic power corroded all the arrows and spears before rushing at the imperial army.

"Kuaaaaak!"

"H-Hik!"

The soldiers' screams echoed. The massive bloody magic power ripped at the armor and flesh of the imperial soldiers, absorbed all their blood, and then expanded further.

"W-What?!" The faces of the dying soldiers were like mummies and the leaders paled. Filled with terror, the soldiers who had trained for many years died without swinging their weapons.

Some of the nobles shouted, "T-That isn't a true blood...!"

"...?"

What? It wasn't a true blood vampire but the strongest warrior directly created by Shizo Beriache...?

"...!"

The people felt it didn't fit the description and were taken aback. A direct descendant... A long time ago, Marie Rose was described as the greatest disaster of humanity in the empire.

"Don't tell me...!" Cries of shock burst out everywhere.

"W-Who are you?" Marquis Fulbas gave a small roar as he asked the question.

"Me?" The vampire boy swept away his silver hair and replied, "An earl."

"Earl!"

There were fewer than 10 vampires who could be classified, and they were the direct descendants. Yes, the boy in front of them was in the same class as Marie Rose. He was a disaster of humanity. How had this monster overcome the Curse of Idleness?

...And why did he appear at this time to interrupt their march? Marquis Fulbas' body trembled as he was filled with all sorts of doubts, confusion and anger.

"An earl of the Overgeared Kingdom, Noll."

"...!"

"...?!"

The vampire boy introduced himself, and Marquis Fulbas and the imperial army couldn't close their mouths. An earl of the Overgeared Kingdom...? It was difficult to interpret. The turmoil started to worsen.

"L-Lord Marquis!"

Then an absurd report was heard.

"2nd Cavalry Captain Dellua was killed!"

"1st Chariot Captain Collina has was killed!"

"Three chief staff members of the 2nd army were killed!"

"A diversion?"

The emergence of the direct vampire sent the imperial army into turmoil, and Shay's group didn't miss this gap. They had been lurking within the imperial soldiers for 10 days and finally assassinated the chief staff members. It was an assassination with a tremendously high difficulty.

How hard was it to stay undetected for 10 days? They really did everything and suffered from major crises many times. Shay's group felt like they were going to pull their hairs out from trying to memorize the troop deployment plan. Every day was full of tension and pain.

"Still, we did it in the end."

"Phew, that's right. It has been a while since I've felt such a rewarding assassination."

"My skill experience has gone up tremendously."

"...Yes."

Shay's group was still disguised as imperial soldiers. They were glad to return to their original positions, only to feel emptiness. It was because of Grid that they were suffering like this. They swore at Grid every time they suffered a crisis. Then they disliked their actions because they thought it extended Grid's lifespan by 20 years.

"Viscount Dellua and Count Collina were assassinated!"

Due to the extreme chaos, the empire's leaders couldn't properly handle the soldiers. The news that the nobles were assassinated spread like flames and agitated the soldiers.

"Eh?" Shay's group was also perplexed. It was because they didn't kill Viscount Dellua and Count Collina. In the first place, they were targets that Shay's group couldn't assassinate with their abilities.

"...Is it Faker?"

"It can't be anyone other than Faker."

"How scary..."

“Look. The best monster of the Overgeared Guild was Faker, not Grid. If Faker were the enemy of the Overgeared Guild, wouldn’t Grid have been assassinated several times?”

“...”

Shay’s group reached a point when they thought they had done well by accepting Grid’s commission. After all, what if they had refused Grid’s request and received the kill order? They really would quit the game.

In Reinhardt’s smithy, Grid used the Legendary Blacksmith’s Creation skill after a long time. Beside him were the blacksmiths of the East Continent and Panmir. He intended to get their advice when creating a new item.

[What item do you want to create?]

“A cannon.”

That’s right. Grid planned to create the largest siege weapon, mass-produce them, and then deploy them throughout the kingdom. He was determined to win the war with the empire unconditionally. The experience of making the Cannon Aiming at the Battlefield in the National Competition was a great help.

[Chapter 1006](#)

“Wow, this is really scary.”

“He bought me 43 seconds more than I required.”

2 minutes and 23 seconds—this was the amount of time it took Noll to break in and out of the middle of the enemy camp. There were at least tens of thousands of attacks that struck Noll at the same time, but he didn’t die.

He had an excellent tanking ability and recovery ability, while the Valhalla of Strong Trust that Grid had made for him increased his health, reduced the damage he received, gave him additional defense against multiple enemies, and strengthened his physical defense and magic defense in dark places. It wasn’t an exaggeration to call him a zombie.

“He is almost immortal because of his blood-sucking and tanking ability.”

Noll’s defense and recovery were overwhelming and unique, beyond a fraudulent level. The attack power of ordinary soldiers who had yet to receive their third advancement couldn’t damage him. Of course, among the 250,000 imperial troops, there were a large number of third advancement elites and fourth advancement nobles, but most of them were at the forefront. They couldn’t immediately respond to Noll breaking into the center of the formation, allowing him to slaughter the enemies without hesitation.

Noll proved that the saying about direct descendants being a ‘disaster’ wasn’t an exaggeration.

Simultaneously, it proved the limitations on the concept of military force. He was active for 2 minutes and 23 seconds. It wasn’t a short amount of time considering that he fought alone against 250,000

soldiers. However, from a general point of view...? It was shorter than the time it took to go in and out of the bathroom once.

In other words, even such a strong Noll could only be active for that time. During that short time, Noll only fought 2,000 enemies, but those 2,000 out of the 250,000 soldiers turned to dust. That's right. There was a clear limit to the number of armed people that could be fought at once.

"..."

It was a play that made time for Faker and Kasim to assassinate enemy targets. Euphemina watched Noll's fierce and desperate battle from beginning to end and was greatly inspired. She once again realized the truth behind the power of her duplication. Although she had been focusing on slaughtering as many enemies as possible by copying great magic, she decided this time should be different.

'This time, there are too many enemies.'

No matter how massive the high-level magic she copied was, the number of enemies she could kill by herself was limited. She wasn't able to demonstrate her full strength against hundreds of thousands of soldiers who were thoroughly prepared.

'I needed something other than force.'

Aside from military force, the most important strength in a war was having abilities. What was the power? How could she use it to gain the advantage in this war? Euphemina, who had gained full trust from Grid and her colleagues, thought and thought about it. She didn't want to disappoint her trusted colleague and worked hard to defend the Overgeared members and Overgeared Kingdom that were now the most precious things in her life. In the end...

"Huroi."

Euphemina recalled one man—an orator who only looked at Grid's back, thinking and acting for Grid's sake. He was a loyal speaker who came forward every time a big scandal occurred. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the reason why Reidan's soldiers had been able to fight against the imperial army without becoming frustrated over the past month was due to Huroi's verbal skills. Indeed, it was easy for him—the first-ranked orator who could save and kill people with his words—to boost the morale of the soldiers.

"Excuse me. Huroi?"

"What?"

On one of the oasis trees, the person who was looking at the imperial army in the desert with a telescope turned his head. The hen sitting on his shoulder stiffened, but Euphemina ignored it. She just stared at Huroi.

It was quite awkward. Unlike his colleagues, Huroi was only dedicated to Grid and didn't care about others. Euphemina didn't talk to him too often and didn't have much experience being alone together with him. In particular, his gaze toward her had become thornier and thornier ever since Euphemina started associating with Agnus. Euphemina barely managed to shake off the awkwardness and opened her mouth, "Have you ever heard of the disguise class?"

“I’ve heard of it. It is a hidden class that disguises the subject with excellent makeup and molding skills.”

