

## Overgeared 731

### [Chapter 731](#)

'I didn't want this to happen...'

Grid wanted to show off the numerical superiority he could wield as the king of a kingdom. It was absolutely upsetting to see a person who didn't know what the real power of numerical superiority was. Thus, Grid assembled the main force in Reinhardt.

The final number was over 30,000. It was a large army worthy of the Noll raid. It was enough to make Noll experience the fear of a numerical superiority. Grid didn't want any more troops. Yet things became twisted.

"Maxong, king of the water clan, has led his army to help the Overgeared King!"

"..."

"Laden and the Gale Troops have arrived! Duke Steim sent me!"

"..."

"Bland. My father has commanded me to protect Your Majesty."

"..."

-Grid-sama, I heard rumours that you are in danger. I'm running over with Rebecca's Daughters right now, so hold on for a while.

-...Please don't come.

The power of a royal order was much bigger than Grid imagined. The lords and players at various places misunderstood that Grid was in danger and constantly sent troops to Grid. It was hard to even enter the vampire city. It was useless.

'All the food consumed moving here... What should I do...?'

The soldiers consumed more food in wartime than in peacetime. A simple march consumed more food than usual, which was a real economic burden on a kingdom. In particular, the Overgeared Kingdom tended to depend on food exports as an agricultural kingdom. Food was precious. Grid sighed as the troops gathered like dogs.

'What is this...'

From the first time he convened the troops, Grid only need Piaro and Asmophel's power. He had no intention of the soldiers participating in the battle. He just wanted the soldiers to stand in place and scare the vampires. Why? The first reason was that if the soldiers joined the battle and died, it would be a big loss for the kingdom. There was a second important reason.

'I don't want to share the experience with many soldiers!'

Grid knew that even if only Piaro and Asmophel joined the raid, the experience of the party members would be greatly reduced. Grid didn't want to dispatch soldiers who would gain the experience. How

impractical would it be to raid a direct vampire and only gain experience the size of a rat's dropping? Thus, Grid tried to make the soldiers wait and only take Piaro and Asmophel into the raid...

"Help the alliance! It is time to repay the favor!"

"Cause a tsunami!"

"..."

This plan was wiped out when Maxong, who led an independent army, told the water clan army to participate in the raid. Now it was a war, not a raid. Grid and the party members couldn't hope for experience even if they hunted Noll.

"Hah..."

Grid sighed as he lost motivation. He stood idly as he watched Piaro, Asmophel, and Maxong's struggle. He didn't think of participating in the raid. There was no enthusiasm. But he couldn't lose his motivation for long.

"I will kill all of you!"

Noll started to run wild as he became furious at Piaro, Asmophel, and Maxong. His huge magic was invoked without rest, causing damage to the Overgeared soldiers. It was a scene that woke Grid up. Grid stopped regretting the missed experience and came back to reality. He defended the soldiers and used all sorts of buff skills before attacking Noll.

Then.

[You have joined forces with people you absolutely trust!]

[The player common hidden piece 'Cooperative Skill' has been opened for the first time!]

[As a reward for first opening the skill, the damage when using the Cooperative Skill has permanently increased by 20%!]

Piaro, Asmophel, Maxong, and Grid. These four people didn't intentionally link their skills. They just read the perfect timing and trusted each other. The result was amazing.

[The power of all skills have increased by 240% thanks to the Cooperative Skill! Your skill damage has increased by 260%!]

Kwajajak!

Piaro's Splitting the Sky, which boasted the power of Pounding Mortar, was deadly to Noll.

Kwaruruk!

Kwarururung!

Asmophel's sword contained a similar power. The effect of the sword perfectly sealed off the target's healing effect.

"Sea Sting!"

Maxong's ultimate technique, which boasted a proportional damage to the target, also showed a power reminiscent of Piaro's Fated to Perish.

"Kuock...!"

The skills of the three people hit at the same time and Noll's health gauge dropped to a dangerous level in an instant. The Cooperative Skill of the three people was extremely lethal to Noll, who lost his defense ability in his berserk state. Noll lost momentum and coughed up blood. In his blurred vision, he could see Grid's appearance.

"Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle!"

"You...!"

It was the four linked sword techniques that Noll clearly saw kill his brother. Noll couldn't help sensing his death. Of course, he wasn't willing to accept this. He was hundreds of years old. Due to the Curse of Idleness, he could only sleep. He finally overcame the Curse of Idleness and was going to enjoy life. He didn't want to see this world disappear. He had to live no matter what. He would get out of the city, get out of the desert, and walk the world.

But.

Puk!

Puk!Puk.Puk!Puok!

"...!"

The power in Grid's attack was enough to exceed Noll's imagination. It was the havoc of the Cooperative Skill. Grid's attack was a death penalty itself to Noll.

Kwarururung!

Peng!

Pepepepeong!

Noll was continuously pierced and stabbed as black flames swallowed his body. It was a momentum that would turn him into ashes.

'Ah... Ahhh...'

Noll's mind became increasingly blurred. He no longer felt the pain that dominated his body and mind. Now he felt only one thing. Foolishness. It was only a craving for life.

'This is also a curse...' Noll thought.

If he was still suffering from the Curse of Idleness, then this moment of death wouldn't be so scary and sad. He was convinced that leaving the world wouldn't be so bad if he thought it was a nuisance. But now Noll had overcome the Curse of Idleness. He was in a state where he desired to enjoy life. It was terrible for him to be killed in this state. The feeling of sadness dominated him.

Flash!

Energy emerged from Grid's sword like a wave and then sunk like a thunderbolt. It was the final blow.

'Mother... This stupid son who shouldn't have been born... This unworthy existence is leaving the world. I wanted to make you feel like it was worthwhile giving birth to me, but the fate of a natural curse is difficult to overcome.'

The only things he saw in the kaleidoscope of life was the coffin that was his bedroom and his mother's face. Noll felt empty as he realized this. He was sorry towards his mother.

'If... If another chance comes to me...'

He wanted to live a life completely different from this one. But it was just wishful thinking. It was already the end. Noll closed his eyes. He was ready to accept death. Grid's sword was now right in front of his nose.

But.

"...?"

Noll had a question as he was ready to die. It was because Grid's sword, which should have split apart his skull like a watermelon, seemed to stop in front of his nose.

'Am I mistaken?'

Had he already been killed and his soul was wandering in the eons of chaos? Yes, he had already died. It was without feeling any pain. After a short amount of time passed, Noll arranged his thoughts opened his eyes. He feared the landscape of 'Chaos' that his cursed soul would live in forever. However.

"Pant... Pant..."

It wasn't the scenery of 'Chaos.' It was Grid breathing roughly. The gigantic greatsword held in his hands stopped just before Noll's eyes.

"..."

There was an awkward silence. Everyone was paying attention to Grid. They all wondered why he didn't kill Noll.

"Wh...at?"

Noll's gaze was the same. He couldn't understand Grid's intention behind not killing him,

"..."

Grid didn't say anything. He just swung his sword, only for it to once again stop in front of Noll's nose. Noll frowned.

"What...? Why aren't you killing me?" It couldn't be. "You... Are you sympathizing with me?"

"..."

Grid didn't say anything. He just had a complicated expression on his face as he opened and closed his mouth repeatedly. Noll was convinced.

“Right... You sympathize with me. You realized my yearning for life and my weak heart...”

Noll had an unbelievable experience for someone who lived for hundreds of years. He had the appearance of a beautiful 13 year old boy. His delicate body and voice started to tremble.

“Human...! This human...!! Feeling sympathy for a direct descendant...!”

Tears flowed from Noll’s eyes as he cried out. Did he feel shame that a human felt sympathy for him? No. It was because he was glad. He was a person who hadn’t been able to prove his reason for being born and just existed. He never even dreamt that someone would sympathize with him and save him.

Yet that person appeared in front of him. It was also an opponent who had fought with him several times over the past few days. Noll dimly noticed it.

“Yes... You... You must’ve noticed my value. Through your experiences over the past few days, you have become convinced that I am a good vampire.”

“...?”

“...Thank you. For not denying me, for giving me the benefit of the doubt. I am moved for the first time since I was born.”

“...???”

“I am able to live thanks to you. My remaining life will be given to you. I will prove my value and repay your favor by your side.”

“...”

Grid didn’t say anything to the end. Noll thought it was because he was excited. It was natural. A human becoming the master of a direct vampire. It was unheard of. It was a legend that no one would believe, even if it was written down in history. Of course Noll thought that Grid was excited.

At that moment, Piaro opened his mouth instead of Grid.

“It is a good idea to serve King Grid. Work in the field with me.”

“[email protected]##...”

Noll couldn’t help cursing. This crazy Sword Saint kept pretending to be a farmer and was treating him as a fool was very unpleasant for Noll to deal with. Noll liked Grid, but was hostile towards Piaro.

### [Chapter 732](#)

‘What? What is this?’

‘What is this situation?’

A perfect chance! Grid, in conjunction with Piaro, Asmophel, and Maxong, had a great chance to end the battle. As they saw the health gauge go down, the Overgeared members were looking forward to what items would drop. But what was happening? Grid didn’t deal the final blow to Noll. He stopped the attack at the last moment.

"Purification!"

Saintess Ruby thought that Grid was affected by a status condition. She hurriedly used Purification on him but it didn't work.

[Target is in a normal condition.]

The notification window popped up and Purification didn't work.

"Oppa...?"

Surely he wasn't disconnected? Would her brother start a lawsuit against the Internet company? Ruby's worry was realistic since she knew Grid's personality better than anyone. It was at that moment.

"...I am able to live thanks to you. My remaining life will be given to you. I will prove my value and repay your favor by your side."

As Grid was frozen, Noll bowed humbly towards Grid. At this moment, goosebumps spread over the skin of all Overgeared members, including Ruby.

'Direct descendant...'

'Taming?'

It was an incredible result! The Overgeared members couldn't understand the situation. It was natural. It was a common thought in Satisfy that even the famous tamers couldn't tame named grade bosses. However, the non-tamer Grid made a named boss his subordinate. It was a scene that completely violated common sense.

The moment that everyone was feeling stunned.

"Truly God Grid!"

"As expected from My Lord!"

"Kukukuk...! Your benevolence can even capture the heart of a monster?"

Peak Sword, Huroi, Lauel. The famous Grid worship trio started to praise Grid.

"The correlation between the Blood King Candidate title and showing mercy results is the gratitude of the direct descendants? This is a method that only Grid who has a complete understanding of Satisfy's world view and setting can implement! Truly God Grid!! The pride of South Korea!"

"My Lord has already captured the hearts of many named NPCs... It isn't strange for him to capture a monster's heart. It's a tremendous accomplishment that transcends my imagination by taming a direct descendant. I respect you, Mr Lord!"

"Kukukuk... I have noticed since His Majesty tamed the evil eyes. His power that penetrates the past and former is invaluable. Kukukuk...!"

Peak Sword, Huroi, and Lauel overrated Grid more than necessary and arbitrarily interpreted the situation.

“Ah... Um.”

Grid tried to deny the truth only to shut up. Tens of thousands of soldiers were watching him enviously. If he told them the truth then they would be disappointed. In the end.

“Hahaha! Well, that’s right. Your interpretation is right. I figured out how to grab Noll’s heart and put it into action. Thanks to Noll’s cooperation, things are going as planned.”

"Ohhhhhh!"

“Hooray King Grid!”

“Hooray Overgeared King! Hooray Overgeared King!”

Tens of thousands of soldiers began to praise Grid. Every one of them felt more respectful of Grid than before.

‘...I will tell the truth to my teammates later.’

Grid ignored the bright eyes of the soldiers and organized the army.

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‘It’s better.’

