

Overgeared 841

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TL: Please read this announcement. I am specifically posting it at the top to ensure that people read it.

Satisfy boasted freedom that went beyond reality and had a vast worldview that was close to infinite. It would take years to explore the continent and find the unique food of each region. However, humans pursued their own path.

Some people enjoyed Satisfy in a way that was no different from existing games. They were typical rankers, who were obsessed with maintaining their ranking or reaching a higher ranking. This meant they spent most of their time connected to Satisfy in hunting grounds. They abandoned the ordinary content that others enjoyed and focused on hunting. Thanks to their efforts, they became rankers and could earn wealth and honor.

However, Grid was different.

[Name: Grid

Level: 362

Class: Pagma's Descendant (Conditional Great Magician)

Title: One who Became a Legend and 25 others

Health: 88,815 Mana: 14,268

Strength: 3,160 (+360)

Stamina: 1,987 (+580)

Agility: 2,690 (+330)

Intelligence: 1,838 (+540)

Dexterity: 3,547 (+880)

Persistence: 1,472 (+330)

Composure: 1,078 (+330)

Indomitable: 1,333 (+440)

Dignity: 1,986 (+330)

Insight: 1,826 (+330)

Courage: 1,022 (+330)

Political Power: 21 (+330)

Demonic Power: 15,498

Good Luck: 241

Deity: 4

Remaining Stat Points: 267]

Compared to normal rankers, Grid spent a very small amount of time hunting. In fact, he spent most of his time in the smithy and suffered from various incidents. So, logically, he shouldn't have such a high level. Yet Grid's level was still in the single digit rankings. How...?

He was linked to various NPCs and was at the center of the world view. In the process, he had raided powerful bosses or cleared hidden quests. Grid had gained experience in a single raid that others would take 100 days of hunting to gain. This was due to him building up relationships with NPCs.

However, other people didn't know this.

"100,000 Army Massacre Sword."

There was an explosion followed by dozens of energy blades filling the air. The Penan soldiers who ran in response to Boutian's and Arisa's cries all turned to gray. The number was well over 200.

"You damn son of a bit—...!" Boutian shuddered as he witnessed the soldiers, who had been trained using Merchant King Kir's money and their efforts, disappear due to the overwhelming firepower. He was resentful that he had overlooked the 'personal power' of Grid, who had the position of king and yet still retained the top ranking.

'I should've expected him to chase us here! He is a diligent guy who only eats and plays games!'

In fact, Boutian played Satisfy for an average of 12 hours a day. He spent most of the time at the hunting grounds, apart from when he was carrying out Kir's orders. Even so, he had never dreamt of reaching the single-digit rankings. His highest ranking was in the top 100. He thought that Grid was likely to spend all his time eating and playing games.

'If only I was 10 years younger...!'

It was frustrating that his body had weakened once he reached his 40s. Envious of Grid's youth, Boutian shouted, "Full force! Build a barricade!"

Despite witnessing 200 troops being wiped out with a single skill, Boutian didn't despair. He still had hope because there were too many advantages when it came to defending a city.

There was the help of various facilities. A typical example of this was a barricade. The soldiers arranged in a row the barricades which were installed in various parts of the city. Like this, the attacker would have to first break through the barricades while the soldiers could attack freely.

Boutian smiled with satisfaction. "Overgeared King! You came to your grave on your own! You will forever regret today's stupidity!"

He was naturally aware that Grid could break the barricades with his high attack power, but the blow would have to be heavy. While Grid attacked the barricade, the archers and magicians should be able to hit Grid dozens of times. In a perfect environment, the numerical advantage was absolute. It was clearly common sense.

“Magic Missile.”

“What?”

The God Hands fired white missiles one per second, and the barricades installed throughout the city broke down.

“Lightning, nyang!” A cat flew to the soldiers and used a wide-range lightning spell, causing the soldiers to collapse. The guards collapsed in a flash, causing Boutian to coordinate the archers hurriedly.

“Hurry!”

“Revolve.” Randy duplicated Grid’s appearance and reflected all the arrows.

“Kuock...!”

“Ugh...!”

The archers were pierced by arrows and fell!

“What is this?” Boutian and the magicians cast magic belatedly, but it was too late.

“Do you think I would’ve come alone if I was going to be hit by such shallow tricks?” Grid avoided the magic using Freely Move and reached Boutian’s side instantly.

[You have suffered catastrophic damage!]

[Your spirit can’t endure it!]

“Cough!” Boutian’s health gauge dropped to less than half when he was hit by the Enlightenment Sword. Due to Grid’s attack, he was stunned and became unable to do anything. During this moment, he was hit by creepily smiling skeletons.

[You have dealt 509 damage to the target!]

