

## Overgeared 341

### Chapter 341

Grid had done his best in the duel to persuade Piaro. He took out all the cards he had and realized one thing in the process of defeat. The suitable weapon for more advanced swordsmanship was a one-handed sword, not a greatsword.

‘The relatively big and heavy greatsword’s trajectory is simple and limited.’

Grid’s basic battle style was to repeatedly hit. Therefore, he preferred a greatsword with strong destructive power. Pagma’s Descendant had a damage oriented skill tree, so the greatsword was very good for that.

However, Grid felt the limitations. From Elfin Stone to Braham and Piaro. The appearance of unmatched powerhouses meant that his previous way of fighting became ineffective. So what about strong destructive power? It couldn’t deal with the strong opponents!

‘I need to familiarize myself with one-handed swords.’

He obtained the strongest one-handed sword, Iyarugt, which wasn’t lacking in power compared to a greatsword. After the confrontation with Piaro, Grid devoted himself to training with the one-handed sword.

What if it was the him in the past? ‘How annoying. All I need is items.’

Grid would think that, but now it was different. He did his best to get used to one-handed swords, just like when he made items. This change was possible because he had a desire to become stronger.

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‘Compared to the old days, I increased my control skills and didn’t neglect training.’

He was arrogant. He learned today that against Chucksley, a knight he’d never heard of, his techniques didn’t work. Iyarugt gave him the best sword trajectory, but he could only hold on. To be honest, it was quite frustrating for Grid.

He judged that it was hard to overcome Chucksley without the help of the God Hands. But this place was in the middle of the enemies. He didn’t know when other enemies would attack, so he had to place the God Hands on the defensive.

Then the situation changed. Allies arrived and the enemies had fallen into confusion. The focus on Grid was eased. Grid used that chance to deploy Magic Missile that he’d saved as a trump card and managed to shake off Chucksley.

He pursued Chucksley’s ally and this became the bait.

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“Kuk...!”

Chucksley was hit by Kill and his health gauge fell to two-thirds. Grid took great damage when enduring the blow to grab Chucksley's neck, and blood was pouring from his chest. But his health gauge wasn't reduced at all.

It was the power of the Holy Light Armor and Doran's Ring.

Grid sensed the power of the Rising Sword used by Chucksley and wore Doran's Ring in advance. It was the judgment ability he was able to exert due to the Slaughterer's Eye Patch. The ability to use this item perfectly would impress rankers.

Grid smiled coolly and whispered to Chucksley.

"Have you heard of being overgeared?"

"Overgeared?"

What did that mean? Grid used such difficult terms to understand. To Chucksley, Grid was an intellectual.

'I thought he was ignorant because he was a commoner, but he uses such complicated jargon...!'

It was incredibly frustrating to listen to. Four golden hands flew around Chucksley, who was unable to interpret the meaning of overgeared.

'This!'

The golden hands were moving and wielding their weapons by themselves. There were three of them? Chucksley detected the danger and shook off Grid. Grid was unable to suppress him with force and shouted without any delay.

"Magic Missile!"

Jiing.

Grid's magic power gathered at the tips of the four hands.

Pepepepeng!

White flashes of light flew out and hit Chucksley.

"Kuaaaaak!"

Chucksley felt a pain that couldn't be ignored. The Magic Missiles launched by the golden hands contained incredible power for low-grade magic. Chucksley couldn't understand it at all.

'Why is the resistance of my White Armor being ignored!?'

The Lokan family that Chucksley came from had served the Eternal royal family for generations. He had countless achievements and received the praise and recognition of people. One of the things he received was the White Armor.

The armor boasted good physical defense and high magic resistance, so it easily blocked variables. Chucksley was always invincible in war when wearing this armor. He crushed the enemy's physical attacks with his sword and resisted the enemy's surprise magic attacks with his armor.

However!

"Cough! Cough!"

This low level spell penetrated his armor and dealt a perfect blow? No, Pagma's Descendant was a blacksmith, so how could he use magic in the first place? The secret must be in the gold hands!

'What is the identity of those golden hands...?'

Chucksley's head was a mess as he coughed up blood. He wasn't able to figure out Grid. It felt like he was facing a person on a different dimension. Yes, this was the feeling he'd had using the Reinhardt golem invasion.

'Why...?'

He had trained in swordsmanship until he vomited blood and as a result, he got the title of great swordsman. The person who was once called the greatest swordsman, Piaro, had disappeared. But there was still such a gap between them?

'This is a legend!'

Hadn't Grid already become a legend? Grid's growth should already be over and he should become stagnant.

"Why...? Why have you become stronger?"

"..."

Grid's eyes were different from when they first met. Grid no longer ignored Chucksley and respected him. He honored the strong. That's why he spoke honestly.

"I am still weak."

"What?"

Grid defeated the golems who were threatening the kingdom and now overcame Chucksley! Then what were these words? Chucksley was agitated as Grid repeated something he had heard.

"The world is wide and there are many strong people. You will know if you ever meet a real powerhouse one day. How incomplete I am."

Braham and Piaro. Compared to them, he wasn't a legend. He had yet to achieve his full growth. One reason was that he couldn't complete the class quest, but Grid knew the truth.

'It isn't because of the class quests.'

It was because he didn't have the ability to progress through the class quests. If it was Yura or Huroi, they wouldn't have been stupid enough to be stuck for such a long time on one quest.

'I have no talent.'

He didn't have control skills like Regas and Faker, or the ability to raise his level like Jishuka or Pon. Grid didn't have any advantages that would be his weapons. The reason he was able to get to his current position was his tenacity. Without that tenacity, Grid wouldn't have become Pagma's Descendant and would still be ordinary. No, he would've still been a low level user.

"Well, I mean... I will devote myself more and more. As long as I can survive here."

Killing intent filled Grid's eyes. Respect for the strong? This was enough. Grid had no intention of forgiving the enemy who dared to invade Reidan. It wasn't simply due to the threat of losing his territory.

Reidan had 20,000 people. The people had an infinite affection towards him. The enemies in front of him were trying to harm those people. He couldn't forgive them. No, he couldn't tolerate their existence.

-Grid, everything is ready.

The composition of the battlefield had transformed to the ideal form. Reidan's soldiers fired arrows without a break and reduced the number of royal soldiers, while Laden and the northern army tied up their feet. Then Lauel cast the strongest skill of a third advancement qigong master, 'Master of Flow.'

Now all that was left...

Please imprint on the world that your territory is off limits.

-Y-Yes...

Lauel would take care of it. Grid decided to take Ferrell's life first. Ferrell was gasping due to his wounds and couldn't resist the sword that pierced him.

[You have defeated Viscount Ferrell, the best archer of the Eternal Kingdom.]

[The Bon family will be forever hostile towards you.]

[356,410,000 experience has been acquired.]

[The Thunder Bow has been acquired.]

[Your demonic power has increased by two.]

"Ferrell!"

Chucksley and Ferrell were fellows who relied on each other. Chucksley gazed at Grid with hateful eyes. Grid thought this was ludicrous.

"Don't forget who caused this situation. You're the ones who aimed your swords first. Forgetting the fact that I saved the kingdom, all of you are less than dogs."

Grid looked arrogant and wicked. The conditions to instill fear and regret in the enemy wasn't just overwhelming power, but also attitude. He had been intentionally trained in this by Huroi.

“This guy!”

"Viscount Ferrell!"

Ferrel Shaiva du Bon. The ruler of the family who ruled the Shaiva estate for generations and who had a high reputation. His death would be enough to buy the wrath of the Shaiva estate and the royal family. A huge 300 knights and soldiers headed towards Grid.

"Protect the duke!"

Laden screamed and tried to move the army. However, Grid raised his hand and stopped him.

"Ohhhhhh!"

“Die!”

The isolated Grid gazed at the 300 enemies rushing towards him. Prince Ren watched the battlefield from where he was hiding among the escort knights.

‘That guy, I will make him regret it.’

Grid started his sword dance. It was a enchanting sight as a sword dance was unfolded in the middle of a battlefield filled with blood and flesh... No, he seemed like a madman who couldn't grasp the mood.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Wave!”

Kurururu!

Iyarugt had a higher attack speed than the greatsword. It exerted havoc in a long battle, but it was forced to fall behind a greatsword when it came to single attack skills.

Grid had swapped to Grid’s Greatsword the moment he started the sword dance. Grid’s Greatsword was a superior weapon with the best attack power, and an option effect that increased the damage of skills.

It wasn't possible for the 300 troops from the Shaiva estate to endure the black waves spreading all over the place.

‘This monster!’

Grid’s eyes gleamed with a red light and caused infinite fear inside Prince Ren. However, Prince Ren endured it.

“Don’t overdo it! Time is on our side!”

After a while. If they waited a little longer, the 2,000 soldiers would cross the Altes Mountains and hit Reidan.

Also!

‘Grid! Your wife will enter my hands soon!’

Until then, they just needed to endure. Prince Ren was confident that he would win the war with this web-like strategy.

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Puk!

'Now!'

Puk puk!

'It will be soon!'

A young man was digging at the ground. He was a beautiful young man. His beauty and grace didn't fade, despite having sunburned skin and dirt stains.

'Not long now!'

Puk puk!Puk!

The young man with the shy expression. He was digging at the ground with a hand plow when he heard the cry he had been waiting for.

"It's time for a snack!"

"...!"

The pupils of the young man greatly expanded. He jumped up and quickly used magic.

"Haste!"

Haste. It was a spell that raised the target's speed from 1.2 to 2.5 times. It wasn't easy to learn, but it was a useful magic that could be used extensively. Even if a person learned it, their performance would differ according to the capacity of the caster.

A magician who could double their speed with Haste? There were no more than 100 of them on the continent. However!

Swaeek!

The squatting young man showed off a phenomenal performance. His speed was doubled and no one could catch up with him.

"That lousy person...!"

"He's trying to take all the potatoes today!"

The farmers were indignant. The young man who used Haste was Bland. He didn't hesitate to commit a foul by using magic to gain more potatoes.

"Did you forget that Piaro said we should divide it among ourselves?"

"I will tell Piaro!"

The farmers saw that he was about to leave and used a childish attack. Bland hesitated for a moment.

'I have to eat!'

Earl. Bland who had a rich life as the son of Earl Ashur, one of the 10 great magicians on the continent! For him, potatoes were just food that pigs were forced to eat. He had never eaten potatoes, and only consumed the finest ingredients, which were more nutritious and tastier than potatoes.

However, that changed after being held hostage in Reidan. Bland ate only potatoes to survive. Then he became thrilled. He was surprised by the gorgeous taste and the instant feeling of fullness.

In particular, the Rainbow Potato was a delicacy. He could get seven different types of tastes from one potato. A potato that he could only eat after being captured and suffering from a desperate situation. To Bland, it was more sacred than any blessing from a god. He was able to shake off all types of troubles and anxieties thanks to it.

There was plenty of food in the developed Reidan, but the potatoes were still the best for Bland.

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"You want one today?"

The housewives asked Bland, who had run across the vast fields. Bland nodded without hesitation.

"That's right."

"Wow..."

The housewives thought it was pitiful. The beautiful young man in front of them. The housewives heard he was a precious child of a prestigious family. What wrong did he commit to live in slavery to Duke Grid?

Every day Bland worked in the fields, then there were rumors that he was taken separately by Piaro to be beaten in all types of ways. It was clear that this young man must be experiencing a terrible life. It was painful enough to want to die every day.

'Eating to relieve his stress...'

'It's a pity for such a good looking person.'

A housewife tearfully handed the snack to Bland. There were 10 baked potatoes and 10 boiled potatoes.

"As you know, there is only supposed to be one potato per person..."

"I know that you are always suffering, so I will give you all of this."

"Please eat and gain strength!"

'The people pity me.'

Bland had a unique bloodline and had been on the best elite course in the kingdom. He didn't have many opportunities to associate with the common people. However, his time in Reidan started to change his perception little by little.

'The people have a hard life, but they still take care of others. It's too much.'

It was ridiculous. But he couldn't help admiring it. Bland received the handkerchief containing potatoes and frowned.

