

Overgeared 1281

[Chapter 1281](#)

Bain dreamed of the revival of Eclipse. He tried to regain the old reputation of Eclipse, whose name terrorized and controlled the world.

His first endeavor was to stab the back of the former Lantier, who couldn't give up on his foolish disciples. His second endeavor was to learn Lantier's skills with insufficient talent. His third endeavor was to sneak into the palace and gain the emperor's trust.

Bain's actions were a series of hardships. Every moment was a crisis. It felt like walking on a steel wire with a huge rock on his back. He couldn't remember how many times he almost fell off the wire. However, Bain held on and moved forward little by little.

Then he took a chance. It was the moment when Chensler was struck by the sword of the traitor, Edan, and when the rampage caused by Saharan's sword swept over both Juander and Chensler. For the first time in the decades since he infiltrated the palace, Bain used Lantier's technique and permeated the shadows.

His hardship was at an end. He would absorb Juander's red energy and complete Lantier's techniques. He would reign as the king of darkness and rule the world!

The precarious wire was reborn as a solid stone bridge. Bain was overcome with excitement and joy, and he was convinced that he had reached the peak of his life. He relied on the chaos caused by Edan and succeeded in securing Juander. Then he immediately rushed to Eclipse's base. He detained Juander in the facility he had prepared for over 20 years and exploited the red energy.

Slowly but steadily, he absorbed the enormous red energy into his body. Then a ghost of the former Lantier appeared.

Unlike Bain, who had many flaws because he taught himself Lantier's techniques, this person's techniques were systematic and had few gaps. This person couldn't use the advanced techniques, but the combination of destructive physical skills and gorgeous techniques were reminiscent of the former Lantier.

"Who the hell are you?"

"I am Kasim's disciple."

".....!"

It was unbelievable. At the last moment, Bain was caught by karma. It was at a rather difficult moment. It would've been less unfair if he met this person when he wanted to give up everything!

"He...! I should've found that guy and killed him!"

The former Lantier's disciples had clear goals and were tenacious even if their talent wasn't enough. It reminded Bain of the former Lantier's argument that they would reach the peak in their respective fields. He recalled the words of the former Lantier, who said that if both disciples were elected as Lantier and cooperated, they would be more powerful than the 25th Lantier.

No, he shouldn't be deceived by that guy's words. Bain had already denied him and betrayed him. Bain got rid of old memories with a roar and slipped into the shadows. His intention was to stab Faker's back, but Faker didn't allow it.

He controlled the shadow and turned it into a thorny path, so that Bain had no choice but to leap out and discard the shadows. He immediately hid in another shadow and was prepared to attack when dozens of shadow daggers struck his body. It was the aftermath of the shadow he was hiding in turning into dozens of blades.

'This...!'

The other person's dominance over shadows far outweighed Bain's. The shadows he already controlled were taken away and a fight couldn't take place. Additionally, the other person's speed at controlling the shadows was nearly twice as fast as Bain's. The physical abilities were also twice as high...

"Keuk!"

The level of the body technique was different. It was different to cope when the opponent gently dodged and then counterattacked with a kick that was twice as fast and twice as strong. Through Faker, Bain was able to glimpse the huge wall he felt when he ambushed the former Lantier, but was unable to take away his life. This was a wall he wouldn't have felt if Bain hadn't been obsessed with Lantier's techniques.

If he hadn't used Lantier's techniques and instead used his own inherent techniques to decide victory or defeat, he wouldn't have lost a lot of physical strength from using the red energy and would've had the advantage in the battle. However, Bain made the wrong judgment. He believed he would be stronger if he used the incomplete Lantier's techniques rather than his own skills. While it was true, the problem was that the other person was well-versed in Lantier's techniques.

"Do you think I will give up at this point?!"

A red aura rose from Bain's body. He pulled out Juander's red energy that was not yet fully his own. The shadows around him were stained with red and Bain's shadow control speed was nearly twice as fast as before. His dominance also rose and his shadows could no longer be taken away by Faker.

A battle where the flow couldn't be read began. In the thousands of large and small shadows created by the complex topography of the deep cave, Faker and Bain appeared and disappeared repeatedly, causing sparks to fly.

"....."

"....."

The expressions of Eclipse's assassins, who was kidnapped by Bain and brainwashed before they were mature, started to distort. They were calm even in the face of death. Now they were confused for the first time in ages. They had been brainwashed into believing Lantier was their master and there were now two masters in front of them.

That's right—the assassins of Eclipse couldn't distinguish between Bain and Faker. They recognized Bain as their master based on Lantier's techniques so their thinking was confused. Due to this, Bain wasn't helped by anyone.

“Cough!”

“Keuk!”

Dozens of times? No, perhaps it was hundreds of times already. Bain and Faker crossed countless times in the shadows and black blood gushed from their mouths. It was because they were both poisoned by Lantier's Poison, which had an irresistible curse.

After hundreds of attacks and defenses, both were covered with small and large wounds and their skin had darkened. From now on, it was a battle of speed. They had to quickly defeat the enemy in front of them to gain time for detoxification.

“Shadow Soldiers.”

Faker struck first. He controlled thousands of shadows at the same time and turned them into soldiers with spears. The soldiers acted as a barrier for Faker and pointed their spears at Bain. It was a place Bain hadn't reached yet. No, it was an unreachable place for him.

This technique that controlled a large number of soldiers at once and caused them to become soldiers was Kasim's unique technique that he made by reinterpreting Lantier's techniques. However, Bain had red energy. Red energy had the power to dominate and control matter. More than half of Faker's shadow soldiers quickly turned red.

“Shadow Soldiers! Cough!”

Red energy was originally the power belonging to someone else. Bain hadn't fully gained control of the red energy and was injured. Black blood poured from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. He staggered like he was about to fall. However, unlike his physical condition, the situation on the battlefield was favorable to him.

The red shadow soldiers started to ambush Faker's shadow soldiers. The shadow soldiers aimed spears at each other. The black shadow soldiers were first attacked by the red shadow soldiers that appeared in their formation and quickly collapsed.

Bain and Faker disappeared from the messy battlefield. They crossed the shadow soldiers calmly and reappeared while colliding in the air.

“Ohhhhhh!” Bain's cry echoed loudly.

His physical technique that gathered the shadows around his fist and threw it out had reached a level that even the former Lantier hadn't reached. He had already pushed the limits many times. Bain was certain after he felt the sensation from his arm that stretched out neatly in a straight line.

“I won!”

The moment he defeated this person, he would surpass the previous Lantier. It was a huge feat that transcended his status. Bain smiled faintly.

“Greed.” Just then, the shadows gathered at one point were swallowed up. It was Kasim’s ultimate skill that he created by combining Daluka’s Methods and Lantier’s Methods. It was theoretically the strongest physical force that swallowed all the things around him.

“Ku... kuaaaaaack!”

Bain’s entire body was swallowed up from head to toe. The irresistible pressure caused his body to crumple like a piece of paper and it ate greedily.

“Keok! Keeeeeeeek!”

Terrible, bizarre noises, and screams resonated in the cave. The red shadow soldiers dominating the battlefield stopped instantly and disappeared like they were a lie.

“Gasp...Gasp...”

Faker’s Greed was at a very low level compared to Kasim’s one. It only worked on targets with less than 15% health. If Lantier’s poison was a damage over time (dot) skill that dealt fixed damage instead of a dot skill that dealt percentage damage, Faker wouldn’t have a chance to use Greed against Bain.

However, Faker eventually won. He believed in Lantier’s poison and predicted his victory in the fight against Bain. In the end, it was a victory due to thorough calculations.

[You have changed classes to the legendary assassin Lantier.]

[Your level has been reset to level 1.]

The notification windows that he should have originally been happy about popped up. It was just that the timing was too bad.

“.....”

“.....”

Hundreds of assassins were surrounding the helpless Faker. The assassins of Eclipse. They were the puppets Bain had raised for decades. They gazed at Faker with apathetic eyes and took a few steps closer to Faker while pulling out their daggers. Then they cut their own hands and dripped blood onto Faker’s shadow.

“We pledge allegiance to the new Lantier.”

“.....”

Faker woke up from his recollections of his encounter with Bain. He saw Grid spending time with his family before leaving for the East Continent and commanded the assassins in the darkness.

“As of today, Eclipse is under the umbrella of the Overgeared Shadows.”

“Attention!”

An assassination group that existed for thousands of years—the strongest organization in history was completely absorbed by the Overgeared Kingdom. The sinister name of Eclipse was discarded, and they were reborn with the glorious name of Overgeared Shadows.

“Why...? Assassins...”

Lauel cried sadly, but Faker didn’t care. The name ‘Overgeared’ was now his pride.

[Chapter 1282](#)

(The emergence of a new legend! Is Jishuka the identity of the Bow Saint?)

(The Overgeared Kingdom has six legends in total...)

(The emergence of Lantier... it is difficult to infer their identity.)

『 There is a nearly 100% chance that the legendary archer is Jishuka. How many people in the world can deny that she is qualified to be a legend? On the other hand, Lantier is unknown... 』

『 It must be Faker. He was the strongest assassin who was known as the God of Death with a normal class. Who else can qualify to be Lantier? 』

『 Lantier isn’t a name, but the title for the leader of Eclipse. In other words, it is reasonable to assume that a player or NPC from Eclipse has become Lantier. 』

『 I think it is unlikely that Faker, who is active in the Overgeared Kingdom, is Lantier. 』

At the Haenam branch store of Eat Spicy Jokbal...

“Why do they always do this?”

Peak Sword placed three pieces of jokbal on a perilla leaf and ate it with a frown. He was angered at the ignorance of the panelists who said that someone with the proud Korean lineage wasn’t the legendary assassin.

Eat Spicy Jokbal filled his empty glass with soju and laughed bitterly. “They don’t want to believe that two legends who emerged around the same time belong to the Overgeared Kingdom.”

Out of the more than two billion players, fewer than 10 had become legends. Most of them belonged to the Overgeared Kingdom.

“This is better. The moment it is revealed that Lantier’s identity is Faker, people’s feelings of deprivation will increase and they will have unnecessary hostility to the Overgeared Kingdom.”

“They can accomplish it themselves. Why feel deprivation and hostility toward others?”

“There are people who can’t achieve it through effort alone. Innate talent is also luck. It isn’t strange to feel a sense of deprivation.”

It was Eat Spicy Jokbal saying this. One of those ordinary people was Eat Spicy Jokbal. Eat Spicy Jokbal had recently started feeling his limitations.

The limitations of his unique class Dungeon Maker became prominent in the higher leveled hunting grounds. The higher the level of the hunting ground, the tougher the terrain and the more difficult it was to find a space to create a dungeon. Even if a space was found, it took time to build a dungeon. Therefore, Eat Spicy Jokbal's strength wasn't easily demonstrated.

Eat Spicy Jokbal sighed and Peak Sword wondered, "I'm not a genius, but aren't I good at hunting?"

"You are overgeared..." Eat Spicy Jokbal replied reflexively before closing his mouth. He realized he was denying Peak Sword's efforts by using the word 'overgeared.'

Fortunately, Peak Sword wasn't offended at all. Rather, he was smiling. "Yes, I'm overgeared. Items exist for people like us who have our efforts denied due to the absurdity of talent and luck."

".....!"

"Now you should make a decision. Will you keep staying in your ambiguous position or will you join Overgeared One Guild, gain items from Grid, and enjoy the game with me?"

"....."

In fact, Peak Sword also felt something. He knew that a fierce wave would come sooner or later to the Overgeared Kingdom after two legends were acquired at once. Therefore, he was taking measures in his own way.

"Right now, people aren't envious or jealous of Grid. He is so strong that they can't even be jealous. In my opinion, the Overgeared Kingdom should become like Grid. It was only by becoming overwhelmingly strong that people won't dare become hostile and the Overgeared Kingdom will be safe."

Clap!

Dozens of young men entered the restaurant and clapped at Peak Sword's words. They were all gamers from the Korean Patriotic Society. They were the trump cards that Peak Sword prepared for the Overgeared Kingdom.

"Spicy Jokbal, join us as well. Make the Overgeared Kingdom stronger together with us."

"....."

Agnus lost Luna and stayed still for three days. He didn't go to the cemetery to resurrect the army of the dead and just stayed in a room, neither eating nor drinking.

[You have died.]

He starved to death. Only a very small number of players experienced death and then suffered it again. He was forced to log out and only realized something after reconnecting to Satisfy.

"...I was crazy."

Luna was just a fake. She wasn't resurrected. In the first place, this world wasn't reality...