[You have suffered 480 damage!]

Boutian was stabbed by a short dagger. As the soldiers rushed over to protect him, Boutian roared angrily, “You! Are you looking down on me by not finishing me off yourself?”

The finishing blow was going to be left to these small fries? Boutian was in shock as he shouted angrily. Then the insignificant attack power of the skeleton’s dagger, which had failed to penetrate Boutian’s defense, now caused a stunning critical hit.

[Your ribs have been broken!]

[It is serious damage! Skills can’t be used! Your spirit can’t endure it. Movement speed is reduced! Health recovery is reduced by 80%!]

[You have taken medicine for broken bones.]

[The effect of the medicine isn’t working.]

[You need the best medicine for broken bones.]

“What?” A chill ran down Boutian’s spine. Grid was currently slaughtering the soldiers while ignoring Boutian. The golden hands, the cat, the doppelganger, and the skeletons... None of them were ordinary. Grid monopolized the strongest items and pets alone, while other players would be happy with just one. Due to this, there was one major problem.

“Ugh..!”

Grid’s individual power was enough to overwhelm two and three digit high rankers, including Arisa. Boutian was convinced of this as he watched Arisa while being stabbed by the skeletons.

‘...It is enough to transcend the category of a player.’

Grid transcended the category of an ‘individual.’ He was an army, a giant that couldn’t fall. There was only one choice remaining. Boutian judged that the remaining forces wouldn’t be able to stop Grid and gave an order before dying, “Shit! Army... full force! Keok!”

However, it was an Immortal’s necromancer who killed him, not the Overgeared Skeletons.

“I can't miss this great opportunity.” The necromancers smiled as they raised the dead bodies all over the place. Today was different from when they were in the empress’ palace as the Black and White sisters were present.

“It has been a long time, damn bastard.”

“Today is a chance to get revenge.”

The sun-grade players who once represented Blood Carnival...! They had abandoned Blood Carnival a long time ago and hid from the world after joining Immortal.

There was a fierce wave of energy as Black and White sisters burned off fat and summoned clones. They had raged with the desire to take revenge against Grid, Faker, and even Grid’s son, Lord, as they raised their levels while hunting for several months. After doing so, they were now confident that they had become strong enough to shatter Grid. In particular, Kir and Immortal were supporting them, so they were sure it would be easy to repel Grid.

“Dieeeeeee!”

It was finally time to get revenge. After blowing away the Overgeared Skeletons with one blow, White’s and Black’s clones headed toward Grid. They quickly reached Grid who was dealing with the soldiers. However, this was no different from suicide.

“Blackening.” When Grid discovered the Black and White sisters, he used a skill without delay.

“Open the Rune of Darkness, Weakened Great Demon Astaroth’s Power.”

“...!!”

“Storm Demonic Energy Field.”

From the beginning, the sky had been overcast. As such, Grid selected ‘today’ because of the weather. The power of the great demon immediately caused four to eleven lightning strikes per second to strike

in a radius of 200 meters around Grid. The sisters and soldiers hit by the lightning received 10,000 fixed damage and were paralyzed, stunned, burned, and so on.

“Eek! What nonsensical item is this?”

Fortunately, Black avoided the paralysis and stun. She gritted her teeth and endured the pain. A player could summon a field...? There was no way that this power could be a skill. Now he wasn't a player but a boss. White was convinced that Grid had used a consumable item to overcome the current crisis.

“Overgeared jerk!” White barely moved her heavy body under the wind pressure as she avoided the lightning and rushed to Grid. It was a blow containing all her strength. However, it was virtually impossible for the blackened Grid to be hit by Black and White after the field slowed them down and reduced their accuracy rate.

Grid easily avoided White's blow, which contained her anger and grudges, before slashing at her. Then he continued to attack until the sun-grade player died.

“Sister!” Black was in despair as her clones became paralyzed whenever lightning struck. Two suns were equal under the new sky.

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[Your party member, White, has died.]

“Sister!”

In an alleyway that was far from the center of the battlefield, Black turned pale as she hid in a safe place while controlling her clones. Her proud sister, who had steadily raised her level and equipped herself with legendary items after vowing to get revenge on Grid and the Overgeared members, had actually been killed in less than two minutes.

Black stared at Grid as her clones were stunned by the lightning strikes, and a chill ran down her spine.

‘The gap between us has widened rather than narrowed?’

Every game had limits. Growth would slow after a certain level. The growth of low-level players was much faster than high-level players. Players with low-rated items were more likely to develop than those with a large number of high-rated items. As such, it was expected for the growth rate of the top ranker Grid to be much slower than others' since he had been wielding legendary items from the very beginning.

