

Overgeared 1401

Chapter 1401

Blood magic wasn't considered as academic learning. It was because it wasn't a field that could be developed with concepts such as studying and effort.

Blood magic was a power that originated purely from the bloodline and was rooted in Beriache's power. Beings who had inherited even a speck of Beriache's blood and magic power—in other words, any vampire—could use blood magic, but non-vampires couldn't use blood magic.

Grid might have the title of Blood King, but even he could only learn blood magic by absorbing the blood magic of the 'direct descendants who swore allegiance to himself' (even this was limited to blood magic based on his own personality). This meant it was absolutely impossible for a human being, who couldn't use blood magic properly, to negate the blood magic of Marie Rose, the peak vampire. Yet it just happened. It was done by Grid.

Marie Rose's round eyes blinked as she stared at Grid. Then she soon arranged her expression and asked, "Do you remember the first day we met?"

There was a mixture of curiosity and liking in her deep gaze.

Mercedes was quick to notice as the owner of Keen Insight. She didn't like this face, so her eyes became cold. However, Grid, the person who received the attention, had no idea.

"Yes, I remember."

Now he was—

"...I almost got eaten by you."

He was just trembling because he was incredibly scared. The first time he met Marie Rose. Every time he thought of her 'smiling' and sucking the blood of the scammer healer whose name he couldn't remember any longer, Dongpayuk or Kkanpungi or something, his head turned blank from fear.

"....."

"....."

Marie Rose and Mercedes' eyes became dull. They were silent for a moment before soon opening their mouths at the same time.

"I almost ate you. That is the only memory of the day for you."

"You...! You were aiming for His Majesty's chastity from the beginning!"

"Hmm~ You're fairly impudent here."

"W-What did you say?!"

For the moment, it seemed necessary to stabilize the situation. Grid knew that it was better to stay silent when he couldn't grasp the situation. This was a fact known through learning. Fortunately, Marie

Rose had no hostility toward Mercedes. It was natural. She looked at Mercedes, the human being who dared raise her voice to her, like Mercedes was cute.

Grid observed the two people before slowly realizing the reason. 'It is because of Keen Insight.'

A power that even the gods were vigilant toward. The power that played a fatal role against great demons was coveted by Marie Rose.

'That's right. The reason why Marie Rose is obsessed with me also includes Mercedes' existence.'

She thought that if she got him, she could get Mercedes' power as well.

'It is one plus one..'

He felt like a convenience store product, but it didn't matter. If he could establish a friendly relationship with Marie Rose, one of the world's strongest beings, it didn't matter if he received the one plus two treatment, let alone one plus one. The atmosphere calmed down while Grid was thinking. Mercedes regained her sense of reason and Marie Rose stopped making fun of such a Mercedes. The conversation continued again.

"Grid."

"Yes."

"I can't forget the first time I met you."

"....."

Was she surprised to see him immune to the abnormal conditions she caused?

Marie Rose smiled and explained to Grid, who was looking back on their first meeting, "Until you showed up, I was treated as a monster who made people scared with just my presence. Meanwhile, you were calm even after you unsealed me. It was as if I didn't commit any sins."

'Ah, I remember.'

The Grid at the time didn't think deeply about Marie Rose. He didn't even care who Marie Rose was. He just tried his best to survive. He would've acted the same even if he knew that Marie Rose was a disaster. At that time, Grid was extremely selfish and wasn't in a position to care about peace or the safety of humanity. It meant he didn't feel guilty or worried about future trouble after releasing the seal of a monster.

"You unsealed me and confidently made eye contact with me. I was happy to see you, who showed no hostility to me. For the first time since I was born, I felt like I was evaluated as an individual named Marie Rose, not a child of Beriache."

"....."

Marie Rose was neither a disaster nor a monster. Marie Rose's evil deeds that were accurately recorded in history were nothing other than harming the second pope, Chreshler, and Rebecca's Daughters. The records of her sucking human blood might just be a natural label because she was a vampire.

'Even Chreshler was killed by Pagma, not Marie Rose.'

Marie Rose likely hadn't harmed humans. Therefore, it could be said that the reason she was treated as a monster was because she was Beriache's daughter.

"First and foremost, I want to thank you for releasing the seal. I had the ability to unseal it, but it was annoying. Thus, I put it off. The coffin that sealed me was unpleasant and I often had nightmares. It was quite terrible."

'Chreshler, that perverted old man.'

Chreshler was a person who wasn't hesitant to become the ego of a coffin because he had the desire to embrace Marie Rose forever. What perverted thoughts would have been conveyed to Marie Rose while she was sleeping? Just imagining it was disgusting.

"Then you became the Blood King, received the qualification to be my spouse, and got the power of Blood Master. Isn't this fate?"

Blood Master—it was a skill attached to Beriache's Underclothing. It showed the function of being completely immune to blood magic. The cooldown time was 5 minutes. If Marie Rose was an enemy, he might not have been able to withstand the constant wave of blood magic. Fortunately, this didn't happen.

Marie Rose asked him, "You must've been to hell since you've gained the power of Blood Master?"

"...You know it well."

"Yes, you might've heard from Braham that I have to carry out my mother's will. The arrangements that my mother left behind in hell are at least in my head."

'Arrangements.'

Leraje, the great demon of struggle—the person Beriache assigned a task to was steadily growing in hell. She would definitely be a strength to Marie Rose, who would one day go to hell.

"I think it is great that you have decided to wear my mother's underclothes."

".....?!"

As a knight, Mercedes didn't show emotions easily, especially toward her master. The reason she looked at Grid with astonishment was because Marie Rose's remarks were so shocking.

The flustered Grid hastily explained, "B-Beriache's underwear is a magical underwear that changes shape to fit the wearer's body!"

"Yes, I believe in... Your Majesty."

"...You believe me, right?"

The atmosphere kept becoming strange. Marie Rose herself was a burdensome opponent, so Grid wanted to leave this position quickly. He didn't want this uncomfortable time to be prolonged. Thus, he

got straight to the point. "What exactly is the Blood King? I've heard that the Blood King is the ruler of all vampires, but looking at your attitude, you don't treat me as a king at all."

"It is a king. That is why you have to be my spouse."

"Why should the Blood King be your spouse?"

"I can only make love with the Blood King. It is only when we make love that I can give birth to a more powerful lineage than my mother's one. Those children will grow up to become an army to punish hell."

"If I refuse... can your revenge be achieved?"

Marie Rose's eyes widened. She looked at Grid with surprise before a faint smile spread on his face.

"You are more worried about my revenge failing than losing your qualifications as a Blood King?"

"If the status of Blood King was ultimately arranged for you and the vampires, I don't deserve to take the responsibility." Grid spoke in order to increase affinity. As expected, the effect appeared immediately.

[Affinity with Vampire Duke Marie Rose has increased by 5.]

"Huhut. As expected, you are cute. Then why refuse to make love with me? I'm confident that my appearance and personality aren't bad. Is there any reason why you want to refuse?"

It definitely wasn't that bad. In particular, the appearance was so beautiful that there was no other match in the world. Even so, Grid's mind wasn't shaken. "I already have people I love."

"It is plural. So does it matter if you increase it by one more?"

"I am someone who can't even bear the love I have right now."

"....."

Grid lowered his eyes. The disgust and hatred in his eyes were directed toward himself.

Marie Rose watched him silently and smiled bitterly. Grid's head was lowered so his expression couldn't be seen. "Well, it's okay to say no. Instead, you need to be prepared to have a tough time. The Blood King's duty is to achieve my mother's revenge with me. Since you aren't willing to have children with me and present them as agents, you will have to fight yourself."

Therefore, the moment he refused his duty, he would be disqualified from being the Blood King.

"I understand." Grid suddenly raised his head and stared at Marie Rose. "I'll fight with you. I want to help you."

"Really... you are a good person."

[Affinity with Vampire Duke Marie Rose has increased by 5.]

"Okay. It is a pity, but I will respect your will. Instead, you must keep your oath. If you look away from me when I need you, I have no choice but to forcibly conceive a child with you."

[Affinity with Marie Rose has exceeded 10 and the quest Secret Story of the Birth of the Blood King has been completed.]

[New information has been gained as a reward for clearing the quest.]

[The Secret Story of the Birth of the Blood King]

[Having roamed through the human world alone and realizing the pain of solitude, Beriache set up a special measure for Marie Rose. The ruler of all the direct descendants, the Blood King, can produce a new lineage with Marie Rose. Marie Rose must partner with the Blood King to breed a new lineage. Unlike Beriache, she can't live alone. She won't be lonely.]

[The hidden feature of the Blood King has been revealed by reading new information.]

[Blood King]

[Type: Passive]

★ Marriage with Marie Rose is possible.

* You can have a child after marriage.

★ Every time affinity with Marie Rose increases, the Curse of Sloth that restrains Marie Rose will weaken.

* Every time the Curse of Sloth is weakened, all of Marie Rose's stats will increase by 10%. This can go up to 150%.

★ Blood magic will bloom when conditions are met.

The blood magic will be according to your personality.

★ Can free direct descendant vampires if the conditions are met.

* Liberated vampires are free from the Curse of Sloth.]

"....."

Currently, there were five blood magic that Grid could use. There was Extreme Blood Transfusion obtained from liberating Elfin Stone and Blood Flow Revival from liberating Tiramet. After freeing Cray and Yetima, he gained Blood Flow Wave and the attack skill Blood Sword Shatter. There was also the wide area buff Blood Reversal from Noll.

Braham lost his vampire power and Marie Rose wasn't influenced by Blood King. Thus, it was expected that he would gain a total of three more blood magic in the future. It might be different now. It was clearly stated that the Blood King could relieve the Curse of Sloth on Marie Rose. It was good to expect that the moment her Curse of Sloth was released, additional blood magic related to her would be obtained.

'Still, it is a bit disappointing.'

The true value of the Blood King lay in the fact that a new lineage could be produced by marrying Marie Rose. The value of Blood King wasn't fully exerted unless he married Marie Rose. It happened the moment when Grid was smacking his lips together in regret...

[Overgeared God Grid has refused to marry Vampire Duke Marie Rose.]

[Marie Rose was unable to produce a direct line of lineage and took out the next best strategy. In order to increase the population of vampires, the Blood Wells hidden throughout the continent have been opened.]

[Existing players can use the 'blood wells' to change species to vampire. New players will be able to choose vampire as their species when creating a character.]

[All vampires are under the control of the Blood King.]

These world messages appeared. After the orcs, the second new species was opened. The players who were excited to see the new update cursed Grid first before cheering. Public opinion toward Grid had been the best in recent years, but today was the exception.

-Isn't Grid crazy?

-Wow, that bastard kicked away Marie Rose.

-What is so great about him?!XX!

-Aish!Grid that XX! If I was him, I would do this and that with Marie Rose!Ah!Damn!Dammit!

-I'm just envious.

-I'm also envious...

Everyone knew that Marie Rose was the best beauty in the world. Any player would've searched online for Marie Rose at least once and fell in love at first sight. Even those who didn't play Satisfy knew Marie Rose's face. The men could never understand why Grid refused a marriage with her. They just shed bloody tears of envy.

Meanwhile, Katz was facing a big change.

[Beriache's magic power that is latent in the Blood Warrior is blooming.]

[Your species is forcibly changed from a human to a vampire. Some skills and stats will fluctuate.]

[The epic class 'Blood Warrior' has changed to the ancient class 'Beriache's Warrior.']

[Beriache's Warrior]

[A warrior who originally served the 3rd Great Demon, Beriache, in hell.]

"...The magic machines."

An ancient rating. It was a class equivalent to the relic, the magic machine.

Katz faced an upheaval overnight and found it so absurd that he gave up thinking.

Chapter 1402

[The new species, the vampire, is unlocked and a new system is added to the Blood King.]

[★ The Blood King can grant a quest 'Blood King's Order' to all vampire players once a week.

* The quest content and difficulty are random. The maximum difficulty rating is A.

* Players who clear the quest will get certain rewards. The Blood King will get a point in the stat 'command' every time the quest clearance reaches a certain number. The higher the command stat, the higher the blood assimilation rate and the faster the casting speed, deployment speed, and the formation speed of blood magic. The duration of the blood formed will also increase.

* Players who failed to accept the quest for four consecutive weeks will be penalized and their relationship with the Blood King will change from friendly to hostile. Players who are hostile to the Blood King are considered traitors to the clan.

* Players who perform well in quests have a very rare probability of upgrading from 'normal' to 'elite' at a certain cycle. Elite ranked vampires have an even smaller chance of being promoted to 'true blood' every fewer cycles.]

"Hmm..."

It was a sudden situation where vampires were turned into a selectable species. Grid's eyes that were flustered from causing this situation gradually calmed. The true value of Blood King was finally revealed and he was quite satisfied. Was this the reason why Marie Rose didn't want power? She didn't have absolute command power, but she could exert influence anyway.

As long as the Blood King's Order system existed, the vampire wouldn't be able to ignore the Blood King. They were likely to mistake themselves as dancing on the palm of the Blood King. The Blood King's Orders were made by the Blood King himself, so there was a high possibility they would misunderstand.

Just like the orcs were in Grid's grasp because Teruchan was loyal to Grid, the vampires were in Grid's hands.