"There's no need to worry about me. My bloodline means my physical strength isn't weak, so I won't get sick. There's no need for unnecessary worry."

Bland's speech was prideful and could hurt the housewives's feelings. But the housewives were fine. They thought it was cute that the young man didn't know how to express himself.

"Potato... I originally thought it was pig food, but I will eat it anyway."

Bah! Bland snorted and held the handkerchief close to his chest. Contrary to what he said, he clearly cherished the potatoes. He left the place. At this time, the farmers belatedly arrived.

"He took so much!"

"Some of us might not have enough to eat!"

"Damn that man!"

'Noisy.'

They were so excited that they had to run around and yell? It truly was shameful. Bland clicked his tongue and moved to a secluded place. It was near the north wall. He sat down to eat the potatoes when his eyes sank.

'There are a bunch of rats'.

There was a suspicious group clinging to one side of Reidan's high walls. There were 20 of them. They were moving carefully and slowly climbing the wall. The color of their clothes was similar to the color of the wall, making their stealth great.

The Bland from before he came to Reidan wouldn't have been able to detect them.

"Hrmm."

Half a day ago. Asmophel led the army away, so it seemed like something big was occurring.

"It doesn't have anything to do with me."

Bland didn't care if the 20 assassins climbing the wall were successful in infiltrating Reidan. He wouldn't care even if they slaughtered people and set Reidan on fire. In fact, looking at it from his position, he should be applauding them.

"Then why...?"

Why didn't he like it? Bland placed a boiled potato in his mouth and stood up. The delicious potatoes, the farmers who suffered with him, and the housewives who cooked the potatoes and cared about him. They might be harmed.

"I feel bad."

More than anything else.



“...Irene.”

The woman he once loved was in Reidan. He had no lingering feelings for her. She had already become the woman of another man.

‘I want her to be happy.’

Bland’s mind was made up by the time he put the third potato in his mouth.

“Fire Arrow.”

Hwaruruk!

The 20 assassins climbing the wall. Eight fire arrows were shot at them. The momentum was completely different from a usual Fire Arrow. It was natural. He had been trained by Piaro for 16 months while doing field work every day.

He farmed... No, he could now borrow the natural mana of the ground. It was similar to the Natural State that belonged to the legendary Piaro.

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Daluka. An assassin wrapped in the veil of mystery. There were many speculations that Doran and Kasim were disciples of Daluka. Then one day 10 years ago. The Eternal Kingdom were lucky enough to obtain one of Daluka’s hidden techniques.

From then on, they started raising the Silver Dragons group. They took 5,000 orphans from all over the kingdom and trained them as assassins, giving them Daluka’s hidden technique.

Of course, it wasn’t easy. Of the 5,000 children who endured the training and survived, only 40 were trained in Daluka’s technique. Of these 40 people, not one of them had mastered the technique. They could only scratch the surface.

But this alone was enough. One year since the launch of the Silver Dragons group. The Silver Dragons had a 100% success rate with their missions. Prince Ren was confident. With the power of the Silver Dragons, the Eternal Kingdom would grow until they could eventually threaten the Saharan Empire.

At that time, the silver dragon drawn on the flag would spread open both wings again.

‘What is happening?’

The 20 members of the Silver Dragons were baffled. Agricultural fields spread out in all directions from Reidan’s outer walls. They had to pass through this place to get to Reidan, but the conditions of the farmers were strange.

‘Why are they farmers?’

There were dozens of farmers scattered through the vast fields. But their movements were unusual. The way they wielded the sickle and hand plow was reminiscent of swordsmanship. In particular, a few farmers were strong enough to make the Silver Dragon members sensitive towards them. They seemed like influential people who would represent a kingdom.

'What is this?'

The Silver Dragons had learned Daluka's Absence of Worldly Desires technique. It was a breathing method that allowed them to infiltrate many places, even if it was only at the 5th stage. And the 20 people assigned to this mission were elite 5th stage Absence of Worldly Desires members. It meant they wouldn't show any agitation, even when facing death.

However, the farmers couldn't help making their hearts unsettled.

'It is better to move more carefully.'

The Silver Dragon members made the correct judgment and lay flat on the ground, crawling through the fields. They didn't want to be seen by the farmers. The result.

'Pant pant... It's dirty.'

A lot of time and stamina was consumed by the time the Silver Dragons reached Reidan's outer walls, making them fall behind schedule. Originally, they should've already had the duchess. Yet they hadn't even crossed the outer walls yet? It was truly shocking for the Silver Dragon members.

But they were elites.

'Erase the shaking.'

The members regained their calm thanks to Absence of Worldly Desires. Then they used 'Daluka's Clothes.' It was a technique that could achieve the ultimate stealth by making them like a chameleon.

Susuk.

Sususuk.

Even the gods in the sky wouldn't be able to see them right now! Then fire arrows flew towards the backs of the Silver Dragons climbing without any doubts.

"Heok!"

How were they noticed? The Silver Dragons avoided the magic and hurriedly looked around. The magic flew from the direction of one person. It was a farmer eating potatoes. The sun-tanned skin really made him seem like a hillbilly. It was unexpected, but this person was certainly a farmer.

'Did he use the magic?'

It was fast and powerful magic that they couldn't completely avoid!

'The farmers in this area are crazy!'

The eyes of the Silver Dragons shook. Their 5th stage Absence of Worldly Desires started shaking.

'We can't delay any longer. Should we ignore him and continue the mission?'

'No. Witnesses must be taken care of immediately in order to complete the secret mission.'

The Silver Dragons made a quick decision. They dropped down from the wall towards the farmer chewing potatoes. A magician had very weak defense. They believed that they could easily overpower the magician.

The magician's bombardment? There was no need to worry about that. Don't give him time to cast!

"Heok?"

The confident faces of the Silver Dragons distorted. The guy was a farmer or magician. Now he was creating a shield and pulling out a sword?

'What is his identity?'

Farmer, magician, swordsman. It was uncertain. Bland shot Fire Blast at the Silver Dragons. Using another spell while creating a shield as well?

"Double casting!"

The Silver Dragons paled. Their 5th stage Absence of Worldly Desires was broken.

At the same time.

"Throw it again."

King of Shadows, Kasim. The strongest assassin who had taken numerous lives was busy spending time with a newborn baby. He kept forcing the baby to do something.

"Abu! Abuuuu!"

The baby clamored with sharp eyes that resembled his father's. It felt like he was saying that he would do it this time. Then...

Peek!

Lord flew a block at a doll 3m away and it fell. It was an achievement that had taken two days. The growth was much faster than what Kasim predicted. Kasim was convinced as he felt something beyond admiration.

'This child...! This child will be able to master all of Master's skills!'

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The power of a legend was truly great. Duke Grid, who saved the 1,000 northern troops, and caught the ankles of the 5,000 royal troops. He clearly proved his strength. Honestly, Prince Ren felt awe. Grid, who swept through the battlefield with four golden hands, was like the incarnation of the battlefield itself.

But!

'The important thing in a war is resources, but power!'

War wasn't just limited to the battlefield. Those who had a bigger perspective of the strategies and tactics spread out like cobwebs would win. In that sense, Grid was the worst. A ruler plunging into enemy lines alone? It was truly stupid.

'Grid! I will make you regret the fact that you entered the middle of the enemy troops!'

After a while, a separate group would hit Reidan from the rear, and then the Silver Dragons would capture the duke's wife. Then the initiative would be completely on Prince Ren's side. Grid would be completely isolated. The victory of the royal army would go as he planned.

'Huhut! Your stamina can't endure forever!'

In fact, Grid's movements were different from when he first appeared. He was tired and dusty from dealing with the soldiers, arrows, magic, and the surprise attacks of the knights. He had clearly become sluggish.

'I just need to buy a bit more time!'

A dark smile spread on Prince Ren's face as he watched Grid. He already felt like he had won. He just needed to hang on longer.

Puk!

Puuooooook!

"Kuak!"

"Heeok!"

A rain of arrows from Reidan's soldiers fell around Grid. It felt like the arrows wreaking havoc on the royal soldiers were becoming stronger?

'I must be mistaken.'

At first, he thought so. But he soon realized.

'I wasn't mistaken!'

Puuooooook!

"Kyaak!"

The number of casualties from the arrows were rising rapidly. It was clear that the attack power of Reidan's soldiers had increased significantly since the beginning.

'What is this...?'

Chucksley called out to Ren, who was pale and nervous.

"The archery skills of the enemies are growing in real time! If this is the case, we won't be able to control the damage to our side! It's better to have the knights keep Duke Grid in check, while the soldiers defend against the arrows!"

"No! We can't do that!"

Training one knight was much more difficult than nurturing 1,000 soldiers. Prince Ren wanted to minimize the sacrifices of the knights. The role of grabbing Grid's ankle should be left to the soldiers.

'I just need to endure a little longer!'

It wouldn't be long now. Soon, an army would appear and hit the enemy archers from behind. However!

"Prince! The arrival time of the reinforcements has been exceeded!"

"...?"

Prince Ren looked up at the sky. It was just before the sun was about to set. If things went according to Prince Ren's plan, it was time for Hurent's group to arrive here and slaughter the enemies. Then why?

'Why haven't they arrived yet?'

Hurent was comparable to Chucksley. Hurent and the 2,000 troops couldn't be held back by monsters or thieves. Prince Ren thought for a moment before his eyes widened.

'It can't be!'

What if Grid had discovered the existence of the second group?

'He might've prepared an ambush for them!'

Grid! A person who didn't receive formal education managed to see the flow of the battlefield?

'Does he have an innate talent for strategy?'

Grid noticed the existence of the second group and prepared an ambush for them! It was just amazing. Then another sad piece of news was passed onto the disgruntled Prince Ren.

"Prince! I can't detect the Silver Dragons!"

"W-What?"

There was a magic power detector implanted in the bodies of the Silver Dragons. The purpose was to thoroughly supervise and manage them, as it was possible the brainwashing might be broken and betrayal would occur.

Now they couldn't be detected? This meant the death of the Silver Dragons.

'How?'

Prince Ren had 100% confidence in the abilities of the Silver Dragons. He didn't doubt that they were the strongest assassination group on the continent. Yet they failed to abduct one woman? He couldn't even imagine it.

'Unless the duchess is protected by someone as strong as Grid, it is unlikely that the Silver Dragons will fail... Heok!

Perhaps the duchess had a protector that was as strong as Grid? The Overgeared members who assisted Grid during the Reinhardt golem invasion in the past. Prince Ren shook as he was reminded of their existence.

'Considering their abilities at the time, can the Silver Dragons go against them?'

Grid!

‘What the hell are you...?’

Prince Ren was suffering from extreme confusion when Chucksley shouted at him.

"It's difficult to come back from this situation! We should change our strategy now!"

"W-Why? What should we do?"

"It's meaningless to buy time!"

Chucksley tightened his grip on the sword he was holding.

"Put all our strength into killing Duke Grid!"

It was a signal. The knight captain Chucksley and deputy captain Andu. Those two skilled people, 50 royal knights, and thousands of soldiers rushed towards Grid. It was an offensive that wasn't afraid of losing people.

Dust covered the area where Grid was standing.

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‘It's dirty.’

The average level of the enemy was only 130. Setting aside Grid, most rankers would be able to slaughter the royal soldiers alone. However, Grid wasn't in a position to hurt the royal soldiers. He had an obligation to concede the experience to the soldiers of Reidan.

It was hard. He had to subdue them without killing! He had to regulate his strength, causing his stamina to be quickly consumed.

‘In the first place, there are too many of them.’

5,000 enemies. When he faced them directly, there seemed to be no end to them. The soldiers of Reidan killed hundreds of enemies with their arrows, but nothing changed. When 10 soldiers were killed, countless others took their place.

The attacks coming from all directions? He would've been hit a few times if it wasn't for the God Hands.

‘War is never easy.’

He wanted to evolve Reidan's strength so that he wouldn't suffer from this again. Grid breathed out roughly as dust covered him on all sides.

"Hit Duke Grid!"

"...!"

Grid frowned. Chucksley and the knights who had been by Prince Ren's side. They were simultaneously rushing towards him? The soldiers built a defensive formation around them and also ran.