“I was interested since I first heard rumors about it two years ago. Thus, I checked its identity.”

“Just like you dug into Agnus’ background and approached him?”

“...Huhut.”

This man was too intolerable. Euphemina smiled awkwardly as her thin eyebrows wrinkled. The girl with twin ponytails only looked cute when she was angry. Euphemina was one of the few people Grid was afraid of, and that was precisely why Huroi didn’t like her. She was a colleague that his liege—Grid, the master of the Overgeared members and Overgeared Kingdom—felt fear toward. Consequently, Huroi could only see Euphemina as a less popular personality.

‘In the past, she committed sins against My Liege...’

Of course, it was a thing of the past. Euphemina had countless achievements since joining the Overgeared Guild. Still, Huroi didn’t like Euphemina. He really hated her. It was particularly annoying that she had a relationship with Agnus, whom Grid had an aversion to.

Huroi clicked his tongue and urged Euphemina, “So why did you bring up the disguise class?”

Euphemina had no intention of talking for a long time with Huroi. She quickly suppressed her irritation and explained, “I’ll copy the Disguise skill. Then I will disguise you as a member of the imperial army. I want you to infiltrate the enemy’s camp, incite them, and destroy them.”

“Is this Lauel’s plan?”

“No. It is a plan I thought of myself, and I need your cooperation in this plan. If you say that you will cooperate, I will go back and explain it to Lauel.”

“Hrmm.”

Propaganda and fabrication, swearing and talking about people’s parents, chaos and collapse—these were all Huroi’s specialties. However, the empire had already figured it out. During the war, Huroi wasn’t given a chance to say anything. Huroi failed to play a significant role and had to be satisfied with encouraging the troops from the rear. It was a different story if there was a disguise skill. There would surely be a chance for him to use his mouth.

“It sounds like a good plan.”

“Is that so? The problem is that Disguise lasts for up to three days. After three days, your original state is restored and Disguise will be released. If your makeup is erased within the three days, the details of the disguise will disappear and the chances of it being discovered will increase.”

“Three days...”

Was it possible to spread lies, incite the enemy, and cause trouble in three days? Moreover, in an army of 250,000...? Wasn’t it impossible even for the 1st ranked orator? Huroi made an upset look.

Meanwhile, Euphemina laughed, “You can’t do it? Then give up. What can I do if you don’t have the ability?”

“...What?”

It was annoying. He was so angry that he almost asked about her parents. The ‘Swearing’ and ‘Spiteful Tongue’ skills of the orator were all expressed as language. He had already talked too much about people’s parents that the words naturally fell from his mouth. It was a habit. This was truly a dangerous phenomenon. If he talked about other people’s parents in his daily life in reality, he could be sued...

“...Umm.”

If this continued, it might become a hobby to write malicious comments on the Internet like Peak Sword. Huroi had a great deal of respect for Grid. Grid controlled his strength and dexterity while walking in the middle. He was a good man who would never appear again in history.

“...” Huroi thought about his liege and controlled his thoughts.

‘Let’s aim to resemble his liege,’ Huroi vowed and regained his composure. Then he responded to Euphemina with clear eyes, “I’ll do it, but the premise is that your disguise is perfect.”

“That’s a good answer. Then I’ll try to copy the Disguise skill as soon as possible. In the meantime, you should ask Faker to collect as many characteristics and information of the targets as possible.”

“Yes.”

The two of them teamed up for the first time in ages. A great crisis was brewing because of the new camaraderie.

The white garment symbolizing the pope was torn. The holy sword, which should be shining brilliantly, had lost its light and was worn out. Surrounded by the Yatan Servants, Pope Damian was dying. He was a helpless figure compared to the first pope who destroyed all evil.

“Are you an idiot?” It was the 1st ranked black magician, Rose. As one of Yatan’s Servants, she participated in the Fourth Religious War and mocked Damian. No, it was more of an absurd reaction than a mockery. “The church that doesn’t have much fighting power apart from Rebecca’s Daughters is fighting head on against our Yatan Church? Why risk your own life when you can use Rebecca’s Daughters for guerrilla warfare? Won’t you be stripped of your pope’s position because you are responsible for this defeat?”

Rose poked at the core of the matter. From the very beginning, the Rebecca Church had no chance in the war against the Yatan Church. It was natural that the responsibility for the defeat would be borne by Pope Damian. This war was obviously foolish to everyone. Nevertheless, Damian didn’t regret it.

“Even if I could go back to a month ago, I would still declare war on you again.”

He wanted to help Grid. In any case, his position as pope had been handed to him by Grid. He could put it down at any time for Grid.

“Great. I guess the rumor that you started this war on the pretext of rejecting the empire’s support request is true.” Rose recalled the war of the past month.

From the beginning, Damian had no intention of winning. He focused on minimizing the damage to his allies and committed to leading this war for a long time. Damian had thrown his life away at least 20 times for the NPC priests and paladins.

“Haven’t you died at least 10 times in this war? Isn’t it strange to sacrifice so much for others?”

“...No.” Damian restored his holy sword. He used a small amount of magic power to heal himself and got up. His ripped clothing flapped and interfered with his vision. He took off his robe and stared at the holy sword that was emitting a feeble light. “It isn’t strange at all.”

Damian couldn’t forget the days when he first met Grid. He had been an extra, one-sidedly marginalized in a vast world. Then he rose to a leading role through his meeting with Grid. The landscape of the newly changed world was beautiful and brilliant. The emotions he had felt when the dying Isabel was restored to good health still remained deep in his heart.

The glory and happiness he received in the past were only thanks to Grid. It wasn’t too bad to put them all down for Grid. There was only one regrettable thing.

‘I can’t see Isabel-chan closely anymore.’

He wouldn’t be able to meet Rebecca’s Daughters if he were driven out of the church. It was sad and scary. Still, he had no regrets. Damian couldn’t turn a blind eye to the empire trampling on the Overgeared Kingdom that Grid and his colleagues had been building for years.

“I see. I can’t understand why you would abandon the pope’s position or why Yura would give up on being one of Yatan’s Servants.”

What the hell was that person called Grid? Rose shook her head and gathered magic power at the end of Belial’s Staff. She was looking forward to achieving the accomplishment of killing Pope Damian and felt blissful. Yet she failed to kill Damian. It was due to the intrusion of an uninvited guest.

There were lightning fast moves. The monster, who just entered the religious war, quickly slaughtered the Yatan black magicians and reached Rose’s side. The heavy blow damaged Rose’s waist. “Keeok! Cough, cough!”

Her spell casting was canceled. Rose’s eyes were red with anger and pain.

“This bastard!” The other Yatan’s Servants, who had been planning to watch the pope’s end with folded arms, shouted in anger.

After going through them, the uninvited guest arrived at Damian’s side and said, “I am called Oasis.”

Then drumming sounds rang out on the battlefield. The surprised Yatan’s Servants turned their heads and saw tens of thousands of people on the hill. The middle-aged man sat on a red horse that was larger than normal horses. He had a bushy beard and gave off a fresh impression. Damian and Yatan’s Servants instantly recognized the identity of the person.

“King of Valhalla!”

It was the God of War, Ares. He waved to Damian. “Hey, we want to get along with the Rebecca Church.”

“Ha... Hahaha...” Damian started laughing. In fact, he had been feeling sad. He didn’t want to say goodbye to Isabel, and he was afraid. It would be terrible to lose everything he built up and be alienated from the world again.

Then he heard the voice of the young man who introduced himself as Oasis, “I have read your articles thoroughly, Damian. I deeply sympathize and respect your past life.”