He had forgotten the facts had he known for quite some time.

“Excuse me, are you okay?”

“Why are you here?” Agnus looked coldly at the doctor, Hera, who approached him. Her anxious expression didn’t make sense to Agnus.

“Are you stupid enough to feel compassion?”

Agnus was thinking about Euphemina and Hera retorted, “Why would I pity you? Didn’t you hold me hostage? Didn’t you say that if I ran away, you would chase me to the ends of hell and kill me? I couldn’t escape because I was scared.”

“Get lost. I don’t need you anymore now.”

A potion made from the Kunlun Ginseng—it was needed to resurrect the dead so Agnus held Hera hostage, but it was no longer needed now since the Luna that Agnus wanted to resurrect didn’t exist in this world.

“Oh, how nice. I understand. Then I’m leaving.”

One month—Hera had been watching Agnus for this long and honestly felt sympathetic to him. It didn’t mean she felt any affection for him. She simply felt the appearance of him holding only someone dead and lovingly whispering to it was pitiful.

She thought that it would help him regain his mind if she looked after him. However, it was a pointless worry. He was a person who had nothing to do with her in the first place. Whether he was crazy or not, or the amount of pain he would experience in the future, it didn’t matter. It had nothing to do with her.

“I will just say one thing. Don’t make trouble for other people.”

Hera packed her luggage and left the house without any regrets. Then silence filled the old and shabby house. It was a silence that was familiar to Agnus.

“Status Window.”

How many hours passed? Agnus, who was sitting in a dazed manner, finally checked his condition. He faced the system he had avoided for a long time since Luna was created and once again realized that this was a virtual world. Level 353. It was a full four levels lower than his last memory.

“Kik, I’m quite far behind.”

He looked out the window and saw the buildings. Agnus went out on the streets and witnessed all types of humans. There were many people who seemed happy. The happiness that he couldn’t hold onto forever was so common on the streets.

“Kukuk... Kuhahahahat!”

Agnus realized what he had to do. He recalled his encounter with Baal, who was united by evil, and laughed as he went to the cemetery. There were no humans around him. He wouldn’t have cared even if there were people.

“Summon the Dead.”

He would first raise his level. Then he would create the strongest deceased that were incomparable to Luna and spread misfortune around the world. Agnus swept away his green hair as his golden eyes stared at the city under the hill.

‘I have to go and come back quickly.’

Jishuka and Faker—the two Overgeared members who got legendary classes. Thanks to this, the Overgeared Kingdom’s power rose sharply, but Grid was full of anxiety instead of joy. It was because he had experienced Satisfy’s damn system of forcing players to understand that power came with a price.

The stronger the Overgeared Kingdom became, the more likely it was to be a target for stronger enemies. The probability was high enough. Eclipse’s secret weapon might come to Faker to get revenge or a follower of the War God who dreamed of becoming a Bow Saint could attack Jishuka. Grid was reluctant to leave when there was a chance the kingdom might be swept away by war.

However, Grid was the only one who could obtain white phosphorus wood. He had to personally move to gain the firewood.

‘Are there any legendary woodcutters?’

More people were needed in various fields. The more power he gained and the more work there was to do, the greater his regret for talents.

‘In the future, I will have to actively consider my relationship with new people.’

Currently, there were over 3,000 members in the Overgeared Guild. More than 90% of them were recruited by Lauel and the remaining 10% consisted of former members of the Tzedakah Guild and former members of the Giant Guild. It was safe to say that Grid had brought in very few of the members. Instead, Grid helped increase the number of people by recruiting named NPCs and blacksmiths. It was just that their role was different from guild members and common people. The roles of NPCs and players were thoroughly separated.

“Then I’m going.”

Grid smiled as he kissed Irene’s cheek. It was a bright face without any pretenses. There were no signs of anxiety or worry. Thanks to this, Irene relaxed as she saw Grid off.

“Please be careful.”

“I’m just going to cut firewood, but I’ll be careful.”

Grid reassured Irene once again. Then he looked back at Sticks. Sticks lamented as he was called during class. “The academy students are saying bad things about me recently. The principal is always absent from class and it doesn’t look good.”

“Then how about raising a disciple in earnest? Provide me with a new transportation vehicle, no, an excellent magician to take over your role. Then I won’t bother you.”

“Hmm, a disciple...”

Hundreds of students at the Overgeared Academy were taking classes from Sticks. Lord also received separate training. However, none of them could be called Sticks' disciple. It was because Sticks only taught them knowledge and about elementals. He had no intention of teaching anyone the magic that symbolized himself or the secret techniques of the high elves. For him, life was almost infinite and he didn't feel the need to teach it to others.

However, his thoughts changed at this moment. He had to answer Grid's sudden calls every day and he was very tired.

"I understand. I am going to raise a disciple." Sticks made a decision. His intentions weren't pure, but he couldn't be criticized. The person chosen as his disciple would receive the greatest fortune and blessing in the world. They were just obligated to become Grid's transportation vehicle.

"Good decision."

Sticks' determination pleased Grid. The disciple of a great sage. They would surely be a great strength. Grid was entering the magic circle of Mass Teleport when someone called out to him. "Your Majesty!"

"Huh?"

It was Piaro. Grid stopped Sticks' magic from being activated when he saw Piaro. "What's going on?"

"I will accompany you."

"Eh?"

Piario wanted to go to the East Continent? He didn't seem interested previously? Piario explained to the confused Grid, "I need to look at the environment in which the golden walnuts are growing."

"Ah...!"

[Golden Walnut]

[It is also called the blessing of nature.

It is a snack and remedy enjoyed by all nobles and royalty on the East Continent.

Somewhere on the East Continent, there are creatures whose main food is this walnut.

All stats will rise by 10% for one hour.

Additionally, there is a very low probability of permanently increasing one stat by 5 points. The better you shell the walnut, the more likely it is that your stats will permanently increase.

Weight: 0.1]

The golden walnut was something Grid had discovered the first time he went to the East Continent. He had asked Piario to grow it. A few years had passed and Piario had failed to grow it. It was a headache and now Piario seemed to be making a more aggressive attempt.

"Thanks to the Matchless Heart Technique that I learned from Your Majesty, the cultivation of the fields have risen. It seems that now it isn't impossible to reproduce the environment of the East Continent on the West Continent."

“Okay, come with me.”

It was nice to hear. The golden walnuts were basically a buff food, but once combined with Grid’s dexterity, they were likely to become an elixir. If golden walnuts were grown in the Overgeared Kingdom, they would be the first kingdom in history to produce elixirs.

[Chapter 1283](#)

It was possible for Grid to overlap the crown and the helmet. This meant he could wear one more piece of equipment than anyone else. It was being overgeared. In fact, it was possible due to the First King title effect.

‘Um, it is neat.’

Grid checked his appearance in the mirror once more and smiled happily. A helmet with goat horns—the appearance reminiscent of a devil disappeared, and only a silver crown adorned his head.

“Let’s depart.”

Sticks sent a signal and Piaro and Grid stood in the magic circle. Grid nodded and the three of them disappeared without a trace.

The East Continent’s beginner area, Pangea...

The third time Grid visited this place, it was controlled by the army. Now it was back to being an ordinary city. Many of the abandoned houses that lost their owners were filled with new residents. The ruined roads were repaired and carriages were going back and forth.

“This is the place that was ruled by Han Seokbong.”

Piaro showed interest. He observed with interest rather than hating the unfamiliar culture found everywhere.

“What does the grain taste like?”

“.....”

In the end, they stopped in front of the rice fields. Grid saw the rice fields that were shabby compared to Reinhardt’s and smiled bitterly. “This was originally a city. A great city.”

There had been tens of thousands of residents and four smithies. Those people were now living as people of the Overgeared Kingdom and were being revitalized. Outsiders lined up in order to buy the tools made by craftsmen and were cheated by Yang Fei’s mouth to eat Idan’s food.

‘However, these days, Idan’s food is edible.’

Idan had grown beyond a chief who could only make poisonous food. He was notorious for being a poison master and poisoned the soldiers of the Overgeared Kingdom, unexpectedly helping the Overgeared Kingdom. The Overgeared soldiers continued to eat Idan’s dishes and became resistant to poison. This allowed them to work easily in polluted spaces. It had been a hot topic when the soldiers of

the Overgeared Kingdom destroyed the 'Serpent Temple' that was called hell on earth because it poisoned countless players.

...At that time, Elizabeth had been stunned when a large quantity of snake skin was supplied to her workshop.

Piario murmured, "There seems to be a very small number of troops stationed here. I'm worried about security falling if it is only to this level."

"It is enough. The people of the Cho Kingdom are protected by the red phoenix. If an outsider makes trouble here, then they will be smashed before the soldiers even come forward."

Grid's interpretation was reasonable, but it was wrong. Pangea was a place that foreigners from the West Continent must pass through. It was a very important base for the Cho Kingdom. The fact that there were fewer troops stationed here showed there was a serious issue.

In fact, the reason why Pangea's troops decreased was because they were recruited as reinforcements for the capital. However, the Cho King lied about the reason for recruiting the troops so that the people wouldn't feel anxious. They only told the people that support troops were needed for a certain celebration. Due to this, the people of Pangea were unaware of the change to the capital. They had no worries on their faces and were only filled with enthusiasm for rebuilding the city. Therefore, Grid had no doubts about the situation.

"Certainly... their physical strength is enormous." Piario found it easy to understand. In the eyes of the legendary farmer, Pangea's farmers had excellent physical strength. They weren't inferior at all compared to the soldiers of the Overgeared Kingdom, who were some of the strongest on the West Continent.

"There is the white phosphorus forest." Grid managed to move Piario away from the fields. "I want this tree to be grown in the Overgeared Kingdom. Is it possible?"

Currently, Piario's focus was on the golden walnut. However, for Grid, the urgency for white phosphorus wood was higher than the golden walnuts. He needed to visit the East Continent whenever he needed white phosphorus wood... honestly, it was a nuisance. Additionally, Grid hadn't figured out where to grow the golden walnuts. It was right to focus on the white phosphorus tree first.

"Hoh..."

The outside was as white as snow. Piario was fascinated by the beauty of the white phosphorus tree and took a closer look.

"It is as white and beautiful as my wife's heart."

"....."

"What is this firmness? It is like seeing my wife."

"....."

"There is a really hot flame. It reminds me of my wife when she witnesses injustices."

“...Do it in moderation.” Grid recently heard that Beniyaru was pregnant. Grid was happy about it, but wasn’t Piaro showing his affection too much?

Piaro, whose love for his wife went beyond the extreme, woke up belatedly and coughed. “Hum hum, I’m sorry.”

“It is good to have an excellent relationship, but you need to adjust it to some extent. How can the commander of the army be like this?”

“Yes...”

Piaro distinctly remembered it—it was Grid hugging and kissing Irene regardless of whether the soldiers saw it or not. It wasn’t just one or twice when his ears scabbed over because Grid praised Irene for three hours straight. In fact, the most recent occurrence was just two days ago. However, how could he say it? It was impossible to complain about his king.

“Your words are right... I have to be careful in the future.’

It seemed he was too excited. The aware Piaro crouched down and examined the soil of the forest. “The sand particles are very thick.”

“Um...?”

Up to now, Grid had only looked at the trees, not the forest. His purpose was to gain the white phosphorus wood so his perspective was limited.

“Coarse sand soil,” Piaro spoke while touching the soil and Grid’s eyes widened.

Coarse sand soil. It was a term Grid came across when he was working at a construction site. Coarse sand soil was the soil used on the military training ground. It came from a foreign word and it was right to call it coarse sand after it was purified.

“This is sand formed from granite weathering. It absorbs less water than normal soil. However, this sand isn’t only on the surface. It has reached down to the point where the roots of the white phosphorus trees are located.”

“.....”

Grid didn’t respond and Piaro explained, “It means it is better not to have excessive moisture when growing the white phosphorus trees.”

“Ah, that’s right. It is natural to think this way.”

The white phosphorus trees seemed cold at first because they were white like snow. However, the reality was that it was very hot. The heat caused a huge explosion the moment they were cut.

“The reason the surface is white is because salt is mixed in with the sea breeze...”

Grid shook his head. “That isn’t the case. This tree grows even in areas where there is no sea.”

“I see...”

Piario started to think about it. At some point, he forgot to speak as he thoroughly examined the white phosphorus trees and the surrounding environment. Grid was reassured when he saw Piario looking for answers on his own. He had faith that Piario could grow this tree on the West Continent. It was as he expected...