'There is even a new stat.'

Command—it was currently at 0 points, but it would rise naturally as time passed.

'It will boast a pretty rapid growth rate.'

Vampires were a rare species with the basic 'life-stealing' characteristic in Satisfy. As they grew, turning to fog and a bat were possible so they weren't bound by the concept of space. They had a very high physical resistance. They could also create familiars. If they became a true blood vampire, they could produce more vampires.

They would even become more beautiful. It wasn't to the extent of elves, but there was a decadent charm. Therefore, the fanaticism level was very high. Despite the weakness to the sun, Grid estimated that the number of players changing to a vampire would be much higher than the orcs. Imagine hundreds or tens of millions of vampire players completing the Blood King's Order every week. The growth of the command stat would be enormous.

'By the way, this...'

Wouldn't the number of humans become too small if it proceeded this way? One day, elves and dwarves would also be released. He worried about it for a moment.

'Well, it doesn't matter.' He came to the conclusion that it wasn't a problem to care about. It was a situation where the vampires and orcs, which were originally enemies of humanity, became players and able to coexist with humans. It was right to say that the forces of humanity were growing larger.

"I opened the blood wells, but it is only the next best thing." Marie Rose opened her mouth as Grid was adapting to the new changes. "They won't be much help in the war with the great demons unless they are a direct descendant rank vampire at the minimum. It is virtually meaningless to increase the population with blood wells. Grid, remember that if you break your promise and don't help me, I have no choice but to force you."

It was an obvious warning. It was rather close to a threat. Nevertheless, Grid didn't shrink back.

"That won't happen." He was determined to fulfill his promise. "It is because I will definitely fight for you."

Good. It was a perfect line. Grid was convinced that his remark would increase his affinity with Marie Rose. He wasn't feeling expectant, he was confident. It was confidence given by the experience that captured even the heart of God Hexetia. However, the actual result was different from what Grid expected.

"....."

Marie Rose's eyes formed an obviously displeased diagonal line. Her sharp expression was reminiscent of an uncomfortable cat.

".....?"

[Affinity with Marie Rose has lowered by 1.]

".....?!"

What? He said he was going to help her. Why did affinity go down instead of up?

'Did I say something wrong?'

Grid's face turned white as he reflected on what he just said. Meanwhile, Marie Rose kept staring at Grid with a sharp expression. Meanwhile, Mercedes looked between the two of them and seemed to be in a good mood for some reason.

"These paintings were done by Beriache."

Grid's relationship with Marie Rose was definitely sorted out. They were partners who would defeat hell together one day. It was unlikely they would become enemies before Marie Rose's revenge was over.

Braham's pride might be hurt and it would be painful enough to want to die, but Marie Rose didn't seem very aware of Braham. Would she kill him if she accidentally encountered him on the road? This was

something he was concerned about, but at the very least, she didn't intend to visit Braham and harm him. His existence was that trivial to her. He might be the legendary great magician, but to her...

Of course, that was just a story of the moment.

"Um... I see."

Marie Rose described the paintings in the corridor as the 'powerless revenge of a helpless mother.' It depicted the world that had been destroyed and recreated many times, while also showing Rebecca as a dark evil, and Yatan as a pushover who couldn't rebel against Rebecca. She had no intention of revealing it to the world. She didn't want to announce the powerlessness of her mother, who could only express her hatred for both gods through paintings.

'There won't be any effect if I reveal it,' Grid thought.

It was the work of a great demon. It was impossible for humans to believe in the content of a great demon's work. Even if this work was released to the world, it was unlikely that people's faith in Rebecca would be shaken. Rather, they would say it was a trick of the great demon. In this case, a voice would emerge saying that humanity should unite with one heart to pray to Goddess Rebecca.

'Did she say the green one is Amoract?'

As they walked through the corridor and viewed Beriache's works in reverse order, Grid paused in front of the second painting. The red Beriache seemed to follow Yatan like he was her father, while the giant Baal seemed to be distancing himself from Yatan. Compared to them, the green Amoract respectfully supported Yatan.

'Amoract is the one who created the Yatan Church.'

Amoract—Marie Rose said this was the 2nd great demon.

'It is a completely different style of chaos from Baal.'

From what he had seen and experienced, Baal had no sense of purpose. There were so many variables that it was difficult to cope. He had to be good at adapting to the situation in order to fight against Baal.

On the other hand, Amoract was likely to have a clear purpose. For example, Amoract would've thoroughly prepared an insidious scheme to achieve a purpose such as bringing Yatan down to the human world. To fight Amoract, a systematic plan and high level strategy was required.

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

Mercedes stopped walking and declared with a determined face, "I will support you no matter what ordeal stands in your way."

"It is reassuring." A smile spread on Grid's face. It felt like the fog in front of him had cleared.

Mercedes had given him an answer. No matter the enemy or the personality they had, he could break through them with force.

'I have no choice but to get stronger.'

Grid left Marie Rose's castle and used blood magic as a test. Red drops of blood created by magic power gathered at Grid's fingertips and formed the shape of a sword. It was Blood Sword Shatter that exploded this sword within three seconds and inflicted wide area damage.

'The higher my command stat, the faster I can make the sword and the longer I can keep it?'

Grid swung his arms. Then the blood sword floating quietly in front of him shot forward like an arrow and exploded.

"Hopefully, it can become a weapon..."

Out of the five blood magic he learned recently, none of the attack based blood magic could be used in actual combat. The power was reduced compared to the other attack skills he already acquired. However, the story changed once the power of the command stat rose. He would have more cards in his grasp.

Grid was feeling expectant only to suddenly be engulfed in an empty feeling.

'Pagma's Successor is weak.'

If discussing the overall value of the class, then Pagma's Successor was naturally the best. Not only could it produce the strongest battle gear by itself, but it could also handle all types of items without restrictions and increase their performance. This could be called a fraudulent level.

It was just that the higher the enemy's level, the more obvious the limitations. Suppose that Grid didn't gain the power of God's Command, the evil eye, and the Undefeated King. He didn't meet Braham and the tower members, and didn't become the Hero King and Blood King.

How far could he reach with just Pagma's Sword Dance? Far from becoming a god, he wouldn't have even become the Magic Swordsman of the Epics. Objectively, Pagma's Successor was clearly inferior in combat power compared to other legendary classes.

'Unexpectedly, I think it is amazing...'

He had grown to this point. How long had it been since he felt proud of himself?

"Now let's go home."

Her brief cheering encouraged him. Grid held Mercedes in his arms in the hope of conveying this gratitude and used a return scroll.

Youngwoo got up from the capsule and approached the window. It was as expected. The front of his house was crowded for the first time in ages. Reporters from various countries formed a huge crowd.

"It will be noisy again."

The vampire race was unlocked because of him who was the Blood King. The system described that the vampires would be under the control of the Blood King. It was obviously what the reporters would be concerned about and what they would ask questions about.

'They are probably thinking that I'm taking it all myself.'

They wouldn't be able to express their dissatisfaction openly but people would be upset. Still, it had already happened and he had to express his position at some point. They were a group that would chase after him like stalkers until he met them.

"Huh?"

Youngwoo wore a rough jersey and put on slippers to open the door, only to be shocked. Sehee stood at the door. "Gasp...Gasp... I knew it would be like this."

Based on the way she gasped for breath, she seemed to have come over in a hurry.

"What is it? What happened?"

"The problem is Oppa's behavior! You can't go out in sportswear!"

"They are in front of the house so it is comfortable..."

"There are reporters from all over the world in front of your house! There must be tens of millions of people watching Oppa in real time. You have to maintain your image at least!"

"Y-Yes..."

After that, it took an hour. Sehee pushed him to take a shower, forced him to change clothes dozens of times, did his hair, and even applied sunscreen.

"...It is tiring."

Dealing with the reporters consumed a lot of physical strength and it was accompanied by mental stress. He wanted to come out with a fighting mindset, but he was already exhausted before the fight. However, Youngwoo's body was trained by exercise and his posture wasn't disturbed.

Reporters attacked him as he walked out with his broad shoulders raised.

"Why? Why did you refuse to marry Marie Rose?"

".....?"

This was what they were curious about? Grid was stunned by the question that was different from what was expected, only to receive the next question.

"Do you know the identity of the Blood King?!"

"Ah..."

Come to think of it, there wasn't a world message when he became the Blood King?

'Only some people know.'

Youngwoo felt at ease at the thought that there would be less trouble.

Chapter 1403

『 The new vampire species was unlocked and people's interest is increasing dramatically. It is estimated that the number of players who changed their species to a vampire exceeded 1 million in just one day... 』

『 It is quite different from the orcs. When the orcs were unlocked, weren't people very cautious about changing races? There are only two species changes per account. Each race has its own pros and cons, so it takes a long time to weigh the gains and losses. However, the moment the ban on vampires was lifted, it was chosen by countless people. It has become commonplace to meet vampires in villages and hunting grounds in just a day. What is the reason? 』

『 The unique characteristics of the vampire race has captured the hearts of users. Satisfy has less means of health recovery than other games so life-stealing is a great means of survival. I think those who have witnessed rankers with vampiric abilities such as Grid and Katz, who are active in raids and large-scale battles, are bound to be fascinated by the vampires. 』

『 Isn't this too dangerous? Once exposed to sunlight, your stats will drop by 30% and some skills are disabled... A vampire's weaknesses are deadly, but there is also the unidentified presence called the Blood King behind the scenes. People who have become vampires without recognizing this can be said to have no sense of crisis... 』

Blood King—the mysterious existence that ruled the vampires. The system didn't force loyalty to the Blood King, but it did state it was a duty. It was almost certain there would be a penalty for refusing the order. If the Blood King gave the wrong order, then embarrassing situations would be produced.

『 In the first place, vampires are demonkin, demonkin. They are bad guys who use human blood as food. If you become a vampire, you might be ordered by the Blood King to hunt humans. 』

『 A war between races will break out! 』

Experts were concerned and people sympathized.

The vampire players gulped as they imagined being played by someone they didn't know and having to hurt their existing colleagues and friends. However, vampires were an attractive species even considering all the dangers.

Putting aside the high potential of vampires and blood magic, the basic stats themselves were very good. Rather than specializing in strength and stamina while having low intelligence like the orcs, all their stats were high with good balance. Obviously, they had a high level compatibility with humans.

Instead, there was a deadly weakness of being weak in sunlight. Still, it was enough if they were in a dungeon or indoors during the day. Above all, the outward appearance was very nice. If they changed their species to a vampire, their appearance was modified to become several times more beautiful than when they were human.

Experts warned them to be careful since they could only change species twice in a lifetime, but people chose to become vampires because it was a chance that could only be done twice. There were even cases where people who already changed to an orc chose to become a vampire. It was extremely normal for people to want to become stronger and more beautiful.

They might be a puppet of the Blood King if they weren't careful? What did it matter if they became a soldier of the Blood King to fight against humans? In any case, they weren't human from the time they changed species...

Players who became vampires dismissed the concerns of the experts, arguing that 'those who can't accept change will just be left out.' Meanwhile, experts criticized their behavior as 'a tragedy caused by safety insecurity and convenience.'

In the midst of their worries—

[The Blood King's Order has arrived.]

It was finally here. Who was the Blood King and what purpose did he have? Why should a vampire obey the Blood King? As they felt doubts and tension, the vampire players opened the information of the Blood King's Order. They believed that the contents of the Blood King quest would provide clues to the identity of the Blood King.

[Blood King's Order]

[Difficulty: B

The monster 'giant worm' in the Reidan Desert often invades the vampire cities while moving underground. Hunt the giant worms to help keep the city safe.

Quest Clear Conditions: Kill 50 giant worms within a week (0/50)

Quest Clear Rewards: 0.4% experience, blood magic proficiency will increase, 10 blood potatoes.]

[Blood King's Order]

[Difficulty: C

It is rumored that there are monsters that hunt travelers at the desert oasis. Cleanse the oasis, take responsibility for the safety of the travelers, and contribute to the vitality of the cities.

Quest Clear Conditions: Cleanse three oasis within a week (0/3)

Quest Clear Rewards: 0.3% experience, blood magic proficiency will increase, 10 blood potatoes.]

[Blood King's Order]

[Difficulty: E

It is known that vampires need to consume human or monster blood in order to sustain life, but this is just an old-fashioned prejudice. The blood potatoes grown in the vampire cities are quenching the thirst of the people. Help the city's farmers harvest the blood potatoes.

Quest Clear Conditions: Harvest 100 blood potatoes in one week (0/100)

Quest Clear Rewards: 0.2% experience, blood magic proficiency will increase, 10 blood potatoes.]

"...It is ordinary?"

The content of the Blood King's Orders that arrived in front of the vampire players was very similar. It was fighting for the security of the Reidan Desert where the vampire cities were located or helping with agriculture. It was extremely ordinary. It was embarrassing that they were so nervous.

"Kill the monsters that threaten travelers? At this point, it isn't just normal. It is too kind."

"What is the Blood King? His actions don't match with his name..."

The unexpected development reassured people. There was some frustration because it was so ordinary, but it was much better than killing people or fighting between species. The relieved people soon focused on the rewards for the Blood King's Order. There was a defined experience reward. Depending on the quest difficulty, they could earn at least 0.1% and up to 0.5%.