"This is a bit dangerous?"

Grid was thinking when a whisper from Lael was heard.

-Pull out your power.

The chunniyou instructed Grid. Lael sensed his reluctance and urged him.

-You can't afford to let the soldiers attack any longer. Excessive greed will poison you. I'll let the soldiers know what they have to do, so go crazy.

-Yes, I understand.

There was no room to spare. Grid nodded and took a position that was suitable for unfolding his sword dance.

"Duke Grid!"

Laden and the northern troops rushed to protect Grid.

"It's too unreasonable! Leave it to me and avoid them!"

"...You."

Laden's expression was shrouded. At first glance, he was ready to die. Grid realized why Marquis Steim appreciated Laden so much.

'His loyalty is at the level of Jude.'

No, it was higher than Jude. Jude didn't care about his life because he had no thoughts, but Laden was prepared to sacrifice his life despite having a normal brain.

'It would be better if he had the skills to back it up.'

Grid didn't know Laden's skill and misunderstood to the end. Meanwhile, Laden wielded his sword at Chucksley.

"I won't let you pass!"

"Newbie! Open the path!"

Laden and Chucksley's swords collided in the air.

"Think about your body."

Grid grabbed Laden's shoulder and pulled him back. Thanks to this, Laden was safe from Chucksley's attack. However, Grid was the one in trouble instead. Chucksley let dozens of knights to strike at Grid.

"Duke Grid!!"

Laden hurriedly exclaimed. It was impossible for Grid to deal with dozens of knights alone. Even the four golden hands were useless because they were busy dealing with the soldiers. The shouting Laden feared the worst for Grid. Grid couldn't help smiling.

"Cute guy."

"...?"

He was smiling in this situation? Laden was worried that Grid had lost his mind. Then an amazing sight occurred in front of him.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Restraint.”

It was a daunting sword dance. Grid’s feet trampled on the desert sand and was reminiscent of a military style.

Jeeeong!

The air around Grid became heavy and oppressive.

“Umm...”

The knights and soldiers around Grid lost their momentum and retreated. There was only one person. Chucksley was able to overcome the oppression with his mind and body, and stabbed at Grid. But his sword didn’t reach Grid.

Pahat!

Something rose from behind Grid. It looked exactly like Grid and rushed out to defend against Chucksley’s sword. It was Doppelganger Randy, who copied Grid’s appearance.

“A clone...!”

Chucksley and the knights were agitated.

It was common sense that clones were merely illusions. However, Grid’s clone clearly felt real. It was like facing another Grid.

“Pagma’s Descendant! Why do you have these techniques when you’re a blacksmith?”

The confused Chucksley shouted.

“The power of pets.”

“Power of pets?”

What was that? Chucksley’s mind became complicated because Grid used hard to understand words. Meanwhile, his swordsmanship overwhelmed Doppelganger Randy, who only had 30% of Grid’s abilities. But he couldn’t play around forever.

“Dragon’s Stretching.”

The qigong master’s third advancement class, ‘Master of the Flow.’ Its single combat ability was relatively inferior, but it was a class that existed for war because it could change the climate and terrain...

In order to fulfill his role as Grid’s aide, Lauel used a skill he obtained after becoming Master of the Flow.

Kurururu!

The desert shook. The earthquake stirred up the area, causing the sand to pour down in all directions and swallow up the royal troops.



“Blackening.”

Kuwaaaaang!

Darker than the starless night sky. Grid released his power in the center of the chaos and brought disaster to the royal army. Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Wave, Link, Kill, Transcend, etc. Grid poured out everything without holding back. He also had the support of Lael, the northern troops and Reidan’s troops, causing the war to end quickly.

The northern army in the middle of the battlefield was forced to suffer great damage, but it was a great achievement for Reidan because they weren’t damaged and they raised their levels. It was truly a one-sided victory.

But Asmophel wasn’t satisfied with this result.

“Please give me a chance to do something...”

He wanted to be seen by His Lord. Then Grid cried out to the eagerly waiting Asmophel.

“Asmophel! Recover the loot with the soldiers!”

“...Yes.”

It was this role again. Asmophel, who was once considered one of the two pillars of the Saharan Empire. The tears of a person that Piaro acknowledged soaked the battlefield.

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‘He is already tired.’

Grid played a big role on the battlefield, but Lael wasn’t satisfied. Honestly, it was below expectations.

‘I wanted him to show that he wasn’t lacking anything.’

The ability to read and respond to the enemy’s movements, ability to utilize the terrain, the timing to use skills and take potions, the abilities of the items, etc. The current Grid wasn’t bad overall, but it wasn’t enough to compare with the high rankers.

This wasn’t meant to disparage him. The most appropriate expression was not the best or the worst.

‘It’s more exciting to see Yura’s skills. Grid is still lacking. First of all, he has poor control over his stamina and mana.’

Grid had to bear that in mind at all times. The power of legendary skills was excellent, but they consumed a lot of resources.

‘Every time he is in a crisis, he has a habit of relying on Wave and Restraint. It is a fatal weakness against those who can avoid non-targeted skills. I don’t know why he uses Magic Missile so much.’

That wasn’t all.

‘The God Hands have a mere artificial intelligence. There are attacks that the God Hands can’t cope with right now... For example, what if they are attacked by a superior attack?’

Among the rankers, there were those who were called 'supreme.' As a simple example, Kraugel and Agnus had something in common. A way to strike at them couldn't be found. Then what about Grid?

There were still a lot of gaps. As far as Lael could see, Yura would surpass Grid as soon as she reached level 300.

'For sure...'

Grid was steadily growing and would continue to do so. Lael trusted him, but he still couldn't help feeling worried. It was because every human had a limit.

'But.'

It didn't matter if Grid reached the limits of his talent.

'He can overcome it with items.'

Grid had the skill to create legendary items. It was possible to create completely new types of items, making the possibilities endless.

'I will help you make more creative items than typical items.'

Lael thought while looking at the battlefield and commanding the soldiers. Unlike his attitude, his vision captured the movements of Prince Ren.

"He's finally leaving the battlefield."

The knights blocked Grid, while the northern troops and Reidan troops were busy dealing with the soldiers. No one noticed that the enemy, Prince Ren, was running away. Lael laughed.

'This will make him easier to capture.'

Lael opened the list of Reidan's soldiers and arranged them in order of level. Then he named 13 soldiers.

"Arm yourselves with this and follow me."

"Yes!"

The soldiers that Lael pointed out. They had all reached the level 160 required for the Mass Production Grid Set.

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'It's impossible! This is ridiculous!'

Prince Ren had an excruciating headache. The moon shining down on the cold desert didn't cool the boiling heat in his head.

'Using power to overcome the difference in numbers and detecting all my strategies!'

Grid!

He was far beyond what Prince Ren assumed. A person that shouldn't be turned into an enemy. Despite the loss of his royal dignity, he had to admit this. The Patrian horses running through the desert sand.

Prince Ren held the reins tightly as pain, anger, regret, and despair dominated his mind. The defeat today might've completely destroyed the foundation of the 1st Prince. He was feeling frustrating when a group appeared behind him.

Lauel and the 13 soldiers.

"Prince Ren! If you don't want to die, surrender right now! Stop if you want to live!"

"Would you stop if you were me?"

Prince Ren thought scoffed at Lauel's nonsensical words and spurred the horse on. Lauel sighed and beckoned to the soldiers.

"Shoot."

"Huh?"

Shoot a bow while riding on a horse? The Reidan soldiers were baffled. They were novices in riding horses, so shooting on horseback was a long time away. Lauel shouted as they hesitated.

"Trust in the power of items!"

"Items...!"

Common NPCs didn't know the concept of being overgeared, but the soldiers of Reidan were different. Their superiors had sat them down and told them about being overgeared and the power of items. They pulled out their bows while their horses ran.

Lauel was the same. Then a notification window popped up in front of him.

[You have let go of the horse's reins! Danger! The risk of falling from the horse will increase by 60%!]

[The Mass Produced Grid's Gaiters have attached to the stirrups. The risk of falling has decreased significantly.]

'He made it properly!'

The skills of elite soldiers included horseback riding. But it took a considerable amount of time to train them to wield a sword or shoot arrows on a running horse. In particular, the desert terrain of Reidan made it harder for beginners to learn. Lauel was worried about this and made a request to Grid.

Solve it with items. Grid's response to this was the Mass Produced Grid's Gaiters. It was made in a form where the gaiters could be attached to the stirrups. There was the disadvantage of being uncomfortable when getting off the horse, but...

'We will get used to it!'

Kirik!

On a running horse! Lauel and 13 soldiers pulled back their bowstrings! Prince Ren was shocked by the sight.

‘Soldiers have learned the skill of fighting on horseback?’

It was difficult for even knights to learn! A smile appeared on Lauel’s face as he saw Prince Ren’s expression.

“Reidan’s soldiers, you are the loyal subordinates of Duke Grid! Place your anger in the sharp arrowheads! Pass on the arrows of regret and despair towards the head of the enemy who dared invade Reidan!”

The 13 soldiers got goosebumps at Lauel’s horrific shout. But they were the soldiers who endured Piaro and Asmophel’s hell training, so they calmed their minds and fired the bow in an unwavering manner.

Pahat!

Pa pa pa pat!

"Protect the prince!"

As the heir, Prince Ren’s importance was very high in the Eternal Kingdom. He was constantly guarded by members of the Silver Dragons. Daluka’s Clothes were turned off, and the five Silver Dragons following the prince revealed themselves, breaking the 14 arrows with their daggers. The silver color in the darkness was very sharp.

‘They are strong!’

Panic appeared on the soldiers’ faces. Their skills weren’t at the level to deal with high level assassins. But Lauel was still smiling.

“Noe!”

It was the best demonic beast in hell. Throughout this war, he had been asleep on Lauel’s chest. Grid had ordered that he escort Lauel.

“Nyang!”

A black cat with small demon wings! His chubby body flew to the assassins and swung his sharp claws.

“Nya nya nya nya nyang!”

"Heok!"

“Ugh!”

“Keok!”

The Silver Dragons were strong. It wasn’t easy for Noe, who was only in the early 200’s, to easily overpower them. The daggers focused on blocking Noe’s attacks. However, Noe had a secret technique.

"Kyong!"

Noe’s mouth stretched wide open. The agility of the Silver Dragons was swallowed by Noe.

"I'm much better compared to my previous life."

Qi was focused on Lauel's fingertips. Then the Dragon's Claws sprang up from the ground and fatally injured the weakened Silver Dragons.

"U-Unbelievable!"

The Silver Dragons were easily subdued!

'What is that crazy cat?'

Prince Ren increased the speed of his horse. But Noe's movement speed far exceeded it after taking the agility of the Silver Dragons.

Peok!

"Ugh!"

The cat's paws struck the back of Prince Ren's head and knocked him down. It was the shame of a lifetime.

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The Reidan army's military barracks. The 1st Prince Ren, who abandoned his army and retreated, and the soldiers who were captured.

"You guys dare!? Don't you know who I am?"

Royalty. Ren, who was first in the line of succession, recognized himself as a holy presence. Wasn't it too insulting to be caught by soldiers and dragged around like a dog? He would rather die than bear this shame. Grid read the anger and resentment filling those stubborn eyes and scoffed.

"This totally crazy bastard."

"What...?"

He might be a prisoner, but wasn't he still a prince of the Eternal Kingdom? He should be treated with a minimum of courtesy, not dragged around and forced to kneel like a dog!

"E-Ek? Duke Grid! You! How can you say such words?"

"It's easy. Aren't you really crazy? First, you're the one who invaded my territory, but you want to blame me? What is with this impertinent attitude?"

"Don't talk nonsense!"

Kwaduduk!

Prince Ren coughed up blood. It felt like something was broken. Grid sighed, "You don't know your mistake."

This was the temperament of the strong. They were accustomed to trampling on others and living their own way. They were unaware of their own faults.

'It was the same with Lee Junho and Choi Chansung.'

Grid had been bullied by them for a long time, so he was well aware of it.

"People like you don't change easily. It's the same for me."

Grid's current personality was mostly shaped by what he experienced.