Then what was this strength? The current Grid was transcendent compared to last year, let alone the National Competition that had been held several months ago.

“...Surely he didn't obtain myth rated items?”

No, it was impossible. Finding a myth-rated item was harder than plucking a star from the sky.

Black shook her skinny face as she confirmed that the resources consumed by Illusion Manifestation had finally recovered. Then she immediately used his ultimate technique, Illusion World. She intended to alter the field that Grid had summoned and make it hurt him instead.

[Your illusions have twisted reality.]

[You have lost 4.7% experience as a penalty for using the great power, Illusion World.]

[The target point of Illusion World is already dominated by a huge power!]

[The target's presence neutralizes your illusions.]

[Illusion World has failed to manifest!]

"...What?"

A long time ago, Grid had faced Black and speculated that her class was legendary-grade.

Seeing as he had met many strong players, Grid's vision was excellent. So he knew that in fact, Illusionist was a growth type hidden class that could grow to the legendary rating. Black's level was still low due to the large penalties that occurred every time she used a skill, so the class was still at the unique rating. However, the fact that it was a top class was undeniable.

An Illusionist's illusions had an influence on most targets. Even if the opponent had a legendary class, they were still helpless in front of the illusions that Black summoned at the cost of her experience. However, this excluded targets like archangels, great demons, and transcendents like the yangbans. They resisted the unique-rated Illusionist. It was necessary to upgrade to the legendary rating if she wanted to influence them.

Yes, there were the limitations of rare targets like archangels, great demons, and yangbans, but a unique-rated Illusionist should still be able to exert absolute power over a player. Yet it was impossible to exert absolute power over Grid.

"What is this...?"

Despite consuming the resources and experience, the ultimate technique was neutralized! Black was astonished by the painful loss when she heard Grid's voice. He was speaking directly to Black's illusion clone, "You sisters haven't grown at all. Did you quit the game for a while?"

"You bastard!"

Quit the game for a while? How hard had they tried to grow from the last time they appeared? They had many stories of hard work and effort.

"You don't know anything!" The angry Black commanded the illusions who overcame their paralysis and stun to launch a full-scale attack. The illusions copied the characteristics of the ideal strong person, Faker, and rushed toward Grid. Black believed that a copy of the monster Faker would be able to handle Grid, since he had defeated her despite having a normal class. There was a basis for this idea. Grid had consumed all types of skills while dealing with Kir's troops and White and then acted like he was tired.

In reality...

'It consumes too much mana.'

Grid could no longer maintain the Storm Demonic Energy Field that consumed 1,000 mana per second. The Ring of Absurdity that he'd gotten from Black in the past reduced the mana cost of the skill by half,

but the problem was that Grid's mana base was too small. However, Grid didn't feel regretful. The Storm Demonic Energy Field massacred hundreds of soldiers in exchange for consuming a large amount of mana!

"Hihi! Hihihik! Die! Die! Dieeee!" Three beauties holding daggers in their hands flew toward Grid at the same time. Their speed was very fast as they moved from left to right around the soldiers. It was reminiscent of the third advancement assassin class, Master of Swiftess. For a moment, Grid was unable to respond, and his arm and waist were cut. The curses and spells of Kir's magicians and the necromancers interfered with Grid's concentration and movements.

"Kyahat! Kuhihihit!" Black let out delighted laughter when she saw Grid's wounds.

Meanwhile, her illusions continued to rotate and stab at him.

Grid defended against the magic bombardment with the God Hands and equipped the Slaughterer's Eye Patch. It was then that the attack accuracy of the clones dropped noticeably. This was because Grid borrowed the power of the Slaughterer's Eye Patch and started to read their attack orbit.

"Tch!" The emotions of the main body were conveyed to the clones. Black became annoyed as Grid started to avoid attacks like a rodent. She urged Immortal's necromancers, "What are you not covering me? Move the skeletons to seal his movements! Why are men so useless?"

"..."

The influence of White and Black in Immortal was very large since Veradin had recruited them himself.

Although the necromancers felt great dissatisfaction toward the women who treated them badly because they were men, they couldn't express it. In the first place, they would lick shit if it meant taking down Grid. They didn't intend to miss this opportunity to catch Grid.

Clack!Clack clack! The undead army started these activities in earnest. The bodies of the soldiers were raised and started pushing at Grid. Due to them, Grid's movements were greatly restricted, and Black's attack accuracy started to rise again. Alas, there was a problem.

[You have dealt 2,100 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 1,860 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 1,990...]

.....

.....

It was Grid's ridiculously high defense.

Black's illusions were armed with unique-rated weapons enhanced to +7. Black summoned them in exchange for experience but failed to inflict damage on Grid as the performance of the armor that Grid was armed with was far superior. It wouldn't be strange if it was at least +8 enhanced armor.