It was a reward that had no value at all in the low level section where experience increased just by catching a few monsters. However, as the level increased, this reward became more precious than 1,000 gold. For the high ranking, high level players, it was regrettable that the Blood King's Order was a weekly quest instead of a daily quest.

One of them was Katz.

"Is the quest difficulty random?"

He got an F grade difficulty quest. The experience reward for F grade quests was 0.1%. He was very upset, but even this was a good thing. Katz tried hard to comfort himself, but he was still puzzled. His epic class was upgraded to an ancient class overnight. It felt more like a dream than reality. As time passed, he often laughed at himself in the past for being a pushover and buying an epic rated class change book for more than 2 billion won. Now that 2 billion won class change book transformed into a 10 billion won one.

The radically changed reality didn't feel real.

"Kukuk!Kuhahaha!"

Katz, who was performing the Blood King's Order quest by sprinkling the blood of monsters onto the blood potato field, suddenly burst out laughing.

'Yes, Blood Warrior is different from the usual epic class.'

The rating is epic, but the power was similar to the unique rating. There wasn't much lacking compared to Seuron's Soul Predator. Unlike vampires, the big weakness was that he couldn't make blood using magic power. He had to use his own blood or other people's blood as a medium to activate his skills.

Now this wasn't the case anymore. By consuming magic power, he could make blood and control it. He would be able to show strong combat power even if it wasn't a battlefield. He was no longer a conditional strength but complete. At this point, the real supreme one... well, he wouldn't be the supreme one because there was Grid, but it would be nice to aim for the top three.

'There are Faker and Yura. There might be many powerful people apart from Kraugel, but I have an ancient class. I have a chance of winning.'

Katz smiled as he thought of a future of relying on each other with Grid. Then he was struck by doubts.

'So why didn't the world message appear?'

Katz liked to stand out. In the early days, he enjoyed standing in the middle of town to show off his weapons. He was the first to changed class to an ancient class, but this fact wasn't known to the world. It made Katz very dissatisfied.

'Come to think about it...'

Most of the legendary classes, including Grid, only received the world message a while after they changed classes.

'Is there another condition?'

He had to find out what the conditions were as soon as possible. It was only in this way that the world would know that Katz had become the world's first ancient class.

[You have completed 'Sprinkling the Blood Potato Field with Blood.']

[The 'Blood King's Order' quest has been cleared.]

[The quest clear rewards...]

"....."

As the first ancient class, he was watering the fields with blood...

Katz felt a sense of shame, but the reward of 0.1% experience was very sweet.

'I will start with the class quests for the time being.'

It was a quest to find Beriache's Painting. He didn't know why a great demon would be painting, so it was hard to find clues, but in any case, he had to do something. It happened when the anxious Katz was removing himself from the field...

"You?" He heard a familiar and ominous voice. "Isn't this the fool Katz who can't do anything without blood?"

"Seuron."

The Soul Predator. He has lost to Grid and the Overgeared Guild several times, but Seuron was still one of Satisfy's strongest. He was chosen as a person who should never be met on the battlefield.

"Enemies meet on a narrow bridge. Katz, you have become a vampire too."

"Enemies? Why am I your enemy?"

"You... did you erase the fact that you cowardly set a bounty on me from your memory?"

Seuron, who became a victim of Katz' money, still held a deep grudge against Katz. The person who got hit remembered it, but the person who hit them didn't remember at all.

"Did that ever happen?"

"Bah! That's it! Let's have a match!"

Soul Predator grabbed the souls of the dead and used them as a means of attack. Like Katz' Blood Warrior, he was the type to become stronger when there were more bodies. It was just that the overall performance of his unique class was better than that of the Blood Warrior.

Even if the target was alive, he had skills optimized for combat, such as interfering with the soul and causing obstacles to movement. Seuron put away the hand plow he bought to harvest blood potatoes and pulled out his sword. He knew how to easily deal with Katz. He just couldn't bleed. It was enough to crush Katz in an overwhelming manner.

"You are nothing but an ordinary warrior when there are no bodies!" Seuron screamed confidently and started using Soul Restraint.

"Blood Tornado."

".....?!"

Just then, blood flowed around Seuron and a bloody storm immediately occurred. It wasn't blood magic. Players who had just become a vampire couldn't learn advanced blood magic. Incredibly, this was a Blood Warrior's skill.

'How can he use this when there isn't a drop of blood?'

Seuron was surprised by Katz' different abilities. Then he suddenly realized something and marveled. "I see. Did you use the blood of the blood potatoes as a resource? Kukuk, you might be an enemy, but I have to acknowledge it."

"No... I used mana."

"Bah, are you lying to me because you are afraid I will leave the field? I'm not as bold as the one who used dirty money to kill others."

"It doesn't matter where we fight. I have the first ancient class, so I am strong anywhere and anytime."

"....."

Seuron made a pitying expression. Ancient class? It was a reaction to Katz' bluff with a rating that didn't even exist. At the same time...

"Oh, indeed."

Grid held the blood sword that was created by Blood Sword Shatter and wielded it like a weapon. He made a handle by attaching the Pulling Device to the bottom of the blood sword. Thanks to this, the 'magic form' was deemed an item. It was the result of using the characteristics of blood magic that was made up of the substance called blood.

Endless possibilities were opened.

Chapter 1404

There were attack methods that took advantage of Satisfy's high degree of freedom. It was simple: Use things.

The stones at their feet, the chair they just sat on, the tools at the table, or the table itself. Players had the right to touch most materials in the world, handle them with tools, and use them as weapons. This meant it was possible to attack the target by throwing or swinging anything in their hands.

However, the damage was affected by the user's strength. It was a correct judgment since items weren't weapons that had separate attack power. Depending on the shape or mass of the object, the user could exert at least 1% of their strength up to 30% as attack power.

In other words, the utility was low. Grid's current strength at level 440 was over 4,400, but the objects he threw or wielded were only capable of an attack power of up to 1,400 maximum (the fourth awakening meant there was 0.8 attack power for every point in strength). However, what if even a very small amount of attack power was attached to the object?

For example, if a knife that had been previously cutting meat was wielded as a weapon, then the knife would be judged entirely as a weapon. 100% of the user's strength would be applied. Grid started experimenting from this point.

Blood Sword Shatter—it was blood magic that inflicted wide area damage by making a sword with blood created by magic, his own blood, or other people's blood, and then shattering the sword into small pieces. Here, blood was a substance and the shape of a sword meant it was a weapon. According to the skill coefficients, the magic sword contained 300% of Grid's physical attack power and 200% of his magic attack power. If it could be equipped, Grid would have a weapon with a physical attack power of at least 24,585 (based on the +4 Enlightenment Sword) and 12,338 magic attack power.

Grid made this hypothesis and held the blood sword in his hand. However, the blood sword was ultimately a collection of blood. It was physically impossible to hold it when 'the handle melts into liquid and it is held in the flowing wind.'

Therefore, Grid used the Pulling Device. The shape of the blood sword was preserved by adding the Pulling Device to the handle of the blood sword. It was the principle of a cup holding water. He used the Pulling Device as a handle and held it in his hand. The result...

[The Blood King's Blood Sword has been equipped.]

".....!!"

He succeeded in making the blood sword be judged as a weapon. The special tool called the Pulling Device combined with the class effect 'can wear all items' of Pagma's Successor to create a weapon that transcended the power of Hexetia's Short Sword.

Chill.

Grid got goosebumps. He felt the power boiling from the hand holding the blood sword and waved it with a joyful smile...

[The Blood King's Blood Sword is destroyed and has disappeared.]

[The durability of the Pulling Device has been greatly reduced. Immediate repair is needed.]

"Keuk...!!"

It failed. It took 2.9 seconds to make the blood sword and combine it with the Pulling Device. Then the moment it was swung, the 3 seconds shape retention time ended. There were two problems. First, it took 1.8 seconds for the blood to form the shape of a sword. Blood Sword Shatter, like most blood magic, was useful because it boasted a 'visible' effect. It was beautiful and easygoing. Thus, it took time to form. Second, the shape of the sword was vague.

'Can I make the shape of the handle a bit more visible?'

In order to use the Pulling Device as the handle of the sword, it naturally must be worn on the handle of the blood sword. It didn't mean he could attach it roughly to the blade. The power was greatly reduced when it was unbalanced. This was why there was no point in making such efforts.

"Divinity, Blood Sword Shatter."

[The cooldown time of Blood Sword Shatter is reset by the effect of the skill 'Divinity.']

"Blood Sword Shatter."

After repairing the Pulling Device, Grid used the skill again and the blood sword reappeared in front of Grid. It wasn't a smooth sword shape, but a sword where the bright red blood kept fluctuating. Blood kept dripping down. The position of the handle couldn't be immediately identified because a dense bloody fog was wrapped around it, making it look as sinister enough to be called a demon sword.

Grid caught the handle and immediately attached the Pulling Device. It took 3 seconds. It was longer than the first time. It was combined and destroyed at the same time.

"Divinity, Blood Sword Shatter."

He repaired the Pulling Device and tried again. This time, the stream of blood was a bit less tumultuous. Thanks to this, it took only 2.3 seconds for the Pulling Device to be attached accurately. Next was 2.4 seconds and 2.8 seconds. Another time was 2.7 seconds.

"...This also depends on luck."

The wavelength of the bloody fog surrounding the blood sword was subtly different every time, so it was impossible to shorten the record through learning and adaptation. If the fog was light then the handle could be quickly identified. If the fog was heavy then it took time to identify the handle. It might be a difference of between 0.1-0.5 seconds, but even this fleeting difference was unfortunate.

'It would be great if the shape formation was 0.5 seconds faster than it is now.'

Ideally, it was better to end the weaponization within 2 seconds if he wanted to link the blood sword weapon with an attack. However, it took 1.8 seconds to form the sword so there was no time.

'I need the command stat.'

Equip the blood sword that showed an overwhelming attack power, link a skill, and directly shatter it to cause additional damage. He could summon a total of seven blood swords using Divinity and attach seven Pulling Devices to make them be judged as weapons. Then after using the rain of battle gear or a five fusion sword dance with them, even a single digit great demon couldn't easily withstand it.

This was the strongest combo theoretically possible. In order to reliably implement this combo, he needed to raise his command stat. The faster the speed of shaping the blood magic and the longer the duration time, the more complete and diversified the combo that used Blood Sword Shatter would become.

Grid checked his command stat. The Blood King's Order was triggered today but it was still at 0 points. This damn game. No matter what, nothing was easily given.

"Tsk... I have no choice but to hope that time will solve it."

Still, it was a great comfort to imagine the time when his command stat had risen. He wouldn't lose easily no matter who he fought from the moment he could fully utilize the blood sword. Grid felt thrilled as he imagined himself in the future. Then he suddenly had a question. 'By the way... am I weak now?'

It felt like he had never won fighting alone since raiding the 17th Great Demon, Botis.

'Is it... an illusion?'

Grid started sweating as he looked back on his memories. He barely succeeded in raiding Drasion (formerly Sariel) with a great number of people, he was helplessly beaten by Mir, he was too scared to even challenge Leraje, he worked together with Leraje to beat Krucha, and Marie Rose was just like a god...

He didn't remember any fights where he won coolly recently. Did this make sense? He felt like he was the only one standing still while his enemies were becoming stronger exponentially. His self-esteem collapsed. It was shameful that he was revered as a god by the people.

"Sigh..."

It might be because he hadn't been able to craft new items for a while that he was stagnating. However, it was difficult to create new items right now. Even a fool knew it was wise to save materials until the level of the stone statue was higher.

'I think I'll have to hold on for at least two more weeks for the statue to level up.'

Did he have to stay in this state of low self-esteem for two weeks? Grid's attitude of serious concern was unreasonable, objectively speaking. Drasion, Mir, Leraje, Krucha, and Marie Rose. In the first place, they weren't opponents that players could fight alone.

However, Grid thought differently. He didn't know about the other opponents, but he should've at least been able to hunt Krucha by himself. The subordinate of the 8th Great Demon, Barbatos—Barbatos might be a wall that Grid couldn't overcome at the moment, but Krucha was just a subordinate after all. Krucha might've received support from Barbatos, but it was upsetting and embarrassing that Grid couldn't raid him easily.

'Barbatos has many subordinates and they will always have Barbatos' cover fire when fighting.'

Grid and Barbatos had clearly become hostile to each other. It wouldn't be strange if he was suddenly attacked by Barbatos' power while active in hell. He should have enough power to smash Barbatos' subordinates by himself. Grid came to a conclusion and felt the need to check his condition first. 'Exactly what level am I now?'

He needed confirmation. Yet how?

'Should I raid Hell Gao on my own next time? No, I don't think it can be a true fight because I have figured out his pattern to a certain extent.'

Who could he fight to check his skills properly? The worried Grid looked out the window, only for his eyes to widen.

A pure white light was swallowing the world. An explosion occurred and a mountain collapsed. It was a disaster caused by Braham who was magic forging Greed. Grid's heart thumped. A person who would've easily killed Krucha while ignoring Barbatos' support fire. How far could he fight against the legendary great magician Braham? He wanted to check it. This was also a necessary procedure. It was natural to understand the fighting power of his allies.