A long time passed before Piario opened his mouth again with a very bright expression, "I think I have a vague idea. There are a few saplings so let's take them with us."

"Wait!" Grid shouted as he saw Piario pulling out the shovel and hand plow, but Piario's actions were too swift.

Grid didn't have a chance to stop him as Piario dug at the soil around the young white phosphorus tree and extracted the roots. There was no explosion. The white phosphorus tree, which no one could collect apart from Grid, was brought out intact by Piario.

".....!"

"What's wrong?"

"No... a legendary farmer is really great..."

The feelings of emptiness and sadness that he felt when Piario became a farmer had now changed. Grid even thought it was fortunate that Piario was a farmer, not a Sword Saint. Strength wasn't the only thing that mattered in this world. At this point, it seemed good if Lord had a farmer companion.

"Will you raise your child who will be born soon as a farmer?"

Piario's children would surely be gifted with great talent. Grid hoped that Piario's children would stand by Lord's side. If it was a son, then as a friend, and if it was a daughter, then as a spouse. Piario smiled and shook his head at Grid's serious question.

"No, I will let my child make their own choices."

Piario was born as the child of one of the empire's most famous swordsmen and he naturally walked the path of the sword, dreaming of becoming the Sword Saint. Yet in the end, he became a farmer. Additionally, he had no regrets about this choice. Piario had realized it through his own life. Parents shouldn't force dreams onto their children.

"I see..."

Grid felt the same way. He also carved out his own path. In fact, he didn't force Lord to follow his path. He had only one desire.

"If you give birth to a daughter, then let her marry Lord."

Grid wanted Piario's daughter to be Lord's companion. He would feel relieved if Piario's daughter was with Lord. Surprisingly, Piario refused. "That will be difficult."

"...?"

It was an unexpected reaction. Grid thought Piaro would be happy so he was flustered when it was a refusal. Piaro was the most loyal among the loyalists. He had never disobeyed Grid even when he was ordered to protect Juander. Yet he refused this marriage?

Piario scratched his head and explained to the stiff Grid, "I won't be able to live up to my name if I let my daughter marry a playboy who already has hundreds of lovers."

"....."

He forgot for a moment that other people valued their children just as much as he did. Grid was silent without refuting anything. Then Piario gave him hope.

"I will give birth to a son. I will give birth to a son and raise him as the prince's loyal friend."

"Ah... Uh, yes."

Yes, Grid hoped Piario would give birth to a son by all means. Grid smiled brightly at the thought, only to suddenly become uneasy. He thought about how things had developed so far and found there was a 199.9% chance that Piario's child was likely to be a daughter.

'...Well, there is no law saying they can't be friends just because they have different genders.'

Let's leave this until later to think about. Grid shook his head and focused on the firewood. In the meantime, Piario collected all the white phosphorus saplings and wrapped the roots with cloth. There were over 50 saplings.

The next day...

"Let's go find the golden walnuts plantation."

Grid and Piario achieved their first goal and left Pangea. The two of them traveled for a long time while recalling their past. Over 10 years ago, the two of them had traveled together when Grid just became the lord of Reidan. It was a memory for Grid and a nightmare for Piario.

[Chapter 1284](#)

The first generation of players who played Satisfy the moment it opened—many of them perceived Satisfy to be similar to traditional games. They were convinced that, like with traditional games, fighting was the core concept of Satisfy and was the ultimate goal, so they chose combat classes.

They hadn't fully understood the concept of a virtual reality beyond that of just a game and underestimated the scale of the societies that existed in this vast world known as Satisfy. As the aftermath of feeling the pain that actually accompanied real combat, nearly 70% of those who chose combat classes chose an archer class.

This was why the first generation of players were wronged as the 'weakest generation' despite having outstanding figures such as Grid, Kraugel, and Yura.

Zibal—he was once the leader of the largest guild and he was now living a completely different life. After several incidents, he was chosen by Grandmaster Zikrefector and was active as an apostle helping with the resurrection of the seven malignant saints.

“I am getting used to life here now.”

The East Continent, Xing—it was a kingdom that seemed to be China in ancient times. There were many tall towers so it seemed that Dali Kingdom itself was used as the basis. It was a very different feeling from the Cho Kingdom that was a mixture of east and west cultures.

At first, Zibal found it strange and awkward, but now he was quite accustomed to it. He had long forgotten the discomfort of moving around with the *dopo*, and the greeting method of a fist against the palm had become natural. He wasn't shocked anymore when seeing food made of centipedes and snakes. There was just one problem...

“They've once again showed their refusal. It is annoying. Why don't we just push with force?”

There was no progress in his work—the hydra was beaten by an unknown person and thanks to this, Zibal's group was able to move to the East Continent relatively easily, with their purpose being to visit the Hwan Kingdom. However, both the Cho Kingdom's royal family and Xing Kingdom's royal family were uncooperative with Zibal's group. Forget even telling them the location of the Hwan Kingdom. Every time the Hwan Kingdom was mentioned, they shuddered and closed themselves off.

Susan's patience reached the limit after more than a month with no progress.

“In this state, we won't be able to reach the Hwan Kingdom in months or even years.”

A nation founded by the displaced gods—the first step in Zikrefector's grand plan could only happen once they visited the Hwan Kingdom. It was just frustrating because the kings of the Cho and Xing Kingdoms didn't provide any information despite knowing the location of the Hwan Kingdom.

Susan nervously kicked the table and gritted her teeth. “We should've used strength from the beginning. Once the two kingdoms are subdued by force, we would get the information we need on the Hwan Kingdom.”

The Cho Kingdom and Xing Kingdom were originally colonies of the Hwan Kingdom. There were traces of the Hwan Kingdom in both kingdoms. However, it seemed they recently became independent from the Hwan Kingdom and was hostile to the Hwan Kingdom. This was why the two kingdoms felt wary of Zibal's group and monitored them.

Susan knew that their situation was very bad.

“The grandmaster told us to watch a bit more.”

“What is the point of watching? It is a waste of time. Zibal, you should try to convince Sir Zik. Huh? You are favored by Sir Zik.”

‘This is why she doesn't have the grandmaster's trust.’

The reason Susan's scarred forehead turned red from time to time was because she was easily agitated. She wasn't steady, unlike the other Neo Red Knights. She was almost childish compared to her relative, Mercedes.

Zibal clicked his tongue and explained, "The reason the grandmaster asked us to observe a bit more was to judge how the expelled gods view the Cho Kingdom and Xing Kingdom. It isn't good if we leave a negative impression on the gods who have been driven out of both kingdoms."

"Hah? Weren't the expelled gods driven out of the two kingdoms? Is that possible? Both kingdoms have strange monsters such as the red phoenix and black tortoise as gods. Why would the expelled gods care about the two kingdoms who drove them out?"

"We don't know what is going on. If you are feeling frustrated, then you can ask the grandmaster yourself."

"What...?! I'm just complaining because I'm frustrated! I don't doubt Sir Zik!"

Susan blushed and directly left the room. Zibal was left alone and sighed.

'It is frustrating.'

In fact, Zibal's thoughts were the same as Susan. He was almost certain that the Hwan Kingdom would be hostile to the Cho Kingdom and Xing Kingdom. In a confrontation with the Hwan Kingdom, how could the two kingdoms be fine? Furthermore, Zibal had inferred some of the situation on the East Continent through Grid's epics. It was unlikely that the expelled gods would be angry even if Zikrefector destroyed the Xing Kingdom right now.

However, he kept to keep safety in mind and not rush into anything. It was worth noting that the Hwan Kingdom had protected the people of the Cho and Xing Kingdoms previously. They shouldn't blame the grandmaster's prudence. Zibal had served the grandmaster for nearly two years and never lost anything.

'The quest this time is especially important. I have to calmly wait for the right time... Huh?'

Zibal's eyes widened slightly as he looked out the window. Yangzhou, the capital of Xing—he was amazed by a beauty who was striking even in the city center where countless people came and went.

'Jishuka?'

Zibal jumped up. The legendary archer who had recently appeared—contrary to expectations of the public, the identity of the new legend that appeared was 'Bow Saint' rather than 'Povia's Descendant.'

'I'm curious!'

Zibal had competed with Kraugel in his prime. He was one of the best rankers in the game. He was forced to experience bitterness several times after Grid appeared like a comet and ended his dream of being the supreme one, but his blood was still hot. His desire to duel with a new legend and use it as a nutrient for development suddenly rose. There was just one thing...

'Her level should've been reset.'

This was the case with Kraugel. Zibal hesitated for a moment, but then he ran onto the streets. It was easy to find Jishuka even with the crowd. Jishuka wore a black cloth over her face like many noble women, but she still caught the attention of many men. Men's eyes followed her and Zibal was able to naturally follow her.

'The public opinion is that it is meager.'

The potential of a Bow Saint was evaluated as low by the rankers. Povia's performance recorded in history was far less than that of other legends and in fact, there were disadvantages with the archer class itself. It should be noted that 43% of players with a combat class had the archer class.

Archers were played by a lot of people and when compared to other combat classes, there were too many weaknesses and few strengths. Ranged attacks were possible and the attack power was high—excluding these two things, it was a class with more disadvantages such as being weak in melee, having a weak defense, and delays in attacking. They played an easy role in team battles but were very weak in 1v1.

Of course, Jishuka was an exception. Even so, the reality was that her win rate was low when fighting rankers of the same level with other classes.

'Shall I see what it is like?'

Jishuka moved to a place with few people. She went to the bamboo forest outside the walls and stood in front of a shabby shrine.

'Is she on a quest?'

The sign of this shrine had the word 'bow' engraved on it. It was easy to guess that it was a shrine for someone who shot a bow well. Zibal watched from a distance without disturbing Jishuka. His purpose was pure. He just wanted to see the skills of a Bow Saint. He had no intention of maliciously attacking Jishuka or being hostile to her.

Jingle. It was around five minutes after Jishuka entered the shrine. A clear bell rang. The location was from the south of the shrine. The distance was around 350 meters.

".....!"

Zibal's eyes widened. The moment the bell rang, an arrow was fired from the shrine and struck the bell that had just made a sound. 'Is it possible to have such accuracy with that speed?'

Hundreds of bamboo trees stood between the shrine and the location of the bell, yet the arrow fired from the shrine flew through the gaps in the trees and accurately shot the bell 350 meters away. It was just three seconds after the bell rang. The moment the sound was heard, the person grasped the location of the bell and aimed at it in less than a second. This archery was unbelievable to see.

'If it is Jishuka who shot that arrow...'

If so, it was clear that Jishuka would be even more unrestricted in a melee. Archers were vulnerable to close combat because it took time to place the arrow on the string and aim their bows. It was virtually impossible to cope with incoming attacks and fight back. Unlike archers in 2D and 3D games, moving shots were extremely difficult.

Jishuka, who developed her agility stat in an abnormal manner, succeeded in implementing a moving shot that used 'speed' and 'evasion' but she shot one arrow for every two steps on average. This meant that if an opponent approached her and wielded the weapon two or more times, she could barely counterattack once.

Now the story seemed to have changed. Based on these reflexes, she could fire one or two arrows instantly instead of every two steps.

Jingle.

There was a new bell sound. This time, it was from the north of the shrine. The distance was around 400 meters.

Chaaeng!

Next was the east side of the shrine. The distance was 500 meters.

Chaaeng!

'...Crazy.'

40 seconds—in just 40 seconds, seven bells rang in the forest and Jishuka shot all of them. At the very end, the final bell was exactly 900 meters away.

'The arrow's power has grown stronger.'

Zibal couldn't help gulping as he stared at the entrance of the shrine.

Step. Footsteps could be heard in the silence. It was a sign that Jishuka was about to emerge from the shrine. Zibal thought it would be like this. However, the sound of footsteps was actually a deception and three silently fired arrows struck Zibal's shoulders and chest.

"Keuk...?"

Zibal, who used to be second in the unified rankings, had completed all sorts of quests under the grandmaster and surpassed level 380, yet he was hit by Jishuka's attacks after her level was reset and even lost health. Smiling as she came out of the shrine, Jishuka's voice entered the ears of the flustered Zibal, "I don't like stalkers."

"I'm sorry that I secretly followed you. I just..."

"Do you want to fight? I also feel the same."

'So suddenly?'

Zibal's face was filled with shock. It was due to the rain of fire falling from the sky. It was like spraying paint on paper. Jishuka was easily able to fire a large number of arrows to dominate the field.