Grid expected to gain experience, items, and a new power for his rune by raiding Noll. From his point of view, he had to blame Pangea’s Duke of Virtue. It hadn’t been activated once since he acquired it. No, Grid had been hoping the damn title wouldn’t activate. He had been very angry when he was unable to raid Noll when it activated at the final blow. It was the feeling of experience, items, and a new rune power flying away. But the subsequent development caused Grid to change his mind.

Noll declared that he would follow Grid. It was an earl class direct descendant! Experience, items, and a rune power weren’t things to obsess over. In the first place, what did Grid most want to gain by hunting a direct descendant? It was a direct descendant summoning item.

However, it was very difficult to raise the rating of a summoning item. Even if he later achieved the rating and summoned a direct descendant, the level of the direct descendant would be initialized. There was also a duration to the summoning. It was like normal pets.

But Noll became Grid’s subordinate while he was alive. Grid could obtain the loyalty of a direct descendant with no penalty. In particular, Noll was a strong supporter comparable to Asmophel and Piaro. Grid was already looking forward to how strong he would make the Overgeared Kingdom. It was as if he had obtained thousands of troops.

"Hrmm."

Grid smiled as he faced Noll. Grid looked at him with pure eyes that were filled with affection.

"Noll, I’m a human who you vampires think of as livestock. Can you truly serve me?"

It was a matter of concern. Grid asked seriously and Noll answered without hesitation.

"I decided to serve you because you acknowledged my existence. I don’t care what your species is."

Grid was a person who acknowledged him. Noll felt thankful to Grid for giving him the opportunity to prove his worth.

"I promise on my mother's name that I won't look down on you because you are a human or look at you as an object to eat. Only."

"Only?"

"I don't know about other humans. You know that my food is human blood."

Suruk.

Noll looked at Grid's teammates and soldiers that were far away. There was a strong desire in his eyes. Hunger. Noll recognized all humans as prey except for Grid. It was inevitable. Eat and be eaten. It was the intrinsic relationship between vampire and human.

'Yes...'

Grid became unhappy as he faced the unrealistic problem. There was a need to constantly provide Noll with humans for food.

'If the rumor spreads that the king of a kingdom placed a vampire near him and feeds him humans spread...'

Grid's reputation would certainly fall. It would be used as a propaganda tool by other kingdoms and he would lose public opinion. Grid had a headache as he pulled out the King's Sword.

'Character Observation.'

Ttiring~

Name: Noll

Age: 219 years old Gender: Male

Species: Direct Descendant Vampire

Title: Fourth Child of Shizo Beriache

\* Has inherited Beriache's attribute of compassion. Can use blood magic that has a beneficial effect on his allies.

Title: Vampire who has Overcome the Curse of Idleness.

\*Has a strong desire for life. If his health falls below 10%, he will become a coward. He will lose his purpose and only strive to survive.

\* Has a strong desire to broaden his horizons. He will actively want to learn.

Title: A Predator

\* Once hungry, his true power will be exerted. The current hunger level is 5/10.

Level: 433

Strength: 3,500 (▼) Stamina: 2,449 (▼)

Agility: 1,980 (▼) Intelligence: 3,500 (▼)

Skills: Direct Suppression (SS), Blood Transfusion (S), Blood Donation (SS), Blood Magic (S+), Run Wild (SSS)

A child who Shizo Beriache particularly loved. Beriache was excited about the attribute of compassion sleeping deep in Noll's heart. She hoped he would give great strength to his brethren and to overcome trials with his brethren. But like the other direct descendants, Noll couldn't meet Beriache's expectations. The Curse of Idleness was to blame.

Noll was terribly bitter about this fact.

[Run Wild]

The cooldown of all magic will be 3 seconds. However, mana consumption will double.

"Wow."

Grid couldn't help exclaiming. It was because Noll's stats were much higher than expected.

'How strong is he in a full state?'

Of course, it was weak compared to Noll in boss mode. In boss mode, Noll boasted a health of tens of millions. This was tens or hundreds of times higher than it was now. However, it was obvious that the stats of a boss and a NPC would be different.

'An existence who is strong as an enemy becomes weaker as a friend.'

This rule was thoroughly applied to every game!

'Given this rule, Noll is much stronger than I expected.'

Thus, it was more regrettable. The fact that Noll was a vampire. Grid sighed and Noll asked, "What happened? Is there a problem?"

"I wonder if you can eat food other than human blood. As you know, I am a human king. I can't give humans to you as food."

"Why?"

"Isn't it a moral problem?"

"Moral...? I don't understand this concept. In any case, there is one food that can be eaten instead of human blood."

"What is it?"

There was no need to kill anyone! Grid's eyes shone as lanterns as Noll explained.

"Elixir. I can eat elixir when there is no human blood."

"Ah, is that why you drop elixirs occasionally? It is the concept of carrying it as emergency food and then dropping it..."

Grid's bright face turned dark again. He couldn't afford to give elixir as food. Noll reacted to Grid's deep sigh.

"My food isn't a problem for you to care about. I can procure my own food. It is enough to hunt humans."

"That is the problem."

The reason why Grid thought it was necessary to procure food for Noll was to prevent him from running wild. It would cause great confusion if Noll randomly hunted humans in Reinhardt.

"Human blood... How much do you have to eat until you are full?"

Grid asked in a blunt manner.

Noll replied honestly. "If I sleep, I can starve for decades. But I need blood equivalent to three people to work properly for a day. To be in a full state, I have to eat 100 servings of blood."

"What happens to the people you suck the blood of?"

"They die or become a vampire."

"...Can't the blood be drawn separately and placed in a cup?"

"It is meaningless since it isn't fresh."

"Oh."

Noll was worth an army of thousands but there were many restrictions. As Grid was feeling confused, Piaro approached.

"Don't worry about the vampire's food, Your Majesty."

"Piaro...? Do you have a solution?"

Grid was looking forward to it while Noll snorted. He was laughing at the idea that the madman pretending to be a farmer could solve the food shortage. Piaro smiled.

"I think it is possible to use this city's soil to grow plants with a lot of blood. The vampires can eat them."

"What...?"

Noll was astonished. Plants?

"Vampire...! In addition, I am a direct descendant. I can't be a vegetarian!"

Noll raised his voice from this absurd nonsense and Piaro laughed.

"But what if you can't drink human blood?"

"I'd rather drink the elixir...!"

"No, being vegetarian is good."

"Hey!"

"Then shall we start farming?"

"This crazy bastard...!"

"...I added one more noisy person."

It was even an old grandfather. Grid was seriously worried if his body gave off the smell of a old bachelor.

### [Chapter 733](#)

Grid highly appreciated Noll's value. At least in the field of combat, he was superior to Piaro. Not only were his stats superior to Piaro, he also had great healing skills and defense buffs. Above all, there was one thing Grid liked.

'He has a strong desire for survival.'

The reason why Grid was reluctant to participate in battle with named NPCs like Piaro and Asmophel was because their lives were finite. Unlike players, they couldn't be resurrected. Grid didn't want to lose them. However, Piaro and Asmophel had the chivalrous spirit of a knight. They threw away their lives too easily for Grid. Grid was afraid. He didn't want to let them go to war.

Noll was completely different from them. His motivation for life was too strong. If he was in danger he would forget his purpose and retreat. Some people would mock him for being a coward. But Grid's thoughts were completely different. He considered it worthy of praise to cherish your life, not criticism.

'I can use him without being burdened... No, I should send him to war.'

Grid's expectations were amplified as he envisioned Noll taking over the battlefield as a general of the Overgeared Kingdom. His heart pounded. Imagine it. A named NPC. The shockwave that would occur when the world found out that a direct descendant became a user's subordinate!

'Ah, they will make a fuss again.'

Grid laughed. His shoulders and nose had already risen into the air. It wasn't a bluff. He was proud of his new achievements.

'Anyway...'

The smile disappeared from Grid's face. He was reminded that there was a real problem with Noll. It was the food problem.

'...I have no choice but to do what Piaro said.'

Piaro was certain that he could grow new crops here in the vampire city and these crops would be Noll's food. Grid was forced to look forward to it. The determined Grid spoke to Noll who was still roaring at Piaro.

"Noll, for the moment, help in the field by Piaro's side."

"What?"

Noll's face became pale.

A vampire. He was an earl yet he was expected to work in the fields? Noll couldn't imagine it so it must be a joke.

"Bah! I'm not accustomed to the pun in human words!"

He was certain that Grid was joking. Grid explained to him.

"I'm sorry, but I'm serious. It can't be helped. I'm afraid of what will happen if you go outside in this state."

"Shit... This is a moral issue? Don't worry about it. I won't hurt your people. I will take the people of other kingdoms as food."

"No, it will cause a diplomatic problem. And in the long run, it's better to solve your food problem."

"Kuk...!" Noll gritted his teeth. He was really angry. "You're going to make me work in the field because you fear for the lives of a few humans? Don't you know my value? My power! I am a powerful force! It's a power that can make you the ruler of the human world! Yet you want me to work in the fields?"

"..."

Grid could understand why Noll was offended. Grid's pride would be hurt if he was in Noll's position. But what could he do?

"Humans have their own circumstances and society has its own rules. You should understand this part if you have to live with humans in the future."

"I understand what you mean! But working in the field is too much!!"

"..."

Grid flinched at Noll's words and whispered to Piaro, "I also think it is a little too much. Making a direct vampire work in the fields... Do you really need Noll's power for farming?"

"Yes, that's right." Piaro answered without any hesitation. "A vampire's blood will be a great help in growing new crops. In addition, field work is a good experience for learning how to live in the human world, as well as cultivating the mind and body."

"R-Really..."

Grid's confidence in Piaro was absolute. Grid nodded without denying it and asked something he was curious about.

"By the way, how is the golden walnut cultivation going?"

"There is no answer yet."

"Yes... It won't be easy."

It was a half elixir. There was no easy way to grow elixirs. Maybe it would be impossible forever. It was because the wavelengths generated if a user grew one would be too big. It was possible that the S.A. Group had blocked it.

"Well, okay. We will all return except for Piaro and Noll."

"Hey! Really?" Noll shouted. His voice was as loud as a train compared to his young appearance.

Lauel approached Grid. "Wouldn't it be nice to capture the rest of the cities with this much power?"

"I don't think it's worth it."

Grid decided that at the present time, it was impossible to raid Marie Rose and Fenrir. There was absolutely no chance against Marie Rose and Fenrir should only be challenged after the fourth advancement since he was several times stronger than an earl. It would be a big blow to lose so many troops if he challenged them now. Then he had to target cities that didn't have the two. They were cities without direct descendants.

"There are few rewards that can be obtained if we capture a city without a direct descendant. There isn't much time left until the National Competition. Until then, I think it's better to raise our growth."

"I admit it." Lauel was convinced and nodded.

"Return the whole army."

"Yes!"

The king's order was absolute. The tens of thousands of soldiers moved the moment Grid gave the order. The power to move tens of thousands with one word...

Grid felt refreshed.

'King. Yes, I am a king.'

Now he was responsible for numerous people. He had to remember that his honor was their honor.

In that sense...

'I will give a good show in the National Competition.'

He wouldn't lose. Even if his opponent was Kraugel.

'This time I will win.'

He would pay Kraugel back for last year's defeat and take this year's victory. Grid's eyes were blazing. He was full of enthusiasm and joy just thinking about Kraugel.

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"How active can Japan be in the National Competition this year?"

Click!

Snap snap!

Camera flashes went off here and there. Damian was surrounded by hundreds of reporters. He was one of the top-ranked players of Japan and the first user to become the pope of the Rebecca Church. Despite the fact that he was a fan of the Korean Grid, Damian was a hero to the modern Japanese people.

Putting aside personal tendencies, his abilities were recognized by the Japanese people and they had a great expectation for him. In particular, this year's National Competition would be held in Japan and people wished for Damian and the Japanese rankers to play a bigger role than usual.