He had been like Damian in the past. Oasis was only an ordinary person. However, the person who couldn’t bear the weight of the Undeclared King’s Descendant no longer existed. Oasis abandoned hesitation, trusted in himself, and overcame fear. He had been growing steadily with the help of War God Ares and was now also qualified to become a leading role in the world.

“10,000 Army Swordsmanship.”

Simultaneously, in the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom...

“The West Continent still hasn’t developed breech-loading guns? Loading the bullets from the back will significantly improve the speed...”

“Let’s combine it with the shipbuilding technology of the East Continent. It will boast an incomparable accuracy rate to existing sea-land cannons.”

“It is good to standardize the calibre of the artillery. It will be difficult but we can manage if we make it with the insane dragon iron.”

The blacksmiths from the West Continent and East Continent were constantly exchanging opinions about the design of the new cannon. Things could become messy if there were too many cooks, but there was no problem if the king was controlling the cooks.

Grid had the blueprint in front of him as he occasionally co-ordinated the opinions of the blacksmiths or filtered them out, making his own food. The media outlets from various countries didn’t know what was going on and expressed their opinion on Grid’s absence.

[Grid, the protagonist has retired.]

[The Overgeared Kingdom’s war without Grid.]

“...”

[Chapter 1007](#)

It had been six years since Satisfy started, but it wasn’t an official record. This was because the six years included the closed beta period most people didn’t know about. Consequently, it only became a special meaning for a certain number of users selected for the closed beta.

[We found the North End Cave!]

Finally...

[You have successfully explored every part of the West Continent!]

The 1st ranked explorer, Skunk, managed a great achievement. It was an accomplishment that none of the challengers had achieved.

[It is an achievement that will remain in history!]

[The title 'More Than Anyone Has Seen' has been acquired as an achievement reward!]

[You are the first player to acquire a Complete Map!]

[As a reward for the Complete Map, your 'Highest Grade Compass' is promoted to 'Compass of Truth'!]

[New map completion rate has automatically increased by 10%!]

[One 'Seedling' can be planted in every region in the future. If the seedlings grow and become trees, they will be your eyes and ears. Destroyed seedlings and trees can't be restored.]

[★A legend that has never appeared in history has started to quicken! ★]

[Skills experience, character experience, and quest acquisition rate will increase by 80% over the next 10 days!]

"Ah... Ahh..."

His hard work came to mind. Tears filled Skunk's lightly wrinkled eyes. After walking on one path for a long time, he was able to achieve his goal and receive reasonable compensation.

"Congratulations. It is a reward that makes up for all the damage you suffered at the Sword Grave." The congratulations came from Dog Woman.

Skunk received the handkerchief she handed over and smiled. "I can't say that work was a loss. We accumulated enough experience and knowledge and received Grid's favor.

"Does Grid really have good feelings toward us? Common combat classes make fun of us while Grid is a production class and a warrior who fights on the front line. He might wonder why we can't do it as well."

"No, I think differently. Grid understands the position of people like us because he is a production class. In fact, it is rumored that blacksmiths are the class that receives the best treatment in the Overgeared Kingdom."

"Well, there is no point discussing it. Who will dare abuse our Skunk, who has obtained the qualification to be a legend and the Compass of Truth? In the future, won't every player be crawling in front of you? Of course, Grid is the same."

"..."

Certainly, it was true. After grasping all the terrain of the West Continent and the location of hidden pieces, Skunk's value was now astronomical. Any ambitious person would be tempted to turn Skunk into a colleague. Skunk himself was also aware of this. However—

"We'll see... I don't think it would be nice to see people's attitudes changing."

Skunk hadn't started playing Satisfy to rule. He wanted to dig out all the secrets hidden in the larger wall. Earning money at the same time was the icing on the cake. It was up to there. Skunk loved freedom and had no intention of belonging to anyone. He had only one plan in the future—a new expedition.

Skunk opened the Complete Map. It was a map with the terrain of the entire West Continent. Was it a perfect map? No. Unfortunately, it wasn't perfect. The world wasn't only the West Continent. There was the Red Sea and the East Continent. They were shrouded in veils and were still uncharted land for Skunk.

Of course, he had visited the East Continent several times, but it was only at the beginning. Even now, the soldiers of the Cho Kingdom rejected those from the West Continent, making it virtually impossible to explore the East Continent. He didn't know exactly when it had happened. Last year, he revisited the East Continent and found the starting city of Pangea empty, while the soldiers of the Cho Kingdom were extremely alert to people of the West Continent.

'The Red Sea.'

They couldn't go to the East Continent right now. Thus, Skunk turned to the unknown sea that wasn't covered in books.

'Explore the Red Sea.'

The world's foremost explorer had bright eyes. His decision making speed was fast.

"Let's go to Galest."

"Galest? The empire?"

"Yes."

Galest was the largest port city in the empire. It was the only city that rented out the best ships on the West Continent, armed with state-of-the-art artillery. Consequently, it was necessary to go to Galest in order to reach the Red Sea. However, Dog Woman's reaction wasn't good. "It is a battlefield right now. The water clan king is playing around."

The water clan king was classified as a named NPC. Having visited several different ethnic groups throughout the West Continent before, Skunk's group were able to gauge the power of the water clan king. It was highly likely they would be swept away by the war if they headed to Galest. Skunk spoke firmly to his concerned colleagues, "Do you know the power of the empire? Even the water clan king would be suppressed or escaped."

The war in Galest would be over. Skunk was convinced of it. "Let's depart for Galest immediately."

"It is slightly different. We have to design it this way."

"Like this?"

"No. The angle should be a bit further down..."

"Aha. I understand."

This was the first time since the creation of the White Tiger Sword that Grid was creating a new item with other people. Grid was surrounded by the best blacksmiths of the Overgeared Kingdom as he carefully drew the blueprint for the new cannon. It was a cannon with wheels and a mechanism that pushed the artillery shells toward the back of the barrel (referred to from now on as the breech-loading cannon). The cannon was capable of firing at both low and high angles.

This was the basic feature of the new weapon. The soldiers could drag around the cannon themselves, and it had good mobility. It had a much faster firing speed than other cannons, and the shooting position was flexible. The blacksmiths of the East Continent explained the merits of the new weapon enthusiastically.

“The biggest advantage of the cannon is that the length of the barrel doesn’t affect the reloading speed. Thus, we can maximize the strength, accuracy, and range by making the barrel longer.”

People kept speaking.

“T-That’s right. Then should we increase the length of the barrel?”

“No. If will increase it that much, the weight will be too heavy.”

“What about making it out of black iron? Black iron is lighter than steel, and it shouldn’t be a problem.”

“The length is too long even if we’re considering black iron. To accommodate this length, we need to increase the support and wheels area. This means we will have to deploy five people per cannon.”

“Should we use blue orichalcum instead of black iron? Then the weight problem will be solved.”

“Blue orichalcum is a problem because the quantity is too limited, and it is rather light. Every time it is fired, the barrel will shake and we will have to strengthen the support barrel. Then the wheels will need to increase. Thus, this problem won’t be solved by blue orichalcum.”

“...In the end, the barrel length can only be increased to this extent?”

“Yes.”

Grid listened to the blacksmiths’ explanation while drawing on his experience and knowledge. He was drawing and nodding as he tried to understand the design intentions of the blacksmiths. It was the limit of his efforts. Up to the present, Grid had been drawing his own designs, but he couldn’t understand the scientific and technical principles behind them.

The areas where Grid could intervene in the design were limited. The blacksmiths talked all day, but Grid couldn’t understand it. Of course, there were no problems. Nothing was wrong. What player in the world could acquire and understand all knowledge?