The value of the golden walnuts was very high. It was a precious elixir eaten by the royal families of the East Continent. The method of growing the golden walnuts and the origin were naturally advanced information. An average person could never discover where the golden walnuts came from.

However, Grid had an information network. It was also a huge one.

“It is Xing. I’m glad.”

Grid was informed of this information after drinking tea with the king of the Cho Kingdom himself. He headed out of the castle without any delay.

The king of Xing would also be favorable to Grid so his heart was very light.

[Chapter 1285](#)

Times had changed—it was now common to see players on the East Continent.

“.....”

Bubat had also moved to the East Continent. It wasn’t just him. It was many of the rankers who visited the East Continent due to the Call of the Heavens quest. It might be different if they had established their own power in the West Continent, but there was no reason to refuse living on the East Continent which provided more hunting grounds and quests.

“...It is before the storm.”

A master of combat who could neutralize anyone he fought with at least once. Bubat boasted a huge bull-like figure and murmured with a ferocious expression. His gaze was fixed on the red carpeted floor. He was recognized for his merits and skills in Chiaotzu and obtained a noble title. Even so, he didn’t dare raise his head in front of the Xing King because of his low rank.

In the great hall where hundreds of ministers were gathered, Bubat’s location was the last place. It was the furthest place away from the throne.

“It is too sinister and I can’t sleep,” the king, who had been silent since convening the meeting, spoke for the first time.

The golden cloth embroidered with the black tortoise looked shabby instead of gorgeous today. It was probably because it resembled the complexion of the Xing King, who was anxious.

“Thanks to the help of the distinguished people, we have recovered the forgotten ancient god and became independent from the Hwan Kingdom. I have vowed that I will forget the Hwan Kingdom and strive for peace in the future, but uninvited visitors from a strange place keep bringing up these disgusting memories. Their intentions are impure and will harm the kingdom, so we need to discuss countermeasures.”

It was about Zibal’s group.

Their group appeared a month ago and repeatedly asked the Xing people about the Hwan Kingdom, shaking public sentiment. They said their purpose was simple. They wanted to be guided to the location of the Hwan Kingdom. This couldn’t happen. Xing was currently under the care of the black tortoise. The barrier prevented the fake gods (yangbans) from entering, but an absolute condition was needed to maintain this effect—forgetting the fake gods.

The people of Xing shouldn't mention them, nor should they be reminded of them. Just as the black tortoise was forgotten for many years, it was only by forgetting the yangbans that their divinity would be weakened and the black tortoise be strengthened.

"I'm afraid that stories of the Hwan Kingdom and the yangbans will circulate through the Xing Kingdom due to these uninvited guests. Then the protection of God Black Tortoise will be weakened. How can we calm down this situation?"

"Umm..."

There was a dark shadow on the faces of the ministers. No one offered a solution. Bubat's stomach was burning.

'What is there to worry about? Isn't it simple if they are banished?'

The reason why Bubat felt the current atmosphere was the eve of the storm was because he anticipated a bloody battle to occur soon. He couldn't imagine that the king and the ministers would be trembling because of Zibal's group of less than 20 people. Why couldn't they come up with a simple solution to expel or eliminate Zibal's group?

Bubat was frustrated, but he first watched the situation. Five minutes passed, then 10 minutes. There was no progress in the meeting and he finally couldn't stand it anymore. He opened his mouth, "Excuse me, isn't this a problem that can simply be solved by driving them out?"

"Hah!"

"Have you ever seen such a rude person?!"

The last place Bubat dared to talk and the ministers scolded him. A nobleman standing next to Bubat poked him in the ribs and shook his head. Nevertheless, Bubat didn't stop. Rather, he raised his head and stared straight at the king.

"If they refuse to leave, I think it is right to use force and execute them."

Bubat had decided to live in Xing. He would do his best for the ideals that he had chosen. He couldn't just watch this outrageous situation. He couldn't watch such a pathetic situation every time. In the midst of the tumultuous atmosphere, Bubat stared steadily at the king. The king looked downward at him with slightly wide eyes and smiled lightly as he descended.

"That's right. You haven't met many yangbans so you still lack insight. Therefore, you are fundamentally misunderstanding what is going on."

".....?"

Insight? Misunderstanding? The Xing King explained to Bubat, who was shaking his head, "Among the uninvited guests, there is an absolutely strong one we can't face. It is a suicide act to confront him with force. All of Xing would be destroyed."

For decades, the Xing King and his ministers had been dominated by the yangbans. Serving the yangban had given the king a type of sixth sense to perceive the strong. Therefore, he could see it. The man with a languid expression who was at the rear of the uninvited guests... he was a monster.

A monster who transcended most of the yangbans. The king saw this person from a distance and thought a god of war had descended.

“This...”

Bubat finally grasped the situation and closed his mouth. There was a presence on Zibal’s side that was powerful enough to destroy the Xing Kingdom, which was comparable to many kingdoms in the West Continent?

‘Did Zibal also get a legend as a companion, just like Grid got Braham?’

Bubat had to think like this. It was because only a few players knew about the existence of the grandmaster.

‘Amazing... I wouldn’t be able to win if our levels were equal.’

Melee classes had at least one stun skill. Once they approached the target and hit the target with the skill, there was a very high probability of stunning the target. At this time, it was possible to inflict a fatal injury. The problem was that the skill had to hit. There was no chance of a stun if the skill itself missed.

The Bow Saint Jishuka...

Tadat!Tak.

She avoided all of Zibal’s attacks with feather-light movements. She continued to step back while maintaining this favorable gap. It would’ve been a boring pursuit if she just dodged. Every time Jishuka opened the gap, she fired an arrow at the same time. This caused Zibal to accumulate damage.

The archer, the weakest class in melee combat, had surprisingly evolved into a counter for melee classes. Zibal became a hedgehog throughout the battle. He finally drove her to a corner and pointed his sword at Jishuka’s chin before lowering it.

“Hah... I lost.”

At present, Jishuka’s level was reset. For some reason, her arrows hurt a lot, but she was only around level 30. It was natural to win against her now. Zibal had to assume that he would lose if he and Jishuka’s levels were the same.

“If your level was over 300, then I would’ve died before driving you into the corner.”

“It might not necessarily be the case if you summon the magic machine.”

“What? Are you actually being considerate to others?”

If it wasn’t for Agnus, Jishuka would be the one with the nickname of ‘Mad Dog.’ Jishuka’s character was vicious to this extent. It was far from delicate. Zibal recalled the troubles he encountered every time he met Jishuka of the Tzedakah Guild on a hunting ground and thought it was absurd. Jishuka just crossed her arms and smiled.

“My personality has changed a bit while studying Grid’s tastes.”

“Jishuka changed because of a man...”

“Isn’t it the same for you?”

“.....”

In fact, Zibal was famous for being crazy. He was arrogant and earned the nickname ‘Prince of the United States’ after he gained great power and wealth by reaching the second place in the unified rankings. However, that was all old news. Zibal had realized his inadequacies and devoted himself to moving forward. He was now ashamed of his past self.

He pulled out an arrow embedded in his armor and shook hands with Jishuka. “By the way, congratulations. You have become a legend.”

“Thank you.”

It was a competitive relationship at first and then it was a bad one. Jishuka and Zibal had known each other for the past six years. There were times when they slandered each other on TV. However, they had gone through so much. Just as times changed, so had their thinking and personality. An accurate statement might be that they had grown up.

“Then I’ll be going. I am busy with quests.”

“Yes, go well.”

Jishuka turned around first and Zibal wanted to see her off. The emergence of the grandmaster, who blocked Jishuka’s path, was completely different from Zibal’s intentions.

“.....?!”

Jishuka’s eyes widened. She turned around and a tall man stood in front of her. Jishuka knew the name ‘Zikfrector’ that was floating above the head of the man who seemed skinny, but had shoulders as wide as Grid’s.

“The grandmaster...!”

Grid had said it—the grandmaster was an avatar of the seven malignant saints and the dark mastermind behind the empire. He was recognized as the strongest NPC by Chairman Lim Cheolho. It meant he was greater than Braham and Piaro, who was in a realm beyond imagination. Jishuka was nervous that such a person suddenly appeared in front of her without any warning.

“...Interesting.”

The grandmaster, who looked like he would fall asleep at any moment, caught Jishuka’s gaze and seemed to wake up from a slumber. It was an offensive, blatant gaze. Jishuka clenched her fists and the grandmaster murmured, “A human who embraces the Breaking Evil Arrow.”

“.....!”

Jishuka was astonished. The arrow she got from the shrine a little while ago was different from her expectations—it was actually a ‘resource’ similar to the Hero King’s fighting energy or the Sword Saint’s sword energy. However, the grandmaster saw through it instantly.

The grandmaster's gaze swept over the frozen Jishuka and he whispered, "You should be wary of the Martial God."

At the gate of Yangzhou's outer city...

Whisper whisper.

People from all over the kingdom were whispering. Silver hair and white skin that seemed like it hadn't seen the sun once—she was like a princess described in the fairy tales of the West Continent. The exotic beauty that made people feel this way attracted people's attention. She was so delicate that she barely managed to support her body with a dark sword. She looked like she would fall down at any moment.

"Why..."

Clear blue eyes filled with resentment—the silver-haired beauty gritted her teeth and shouted at the middle-aged man standing next to her, "How many times do you have to fight? Dammit! Do you intend to kill people?!"

"....."

Unlike her elegant appearance, her voice was loud and her tone, rough. The silver-haired beauty who made people doubt their ears was Grid. That's right—it was Grid disguised as Irene. From Pangea to Yangzhou, he had fought against Piaro a total of 19 times in a week. He was really going crazy.

"No, why don't you know how to act in moderation? My stamina has run out from a week of this. I can't do anything!"

"...I'm sorry. I was too excited by Your Majesty's new weapon."

"Sigh..."

From the beginning, Piaro liked fighting against the strong. He was the so-called battle fanatic. Yes, fanatic. It meant he was crazy. Piaro was completely immersed in Grid, whose weapon moved by itself and shot the breath of a fire dragon. Additionally, there was the God Hand with an advanced intelligence on the level of a genius. Eventually, he reached the point of applying for a duel with Grid and at first, Grid was happy to accept as he also wanted to gauge his current level.

However, this was a mistake—Piaro was fascinated by the extremely difficult duel that he had never experienced before and half lost his mind. He became dissatisfied with a single duel and relentlessly pursued more duels with Grid. Grid had been exhausted for the past week and felt more pain and horror than when he fought Garam.

As Piaro grew at a terrifying pace, the duels became more frequent and more and more of Grid's weaknesses were being targeted and attacked. Therefore, he was both physically and mentally exhausted. Thanks to this, he could now handle Talsha and the Fire Dragon Sword properly. It could be called a huge harvest, but it was a very difficult schedule. It was to the extent where he never wanted to experience it again.

“It isn’t enough to extract a mineral from a dragon’s lair. Now I have to worry about a team kill... Groan, my life.”

Grid finally sat down as he had no more stamina left to stand. Piaro saw Grid opening his legs without paying any attention to his surroundings and coughed. “Are you really going to meet the king as you are now?”

“Uh. Didn’t I tell you? I am going to make Irene become deified and then build her fame. I’ll be in Irene’s form until the end of this activity.”

It was a political plan to use the identity of the ‘Overgeared Queen.’ If the Xing King was informed that she was sent by Overgeared King Grid, then Irene would be welcomed.

Piaro urged Grid, “I think it is better to change your clothes first, Your Majesty.”

“Eh? Ah... Yes.”

It wasn’t good to wear a dress—firstly, the strange wind blowing at his crotch felt weird, and secondly, it restricted his body’s movement too much. Grid was unaware that his legs were spread open. He saw the men around him, who seemed like they wanted to eat him, and carefully brought his legs close together.

[Chapter 1286](#)

“Were you nervous?”

The grandmaster was taciturn. After talking about how he failed to save humanity and received the stigma of the seven malignant saints, he had never brought up a private story. Such a being bringing it up first was luck. It was the precursor to a full-fledged quest.

Zibal calmed his excitement and responded politely, “I am fine. I waited and believed that Master would give instructions at a good time.”

The reason for Zibal’s attitude wasn’t just because he was conscious about affinity. It was respect for the forgotten old hero who fought against the gods to protect humanity and was preparing to fight again.

“In fact, I wanted to avoid futile killing. I felt like I would lose myself in the past the moment I hurt people completely unrelated to my purpose. I was afraid that the stigma of the ugly gods would really stigmatize me and make me wicked.”