He had been submissive and trampled on for most of his life, giving him an obsession to pay back any grudges and a tendency for violence. His basic tendencies still hadn't changed, even with his life improving.

"Lower your eyes."

Peeok!

Grid didn't treat the other person in a special manner just because he was a prince. He forced Prince Ren to bow his head and made an immediate decision.

"You are sentenced to death."

There was a commotion in the surroundings. There was a captivity law in the West Continent. It was a common law that lasted for hundreds of years that prisoners couldn't be harmed if they were nobility or royalty. The fact that Grid would violate this law astonished Prince Ren and the royal army.

Lauel sent Grid a whisper.

-Hold on.If you kill Prince Ren, Reidan will become independent and have a completely hostile relationship with the Eternal Kingdom.

-Then let's be independent.Won't I be king anyway?

-It's premature.If Reidan becomes independent from Eternal right now, there's a possibility that Marquis Steim's northern territory will be taken while it is isolated, and Reidan is likely to become the empire's prey.

-Hmm.

Grid's understanding was low. But he paid attention to what the other person said.

-I don't know...Then what should I do?

-Be magnanimous and spare him.Anyway, Prince Ren is responsible for this war and he has completely lost his foundation.By sending him back alive, you can make him build up forces loyal to you, killing two birds with one stone.More forces will support you and Reidan can establish a greater presence in the Eternal Kingdom.

-But I already declared that I wouldn't send the invaders back alive.

-I'm telling you to reverse the decision.You won't lose any dignity.No, many users will admire your wise choice.

-That...Really?

Reversing the decision. Grid didn't particularly like it.

-You, you aren't planning to stab me in the back later right?

-It will never happen, as long as you are ruling above me.

-...I will work hard, even if you're scary.

-Huhuhut!

The smiling chuunibyou Lael. The fact that he would never commit betrayal, Grid knew this better than anyone else.

Chapter 345

Grid accepted Lael's advice and nodded.

-I'm convinced. Then let's handle Prince Ren.

Grid's black eyes that were filled with anger slowly calmed down. He learned from watching Huroi and Lael. He thought carefully before opening his mouth.

"Prince Ren, let me ask you one thing. The fact that you invaded Reidan means that something happened to the king?"

'He is too clever.'

Grid saw through his tricks and neutralized them. Those black eyes. They gave the illusion that they could see through everything. It was hard to believe that Grid didn't come from noble birth.

Prince Ren felt awe as he gulped and nodded.

"Yes. The life of the king is running out and I had to strike at you in order to safely succeed the throne."

Prince Ren replied. His face once again distorted with rage and resentment.

"You...! If you had just pledged allegiance to the royal family and not just the king on that day! I wouldn't have chosen such an extreme method!"

It wasn't a simple matter of transferring responsibility. Prince Ren exposed himself to Grid. The position that Prince Ren was in, it was all as Lael intended. Lael had a wicked smile on his face.

'Your extreme choice has weakened the royal family's power and raised Grid's position.'

'That Lael.'

Grid got goosebumps at Lael's smiling face. Smart guys were too frightening.

"Hrmm... As you said, I swore allegiance to the king."

Grid read the wider political perspective. He suppressed his trivial rage towards Prince Ren.

"I, Grid Reidan du Steim have decided. Prince Ren tried to shake my foundation by invading, but Prince Ren is also the king's successor and the pillar of the Eternal Kingdom. As your servant, I will forgive the prince's sins."

“...!”

The eyes of Prince Ren and the royal army widened. Grid was treating the prince with disrespect, but that wasn't the problem right now. Forgive the sins. This meant no responsibility would be held. Such great mercy was unheard of.

Prince Ren couldn't believe it and asked again, "Just before, you gave me the death penalty...! Why are you suddenly eliminating my sin? What absurd thing are you trying to do?"

Grid's eyes became flat.

"Why are you having a conniption when I'm giving you a break?"

Grid eventually revealed his true nature due to Prince Ren's attitude. Lael shook his head and glanced at Bunny Bunny. This scene was meant to be edited. The quick-witted Bunny Bunny immediately nodded.

Grid spoke again, "I'll let it go. You're the successor to the king who I swore allegiance to. In order to maintain my loyalty to the king and to suppress chaos in the Eternal Kingdom, I will let it go, you jerk."

"Why...? Why would you make such a decision...?"

Prince Ren was thrilled after realizing that Grid's heart was as wide as the sea. He felt guilty.

'Whatever the reason, I tried to destroy Duke Grid.'

The fact that he was forgiven...

Prince Ren was deeply moved as he spoke.

"I, 1st Prince Ren of the Eternal Kingdom, make this pledge. Duke Grid, sacrificing yourself to forgive this sinner for the sake of the kingdom... I will never forget this and spend the rest of my life paying it back."

"Don't stab me in the back."

Grid grumbled and rose from his seat. Then the 1,000 Reidan troops and 500 surviving northern troops stood on his left and right. It was truly spectacular. He was certainly one of the top users among the two billion users.

'Everyone starts the game on equal terms.'

However, while some people were still wrestling with orcs, Grid became the duke of a kingdom and reigned over thousands of soldiers. He was truly a great person. Bunny Bunny's gaze was filled with envy as he looked at Grid...

'Now I see that he is a good person.'

After using Blackening, Grid's eyes became completely black and he turned pale. The distinct tones gave him the illusion of being handsome. He appeared very well on the screen. Still, it was no comparison to the 'white-haired Grid version,' which once made women around the world feel thrilled.

"Then I will leave now."



Bunny Bunny captured Grid's image. He had no regrets. The army withdrew from the barracks and returned to Reidan. The last thing he saw before leaving was Chucksley, who was mixed in among the royal army survivors.

Chucksley vowed.

'A hero of the kingdom who has a wide range of skills.'

He was deeply grateful that his prince was forgiven.

'I swear that the Lokan family will honor you and your family forever.'

It originally should be like this. Grid was the kingdom's hero. However, Prince Ren and Chucksley forgot this fact while they were busy being defensive, so they truly felt guilty.

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"I am thankful that my life is spared, but... It's bittersweet. Now I'm completely out of the line of succession."

There weren't even 1,000 royal troops left. Out of 7,000 troops, he lost more than 6,000. In addition, he lost 24 Silver Dragons, 39 knights, Ferrell, and Andu. Due to this war, the forces supporting the royal family were hit hard, so he couldn't avoid taking responsibility. He would be pushed down the line of succession and probably disciplined.

"The blood of the royal family is more precious than any other gem. Your Highness was able to keep your life, so that's enough. In addition, it's a big achievement that you confirmed Duke Grid's loyalty to the royal family.

Chucksley reassured him as much as possible. Prince Ren was grateful that he always served the royal family with a great heart.

"Let's hurry. I have to stay by Father's side when it is the end."

King Wiesbaden had less than a week left to live. Prince Ren's sin would be heavier if he wasn't by his father's side. Prince Ren and Chucksley hastened their pace with an impatient mind, when two men appeared in front of them.

One was Eternal's 2nd Prince, Aslan, while the other one was covered in robes and unidentified.

"Aslan? Why are you here?"

Prince Ren was confused by his brother's unexpected appearance.

"I was sure that Brother would be defeated. Did you really think you could defeat the legendary Duke Grid with just an army of 7,000? A legend isn't someone who can be hurt by a soldier. The royal family doesn't yet have the power to oppose Duke Grid."

"...I'm sorry. I was overwhelmed by my anxiety, dealing a big blow to the royal family."

"No. You don't have to apologize to me. Rather, I'm thankful to Brother. Why do you think I didn't stop you, despite foreseeing your defeat?"

Aslan was originally a reticent prince. He didn't open his mouth easily and even when he spoke, he thought about it at least 10 times. Ren might be his brother, but he'd rarely heard Aslan's voice in the last 30 years.

But now.

Aslan was speaking without hesitation, with a provocative expression. The contents were also disturbing. Prince Ren's expression distorted.

"Aslan, don't tell me that you..."

A wide smile spread on Aslan's face.

"Did you notice? I wanted Brother to self-destruct. In that sense, the current result is a little unfortunate. It would've been ideal if you lost your life to Duke Grid."

"Prince Aslan! That's too much!"

Chucksley was someone who had sworn allegiance to the royal family itself, not to Prince Ren. He prayed for the well-being of the royal family. He didn't want disagreements between the princes. Aslan reached out Chucksley, who was trying to calm down the mood.

"Sir Chucksley, come. I will take the life of my big brother here, and I hope that you won't be swept away by it."

"What...!?"

Chucksley doubted his ears. He couldn't move easily as Aslan spoke to the robed man with him.

"Please spare Sir Chucksley, if possible. He's the treasure of our kingdom."

The silent robed man nodded.

"I understand."

Flap.

The unidentified man threw his robe into the sky, making Prince Ren look away for a moment.

Teong!

The man who took off his robe suddenly approached Prince Ren.

"You!"

Chucksley hurriedly moved. He did his best to block the sword that was about to stab Prince Ren. However, the man's swordsmanship was at a level that Chucksley couldn't go against. It avoided Chucksley's sword and moved across Prince Ren's body in a diagonal line.

"Ke...heok!"

Prince Ren coughed up blood as the sword went through his armor. The hot blood quickly soaked the cold desert sand.

"Prince!!"

He had to live! Chucksley was filled with that conviction and rushed to Prince Ren. Somehow, they had to leave this place and do first aid. However, the unidentified man Aslan brought blocked Chucksley's way.

"Who the hell are you?"

He was a great swordsman. One of the strongest swordsmen on the continent. Now there was a swordsman who surpassed him? The unidentified man replied to the confused Chucksley.

"I am called the 9th knight."

"...!"

Chucksley belatedly examined the man. The man was wearing red armor that symbolized the Red Knights.

"A single number knight!"

The strongest knights of the Saharan Empire who dominated the continent for hundreds of years. It was said that their reputation was known even on the East Continent.

But!

'I am a great swordsman!'

If a single number knight was the strongest knight in the empire, he was the strongest swordsman on the continent. It was normal for him to be upset.

'Then why?'

The 9th knight shrugged at the confused Chucksley.

"A mere 100 years ago, Great Swordsman wasn't the title for the strongest swordsman. A sword saint was the best."

"But in the last 100 years, nobody with the qualifications to become a sword saint has emerged. A great swordsman appears once every 20 years."

"You might've perceived yourself to be the strongest, but there are many talented people born with the qualities of a sword saint. If you look at it, a great swordsman is common."

"You are also a great swordsman!"

"Indeed. But I am much closer to becoming a sword saint than you."

Puok!

A strange sword with a Y-shaped end. It bounced off Chucksley's sword and pierced Prince Ren's heart.

"Your Highness!"

The body of Prince Ren in his arms was rapidly cooling down. Chucksley despaired as he sensed this, while Prince Aslan took care of the soldiers with the 9th knight.

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Originally, 20 members of the Silver Dragons came to kidnap Irene.

They were held captive by a potato enthusiast who might be a swordsman, magician, or farmer, and thought they would be killed. However, the potato enthusiast unexpectedly gave them mercy. Rather than taking their lives, he removed the magic power detectors controlling their bodies and minds?

"There must be a reason you guys wanted to do something so bad. Anyway, now you're free. I don't want to defile my body and soul by killing you."

They were orphans and then forced to become assassins. Now he gave freedom to those who had always lived in hell? The Silver Dragons were impressed. They were grateful to the potato enthusiast whose name they didn't know. The problem was that they now had no place to go.

"We want to follow you with a sincere heart."

"..."

It was annoying for the potato enthusiast, Bland. He didn't need the help of these weak assassins. But they would be helpful to someone else.

"You are just a nuisance to me. However, if you want to do something, protect Duchess Irene."

"Yes!"

The Silver Dragons moved immediately. At this time, Irene was in Lord's room. It was the realm of Kasim, king of shadows.

"Who are you?"

"Heok!"

There was someone whose presence they couldn't detect? Kasim examined the Silver Dragons who appeared.

"Hoh, that is Daluka's breathing method? You guys are learning something pretty interesting."

Lord Steim, who would be the continent's future.

It was the day when the foundation of the strongest assassin group, 'Overgeared Shadows' was set.