The Legendary Blacksmith’s Creation skill was kind. The system understood and analyzed all the principles that confused Grid and described them in the blueprint. It was the same phenomenon as when Grid created Failure. However, the current situation couldn’t be compared to the creation of Failure. This time, it wasn’t just the system supporting Grid but the best blacksmiths as well. The new cannon was likely to be completed with a quality that couldn’t compare to Failure.

“It is also necessary to guarantee the safety of the artillery. How about building a small wall on top of the turret?”

“Ohh.”

“Truly great!”

The blacksmiths assisting Grid were only focused on the performance of the cannon, but Grid cared about lives. Grid assumed that the soldiers shooting the cannon could die from arrows and magic, and so he placed a shield over the turret. The design of the cannon was spectacular.

At first, it was a design where the barrel was placed between two wheels. Now, there was a square wall over the barrel, resulting in a stable and profound feeling. Of course, the disadvantage was the increased weight but it wasn't heavy enough to cause problems. Grid didn't care since it was the soldiers dragging the cannons around.

‘It is good to save their lives in return for their labor.’

“Awesome. Compared to the cannons used in the empire, the speed and accuracy rate will be greatly improved. As for the power and range... you'll know when you see it yourself.”

Panmir was amazed when he read the details of the blueprint that Grid shared. The 1st ranked blacksmith's discerning eye was great enough that he could a fairly accurate estimate of the power of the new cannon. He asked, “What is its name? The name of the new cannon that will shake the Overgeared Kingdom in the future.”

“I've decided.”

“Ohh!” Panmir's anticipation was heightened. The blacksmiths gulped.

All eyes were gathered on him as Grid declared with a solemn expression, “It is Overgeared Cannon.”

“Indeed...” Panmir was dumbfounded, but it wasn't because of the name Overgeared Cannon. It was because of his ears. Although it might be due to being a member of the Overgeared Guild and Overgeared Kingdom, the name didn't feel strange to him.

“It is too plain and bland,” Panmir couldn't help muttering after he laughed.

“It's plain? Should I add something like super ultra in front?”

“...Don't do that.” Panmir had a serious expression. It was a reaction that showed the name Super Ultra Overgeared Cannon could never be possible. Grid was satisfied with Overgeared Cannon.

That evening...

“Is it done now?”

“Yes, it's perfect.”

The blueprint was finally completed. The initially blank blueprint was now filled with a cannon with a black barrel. The formulas and jargon listed on the design enhanced the value of it.

“Good.” Grid grinned and pressed the finished button at the bottom of the blueprint.

[The item creation has been completed.]

[This is a masterpiece created by the greatest craftsmen and legendary blacksmith working together!]

[The level of the created item will increase by one!]

“...!!”

The detailed information about the design along with the amazing notification windows emerged in Grid’s field of view.

[Design: Overgeared Cannon]

[Rating: Unique – Legend]

“...!!”

The most important part that Grid and the Overgeared blacksmiths focused on was mass production. It was standardized to be produced quickly and easily, and the materials used were relatively simple. That’s why the rating of the Overgeared Cannon was judged to be lower. The maximum rating was legendary and the minimum rating should be rare to epic.

One of the factors determining item rating was the quality of the materials used, making it a reasonable guess for Grid. Yet the completed Overgeared Cannon was guaranteed to be at least unique. It was the best result he had never expected.

“Nice!!”

“Congratulations Your Majesty!”

Grid and the blacksmith’s cheers filled the smithy. The unclothed men forgot their ages and identities and embraced each other. A bright future was drawn in their minds.

[Chapter 1008](#)

[Overgeared Cannon]

[Rating: Unique – Legendary]

Unique Rating Information:

Attack Power: 45,000 fixed damage.

* The damage will increase according to the skill level of a marksman’s Firearms Mastery.

* The same damage will be applied to a radius of 4 meters around the target.

Defense +200.

* Neutralize one ranged attack (cooldown time of 1 minute).

Attack Speed: Once every 19 seconds.

Movement Speed: 2 meters per second.

Attack Distance: 300 – 880 meters.

* Three people are required to operate the cannon.

* If the attack target is a building or a weapon, three times the damage will be dealt.

Legendary Rating Information:

Attack Power: 60,000 fixed damage.

* The damage will increase according to the skill level of a marksman's Firearms Mastery.

* The same damage will be applied to a radius of 6 meters around the target.

Defense +350.

* Neutralize one ranged attack (cooldown time of 45 seconds).

Attack Speed: Once every 15 seconds.

Movement Speed: 2 meters per second.

Attack Distance: 150 – 1,050 meters.

* Three people are required to operate the cannon.

* If the attack target is a building or a weapon, three times the damage will be dealt.

-A cannon created by the legendary blacksmith Grid, who has been recognized by a god, and the blacksmith craftsmen of the West Continent and East Continent.

It is a cannon made with elaborate calculations and can't work if it is made with a material other than black iron with a different weight. The chassis designed for pulling and recoil suppression is designed to be agile enough to move the cannon forward or back. The knowledge and know-how of the craftsmen made a 'support' linking the wheels and barrel. This means a marksman can set the angles of the barrel more flexibly.

The shield on top is filled with Grid's heart that prays for the safety of the soldiers. It will be responsible for the safety of the artillery. The structure is designed to be able to hold the shells behind the breech-loading cannon. The reload speed is much faster than a cannon that needs to be moved to the front of the barrel every time it is reloaded, and the aiming point isn't easily lost. The barrel's length is long, and its attack power and range are excellent.

This is a revolution. The emergence of the Overgeared Cannon, which overturned the limitations of existing cannons, will give people a new perception.

Usage Conditions: A marksman with the Firearms Mastery skill.

Weight: 39,500]

It was worthy of praise. There was even the word 'revolution' in the description. He was already looking forward to seeing how much more praise would be added if he got a legendary rating.

"..."

Grid looked at the faces of the sweaty men embracing and turned away. The best blacksmiths of this era...

Why did they take off their clothes to overcome the heat of the smithy? Why were they all men? His eyes would've been wide open if they were women.

"..."

No, he didn't mean to think about this. Grid shook his head and glanced around at the blacksmiths. These were the best people in their class. The Overgeared Cannon contained the skills and knowledge they had accumulated throughout their lives. It was clear that the Overgeared Cannon, which had been made by them, was a masterpiece worthy of praise.

Grid was burning with motivation. "Let's start the production of the Overgeared Cannon now."

Blueprints were categorized as consumables. There was only one blueprint of the Overgeared Cannon created by Grid, and only Grid could learn it. However, the blacksmith craftsmen who participated in the design of the Overgeared Cannon weren't fools. There was no way they couldn't be aware of the Overgeared Cannon that they had designed.

Those who participated in the creation of the item received an imperfect blueprint of the Overgeared Cannon. It wasn't a fraudulent blueprint that guaranteed a minimum unique rating like Grid's, but it was worthwhile because the basic performance of the Overgeared Cannon was so good.

The heat of the smithy suddenly rose as eight hearths and the private furnace of Overgeared King Grid and the craftsmen who followed him were lit.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

The hammering sound reverberated like chords in the hearts of the young blacksmiths. The future of the Overgeared Kingdom was becoming stronger.

Sniping was an attack method aimed at maximum efficiency. The idea was to inflict a fatal wound on the other person so they couldn't fight back. It was impossible for Jishuka to be unaware of this.

"..."Jishuka gazed at the imperial army and pulled back her bowstring. Despite the optimal wind direction, she wasn't able to draw her bow carelessly. Sweat dripped down her chin. She was filled with extreme tension. The previous few failures had taken away her confidence.