"A century ago, Japan was classified as country weak in e-sports. But that is due to the Japanese people's tendencies to neglect online games, not because they lack gaming talent. The Japanese have excellent gaming skills because they are placed in an environment where they can easily access the game from a young age."

Indeed, this fact was proven in Satisfy. There were quite a few Japanese on each class rankings list. Damian believed in them.

"This year, Japan will be able to reach the top 5. I think this is enough to be proud of as the host country."

Most reporters nodded silently. Damian's analysis was realistic. On the other hand, some reporters questioned it.

"Aren't you evaluating Japan too low? There are many talented people in Japan including you and Katz. There are a lot more rankings compared to China and India, which has 10 times the population of Japan. When it comes to population ratio, aren't we the country with the most number of rankers?"

"Won't Japan be in at least the top three? In particular, this year's National Competition is different from the previous year. It is a system where one excellent person can't monopolize medals. We might not have a dominant person like the United, States, Canada, Brazil, and South Korea, but isn't Japan's average power enough to rank in the top three?"

'It's starting again.'

Damian frowned. He already knew based on previous experience. They were speaking with unnecessary malice.

"Maybe you want to claim that South Korea will be in third place?"

Indeed. The journalists of the right-wing media outlets wanted to create a conspiracy around South Korea.

"Sigh."

Damian looked like someone else when he sighed. The reporters who saw him sighing at the official press conference were surprised. In the Japanese society that emphasized manners, Damian's behavior was very rude. Damian shrugged without caring.

"Even at this year's National Competition, whose rules are aimed at suppressing South Korea, you're still conscious of them? It's pitiful. Are you unable to sleep every night out of fear of South Korea?"

"What...?"

"What a rude person!"

The reporters were red with agitation. The same was true for the right wing Japanese watching the press conference broadcast. The Internet was filled with posts condemning Damian. But Damian wasn't conscious of it at all. He was a person with strong beliefs. He wasn't afraid of irrational evaluations.

"Perhaps the most interesting part of your question is how I evaluate Grid? There is always a good story when I mention Grid."

"..."

He saw through it exactly. No reported denied it.

Damian opened his mouth. "Two gold medals."

"...?"

"Due to the S.A. Group, people can only participate in two events. Thus, this year's Grid can only win two gold medals."

Other players would find it hard to obtain one gold medal but Damian evaluated Grid as obtaining 'only' two gold medals. Questions poured out.

"So far, Grid has always been involved in PvP. He actually won a gold medal in it at the 1st National Competition. But in the 2nd National Competition, a barrier called Kraugel appeared and he missed the gold medal."

"This year, only a handful of people believe that Grid will beat Kraugel. But Damian, you are promising that Grid will win two gold medals?"

"In other words."

"Grid will avoid the PvP event this year?"

This was the point. Grid would avoid fighting with Kraugel. The quietly listening Damian laughed.

"There is no doubt."

"...?"

"He will chase Kraugel!"

"...??"

"Grid will take part in both of Kraugel's events and beat him. Maybe that is Grid's goal this year. I know that he is such a person."

"...!!"

Not being afraid of losing after last year! The reporters started to write the breaking news.

[Can Grid reach the sky above the sky this time?]

[Grid, aiming at Kraugel!]

And so on.

The exciting titles caused a stir overseas. Thanks to that, Grid was suffering.

"Oh, that brat Damian."

If it wasn't PvP, Grid was planning to avoid Kraugel. He wanted to reliably secure at least one gold medal. He wanted to play in the blacksmith event. However, the atmosphere meant it wasn't possible. Grid would be branded as a coward if he avoided Kraugel.

"Ah... This bastard treats his benefactor like this."

He was unhappy. As usual, Grid had many things to think about.

### [Chapter 734](#)

Shortly after the Noll raid ended.

"Won't the soldiers need a break? Let's take a break in Reidan."

"Thank you for your deep consideration!"

Chris encouraged the soldiers to take a break before returning home. The soldiers were in tears from the consideration. The soldiers marched without a break because they thought Grid was in danger, then they fought the vampires after crossing the desert. They were physically and mentally in a difficult state. Their eyes were dark at the thought of crossing the desert again to return home. It was recommended that they take a break. It was a break in Reidan, the second capital. It was obviously sweet honey.

"Leave the rest to me and return."

Chris told Grid as he smiled at the cheering soldiers.

Grid expressed his appreciation. "Thank you for taking care of the soldiers. It will cost a lot of money to provide accommodations and meals to tens of thousands of people..."

"It's natural as a duke of the Overgeared Kingdom. It isn't something to be thankful about."

"...It feels good."

Grid was fulfilled. The presence of strong colleagues made him happy. The melancholy of the days when he was alone was washed away.

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"What? What force is that?"

"Is this the power of the Overgeared Kingdom?"

'If you want to interview me, come to Reidan.'

This was the words of Chris, the hope of Canada. Since he was busy as duke of the Overgeared Kingdom, he refused to hold a press conference in reality. He couldn't afford to waste that much time. Canada's media agreed to his position. They dispatched reporters to Reidan.

At this point, the reporters' only concern was the National Competition. The most prominent Canadian ranker, Chris, received overwhelming support from the Canadian people. He had been in the top position in the rankings for more than a year. They wanted to know what he thought about the 3rd National Competition, what vision he had and how much he could achieve. The reporters had hundreds of questions to ask Chris, many of which were related to the National Competition.

But now.

"Duke Chris is returning in triumph!"

Tuong!

Tung!Tung!Tudong!

The procession of tens of thousands of soldiers following Chris as he returned changed the interest of the reporters.

'The total force of the Overgeared Kingdom was estimated to be 60,000...?'

'The information was wrong...! Rumor has it that the Overgeared Kingdom only has 60,000 troops. Yet how could there be 40,000 troops in Reidan when it isn't the capital...! The Overgeared Kingdom must have at least 100,000 troops!'

'The Overgeared Kingdom...! How can a new kingdom have this much power...? This is Grid's power!'

The media paid attention to the great procession of soldiers following Chris. They were excited to find proof that the power of the Overgeared Kingdom was more than the rumors. It was a scoop. But the real scoop occurred afterwards.

"An envoy from the Saharan Empire has arrived!"

"What?"

"Huh?"

Chris and the reporters were surprised. The empire sent an envoy? Why?

'Haven't the two nations become completely hostile since the tributes stopped being offered?'

Chris looked troubled at the sight of the envoy. He was already worried about what the dog of the empire would talk about.

'The reason why an envoy was sent here might be to test a reconciliation... Of course, it will be accompanied by threats.'

It was upsetting now that he was targeted by the empire. Chris was extremely worried about how the empire would pressure him. He was feeling anxious when the empire's envoy came up to him. The people of Reidan and the Canadian reporters paid attention.

The envoy declared to Chris, "I came to tell you the will of His Majesty the Emperor."

"What...?"

Chris' voice was filled with tension. The tens of thousands of people gathered around him, the people of Reidan and the reporters of Canada were all nervous. It was a message from Juander, the ultimate person who could change the map of the continent with a few words.

What did he want to convey? It didn't seem to be anything good. They could only assume the worst. The moment that everyone was feeling uneasy.

"His Majesty the Emperor wants to make peace with the Overgeared Kingdom. If the Overgeared King doesn't want the empire to invade Valhalla, the empire will make an immediate truce with Valhalla."

"...?"

"?????"

The buzz in the air suddenly died down. Reidan fell silent. It was difficult to believe even when they heard it from the empire's envoy. The empire wanted to make 'peace'? They would make a truce with the enemy if the Overgeared King wanted it?

Was there ever such a big event in the continent's history? No. The empire's emperor always exercised absolute power. Everything was resolved according to his will. He only knew how to give commands. He didn't look at the will of others. This was Emperor Juander.

Due to that...

'A scoop...!'

'This is be an overseas topic!'

The reporters were convinced. The story of the empire's envoy would be a featured article.

"Um... Let's go to the great hall."

Chris belatedly noticed the atmosphere and led the envoy elsewhere. Due to this, the reporters didn't know what happened afterwards but it wasn't a problem.

"Logout!"

The reporters forgot about their original purpose of interviewing Chris and started to leave.

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[The Saharan Empire's emperor, Juander has requested to make peace with the kingdom!]

[The power of the Overgeared Kingdom is much more than revealed.]

[(Column) For the first time in history, the empire is engaging in 'diplomacy'... The meaning of this incident is much greater than imagined.]

The world was overturned. The presence of the Overgeared Kingdom, which made even the absolute ruler of the West Continent aware of it, overwhelmed the public. The media was shaken. Every day, they were busy talking about the greatness of the Overgeared Kingdom and Grid.

Grid thought it was absurd.

“What’s this situation?”

Why was the emperor doing this? Why was he requesting to make peace with them? In order to make peace, he was even willing to sign a truce with Valhalla.

"In fact, isn't there an ulterior motive?"

The Overgeared King's office. The uneasy Grid was making underwear with the God Hands. He was feeling confused when he heard a knocking sound.

“It’s Lauel.”

“Good! Come in!”

Grid welcomed it. The situation had changed recently so he thought that Lauel could resolve his questions. Grid wanted to know the truth and be rid of the confusion. Lauel gave him a thumbs up.

"Great."

“What?”

"It's a result of Your Majesty assembling an army in Reidan in a matter of days."

“...?”

Grid made an expression like he couldn't understand.

Lauel smiled and explained, “Your Majesty convened an army to raid Noll, but the timing was exquisite. It's because the empire gathered most of their troops in Valhalla, while you gathered a force in Reidan, the rear of the empire. The emperor thought you were a threat to the empire.”

“...”

“This is the result. The empire recognized that it was dangerous to deal with both Overgeared and Valhalla at the same time, making them pull out a carrot. The emperor had to start diplomatic actions. I am sure that the name of Your Majesty will remain in the history of the empire.”

“Um...” Grid understood the situation after hearing Lauel's explanation. But he was stunned. "I can't understand why the empire felt a threat? Can't the power of the empire destroy both Overgeared and Valhalla? Why do they feel threatened?"

"That is also because of Your Majesty."

“Because of me?”

Lauel laughed.

"Didn't the descendent of the Undefeated King appear in Valhalla and push the Red Knights to the point of collapse? The emperor is frightened of the Undefeated King's descendant."

“Ah...”

The moment he used 100,000 Army Massacre Sword in the war, Grid was misunderstood as the descendant of the Undefeated King. This was the repercussion.

"The rumor that the empire is afraid of the Undefeated King's descendant is true."

"Maybe it's more than rumored."

"Indeed... They're afraid."

Grid was reminded of the Undefeated King's death knight and his body shook. Grid couldn't imagine how strong the Undefeated King was when alive. He felt pity for the imperial army who fought with the Undefeated King.

"It all worked out in the end. We won't have to fear any problems during the period where we're at peace with the empire. The minimum period of a truce is two years. We have to build up maximum power during this period."

"The period of peace is so short?"

"No. It can go from one year to twenty years. Up to twenty years."

"Then isn't it possible for us to set the period of peace as long as possible?"

"Long-lasting peace requires a good talker with a high diplomatic stat. They need to use diplomatic skills and conversation to negotiate with the opponent. Unfortunately, there is no one with this talent in the Overgeared Kingdom.

"Huroi?"

"He is unchallenged in the art of communication but... He doesn't have the diplomatic stat."

"It's too bad. It would be useful in many ways if Huroi has the diplomatic stat."

Lauel's eyes shone.

"Then will you give the command to Huroi?"

"What command?"

"A command to proceed with the diplomatic quest."

"What is the diplomatic quest?"

"It is one of the quests for high ranking nobles."

"Those who perform this quest can gain a diplomat's status and open the diplomatic quest?"