Chapter 346

When they returned to Reidan.

The level difference between Reidan and the northern army was evident during the marching process. Reidan's soldiers weren't breathless at all, while the tired northern army was on the brink of collapse.

The northern troops had made great sacrifices in the war, so were they exhausted because of mental weakness?

No.

It was the difference in basic stats. The northern army was regarded as one of the best in the Eternal Kingdom, but it wasn't comparable to Reidan's army, who had endured the hell training by Piaro and Asmophel.

Reidan's soldiers not only had a high level, their strength and stamina also far exceeded the average. Moreover, their ability to adapt to the terrain was so high that it was difficult to see them as soldiers.

'I would like to get a copy of the soldier training method of Reidan.'

While Laden was feeling impressed with Reidan's army, Grid spoke to Asmophel in the lead.

"Asmophel, you had a hard time training the army. Thanks to your hard work, I was able to win easier in the this war."

"You're overpraising me, My Lord. In addition, the military training wasn't done solely by me."

"No, it isn't too much praise. The difference between the royal army and Reidan's army is as big as the sky and the earth. This was my chance to get to know your abilities. And Piaro? Doesn't he usually spend his days in the field? You are a hundred times better than him."

"My Lord...!"

After serving Grid, Asmophel had been in the shadows without performing well. He was afraid that he would never be seen by Grid, but this was groundless. Grid recognized his efforts and acknowledged his abilities.

Asmophel was thrilled and exclaimed, "I will work hard to achieve your goals in the future!"

"Yes, good. Continue to focus on training the army."

"...Huh?"

Asmophel's official position was head of the Overgeared Knights Division 2. In fact, this didn't mean training the soldiers. The leaders of the knights division were supposed to performance high level missions. In particular, Asmophel played a pivotal role in the Saharan Empire, the strongest nation on the continent.

'He wants me to continue the military training in the future?'

The problem was that Asmophel wasn't active.

'My Lord is still not aware of my skills.'

His position was being downgraded to a mere trainer? Grid asked the anxious and frustrated Asmophel, "By the way, how much loot did you get?"

"...The royal army dropped 933 blades, 712 spears, 250 bows, 195 shields and 141 armor pieces."

"Is that the end?"

"Yes..."

“Why?”

“Huh? That... They are all the items dropped by the royal soldiers.”

“Weren’t there 4,000 casualties? So shouldn’t there be at least 4,000 items dropped?”

“...”

Just like monsters and users, NPCs didn’t always drop items when they died. It was natural for there to be many cases of empty hands. Grid was well aware of this, but he still thought it was too low. Asmophel stayed silent and Grid asked Lauel.

“Lauel, how much money did we win? You said we could sit on a pile of money if we took the spoils? But what is this? Were my expectations too high?”

“There is a total of 2,090 normal rated level 130 equipment. 141 normal rated armor. If I calculate it at the minimum price, it is a profit of 25,000 gold... Sooner or later, you will become a building owner. Are you really going to dismiss this much money?”

“Heok?”

25,000 gold was around 30 million won. The profit earned from half a day of fighting was enormous.

“How can it be so much money?”

“Level 130 normal rated weapons are at least 10 gold, while armor is 30 gold. You can’t ignore quantity. If you melt all of it and use it as material to make items, you will be able to earn a bigger profit.”

“...War is a good thing.”

“Indeed. If you take advantage of war, not only can you gain loot, you can also establish a logistics business. It will be very beneficial to the economy. This is why the empire has been constantly fighting for hundreds of years.”

“Then should we fight every day from now on?”

“Is it that easy? Well, it is undeniable that Reidan is a territory optimized to serve as a base for war. There is a desert everywhere and monsters pop up in large quantities. We can also produce large amounts of food thanks to Piaro. It will be useful when it’s time.”

“Piaro...”

Grid’s face distorted as he heard that name. The person who had the role of commander didn’t participate in this war. It was scandalous the more he thought about it.

“Why did he go to Altes Mountain just before there was a war? He used the excuse of just training one soldier. His timing is really great.”

Piario had actually smashed the separate group led by Hurent that attacked in the rear. He even obtained 850 new farmers... No, he had secured prisoners. Piario could be said to have the best achievement in this war, but Grid didn’t know this.

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“Your Highness...! Your Highness!”

The cold desert night. A person of a noble lineage died without leaving a will behind.

Chucksley hugged Prince Ren’s corpse and tears flowed down. Aslan’s expression was benevolent as he looked at Chucksley.

"Sir Chucksley, I am reassured of your loyalty to the royal family. Now, take my hand. Serve me until the day I die."

"..."

Chucksley didn’t have any particular special feelings for Prince Ren. He equally revered all of the royal family. But at this moment, he felt hostile towards Aslan. His cruelty where he didn’t blink when he murdered his brother was rejected by Chucksley.

‘He is scary!’

In addition, the value of Chucksley’s existence was decreased. He felt helpless that he couldn’t protect Prince Ren. Chucksley swallowed his fear, anger, and despair as he bowed to Aslan.

“...I will follow.”

This was his duty. No matter what Aslan was, Chucksley had to follow him since he served the Eternal Kingdom’s royal family.

But.

‘A person blinded by the throne and borrowing the power of a foreign nation to kill his brother, I can’t really be loyal to you.’

He would just perform his duty. Chucksley’s hot loyalty for the royal family cooled. However, Prince Aslan wasn’t aware of his internal thoughts and was happy.

"Today is a happy day."

Prince Aslan, who was destined not to be king just because he was born two years later than Prince Ren. He had always cursed his fate. As a prince who couldn’t be king, he hated his rotten life. Now his fate changed thanks to Prince Ren’s stupidity.

“Now, let’s go back. I will take care of my brother who was killed by Duke Grid.”

February 10th, Year 406 of the Eternal Kingdom.

1st Prince Ren started his invasion of Reidan with only an army of 7,000 people.

February 17th, Year 406 of the Eternal Kingdom.

13th King Wiesbaden died and 2nd Prince Aslan became king.

February 21st, Year 406 of the Eternal Kingdom.

14th King Aslan declared at a meeting.

"Duke Grid might've killed the prince, but he isn't guilty. Prince Ren forgot about Duke Grid's merits and invaded without any justification. He was clearly wrong and Duke Grid only defended himself."

After that, Grid was able to maintain his position and lead a life that wasn't any different from before, despite being charged with killing Prince Ren. His position as one of the great lords of the Eternal Kingdom was still solid.

But this wasn't what Lael desired.

'In my original plan, Grid's position should already be beyond the royal family's.'

He intended to take advantage of Prince Ren. However, all his plans were useless after someone killed Prince Ren. The culprit who killed Prince Ren? Lael was convinced that it was King Aslan. But this wasn't a problem that he could bring to the surface. There was no exact proof and no justification for it. King Aslan was showing favor towards Grid.

'Clever.'

By acting like this, he restrained Grid from growing, while accumulating friendship with Grid. On the other hand, the king teamed up with the empire and could expand his economic and military power.

'There was an attitude of explicit cooperation with the empire immediately after Aslan was crowned King. This proves that the imperial royal family is behind Aslan. Aslan will be able to lay his foundation thanks to the empire, while the empire can perfectly control the Eternal Kingdom. It's a good thing for both of them.'

Aslan, he was a troublesome opponent. Rather than frowning, Lael laughed at the thought.

"Kukukuk...! King Aslan, this was good. You're the first opponent to stimulate my passion. The folds of my brain are twitching with excitement."

Lael held up a big hand and covered half of his small face. He leaned back on the window and lifted the transparent glass.

"I can't wait. The master of the glass filled with bitter tears will be me."

So...

Grid was rejoicing while Lael was immersed in this atmosphere.

"King Aslan sent another gift? Hey, he's a nice guy. Hahaha! He is much better than the former king!"

After the war.

He acquired a lot of loot and King Aslan sent gold treasures, so Reidan became abundant. This would be the foundation on which all 1,000 of Reidan's soldiers could arm themselves with the Mass Production Grid Set. The soldiers of Reidan were being reborn as true elites.

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"Eh?"



Grid was busy making the Mass Production Grid sets with the four God Hands. He went out for a walk and to spend time with Lord, only for his eyes to widen. The cause was the large number of farmers working in the fields. It seemed to have grown by 1,000 people.

"Where did all these people come from?"

Reidan was suffering from a population problem, so how were there so many farmers? Piaro came over to the grumbling Grid and explained.

"I picked them up by chance in the Altes Mountains."

"..."

Picked up people in the mountains? It was also more than 800 people? It was a ridiculous explanation. However, Grid believed it because he had a history of bringing the UI Clan here.

"There must be an ethnic minority living in the Altes Mountains. Very good. It is no wonder why I didn't see you during the war."

It was the moment when soldiers of the Eternal Kingdom were treated as a minority.

Royman had a question. She confirmed that Grid was busy with Lord in his arms and asked Piaro.

"Piaro, why didn't you tell the duke the truth? They aren't a minority, but people from the Eternal Kingdom like us."

"I don't want the workforce I obtained to be taken away into the army. This isn't an act to deceive My Lord. Farming is a national power, so in the end, I made a choice for My Lord. I will also train them to do some military exercises."

"I see!"

Royman witnessed Piaro's overwhelming skills and sincerely admired Piaro. Everything that Piaro said sounded right. Anyway, 850 farmers were added to Reidan. They worked in the fields in the morning and received military training at night. Mixed among them was Aura Master Hurent.

'What am I doing now?'

It was very confusing and embarrassing, but he couldn't help desiring the results of the '★ Hidden Quest ★ Fun and Exciting Training.' Reidan was becoming stronger day by day.

Chapter 347

The typical profit structure of BJs was through lunar balloons (goods received from viewers).

In fact, the main source of income for BJs was advertising.

Brands advertised themselves through the BJ's clothes or accessories. There were also banner ads inserted on the screen and video ads that increased sequentially according to the number of video playbacks.

A BJ's advertising revenue increased dramatically depending on the number of viewers and video plays, so the popular BJs made millions of won as monthly revenue.

The pinnacle of this was Bunny Bunny. After his splendid recovery through the 'Seven Guilds invasion of Reidan,' the average number of viewers was 150,000. The viewers were from all over the world. Once the broadcast started, there were a flurry of lunar balloons. The advertising companies also guaranteed him the best treatment.

"The new broadcast will raise my value even more."

Tadak.Tadak.Tadak.

Bunny Bunny sat in front of a computer for three days. He had his meals in front of a computer and reduced his sleep. He concentrated on editing the video while wearing thick glasses.

"Okay, very nice."

Bunny Bunny was very pleased with the 10 hour video that was gradually being completed.

Prince Ren marching off resolutely. A young knight struggling against the great swordsman, Chucksley. Grid appearing in a dramatic moment to overpower Prince Ren's army. The Reidan soldiers, who turned the royal army into masses of experience. In the end, Prince Ren fell to his knees before Grid. Grid showed mercy to Prince Ren and reigned over thousands of soldiers.

As a bonus, the farmer who crushed Hurent...

The war footage of the Reidan army and royal army was a blockbuster. There were plenty of spectacular and stimulating sights to make the viewers enthralled. Thanks to Bunny Bunny's great filming and editing techniques, there was nothing boring.

'In particular, the finale is the highlight.'

Grid looked down at the kneeling Prince Ren with a haughty attitude. The viewers would realize something when watching Grid say 'I will forgive your sins.' They would know that Grid was a clever person who looked to the future.

'The ones who mock Grid for only using items will be shut down.'

Bunny Bunny liked Grid's character very much. He showed a great dignity as a lord, while showing abrupt speeches and absolute force. He always appeared in dramatic moment and was suitable to be a protagonist.

'His appearance is also becoming better.'

His skeleton had been further refined by exercise. In particular, his sharp jawline was now visible. It was a subtle difference when actually looking at him, but it was different in the video. This was because elements on the screen could be changed significantly by minor factors.

'I want to get closer to Grid in the future in order to obtain more opportunities to film.'

Ttiring~

Bunny Bunny was putting the final touches on the editing when an email arrived. It was from Lauel. Bunny Bunny narrowed his eyes as he checked the contents of the email.