"Shunpo." Grid moved to the top of the mountain that had just been half broken.

"Are you finally going to challenge me?" Braham's ruby eyes already showed the appearance of Grid. His expression was very serious as he looked back at Grid, who suddenly appeared in the sky. There was no trace of an arrogant smile. Braham had been feeling weak lately as well. Braham also felt the need to check his skills. He was very pleased to see Grid who came showing his fighting spirit.

Grid wondered, "Are you agreeing to the duel?"

"I have never avoided a fight in my life."

"Trauka..."

Before he could finish, Braham took the action first. The rain of fire rising in the sky struck at Grid. There was no end to the constantly rising rain of fire despite cutting them one by one.

Grid's body, engulfed in lightning, moved. Braham avoided it using Blink and spread decoys out everywhere. There were few spells as useful as Decoy against a transcendent person with extremely developed senses. Grid's transcendent senses felt dozens of decoys in the form of Braham and it confused him. Nevertheless, Grid responded calmly with the Wave sword dance. Dozens of sword energies spread in all directions.

Meanwhile, the God Hands protected Grid from the dozens of water bombs. Braham's counterattack was faster than Grid's response. The debris of the collapsed mountain was rising and approaching Grid's feet. The sight of an earth barrier rising with enough momentum to cover the sky was truly spectacular. The water bombs exploded and poured down, mixing with the barrier of earth to form mud. The waves of mud that filled the sky blocked Grid's view, meaning that Grid's combat effectiveness was halved.

A deep smile spread on Grid's face. He was relieved that Braham seemed to be in good shape and was delighted at his own development in finding a way to counterattack against Braham.

'Earth God.'

The wave of mud that had been engulfing Grid instead poured down like a waterfall on Braham. Braham watched it and extinguished it as natural as breathing, only for hundreds of lights to flash from Braham's left and right sides. It was a baptism of Magic Missile toward Grid.

“Ah... Ahhh...”

Administrator Rabbit collapsed in his seat as he stared at the clash between the sword and magic that was occurring between the sky and the earth.

Chapter 1405

Earth God was a skill that had a probability of triggering when touching the ground. There was no guarantee that this probability would also apply to earth magic. Nevertheless, Grid tried it without hesitation. The waves of mud made by Braham this time were too broad. It was difficult to find places to escape, but there were many places to use as a foothold.

His foot was sucked in every time it touched the mud, but this didn't matter. Grid's movement speed was faster than the speed at which the mud swallowed Grid's ankles. He repeatedly left before his ankle was swallowed.

[Earth God has activated and allowed you to gain control of the earth.]

It happened precisely when he stepped on the waves of mud the 37th time. The wave of mud that was constantly moving in a curve to draw a circle and eventually become a giant sphere trapping Grid froze for a moment. Then it poured back toward Braham.

Grid had seized Braham's magic. Grid tried to use the time while Braham was responding to take the steps of the sword dance.

“.....?!” As Braham destroyed the mud pouring toward him, Grid saw the hundreds of magic missiles aiming at him and stiffened.

Braham had continued to cast magic during the time when Grid had been avoiding the waves of mud. The magic missiles poured down. It was a rain of light. Avoiding it in the usual way was physically impossible. It would also be difficult to use Shunpo. The baptism of magic missiles covered most of his field of view so it was hard to detect a section to break through using Shunpo.

The moment Grid was hesitating, the 10 God Hands rotated and blocked some of the magic missiles. It was just that this couldn't last long. Braham's Magic Missile was far more powerful than Grid's Magic Missile. The damage that the God Hands could receive was exceeded in an instant. Grid watched the God Hands stiffening when they collided with the magic missiles and his head spun quickly. Should he just focus on defense like this?

‘No.’

It was the worst thing to have his feet tied up when facing a magician. The moment he stood still to stop the magic missiles, he would become the target of more advanced magic.

A counterattack?

Smashing the magic missiles with Flower Revolve or 200,000 Army Crushing Sword and then counterattacking was... it was a tactic that would work against ordinary magicians. However, the opponent was Braham. His transcendent senses were wary of every magic missile.

‘Did he attach trap magic to each magic missile?’

Hundreds of magic missiles were created in the few minutes when Grid avoided the waves of mud. Could Braham attach trap magic to them as well? The opponent might be Braham, but some people would wonder if Grid was overestimating him too much. Even so, Grid knew Braham's value.

One of Braham's spells was called Enhanced Memorize. It was magic that literally reconstructed previously used magic formulas. Simply put, it was duplication. Legendary magic couldn't be copied and it took some time for advanced magic to be copied, but low level magic could be copied instantly. It was a simple matter for Braham to multiply the magic missiles and attached trap magic to them.

'I can only avoid it.'

It took only one second for him to reach this conclusion. Braham was already performing his next spell. He spread out water balls in between the magic missiles and exploded them. Then an extensive water curtain covering the entire area started to form. He seemed to want to create a water curtain so that Grid couldn't escape using Shunpo, leaving him exposed to the bombardment of the magic missiles.

Grid moved urgently. He looked at the areas the water curtain hadn't reached yet and proceeded to use Shunpo.

'It is obvious,' Braham thought.

The reason Braham dominated Grid's field of view with overwhelming numbers was to limit Grid's movement path. Braham was currently in a state of control with the magic missiles and water curtain that blocked most of Grid's field of view. In order for Grid to escape this area, it was necessary to use Shunpo while aiming at the fine gap between both spells.

—Just like now. Braham was able to predict where Grid would appear next and prepare for it.

".....?"

The moment he appeared in any direction, he would be caught by Braham and his prepared magic...

Braham was casting magic in a relaxed manner and waiting for Grid to appear when a chill went down his spine. It was because Grid used Shunpo but he didn't appear at any of the locations that Braham predicted. He completely disappeared. It was right to say he 'disappeared.'

'What?' Braham's expression was flustered. 'I don't know about this?'

Grid had linked Barbatos Vision and Shunpo to appear '10 kilometers outside.'

"Rain of Battle Gear."

Then he used the combo that sank the orc's rebellion. The connection between Barbatos' Vision and Request to Stand With Me struck at Braham.

".....!!"

Braham witnessed the thousands of battle gears pouring down from the sky and felt like he was possessed by a ghost. The current situation was incomprehensible even with the wisdom of the Duke of Wisdom. Therefore, he was thrilled. How long had it been since he encountered something unknown?!

"Absolute Shield!"

Braham was happy at experiencing something unknown after hundreds of years. His shout as he cast a spell rang out. His voice reached the ears of Grid, who was approaching while inducing Lightning God.

‘Braham!’

A person who was building up a myth despite losing his vampiric power and the power of his prime. He might not be close to Baal or Marie Rose, but it was undeniable that he was one of the world’s potential powerhouse. He had the unique characteristic of absorbing mana from the outside world and using it as a resource. He was a monster who could be the strongest in special spaces such as the Abyss or the Red Sea. Anyone would fear him, yet Grid was pushing him.

[You have assimilated with the energy of the blue dragon and Lightning God is activated.]

[Your body has turned into lightning. All attacks are converted to lightning. Every time you hit the target, a lot of mana is burned (10% of the total mana).]

[You are immune to all physical attacks, but you will take twice the damage from magic attacks without any defense or resistance. It also leaves a current that deals damage equal to 10 times your intelligence in the movement path. The duration of the electric current is 2 seconds.]

[It won’t be released until the speed drops and will be released immediately once you deviate from the maximum speed.]

“100,000 Army Massacre Sword!”

“.....!”

Grid kept a thorough distance from Braham. He moved around at a distance beyond Braham’s reach and kept Braham in the center. He maintained Lightning God and kept moving so he wouldn’t be spotted by Braham while pouring out all of the Undeclared King’s Swordsmanship. It was a good opportunity to seize victory while Barbatos’ Vision was maintained. He never narrowed the distance because he didn’t want to allow a counterattack in the Lightning God state.

“300,000 Army Stealth Sword.”

How many times did the Undeclared King’s Swordsmanship dig into the gaps of the Absolute Shield created in exchange for blocking the rain of battle gear? The sword energy also dealt lightning damage. It struck invisibly from a long distance in a way that resembled Mir’s swordsmanship and it was difficult for Braham to react.

Since he wasn’t a transcendent, it was impossible for him to read it with his eyes or react with his senses. He could only defend by creating shields in advance, but even this gave him a sense of pressure. Every time there was a conflict between the sword energy and shield, his mana was greatly reduced.

‘What is this... how many powers have been fused together?’

The long distance shooter’s vision, the power of the blue dragon, the swordsmanship of the Undeclared King, and Divinity that helped him use it in succession...

The ‘lightning’ that gradually weakened Braham was a technique that fused together various forces and it contained Grid’s life trajectory. Braham, who claimed to know Grid the best in the world, felt like he

had only seen a part of Grid. Meanwhile, Grid stopped turning and moved straight forward. The duration of Barbatos' Vision was over so he had no choice but to approach. His Divinity had already been consumed by the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship.

'I have to win here.'

Due to the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship, Grid had succeeded in consuming all of Braham's mana. Braham's mana fell to a low point while maintaining Absolute Shield and he experienced mana burn.

'Braham will spend some time using Mana Drain.'

Now was his chance to grab the win. Grid felt Braham getting closer and started dancing. The strides of the five fusion sword dance in the air was reminiscent of a dragon swimming in the sky.

"Drop Dragon Pinnacle..."

Drop Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave had already been activated and Grid's body shot unknowingly at Braham who entered his field of view. It meant it was irreversible.

Kuoooooh!

The atmosphere heated up. The shadows covering Grid's face gradually deepened. Grid's sword pierced Braham's chest, but it ended with just one strike. The Drop Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave sword dance that consisted of a powerful stab and dozens of slashes wasn't completed. It was because a meteorite fell from the sky and smashed into Grid's body.

[A legend doesn't die easily.]

A notification window indicating the activation of his immortality along with all types of warning messages covered his field of view. It was the destructive power of a single blow that didn't give a chance to his recovery skills that were activated under certain conditions. It was the power of the legendary great magic, Meteor.

"T-This is ridiculous..."

Grid crashed into the ground along with the meteorite and muttered blankly in the midst of the chain of explosions. He didn't understand how Braham could trigger Meteor when he had completely run out of mana.

Braham slowly descended from the sky covered in ashes. He summoned hundreds of water balls with this recovered mana and calmed down the hellfire caused by the explosion of Meteor. Then he asked the dazed Grid, "What are you surprised about?"

"No... where did you suddenly draw enough mana to use Meteor?"

"I didn't use mana. It was just a spell I set with Alarm before my mana was depleted."

"You set it using Alarm? How did you know I was going to approach at that timing?"

"Every time your attack hit me, I lost one-tenth of my mana... it is easy to anticipate at which point you will want to approach me."

“Wow...”

Grid had Fenrir’s power that could fill the gap in levels. Therefore, the difference in level with Braham didn’t affect this duel. It was purely due to a skill difference. However, Grid wasn’t frustrated. Rather, he was happy. He was relieved and felt reassured by the fact that Braham was in good shape. Braham didn’t like the sight of Grid smiling happily.

“Why are you smiling when you lost a fight you could’ve won? Absolute Shield is legendary defense magic that can block any attack but the moment the attack is blocked, the durability of the shield runs out and it takes time to cast again. Rather than using the rain of battle gear and aiming for a long battle, it would’ve been better to link Shunpo and Drop Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave to gain the upper hand. You were too passive.”

“I will do that the next time we fight.”

“Bah, there will be no second opportunity today. Today I was at a disadvantage because we fought right after I used Disintegrate.”

“No, Disintegrate should be used for the magic forging.”

“Are you a beggar...?”

The two people were happy while quarreling. Today’s duel was a great help for both of them. Braham learned that it wasn’t very effective to limit a transcendent using quantity, while Grid learned that Shunpo and the tactic of fighting from a distance shouldn’t be blindly trusted. They also figured out how strong they had become.

It was enough to fight this evenly with Braham. At this point, he deserved to regain his confidence. The two people were vowing to train and improve when a face appeared between them...

“Yes... you shouldn’t do the same thing again today...” It was a face full of sadness. It was Administrator Rabbit. He ran all the way here and pushed up his glasses with trembling hands as he looked around. “I... I thought a great demon was invading here.”

“.....”

“.....”

Grid and Braham shut their mouths. The entire area was completely scorched in the aftermath of the duel. Several mountains had collapsed, forests were burning, dozens of large and small craters had formed on the ground, and new roads were probably needed.

“I would recommend you to duel in the middle of enemy camps in the future... no, how about going to hell and reducing the number of demons?”

“.....”

“.....”

Rabbit was the only one in the world who could shut up both Overgeared God Grid and the legendary magician Braham.

Chapter 1406

Grid realized the importance of duels and introduced the ranking battle system to the Overgeared Kingdom. He hoped that the Overgeared members and Overgeared residents could compete with each other, find opponents with similar strength, and learn and grow.

The response was explosive. The participation rate of the members was much higher than Grid expected. There were the concepts of 'points' and 'ranking' so the participation rate was bound to be high. Originally, players were crazy about things like rankings.