"Can you do it?" Toban asked carefully. The battle had already run for one hour in length. Jishuka normally played an active role against the imperial army in her intermittent appearances, but now she couldn't fire a single arrow. Toban, who had been with Jishuka since the days of L.T.S, was unfamiliar with her current appearance. Jishuka was a genius among geniuses. He never imagined that Jishuka, who he believed to be the top gamer until Satisfy, could be so shaken.

"Sigh..." Jishuka took a deep breath and pulled the bowstring. "I'll be struck back the moment I shoot."

"That's why I came with you. Trust me. Am I not one of the best tankers in the world?"

“The real problem is something else.”

Jishuka’s eyes were staring at an archer in a distant place that the public couldn’t see.

“There is no point in shooting. We can’t deal much damage to the enemy by shooting. Additionally, our location will be exposed.”

The imperial army’s formation was perfect. The troops were deployed in a fluid manner where they could avoid major damage, even if they were shot. No matter how much the monster called Noll one-sidedly harassed the imperial army. The ability of the leaders meant the damage to the army wasn’t significant. Moreover, the biggest problem was the magic that blocked ranged attacks which came from ‘beyond a certain distance.’ Unlike Faker and Kasim who directly infiltrated the enemy camp, Jishuka couldn’t assassinate the enemy leaders.

Additionally, there was an archer who could instantly grasp Jishuka’s sniping position. Every time Jishuka fired at the enemy, a counterattack always came back. Jishuka had already lost her life twice from this counterattack. This meant the opponent was more powerful than Jishuka.

It was an environment where she couldn’t be active. The extreme environment depleted Jishuka’s mental power. The dignity of the Saharan Empire, the strongest nation on the continent, turned Jishuka into an infinitely weak existence.

“...”

The day had come when the always confident Jishuka felt frustrated. Toban was frightened by Jishuka’s appearance and didn’t know what to do.

‘Should I slap her on the cheek to wake her up?’

No, he would be killed. He had to find another way to calm her, but he didn’t know how. It had been almost 10 years since he had been with Jishuka, but this was the first time he had seen something like this. Toban didn’t know what to do.

“It isn’t good,” a new voice was heard. Jishuka leaned forward, and her body trembled.

“You need to let me do it if you can’t.” The newly heard voice belonged to Yura. She leaned on a rock and transformed Alex’s Magic Engineering Bayonet into sniper mode. It was the damn weapon that had knocked out Jishuka in the 3rd National Competition.

However, Jishuka showed a ridiculing reaction. “You can do it when I can’t?”

“Of course, I can’t. Still, isn’t it better than nothing?”

“Don’t be sarcastic. The moment you shoot that gun, we’re all at risk. It doesn’t matter if you die, but my life and Toban’s life is precious.”

“If you aren’t going to fire, don’t take the sniper position and get out of the way.”

“Hah. Yes, do whatever you like.” Jishuka didn’t have the physical strength to deal with her rival. Then it happened when the frowning Jishuka was about to leave.

Tatang! Yura fired the gun. A jade magic power was fired from the muzzle and quickly aimed at the enemy.

“Crazy woman!” Jishuka’s Hawk Eyes had achieved master level, and she examined the enemy. It was as expected. Yura’s bullet, which aimed at the enemy commander, was blocked by the magic barrier. Simultaneously...

----!

An arrow faster than bullets seemed to flood over to their side. It was the archer who had killed Jishuka twice.

“Dammit!” Jishuka reflexively raised her bow and fired an arrow.

----!

Two arrows collided in the air and fell to the ground. While panting, Jishuka shouted at Yura, “Do you want to die? Why are you ignoring people’s words?! If it wasn’t for me, you would be dead!”

Legends were naturally immortal, but the enemy’s relentless arrows would’ve followed her to the end. Yura grinned at the shouting Jishuka. “You are better than him.”

“What?”

“Didn’t you hit that arrow despite shooting later? Doesn’t that mean your skills are better?”

“No, that....” Jishuka was about to refute it only to shut up. Yes, it was worth trying. Did she need to be scared by a person like that? No, why should she be scared in the first place? Hadn’t she already been through many disadvantageous fights? Then why now...

“...Hah.”

She had been living too comfortably these days. After setting up the Overgeared Kingdom and becoming a duke, she lived a life that was far from a ‘challenge.’ The stage of the National Competition might’ve weakened her. Death and failure in the National Competition were fakes with no penalties. She had become accustomed to false deaths and failures and afraid of real death and failures.

“I have become a cow.”

Jishuka was a predator. She shouldn’t mistake herself as a grazing animal.

“Toban.”

“Yes. Tell me,” Toban answered vigorously after confirming that Jishuka’s gaze had returned to normal.

“The world’s best tanker? I should trust in you?”

“...?”

Jishuka gave a meaningful smile and suddenly climbed on a camel. She started to move toward the distant imperial army.

“This is crazy!”

Reidan's camels were an improved species. It was possible to run quickly in the desert. In an instant, Jishuka moved far away, and Toban quickly followed. Jishuka was laughing. "I can't shoot from a distance? Then I can shoot from close up, right?"

On the running camel, Jishuka pulled back her bowstring. The Red Phoenix Bow reacted to her magic power and emitted flames hotter than the desert.

"The enemy!"

"Only two? Crazy!"

"Intercept them!"

The imperial army discovered the woman with a burning boy and the soldiers with a shield beside her. Toban's shield blocked the incoming arrows and spells. "Ugh...! No more!"

They couldn't approach any further. Toban wanted to stay this, but he had no time.

Jishuka was already flying in front of Toban. "Fly Up!"

A huge flaming bird appeared above the heads of the imperial forces. The soldiers didn't panic. A few days ago, they witnessed the destruction of the red phoenix, but none of them had died.

"At that time, I was shooting from a distance." Jishuka laughed. The desert exploded, and the formation of the imperial army was overturned. The price of Jishuka's attack was great. The enraged imperial army's counterattack quickly turned Jishuka into a rag. She was dying.

"I saw it well." Yura helped her. She opened the hell gate and summoned the demons to secure their treat.

"You are unlucky."

"I hear that a lot from women."

"What? Do you think I'm jealous of you? Do you want to start bleeding?"

"I don't want to."

"T-Take me too." Toban chased desperately after the two bickering women.

[Chapter 1009](#)

The former emperors believed that the higher the level of the people, the stronger the nation. It was one of the reasons why the empire wasn't wealthy. The empire conferred more welfare and benefits to its people as it conquered and exploited others. They hoped the people would take pride in themselves as citizens of the empire and focus on self-development, which would also grow the empire. This was the empire's investment for thousands of years.

The archer Rainhud was one of the talents raised by the empire. The extremely developed archer perceived the breeze coming from afar and recognized the wavelength of the air.

“...” Rainhud captured a glow in the sky and lowered his gaze. His eyes stared at the horizon and captured a blue stream of magic power. He instantly captured Yura in his gaze. The string of his bow was pulled back. He had no intention of letting go of an enemy who dared to shoot at the empire.

Rainhud released the bowstring. The sparkling bullet that flew toward the allied formation exploded as it collided with the magic barrier. There was a glaring light that obstructed Rainhud’s visibility.

“Keuk...!” Rainhud lost his aiming point, and the arrow he fired was weaker than usual. Rainhud’s arrow, which should’ve penetrated Yura, was intercepted in the air. It was an arrow made of jaffa. Rainhud recognized it instantly. It was the arrow of the woman he killed twice.

“You!”

The greatest shame of an archer wasn’t when they failed to hit the target but when they were targeted. The disgrace he felt when the arrow he’d shot became a target was too great. The excuse of losing his sight because of the flash didn’t work. Rainhud had to make up for it. He once again drew back the bowstring.