"Yes, that's right. Of course, the degree of difficulty of the quest is very high. It will take at least half a year to complete the quest."

"Kung..."

Grid couldn't say anything. Huroi was also a ranker. Grid knew better than anyone how much effort Huroi put in to be by Grid's side. Grid didn't want to force Huroi to stop levelling up and to go on a difficult quest. It was likely that Huroi would lose the ranker position that he worked so hard for. After a moment, Grid shook his head.

"If no one has done the diplomatic quest so far, it means they don't see the merit in being a diplomat. It's okay. I have no intention of interfering with Huroi. I would rather pick a new person."

"Is that so...? I understand."

Lauel was inwardly disappointed, but he already anticipated Grid's reaction. The moment that Lauel nodded and bowed.

"My Lord! Noooooooooo!"

The door of Grid's office burst open and Huroi ran in. Huroi was someone who tried to stay by Grid's side as much as possible. Even today, he was guarding the front of Grid's office in the name of an 'escort.'

"I heard the two of you from the front door! Leave it to me! A diplomat! I will become one! I will make excellent conversation with foreign diplomats and make them puppets of the Overgeared Kingdom!"

"...Is that a diplomat?"

He didn't think a diplomat would use such methods. Grid's eyes were red with anxiety but he smiled. The appreciation he felt for Huroi was always big.

'Before the start of the National Competition, I need to create a new item for Huroi.'

Grid decided.

The National Competition was approaching.

### [Chapter 735](#)

"Has the old man finally become senile?"

The 4th Prince Edan. The son of Empress Marie, he was originally low in the line of succession. Regardless of the order of birth, there was a big drop in his reputation compared to the other children. But this story changed after the death of Empress Aria and Empress Marie took power. Marie's faction actively supported Edan and recently, Edan boasted a position comparable to 1st Prince Roland. A person who thought he was the best in heaven and earth!

Jean warned Edan, who always moved through the world without fear.

"Try not to speak like that. If anyone hears it, it isn't just Your Highness, but countless number of people who follow you will lose their heads."

"What's wrong with saying an old man is old? Hey, Teacher Jean. Do you think the emperor is sane?"

"..."

"Tell me honestly. No? If His Majesty was sane, he wouldn't have asked for peace with the Overgeared Kingdom. Isn't that right?"

"He must have a deep meaning behind it."

"It's one small kingdom. He's afraid of a new kingdom without a deep history. He's just crazy."

“...”

It fell on deaf ears. Jean couldn't say anything. He gave up on teaching Edan two years ago. That's why he wasn't thrown away by Edan.

Clang!

Edan threw an empty glass at the wall. The knights hurriedly entered, followed by maids who cleared away the remnants of the wine glass. Idan clicked his tongue.

"It's because that old man is old and senile that he signed a truce with Valhalla. It has delayed the first appearance of the magic machines."

Magic machines. A giant robot that moved with magic power as the energy source. It combined ancient alchemy and magic essence.

It was a robot that people rode on. The agility was greatly reduced, but the robustness and destructive power wasn't comparable to humans. The magic machines could smash a mountain and could blow up a city with their magic power, so their strength was comparable to a great demon.

The problem was that few people could control the magic machines. In addition, the magic power supply problem wasn't completely solved. The magic machines were considered ancient artifacts. That was all. But Edan saw the possibilities of the magic machines and invested a lot of time and money into them. In order to solidify his succession to the throne, he needed to prove the value of the magic machines.

Edan sighed deeply and rose from his seat.

"Tell the riders. They have a vacation."

"Yes."

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In the early days, Satisfy had two legends.

God of War Ares? Overgeared King Grid? 1st on the unified rankings Chris? Godly archer Jishuka? The god of killing, Faker? No, they were obscure people in the early days of Satisfy.

Since the opening of Satisfy, the legends that people envied were Kraugel and Zibal. They were characters who sped up to the first and second place in the rankings at a different speed than others. Among them, Kraugel still kept his reputation as the sky above the sky...

"The weather is good."

The capital of the Saharan Empire, Titan. A man on the walls smiled as the morning sun revealed itself. It was Zibal. From the opening of Satisfy to the 2nd National Competition, the 2nd ranked Zibal was a bigshot. He was once a hero of the United States and held the hopes and dreams of millions of people.

"Hey! Zibal! Are you crazy? Why are you goofing off?"

"I'm sorry!"

Now he was an ordinary soldier in a place where no one knew. The only rival of Kraugel, head of the Seven Guilds, god of raids, etc. The countless titles he gained over the years were nowhere to be seen. The public's forgetfulness was severe and he had long been forgotten by the people.

"Did you confirm that Raiders are successful maintained?"

"Yes! That's right!"

"Are you sure? When did you come out?"

"I did it as soon as morning training was over!"

"The meal?"

"I can eat bread on the go!"

"Ha, this brat. We can't afford it. I told you not to goof off again."

The Imperial Army's 14th Division, 21st Battalion. The unit, secretly located on the outskirts of the capital, was an officially nonexistent unit. The size of the battalion was also very small. There were only 80 members. The surprising thing was that there were only four combatants.

One of them was Zibal. He was the lowest of the four people and had the rank of a private, but the class carved on his military uniform was 'chungik.' Apart from his direct supervisor, he was a special officer who could veto an order even if it came from a member of the imperial family.

Why? A player who was a noble of the Haken Kingdom and leader of the Snake Guild, why was he in the imperial army? He obtained a new secret hidden class.

'Blue Sky Rider.'

\* You can ride on all 'vehicles' and drive them perfectly.

\* On a 'vehicle,' your stats will increase significantly.

A unique class. One of the distinct advantages of the class was that it was only specialized in riding. Zibal had been very disappointed at first. When he heard 'riding,' he could only think of horses and some monsters. He regretted that he changed his class. But that disappointment and regret turned to amazement. He was thrilled the moment he checked the contents of the rider class quest. He gained the hope that he could stand next to Kraugel and Grid.

[Blue Sky Rider]

\* Class Quest

Go the 4th Prince Edan of the empire. If you prove your talent and swear allegiance to him, you will be able to get the strongest vehicle in return.

A magic machine! From a player's point of view, it was an ancient weapon that could only be recognized as a fictitious thing in mythology.

'I never even dreamt that I could become the master of it.'

The 4th magic machine 'Raiders' was a vehicle that could fly in the sky.

"Look forward to next year."

Zibal knew it was meaningless to participate in the 3rd National Competition. The level of Raiders was still low and there were various restrictions, so he couldn't show off the proper use of Raiders in the National Competition. If Zibal participated, he would be crushed by Kraugel or Grid. However, Zibal believed the story would be different in the 4th National Competition.

"Grid, I will show you what it truly means to be overgeared."

Now Zibal acknowledged Grid's skills. To be honest, he respected Grid. But Grid was the one who stigmatized Zibal as a punching bag. Zibal planned to pay Grid back next year and clean up this relationship. He would do so.

"Then I can move forward."

The sky above the sky. He would become it. The determination on Zibal's face was extraordinary.

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Title: Informing all participants of the 3rd National Competition.

Sender: S.A. Group

Contents: We are aware that many people are disappointed that the number of personal medals that can be won has been reduced to two. We feel the need to prepare a special event to apologize to the participants.

If you wish to participate in the event, please allow us to collect and use your personal information.

Please be aware that we can't announce the exact date and time of the event.

\* The event contents and progress will be broadcasted to the world the moment the event starts. This may infringe on some human rights of the event participants.

\* We will ensure the safety of all event participants.

\* The event compensation will be paid with Satisfy goods.

\* There is no disadvantage if you don't participate in the event.

"What?"

After a workout. Shin Youngwoo was entering the bathroom when he frowned at the e-mail.

"Why aren't they disclosing the contents of the event?"

Was there such an unfriendly event?

"I won't participate."

If he agreed to his personal information being collected, Shin Youngwoo was worried that his phone would be flooded. He closed the mailbox without hesitation when he received a phone call. The caller was Yura. Youngwoo's heart pounded the moment he heard her name. It jumped quickly.

'It has been a long time.'

It had been almost three months since they were in contact. He was nervous at the thought of hearing Yura's beautiful voice after a long time.

Hum hum, Youngwoo cleared his throat and picked up the call.

"What is it?"

Indeed, there was a reason why he couldn't be in a relationship. Shin Youngwoo was a young man with no clue about manners. If Yura was a sensitive woman then she wouldn't call Youngwoo again.

(Did you receive the event announcement email?)

"..."

Yura's voice over the phone was really sweet. Youngwoo's heart throbbed and he answered in a trembling voice.

"Yes."

(Are you going to participate?)

"No?"

(I thought so. Please join us.)

"Why? Do you know the contents of the event?"

(I don't know. But when you consider the intent of the event, you can imagine that the rewards will be at a level to replace the medals. Please participate).

"Well, if you say so..."

Youngwoo was unaware of it, but he was smiling. He was delighted that one of the world's greatest beauties cared for him and a blissful smile emerged. He wanted to record the contents of the conversation and disclose it on the Internet.

'I'm like this with Yura. Are you jealous?' He wanted to brag in the papers.

(Then I'm hanging up.)

"Ah, wait a minute."

(....?)

"Are you also participating in the National Competition?"

Yura had participated in the National Competition every year. In particular, she had been South Korea's only hope in the 1st National Competition. Since it was striving to gain honor for South Korea, Shin Youngwoo expected her to participate in the National Competition this year.

(Of course. Didn't I receive the same email because I applied to participate?)

Yura's voice was slightly raised over the phone but the insensitive Youngwoo didn't notice it. Even if he had noticed, he wouldn't have known why.

"Yes, I understand. Then I will see you soon."

Youngwoo's voice was excited. He was glad to see Yura's face after a long time.

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"I'm afraid there will be some complaints about the event."

"There is already a conspiracy that we reduced the number of gold medals to two because of a certain person and now there is this event..."

S.A. Group's headquarters. The members of the board of directors expressed their concerns about the event. It was natural to be worried.

[Battlefield]

All event participants fought against each other with the goal of surviving to the end in an isolated field. At the beginning of the game, all levels, abilities, items, and titles were equal. It was a concept event that was reminiscent of the mock games that were popular in the previous century.

It was an event that seemed to be aimed at a certain person whose strength was being overgeared.

Yoon Sangmin laughed at the concerned executives.

"That's correct. Maybe many people will blame us. But I'm sure that Grid himself will be delighted. He finally has a chance to prove it."

"What...?"

What would he prove? The executives were puzzled while Yoon Sangmin spoke meaningful words.

"As soon as Grid proves it, the people's accusations will turn into cheers."

## [Chapter 736](#)

'Considering Kraugel's level during the Belial raid...'

Ahead of the National Competition, Grid's nerves were concentrated on Kraugel. It was a phenomenon caused by his desire to win the rematch that was taking place after one year and three months.

'At present, the level difference between him and me should be at least 150?'

Until now, the total was 1 to 1. This would be the game that determined victory or defeat. The winner would be the real winner.

'No, Kraugel's level up speed will be beyond my calculations. Maybe the level difference is less than 100.'

Well, even if the level difference is less than 100, there was no problem.

'Even Kraugel couldn't have passed level 300 yet. He wouldn't have achieved the third awakening.'

In a game, the level difference was as absolute as items. A higher level player would be stronger than a lower level one. In particular, the stats awakening every 100 levels caused a tremendous difference. In the past, the level 299 Grid failed to defeat Elfin Stone while the level 300 Grid succeeded. It was an example that showed the gap.

'Okay. This is sufficient.'

Kkuok!

Grid was convinced and formed fists. Some people might think it wasn't fair because of the level difference, but not Grid. It was natural. Levelling ability was also a skill. It was talent that Grid's level was higher than Kraugel's.

"Huhuhut... Kraugel, this is the difference in skill. Don't blame the level reset. I also experienced it. It's the same thing I went through."