It was on the way back to the inn. Grandmaster Zikfrector walked against the backdrop of the sunset and quietly looked at his hands. His hands were dyed with the red light of the sunset and seemed blood-soaked. “Then I realized. There is already a lot of blood on my hands.”

Saharan’s sword, which caused tens of thousands of deaths in the process of founding the empire, was given to Saharan by Zikfrector himself. Many of the wars that the empire fought was the imperial family’s response to Zikfrector’s desire to cross the Red Sea to the East Continent. In order to punish the imperial family for forgetting their promises over the years, Zikfrector gave a child the sword to defeat his father. The blood that Zikfrector had shed in the name of resurrecting the seven malignant saints and punishing the false gods had reached an irreversible point.

“There is no reason for me to hesitate anymore.”

He might hear the ridicule of the gods, but he had already crossed the river. It was irreversible and he had no choice but to move forward. To achieve his purpose, he must be evil. Instead of erasing the seven malignant saints from the world and regaining the honor of the good men, he would become evil.

"I have already commanded the other apostles. By now, Yangzhou's palace must be burning. We will stay here to stop the king's retreat."

"...Yes."

Zibal nodded after confirming that the quest had changed from 'Whereabouts of the Expelled Gods' to '6th Evil Zik's Resolution.' In the end, he wasn't disappointed by Zikfrector's choice to resolve everything using force.

'This was the Xing King's judgment. The grandmaster gave him a chance, but he didn't yield.'

Sigh...

There was tension in Zibal's expression as he took a deep breath. The Xing royal guards, who he witnessed a few weeks ago, were elites with an average level of 360. The grandmaster was here, but he might be beaten if he was careless.

"So why didn't you listen to me?"

Her smiling face represented her mood. Susan was happy enough to fly away as she crossed the walls and broke into the palace. She felt a sense of liberation after a month of unconvincing work.

"We didn't ask for money like thieves. We just wanted to know the location of the Hwan Kingdom. Why did you act like it was a difficult request and refused? Are all people in the east like you?"

The helmet of the last soldier guarding the entrance of the palace became crooked. It was due to Susan striking it with the handle of her sword. The smile on her face didn't disappear despite the slaughter of hundreds of soldiers.

'...She is deaf.'

She wasn't a human with a normal mindset. The captain of the guards judged the situation and whispered to the king, "It seems that the unknown transcendent hasn't come along. It is best to take refuge before he arrives and things become more difficult."

"Isn't he blocking the retreat path?"

"It is hard to imagine that he has found a secret passage that has been handed down through the royal family for hundreds of years."

"Understood."

The captain of the guards was the person responsible for the king's safety. His judgment shouldn't be questioned. The king nodded and obediently rose from the throne and the smiling Susan cried out, "Where are you running to? Tell me the location of the Hwan Kingdom!"

Grandmaster Zikfrector wasn't just hundreds of years old. He was from before the world was destroyed once due to the agreement of the gods. Therefore, he was an ancient person who existed before humans of this era were born. His abilities used concepts that humans of this day could never understand and Susan had learned some of them.

In response to Susan's anger, ancient runes emerged and rotated around her like sharp blades.

"Heiro!"

They fired in response to her order. It was reminiscent of Chain Lightning, but it boasted a performance beyond that of Chain Lightning in both range and power. It controlled the entire palace and temporarily paralyzed the body of the king and the guards.

The guard captain's eyes widened. 'The charms that block magic aren't working?'

This was a place where the king of this kingdom lived. They couldn't be lax in defenses when unknown foreigners were threatening the kingdom. They used a huge budget to install amulets that completely blocked the magic of the east and west all over the palace.

Yet it was all useless?

"Cough!"

The guard captain was stunned for a moment before snorting and getting up. He swung his guandao like he wanted to stop Susan's attack. He aimed the guandao and Susan turned around as she shouted, "Keuk...! You dare to do such a lowly thing!"

It was to her, who was once a knight of the Saharan Empire. Trying to throw her, an apostle chosen by the grandmaster to the ground!

Susan's scar on her forehead turned red as she used a shield to block the guandao flying at her. It was just that her imperfect posture couldn't support the great weight and her small body flew back a few meters. In the gap, the guard captain pulled back his bowstring.

'She is still trying to save face?'

A little while ago, Susan could've rolled her entire body to dodge the attack. In other words, if she rolled on the ground then she would've dodged the guard captain's attack without the shock. However, she used a shield to absorb the shock and revealed a gap. She had such high pride that she could be called a fool. An arrow struck Susan's shoulder as she was raising her body.

"Ugh!"

Susan frowned and fell to the ground. The guard captain and the king used this chance to run with full force to leave the palace.

"Catch...! Catch them!" Susan screamed with fiery eyes, but no one came out.

Her associates were tied up by the hundreds of guards and were fighting for their lives. In the first place, she wasn't in a position to shout.

"Susan! We can't afford to miss it just because you can't handle it!"

The grandmaster had given an order. Learn the location of the Hwan Kingdom. His command must be fulfilled.

“Heiro!”

The ancient runes floated into the air and were absorbed in Susan’s legs. Shortly thereafter, Susan broke through the emergency exit that was 80 meters away in just one second. She followed the guard captain and king running down a dark corridor and swung her sword.

“What?!”

The guard captain looked disbelieving as he was cut in the back. He witnessed a speed that transcended the limits of the human species and there was no sense of reality at all.

“Hah... Hah... Tell me.”

Susan was from a side branch of the Vaintz family, one of the most prestigious in the Saharan Empire. Unlike the direct descendant Mercedes, she didn’t enjoy the luxury of receiving the family secrets. Nevertheless, she received a thoroughly elite education from a young age.

Her swordsmanship was sharp and as strong as steel. She quickly recovered from the side effects caused by transcending the limits of a human with the ancient rune technique. Then she pointed her sword at the king’s neck.

“Now, tell me. Where is the Hwan Kingdom?”

Why make things so difficult when it was just saying a few words? Susan was frustrated because she couldn’t understand. The king saw her furious gaze and slowly opened her mouth, “I can’t tell you. The moment I answer your question, the black tortoise’ protection will collapse and Xing will become a ruin.”

It was an act of acknowledging the Hwan Kingdom if he informed outsiders who hadn’t seen them about the Hwan Kingdom and the yangbans. Rather than forgetting them, it was promoting the existence of the Hwan Kingdom and the yangbans, contributing to their divinity.

Of course, Susan didn’t understand this. No, she would’ve ignored it even if she understood. She didn’t care about the circumstances of others.

“Yes, let’s see how long you can endure.”

Susan smiled and stabbed her sword at the king’s chest. She deliberately avoided a vital spot. It was just a loss if she killed a valuable hostage from the beginning.

“...!?”

Susan stepped back in a startled manner. The moment she shoved the sword at the king’s chest, the king moved his hand quietly and his dagger aimed at her heart. If she had avoided it one step later, there would’ve been a hole in her chest.

“I have also learned martial arts for self-defense. I will not be hurt so easily.”

The king had a style of fighting that couldn't be seen on the West Continent and watched Susan with a serene gaze. Susan had a gut feeling.

'He is strong?'

At the minimum, he was a single digit Red Knight. It seemed to be around the same level as the old Seven Dukes. Still, in the end, it was just this much.

"Cute."

Her surprise was only temporary. Susan snorted and pulled out another sword. She held two swords and became incomparably more powerful than before. She revealed the power of the Neo Vaintz-style swordsmanship that the grandmaster himself had personally enhanced.

The king's expression filled with surprise before collapsing. It was because he saw Susan's companions running down the corridor behind her. It was the moment when hope disappeared. Then...

"The queen of the Overgeared Kingdom is entering."

The voice of a middle-aged man echoed through the corridor. A new person appeared. Her beautiful silver hair was tied up comfortably and she wore pants under her dress. It was an outfit reminiscent of the teenagers on the street. Nevertheless, she was dignified. It was due to her noble appearance...

"Hey. I am Irene, queen of the Overgeared Kingdom."

"....."

"....."

Suan's group and the Xing King doubted their ears and stiffened for a moment. The tone was too frivolous to be called the queen of a kingdom... no, it wasn't just at the level of being frivolous. Did she belatedly see the reaction of the flustered people? The silver-haired beauty smiled awkwardly and spoke again, "I am Queen Irene of the Overgeared Kingdom. It is nice to meet you, everyone."

"Catch her..!"

For Susan's group, the tone or identity of the silver-haired beauty weren't important. They didn't want her to disturb this moment. First of all, they decided it was better to carry out the later work after capturing this uninvited guest. They couldn't waste time. Anyone from the Neo Red Knights would be able to subdue such a delicate woman in just one second.

However, the situation turned out differently from what they expected.

"Where are you touching?"

".....!"

The silver-haired beauty who identified herself as the queen of the Overgeared Kingdom—she cut the neck of a Neo Red Knight who dared to place a hand on her shoulder.

"Do you have wicked thoughts?"

The Neo Red Knight collapsed with blood bubbles due to his throat being cut. Then the silver-haired woman's knee struck the face of the man who attempted to use the power of the runes. A merciless blow solely focused on killing...

It was a really terrible sight. However, the sentiment that came to Susan and the Xing King's mind was 'beautiful.' It was because the ends of the flowing silver hair turned red from the scattered blood, creating the illusion of petals blooming.

"Xing King, I'll help you first. Hum hum, I'll help you."

Nod nod.

The soulless Xing King simply nodded.

"This girl! What is your identity?"

Susan's priority had changed. She was swinging her twin swords when the silver-haired beauty's murmur permeated her ears.

"Who is calling my wife a girl? You are the girl."

"...!?"

It was the moment when Susan got close to the silver-haired beauty with her colleagues behind her. Susan doubted her eyes. It was because the sword held in the hands of the silver-haired beauty suddenly turned red. The hot fire that it emitted gave Susan a warning.

'Dangerous!'

The long corridor of the palace was burned.

[Chapter 1287](#)

Susan was full of talent and enthusiasm. She just had bad luck. If only she was born in the main family. If she had competed on the same footing as Mercedes, then she would've been ahead of Mercedes.

"Heiro!"

Susan had been bothered for years. Mercedes and the traitor Piaro who were sent away by the former emperor. It was ridiculous that the two of them, who had as many shortcomings as their skills, were pretending to be great powers in a small kingdom.

The flames from the woman's sword, who claimed to be the queen of the Overgeared Kingdom, swept through the long corridor of the palace. The king and the guard captain were startled and curled up while Susan and the Neo Red Knights stood firmly and faced the flames.

The carpet that was burned black filled the air with a pungent smell. The luminous ores that lit up the corridor were broken and lost their light.

"Cough, cough!"

Ironically, the intruders became a barrier. Thanks to the Neo Red Knights standing in the middle of the corridor, the king and the guard captain escaped from the flames. They opened their eyes and let out sighs of relief. The back of the intruders, alive and well, came into view.

Susan was safe without any wounds despite being engulfed in flames from the front. All of them had ice-like transparent blue runes around their bodies.

“Hey, this mentally disabled queen. Attacks that contain attributes are useless against us. If you plan to believe in that unusual sword, then I recommend that you quit immediately.”

In fact, Susan had felt a crisis. She would’ve turned to charcoal if the runes had activated only 0.2 seconds later. Even so, she pretended to be unconcerned. She was proud in her ability to quickly activate the runes so there was no shame.

The Fire Dragon Sword trembled.

-Master, is that human blind. She looked at me and called me an unusual sword?

‘She isn’t blind, she is just a madman. By the way, that is a higher level elemental shield... it is surprising.

Grid remembered Susan. She was a traitor, yet she denounced Piaro for being a traitor. She was crazy, but her stats were great. The proof was that she survived despite being hit in the forehead by Piaro.

“Hrmm.”

Grid’s blue eyes looked around at the people present. The Neo Red Knights—an organization obtained by the grandmaster after Juander’s end.

‘The fact that those who only follow the grandmaster are here...’

It meant the grandmaster was also likely to be nearby.

‘As expected, his purpose is to meet the Five Seniors?’

The grandmaster had been looking for the expelled gods, also known as the Five Seniors. He wanted to join forces with them to punish the gods of the west and cleanse the stigma of the seven malignant saints. At the time, Grid didn’t know the reality of the Five Seniors, thus he wasn’t aware of the seriousness of the situation.

‘I have to stop it.’

But now he knew—the meeting between the grandmaster and the Five Seniors must absolutely never happen. He didn’t know what the greedy yangbans would do the moment the Five Seniors came to the West Continent. In the first place, the war between gods shouldn’t occur. The moment the plague that fell from the sky struck the land, the Overgeared Kingdom and the West Continent couldn’t be safe.