“He is as thorough as rumored.”

Lauel had two requirements. First, pay 40% of all Grid-related proceeds to Overgeared. Secondly, delete the scene where Grid allowed Prince Ren to live.

‘The profit distribution is more than twice the average...’

Still, it was something he could afford. It was worth spending this much. But why did he want to delete the last scene that would imprint Grid’s charisma onto the public?

Why? Bunny Bunny worried about it for a long time before figuring out Lauel’s intentions.

‘Wasn’t Grid framed for killing Prince Ren?’

In such a situation, what if it spread that Grid released Prince Ren?

‘...Some people might think that Grid stabbed Prince Ren in the back.’

It would be misunderstood that Grid let Prince Ren leave alive, only to chase and assassinate him.

‘It is a situation where the person who killed Prince Ren can’t be specifically pointed out. Well, the misunderstanding might be resolved if Grid tries to explain it.’

However, it was a sensitive issue, so the public might be indifferent to the clarification.

‘Yes, there is no need to scratch at the surface.’

Bunny Bunny was convinced and started editing the video again.

Then two days later.

The nine hour video of the war between Grid and Prince Ren was broadcasted by Bunny Bunny. The reaction was explosive. It exceeded even Bunny Bunny’s expectations.

-Wow...That knight called Laden has excellent skills.Not giving into the enemy until the end for his lord...

-A Named NPC?Ordinary players like us can never meet them... ⇨

-Chucksley is the real thing.He’s a great swordsman.

-Ohh!Grid!

-Crazy; Look at Grid;;;

-Wow...I never thought he could match Chucksley...He’s even giving Reidan’s soldiers experience while dealing with Chucksley ⇨ ⇨

-I can’t look away.

-I felt it since he hit the Red Knight, but Grid has really improved his control skills.

-I agree.There is no comparison to the National Competition or the golem invasion.

-What are those golden hands? ;;

-What Grid ㅋㅋㅋ Does he want to be a thousand-armed person in the future? ㅋㅋㅋ ㅋㅋ

-Grid oppa has used Blackening.

-I prefer the white version.

In the past, there were many people who expressed dissatisfaction towards Grid. Some even showed hostility. They couldn't acknowledge Grid, who showed poor skills and only relied on items. But now it was different.

People felt attracted to Grid. Over time, the users saw Grid growing and 'wanted to become like Grid someday.'

-Eh?

The enthusiastic audience watching Bunny Bunny's broadcast became quiet. It was due to Hurent, who won Prince Ren's trust and led 2,000 troops. He repeatedly said that he would repay his grudge while moving through the Altes Mountains.

-Farmers?

That's right. Farmers blocked their way. The viewers were disappointed.

-What is wrong with those farmers? ㄷ ㄷ

-Blocking the front of an army...Do they want to commit suicide?

-How poor...Pitiful.

That was the common belief. All the viewers were worried about the lives of the farmers. But what was the real scene? 2,000 soldiers were defeated by a farmer who used a legendary wide area skill. They should be worried about Hurent.

Puk.

"Eek?"

Puk.

"Huk!"

Puk.

"Heeok...!"

"..."

At present, the number of viewers for Bunny Bunny's broadcast had reached 300,000. The first user to become a duke, Grid, and the prince of a kingdom were fighting. It was a hot topic that caused the audience interest to explode.

As hundreds of thousands of viewers watched, Hurent was defeated by a farmer. He was hit in the forehead three times by a hand plow and became a rag. It was a shocking event that would cause a wave beyond the legendary '5 second logout' incident.

The world was in an uproar for a while. News related to Grid was played unceasingly in South Korea as well as the world.

<Duke Grid has the strongest soldiers!!>

<The crazy farmer of Reidan wasn't a rumor. He actually exists.>

<Even the farmers of Reidan are strong... What is Reidan's strength?>

"This war hasn't revealed Duke Grid's real power. Jishuka, Regas, Pon and the other Overgeared members didn't participate."

"Grid's actual power must be several times stronger than what was shown here."

Various media and public opinion was concentrated not just on Grid, but Grid's forces. Numerous experts rated Grid's power as two or three times what was shown. But they didn't know. Two times? Three times? How funny. After merging with the Silver Knights Guild and obtaining Yura, Grid was 10 times stronger than what he showed in the war.

Even now.

Grid's strength was increasing by leaps and bounds.

"Let's build a temple for Goddess Rebecca in Reidan."

14th Pope Damian. The first user to acquire the status of pope was trying to start his first foreign activity after stabilizing the church.

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The spacious fields of Reidan.

Hurent hadn't been able to stretch his back for hours already. There was no time to breathe, thanks to Piaro's thorough supervision.

"Don't bend your knees when bowing your back."

Furthermore, Piaro had too many unnecessary requirements. Hurent was exhausted and he couldn't bear it anymore.

"Don't bend my knees when bowing my waist? Isn't that too hard? It's complete torture!"

"Hard work is the way you train your body. If it's easier, your body won't be trained and you might be hurt in the long run."

"...I see."

Hurent was confused. Wasn't he a prisoner? But he was being trained rather than treated as simple labor. In fact, the rewards for the '★Hidden Quest★ Fun and Exciting Training!' was of immense value.

"Why are you being so good to me? Do you plan to make me Grid's subordinate? It won't work. I will never be Grid's subordinate. My goal is to make Grid kneel within four seconds.

Piaro explained to Hurent.

"In one week, I will be heading into Altes Mountain to do a mass-scale land clearing. My goal is to train you as much as possible by then to make you the best labor force."

"...Dammit. I knew it. You wouldn't do this for no reason."

Hurent grumbled but followed Piaro's instructions. He couldn't help it when looking at the quest reward. The moment he was immersed in the rice planting.

"It's been a long time, Brother."

A man with his face and name deeply covered by a straw hat arrived. He walked across the fields in a leisurely manner and gave a friendly greeting to Piaro.

"You have grown!"

Piaro was a crazy farmer who attacked people for no reason.

'I don't know who he is, but I feel sorry for him.'

Hurent shook his head. The man with the straw hat. The foolish man who greeted Piaro was attacked. Piaro's hand plow attacks were quick and irregular. Even an aura master couldn't match it. Hurent predicted that the man in the straw hat would have his forehead struck by a hand plow.

However, the result was different from what he expected.

Chaaeng!

A beautifully shining white sword easily blocked Piaro's hand plow.

"Heok."

That crazy farmer's hand plow could be blocked? Hurent was astonished while Piaro cried out.

"You have far exceeded my past self...!"

There were only two people who had ever made Piaro feel thrilled. Pagma's Descendant Grid and White Swordsman Kraugel. That's right. The identity of the man in the straw hat was the 1st ranked user, Kraugel.

"I'm stuck at the last wall blocking my ultimate goal. I'm asking for a spar with you in order to break that wall."

The peak of two billion users and...

A unique existence who gobbled up all types of titles. He was trying to get ahead of everyone else.

And on this day.

It was the historic first meeting between Grid and Kraugel. It was a turning point for both men.

## Chapter 348

"I'm stuck at the last wall blocking my ultimate goal. I'm asking for a spar with you in order to break that wall."

"Hoh, the ultimate goal you are aiming at. The goal must be..."

They were meaningful words.

Piario asked carefully, "Is it becoming a sword saint?"

Kraugel didn't deny it.

"That's right."

"Haha."

Sword Saint. It meant a saint of the sword. A person who reached the extremes of swordsmanship and received enlightenment was always the strongest in history. Muller, who managed to suppress and seal the bodies of the great demons like Hell Gao, Drasion, Morax, Astaroth, and Purpu.

After Muller, no sword saint had been born in the last 100 years. Now Kraugel was close to reaching a level that even Piario couldn't achieve.

'He has enough talent.'

Piario had been very amazed when he first met Kraugel. It was because Kraugel's talent was higher than the person who was praised as the strongest swordsman on the continent. Yes, Piario had seen through him from the beginning. If there was a person who would surpass him one day, it would surely be Kraugel.

'But.'

He felt strangely irritated after seeing Kraugel's growth.

'I never even saw the threshold...'

Duguen.

Duguen!Duguen!

His heart beat wildly. The fighting spirit that had been lost since becoming a farmer was currently wriggling. This uncontrollable fighting spirit made his blood become hot like lava.

"Are you qualified?"

Was he qualified to achieve something that even Piario, a legend, couldn't do? Kraugel read Piario's feelings from his provocative question and made a serious expression.

"Please check it for yourself."

Just as Piario was always the strongest, Kraugel was the same. He was always aware of his position as the peak of two billion users. He didn't consider himself inferior to others, and was filled with passion and pride. For him, Piario was a good friend as well as a mountain that must be surpassed.

"I will apply for a spar. Do you accept?"

"Of course."

Piario nodded. This would allow Kraugel to achieve the quest prerequisites.

[Sword Saint]

Difficulty: SSS

Win against a legend.

It was a simple and clear quest, assuming that he could meet a legend. But the degree of difficulty was high enough to be described as absurd. A person who wasn't a legend had to win over a legend? This was indeed...

'Interesting.'

That's right. Rather than grumbling or being disgusted like a regular person, he felt delighted. New challenges were necessary to increase his passion. On the other hand, Hurent doubted his ears.

'Sword saint? A sword saint! It can't be!'

There were only one other person who was a candidate for a sword saint. Hurent stared at the man in the straw hat. He wanted to look at the skill of a sword saint candidate. He left the field and followed after Piario and the man.

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"Stab."

"Hiyap!"

"Cut."

"Haap!"

"Chop."

"Huriyat~!"

The war 10 days ago had awakened Reidan's soldiers. Reidan's soldiers no longer wasted time complaining during the practical training. They needed strength to protect their family, home, lover, and friends!

They couldn't be lazy because they felt the importance of it through the war. Now, even if Asmophel didn't force them, the soldiers enthusiastically immersed themselves in training and wanted to increase its intensity.

Their grudge against Grid melted away. They felt greater loyalty than before.

He trained them in anticipation of the enemy's invasion, showed them a great dance on the battlefield and gave them the most powerful 'Mass Produced Grid Set,' so the soldiers felt respect and thanks.



"How about it, young lord? These brave young men are soldiers of Duke Grid. Aren't they really reliable?"

Asmophel asked with a confident expression. Lord sighed as he watched the soldiers' training from within Ruby's arms.

"Abu... Bububu."

"...?"

Asmophel was stunned. Lord's attitude and disgruntled expression seemed like he was saying, 'The level of the soldiers is poor.'

'What?'

The young lord could understand his words and answered them? Furthermore, he could see the strength of the trained soldiers? No, how could a baby sigh in the first place?

'...Was I dreaming for a moment?'

Asmophel wasn't convinced and felt confused in many ways. Ruby smiled at him.

"It hasn't even been a month since my nephew was born. How can he understand your words? Don't pay attention to the baby's reactions."

"...Yes."

Yes, he was interpreting it in the wrong way. Asmophel nodded at Ruby's words, while Lord pointed elsewhere with his fingers. It was the direction of the magic tower.

"Oh my, does this mean you want to see where the magicians are?"

Ruby asked and Lord nodded. Asmophel saw him and was terrified.

'You really are aware of our words!'

He heard that Lord was a genius, but he thought it was exaggerated. Now it turned out that the rumor actually downplayed it.

'Being able to communicate with adults less than a month after being born... There is no doubt that he will be an outstanding scholar or magician in the future.'

It was understandable that he should think so. Lord didn't respond to the strong soldiers of Reidan because he didn't have the knowledge.

'He was born with intelligence, not the eyes to see martial arts.'

The moment Asmophel thought this.

"I want to use this place, so can you ask the soldiers to leave?"

Piara, a long-time friend and commander of Reidan, visited and asked for help. He was supposed to be doing field work at this time, so Asmophel questioned him.

"What will you be doing?"

Piaro pointed to the man in the straw hat who came with him.

"I am going to spar with this friend."

"Hoh."

Asmophel detected Kraugel's strength with one glance and expressed interest.

'He's difficult to measure.'

It was the first time he had seen this since Piaro. Asmophel checked the schedule and ordered the soldiers.