The magic bombardment of Noll in the sky intensified, causing Rainhud to lose his balance for a moment. He hurriedly shifted his gaze back and saw an absurd scene. The crazy female archer of the Overgeared Kingdom was approaching on a camel.

“Why is she committing suicide?”

Rainhud tried to aim at the female archer only to then come to a stop. It was due to the phoenix rising from behind the archer. The hot heat emitted by the phoenix seemed to melt the entire desert.

“It is useless! Don’t be deceived!”

“It isn’t a big deal!”

The soldiers ignored the phoenix. A few days ago, the phoenix fired from a distance was blocked by the magic barrier. However, now the distance was too close. It was a distance where the magic barrier which worked against snipers couldn’t take effect.

Rainhud paled, and he quickly fired an arrow. He planned to assassinate the archer before the phoenix’s attack hit.

“Ohhhhh!” Then a black man came running with a shield and protected the archer. He was a very durable man and didn’t fall down easily.

“Shit!” Rainhud blamed the monster in the sky. The firepower of Rainhud’s allies wasn’t concentrated because of Noll. The screams of the soldiers echoed as they were swallowed up by the fire. Grey pillars rose continuously, and Rainhud lost one eye. This was the moment when the quality of the archer weakened.

“Kuah...! Kuaaaaak!” Rainhud’s scream of anger and resentment was directed at Jishuka. This was the beginning of a new growth.

[★Hidden Quest★ Expert Archer’s Grudge has occurred!]

[Expert Archer's Grudge]

[★ Hidden Quest ★]

The expert archer, whose name isn't known, has a big grudge against you and plans revenge. In the future, he will live to kill you.

Survive the sniping!

Quest Clear Conditions: Survive 10 sniping attempts that might occur in the future.

Quest Clear Rewards: Every time you survive, your agility and sensing stats will increase.]

"Isn't this good?"

Jishuka retreated with Yura's help. She managed to soothe her pain of dying two times in the war. Moreover, she wasn't alone. There were numerous crises during the war, and the suffering Overgeared members were growing significantly in power.

Satisfy had a hierarchy for the countless classes. Some classes were spotlighted by people at the pinnacle of the pyramid while others at the bottom of the pyramid were shunned. The artillery class was a typical low-status class. The expression 'underprivileged' was an exaggeration.

Satisfy currently had no portable artillery such as bazookas. There were rumors that they could get portable artillery from the dwarf city or the East Continent, but it didn't matter... They weren't circulated on the market. Thanks to this, the artillerymen had to use cannons as weapons, and at least three of them were required to operate one cannon. Moreover, most shells were purchased by the empire and kingdoms.

That's right. For all sorts of reasons, the artillerymen were a half-rate class that couldn't even use weapons. Proper hunting was impossible. The only way for artillerymen to progress was to enlist in the army.

"This garbage class has nothing to do even during a war."

The 1st place on the artillerymen rankings, 'Lost Justice'—she didn't take pride in her number one ranking. Out of two billion users, there were only 10,000 artillerymen. In fact, she was only level 180, barely reaching the average level of most players. It was a level she managed to gain thanks to joining the imperial army and receiving the daily cannon training quest. Her Firearms Mastery skill level had also been raised to the beginner master stage. Yes, beginner master...

It was garbage compared to NPC artillerymen. In the imperial army where there were countless NPC artillerymen, Lost Justice's position was very low. The proof was that she didn't have a chance to enter the war one month after the war with the Overgeared Kingdom started.

"Hah..." She had to suck her fingers even after a big war started. Lost Justice regarded war as an opportunity, but the reality of it was hopeless. She had worried about it hundreds and thousands of times already, and she started thinking again, 'Should I change classes?'

It was now almost a habit. The reason she hadn't changed her class so far was that she had pride. She was too proud to turn away from the last few years of frustration and hard work. The reason why she initially chose an artilleryman was simple. She thought it would be safe shooting a cannon from a distance.

[A friend request from 'Lael' has arrived.]

"...?"

Staring at a distant mountain, sighing, pulling her hair, and so on, Lost Justice was showing intense signs of depression when she suddenly doubted her eyes. She received a friend request. Someone was asking to be her friend? It was a big event she had never experienced ever since becoming an artilleryman.

"U-Uhh?" Lost Justice belatedly accepted the friend request. She didn't care about the person asking to be her friend. She was just glad, joyful and amazed.

[The player 'Lael' has become a friend.]

-Hello?Are you Lost Justice?I am Lael of the Overgeared Kingdom and Overgeared Guild.

-Ah, yes.H-Hello.Huhu.

She couldn't believe the day when she would use the whisper system had come! The experience of talking to a strange whose face she didn't know was really exciting. It felt very different from a phone call.

-...Huh? Lost Justice laughing excitedly belatedly made a blank expression. -O-Overgeared Guild?

Beings in a completely alien world—the members of the Overgeared Guild were world class stars who owned the Overgeared Kingdom and were currently in a war with the empire. Lost Justice recognized them as celebrities who could only be seen on TV. Now an Overgeared member, Grid's right arm, had sent her a whisper?

"Is this a scam?"

It was an unbelievable situation. Lost Justice brought up her friends list. The information of her only friend, Lael, was revealed.

[Lael]

[Level: 335

Guild: Overgeared Guild

Kingdom: Overgeared Kingdom]

"Level 3-335!"

The current average level of the high rankers was around 370. Compared to them, Lael's level was rather low. In order to serve the country, he had no time to hunt because he was struggling with managing internal affairs. Yet from Lost Justice's point of view, Lael's level was huge. The level felt like it was at another dimension.

-Y-Y-You are real!

-Haha, did you think I was an impostor? Well, I am a high-profile figure, so I'm a good target to impersonate. Kukuk.

-...Ah, yes. What is your business?

Lost Justice didn't like Lael originally. A man who lived on his high horse was tiring in many ways. Lael was confused as Lost Justice's fervent reaction quickly cooled down, so he cut to the chase. -We are recruiting artillerymen for the Overgeared Guild.

-Yes, I see. Huh? -You are recruiting artillerymen for the Overgeared Guild? Why?

-It is necessary.

-B-But the Overgeared Guild is the best guild in the world, and artillerymen are garbage.

-Garbage... That isn't the case. Artillerymen are a must for the Overgeared Guild.

-This isn't a scam?

-No.

-...

Indeed, it couldn't be a scam. It would be a one-sided loss for a bigshot like Lael to waste time tricking her. Lael's voice continued, -There is a village on the outskirts of the empire where the UI Clan used to live. It is a completely ruined place now. If you send a whisper there, I'll send a person to pick you up.

The development of the Overgeared Cannon was definitely a great accomplishment, but Lael had a headache. Grid had overlooked one aspect, which was the scarcity of artillerymen. In particular, the Overgeared Kingdom's army relied more on the mass-production Grid set than artillery and they neglected the training of artillerymen. The Overgeared Kingdom had only 100 artillerymen, and even those small numbers weren't trained properly. They had to consume shells to practice shooting cannons, and this all consumed money.

'It is ridiculously small.'

100 artillerymen could only operate 33 Overgeared Cannons. It might be different if only Grid could make the Overgeared Cannons, but the craftsmen were able to produce the Overgeared Cannons. Considering the volume of black iron, hundreds of Overgeared Cannon could be produced in the future. More artillerymen were needed.

Then Lael was reminded of the players. Lael changed the rankings to the class lists, went to the 'artillerymen' category and identified the first 100 ranked artillerymen players. Then he became scared.

'The 1st ranked player is level 180.'

The 100th ranked player was only level 113. It felt like he was seeing the rankings list five years ago.