‘The grandmaster is misunderstanding.’

The Five Seniors were by no means good. They were far from the ideal gods that the grandmaster wanted. The gods of the west, who were only selfish or followed their instincts, might be better. Grid looked at the Xing King. He felt sorry when he saw the haggard appearance. The reason why he was on the defensive...

Perhaps it was because he rejected the grandmaster's request to arrange a meeting with the Five Seniors.

Grid asked, "Did they violently attack you without even attempting to talk?"

"No... it isn't like that. They gave me a month's grace."

'As I expected, he hesitated.'

The foundation of the grandmaster was 'goodness.' Therefore, Grid had hope.

'If I tell him the reality of the Five Seniors and persuade him well, I can change his mind.'

Grid grasped the situation and asked Susan this time, "Where is the grandmaster?"

"What?" Susan frowned. "Why do you want to know where he is? Are you going to meet him? Hahat. You must be dreaming."

"...It seems you have to be beaten up a bit."

She was saying 'you?' Daring to talk impolitely to his lovely Irene? Grid was furious at Susan's rudeness, despite introducing himself casually as the Overgeared Queen. Then he equipped Talsha and the Overgeared King's Crown in turn. Of course, only the crown was visible to people.

"What? Wearing a crown all of a sudden? Kukuku! What? You? Are you protesting that I'm rude? Are you reminding me that you're a queen?" Susan's eyes flashed as she moved her two swords together like she was using a whetstone.

"Don't care about how you are treated. Aren't you just the queen of a small kingdom?"

The speed of the swords hitting against each other became faster. Grid was a blacksmith and was worried about the opponent's swords. The two blades collided and every time they slid off each other, the acceleration accumulated. Sparks scattered in all directions and disrupted their vision. Did she intend to use the acceleration to make a surprise attack? A normal person would've thought this way and become wary...

'Doing this will hurt the blades.'

It happened while Grid was uncomfortably watching the blades that started to break because they were grinding at each other.

'Now!'

Susan didn't miss the moment when the other person was distracted. She took advantage of the acceleration of the sliding blades and shot forward. It was close to the speed of sound. It was a scene that seemed almost exaggerated. Susan's surprise attack was that fast. It exceeded Grid's transcendent senses which were still growing. Grid's shoulder was pierced.

"Hahat!"

Susan thought she had won and swung her other sword. The cloth was torn. Grid barely stepped back and dodged the attack, inadvertently exposing his flesh. The Xing King's eyes shook.

'It is an untrained body.'

Was she around her mid-30s? The body of the queen was younger than expected and was as beautiful as her face. The white skin had no scars and the skin without muscles looked smooth. This meant she wasn't compatible with the battlefield. It seemed overwhelming even holding a sword. Then what on earth was this strength?

"Kuek?!"

Susan groaned. It was the aftermath of the queen's transparent sword hitting the sword in her left hand that had just been cutting through the air.

'What is this strength?'

The sword couldn't handle the power in the Overgeared Queen's sword and lowered. Susan's left shoulder naturally lowered and she got a chill down her spine. She lost her balance and the Overgeared Queen's knee struck her face. There was the sound of a watermelon popping.

Susan wasn't critically injured from one kick, but she was quite shaken. It was because she vaguely measured the power of the Overgeared Queen. In terms of strength, the Overgeared Queen was higher than herself.

'It is nonsense.'

Susan had been training all her life. Her armor-covered body had strong muscles. She had been training her whole life, but she lost in strength to a woman with such a soft body... She couldn't understand it. Fire filled Susan's eyes as she gritted her teeth. She stretched her slightly bent knees and swung her twin swords.

The two swords that moved in different trajectories were gorgeous and irregular. It was the essence of the Vaintz-style swordsmanship. It was a skill that the Neo Red Knights couldn't easily handle, let alone a beginner. Yet at this moment, the Overgeared Queen easily blocked it.

".....!"

Susan was ruled by chaos. It wasn't just because her sword was blocked. This person had counterattacked and wounded her, so it was a big shock. In front of Revolve, everyone was equal. Grid connected Link and spoke to Susan, who was coughing up blood, "By this point, you understand who I am, right? Stop and take me to the grandmaster."

"This bitch!"

She needed to be convinced to accept any outcome. In that sense, it was difficult for Susan to admit defeat. She was a natural genius who worked hard all her life. Why should she be defeated by another woman when she received ancient runes from the grandmaster? It shouldn't happen unless the world was crazy.

"Heiro!"

The ancient runes floated in the air and permeated Susan's body. Her colleagues watching the situation were surprised.

'She finally crossed the line.'

Runes were a tool that created certain phenomena. It was up to the user how to use it. One method was to absorb it in the body. The runes that permeated the body dramatically strengthened the user's bones, muscles, or mana core. This helped them exert transcendent strength or magic.

The problem was when it strengthened the mana core. The forcibly strengthened mana core expanded and overloaded the body. Therefore, it was necessary to adjust the intensity so it only strengthened some of the body. Yet at this moment, Susan strengthened the mana core.

A time limit was formed. The moment the enhancement was over, Susan wouldn't be able to handle the storm that would come and would likely be ruined. It wasn't a bad result for her colleagues, who always regarded Susan as offensive to the eye.

"I will kill you."

There was no change in Susan's appearance. However, she gave off an air that was threatening enough to generate intense air waves.

'It is like Blackening.'

Grid wore armor for the first time in this battle. Armor made from Khan's last work and the breath of the sacred gods quickly covered his entire body. Then the importance of appearance was revealed. The black and red armor on Grid made him look like a villain. Meanwhile, Irene wore it and looked like a divine paladin despite the colors. It was the moment when Grid, who was bothered by the hair flowing down during the battle, tried to tie up his hair again.

"Haap!"

Susan rushed to Grid like lightning. She arrived in front of Grid's nose and swung her swords four times.

"This...!"

The Xing King rose from where he was sitting. He predicted that the queen would suffer at least serious injuries and he flew forward without thinking. The wife of his benefactor—it wasn't right to turn away from her when she was in danger.

"Where are you going?"

The Xing King only managed to take a few steps. He couldn't even handle one Susan, let alone 15 Neo Red Knights.

"I know! I know! I'll tell you where the Hwan Kingdom is, so don't hurt the innocent!"

The Xing King struggled as he was caught by the Red Knights, but it was useless.

"Yes, you should tell us the location of the Hwan Kingdom. I'm just going to kill this bitch first. It doesn't make sense to call her innocent when she pointed the sword at us first." Susan scoffed as she grabbed the hair of the fallen Overgeared Queen, only to be stunned.

The Overgeared Queen, who should be bleeding to death from seven holes, was staring at her with a clean face.

'How?'

Susan's trembling gaze hurriedly examined the queen's chest. Then she saw it. Rather than being torn to shreds, the armor and shoulder guards were intact.

'Overgeared...!'

There was no one in the world who didn't know the meaning of 'overgeared.' There were just some people who hadn't experienced the power of items yet. Susan belonged to the latter. Susan quickly retreated in preparation for the impending counterattack when a small whisper entered her ears.

"I won't allow your comfort."

".....!"

The runes imprinted on her body were peeled off. Her strengthened bones and muscles weakened sharply and the balance of her body was off. The mana core, which had expanded to the fullest, contracted. This was accompanied by a pain beyond imagination.

"Kuack... Kuaaack!"

Susan shed blood and stumbled like she was going to fall. She was going to lose her mind. It was too painful. However, she endured this pain with her tenacity and desire to kill. She barely held the two swords in her trembling hands. She discovered that the Overgeared Queen was walking toward her with a disinterested face, as if dismissing her as a mere chore.

Her determination didn't last. The two swords fell from her hands. No one would believe it, but it was real. The swords fell from her hands like they had their own will.

"Mon..."

Puok!

"...ster."

Puk puk puk!

It was the linkage of two fused sword dances. Susan's body was shattered and turned to gray ash. Grid couldn't spare her when she had killing intent directed at Irene. It didn't matter if she was the grandmaster's subordinate. He had to wipe out any future trouble in advance. Grid wiped the blood that splattered on his white cheeks and asked the Neo Red Knights, who were as stiff as statues, "Do you want to fight more?"

"...No."

The Neo Red Knights, who had left the empire after the rebellion of the 4th Prince, Edan, observed the continent from the perspective of a third person. They questioned the rapid growth of the Overgeared Kingdom and were particularly curious when they saw that the new empress, Basara, was giving conveniences to the Overgeared Kingdom.

Overgeared King Grid, Piaro, and Mercedes—the reputation of the three giants was great, but did it make sense for the great empire to help a small kingdom just because of fear toward these three people? The Neo Red Knights even joked that Basara was in love with the Overgeared King.

Now they realized it. It wasn't like that at all. There were monsters lurking in the Overgeared Kingdom. Overgeared Queen Irene—she was stronger than the famous king. No, she was someone even more powerful than Piaro and Mercedes. This was the real power of the Overgeared Kingdom.

“Let's step back first.”

The Neo Red Knights made a decision and hurriedly left. Grid didn't bother chasing after them. The situation had turned out like this so there was no reason to go to the grandmaster in person.

‘He will come to find me himself.’

[Chapter 1288](#)

“How can I express my gratitude... I have received a great favor.”

The Xing King passed the crisis safely thanks to Grid and bowed to him. He didn't look servile. Indeed, he was more grateful that his kingdom and people were safe, than for his life being saved.

Grid looked at the Xing King with gentle eyes and smiled. Grid told him, “From the moment he fought for Xing and God Black Tortoise, His Majesty, the Overgeared King, already thought of Xing as a blood ally. It is human nature to help each other. There is no need to be too polite.”

“Blood ally...”

It was beyond allies and closer to family members. It was very thrilling for the Xing King who knew that Overgeared King Grid restored the forgotten old god and set the history and kingdom right. However, there was a question that was hard to resolve. “I have no doubts that His Majesty, the Overgeared King, helped Xing with no ulterior motives. Since ancient times, heroes are people who practice justice. Still, it is hard to understand why he would describe Xing as a blood ally. We didn't do anything for him, so how can we be blood allies?”

“You must look at the future, not the present. Humanity must work together one day. The great demons of hell and the gods in heaven... there are too many threats to humanity in this world.”

“.....”

The Xing King had met and experienced the yangbans in person. He agreed with the queen's assertion that humanity must work together.

“Your Majesty! Your Majesty!!” Hundreds of warriors rushed into the corridor. They were the reinforcements that arrived less than 10 minutes after the palace was raided. It seemed slow considering they arrived after the situation was over, but considering the size of the palace, it was actually the opposite. Their arrival was swift. Even without Grid, they would have succeeded in escaping with the Xing King. Of course, there would've been many sacrifices.

Grid examined the faces of the warriors and continued speaking, "We want to work with the powerhouses of Xing to overcome future challenges. Therefore, it is called a blood alliance. Your Majesty, are you not happy?"

"How can that be? I will willingly accept it."

Xing was obviously strong. It had been proven in many events. There was just no room to go against transcendents like the yangbans or the grandmaster. In order to survive, they had to hide under the black tortoise's protection forever. The Xing King didn't want to do this. He wanted to create a better future by cooperating with the Overgeared Kingdom, who were led by the transcendent Overgeared King and the refreshing Overgeared Queen. It was his desire and duty to bring true peace to his people.

[The Xing Kingdom has formed a blood alliance with the Overgeared Kingdom.]

[The two kingdoms are no different from a family.]

'...Good.'

Grid was thrilled. First there was the Cho Kingdom and now Xing. He had succeeded in convincing half of the four kingdoms in the East Continent. It was unthinkable when he first visited the East Continent. His hard work was rewarded and he smiled as he was unable to hold back his joy. Then the Xing King showed him kindness.

"Then we will prepare a banquet to welcome Your Majesty. First, you will be guided to your room. Please relieve your fatigue from the journey first."

"Thank you for your consideration."

Grid didn't lose his tension throughout his conversation with the king. In order to win the king over, he spoke only after careful consideration. He paid attention to his words and actions without forgetting that he had transformed himself into Irene. Grid gently placed a hand on his chest and carefully said goodbye to the Xing King, looking exactly like a woman. However, he wasn't a woman.

"I'm going crazy."

Grid frowned as he was guided to a VIP room by a court lady. The attires prepared in the room were too airy or too revealing. There was a skirt that dragged to the ground, a jeogori [1] that showed the chest, and a cheongsam with a side slit that showed the thigh. They were all Xing's traditional attires, but it was very burdensome for Grid to wear them.