"Go around the desert once."

The desert around Reidan was vast, but Asmophel spoke it easily. Frankly, it was a tall order. Yet the soldiers replied enthusiastically.

"Yes!"

They would run until they died. This was the current attitude of the Reidan soldiers. The soldiers got ready and left the training grounds at noon.

Then the huge training grounds that could accommodate thousands of people only contained Piaro, Kraugel, Asmophel, Ruby, and Lord. There was a total of six people if Hurent was included.

He thought he had gone unnoticed, but Hurent had been caught from the beginning. Asmophel approached him as he watched from behind a huge tree.

"Outsiders aren't allowed in this place."

"Heok?"

Hurent was startled. He hid himself as much as possible using aura, but he was still found in an instant? This person called Asmophel, he definitely had great skills like Piaro.

'Where did Grid collect all these monsters?'

Hurent was a famous ranker, but he didn't have much experience with named NPCs. Acquiring named NPCs as subordinates? He never even imagined it. Named NPCs had a strong influence on Satisfy's world and each one had a distinct personality, making it hard to become friends with them.

Hurent was admiring Grid when Asmophel urged him.

"Aren't you going to leave?"

"Hrmm."

Hurent didn't want to step back. He wanted to peek at the skills of the man in the straw hat.

"Can't I just watch a little bit?"

Asmophel glanced coldly at Hurent.

“Why should I do such a favor for an outsider?”

He disliked repeating the same words. Hurent shrank back at his pressure. A heat spread through his body.

‘When did I become an aura master?’

After being defeated by Grid in the 1st National Competition in five seconds, he hunted and trained repeatedly, raising his aura to the unique rating. He believed he was the strongest. He was sure he could beat the famous Kraugel and Agnus. His confidence soared into the sky.

However, his confidence crashed down after he met Piaro. A legendary farmer had oppressed him with three blows from a hand plow, so he had to question his own abilities.

Therefore.

“I will back off...”

Hurent decided to retreat. This was the first time in his life that he had acted as a mild sheep. Hurent swallowed down his shame and left the training ground. He couldn’t help wondering. He had always reigned as the strongest except for the 5 second event, so why was he so weak here?

This Reidan, it was extraordinary. It felt like Alice in Wonderland.

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Saintess Ruby.

Grid’s sister and a high school student. Her goal was to aim for a prestigious university, so there was little time to play the game. She played for 30 minutes a day. That’s why her level was still low, despite changing to a hidden class alongside Yerim. She was a real light user.

But she had changed recently. It was since Lord was born. He might be a child in the game, but he was her cute and pretty nephew. Ruby looked at Lord and became fascinated by him. She recently spent more than an hour a day connecting to Satisfy and spending time with Lord.

It was the same today. She was enjoying a peaceful time while holding Lord in her arms. Lord was very happy to spend time with his beautiful aunt. He enjoyed his aunt’s soft and nice scent. But there was a limit for babies.

“Hrmm.”

Lord started to yawn. It was the signal that it was nap time.

“I must go back now.”

It was time to return to reality. It happened when Ruby was about to leave the training ground and log out.

Chaaeng!

Kraugel and Piaro clashed with each other.

"Abu?"

The sleepiness suddenly fled from Lord's eyes.

"Abu! Abuuuu!"

Lord shouted excitedly, waving his short arms. His blue eyes shone as he watched the confrontation between Kraugel and Piaro. Asmophel was astonished when he saw it.

'The young lord...!'

He didn't see Reidan's soldiers as 'poor' because he didn't have the ability to see martial arts.

'It is because his vision was too high!'

The man in the straw hat wielded his sword at Piaro. And the legendary Piaro. The two people caught Lord's interest. Asmophel trembled. It was difficult for him to figure out what Lord's character would grow into later on.

"Abuoo-!"

Lord was touched by the confrontation between the two people and gradually grew. The child could instinctively feel it. The fact that one of his future seven mentors was in front of him.

Chapter 349

Four months ago in Satisfy time.

Kraugel had spent one month with Piaro. He watched Piaro's every move and they sparred together 30 times. He personally witnessed when Piaro became a legendary farmer. Thus, Kraugel knew Piaro's strength better than anyone.

'The basic level difference is huge.'

At the time of separation, Piaro was level 380. This wasn't mere speculation. It was calculated using all types of indicators, so Kraugel was convinced that it was accurate. He trusted his understanding of the game.

'And now.'

Kraugel calculated that Piaro should be level 385~386. It was the conclusion he came to after studying the experience values required to level up and the growth rate of named NPCs. On the other hand, what was Kraugel's level?

326.

'There are 60 levels between us.'

It meant he dealt 30% less damage and would receive 30% more damage. It was a big penalty, considering there was such a big difference in the basic stats of normal classes and legendary classes. But Kraugel didn't shrink back.

'The odds are good enough.'

Kraugel had maintained the 1st ranking since Satisfy opened. He was the first in all types of fields, gobbling up achievements and titles. This could cover the gap in level and class.

‘Also.’

Piaro’s farming technique was based on the sword. Plow, sickle, hand plow, flail etc. It was unusual since farming equipment were used as weapons, but it was still in the form of swordsmanship.

‘It is ideal to use swordsmanship with a sword.’

Using swordsmanship with farming equipment? It was meaningless and the only fatal weakness of the ‘farmer’ Piaro. This was the decisive reason why Kraugel thought he had a chance of winning.

‘I only have to be careful of the instant kill skill.’

It was Fated to Perish, which logged Zibal out in a single blow.

‘I can’t allow him to use it.’

The recent broadcast of ‘Polishing’ had caused a stir, but Kraugel felt more appreciation for ‘Fated to Perish.’

Clink.

Kraugel took out White Fang. It was the legendary sword that he acquired from one of the great demons Drasion, who was defeated by Sword Saint Muller.

“Can you give me a chance to attack first?”

In a duel, attacking first was important. It was a means of ensuring a definite advantage for a short time. That’s right. Now Kraugel was asking Piaro to concede something. He weighed up all the penalties and decided that this advantage wasn’t too much to ask for.

Of course, Piaro should reject. But who was Piaro? He was a person who had always been called the strongest. He showed off a confident figure.

“I’ll accept.”

It was as Kraugel expected. Piaro gave Kraugel a chance to win and Kraugel had no intention of missing it.

‘The opponent is a legend. The difference in stamina is overwhelming, so it will become disadvantageous to me in the long run. I have to finish it quickly.’

Pahat!

It was a time when the sun was shining overhead. Under intense sunlight or moonlight, this footwork gave off a stealth function around Kraugel’s body. White Light Steps. In the past, Piaro hadn’t been able to see through Kraugel’s stealth.

But now he was different. He was quick to respond to Kraugel’s movements, blocking White Fang that aimed for his left side.

Chaaeng!

'Indeed, the gap in level is too big.'

The stealth was useless. If he couldn't lean on White Light Steps, his odds would fall by 1%.

'It is still within the permitted range.'

Kraugel was still calm. He wasn't shaken even when faced with the worst situation. It was the attitude of someone at the top. On the other hand, Piaro blocked White Fang with a hand plow in his left hand and wielded a sickle with his right hand.

It was a diagonal attack. It was fast enough to exceed Kraugel's predicted range.

'What?'

How could Piaro's agility be far beyond the assumed level? Kraugel was surprised, but he responded without making a mistake.

Chaaeng!Chaeng!

Chaaeng!

In a 0.1 second gap, Kraugel avoided Piaro's strike and counterattacked. He didn't need to go through a process of decision making to respond. He used his experience and reflexes developed from countless battles. Of course, the help of 'Keen Senses' was also great.

Chaaeng!

"Kuk!"

Kraugel let out a groan. He blocked the hand plow and sickle with White Fang, but was baffled by the strength behind them. A normal person would've felt sure of their defeat the moment they felt this gap in strength. But Kraugel saw an opportunity in the crisis.

"Tearing the Sky."

Kwajak!Kwajajak!

One of the ultimate skills of a White Swordsman was revealed. A beast's claws clashed with Piaro's equipment.

Chaaeng!

There was a slight crack in the hand plow and sickle as blood flowed from Piaro's chest.

'The equipment that My Lord made...!'

Piaro was startled. He couldn't help being surprised that the farming equipment made by a legendary blacksmith was damaged by the blow. However, Kraugel was even more surprised.

'There wasn't a lot of damage?'

The damage formula for Tearing the Sky was difficult to calculate because it was utilized as a counterattack and the orbit was limited, while also taking into account the user's attack power + attack power of the enemy.

Kraugel had predicted that Piaro would receive at least 40,000 damage. However, the damage was only 7,000, making Kraugel realize.

'Piaro must be over level 400.'

This was bad. The level difference was too large for the damage formula to be properly applied. The fourth stats awakening was a wall that couldn't be overcome by the effects of different titles.

'How? How did Brother grow so quickly?'

Kraugel didn't know it, but this was all due to Chris, other high level players, and Grid. Kraugel didn't know that Piaro was constantly turning high level rankers who visited Reidan into farmers and training them, as well as achieving rapid growth through his spar with Grid.

It was a pity.

Swaeek!

Kraugel was hit by a flail while trying to regain his composure. His eyes widened as he was about to read the orbit.

'It isn't swordsmanship?'

Piaro had changed from swordsmanship to farming techniques. It was an entirely new form. It was the moment when the strength of 'Sword Saint Candidate' Kraugel to see through numerous swordsmanship techniques was neutralized.

Peeeeok!

"Ugh!"

Kraugel wasn't able to react and was hit hard, causing his shoulders to shake. The right arm holding White Fang fell into a paralysis state. Piaro read this and thought.

'Counterattacking is impossible.'

Kraugel would absolutely take an evasive action. It was likely to be the footwork called White Light Steps. Piaro determined this and swung the flail.

Suuk.

Far from Kraugel avoiding it, he clung to Piaro. It was an approach that applied a footwork different to the White Light Steps. Kraugel used brilliant footwork to come close, making it difficult for Piaro to attack.

It was the precursor of 'Hwimori.'

Peok!Pepeok!

Pepepepeok!

Kraugel was able to reach the East Continent with the help of the sage, Sticks. Before he changed to a white swordsman, he explored the place that imitated the culture of the east and reproduced the fast and odd footwork of someone he met. Piaro felt like he was possessed by a ghost as he was kicked.

But.

"It's just a tickle!"

Piaro had been hit by Tearing the Sky, so the kick couldn't do much damage to him. Piaro accepted all of Kraugel's kicks, but he was fine. He pushed Kraugel with his shoulder, withdrew the flail that stretched forward, while at the same time, taking out a plow with his other hand.

"Free Farming 4th Style, Plowing the Field."

Sururuk.

Kraugel stumbled and the ground around him was cleared in an instant. Piaro was about to sow seeds when he stopped. It was due to the storm caused by Hwimori.

Puk.Puk puk!

Puuooooook!

The kicks were fast and light, but were weak. Piaro's body seemed to be affected by the technique.

"Cough!"

Piaro coughed out black blood. At this point, Kraugel overcame the paralysis in his right hand.

"Storm Sword."

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The light blade tore Piaro's old clothes to shreds. Piaro's health gauge was decreasing little by little as he allowed successive attacks. However, he wasn't upset at all. Rather, his momentum increased.

"Fun!!!!"

Kraugel had a different type of power from Grid. It was the first time in ages that an opponent made Piaro so excited. The excited Piaro dug at a vein of water.

Peeng!

A pillar of water shot up and crashed into Kraugel's body. Piaro linked Sowing and Rapid Growth together.

Kwarururung!

'Legendary skills...!'

Kraugel paled as he witnessed the thorns growing rapidly in the field. He escaped through the air with White Light Steps and restored the posture of White Fang. It was the manifestation of 'Meteor Sword.'



Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The whole area was scorched. The meteor blades that fell from Kraugel's sword went through the thorny vines. At the center of the field, Kraugel's White Fang and Piaro's hand plow collided head on.

'Blocking Meteor Sword...!'

Even the composed Kraugel couldn't stay calm. He launched a nervous onslaught, causing a thunderous sound to ring out every time it was stopped by Piaro's farming equipment. Piaro was amazed.