'Did time stop for the artillerymen?'

It was an absurd idea. Lael shook his head and sent a friend's request to all 100 players, starting with the 1st ranked Lost Justice and ending with the 100th ranked player. Then he had an interesting experience. 100 people accepted Lael's friend request. Moreover, the response to his whisper was instantaneous. They seemed like hungry people.

"This..."

Originally, Lael was planning to present good conditions to the artillerymen. He thought he should appease them with the best terms since he was in the unfavorable position. Then he changed his mind after learning about the realities of artillerymen. Lael just gave them the offer to join the Overgeared Guild, and the 100 artillerymen readily agreed.

'The time has come to create Overgeared Four.'

It was the guild name. The Overgeared Artillerymen group.

'The key is who to make the guild master...'

Who would be the person to command the 100 artillerymen rankers? Lael considered the role the artillerymen would play in the future. He wondered about the leader they needed.

'The main stage of the artillerymen is the battlefield, not the hunting ground. In order to control them, I need a leader who can read a battlefield well. Artillerymen have low mobility, their defense is weak and they shouldn't attract aggro...'

They needed to have quick judgment and composure to set the shooting point. It was good to have the ability to read wind direction. Who could be the leader who met all these conditions? After a while, Lael came to a conclusion.

"There is no one."

The Overgeared members had strong and individual personalities. They were geniuses with strong self-esteem and selfishness. In the first guild, there was no one with the ability to lead the artillerymen.

"It can't be helped."

He would have to lead the artillerymen to Toban, who had been the former chief of staff for the Tzedakah Guild. Toban had experience with reading the field in the war and skills to protect his allies. He might not be perfect, but he would lead the artillerymen well until their place was settled.

'I need to pay more attention to the guild members in the future.'

Overgeared One, Overgeared Workforce... No, Overgeared Two... and finally, there was the Overgeared Shadows. Currently, there were three guilds and 913 guild members. Lael remembered all of their abilities and characteristics, but he didn't know the details of their background or personality.

The excuse was that he lacked time. He fully understood the early members but didn't have time to interact with the new recruits. The main problem was that Grid was the same. Lael had the intelligence to memorize all the names, faces, and basic features of the members, but Grid was different. Grid didn't even know the names and faces of the guild members. Lael had a hunch that this was the most important time.

'If we are being swept away by the outside, we need to firm up the inside.'

Lauel rushed to the smithy. Grid and the craftsmen were trying to produce something bigger than their height.

"You said you are going to invite artillerymen? You have suffered a lot."

How far ahead was his development? Lauel was impressed that Grid had noticed his approach despite the uproar.

"Kukuk, as expected of the man who received my recognition..." Lauel laughed while covering his face with one hand, and Grid ignored him. He had learned from experience that it was better not to react when Lauel suddenly spoke bullshit. It was as expected.

"Hum hum. I think we need to establish Overgeared Four," Lauel coughed with embarrassment and brought out the main point.

"Is it due to the artillerymen that will be recruited this time?"

"Yes."

"Well, then. Let's create it."

"Yes. Additionally, let's have an event to celebrate the formation of the fourth group."

"...An event?"

Weren't they in a war right now?

Lauel laughed at Grid's absurd reaction. "I will call the Overgeared members to Reidan and set off fireworks."

"Is it to show our composure to the empire?"

"Yes, it's a common bravado. The effect will be clear. The morale of the imperial soldiers will fall when they see us partying in a war."

"Yes. Then do it."

The event would end with a toast.

Lauel's next words were like a bolt out of the blue for Grid who was trying to think simply.

[Chapter 1010](#)

"Your Majesty, please give a word of encouragement to each of the guild members."

"Uh, yes. What?"

It was ridiculous. The number of Overgeared members exceeded 900. This time, new artillerymen had joined, and the number went beyond 1,000 people. Did Grid have to give encouragement to all of them? How many hours of hard labor did he have to give in exchange?

"Isn't this a waste of time?" Grid responded in a confused manner.

Yet Lael added, "Please promise to make an item that suits their needs."

"What? I don't even know all the guild members, but now I have to promise to make items by looking at them?"

"That's right. Your Majesty doesn't know all the guild members."

"...I-It was originally like that." Grid noticed what Lael was pointing out and temporarily closed his mouth. However, Grid had an excuse. "Aren't you the one who is supposed to manage the guild in the first place? That's why I agreed with your opinion to increase the guild members."

If Grid had to take care of the guild members, then he wouldn't have increased the number of guild members. Now Lael was blaming his indifference.

"I want to focus on increasing my level and making items. Now I have to care about the guild?"

Grid was busy. It was troublesome. There was no time. He wasn't trying to make excuses.

"I'm different from you and don't have your ability. I can't do several things at once. I can only focus on one thing..." The irritated Grid suddenly closed his mouth. Work...? Remembering his colleagues and sharing greetings with them was considered work? Grid got goosebumps. He realized how much he had neglected the new Overgeared members.

'I think of basic manners as work...'

On this subject, he hoped they would work hard for the Overgeared Guild and Overgeared Kingdom. He shouted that they were his colleagues. Yet, from Grid's point of view, he used a pretext to give them cheap items. Grid's face turned red. He felt ashamed of himself and sorry to the guild members.

Lael's eyes trembled, and he waved his hand. "You don't have to take it seriously. Isn't it a hard time right now? I just thought it was an opportunity to give the guild members a sense of bonding and belonging. I didn't mean to condemn you..."

"No. I deserve to be condemned."

In the past few years, there were countless people who knocked on the door of the Overgeared Guild. Some had approached the Overgeared Guild to satisfy their desires while others had terrible intentions. Lael had been the one who spent time and money to examine and select the current Overgeared members. Grid had accepted the result of Lael's blood, sweat, tears, and runny nose as a natural right. He hadn't respected Lael's efforts to win over their colleagues.

"A person can't change easily."

He was still selfish. Grid smiled wanly as he realized this.

"Y-Your Majesty."

Grid couldn't raise his head, and Lael didn't know what to do. Lael was troubled that he was placing pressure on the busiest person. Grid was quite for a while before raising his head again. "Okay. Let's exchange greetings with everyone."

His eyes stopped shaking, and his gaze became clear. Until the foundation of the artillerymen group, he would remember all the faces of his dear colleagues who believed in him and followed him. Feeling determined, Grid was prepared to stay up all night for days. The roles of a king, a warrior, a blacksmith, a tailor, and most of all, a guild master...

It seemed he didn't have enough body parts for them, but he had to perform them. Grid believed in his tenacity and enthusiasm.

At night, there were the direct descendant vampire and the assassins. During the day, there were the giant worms and top rankers of the Overgeared Guild. The imperial army was attacked by enemies in the desert. The pace of the march was very slow, and they couldn't rest their minds, so they were very tired. The horses couldn't easily adapt to the terrain, and the temperature of the desert was the worst. The cavalry lost their mobility and destructive power.

"The morale of the soldiers isn't great. Last night, 359 people tried to desert."

"The enemy's condition won't be much different from ours. Whenever the enemy raided, didn't we respond well and kill many of them?"

"Yes. We might suffer the same damage, but we have the superiority of our troops. The psychological pressure on the Overgeared Kingdom is greater. There are 359 deserters in our army...? There must be 1,000 deserters in the Overgeared Kingdom."

"It is an optimistic interpretation. They have strong walls and abundant food while we have thin barracks and not enough water to drink."

The imperial army's original goal was to cross the desert in two days. No matter how slow the pace of the march was, Reidan wasn't far away, so they thought it was possible. However, reality was different. Due to the emergence of successive enemies, it took more than four days. No, it was likely they would die alone in the middle of the desert if they stuck to the march.