"If I wear this to eat, I'll get sauce on them..."

The attires with less exposure were so wide it seemed like a watermelon could fit in them. The cheongsam looked the most comfortable, but he didn't want to wear it because the waistline and thighs were too revealing.

'I can't show anyone Irene's pretty legs.'

In the end...

“As Your Majesty expected, the grandmaster is nearby. By the way, Your Majesty, are you going to dress like that?”

“Why can’t I? For me, this is formal clothing.”

Grid wore armor just like he did in combat. His entire body was wrapped in metal to minimize exposure, except for his neck and face. It wasn’t stuffy. Grid almost always wore armor. In the first place, all his items were ergonomically designed so they weren’t uncomfortable.

“By the way, what was the grandmaster doing?”

Piario had been hiding throughout the battle at Grid’s order and he tracked the Neo Red Knights. He had seen the grandmaster from afar. He replied, “He was waiting on the outskirts of the city with that person called Zibal. Based on the location, it seemed he was blocking off the Xing King’s retreat.”

“His diligence doesn’t match him.”

The identity of Grandmaster Zikfrector was the 6th evil, Zik—he had the sin of ‘sloth,’ just like the vampires, and his activities had many constraints on them, thus it was difficult for him to directly intervene in certain events, yet he went directly to prevent the Xing King’s escape.

‘It means this is important.’

It was inevitable when thinking about it. From Zik’s point of view, the encounter with the Five Seniors was the first step toward his goal. It was a situation where he had to overcome his laziness, even if it meant stabbing his thigh with an awl.

‘He will come sooner than I thought.’

In the past, the grandmaster had tried to win over Grid, who was on Juander’s side, as an ally rather than be hostile to him. It seemed that he needed Grid’s power rather than wanting to crush Grid. Then it would be easier. An opportunity to persuade him would come. He had to tell the grandmaster that the moment he joined forces with the Five Seniors, the chance to get rid of the stigma of evil on the seven malignant saints would be gone forever.

“Your Majesty, are you ready?”

“Yes.”

Grid was determined as he was guided by a court lady to the banquet hall.

“The Overgeared Queen?”

Zibal watched the Neo Red Knights kneeling in front of the grandmaster to report and doubted his ears. It was said that a woman who identified herself as Irene, the Overgeared Queen, cut Susan’s throat with overwhelming force.

‘Doesn’t Irene have no fighting power?’

Irene was a huge celebrity among players. She was the first female NPC to be married to a player. This was enough to become a hot topic. She was also very beautiful, so she was spotlighted many times. Moreover, according to public facts, her hobbies revolved around flowers. She might be Duke Steim's daughter, but she was said to be a stranger to swords and magic.

'Was the pure appearance of the past just an act?'

No, it was hard to say that it was an act. If she was a powerful person, she would've acted various times, including defending Khan from death. However, she never did anything. Rather, it was right to say that she was weak because she had been kidnapped by the Yatan Church.

'...So she suddenly became stronger?'

To be fair, the Overgeared Kingdom had a good environment in many ways to become strong. There were the Sage Sticks, Mercedes, and Piaro. Named NPCs who were hard to find throughout the continent filled the Overgeared Kingdom. If taught by them, it was possible to become stronger. It would be great when Grid's items were added.

'Even Irene's own pedigree isn't bad.'

Duke Steim had been one of the pillars of the Eternal Kingdom. Putting together various circumstances, there was nothing strange about Irene gaining strength. Even so...

'I can't understand how she became strong enough to overwhelm Susan.'

The runes—Zibal had been unable to master the skill because of level constraints, but Susan had been able to use them skillfully. Susan was confident enough to compare herself to Mercedes. Objectively, she seemed to have grown to the level of the Seven Dukes. Yet she was killed?

Zibal was filled with doubts. Then the grandmaster asked him, "Is the result difficult to understand?"

"Yes, there is something strange. It is unrealistic that the Overgeared Queen, Irene, can become so strong in a short amount of time, even if all the resources of the Overgeared Kingdom were invested to strengthen her."

"Then she isn't the Overgeared Queen."

In fact, there was no need for the grandmaster to ask any questions. He had dug into all the important figures on the West Continent and knew Irene perhaps better than Zibal. He was suspicious from the beginning. He knew the Overgeared Queen couldn't be stronger than Susan.

"Then who is it? The blasphemer over there."

The grandmaster had decided to be evil. He was determined to lose the ego he had been preserving for thousands of years. However, the moment he made a decision, he was disturbed and things went wrong. It was unpleasant. The grandmaster made a rare frown and stared at the palace in the distance.

Meanwhile, Grid, at the royal palace...

'...I'm going to have an upset stomach.'

He was experiencing the life of a beauty. The nobles of Xing were very polite and afraid of the Overgeared Queen's powerful skills, but they still glanced at the queen's appearance. Of course, no one dared to show their heart. Most of them were instinctively or purely attracted to the woman called Irene and were trying not to show it. The problem was that Grid could see everything.

'It would've been a big incident if I wore a cheongsam.'

Grid's mood became subtle and complicated. He was anxious when he discovered that his wife always received this type of attention. Perhaps, even at this very moment, she would be tempted by someone. He could only feel reassured if he summoned her and kept her by his side.

'...No, that is complete delusional jealousy.'

Grid shook his head, became determined, and spoke to Piaro, who was next to him, "Piaro, I will be a man so wonderful that Irene will never be tempted to stray from me. By all means."

"Your Majesty..." Piaro's eyes became wet. It was because his liege had pledged to be a wonderful man when he was in the form of a woman. "Every time I see Your Majesty, I feel that it isn't easy to live in this world."

"...?" Piaro's reaction made Grid uncomfortable. He frowned and changed the topic, bringing the matter to the Xing King. "I heard that golden walnuts were grown here in Yangzhou. If it is fine with Your Majesty, can you guide me to the planting area?"

"Of course." The Xing King nodded cheerfully.

Then Grid's expression stiffened at the subsequent words.

"However, the word 'grown' isn't appropriate. Golden walnuts are a plant that grows naturally and can't be grown artificially."

'What? This is shit.'

Grid was upset.

"Hoh?"

Meanwhile, Piaro's eyes twinkled. A sense of challenge seemed to be burning in him.

[Chapter 1289](#)

"It is interesting that this plant can't be grown when all plants can be grown if provided soil, water, and a place exposed to sunlight."

Their leaders were having a conversation. Then the Overgeared Queen's bodyguard suddenly intervened and the expressions of the nobles became terrible. Some people mistakenly thought this was how the Overgeared Kingdom would treat the Xing Kingdom in the future and sighed.

Grid read their expressions and, in order to eliminate the misunderstandings, introduced Piaro, "This is Duke Piaro of the Overgeared Kingdom. He serves as the great general and a farmer. He is the most trusted and dependable friend of the Overgeared King."

“.....!”

Piario's heart grew in his chest. The most trusted and dependable friend...

He was happy and thrilled to know that Grid thought this way about him.

Buzz buzz.

Piario gritted his teeth and opened his eyes to hold back his tears, while the nobles stared at him. They saw Piario's somewhat scary expression and thought he was confident because he was the great general.

The Xing King had already been introduced to Piario and, in order to calm down the turbulent atmosphere, spoke, “After one toast, I was going to introduce Queen Irene. Then after two toasts, I was going to formally introduce Sir Piario. However, my ministers lacked patience so it was advanced.”

“I'm sorry, Your Majesty!”

“Please understand!”

The nobles bowed and apologized to the Xing King, who had rebuked their attitude. No pretenses were felt. Everyone looked pained like they were shameful sinners. They seemed sincerely loyal to the Xing King. It was a testament to the Xing King's power.

“It is my fault. I deserve punishment since it is reprehensible for a servant to intervene in Your Majesties' conversation without permission.”

Piario was also courteous to the Xing King. The other side was the ruler of a kingdom Grid personally made a blood alliance with. It was natural to be respectful. The Xing King smiled and introduced Piario to the nobles of Xing, “As the queen said, Sir Piario is the noble who holds the greatest military power in the Overgeared Kingdom. Ministers, you can't ignore Sir Piario.”

“I will keep that in mind, Your Majesty.”

The Xing King introduced Piario warmly and the nobles answered vigorously. All of them were turning away from reality. They obviously heard the words of the Overgeared Queen, who introduced Piario as the great general and a farmer, but they tried to regard it as a mistake.

Grid confirmed Piario's somewhat sad expression and clicked his tongue. ‘Should I have introduced him as the Minister of Agriculture instead of a farmer? Then people wouldn't have doubted their ears.’

Piario's identity was a farmer and he was more pleased to be called a farmer than a duke or a general. Grid seriously thought that he would need to create the position of Minister of Agriculture for Piario's foreign activities. Suddenly, Administrator Rabbit's face popped up in his mind. ‘I think he will object to Piario being given a salary increase...’

Well, it was something that needs to be agreed upon later. Grid shook off thoughts and requested of the Xing King, “I would like to visit the walnut forest as soon as the banquet is over.”

“It will be sunset soon. Don't you want to rest for the day?”

Of course he wanted to rest. His physical condition wasn't good because he was overworked by Piaro during the trip and then fought the moment they arrived here. However, he didn't want to waste time when considering the grandmaster's future visit.

"It is a tenet of the Overgeared royal family to not put off today's work to tomorrow."

"Indeed... how wonderful. I understand. I will guide you."

The appearance of the walnut forest was different than imagined. He was looking forward to a forest dyed with gold where golden walnuts were hanging from the trees. However, the green forest was like a normal forest.

'I thought there would only be golden walnuts, but this isn't the case.'

Grid approached a golden walnut tree that was approximately five meters tall and frowned when he checked the fruits on the branches. All the visible flesh were surrounded by green flesh, not gold. Like a damned probability game, the golden walnuts seemed to only have a probability of forming. It was also a terrible probability.

The caretaker used a rod with a large ring at one end to shake one of the branches and it dropped several fruits to the floor. The Xing King picked up one of them and removed the flesh. Then a walnut seed surrounded by a hard shell emerged. It looked just like an ordinary walnut.

"Is it hard to see the golden fruit?"

"All the fruits are green. Once the flesh is peeled off, the color of the seed coating will be brown or gold, and this determines the value. A golden walnut appears one in every 300 fruits."

'It is the worst.'

Apart from being a probability item, he couldn't distinguish between a golden walnut and ordinary walnut just based on appearance...

Even if growing the golden walnut tree was successful, it seemed it would take a lot of manpower to collect the golden walnuts. This meant he would have to spend more money than expected. There was nothing that was ever free.

Unlike Grid's unpleasant expression, Piaro laughed happily. "The farmers will have more jobs."

"Ah..."

Grid's thinking was too narrow-minded. The economy survived by providing jobs for people, yet he was disappointed that money would be consumed immediately.

'Lael was always responsible for this, so there are still many deficiencies.'

Grid gained new knowledge while Piaro observed the forest closely. "The gap between trees is very wide."

Certainly. The walnut trees had a distance of at least 10 meters between them. It was strangely wide spacing considering the trees were around four or five meters in height. Piaro nodded in a convinced manner as he found occasional traces of dead trees.

“It can’t stand the fall in temperature caused by the shade blocking the tree. They are trees that are very sensitive to the cold.”

“If it withers because of the shade, then what temperature should be maintained?”

Xing was a warm kingdom that had perennial spring-like weather all year round. Yet the tree would freeze and die when in the shade...

“I think you can use the temperature at dawn as a benchmark,” Piaro replied to the astonished Grid and continued to look at the ground. It was a ground with lots of gravel.

“Hmm...”

Piara took out his shovel and started digging, causing exclamations to burst from everywhere. It was because his speed at digging the ground was like an expert, not a great general. It seemed like Piara’s digging speed was faster than that of 10 men.

The Xing King admired it. “You are as skilled and familiar as the people who shoveled yesterday. Sir Piara must be a great commander who builds trenches on the battlefield and serves as an example to the soldiers.”

“No, I just dig out root vegetables every day... Huh?”

“.....?”

It was before the Xing King and nobles could understand Piara’s words. Piara made a puzzled cry and everyone looked down at the hole. Dozens of roots intertwined in a dizzying manner came into view.

Grid cocked his head.

“The roots grew too long so they are tangled together? Is there one of the reasons why the distance between trees is so wide?”

“No.”

“That’s not it.”

The Xing King and Piara shook their heads. They looked around at the 10 nearby trees and spoke at the same time.

“These roots aren’t tangled.”