'He has already penetrated through my farming techniques!'

Kraugel's vision surpassed Piaro's. Kraugel subsequently crushed the seven farming tools used by Piaro, increasing the number of wounds on Piaro's body. It was based on pure control ability and battle senses.

But his level was a problem.

Piaro still had more than two-thirds of his health left despite allowing successive attacks, while Kraugel avoided most attacks but his health fell to less than half. His movements were relatively high compared to Piaro, so he was consuming stamina quickly.

'White Light Sword isn't a match.'

After blinding the opponent, he could link his top skills. But Piaro was a legend and immune to status conditions. It meant that the opponent was someone he couldn't unleash 100% of the white swordsman's power against.

'No, those are all excuses.'

He had encountered numerous opponents immune to CC and he had beaten them all. He always overcame his lacking areas with his control. However, his skills weren't prevailing against Piaro.

The moment that Kraugel thought this.

"I guess I should use all my power."

Piaro barely escaped from a nasty wound, spoke meaningful words and used Natural State. At the same time, his amplified stats overturned the situation. Now Kraugel was the one allowing attacks.

Piaro's speed and power, enhanced by Natural State, started to overwhelm Kraugel. Most of his health was lost in an instant, causing Kraugel's eyes to flash.

"Super Sensitivity."

[Super Sensitivity has been used.]

[100% of your mana has been consumed.]

[For the next six seconds, all senses transcend cognition.]

[Agility is increased by 20% and you can 100% predict the behavior of all objects within 10 meters.]

[This will be exhausted in six seconds.]

Kraugel's strength wasn't due to skills or title effects. Kraugel himself had natural abilities. The moment Super Sensitivity was used, Kraugel was reborn.

Seokeok!

It was enough to overcome Piaro's enhanced speed and deal a deadly blow.

'What?'

This was an unfamiliar experience to Piaro. Was it because he received a deadly wound? No, this wasn't something new. Piaro was always injured when he fought. The problem was his instincts. His instincts were shouting that it was dangerous. It warned him not to confront Kraugel.

'Does it want me to run away?'

Piaro's fighting spirit peaked. The moment he lost his dignity as the strongest person, he showed a technique that he didn't use against Grid.

"Free Farming Peak Style!"

'This!'

Kraugel entered the transcendent realm thanks to Super Sensitivity. He tried to escape the moment Piaro spoke with a serious look on his face. It was because he perceived the danger that couldn't be resisted. However, it was already too late.

"Pounding Mortar!"

Kuwaaaaang!

It was a disaster. Something fell from the sky and dug into the ground, like a mortar. At the same time, Reidan shook. It was like a great earthquake.

Chapter 350

"Pounding Mortar!"

The moment that Piaro took out his peak technique.

Kurururu!

A tremendous sound was heard from the ground. Thunder? No. It was a more threatening and artificial feeling.

Kuoooooh!

The larger the shadow cast became, the heavier the atmosphere.

Jjirak.Jjirak.

Kraugel's body was filled with an instinctive fear.

'Unbelievable.'

Kraugel stood on turbulent ground. He looked up at the sky and faced a disaster. It was as big as a house. It was falling down at a fast speed.

Kuwaaaaah!

"...!"

Kraugel couldn't even scream. The enormous mortar caused infinite suffering and fear as the mind and body crumbled. It was a pressure that could kill someone.

\*\*\*

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[The durability of the Plain Straw Hat (Normal) has been completely lost and is permanently destroyed.]

[The durability of the White Clouds Clothing (Unique) has decreased by 128.]

[The durability of the White Clouds Footwear (Unique) has decreased by 150.]

[The durability of the White Clouds Gloves (Unique) has decreased by 163. There is a risk of damage.]

[The durability of the White Fang (Legendary) has decreased by 61.]

[You won't die in sparring mode. Your health has fallen to a minimum, so sparring mode is finished!]

The mortar that was the size of a house. It disappeared like a 'mirage' after it crushed Kraugel.

"..."

There were no more clouds in the sky. This was the aftermath of being torn by the force of Pounding Mortar. Kraugel was at a loss for words and belatedly realized.

'I lost.'

Did he lose because Piaro was over level 400? It was nonsense. A level difference in the game was due to the difference in skills. It meant his growth process lagged behind.

'I completely lost.'

What if they fought again?

'It will still be the same.'

The current Piaro was different from the past. He was a legend who completely overcame his immaturity after just becoming a farmer and relied on swordsmanship.

'He is a wall that can't be overcome.'

Did Kraugel's heart sink down after realizing this? No.

'...I can't overcome him yet.'

People praised Kraugel as a genius. He overcame trials and adversity, believing in this talent alone. Of course, that was a big mistake.

'One day, I will go beyond him.'

Were there any geniuses who had it easy? Unlike what other people thought, Kraugel was accustomed to defeat and failure. He always faced challenges, because he was always challenging difficult situations. But he didn't give up. By working hard and overcoming the trials, he trained and raised himself. He would continue doing so in the future.

"Kuk... Kukukuk."

The straw hat's destruction exposed the black-haired man with a wounded face.

[Kraugel]

The world's most prominent name burst out laughing as he laid on the ground.

"Kuhahahahat!"

It was a cool laughing sound that made the listeners happy. He was delighted by the spar that allowed him to realize his own shortcomings.

\*\*\*

Ruby and Lord were present at the outskirts of the training grounds where Piaro and Kraugel were sparring. Nevertheless, what was the reason why Piaro was able to use his peak technique? It was because he trusted Asmophel.

Kuuuuuuong!

The moment the large mortar slammed against Kraugel and the training ground.

"Hup!"

Asmophel protected Ruby and Lord. He held the two people in their arms to protect them from the earthquake, creating a barrier from the sand storm. There was a wave of energy.

"T-Thank you."

"Abuuuu!"

Ruby expressed her gratitude while Lord cried out loudly.

"This world might perish, but I will protect both of you."

Asmophel asserted. His loyalty moved Ruby's heart. On the other hand, Lord showed no interest in Asmophel.

"Abu! Abuuuu!"

How could a baby be so strong? After forcefully pushing Ruby away, Lord fell to the ground and started to move towards the center of the training ground. The crawling speed made it hard to believe he was a newborn baby.

"Pant... Pant... Umm?"

Piario was tired from the aftermath of using Pounding Mortar. He was thrilled when he found the approaching Lord.

"Young Lord...! Do you recognize my skills?"

Piario had a discerning eye. He had glimpsed Lord's genius early on. He wanted to propose a lifetime of doing field work together, so he coveted Lord's talent.

'As expected of the young lord.'

He understood Piario's strength through this duel. He wanted Piario to serve as a mentor and they would work together in the fields! The young Lord would be his best disciple.

'No, I'm still not good enough!'

The moment that Piario was full of expectations. The crawling Lord reached Piario. Then he just passed by Piario.

"..."

Hwiing~

The wind blew. Piario was ashamed.

'This baby...?'

The depressed ground that was hit by the mortar. Kraugel found the baby crawling towards him and was disconcerted. It was so unrealistic that he couldn't say anything to Lord.

"Abu! Abuuuu! Bubuu!"

"...?"

Kraugel couldn't understand the language of a newborn baby. But he dimly understood the meaning. The blue eyes staring at him. There was clearly envy in the eyes that shone as bright as jewels.

\*\*\*

[Thunder Bow]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 366/490

Attack Power: 370~601

- \* Arrows can't be loaded.
- \* 100 mana will be consumed per attack.
- \* The skill 'Penetrating Flash' will be generated.
- \* 10% increase in firing speed.

A heirloom of the Bon family in the Eternal Kingdom.

A bow made from a mixture of magic stones and ure stones, it consumed the user's mana every time the bowstring is pulled to create a light arrow.

If a common arrow is loaded, it won't be able to withstand the lightning and will become ashes.

User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. More than 2,000 agility. Advanced Bow Mastery level 5 or higher.

This was the bow dropped by the best archer in the Eternal Kingdom, Ferrell. It was something that many archers would covet. However, Grid didn't appreciate the Thunder Bow's performance.

'How many archers will have such high mana?'

Consuming 100 mana just to shoot one arrow? Even Jishuka, an expert archer, wouldn't be able to fire more than 40 rounds. Its endurance was poor.

'The attack power is twice as high as similar bows.'

In the first place, the attack power of the bow itself wasn't important.

'The attack power of the arrow is more important.'

Yet arrows couldn't be loaded? Could this really be called a bow?

"Trash."

Grid came to this conclusion and dismantled the Thunder Bow. He didn't hesitate at all. The reason why Grid coveted this bow from the beginning was the 'ure stone.'

"Then I'm starting."

Grid approached the blast furnace. The four God Hands kept the furnace temperature high. Their ability to control the bellows was at the level of advanced blacksmiths.

"This should be enough."

Grid confirmed the temperature and threw the disassembled Thunder Bow into it. It was to dissolve the rush, debris and other foreign matter through smelting in order to extract pure ure stones.

After a while.

[You have succeeded in refining the mineral!]

[3]

Ttiring~

[Ure Stone]

A mineral that is produced only when the great demon Astaroth is present in the human world.

The lightning attribute could be given to an item and it is also good to feed to demonic beasts.

The demonic beast will be very pleased when fed.

Weight: 5

“The concept of the mineral is similar to the fire stones that show up when Hell Gao appears... Eh?”

Grid was immersed in reading the item explanation and suddenly made an absurd expression.

“Feed it to a demonic beast?”

Was he crazy?

“What type of crazy person would feed these precious minerals to a demonic beast?”

It was a really useless function. He had no intention of feeding this to Noe. Grid put the three ore stones in his inventory. He was planning to use it as a mineral when creating new items.

At that moment.

Kuuong!

The large smithy that contained 100 blacksmiths shook greatly. Everything on display on one side of the smithy fell to the ground, and the flames in dozens of furnaces shot upwards. The minerals were burned and lost their value.

“E-Earthquake?”

“What are you doing? Go and grab the minerals!”

The smithy instantly became a mess. An earthquake in the middle of a desert city? The blacksmiths were unfamiliar with natural disasters but they showed professionalism, gathering the minerals and turning off the fire.

On the other hand, Grid was angry.

‘It isn’t an earthquake.’

His high insight let him know. The previous shock was due to the aftermath of battle.

“Khan, please deal with the situation here.”

It was good to have someone to trust. Grid entrusted the smithy to Khan and left.

\*\*\*

Kraugel recovered his stamina to a certain extent.

“Brother, you truly are great. I was able to learn many things. I’m not lying when I say that I admire you.”

“...”

Piario always wanted to be the strongest. It was the destiny of the strongest to be connected with strong people. But there was something that couldn’t be helped. Kraugel’s talents were beyond prediction, so Piario had to be prepared.

“Really? Someday you will surpass me.”

He had learned this from the young Lord. The young Lord had gone to Kraugel. The young Lord felt that today’s winner was Piario, but it would be different in the future. Kraugel asked the jealous Piario.

“By the way, what is with this child?”

At first glance, this baby wasn't ordinary. It wasn't Piaro who answered the puzzled Kraugel.

“My son.”

A heavy voice resonated through the training ground.

“I greet My Lord!”

Piaro, the absolutely strongest man who could look down at the whole world, and the best knight Asmophel, bowed down. It was shocking for Kraugel.

Step, step.

"Abu! Abuuuu!"

Lord smiled brightly. The owner of the voice, Grid, smiled at Kraugel.

“What is the 1st ranked user doing in my land?”

Grid was showing obvious hostility. It was natural. He didn't feel good because he witnessed a person he didn't know laughing with his family and friends. Wasn't he also the culprit because the destruction of the training ground?

"..."

Kraugel couldn't open his mouth. Piaro spoke on his behalf.

"My Lord, this person is called Kraugel. He is a brother that I have a close friendship with."

'Brother...'

Kraugel's heart warmed. He was touched that Piaro tried to defend him. But this impression didn't last long. Piaro wasn't 'defending' but 'reporting.' Brothers? That was important, but his loyalty came first.

"After not meeting for a long time, he applied for a spar and I accepted, resulting in the training ground being like this. I will dispose of him according to My Lord's decision."

"..."