A level reset at level 300 compared to a reset at level 80. The former was much more disadvantageous and pitiful. The damage was completely different. But there was an eternal truth.

'I am the strongest person in the world!'

It was this. Grid's level reset and Kraugel's level reset were on the same line.

"Compared to knowing everything, I had a much more difficult time when my level was reset. But now I have a much higher level than Kraugel. In the end, it means that I'm more talented than Kraugel. Isn't that right?"

Grid didn't have a conscience! Anyone who saw him now would've cut out his tongue. But Huroi just nodded. He didn't intend to disturb his lord who was trying to reduce the burden with a mental victory.

"My lord is a genius of geniuses and above the sky. I have no doubt that you will win in the 'fair' battle that will take place at this year's National Competition. It is only natural that My Lord, the incarnation of Genghis Khan, will reign over the world as its master."

"Indeed, you have a discerning eye. As expected from Huroi. But isn't Genghis Khan a Mongolian? I'm a Korean."

"Do you need to dwell on nationality in this global age? Everything is out there. Are you ruler of a global kingdom?"

"You are right. Huroi, don't you have deep thoughts? Hahaha!"

"Hahaha! My Lord the best!!"

"..."

One person was making an item while the other was preparing for the diplomat's exam. Lael's gaze wasn't good as he looked at the two people sitting side by side.

"Your Majesty, too much confidence isn't good. Even if the level difference is large, the opponent is a Sword Saint. It's the strongest combat class. It will obviously be a tougher fight than last year. Please don't be careless."

In addition to Huroi, Lael supported Grid as well. He wanted Grid to win and develop even further. The problem was that the opponent was too strong. Thus, Grid had to pay attention.

"A sword that can even cut the world... It will be difficult to handle with Your Majesty's items."

Lael saw Kraugel as a bad opponent for Grid. Grid's combat style was more about items than control. He thought that Grid sticking to this attack style against Kraugel, who was the ultimate combat class, wouldn't be effective.

"Be quiet."

The alert Lael spoke the right words, but he angered Grid. Didn't Grid know that it would be hard to win against Kraugel? What Grid wanted now was to be cheered up, not made to worry.

"Are you trying to decrease my morale right now?"

"Huh?"

"You are on the American team with Kraugel in the National Competition. Do you want to decrease my morale so that Kraugel will win?"

"What... Ah."

Lael realized his mistake. He belatedly discovered that Grid was more sensitive than expected. The person right now was Grid before he became a king. It was a state where his dirty and stingy nature was revealed. Huroi was already aware of this fact from the beginning. Thus, he flattered Grid very well.

"My Lord! I will drive out this evil tongue with my own hand!"

"Yes, I can only believe in Huroi. I will pay attention to your loyalty and raise your item to higher heights."

"It will be the glory of future generations!"

"No, I was joking just now...! Huroi, I... Ack!"

This was the end of a loyalist! As he was caught and dragged away by Huroi, Lael felt like he was in a historical drama. Today, the Overgeared Kingdom was peaceful.

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Time was bitter. It couldn't be reversed and it flowed quickly. The 3rd National Competition, which had been delayed three months later than usual, was only three days away.

Snap!

Snap snap!

John F. Kennedy International Airport was crowded with a large number of reporters. It was to interview the representatives leaving for Japan. The prestigious representatives. They were the people's pride and idols, causing them to receive much attention and love. Of course, there was an outstanding person among them. It was Kraugel.

"Player Kraugel! How do you feel about becoming the American representative?"

"What has your life been like living in the US for the past six months? Do you think you did well to immigrate to the US?"

"What event will you participate in?"

"There's a rumor that Grid will participate in all the events you are. Grid isn't denying anything. How do you see this excessive competition?"

And so on!

Kraugel was flooded with many questions. While the other representatives listened to one question, Kraugel alone was listening to 10 questions. There were also a lot of beautiful blonde reporters around Kraugel. Kraugel might be Asian, but he was popular because he had the ultimate beauty.

"There's a lot more interest than when we had Zibal."

"I agree. He's on a different dimension."

The top US rankers who participated in the National Competition every year clicked their tongues. As far as they knew, the most popular person in the world was Zibal. But it was surprising that Kraugel transcended his popularity.

"Haha... Wherever we go, a superstar..."

That's right. All the US representatives were popular rankers. They received excessive love and interest whenever they went. But it was different when standing next to Kraugel. They were just folding screens. It was a strange feeling for them, but they didn't dislike it.

"First of all, I have adapted well to life in the US. It's thanks to the kindness of everyone around me. For them, I am honored to fight for the honor of the United States."

Kraugel skillfully dealt with the group of reporters. He started making public appearances since the 2nd National Competition and now he had fully adapted to the life of a superstar. He gave an interview where everyone could feel good while mixing in the appropriate lip service.

"As you all know, one of the events I will be participating in is PvP. But I won't reveal the other one at this moment. I think it will be fun to wait to disclose it at the opening ceremony in three days. And about whether Player Grid is conscious of me..."

Kraugel stopped and stared at the camera in front of him. His big, black eyes were mysterious and beautiful. The female and male reporters were shocked by his charm. In this atmosphere, Kraugel opened his mouth again.

“I’m pleased. I’m also conscious of him.”

“...”

Was it due to Kraugel’s gender neutral appearance? The reporters felt like Kraugel was confessing to the opposite sex. It felt like there was a deep bond between Grid and Kraugel. Amidst the strange atmosphere...

“He isn’t gay.”

Lauel arrived at the scene. He was the latest of the US representatives to appear.

“Lauel...!”

The prime minister of the Overgeared Kingdom! The right arm of Overgeared King Grid! The emergence of someone bigger than Kraugel attracted the attention of reporters at once. Lauel saw that the cameras were focused on him and laughed.

“Kraugel and the Overgeared King are good competitors and friends. I hope you don’t misunderstand their feelings towards each other.”

Lauel disguised Kraugel’s gay soul while mixing in humor. His intention wasn’t to help Kraugel, but to elevate the position of the Overgeared Kingdom. Kraugel was the friend of Overgeared King Grid. In other words, Sword Saint Kraugel was friendly to the Overgeared Kingdom. If they were hostile to the Overgeared Kingdom, they would be hostile to a Sword Saint. Lauel encouraged the people to recognize this.

"Grid and Kraugel, both men will fight each other."

A huge smile. Lauel smiled as he thought about how this was a success.

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"You can use this lounge."

“Wow...”

The 1st National Competition was held in South Korea, so there was no flying. The 2nd National Competition was held in France and Shin Youngwoo used Yura’s private plane. This was the first time he experienced a specific airline’s services.

“Wowww...”

Youngwoo’s mouth gaped open as he entered the exclusive lounge available to first class passengers. This lounge was more spacious than a playground! On one side, there was a variety of food ranging from cup noodles to delicacies. The panoramic view of the airport seen through the outer walls made of glass was overwhelming beautiful. Above all, the amazing thing!

"A-A private bathroom?"

The nervous Youngwoo cried out when he arrived at the bathroom.

There were dozens of rooms on both sides of the long corridor and all the rooms were private bathrooms. There was a sink, urinal, and toilet in each room. They even had the finest toothpaste and toothbrush. The quality of the toothbrush couldn't be compared to the one that Youngwoo usually used.

"A profit... Huh?"

Youngwoo placed the toothbrush in his pocket and came across Kang Daehan (Peak Sword) in the hallway. Kang Daehan was in a confused state.

"What? I definitely entered a bathroom but why is it a hotel room? What are these rooms?"

"It's a bathroom..."

"..."

It was also the first time that Kang Daehan used the exclusive first class lounge. It was because a person normally couldn't afford to use the first class lounge, which normally went from millions of won to tens of millions of won. Shin Youngwoo, Kang Daehan, and the other Korean representatives. The reason why they were able to use the first class hotel today was due to the S.A. Group.

The S.A. Group provided first class seats to all delegates around the world. Those who read the information in the contents of the announcement 'Please board the airplane provided by our company' were already alerted, but Youngwoo and Daehan hadn't read it. They just enjoyed this moment.

"I want to live here."

"Huhuhu, yes. I can see beautiful sisters every day. Wouldn't it be perfect if there was a capsule here?"

Youngwoo and Daehan giggled with each other over a plate of food. The other representatives watched them with embarrassed expressions.

'What... Their atmospheres are different than usual.'

Shin Youngwoo and Kang Daehan. They were recognized as emerging chaebols in South Korea who had accumulated a lot of wealth due to Satisfy. It was normal for them to have enough resources to use the first class lounge every day. However, they were making such a fuss over the lounge that the other representatives were shocked. An unexpected person appeared in this awkward atmosphere.

"Can't you act like an ordinary person? Who doesn't know what you are capable of?"

"You...?"

Munch.

Shin Youngwoo's eyes widened as he chewed on dongpo pork. Dark... No, Eat Spicy Jokbal. The former head of Blood Carnival, who Youngwoo fought with over the insane dragon egg, appeared in front of him.

"Why are you here?"

Surely he didn't want revenge in reality? Daehan explained to the wary Youngwoo.

"He's my friend. He will be a good companion who will fight with us during the National Competition.

“What?”

Dungeon Maker. It was the moment when the top player unknown to the world joined the Korean national team.

### [Chapter 737](#)

"God Grid, after hearing your story, I developed great interest in Eat Spicy Jokbal and kept in steady contact with him. But it was hard work. I looked all over the country for Eat Spicy Jokbal and learned to distinguish the taste of makguksu in every store..."

“...”

Various expressions crossed Daehan’s face as he recalled it. All types of memories seemed to come to mind.

"I wanted to give up several times. But I didn’t give up. Why? I searched for Eat Spicy Jokbal. I am convinced that Eat Spicy Jokbal is a person that the Overgeared Kingdom needs!"

“...”

"The result is what you see now. I became friends with Eat Spicy Jokbal. Hut, how about it? Isn’t it great? Kuahahahat!"

Daehan laughed excitedly while putting a hand on Eat Spicy Jokbal’s shoulders. They seemed really close.

One second later.

"Where are you putting your hand?" A cold attitude! Eat Spicy Jokbal broke away from Daehan’s hands and warned Youngwoo. "Don’t get me wrong. I am fundamentally different from you guys. We can never be friends."

"Fundamentally?"

"Yes, I’m evil. The reason why I’m participating in this National Competition is different from you. I’m not participating in the National Competition for the sake of the country. I’m not a person with high patriotism."

“...”

"My purpose is only money! Money! I will recoup the damage of the egg you stole with the gold medals!"

“...Um.”

Youngwoo wasn’t participating in the National Competition for the country. It was also to satisfy his individual desires. However, Eat Spicy Jokbal misunderstood. No, it wasn’t just him. Most South Koreans considered Shin Youngwoo to be a patriot.

It was natural. From an objective point of view, Youngwoo was better off not participating in the National Competition. If he hadn’t participated in the National Competition, he could’ve hidden the true powers of Pagma’s Descendant and would be able to play the game in a better position. Youngwoo was

a person who could make money by producing more items. There was no need to covet the rewards of the National Competition.

But Youngwoo participated in the National Competition every year. People had no choice but to misunderstand that Youngwoo was participating in the National Competition out of pure patriotism.

‘Well, that doesn’t mean there is no patriotism.’

As a former member of South Korea’s army, he had a minimum of patriotism. It was good that he helped his country. But the real reason why Youngwoo participated in the National Competition was honor, not patriotism. He wanted to prove himself in public and be recognized as a better person.

In addition, there was additional compensation from the National Competition. Youngwoo could receive myth-rated materials as a reward for gold medals. They couldn’t be obtained even with money. In particular, the compensation for this year was expected to be larger than last year.

‘Last year, the only myth rated material I knew was adamantium.’