"There are truly many strong people in our guild."

"There are dozens of people where it wouldn't be strange if they stood on their own and built a guild."

"By the way, the rankings are a bit surprising..."

Two weeks had passed since the ranking matches started. The top rankings were dominated by the former Tzedakah Guild members, Yura, and Chris. Meanwhile, the very top of the list were dominated by Grid, Braham, Piaro, Mercedes, Sariel, Asmophel, and Katz.

".....?"

".....?"

The performance of others was as expected but Katz's was an extraordinary event. While Katz was naturally strong and he was one of the top ranked players in the Overgeared Guild, most people evaluated him as one step lower than Yura, Jishuka, Faker, and Chris. In particular, Katz was more unfavorable than Regas and Pon in a one-on-one match. Yet now he stood shoulder to shoulder with Grid's messengers and knights...?

Katz shrugged, feeling satisfied with the reactions of his colleagues who were surprised to see the rankings.

"Hut... Aren't there sayings like 'stand head and shoulders above others' and 'talent will reveal itself'? I can't hide it even if I wanted to. In terms of this body, I am the first ancient class. It is natural."

"Ancient class? Did you get a bug?"

The world message that stated that Katz had changed to an ancient class hadn't appeared. The world messages came when they progressed to a certain point in their class quest and had unlocked some of the power. However, Katz couldn't find even a clue to where Beriache's paintings were. He was blocked at the very first class quest, so it was futile to expect a world message to appear.

"A bug... Well, you'll find out sooner or later."

Katz was pleased even if he was treated as a foolish person. The reason why he didn't certify his class right now and only mentioned it secretly (?) in words was to create a dramatic situation in the future. He imagined the world being turned upside down the moment his identity was revealed and was filled with pleasure.

“It seems the match between a Blood Warrior and vampire is great,” Chris approached and spoke to Katz. He had met Katz in the ranking match and lost a lot of points, but he didn’t care about his ranking that had fallen. Chris was well aware of the potential of his peers. He didn’t find it strange when his colleagues became stronger than him.

To be honest, losing to Katz was quite a shock, but it was convincing considering that Katz had changed his species to a vampire. He just had to fight and win next time. It was enough if he won the next time they fought. It would be 10 fights and 2 wins.

“Well, I guess so. Chris, why don’t you change your species as well?”

“I have no thoughts about it.”

“Why? You will be several times stronger than you are now if you change to an orc.”

The characteristics of an orc were to amplify physical attack power, breakthrough power, and endurance power. Chris was the user of a greatsword and had the Tyrant class. The greatest synergy would occur if he changed his species to an orc. Nevertheless, Chris had no intention of changing his species. Chris’ aesthetics rejected the appearance of the orcs.

“I don’t want to be a green monster.”

Was it really right to have an unwanted appearance just to become strong? It would be very unfortunate. If he wasn’t satisfied with his appearance, then he might not enjoy the game and quit because he was exhausted.

It wasn’t just Chris who thought this way. One of the reasons why people preferred the vampire species was their appearance after all. Of course, this didn’t mean that orcs were unsightly. There were certainly people who preferred the orcs according to their taste. However, Chris didn’t like it.

‘This is why skin makers are sitting on money these days.’

A skin maker was famous for changing the appearance of items while maintaining the performance. Recently, it had reached the point where they could change the appearance of the character. It might be impossible to change the shape of the facial features, but it was said they could change the position of the facial features, the color of the skin, the eyes, and the body hair... this alone seemed like it would cause a very big change.

Katz was seriously thinking about meeting a skin maker. He wanted to change the appearance of his armor. Grid’s works were very beautiful because they were delicate and elegant, but... the beauty that Katz desired was where flames flowed out of the item and wings sprang out. It was a type of fashion that was gorgeous and eye-catching rather than classy and elegant.

As he was thinking, the ongoing ranking battle ended. It was a confrontation between Jishuka and Damian and the result was Jishuka’s victory. Damian was regaining the power of the past after receiving a new sword from Grid, but he was one-sidedly killed.

“Jishuka has already scored 2,567 points... she is definitely stronger after becoming the Bow Saint.”

A wide field of view and attack range, sniping from invisible positions using arrows that could change their trajectory, evasive maneuvers, and rapid fire that enabled close combat...

Jishuka changed to a Bow Saint and demonstrated the strongest skills at any distance. She was a flawless existence. She would reach the very top as long as she could recover her level.

‘Meanwhile, my level didn’t reset.’

As expected, the ancient class was special. Katz laughed deeply at the feeling of becoming the protagonist of a popular web novel. Then he cocked his head. It was because Grid, who was waiting his turn in the standby room, ran into Jishuka and showed floundering hands and feet. His face turned bright red when he saw her and he squirmed like he was very itchy. Katz wondered, “Why is Grid like that?”

“Vantner said that Grid has fallen for Jishuka.”

“Vantner?” Then it was bullshit.

Katz shook his head and entered the dueling room. To be precise, it was a ‘dungeon.’ It was a dungeon created exclusively for the ranking battle by Eat Spicy Jokbal. There were only two dungeons at the moment, but he planned to increase the number. Each dungeon was intended to have its own characteristics to help the guild members adapt to a wider variety of environments.

Eat Spicy Jokbal claimed he was doing this to help Elizabeth establish her position in the Overgeared Guild. In fact, it was obviously an excuse no matter who heard it. Eat Spicy Jokbal acted cold on the outside, but he actually did a lot of work for the Overgeared Guild. He was too enthusiastic for it to be just helping his niece.

‘Well, I understand how he feels.’

The Overgeared Guild was a group created by geniuses. People who developed their talent, influence, and dreams were constantly joining. Therefore, there was always a lot of energy in the Overgeared Guild. All the members were full of the spirit of improvement, so they ran forward without any laziness. There was no choice but to be enthusiastic when with them. One wanted to run and cheer together.

Eat Spicy Jokbal would have the same fire. He must’ve forgotten the resentment of losing Blood Carnival due to Grid. The proof was that the first ranking dungeon he created has a structure that looked like Grid’s smithy. Like all members of the Overgeared Guild, Eat Spicy Jokbal respected Grid.

“Katz, you have over 3,000 points. Your points will be reduced by a lot when you lose to me. Be prepared.”

“The only person who is qualified to speak like that to me is Grid.”

“Hahat! We’ll only know after trying! Mach Spear!”

Winning the ranking battles didn’t give any rewards or honor. Both the scores and rankings were things only known inside the Overgeared Guild. However, being able to fight opponents on the same level was a great help. Those who couldn’t find opponents of a similar level were able to meet good competitors thanks to the objective score and the ranking system. This was directly linked to rapid growth and enjoyment.

The ranking battles were a sweet rain to the Overgeared members who were tired of hunting and raiding. Fighters like Regas and Toon were able to play the ranking battles for three days straight.

“This is shit!”

Zibal was experienced. He was a person who had competed with Kraugel in the early days and had accumulated experience in many fields. He knew how to cope with certain situations. For example, he was good at tracking and escaping because he had been through dozens of quests that required him to throw off the enemy’s pursuit.

Zibal had confidence that he couldn’t be caught by the followers of the martial god. In the process of searching for a place to hide the grandmaster, he left no traces behind. After determining a hiding place, he moved carefully and he also changed the hiding place regularly. However, in just 10 days, the followers of the martial god tracked him down.

‘Why do I keep being found?’

At this point, he had to wonder if there was a spy. However, the knights currently working with Zibal were absolutely loyal to the grandmaster. Rather, they were in a position to doubt Zibal.

“Are we going to keep going like this?”

Zibal was an ancient rider and handled all vehicles perfectly. Everything he drove showed a higher performance and there was no distinguishing between living things and machines. This was why the knights’ breathing was harsh as they chased after Zibal’s carriage. The carriage carrying the grandmaster moved so quickly through the forest that it pushed the stamina of the elite former Neo Red Knights to the limits.

“Uh, we are going to run the whole time.”

“However, it is the empire’s territory from here on out.”

“We are going to get them mixed up with the imperial army and then escape in the meantime.”

“Yes...”

The knights were exhausted by the constant pursuit of the enemy. Even so, they trusted Zibal and followed his instructions. Their hideouts had been discovered so many times that Zibal was suspicious, but they still tried to believe in him. The grandmaster told them to follow Zibal so they had to believe him and follow him.

“Hiyah! Gasp?” Zibal, who was whipping the horse, was startled and hurriedly stopped the carriage. It was because the followers of the martial god were blocking the road ahead. It was as if they expected him to flee this way.

“These damn bastards, do they have CCTV? What the hell is this?”

He couldn’t help swearing. Zibal couldn’t understand the situation at all. He hadn’t made any mistakes in the process of escaping. He had deceived people’s eyes and erased their traces, so why did they keep getting tracked?

‘It is even by these blindfolded guys...’

It was very unpleasant because it felt like the system was interfering. He felt like his freedom was being violated. Zibal was born and raised in the United States, a country of freedom, so he couldn't tolerate this manipulation.

'Still, there are only three people. It is worth fighting.'

They were followers who mastered 8 secret techniques. It was a very high level, but they weren't the opponents of Raiders. Moreover, there were nine former Neo Red Knights on his side.

"Break through. Kill them all."

Think positively. The followers of the martial god had a certain probability of dropping the martial god's secret techniques. The average person wanted it, but they couldn't find it or obtain it.

Zibal controlled his heart only to stiffen as he got out of the carriage. It was because dozens of followers of the martial gods appeared belatedly.

"...It is ruined."

It was the first time he felt such a great sense of crisis since the time he fought Grid. In other words, there was no answer. Nevertheless, his decision should be quick. Zibal was about to summon Raiders when the knights surrounded him.

"We will open the way so run away.'

"What? Then what about you..."

"Please be sure to save Zikfrector."

It was Grandmaster Zikfrector who saved them when they were wandering knights. He guided the talents they didn't know they had and gave them the strength they longed for. They could sacrifice their lives for the noble man who had the mission of overthrowing the ugly gods.

"It is strange to say this, but we believe in you..."

Just then, the heads of the determined knights who were smiling fell to the ground.

"....."

Zibal stiffened. The knights who were breathing right by his side— No, it felt unrealistic to see his colleagues lose their heads, spray blood, and then collapse.

"I heard you were with the one who killed Lee Jeong, but the level isn't very good. Lee Jeong is pathetic."

Zibal heard a voice above his head. He looked up and saw a man standing on a thin branch with one hand. The Triad, Haegak. This was his name.

"I don't have to come out on my own."

Haegak didn't even look at Zibal. He gestured to the followers and dozens of them rushed to the carriage at once. The grandmaster was still asleep in the carriage. He couldn't be protected. There was no way to protect him.

Zibal knew this but he still chose to fight. He summoned Raiders, boarded it, and pulled the carriage. He knew how important the grandmaster was to the worldview. He didn't want to abandon his colleagues who had struggled together for months and were risking their lives to protect him.

It was 7 years after starting Satisfy.

For the first time, Zibal had red eyes.

[The soul of the 1st evil, Jake, is watching you.]

[The hidden passive skill 'Providence' has been acquired after achieving the special condition.]

Chapter 1407

How many iterations was this world currently at? Even the parties involved in the repeated destruction and creation of the world wouldn't know exactly. For them, the world was as worthless as a sandcastle. It was impossible for them to remember the worlds that had collapsed. Yet for someone, this world was everything.

It was the same for Zikrefector. He fought against the notion that everything that was precious to him would be born and then destroyed with this existing world. He gathered up his willpower with his companions and rebelled against the gods. However, he couldn't go directly to war. The world was already on the verge of destruction when he barely woke up his spirit affected by the Curse of Sloth. No, maybe it had already perished.

“.....”

Every time he was affected by the curse that affected his willpower, he had the same dream. His companions sealed in the gaps of the world howled in pain. Then they found him and closed their mouths. They would force a smile at him. It was as if telling him not to worry. It was as if they didn't blame him. Thus, it was even more distressing. He was filled with an overwhelming sense of guilt and hatred and cursed himself. It was a binding that would never end.

He was sobbing as usual when he heard a voice that he hadn't heard in a while.

"We finally meet."

It was Jake. Blessed by the god of luck, he was a hero who avoided all death variables with strong luck. He had saved the lives of his colleagues many times on the journey of destroying the demons of hell. He had been silent for thousands of years after carrying the sin of the gods and now he spoke with a wide smile, "You found a great companion, Zik. I'm glad. It is really fortunate."

"Jake...!" He woke up from his sleep the moment he tried to grab onto Jake, who lost his strength and fell back into the gap. There was the sensation of cold metal touching his back. How long had he been asleep? Days? Months? Or a few years...

The surprised Zikrefector looked up and quickly examined the surrounding landscape. He was moving. He was on top of something that was running. It was on top of something high enough that his gaze lined up with a large conifer tree. Due to the influence of his long sleep, his degenerated muscles didn't work

properly. It was useless even if he trained to the limits. This body that was plagued by the Curse of Sloth was at its limits.

Zikfrector got up with a bit of trouble and looked back. The metal giant's gaze turned to himself. It was an ancient product that caused him to recall old memories of the past, the magic machine.