“It is connected as one.”

“.....?”

“You can think of these 10 trees as one tree. In order to replant the golden walnut tree, we need 10 seedlings to connect the roots together.”

“Hmm...”

Grid didn't know much about plants. He just heard Piaro's explanation and wanted to do it. The Xing King saw that Grid didn't seem to understand the seriousness of the situation and explained it to him, “This is why it is hard to artificially spread the golden walnut forest. Making the seedlings itself is impossible.”

“Why is it impossible?”

“As you can see, the forest is already full. All the trees fill the forest at a distance of 10 meters. In order to grow seedlings, the empty gap must be used. However, before the seedlings can grow and connect their roots together, they wither in the shade and become nutrients for the land. The seedlings take a month to grow. It will take another three months for their roots to join together so the seedlings have to endure 120 days of being in the shade. The reality is that they can't last two months.”

“.....”

The atmosphere became dark. The golden walnuts were a huge source of revenue so Xing had made a great effort to grow the golden walnuts. However, growing the golden walnuts was virtually impossible. The king became depressed when he recalled it.

On the other hand, Grid and Piaro weren't affected.

“The key is to create the same environment as this in the Overgeared Kingdom.”

“That's right. That part isn't simple so I will have to work on it for a few more days.”

“.....?”

Grid and Piaro's conversation bewildered the Xing King and the nobles. They didn't understand even though he explained for so long that it was impossible to make the seedlings? It happened when the Xing King was trying to carefully explain it again...

“Matchless Heart Farming 4th Style, Plowing the Field.” Piaro pulled out his hand plow with a reverent expression and quickly overturned the nearby land. Then he continued. “Matchless Heart Farming 1st Style, Sowing.”

He planted 10 walnuts in the ground and buried them.

“Free Farming 2nd Style, Rapid Growth.”

It was a miracle. 10 golden walnut trees were grown in a land that had been empty just a few seconds ago.

“.....?!”

“.....!!”

The expressions of the Xing King and the nobles hardened.

“The gap at which I planted them was too short. The roots became tangled before they connected to each other. This is why they can’t absorb nutrients properly. I need to keep the seedlings at least five meters apart when planting them.”

Piario dug at the ground and confirmed the roots of the seedlings. He reported it to Grid and wrote it down in his notebook. It was a very cool attitude for the person who created an incredible miracle. The stunned Xing King barely managed to regain his senses and he asked, “Sir Piario? What did I just see?”

“You saw the planting of trees.”

“No, what... how could the trees grow in an instant? Is this the magic of the West Continent?”

“It isn’t magic, it is agriculture.”

“.....”

The Xing King was the leader of millions of people. It was easy to determine if the person in front of him was joking or telling the truth. The king saw Piario’s serious expression and recalled the words of the Overgeared Queen that he had been trying to avoid.

‘Sir Piario who serves as the great general and farmer.’

‘He serves as a great general and farmer...’

‘A farmer...’

“...Don’t tell me?”

Piario formally introduced himself to the surprised Xing King, “That’s right, I am a farmer.”

“.....!!”

“.....!!”

It was the moment when the legendary farmer crossed the West Continent and took root in the East Continent.

[Chapter 1290](#)

“Don’t you think you should sleep? Is it really okay if you don’t take a break?”

“The sun and the rain are my blanket. I feel like I’m lying down even if I don’t lie down. The smell of the grass and soil calms my mind and the fatigue of my body will naturally be eliminated. Working here is a break for me.”

‘The legendary farmer smells the soil...’

Would there be a day when the smell of iron became aromatic to him? Then his labor efficiency would be slightly higher...

Grid could become the supreme one because he naturally had these thoughts. Being the best in the game was evidence that he was more diligent than others. During the time when others were resting, he stood alone and did even more to step on the threshold of the supreme one. In that sense, Grid

deserved to be the supreme one. Even now, he was eager to work more and more despite being exhausted.

“I understand. I’m going to rest. The sun will set soon so take care of it.”

“Yes, Your Majesty. I will surely bring you good news.”

The golden walnut was a potential permanent stat increaser with the second-best effect after the elixir. The cultivation of the golden walnuts was Grid’s dream and Piaro wanted to fulfill Grid’s dream.

“I know I am pretty to the little ones...”

The Xing King had three sons. They were 6, 7, and 10 years old. All of them saw Grid and fell in love at first sight, clamoring to marry him.

Grid shrugged and returned to his room. Then he stood in front of the mirror. He could see Irene who was smiling slightly. Due to the faint wrinkles around her eyes and her deep gaze, she no longer had the impression of a girl. She was modest as the mother of a child and strong as the parent of tens of millions of people. Even so, Grid knew—the beautiful woman whose image was being reflected in the mirror in front of him was still tender and weak.

Grid murmured as he gripped his delicate wrist, “Definitely... by all means...”

He would give her youth and life close to eternity. He would help her avoid the solitude and fear from seeing him never change. Grid pledged without considering Irene’s position at all. He believed that Irene would be delighted.

Grid got goosebumps as he was looking into the mirror. The windows were open. He noticed it only after the curtains were blown by the wind.

‘What?’

It was definitely closed when he first entered the room? Grid looked everywhere in this spacious room.

“.....”

The interior was as quiet as a dead rat. Grid couldn’t feel anything or find anything. Even his transcendent senses were silent.

“Is it night?”

Grid brought out the Enlightenment Sword that was attached to the Pulling Device. Silence occurred as he focused on hearing an intruder who might be hiding somewhere while summoning the Fire Dragon Sword behind his back.

Step, step, step.

The sound of Grid’s footsteps echoed through the serene interior. Just before he reached the window, Grid shouted, “God Hands!” Six black-gold hands shot out of the open window. Among them, one hand

was faster than the others. The timing of using the buff skill attached to the weapon it was holding was also the most advanced.

“.....?”

Grid, who planned to join the God Hands after they grabbed the intruder hanging from the window sill, suddenly stopped. The God Hands were just moving back and forth in the air. They lost their place because they couldn't find the target. It happened as Grid was feeling flustered...

[Danger is coming.]

His transcendent senses sent him a warning.

-Master! Behind you!

One step late, the Fire Dragon Sword cried out. There was a deafening explosion just behind Grid.

“Keuk!”

Grid stepped back in a hurry and tried to figure out what was going on. He barely endured the tinnitus that disturbed his mind as he raised his eyes and witnessed the shocking scene. The Fire Dragon Sword wasn't equipped and didn't receive his stat effect. It was facing a disaster that could never be dealt with alone.

Zikfrector wielded Saharan's Sword and his attack collided with the Fire Dragon Sword.

'Was he in the room?'

Even Faker, who had become Lantier, couldn't open a window and sneak into the room without Grid noticing. It was because moving objects would make a subtle noise and the airflow would change. Thus, there was a limit to moving around. The grandmaster opened the window in the short period of time when Grid was looking at the mirror and hid himself in the room. Grid couldn't see him even when looking carefully, and despite his transcendent senses, Grid couldn't sense him.

'Was it to this extent?'

It wasn't an exaggeration that he was the strongest NPC recognized by Chairman Lim Cheolho. If Dragon Slayer Hayate of the Tower of Wisdom was one of the ultimate transcendents, Grandmaster Zikfrector was approaching another ultimate, a god slayer. The only reason he failed to become a god slayer was due to the sin of 'sloth.'

The sin engraved in him by the gods made Zikfrector fall asleep without being able to engage in a war with the gods. The greatest sin was engraved on him out of the seven malignant saints, showing the gods were the most vigilant against him. If all of the seven malignant saints had gathered and fought against the gods, the gods might've perished...

It happened as Grid's thoughts were deepening...

The Fire Dragon Sword was unable to withstand the weight of the grandmaster's ensuing attack and flew into the wall. Some blood flowed from above Grid's eye due to the Fire Dragon Sword passing by him. A brilliant light shone in the grandmaster's eyes that had been stained with tiredness.

“You didn’t avoid it.”

The grandmaster had calculated the trajectory as he threw back the mysterious sword that moved on its own. It was perfectly induced to cut the left eye of the monster pretending to be the Overgeared Queen. However, the sword’s trajectory was slightly deflected due to slight movements on its own. The monster saw this and didn’t dodge the sword.

“That dynamic vision... it is transcendent.”

The grandmaster’s mind was spinning rapidly. Hands and swords that moved on their own—these were artifacts that reminded him of Overgeared King Grid. The identity of the monster impersonating the Overgeared Queen was probably...

“.....”

“...Cough.”

The tension inside Grid grew.

The grandmaster, or the 6th evil, Zik. It was astonishing that he appeared in front of Grid half a day after the incident when he had the sin of ‘sloth.’ The grandmaster was currently standing silently and it was hard to tell what he was thinking, so Grid became even more uneasy.

In the end, Grid opened his mouth first, “Zikrefrector.”

‘How do you know my name?’

“You can’t meet with the gods who were driven out. They control the human race to their own taste and might be more terrifying than the gods of the west.”

‘How do you know my purpose?’

The grandmaster’s eyes staring at Grid were once again filled with tiredness.

He had come here with the idea that the person who killed Susan couldn’t be the Overgeared Queen. This had already exhausted all his mental strength. He was in the middle of inferring the identity of the monster pretending to be the Overgeared Queen when an extreme laziness dominated him.

The sin of ‘sloth,’ imprinted in his soul, was encroaching on his mind. In the end...

“It’s annoying.”

“...Eh?”

“First of all, I’ll go back first.”

The incident with the grandmaster completely stopped in an abrupt manner. The only thing left in the grandmaster was a homing instinct and the desire for sleep.

“Get out of the way.”

“N-No, hey! Come and see what is going on! If a person says something then you should react...!”

Grid was trying to grab the passing grandmaster when he confirmed what he looked like in the mirror. It was only then that he understood why the grandmaster was hostile to him. He tried to take off the skin mask, but the grandmaster had already flown out the window.

“Ah... Damn.”

It couldn't be helped. He hadn't wanted to do this, yet...

Grid clicked his tongue and sent a whisper to someone.

-What are you doing?

The target of the whisper was clearly online. An answer wasn't received, but Grid wasn't nervous. He was convinced that the other person couldn't ignore his whisper. It was as he expected.

-What? It was strange that the Overgeared Queen appeared. Sure enough, you came together to the East Continent.

A reluctant answer soon came back. The identity of the other person was Zibal. He was one of Grid's biggest competitors in the past and today.

-Tell this to the grandmaster. If he is still thinking about humanity, he shouldn't trust the expelled gods. They are worse than the gods of the west.

-...Come to think of it, there was something in your epics criticizing the gods of the east.

-.....

Grid's face was hot the moment the epics were mentioned. Honestly, Grid didn't feel very good because the epics broadcasted his situation, feelings, and comments live to players around the world. Every time he thought of the epics in the news, he would wake up from his sleep kicking his quilt. He was ashamed and wanted to sue the S.A Group for violating his privacy.

Zibal responded to the silent Grid.

-I will dismiss your request. I can't just judge the target by listening to your one-sided arguments. In the first place, I'm not in a position to advise the grandmaster.

-Just pass on my words. The grandmaster will think about it again if it is from me.

-What?

Zibal scoffed. The grandmaster was one of the most important NPCs in Satisfy's worldview. Most of the two billion players would never face him in their lifetime. Now Grid was saying that such a big guy would listen to him?

‘Of course, the relationship between the grandmaster and Grid isn't shallow...’

However, this was too much. It was pure arrogance. In the end, Zibal could only laugh and accept it.

-Well, okay.

'I need to repay you for what you did for the Haken Kingdom.' Zibal swallowed back these words and asked Grid who was thanking him.

-You made a blood alliance with Xing. Will you fight for the Xing King if the grandmaster goes to him.

-Of course.

-Is that so... if you are truly determined, then you should evacuate the queen in advance. I might not be able to lose.

-Hahat. Thank you for the advice.

-You are really crazy. Don't you know that you're not in a position to laugh.

-No, I really want to thank you.

-Tsk.

The conversation between the two people soon ended.

The next day, the sun had risen to the middle of the sky when Zibal visited the grandmaster, who just woke up. Zibal spoke carefully, "The Overgeared King says that you shouldn't trust the gods who have been expelled."

"....."

As expected, there was no answer. The grandmaster was awake less than two hours a day and had the ability to ignore useless words.

'I have done my duty.'

Zibal felt relieved of the burden of doing Grid a favor and was about to step back. Then he heard a voice. "I understand."

".....??"

Zibal was dumbfounded when the grandmaster nodded at the words.