He was different from before. This year’s Youngwoo knew the existence of various myth rated materials such as the sacred creatures byproducts and the Goddess’ Hair that he could demand as a gold medal compensation from the S.A. Group.

‘I have to win two gold medals.’

He wanted a byproduct of the sacred creatures, such as the Red Phoenix Breath. He was eager to make a second and third Enlightenment Sword.

“Um... Our relationship will gradually become established. Either way, it’s nice to meet you.”

Youngwoo woke up from his thoughts and shook hands with Eat Spicy Jokbal. Youngwoo felt good at Eat Spicy Jokbal’s desire to ‘make up for the damage of losing the dragon egg with the gold medals.’ He seemed to be a straightforward person.

What if Eat Spicy Jokbal was a bad person? He would threaten Youngwoo to pay back the debt from the game. At a minimum, he would express hostility. But Eat Spicy Jokbal’s gaze towards Youngwoo was clean. He declared he would recover the damages in a fair manner.

‘The fact that he’s a good person is why he’s in Peak Sword’s heart.’

Youngwoo smiled as nicely as possible. Eat Spicy Jokbal responded to the handshake with an expression that said he had no choice.

“Well... We are colleagues during the National Competition so we should shake hands... Huh?”

Eat Spicy Jokbal was surprised when he shook hands with Youngwoo. It was because the strength was amazing. The big hand full of calluses showed the hard lift that Youngwoo lived.

‘In reality, he’s a hard worker?’

Eat Spicy Jokbal was 36 years old. Youngwoo looked like he wasn’t even 30 years old yet. He was a legendary blacksmith in the game, but Eat Spicy Jokbal expected him to be timid in many ways in reality.

But that wasn't the truth at all. From the moment they first met, Youngwoo showed the same attitude and eyes as he did in the game. He was overflowing with dignity.

Eat Spicy Jokbal gulped.

'Grid... He was born like this.'

Indeed, it was obvious. If he was an ordinary person, he wouldn't have become the king of a nation. Eat Spicy Jokbal misunderstood and decided not to be hostile to Grid.

On the other hand.

"...Surely your name isn't Eat Spicy Jokbal?"

"Aish... Of course it's my game ID."

"Isn't Eat Spicy Jokbal too much even for a game ID?"

"..."

The representatives gathered on one side murmured. Eat Spicy Jokbal prayed for an ID change item to be released quickly. At that moment.

"Oh my, everyone is here."

A man and woman approached the place where the Korean representatives were gathered. It was a woman in a hanbok and a blond male. The woman was in her 30s and had a refined elegance. It was an appearance that could be seen on Korean promotional brochures for foreigners. The blond male was mixed race. He seemed to be born between a Korean and a Westerner and was wearing a riding jacket. It was a couple with an extreme contrast.

"Who...?"

All the representatives were puzzled. It was the first time they saw the man and woman who arrived late. In particular, the woman's behavior was too unusual. The man and woman introduced themselves.

"I am Viola. I'm also a representative at the National Competition this year."

"I am Ma Bongshik. It is the same for me."

"?? Are those your game IDs?"

"They are our real names."

"Ah, yes..."

What strange names. This was the first impression of the two new Korean representatives.

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"Who are they?"

Eat Spicy Jokbal, Viola, and Ma Bongshik.

Peak Sword continued to show great interest and favor to the three people. One of South Korea's giants, Peak Sword, wouldn't show such an attitude to ordinary people. Therefore, the other representatives surely thought that these three people were big. The problem was that they were unfamiliar. The representatives couldn't guess who they were.

"Um... I have never heard of their names before."

Despite belonging to the same country, the representatives weren't obliged to disclose their information. The game still continued after the National Competition was over. If there was an obligation to disclose information, there would be fewer rankers in the National Competition.

"Rather, Grid is really cool."

"That's right. He actually looks better."

"Look at his back muscles. He's cool even to a man. I'm envious."

The attention of the representatives was soon focused on Grid. Grid didn't know this, but more than half of the 30 Korean representatives participating in the National Competition this year respected Grid. They were the ones who dreamt about becoming Grid while watching Grid, especially after he competed with Kraugel in the National Competition last year. They were buds who grew watching Grid. For them, Grid was a special existence. They wanted to use this opportunity to get close to Grid. But no one was able to approach Grid. It was hard to talk to such a great figure without inhibition.

'I will be very active in this National Competition.'

'Let's attract Grid's attention and enter the Overgeared Guild... Eh?'

Suddenly, the minds of the enthusiastic Korean representatives became blank. It was due to the appearance of the last Korean representative in the lounge, Yura.

"I'm sorry I'm late."

"..."

Was the world originally black and white? The representatives stared blankly as Yura smiled gently and apologized in a sweet voice. Yura's overwhelming beauty caused everything to fade except for her.

"I-It has been a while."

Even Youngwoo stuttered. He was nervous and his heart jumped as he saw Yura after a long time.

'Her skin is like a new baby... Has she been eating and living well?'

Youngwoo felt uneasy as he looked at Yura's white skin. Yura tilted her head as she looked at him.

"Is there something on my face?"

"N-No. You have become prettier after a long time... Hup."

What nonsense was he saying now? Youngwoo spoke without thinking and covered his mouth when he discovered it. And Yura...

“...”

Yura’s milky white skin turned red. The eyes of the Korea representatives blurred as they watched.

‘It’s the prime of their lives.’

‘I’m envious...’

\*\*\*

A total of 50 countries were participating in the 3rd National Competition! Unlike the previous year, the size of this competition amplified the expectations of gamers all over the world. What interesting and cool scenes would be produced in this year’s National Competition? Countless people were filled with expectations as they waited for the National Competition to begin. There were many people hoping for three days to pass quickly so the National Competition to begin.

Did they sense this desire?

『 A special event for the National Competition will now be held. 』

Representatives of various countries started boarding the plane. Game-related broadcasters from all over the world started a live broadcast. It was a broadcast produced by the S.A. Group. Orlando, a world-class pop star and Satisfy ranker in the top 100,000 was the MC.

『 At this time, 1,500 representatives from each country have completed boarding flights to Japan. And the S.A. Group is planning a special event for all of them. 』

"Event?"

It was a live broadcast that started without any notice but it was powerful since it was related to the National Competition. Word of mouth spread and many viewers flocked. MC Orlando had a cheerful expression and started explaining.

『 All players on board have a capsule instead of a seat. It’s a capsule that allows them to enter the Battlefield server. 』

“Battlefield?”

『 It’s a secret server that Satisfy has borrowed. From this moment on, 1,500 players from all over the world will enter a certain area with the same level, same stats, same items, same skills, and everything is equal. It’s a small mini-map. From there, the players will... 』

“...?”

『 They will continue to fight until there are three survivors. 』

“What?”

"A survival game without levels and items?"

"No, isn't the S.A. Group too obvious? Isn't this event aimed at Grid?"

“Wow, it’s really too much.”

The criticisms of the Korean public started to pour out once they learned of the event. But the reaction of the overseas viewers was hot.

"Isn't it interesting? Who's the best player when it comes to pure talent?"

"It's naturally Kraugel."

"No, maybe an anonymous person we don't know might be better than Kraugel."

Grid 'naturally' wasn't mentioned in the winning candidates. It was hard to imagine he would win after losing his items.

### [Chapter 738](#)

"From this moment on, you will be connected to Battlefield."

It was a special event where the details hadn't been disclosed. All 1,500 National Competition participants this year hoped to take part in the event. It was somewhat unreasonable that the contents weren't disclosed, but it was inevitable that they would covert the rewards. The moment the representatives of each country boarded the plane.

"The battlefield is a mini-map around 10,000 pyeong. It isn't large enough for 1,500 people, but it boasts diverse terrain that makes it easy to develop a strategy. You will have to fight each other until there are three survivors remaining."

The event details were released. There was a backlash.

"It sounds like a solo show. Isn't this too unreasonable?"

"A battle in a limited space is unconditionally advantageous to those with higher specs. Isn't this an event for just a few people?"

Viola and Ma Bongshik expressed their concerns. The other representatives were sympathetic. However, it was difficult to read Grid and Yura's minds. The host explained in more detail.

"No, it's a fair game. Battlefield is a completely separate server from Satisfy. Satisfy's account information won't be passed onto Battlefield and all players will receive a new character with the same stats."

"..."

Gawk.

Everyone looked at Grid. Once he heard that the character he trained so hard wouldn't apply to this event, how would he react? Everyone expected him to be angry. From Grid's perspective, this event would be awfully unreasonable. But Grid's expression was calm. He just sat in the capsule and listened to the explanation without any reaction.

'His vessel is big...'

'Truly God Grid. If I was Grid, I would be arguing right now.'

As Eat Spicy Jokbal and the Korean representatives were admiring Grid's attitude, what was the truth?

'Wow, shit. Am I the only rotten person here?'

Grid's insides weren't mature. But he knew there would be no change so he remained silent.

Meanwhile, the host's explanation continued.

"After entering Battlefield, you will have 10 minutes to select your class. There are four types of classes, all with the same stats, but different characteristics. Please think carefully and decide. After 10 minutes, the game will automatically start. Be sure to decide your class within 10 minutes. If you don't, a class will be selected randomly for you.

The host explained the following rules:

1. The 1,500 participants will all be masked. The ID and face won't be exposed to each other. The voice is also modulated. It is a measure to prevent certain forces from cooperating. However, the IDs will be shown to the viewers.

2. Immediately after entering Battlefield, all participants will have bare hands. Weapons will be scattered through the battlefield. It will be advantageous to find a weapon as soon as possible.

3. The game's time limit is three hours. Once one hour passes, the map will gradually disappear and become narrower. The people located in those parts of the map will be destroyed. The alert window that appears before the map disappears shouldn't be ignored.

4. It is a survival game aimed at being the last three, so there is no need to kill. You can stay hidden throughout the game. However, it is impossible to hide 10 minutes before the game ends because the map is very narrow. In order to win, you will have to fight.

5. Health and mana won't recover normally. You have to unconditionally drink potions. When taking a potion to restore health, you will regain 7 health points. When taking a mana potion, you will regain 6 mana points. Recovery potions will fall from the sky every 5 minutes. The maximum number of health and mana potions that can be held are two each.

"It's a separate game system, so you will quickly get used to it when playing directly. If you are the top rankers among two billion users, it's easy to adapt to the new game."

'Eh...? It sounds difficult?'

No, shouldn't he be given a more detailed manual? Unlike the other representatives, Grid alone was panicked.

[You will now access Battlefield.]

The capsule started to work.

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[You are now connected to Battlefield.]

[The character will be created automatically.]

[Please select a class.]

[The classes that can be selected are 'warrior,' 'magician,' 'cleric,' and 'producer.' The attributes are different, but all stats are the same.]

[Warrior]

Health: 20/20 Mana: 15/15

Attack Speed: 1 Movement Speed: 2

Deals 1 damage to the enemy with a fist.

You can wear all types of weapons. Once a weapon is equipped, you will deal 2 damage to the enemy.

However, it is possible to equip a bow and ranged attacks (up to 10 meters) will only deal 1 damage. The bow will also consume an arrow with each attack.

You can wear the class specific 'shield.' If you block an opponent's attack with the shield, your damage is reduced by 50%.

[Magician]

Health: 20/20 Mana: 15/15

Attack Speed: 1 Movement Speed: 2

You can't damage the enemies with your fists.

You can equip all types of weapons except bows. Once a weapon is equipped, you can deal 1 damage to enemies.

You can wear the class specific 'magic wand.' The magic wand will deal 3 damage to the enemy. The magic wand can do ranged attacks (up to 10 meters), like the bow. However, ranged attacks will cost 7 mana. It won't activate if there is no mana.