"Did you sleep well?" Zibal's voice flowed from Raiders. It was admirable and thankful that he strengthened his accent to hide his fatigue. Were all the other knights dead? Zikfrector felt regret and sorry. He would repay this grace by killing the gods and saving the world.

"Yes." Zikfrector's brief answer was as calm as usual. He controlled his shaken expression. He had to restrain his emotions. This was the only way he could hold on in this crazy world...

The ancient runes that emerged around Zikfrector created a brilliant path that was like a galaxy in front of Raiders. This was the magic he had used to visit the Hwan Kingdom. Raiders got on the road and soon disappeared.

After a while—

"...I missed him."

The Triad, Haegak, arrived at the scene and clicked his tongue. He missed the fish that he caught so he was bound to feel unpleasant. Even so, there was no shame. The cause of this mission's failure wasn't his incompetence.

The sudden high-speed movement of the magic machine had the concept of 'physically impossible to chase.' It wasn't like a transcendent's Shunpo that leapt across a certain distance, but he couldn't narrow the distance. Thus, there was no way to stop it. Every time he got close to the magic machine, ridiculous bad luck occurred and the tracking was disrupted. It was a feeling like some huge power was interfering. It was like the power of the Seven Evils, i.e. the power of the gods that the martial god once spoke of.

'It is natural that I can't catch him if something like that is used.'

However, considering the power, it was something that couldn't be used often. He just had to succeed in tracking them as soon as possible and he wouldn't miss a second time. Haegak ordered the followers who were behind him, "Scatter and wait for the next divine message."

Martial God Zeratul was great. Humanity wanted power for a number of reasons. They wanted power so it was natural to worship the martial god. On the continent, there were symbols such as temples or stations that honored the martial god. All of them became the eyes and ears of the martial god. The dozens of followers, including Haegak, scattered everywhere. The moment a divine message came down from the martial god who would soon find Zikfrector's position, they would unite again to eliminate Zikfrector.

On the other hand, outside the small city of Bairan in the Overgeared Kingdom...

"I won! I won!" The Guardian of the Forest. It was even the Awakened Guardian of the Forest and it was killed by Prince Lord. The young man jumped around happily. However, the corpse of the huge monster that fell by the boy's side was very shocking because it was the result of the boy's actions.

'Killing the Awakened Guardian of the Forest in 10 minutes...' The hidden Faker watched Lord and felt rare astonishment. Certainly, this forest was a hunting area with low requirements. However, the Awakened Guardian of the Forest that appeared in a specific cycle that Lord waited a month for was a very powerful monster.

During the time when Faker was active here, the Tzedakah Guild couldn't raid it even if they all joined forces. Yet Lord alone took down the Guardian of the Forest in 10 minutes. Lord possessed all types of legendary skills so his potential was excellent, but the Grid created items he was armed with were also outstanding.

A weapon that increased damage every time the same target was attacked, armor that improved tolerance to all types of damage, a cloak that frequently removed aggro, as well as the white tiger shoulder guards and the blue dragon boots similar to the ones that Grid favored.

Over the past 15 years, Grid had prepared many gifts for Lord. His care for Lord could be felt.

"There are so many blue orichalcums! Father will be pleased!"

Did he feel like it was his turn to reciprocate? It was wonderful to see Lord smiling happily as he grabbed the items that dropped.

"This...?!"

".....?" Faker cocked his head. It was because Lord showed interest in a small statue carved from stone. The statue had been in the forest for a long time and Faker had seen it many times. He had just never been very interested in it. The statue of an unknown person was just part of the background and it was common everywhere.

However, Lord's thoughts were different.

"I might've been taught that the suppression of faith isn't very good, but... this is the Overgeared Kingdom," Lord murmured as he stepped on the statue and smashed it.

In Faker's eyes, it was very reasonable behavior. The Overgeared Kingdom was Grid's kingdom and Grid was a god. In the future, there was no reason for the symbols of gods other than Grid. At the very least, the faith of the Overgeared people had to be focused on Grid.

'I have to release the Shadow group members to get rid of all the other divine symbols.'

Based on what he heard from Grid and his experience with the Sariel event, the gods weren't particularly divine. Rebecca's position was so great that he should be cautious about touching the symbols of Goddess Rebecca, but the other religions were fair game.

Faker thought about it and threw a dagger to destroy another statue lying among the bushes.

Suddenly—

".....?"

He discovered the galaxy lighting up the broad daylight sky and became alert.

[There is a rumor that the procession to your stone statue is endless!]

[The Stone Statue of Overgeared God Grid has achieved level 9.]

[Over the next month, your dexterity stat will rise by 30% and the probability of making a high rated item has slightly increased.]

[Over the next month, your strength, stamina, intelligence, and agility stats will increase by 19% each. The casting speed and power of sword dance-type attack skills and casting speed and cooldown time reduction of magic will increase slightly.]

The moment he longed for had finally come. As expected, once the statue reached level 9, he received the same dexterity and production probability correction effects as when the Hero King's Stone Statue was level 15.

'It isn't easy to level up the stone statue...'

The number of people in the Overgeared Kingdom had now reached 200 million. Two-thirds of them were players. Although many people visited the stone statue to complete the weekly quest, the speed at which the stone statue's level rose wasn't as fast as before. It seemed that after the Hero King's Stone Statue was promoted to the Overgeared God's Stone Statue, the amount of experience required to level up had increased.

'It is understandable since the function of the stone statue itself has improved.'

The problem now wasn't the level of the stone statue. It was command. The hidden stat didn't rise.

"Why?"

It was the 19th day since the vampire species became unsealed. The number of players who changed species to a vampire was already reaching 20 million. This meant 20 million vampires were clearing the Blood King's Order every week. So why wasn't the command stat rising?

'Does it rise by 1 point when the Blood King's Order is cleared 100 million times?'

No way. Still, if the effect of the command stat was as good as expected, then he could endure it. It didn't matter if the command stat increased by 1 point every 100 million times the Blood King's Order was cleared. Looking at the trend of vampire players increasing, there would come a time when it rose by 1 point every week. It wasn't bad.

'It would be understandable if it was 1 point per 1 billion... no, this is a terrible calculation.'

Dammit, it had been a long time since he became a slave of the S.A Group.

'Well, it's fine.'

The reason why Grid wanted the command stat was because he wanted to speed up the formation of blood magic and the duration. However, there was a saying that 'if you don't have teeth, you should live with your gums.' If the command stat wasn't rising then he should change the method by improving the Pulling Device. His dexterity stat buff was restored so he was keen on making items for the time being.

'Let's speed up the ejection speed and put the aim assist effect. I need Elizabeth's help.'

Grid's face was energized as he lit up the furnace for the first time in a while. Rest could sometimes be inspirational. Grid had envisioned more than one or two items in the time when he waited for the level of the stone statue to rise. He had plenty of materials from his colleagues who competed in the National Competition.

"Let's start production."

It was time to become stronger.

Chapter 1408

'Faker?'

Zibal fell to an unknown place after riding the galaxy created by Grandmaster Zikfrector. He realized that the life detected by Raiders was Faker and thought of the word 'fate.' It was too amazing to dismiss it as a coincidence when the place he fled to was a place with an Overgeared member. Then he soon figured out the situation.

"Is this the safest place in the world right now?" Zikfrector's murmur as he stood on Raiders' hand allowed Zibal to understand the situation. The ancient teleportation magic used by Zikfrector moved the two people to coordinates that corresponded to the user's will.

'The safest place in the world...' The Overgeared Kingdom had grown to such an extent that it was rated like this by the system.

Zibal smiled and descended from Raiders with Zikfrector. The person who approached him wasn't Faker but a young man.

"T-That is a magic machine, right?" It was a boy who couldn't hide the admiration shining in his eyes. His appearance and ID couldn't be seen due to the visor he was wearing. However, Zibal felt a strange feeling from him. It was a sense of strangeness that could be felt because Zibal's knowledge was excellent.

Zibal could see that all the items the boy was wearing were of too high value. It was difficult to have such an assortment even if the boy was a second generation chaebol. Additionally, the current location was an area where the monster didn't respawn right away... this was a boss zone. He opened the map and saw that the location was Bairan. Based on the moon, it must be the day when the Awakened Guardian of the Forest appeared. However, the guardian wasn't visible.

"Kid, are you Grid's son?" The time it took to get a result based on multiple pieces of evidence was only a few seconds.

Lord wasn't wary of the unidentified stranger who recognized him with one glance. "Yes, and you are the young nobleman Zibal, right?"

Lord smiled widely as he took off his visor. He also inferred Zibal's identity through Raiders. He remembered hearing from his father and his father's colleagues that an excellent and courageous warrior called Zibal was riding the magic machine.

Zibal clicked his tongue. "I heard you just had your coming of age ceremony, yet you're already hunting the Guardian of the Forest. Even if Faker..."

-Shh.

“.....”

Zibal closed his mouth. Faker’s reaction in sending a whisper the moment his name was mentioned startled Zibal.

-What? Are you hiding from this little kid? Then he raided the Guardian of the Forest by himself?

-That’s right.

-This is a game where blood is important...

If such a child was so strong because he was Grid’s son, wouldn’t the child that Zibal have been quite excellent? The concept of marrying and having children in the game had been unfamiliar and awkward, thus Zibal avoided it in the meantime. Now his attitude changed to the positive.

“Sir Zibal, why did you visit Bairan? Did you want to hunt the Guardian of the Forest?”

“You don’t know how scary your father is. Who in the world would covet a boss owned by the Overgeared Kingdom?”

“I know that Father is relentless toward his enemies. However, isn’t Zibal Father’s friend?”

“.....”

A friend? The flustered Zibal reflexively looked around but he couldn’t see Faker. The reason he was able to detect Faker was only due to the biometric detector built into Raiders. After a failed attempt to send a question with his eyes, he finally sent a whisper to Faker again.

Faker’s cold tone in response was a bit uncomfortable...

-I’m not the one who spread the rumor that Grid and I are friends, right?

-Then it must be a rumor from Grid.

-Grid?

Zibal was the former leader of the Seven Guilds and he led a war against the Overgeared Guild. This included the invasion of Reidan. Then at events such as the National Competition, he blocked the road of the Overgeared members every time. Later, he avoided conflict with the Overgeared Guild as much as possible. Some situations happened and they often cooperated, but to say they were friends...

-If you’re uncomfortable, then talk to Grid.

-No, since when am I uncomfortable? I’m just surprised because it is unexpected...

Zibal was surprised while talking to Faker who was hiding in an unknown place. It was due to the smile that spread on Zikfrector’s face as he stared at Lord. Why did Zikfrector react like this when he was usually indifferent to others?

“Prince, what is your schedule?”

Zikfrector asked Lord who was staring enthusiastically at Zibal. Then Lord turned his gaze to Zikfrector for the first time. He gave a polite greeting before answering, "I was about to return to Reinhardt."

"Is your business here finished? Too bad. Then I look forward to seeing you again next time."

"Can I please know this nobleman's name?"

"I don't have a name to give. I'm just someone who wants to be your father's friend." Zikfrector was officially a traitor of the empire. He didn't need to cause trouble by revealing his identity. There must be a reason so Lord bowed deeply to Zikfrector and Zibal.

"I see. I don't think I should bother you so I will go. I hope good luck will accompany you..."

"Eh? Goodbye."

They entered the territory of their own will, yet it didn't bother Lord? Didn't he believe in the security of the Overgeared Kingdom too much?

Lord smiled at the confused looking Zibal. It was a smile that seemed to convey, 'It is because you are my father's friend.'

'It is bewitching.' His skill of smiling with a beautiful face was unusual.

Zibal clicked his tongue and confirmed that Lord had left. Then he asked Zikfrector, "Since we've come to the Overgeared Kingdom, isn't it better to go to Reinhardt? Grid has been wanting to meet you."

"No, the galaxy led me here so it is better to stay here for a while. Once your Providence is available again, we will go and meet Grid."

-Yes. Is this okay, Faker?

-It doesn't matter. I don't want to constrain the grandmaster.

He wondered if he should ask about Providence but he didn't know what to say. Well, the grandmaster wouldn't answer even if there was a question.

'Providence...'

Zibal knew Zikfrector's true identity. The 6th evil, Zik. Zibal expected that he would one day experience a major episode related to the seven malignant saints. He thought the power he would gain in the process would be the power of the 6th evil, but surprisingly, it was the power of the 1st evil.

'It is similar to an escape method...'

The reason for Zibal's disappointment was that he still didn't know the true power of Providence. During their stay here, Zikfrector planned to tell Zibal the story of the seven malignant saints and teach him how to use Providence.

It was easy to understand the Pulling Device as an auxiliary tool that converted a blade into a sword. It ejected silver thread that attached to the blade and pulled it over, allowing the Pulling Device to be used

as a handle. However, the time spent in the process was at least 0.6 seconds. There was also a concern that the ejected silver thread wouldn't hit the target due to some interference.

The thing Grid wanted was simple. It was to speed up the firing of the silver thread and simplify the process of hitting the target.

Thus, he asked Elizabeth for help and the answer that came back was 'NO.' Elizabeth criticized the Pulling Device as a 'crude item.' She suggested it was better to create a new Pulling Device rather than improve it because the limitations were clear.