The lack of drinking water was a problem. Every oasis in the desert was contaminated with poison. The imperial army had to rely on the supply unit for drinking water for hundreds of thousands of troops, but how could a convoy cross the desert easily? Would the Overgeared Kingdom passively let the convoy reach them?

"..." An awkward silence flowed in the barracks of the imperial army's leaders. There was a limit to their efforts to interpret the situation positively.

There was a long silence before a young nobleman spoke on behalf of everyone, "Why don't we retreat first?"

"..." No one disputed it. Neither was there a rebuke.

The young noble's courage increased, and he kept talking, "The hundreds of thousands of troops here are relatively inexperienced. They aren't used to the terrain of the desert and can't demonstrate their full abilities. The elite armies who have participated in all types of wars over the past decades will be different. The armies of the Seven Dukes would cross the desert like ducks meeting water."

“Are you suggesting to hold the army outside the desert and wait for the arrival of the elite troops?”

“Yes.”

“...”

Dozens of imperial forces were gathered at Reidan’s border. There had been 280,000, but now they were reduced to 230,000 in their mission to conquer the Overgeared Kingdom. They had planned to attract the enemy’s attention and tie up the Overgeared Kingdom’s feet while the air force infiltrated the Overgeared Kingdom and seized their base. This was the role that had been given to them.

Then they received news that Sky King Rigal and the air force had already been wiped out. Nevertheless, the reason for their advance to Reidan was to build up achievements. Consequently, they lost the troops due to greed. Now was the time to be cautious.

“Umm...” Commander Marquis Fulbas was deep in thought. He felt sick as he saw the eyes of the nobles who wanted to retreat. When had the empire become so weak? The empire, who had ruled over the continent’s losers for hundreds of years without a suitable adversary, was now reduced to a predator who didn’t know how to hunt.

“We don’t need cowards in the empire.”

“...!”

It happened suddenly. The smell of alcohol filled their nose, and blood spread through the tent. The three heads that rolled to the ground belonged to the nobles who earlier insisted on retreating.

“S-Sir Diworth!” Marquis Fulbas rose to his feet. The nobles and knights who followed his actions were astonished. With an oil-covered head, loose-fitting clothing, and a wrinkled face that was completely red, the identity of the noble drinking from a bottle of wine was Drunk Duke Diworth. It was one of the empire’s Seven Dukes.

“W-We greet My Lord!” The nobles and knights bowed in unison. None of them condemned Diworth’s killings. Who would dare speak harsh words to an existence above them? Even Marquis Fulbas couldn’t speak.

Diworth laughed grimly as he checked the marquis’ distorted expression. “Are you angry that I killed those trash?”

“They are also nobles of the Saharan Empire. They have territories, people, and soldiers... You can’t escape a grudge even if you are Duke Diworth.”

“Let’s see? I think people will happily accept the death of an incompetent lord. Isn’t that right?”

Diworth looked around at the several shocked nobles and knights who nodded hurriedly. Duke Diworth’s brutality was so great that even some of the Seven Dukes were reluctant to deal with it. Thus, the lower nobles didn’t even dare to face him. Diworth moved to the top seat alone. Then he took the baton from Marquis Fulbas and exclaimed, “They dared to rebel against the dukes of the empire. For those who dared to talk about retreat, killing them and turning them into dog food isn’t enough!”

A powerful magic power of alcohol spread through the barracks, and the nobles and knights quickly became drunk. Only five people... Only Marquis Fulbas and four earls were able to stand up and drive away the alcohol.

A smile of delight appeared on Diworth's face.

"T-The enemy!" At this time, a knight rushed in and shouted. "The enemy commander, Chris, is coming!"

"One person? Only one?" Diworth's eyes were clear because he had just released his drunkenness.

The knight became frightened after recognizing Diworth and hurriedly nodded. "Y-Yes! However, the sun will soon be going down!"

"What about the sun setting?"

What did the knight want to say? The moment Diworth cocked his head, some changes resolved his doubts. The ground was turbulent, and the tent rocked. The frightened soldiers screamed. There was an intense magic power that made one's skin go numb. There was the smell of blood.

"Vampire!" Diworth quickly figured out what happened and rushed out of the barracks.

In the sky, a beautiful boy was laughing while revealing pointy molars. "Hahahaha! I'll eat you!"

A bloody magic power covered the desert. It was a magic power with the nature of exploitation.

"Uwaaaack!" The soldiers of the empire, who hadn't managed to spread out, screamed. Blood was drawn from their bodies and into the sky as they became mummies. The vampire earl, Noll—his stomach was bloated, and he laughed with joy, "Kuhahaha!"

He felt the extreme happiness of having a full dinner. However, it was a law that happiness couldn't last forever.

"Oof!" Noll, who was happy with the rise in his magic power from the blood, suddenly stopped and grabbed his belly. His snow white face turned red. Then his trembling gaze captured one enemy to the side. It was the source where his magic power exploited something other than blood.

A man was standing there in a relaxed manner while holding a flask. It was the Drunk Duke Diworth.

"Are you drunk after drinking alcohol? Are you weak when it comes to drinking because you're a child?"

Diworth leaped forward. The speed at which he ran through the sky was so fast that the soldiers didn't realize what was happening. The soldiers just thought a thunderbolt appeared in the sky. They saw the vampire crashing into the ground and thought the monster had been punished. Diworth's rough hands were holding Noll's thin neck.

Noll's feet kicked in the air as he was caught by a transcendent's grip. The boy was drunk and confused. Diworth hit him with the flask. A sharp piece of glass wounded Noll's face, and the heavy fragrance in the air made Noll lose his spirit even more.

"I guess he didn't lie when he said this is alcohol from the roots of the sacred tree." Diworth pulled out a new bottle and gulped it all down at once. His face was flushed, just like when he first appeared.

“Let go of that hand!” Chris was attacking the enemy lines to draw attention away from Noll. He had been planning to retreat, but now he rushed deeper into enemy lines. Noticing what happened to Noll, Chris rushed to the center of the imperial army.

“1,000 Ton Sword!”

He dropped down from on top of the camel. The ultimate attack used by the best greatsword user fell on Diworth’s head. It seemed like it would smash Diworth’s head, but that didn’t happen. Diworth bent his upper body and easily avoided Chris’ attack. Then he kicked from a strange angle. Chris was hit in the face and fell off the camel. “Kuek...! Cough!”

He thought he was going to die after being hit. Chris was scared by Diworth’s fearsome power and regretted it. He thought he was crazy for running into the center of enemy lines to die. Then he soon changed his mind.

‘Noll...!’

He saw Noll’s miserable figure hanging from Diworth’s hand and jumped up. Did he feel regretful? No. He could die as long as he saved Noll. Chris made a pledge and raised the power of his second class, Tyrant.

He belatedly saw the golden name ‘Drunk Duke Diworth’, but he still raised his greatsword without hesitation. Diworth laughed. “You managed to get up right away. You are a tough guy.”

Chris also laughed. “I wouldn’t have gotten up if I were hit by Grid. You are weak.”

“Grid...?”

“The Overgeared King.”

“...The Overgeared King.” Diworth’s face distorted in a terrible manner. He had no intention of sparing the crazy person in front of him who compared the great duke of the empire to the king of a small kingdom. Additionally...

“You dare to despise my master?”

The man in the shadow didn’t intend to keep Diworth alive. Hundreds of thousands of shadows scattered across the battlefield in an instant.

“I will fight for my new homeland and repay the grudge of my old homeland!”

The shadow spears and swords slashed through the entire battlefield.