[Cleric]

Health: 20/20 Mana: 15/15

Attack Speed: 1 Movement Speed: 2

You can't damage the enemies with your fists.

You can equip all types of weapons except bows. Once a weapon is equipped, you can deal 1 damage to enemies.

You can read the class specific 'scriptures.' The scriptures are found all over the map. When you read the scriptures, your health will be restored by 10. When reading the scriptures, 2 mana is consumed.

[Producer]

Health: 20/20 Mana: 15/15

Attack Speed: 1 Movement Speed: 2

You can't damage the enemies with your fists.

You can wear all types of weapons. Once a weapon is equipped, you will deal 1 damage to the enemy.

You will receive a pickaxe as a default item. The pickaxe isn't a weapon. You can use the pickaxe to gather resources such as clay, wood, metals, etc. You can create an item based on the collected resources.

The performance of production items are no different from the items available in the field.

However, if the creator equips the item then they will deal 2 damage per hit. It also applies to the bow.

\* The total time required to produce one item is 15 minutes. You can move while making items. 10 mana is consumed when making items.

All 1,500 participants connected to Battlefield faced the class selection window. And this scene was being broadcast all over the world. The audience's attention was focused on the magician and producer class.

"If a magician finds a magic wand, won't they have the greatest power? It's a scam."

"Hrmm... But there are restrictions on ranged attacks. I think that ranged attacks will be most advantageous due to the nature of the game."

"When I look at it, the producer will be the best in the second half if they can survive unharmed and make a bow."

"Yes. They can hide and attack people with 2 damage."

"Won't the producer class be selected by the production rankers, including Grid?"

From a general point of view, the warrior class seemed to be the best. It was particularly advantageous in the early stages because it boasted stable attack and defense ability. But the viewers guessed that the rankers would be different. The rankers confident in their control would generally pursue high returns. The viewers thought that the rankers would bear the initial risk and turn their attention to a magician or producer class.

"The cleric class won't be so bad if they can find the scriptures well."

"That's right. Other classes have to rely on supplies falling from the sky and there is a danger of encountering an enemy or their supplies being snatched. Meanwhile, the cleric seems more stable."

"But if you are unlucky enough not to find the scriptures, the class won't survive."

"I also think that the cleric class is the most garbage. It's a class that lacks combat power and has to rely purely on luck."

"Um... Apart from the cleric class, the other classes are a matter of taste."

Warriors, magicians, and producers had obvious advantages and disadvantages. The viewers saw that the 1,500 participants would chose a class to their own liking. The people with a warrior class in Satisfy would choose the warrior, the people with a magician class would choose magician and the people with production classes would choose producer.

Why? It was because they were most familiar with that class. It was a simple matter. The viewer's engagement reached the peak.

Pak!

Pa pa pa pa pak!

The 1,500 participants completely their class choice within the 10 minute time limit and simultaneously entered Battlefield. The location was different for each person. They all appeared at vertical intervals.

"Kraugel?"

"Where is Yura?"

The viewers were busy searching for the most expected rankers. This included Grid. It was determined that Grid had a chance with the producer class. People wondered what type of material the legendary blacksmith Grid would use. However...

[Grid]

Occupation: Cleric

"?????"

"Is this real?"

Unlike predictions, Grid chose the cleric class. This was a remarkable situation for viewers who thought that Grid would naturally choose a producer.

"No, why is it a priest?"

It wouldn't have been that surprising if Grid had chosen a warrior or magician. Grid was a blacksmith, but he could also use the sword and magic. Yes, whether it was warrior, magician, or producer, Grid could easily adapt to any class. Except for the cleric. But unlike predictions, Grid chose the cleric class. It was ridiculous.

『 This is amazing! Grid, who was expected to choose a producer or warrior class, actually chose the cleric class! 』

『 This is a total unexpected development since it's the class with the worst ability. 』

The cleric was a class that had no distinct traits if a scripture couldn't be found. The scriptures might be scattered all over the field, but that didn't mean they could be obtained. It was a class that relied almost entirely on luck. From the point of view of the professionals, people who didn't have the ability might rely on luck and choose the cleric class.

Yet Grid chose a cleric. In other words...

『 Grid seems to have no confidence in his abilities. I guess he is aiming to survive as long as possible, depending purely on luck. 』

It was natural to come to this conclusion. The viewers' chatter followed.

-Wow...Look at Grid...He has such a high level, but he has no faith in his skills?

-It was the end the moment he lost his items.

-I can see how much Grid normally relies on items.

-Look.Isn't the analysis that Grid's control skills suck and he relies on items true?Perhaps most of Grid's items have the options to raise mastery skills?

-Sigh, it's starting again.Aren't you tired of underestimating Grid now?

-Grid is the best.He's different from us.He will have his own deep thoughts. There is definitely a reason why he selected the cleric class.

Whose thoughts were right? The Internet became heated up.

"It's as I expected. The cleric isn't a simple class that relies on luck."

Grid's eyes shone as he connected to Battlefield and saw the locations of the shrines displayed on the mini-map.

### [Chapter 739](#)

'It's like this. Why are they always aiming for the back of my head?'

Grid loved Satisfy. He was very enthusiastic about it. Thanks to Satisfy, he was able to grow up, make precious bonds, and to succeed in life. But interestingly, he felt something close to hostile towards the S.A. Group. It was natural from Grid's position.

There was some doubts about manipulation in the game and every time the National Competition was held, Grid thought that the S.A. was deliberately guarding against him. That's why Grid didn't trust the S.A. Group. He also had doubts about this event. While the other representatives were discussing the event, Grid tried to find a trap hidden in the game system. He took note of the limited number of potions that could be held. He used his experience and instincts to spot the potential trap.

Then in the class selection window, he noticed the trap that was hidden.

'Cleric.'

It was a very bad class when he first saw it. The warriors were powerful from the beginning, while magicians and producers could become more powerful when certain weapons were acquired. Compared to those, the clerics didn't receive any items. They lacked explosive power and seemed to be disadvantageous in the second half. However, all the classes had 20 health and there was no means to regain health except for potions. Therefore, Grid's thoughts were different.

'Players can only possess two potions, but there's no limit on the number of scriptures a cleric can possess.'

In other words, it meant a cleric could hold a large number of scriptures.

'Based on this, a priest has superior potential.'

Let's say he went one on one with a magician who had a magic wand. The magician would deal 3 damage to the cleric while the cleric could only deal 1 damage to the magician. The cleric would die in seven hits while the magician would die in 19 hits. But what if the cleric secured a large number of scriptures? Every time they read the scripture, the priest would recover 10 health and would be able to win. Yes, this was only relevant if the cleric could secure a large number of scriptures. The cleric who failed to secure scriptures was the weakest of all the classes.

But out of the 1,500 delegates, the number that selected a cleric was so small that he didn't consider the possibility of not securing scriptures. People perceived a cleric as a very risky class. Grid thought differently. He was convinced that it would be relatively easy to secure the scriptures and chose the cleric class. He chose this considering the S.A. Group's inclination to hit players in the back of the head.

'In the class description, the scriptures are described as being all over the map.'

It wasn't stated that it was difficult to obtain the scriptures. The merit of the scriptures was too big compared to the sculptures. While people perceived it as 'difficult' to obtain, Grid was the opposite and this was the result.

The shrines. The small buildings indicated on the mini-map seemed to scream out 'there is a scripture here!'

'Indeed, it isn't difficult to find scriptures.'

Of course, this could also be a trap. In addition, the total amount of scriptures could be surprisingly small. But this was something that could only be seen if he moved directly.

'Besides the shrines, there might be scriptures elsewhere. They exist everywhere in the map.'

Grid decided and started moving to the nearest shrine. He focused on understanding his physical abilities by jumping, running, swinging his fists, kicking, etc. The result?

'It's like a level 10 character.'

In Satisfy, a basic character had 1 attack speed and 3 movement speed. Of course, the movement speed was faster. In any case, these were the stats in Battlefield.

'Attack power and health are fixed, so strength and stamina are meaningless... The problem is my vision.'

Grid felt that his vision was able to follow if it was one attack per second. If he concentrated as much as possible, it seemed that he could avoid an enemy's attack once every three times. This was where the problem occurred.

'It's possible for others to do the same thing...'

Can a cleric with a fixed attack power of 1 really push the enemy to death? Especially if his opponent was a master of control like Kraugel or the Overgeared members?

'It's the worst.'

Grid grasped that like Satisfy, Battlefield was a game that required control and became stressed. Rather than being insecure about his control, he knew too many people with excellent control.

'I think most of them would've selected the magician class.'

Grid was a different type of ranker. Thus, he knew the characteristics of the rankers with good control. Those who were confident in their skills would look into the distance. Given their inclination, they were more likely to choose the powerful magician over a warrior. On the other hand, it was unlikely that they would choose a priest who had high survival possibilities and low damage.

"Gulp..."

Grid's mind and body became stiff and he gulped nervously. Since there was a chance to MISS, it was doubtful if he could fight against the skillful people even if he had a lot of scriptures.

'I will do 1 damage if I hit, but if I miss... No, don't shrink back.'

During the past few years of playing Satisfy, he had seen the value of a highly disciplined mentality. Grid's tense body and mind became flexible again.

'Right now, I'm not lacking a great deal of control. If I use the scriptures well, I can hold on.'

Grid was confident as he replayed the countless battles he had against numerous enemies. His eyes were determined as he moved to the shrine. There was no hesitation. He just moved straight.

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'There's a high probability that there will be a scripture in here.'

More than half of the 1,500 players connected to Battlefield were concentrating on the shrines. There was no reason not to watch over it, despite being a space for clerics. Every small shrine had at least 100 people around them. All of them hid and held their breaths as they watched the shrine entrance.

Despite not being priests, they coveted the scriptures because the scriptures could be used as a trading tool or to lower the potential of clerics. But a few minutes later, no one entered the shrine. It was natural. They knew there were enemies hiding in the surroundings. The first one to act would be an obvious loser. Then one person appeared.

"Oh! The door is closed. This means nobody has entered yet? Isn't this a profit?"

"...?"

A mysterious figure rushed towards the shrine without hesitation! People didn't know it, but he was Grid. While other people were worried about all types of dangers and couldn't move, he just unabashedly showed up? It was difficult for people to understand Grid.

'Can I believe this?'

'It could be a trap!'

1,500 people participated in the event. People had a lot of thoughts and couldn't act easily. On the other hand, Grid was already opening the old door to the temple. He was confident that he was safe. It was as he expected.

'There's no danger of a sniper. Isn't it too early for people to obtain a bow and arrows?'

Based on the character selection window, Grid understood that the weapon called a 'bow' was very useful. Grid was confident that it wouldn't be easy to obtain the weapon capable of ranged attacks and his confidence was right. Of the dozens of people who watched Grid enter the temple, none of them had secured a bow. None of them were able to shoot Grid. Even if they had a bow, they couldn't use the arrow since it was a consumable item.

'In the first place, shooting a bow means becoming the target of the people around here.'

There would be people intent on stealing the bow.

Step, step.

Grid entered the shrine safely. He searched for the scripture and smiled. It was because he found a scripture and bow in one corner.

[A scripture has been acquired.]

[A bow has been acquired.]

[Scripture]

Opening the book will restore 10 health.

Available Classes: Cleric

[Bow]

A weapon capable of shooting an enemy from 10 meters away. An arrow will be consumed when fired.

Available Classes: Warrior, Producer

"Okay!"

Grid was delighted because he gained the scripture far more easily than expected and even got the bow as an extra. He felt good because the work went smoothly from the beginning.

'It would be better if I got a weapon I could use rather than a bow. Well, I have it, so I will put it to good use.'

Grid placed the bow in his inventory that could hold 30 items. Then he prepared to leave the temple.

"Wait."

A woman entered the shrine after Grid and blocked his path. Unlike Grid, she held a sword in her hand and threatened him with it.