Grid was actively willing to accept her opinion. The structure might be simple, but it was right to respect her opinion. The two of them headed for Reidan. After researching and cooperating for a fortnight, they succeeded in making the desired item.

[Magic Power Ejection Machine]

[* A secondary tool.

Rating: Legendary (Transcendent)

A rectangular box that can be held in one hand.

It looks extremely ordinary, but it is a magic engineering machine made with advanced alchemy techniques.

It was created out of a collaboration between Overgeared God Grid and the renowned craftsman artisan Elizabeth.

A total of 10,000 mana can be stored in the box. Once the button at the top of the box is clicked, the inner magic fan will rotate counter-clockwise to eject the stored magic power. The ejection distance is up to 1 meter. Once the ejected magic power touches the specified item, the 'Item Combination' skill is activated. However, it can't exert an influence on objects owned by others.

Conditions of Use: Grid

* The duration of Item Combination is until the mana inside the box is consumed.

* Once Item Combination is triggered, 100 mana per second is consumed. The user can inject mana into the box in real time.

Weight: 200]

"Look! I need to improve the design!"

The performance of the finished produce far exceeded Grid's wishes and expectations. Of course, the price was high. The highest level alchemy of the alchemy facility, which had been a money-eating hippopotamus since a long time ago, cost 90,000 gold for every attempt and only had a 8% chance of success. It cost more than 100 million won per attempt and only class specific skills or non-combat skills could be attached.

Of course, the research director explained that it was particularly expensive because Grid was attempting to attach a legendary rated skill, but this wasn't particularly comforting.

In the first place, the cost compared to the performance of attaching a skill to an item using alchemy was very bad. This is because the condition of use was limited to 'the master of the skill attached.' There were few people in the world who would do a crazy thing like pouring so much money into making an item that couldn't be re-sold.

"Look at the item description! It looks like an ordinary rectangular box! The item made using 8 billion won is so ordinary! Is it normal that it looks so ordinary?!"

"Don't mention the 8 billion won."

8 billion won to make a secondary item...

The value for money was worth it, but he couldn't help trembling.

"Ah, to be exact, it was 8.2 billion won?"

"....."

"It is such a large amount of money! Why spend precious time and money to design an item so ordinary? I said I would finish it off in a pretty manner! Why don't you leave it to me? Can't you believe in my skills?"

A legendary (transcendent) rated item was made.

Elizabeth's help in the process was great. If it wasn't for her, he wouldn't have been able to make a fan engraved with a sophisticated magic circle for magic to be attached to, nor could he have envisioned an item that ejected magic power. In fact, Elizabeth's contribution to the creation of the item was very great. The additional stats, reputation, and achievement she earned in return really helped her. Grid might be thankful to her, but she was just as thankful to Grid for the opportunity. Thus, she was even angrier.

A secondary tool that had the Item Combination skill. Even if the condition of use was limited to Grid, it was a legendary magic engineering machine that could be traded for an astronomical amount of money. Yet the appearance was that of a box. The material was Greed so it had a simplistic charm when looking carefully, but that was only a story when looking at it in detail. Elizabeth's wish was for Grid's Magic Power Ejection Machine to have an appearance worthy of its value.

However, Grid thought differently. "It isn't good to have a combat aid that stands out. Rather, it is better for it to look cheap."

"W-When did I say that it looks cheap?! I said it was ordinary." Elizabeth finally shut her mouth. It was hard to insist on changing the design after hearing Grid's intentions. "Well, I understand. I'll make a concession this one time. Are you going back now?"

"Yes, the business here is over."

There were still many items to make but before that, he was going to meet Zikfrector. A fortnight ago, Faker had run over after hearing from Kasim that Lord was trying to challenge the Awakened Guardian of the Forest. Then Faker delivered some unexpected news. Zikfrector was staying in Bairan.

Grid had wanted to go to Bairan straight away, but he couldn't interfere with Elizabeth's too busy schedule. Thus, he first visited Reidan. There was no reason to be in a rush. Zikfrector was safe because Lael had deliberately strengthened Bairan's forces.

'Shall I go and find the sixth apostle?'

He would take a break at the same time. Elizabeth had talked too much.

Grid grabbed his throbbing head and entered the warp gate.

Chapter 1409

A large golem emitting a blue light rushed forward. It used its heavy shoulders to easily break through the human formation, breaking in and disrupting them. However, its momentum didn't last long.

The humans scattered in all directions pulled the rope in their hands and the golem slipped where it was standing, falling backward. It struggled with its arms and legs like an upside-down tortoise that couldn't get up. All sorts of skills poured toward it.

"It is a smooth linkage."

"It is possible because we know where the enemy will appear and we set up traps. I don't think there is anything to compliment."

Zibal watched with interest as he watched the Overgeared members raiding the Guardian of the Forest using traps. In fact, the average level of the raid team deserved praise. With the exception of Toban, who was standing back and commanding, most of the participants were players in their mid-200s. It was frankly a good thing for them to raid the Guardian of the Forest without a single casualty.

However, Zibal had witnessed a young boy who hunted the 'awakened' Guardian of the Forest by himself a fortnight ago. Therefore, he wasn't particularly impressed by the Overgeared Three members despite them doing all types of tricks. "Toban, why is a person like you managing a raid of this level? Can't you leave it to the second group?"

"It is normally managed by the third group, but today is the training of new recruits. Therefore, I visited myself."

"...New recruits?"

Then they weren't the third group?

'How wide is their talent pool?'

No, it must be a bluff. They didn't want to expose their guild power to outsiders. Zibal was watching the raid when he reflexively got up from his seat. It was because Grid arrived at the scene.

'This damn thing.'

Grid had nothing to do with him so why did he stand up without his knowing...?

"Have you been well?" Grid approached Zibal who was rebuking himself and gave a greeting with a smile. It was an uncomfortable friendly attitude.

“...I haven’t been well,” Zibal shook Grid’s hand and answered honestly. The last few months since visiting the Hwan Kingdom had been hell. He could never relax for a moment due to the martial god followers who were constantly narrowing their surveillance network.

“I’m sorry. It wasn’t polite to ask if you’ve been well when you’ve obviously been struggling. You’ve had a hard time.” Grid patted Zibal’s shoulder and politely bowed to Zikfrector. “It is reassuring to see that you’re safe. By the way, why are you living in the forest instead of the castle?”

Grid felt it was ridiculous after finding out that Zibal’s group had been living in the forest outside Bairan for the past fortnight. Perhaps it might be possible if this was a great hunting place. However, why refuse the convenience of the Overgeared Guild and stay in a place where only the Guardian of the Forest respawned?

“I received advice from mana that this is the safest place.”

‘Advice from mana?’

Was it possible to use ancient magic to talk to mana? Grid was recalling the ancient magic that Zikfrector used with the runes when Zikfrector spoke strange words, “It must be because you asked your son to destroy the statues of the martial god.”

“.....?”

“You don’t have to look like you don’t understand. I’m not upset just because you tested me. It is true that my body weakens every time I go through the Curse of Sloth. Still, my magic power is in good shape. You don’t have to worry too much.”

‘What does this mean...?’

“We are going!” Toban picked up the items dropped by the Guardian of the Forest and waved to Grid. He wanted to remove as many eyes as possible so as to not interfere with Grid’s time.

“Ah, yes. Bye. Everyone has worked hard.”

Grid waved to Toban and bowed slightly to the other Overgeared members. The Overgeared members smiled widely and bowed 90 degrees in response. Then they whispered to each other and left.

Zibal muttered while watching this scene, “They are really new recruits...’

It was evident they were new to the kingdom based on the way they were so happy to just exchange greetings with Grid. For the Overgeared Guild, the Guardian of the Forest was nothing more than educational material for newcomers.

“Can you Become the King of the Dead?”

After the Overgeared members left, Grid muttered to himself and two skeletons rose from the ground. One was a skeleton warrior armed with heavy armor and the other was a skeleton magician with a staff. Grid also summoned Noe and Randy. He ordered them to allow no one to approach this place and they scattered in all directions.

Only then did Zikfrector get to the point. “It is true that you became a god.”

“...Yes, it is a nominal god, but somehow it turned out like this.” Grid looked into Zikfrector’s eyes. He thought there would be disappointment or frustration, but they were surprisingly calm. Did he have insight into the situation like Hayate?

“Looking back on it now, it was inevitable. Your achievements are so great that few people in history can compare. It is natural for you to be revered as a god.”

“You aren’t disappointed?”

Zikfrector was a person who had been looking forward to the birth of a god killer. Gods couldn’t kill other gods.

“It would be a lie to say I’m not disappointed. I wanted you to be a god killer, not a god. However, the water has already been spilled. Additionally...” Zikfrector’s gaze moved to the inside of the forest. His gaze was on Mercedes, who returned after searching the surroundings for any danger. “You seem to have come to the conclusion that it is better to raise god killers than to be a god killer. I think this way could be more effective. I agree with your way.”

“.....?”

Nurture a god killer?

Zikfrector immediately confessed to the confused Grid, “In fact, I already tried it once. I learned that Mercedes was born with Keen Insight and tried to nurture her as a god killer. The first thing I did was to make her see Piaro so that she became his attendant...”

Zikfrector’s eyes were excellent. Under Piaro, Mercedes grew at a dazzling rate and eventually became the 1st Knight of the Red Knights.

“However, Mercedes had a fatal flaw. It is a conviction that never breaks. It is both a nutrient that developed Mercedes and a poison to her.”

Mercedes was very inflexible. She valued rules over efficiency and this hindered her development. It put her in all types of danger. To put it bluntly, she was short-lived.

“I saw that Mercedes was destined to not live long. Rather than going beyond her limits and becoming a transcendent, I was sure that she would die before realizing her potential.”

Zikfrector’s gaze was still fixed on Mercedes. Zikfrector had fought against numerous enemies as an apostle of god. He had already grasped her abilities a long time ago.

“Then you twisted Mercedes’ beliefs and developed them until she is like this. You really deserve to be a god.”

‘Although I’m not a complete god...’

Hayate had told Grid that there was still room for him to become a god killer, but Zikfrector didn’t know this fact. It could be seen from this that Hayate was one level higher than Zikfrector. Hayate was the only Absolute at present and he deserved to be called the pinnacle of humanity.

'The story might be different if Zikfrector regains his half-god body, but... in any case, I'm proud that he is acknowledging Mercedes' growth.'

To be sure, the present Mercedes was incomparable to the days when she was a Red Knight. She had become a legendary knight and had written a few chivalric codes.

'It isn't just her. The other messengers are also incredibly strong.'

Additionally, the unique characteristics of the Overgeared God's messengers was to maximize the use of items. Zikfrector's opinion of raising them as god killers was very valid. It was an approach Grid had never thought of.

'An army of god killers...'

Grid had a different advantage than others. He could create items to make his colleagues stronger. He didn't think it would be impossible to raise god killers if he armed all the messengers and Overgeared members with items, making them stronger and transcendent. This was the moment when a new goal was made.

Grid was convinced and reached out to Zikfrector. "You noticed my plan, so you must know what I am going to ask."

"Of course." Zikfrector held Grid's hand. "I, Zik, am willing to become a messenger of the Overgeared God."

It was the moment when the sixth messenger was born. There was no epic. It was expected that a new epic would be written the moment Grid filled up all seven messenger positions.

Grid brought Zikfrector and Zibal to Bairan Castle. He wanted to serve a warm meal to the people who struggled.

"The seven malignant saints... their role was to condemn those who doubted the gods, right?"

There, he raised a question, "Didn't the gods already have apostles called angels? Why did they choose seven human beings to share their power and give this role?"

Perhaps it was to empower humanity. Just because they were a god didn't mean they considered humans to be insignificant. Grid expected there would be gods on the side of humans like Hexetia. However, the answer he received was terrible.

"There are too many conditions for angels to use their power in the human world and in hell. The gods needed the help of humans to easily control the world beyond heaven."

"Is that so..." Grid was convinced at this moment. The purpose of all players was to prevent the destruction of the world. In other words, it was to fight and win against the gods. He was confident that he would be in the center.

'Did the system give me the feeling of being a god because it wants me to lead people?'

It was a glorious position, but the burden was high.

Zikfrector spoke to the troubled Grid, "For the time being, you... there are two things you need to do. First, bring humanity together. It is a natural process to unify the earth in preparation for a war against heaven. Second, persuade Marie Rose to join your side. Marie Rose's combat power is the strongest on earth. You must convince her before you can gain enough power. Both things won't be easy, but I'll actively help you."

"Marie Rose has already joined me as an ally and you can see humanity as virtually united. The orcs and vampires are under my control and most of the human nations have a cooperative relationship with the Overgeared Kingdom."

".....?" Zikfrector's knife stopped cutting the meat. He stared at Grid with a sharp gaze. Then he soon realized it wasn't a lie and laughed. "You have already finished all the preparations. How far have you been looking ahead? It's especially amazing that you convinced Marie Rose. Did you use the power of a god?"

"There is no such thing."

"I see... I don't dare think of what a great sacrifice you must've made to persuade Marie Rose."

"....."

The unity of humanity was achieved with the help of Basara and no sacrifices were made to persuade Marie Rose. Still, there was no need to explain it one by one.

"The two most important conditions are met, so the remaining tasks are relatively easy. Use Marie Rose's help to destroy the great demons in hell and grow our strength."

Grid wondered, "First of all, isn't it better to rescue God Hexetia? He is my only ally in heaven and I think there is a lot to be gained by rescuing him."

"A god can't kill other gods. Hexetia is safe. We need to fight hell before fighting the gods because there is precedent for the gods and great demons to join forces."

Grid was worried as he remembered the past where Hexetia commissioned the great demons to invade the human world. "What if the great demons ask heaven for support?"

"That won't happen. Gods can come and go between hell and heaven, but the great demons don't have that authority. Yatan is the only one who can call for support from heaven, but Yatan is only active just before he destroys the world."

"I don't know what bullshit those who are about to die are talking about."

It happened as the time was ripe...

The restaurant window was broken and a group of people entered. The name of the guy who had his eyes covered and moved upside down on one hand was Haegak. Dozens of additional followers of the martial god appeared behind him.

"You have been hiding for a fortnight."

"This son of a bitch...!"

Zibal cursed as he jumped up. He was confronting the enemy who killed his allies, so it was hard for him to control his emotions. Two martial god followers stopped him from rushing over in an agitated manner. However, they both vomited blood and died at the same time.

".....!"

".....!"

All eyes focused on Grid. Grid stared at Haegak with cold eyes that overwhelmed those who saw it. "Do you know what place it is that you crawled into?"

A sword that dripped blood and created a blood fog. The sword held in Grid's hand shot forward like a thunderbolt, pierced Haegak, and exploded.

Chapter 1410

'How did they know to come?'

This was the question Grid had the moment the martial god followers entered the dining room. It took 20 minutes to get to Bairan Castle. The followers of the martial god appeared there like they had been waiting so he even wondered if there were spies in the castle.

Then he realized that he had ignored something Zikfrector mentioned. He failed to understand the logic of 'securing a safe area by destroying the statues of the martial god.' It was natural since Grid never instructed Lord to destroy the statues of the martial god. There were few hints and not enough time to immediately understand Zikfrector's remark.

'He deliberately lured them.'

Meanwhile, Zikfrector was convinced. Grid had created a safe zone by destroying the statues of the martial god in the forest of the guardian. It meant he had seen how to get rid of the pursuit of the martial god followers. Yet he dared to move locations and allow the followers to track them here. He showed a willingness to start a war for his new messenger by taking on the followers.

'His quick judgment and steadfast courage are worthy of being an object of envy.'

This was why Zikfrector had coveted Grid since the days when Juander was emperor. He appreciated Grid so much that he urged Grid to become the emperor of Saharan and he had a tendency to overestimate Grid. It was a time when Grid and Zikfrector's thoughts intersected.

'Is it a trap?'

Haegak felt a chill as the fragments of the exploded blood sword swept over his body. Haegak had never allowed any type of attack to hit since he gained sharper hearing and a sixth sense after abandoning his vision. Therefore, the burning sensation from his body was surprising.

Haegak turned to Grid's direction. Despite the missed attack, this man's firm attitude of forming blood again into a sword alerted Haegak. This guy—

He was the king of this kingdom who dared to impersonate a god.

“You are Grid. I heard you killed Lee Jeong but he wasn’t very good.” Haegak abandoned the unstable posture of the one-handed handstand and stood upright.

Grid opened his mouth, “Kukuk, Lee Jeong was the weakest of us—did you want to say something like that?”

This was a regular type of comment from Lael. He would mutter it to himself every time the dispatched personnel failed and returned.

Haegak flinched and shut his mouth.

“...Really.” Grid frowned when he saw Haegak’s reaction and then he used Freely Move. The followers of the martial god only marched forward. Their sole purpose was to achieve the peak of martial arts. Their essence didn’t change even if they were deceived by Zeratul and lost their sense of reason. Due to this setting, the skills they used weren’t simple. They were obsessed with techniques that were difficult to use, complex, and hard to hard. They also sought development in actual combat. In short, it meant they didn’t use targeting skills.

Moonlight flowed in from a collapsed outer wall. The followers’ weapons, fists, and kicks moved through along the light, scattering them and causing ripples. The techniques connected brilliantly, but they couldn’t even touch Grid’s fluttering cloak. It was because the power of Freely Move to avoid all non-targeting skills was absolute.

‘1.2 seconds.’

Grid calculated the time the blood sword combined with the Magic Power Ejection Machine would last and reached Haegak. He immediately unleashed a four fusion sword dance. First, Linked Kill occurred and Haegak dodged with restrained movements.

At this moment, the accumulated combat experience rang a warning bell inside Grid.

‘A counterattack will come.’

Wave Pinnacle was launched after Linked Kill. Haegak immediately recognized that it was impossible to avoid this and he stretched out his right arm. He didn’t use any recoil. He just threw his fist forward with his elbow down by his waist. The result was amazing.

[There are no attacks that you won’t recognize.]

Grid’s transcendence was triggered. Originally, an attack gained speed by using the recoil of pulling back the arm but Haegak’s fist shot forward like a bullet despite omitting this process. Grid couldn’t afford to admire it. In a slow world, Grid avoided Haegak’s attack and saw the scene of the chain being pulled out as Haegak’s fist shot forward and deflecting the blood sword. It was an iron chain that connected both of Haegak’s wrists. It collided with the blood sword and bounced it back toward Grid. It was a really fast and sharp counterattack.

Grid didn’t even blink once. He already anticipated a counterattack and was prepared for the situation. The God Hands blocked the blood sword. Then the blood sword changed directions and returned to Haegak again. Grid’s response was indeed perfect. Unfortunately, the blood sword didn’t reach Haegak.

Just before reaching Haegak, the duration ended and it exploded. Haegak was wounded by the fragments again and retreated from Grid.

‘He doesn’t have complete control over that sword.’ It would’ve been dangerous if the blood sword hadn’t exploded and struck him directly. During the time when Grid was tied up by Haegak, Zikfrector had bound five followers while Mercedes had killed three.

Zibal stabbed the followers who were bound by the runes that Zikfrector unfolded like a net and shouted, “Grid! Call out the ambushers!”

That’s right. Like Zikfrector and Haegak, Zibal also believed that Grid had designed this situation. It was natural. He wouldn’t have left the safe area without any countermeasures.

‘Was there an ambush?’

Haegak raised his senses. He could feel Grid and Zikfrector, as well as the sword energy scattered here and there. There was nothing good about increasing the number of enemies when there were already three strong opponents present who could overwhelm the followers who had learnt eight secret techniques.

‘I should aim for a quick fight.’

It wouldn’t be easy. Haegak estimated that Grid’s skills were as good as his. Rather, it was right to see Grid as more favorable than himself seeing that Grid controlled 10 black-gold hands holding different weapons.

‘I can only hope that I have more reinforcements than there are ambushers.’

In the worst case, he might have to borrow the ‘wings.’ It was a method where four angel wings were implanted to force him to become an angel, or an apostle of the martial god. It was a black magical art that caused extreme suffering by temporarily separating him from a human, making him lose his sense of ‘me’ in exchange for borrowing the power of an angel into a human body. In the first place, the relationship between the human world and angels was the worst. From the moment the wings were implanted, his mental strength and stamina would be worn out. Even his life span was decreased.

‘Lee Jeong hadn’t learned this black magical art.’ Grid might be hit because he didn’t know about its existence. Haegak was judging the situation while Grid looked embarrassed.

‘Things would be worse if I had prepared an ambush.’

It was necessary to stop the knights and soldiers who would come running after hearing the turmoil. The followers of the martial god who appeared here had learned at least eight secret techniques. Ordinary knights and soldiers would just be cut down by them.

The best way to confront them was with a small number of elites and at least four elite people were gathered here. Himself, Mercedes, Zikfrector, and Zibal’s magic machine... no, Zibal. In this way, it was enough for the four of them to wipe out the followers. The rapidly rising skill proficiency when fighting the followers was a bonus. If they were lucky, they might get one of the martial god’s secret techniques.

“What ambush? We are enough.”

Yes, there was no such thing as an ambush. It happened when Grid smiled while concealing his thoughts and raised his thumb...

The windows and walls on all sides shattered and new martial god followers entered. There were at least 20 of them. The number of enemies doubled in an instant.

"You alone are enough? Haha! Yes, you can try it!"

Haegak shouted and the 40 followers rushed to Zikfrector. Their purpose was Zik of the Seven Evils. It was to eliminate the danger that could use all types of tricks to incite a rebellion against the heavenly gods.

Mercedes blocked the followers. She pushed away the leading followers with her shield, rotated while swinging her sword close to the ground, cutting the Achilles' heel of the followers. The followers ignored her. They broke through the gaps caused by her attacking their colleagues and aimed all sorts of techniques at Zikfrector.

Zikfrector was slowly pushed to the defensive. His body was weakened due to just awakening from the long sleep the Curse of Sloth put him under and the ancient magic using runes took time to unfold. He couldn't easily handle the followers who rushed in from all directions without caring about defense.

Grid tried to help him.

"Where are you going?" However, Haegak blocked Grid's way.

It just stretched out, out, and out. Haegak's right fist flew forward at high speed without the help of the recoil and forced Grid into the world of transcendence.

Grid dodged while noting that the right arm had more developed muscles than the left arm. It seemed that his habit of moving around using his right arm wasn't for nothing. The reason why the follower blindfolded himself, restrained his hands and feet, and did a handstand with one arm was all part of training. The training of unusual intensity developed his body and combat skills.

Grid understood this too. This was why he did his next action.

Click!

So far, both hands had been restrained by Lee Jeong's handcuffs.

[Lee Jeong's Handcuffs have been unequipped. The attack range, hit rate, and attack power of the equipped weapon are restored to normal. Some of the skills that have been sealed will be released.]

"Kukuk!Kuhahaha!Haegak saw Grid removing the handcuffs around his wrists and burst out laughing. It was an action that showed he found it absurd. Haegak also loosened the iron chains restraining his wrists and the chains that fell to the ground caused it to shake. Haegak released the chains binding his ankles and the shackles fell into a hole it created in the ground. "Lee Jeong's handcuffs are half the weight of my handcuffs."

Finally, Haegak took off his blindfold. All the restrictions for training were removed. Haegak disappeared like smoke. The moment Grid took one step back, Haegak's kick passed by the tip of Grid's nose.

[You have suffered 1,900 damage.]

His nose bled. Grid definitely felt it. Haegak became several times faster and stronger than before. The attack hit rate had risen to the point where it was difficult to dodge even using the world of transcendence. The depth of the martial arts that predicted the target's response combined with vision made him a monster.

"The Triad... it wasn't a bluff." Grid honestly admired it.

Haegak shrugged in response, but he didn't let down his guard. He had determined that he might have to transplant the wings in exchange for his life, so he couldn't underestimate Grid.

"Sky."

The strongest single sword dance cut through the waves of moonlight.

Grid suppressed Haegak with Restraint, appeared behind Haegak, and entered the Transcend state. He connected Kill and Pinnacle to restrict Haegak's movements. Dozens of blue petals appeared in the area and exploded with a wave-like momentum. Grid pierced Haegak with Dragon and blood scattered.

[The heavenly gods are paying attention to you.]

Sky was a sword dance that announced the birth of a new sky. The attention of the gods was natural and interest was directly linked to hostility. This was why Grid suppressed the sword dance, Sky, that was powerful enough to be a fusion sword dance.

However, that was a story of the past. There was no hesitation in the current Grid. From the moment the heavenly gods imprisoned Hexetia, the relationship between Grid and the gods had become irreversible. The battle between Grid and Haegak intensified dramatically.

Grid gradually increased his momentum by using stronger sword dances while Haegak responded with the dozens of martial arts that he had trained in. The strong wind that stretched out from Haegak's fist failed to hit Grid and destroyed a spire before being extinguished.

Then the God Hands deflected Haegak's next strike and fell to the ground. Next, Haegak was cut on the thigh in exchange for blocking a sword dance and leaned over. He grabbed Grid's collar, used a grappling technique and tossed Grid away. However, Grid appeared in front of Haegak again using Shunpo and swung his sword. Grid and Haegak's attacks moved along all types of trajectories and collided, creating shockwaves that shook the castle.

Haegak, who had been concentrating for a long time, suddenly burst out laughing. "Hahaha! Aren't you too focused on me?"

The scene was filled with a bloody smell. It would surely be the blood of Zik who was surrounded by dozens of followers.

"The 6th evil is dying while you are tied up by me..."

Haegak was talking while enjoying the situation only for his eyes to widen. It was quiet. There wasn't a single noise at the scene other than his own voice. He felt something strange and turned his head, only

to be shocked. All his followers were corpses. A silver-haired man sat on the mountain of corpses like it was a throne, a farmer and an angel on his left and right sides.

“What...?”

What type of bizarre combination was this? Haegak couldn't understand the sight unfolded before him and seemed to have an illusion that the shadows around him were shaking. Then he soon realized it wasn't an illusion. It was due to two assassins rising from the shadows and attacking him.

Grid smiled brightly. “You should've been careful of an ambush.”