"Give me the scripture. Otherwise I will kill you."

'Damn.'

He thought things were going too well. The frowning Grid heard the sound of fighting and screaming outside. Fights were taking place outside the shrine.

'Did the people clash among themselves after they saw me safely entering the shrine?'

He had to get out of here quickly. Grid pulled the bow out of his inventory. Then he spoke to the woman wearing a mask.

"There was no scripture here. There was only this bow."

"How can I believe that?"

"It can't be helped if you don't believe it. But I'm telling the truth."

Grid was a warrior, a legendary blacksmith, and eventually a king. His experience in Satisfy was incomparable to ordinary people. Therefore...

Unlike others, he could easily make judgments to enter the temple and to calmly cope with this moment. Grid didn't realize it himself, but everything about the way he thought and behaved was naturally different for ordinary people.

"Isn't the bow a weapon that is difficult to obtain? It is a strength that isn't easy to get in the beginning. Unfortunately, there isn't the scripture that you want, but I have this bow. Let's exchange this bow with your sword."

Grid's suggestion confused the woman.

"Why should I?"

In response to the woman's question, Grid lied like it was natural.

"Isn't the bow a lot better than the sword? Isn't it more profitable to trade with this? It's a big loss for me, but I don't want an unnecessary struggle."

The woman refuted.

"The bow is a weapon that can't be used without arrows. Now you don't seem to have a weapon other than the bow. I am in a situation where I can easily overpower you..."

"Then do it." Grid interrupted her in the middle. He put the bow in his inventory and raised his fists.

"Seeing you refuse the bow, you must be a cleric or a magician? Your attack power with the sword is the same as my bare hands. Right? Then let's fight. Let's have a dog fight."

"What...?"

The woman panicked.

'He's a warrior, not a priest?'

The scripture was a tool needed by the priest. The woman saw Grid enter the shrine to search for the scripture and naturally thought he was a priest. But now he was a warrior. Things didn't look good. Grid confirmed that she was shrinking back and said again.

"How about it? Do you want to exchange the sword with a bow, or fight?"

"I-I guess it is better not to fight. But I won't exchange weapons. Just go."

"Okay."

Grid nodded and left the shrine. Some of those fighting saw him but no one was able to pursue him straight away. After a while.

"Sigh..."

Grid was relieved once he arrived at a safe area. The commentators spoke words of admiration as Grid sitting in a tree was broadcasting.

『 I'm amazed at the wit and bold judgment that allowed him to escape from a crisis. He's a charming person. 』

『 This isn't the Grid we know. This is how an ordinary player became a legend and a king... I feel like I got a glimpse of that strength. 』

Grid was Grid, even if he lost the power of a legend. He demonstrated his strength. The viewers' appreciation of Grid rose sharply.

At this moment, the number of participants in Battlefield were dwindling fast.

#### [Chapter 740](#)

Some people looked for weapons from the beginning, while some people hid in safe places. In addition, some people eliminated others by killing them. Hide and seek, defeating and looting were repeated without stopping. There was no safe zone here so the thoughts and strategies of 1,500 people intersected. Battlefield progressed rapidly, with the survivors shrinking to 900 in the first 20 minutes.

Grid confirmed the number of survivors marked on one side and frowned.

'I thought it was dirty because it was 100,000 pyeong.'

Actually, a size of 100,000 pyeong was big. It was around half the size of any town in a province. The first time he entered Battlefield and saw the various hills, valleys, buildings, and forests, Grid wondered how many people would die in three hours. He thought that most people would be looking for each other when the time limit was over.

However, he was mistaken. The 100,000 pyeong land felt small due to the pursuit, hiding and fighting of 1,500 people. Grid looked at the mini-map while looking for the next route.

'I will pass the shrine closest to here.'

The shrine closest to Grid's present location was 110 meters away. It was closest to the shrine where Grid secured the scripture. Grid judged that it was too dangerous.

'The people who watched the entrance of the shrine will move to the nearest one and follow the same procedure.'

Right now, it would be pandemonium. A massive battle might happen. Grid was afraid he would be in danger.

'Should I use an underpass?'

Battlefield had an underground area. There were entrances everywhere so it was easy to enter. There was also a sense of covertness because the mini-map didn't show the detailed structure of the underpass. Objectively, the underground seemed like the safest area.

'It isn't the case.'

He couldn't think the same as other people. Many people would've fled to the underground and would be fiercely competing.

Flinch.

Grid felt a sense of discomfort as he looked at the mini-map. His hands were empty.

'Speaking of bare hands...'

He needed a weapon. It was the minimum condition to survive. Grid stayed above ground and started looking around. He didn't miss the niche in the thick forest. Weapons were relatively easy to find.

"A mace."

He found a mace between thorny vines and swung it several times. The blunt weapon didn't have a distinctive weight. It felt like wielding an ordinary sword. Every weapon in Battlefield had the same formula except for the bow and the magic wand.

'But there's a slight difference.'

Grid noticed that the blunt weapon was 50cm in length. It was much shorter than the average length of swords. In fact, the blunt weapon that Grid was equipped with now was much shorter than the sword that the woman he encountered in the shrine was using.

'It doesn't feel good in my hands.'

Grid used various weapons as Pagma's Descendant but in the end, his favorite weapons were the greatsword and long sword. Blunt weapons didn't receive the corrective effect of Pagma's Descendant so he was somewhat unfamiliar with them.

'I better find a sword.'

Scriptures weren't only in the shrine. They might be out in the open like this blunt weapon. Grid was able to relax because he had such convictions. He could think flexibly because there was no need to obsess over the shrines.

'Oh?'

How good would it be to find a sword after a scripture? Grid was filled with expectations as he moved through the forest and found a cabin beyond lush bushes. It was an old, narrow cabin that seemed cramped when only one person entered.

'Can I get something from here?'

It was a situation where he could get items on the path. It was expected that various tools would be available in specific buildings.

So...

'Let's not enter.'

Grid decided that there would already be someone inside the cabin. 'Hiding the tools and unleashing a surprise attack on anyone who enters.' Grid hid in the bushes and thought carefully about the structure of the cabin.

'There is a window on every side so it's impossible to approach it in secret. I will wait for someone else to appear first.'

Once a person blinded by greed found the cabin and approached without thinking, there would be a dogfight with the person already hiding in the cabin.

'I will watch quietly and come out later.'

It was ideal to take the items from mindless competitors fighting each other! Grid smiled grimly as he thought about it. There was nothing as happen as eating something free in the world. But his smile didn't last long.

'Well, there will be few idiots who will approach the cabin... It is better to abandon any lingering attachment... Eh?'

Grid thought realistically and was about to leave. He knew there was no reason to be obsessed with the cabin where obvious danger lurked. At that moment.

Step.

"...!"

Grid threw himself flat on the ground. A man was approaching the cabin. Grid covered his mouth to block his breathing, smiling as he watched the man.

'A fool like this actually exists in the world!'

It was like seeing himself in the past. Grid realized his own growth as the man entered the cabin. However, the sight that unfolded before his eyes was beyond Grid's expectations.

Snap!

"Hiyah!"

As the man opened the door of the cabin, the woman hiding in the hut waved her sword. It was the ideal timing for a surprise attack. But the ideal timing meant it was predictable.

Peok!

The man who opened the cabin door. He closed the door again and used it to block the sword. Due to that, the woman's sword that should've pierced the man's body ended up only piercing the cabin door. The man confirmed that the sword pierced the door and immediately opened it again.

Then.

"Kyaak!"

The woman's body fell out of the cabin with her sword still stuck in the door. The man's spear struck her.

Puok!

A spear that precisely struck the heart! Battlefield had fixed damage. In Satisfy, this attack would have a 100% chance of causing a critical strike. Perfect response speed, the ability to use the environment and the skill to handle the spear. Grid was convinced as he hid in the bushes and witnessed it.

'High ranker...!'

This man wasn't stupid. He knew someone would be hiding in the cabin and approached anyway. It was because he was confident that he could overpower the person hiding. On the other hand, what about Grid? He was also a high ranker so why?

'Why don't I have such confidence?'

Paruru...

Grid's eyes shook as he saw the unidentified high ranker overpowering the opponent with pure ability. It was the moment when the blood of the Overgeared King, who fought against the empire and vampires, started to boil.

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『 It truly is the genius of fighting...! He has tremendous skills!! 』

In Battlefield, surprisingly one-sided battle scenes were unfolding. All 1,500 people started in equal conditions, but their strategy and control skills were different. In the same circumstances, one person could easily overcome the crisis while another person would be frustrated.

There were people who had better weapons but lost against fists. Most of the winners were high rankers. The giants who had been reigning in Satisfy solely through their skills. Their skills were being fully demonstrated in Battlefield. Among them, the most prominent one was Hao.

As the miracle of the continent and number one ranker in China, his combat ability was the most impressive. Maybe it was because he was conscious of the other bigwigs, including Kraugel, but he chose a magician, which had more potential than a warrior. He beat all his competitors with just an old spear that dealt 1 damage. In the eyes of ordinary people, his ability to control most attacks with the same physical ability and vision as others was amazing. His control was close to a supernatural feat.

"Kyaak!"

Despite having the advantageous position, the Japanese woman in the cabin was easily beaten. As they saw Hao use an old door to neutralize the opponent, people realized why he was the master of battle. They felt awe at his ability that was beyond the level of ordinary.

-Hao is one of the players closest to Kraugel...It wasn't a futile claim from the Chinese.

-I agree.It wouldn't be a joke if Hao has the same levelling ability was Kraugel.

-If it hadn't been Grid VS Kraugel in the National Competition last year, it would've been Hao VS Kraugel.

Those who witnessed Hao's true talent were sure that Hao would be in the last survivors of Battlefield.

What about Grid who was hiding in the bushes and watching the one-sided massacre?

It could be said that he showed a surprising performance, but it was poor compared to Hao.

-How long will Grid hide like this...?

-He will wait for Hao to leave.

The participants don't know each other, but Grid witnessed Hao's skill in real time. He would feel that Hao isn't a regular person.

The possibility that he will take a risk and struggle with Hao was close to zero.

-It seems humiliating, but it's smart.

-That's right.Grid is doing well enough.

In Battlefield, where items couldn't be used, it was natural that Grid would be perceived as weak. Grid was the person known as overgeared and the Overgeared King. He seemed aware that he was less talented compared to other high rankers. In fact, Grid was avoiding combat as much as possible.

He was meek compared to his reputation. But people didn't blame him. They appreciated that he was aware of his own ability and was playing the game to match it. No one looked at him badly.

『 Ah! As soon as I spoke, Hao has logged out Satsuki! 』

『 This is really worthy of admiration. He only suffered two damage. 』

『 In other words, he hit Satsuki 20 times while only being hit once. I don't know why high rankers have such good control... As an ordinary player, I can't even imagine it. 』

『 Due to these scenes, there is a theory that a specific DNA gene for virtual reality exists... Eh? W-What is this? 』

『 No, what courage is this? 』

The commentators were startled while praising Hao. A man had been hiding the whole time Hao was fighting. Then Overgeared King Grid jumped up and moved in front of Hao.

-What?

-Does he want to fight Hao?

-Grid has already showed some excellent skills.Maybe he's trying to show off his talent again by facing Hao?

As everyone was feeling expectant.

"Pon? Regas? Or perhaps Kraugel? I don't know who you are."

Grid held his blunt weapon and pointed to Hao.

"Let's fight. I'm curious. What level am I at now?"

Flinch.

Hao saw Grid's eyes, which were visible through the mask, and instinctively sensed something. The opponent was a predator like himself.

"I preferably want to win..." Hao smiled bitterly. Then he let out a sigh and took a fighting stance. "I can't avoid the fight, since you asked so proudly."