However, Black was still optimistic about the situation. Even water droplets could eventually damage rocks. The low damage would continue to accumulate, and Grid would eventually fall down. Black

believed that after the storm field and Blackening was lifted, Grid would be damaged by her illusions and die.

It was at this time that...

Clack clack!Clack!

The hundreds of skeletons summoned by the necromancers surrounded Grid completely. With nowhere to go after being surrounded by undead and illusions, it was virtually impossible for Grid to avoid the attacks. It was a perfect defensive move.

“Hihit! Hihihik! This is the end!”

“Die! Grid!!”

The attacks of the necromancers and Black poured down like rain.

“Wave.”

In response, Grid used a wide-range skill. The waves of energy spread out in all directions and hit the undead and Black’s illusions simultaneously. The reason why he had deliberately been acting on the defensive was so he could get rid of Black’s illusions using Quick Movements.

“The number of skill uses is limited.”

He had to kill as many enemies as possible with one skill. Grid broke through the collapsing undead army and chased after Black’s illusions to wipe them out.

[The illusion summoned with Illusion Manifestation has been damaged and has vanished.]

[20% experience has been lost.]

“Unbelievable!” Black was hiding deep in an alley. Her eyes shook violently as she suffered a huge penalty from her illusions being destroyed. It was then that she finally regained the senses she’d lost after witnessing her sister’s death.

‘No! I can’t win!’

Her sister hadn’t even been able to survive two minutes against Grid, so what could Black do? Black settled her spirit and turned to escape. Then a lovely voice spoke out from behind her, “I found you, nyang.”

She turned back and...

“Noe!”

It was the memphis famous for having more fan cafe members than Grid.Black’s sister had secretly signed up for the fan cafe, and Noe was even cuter now after his fur changed in color. Nevertheless, to Noe, she was just the enemy. Moreover, she even dared threaten his master!

“I’m going to eat, nyang.”

The small ‘人’ snout expanded and swallowed up Black.

[Your pet, Noe, has ingested the soul of the player, Black.]

[He has taken away half of the target's highest stat!]

[Intelligence has increased by 2,131.]

[You understand the knowledge and magic of Braham.]

[The skill Fireball (Enhanced) can be used.]

[The skill Dark Cutter (Enhanced) can be used.]

[The skill Chain Lightning (Enhanced) can be used.]

[The skill Enchant Weapon (Enhanced) can be used.]

[The skill Decoy (Enhanced) can be used.]

“Phew.”

Grid swapped over to Belial's Staff. He also took off Triple Layers that he had been temporarily wearing to tank the attacks and switched to Valhalla of Infinite Affection. At this moment, Merchant King Kir and Veradin appeared leading a large number of reinforcements.

“Keep pushing!” Veradin shouted after calmly analyzing the situation, unlike Kir who was making a fuss over the mess in the city. Then Veradin confirmed that Grid had a fairly reduced health gauge due to the overwhelming advantage of numbers and the activities of the White and Black sisters.

‘This time I will kill you!’

The new start here in Penan was a brilliant opportunity from Veradin's and Immortal's standpoint. Veradin planned to use this counterattack against Grid to provide the foundations of their resurgence. The death knight famous for his poison was summoned, and his breaths poisoned the whole area. Determination filled Veradin's eyes. He still hadn't given up his dream of becoming a resident of the Hwan Kingdom as he gave orders to the poisonous death knight and Immortal.

“Kill Grid!”

Grid had already used many skills, so he should be lacking in skills since Pagma's Swordsmanship had the disadvantage of a long cooldown time. Veradin was feeling confident about this when incomprehensible words entered his ears.

“Enchant Weapon. Chain Lightning.”

Magic? Why did magic a few levels higher than Magic Missile pop out of Grid's mouth? Before Veradin could figure it out, lightning struck the necromancers' undead army, Kir's soldiers, Veradin, and Veradin's death knight.

[You have suffered 19,000 damage!]

[You have received an electric shock!]

[You have overcome the electric shock with the effect of overcoming death...]

“Kuk...! Kuaaaack!”

The Chain Lightning reached a distance of 100 meters? Furthermore, this strength was on par with high-level magic!

“Why... Why are you...?” Why did he break the predictions every time? “How are you growing?” Veradin screamed as a huge fireball filled his vision.

Kir was unable to close his mouth as he saw Veradin disappear into a pillar of gray ash.

‘From the beginning...’ The first day that Kir met Grid... ‘I should’ve prostrated myself before him!’

Kir couldn’t even breathe. He was filled with regret, but it was already too late. In Grid’s mind, the ‘Merchant King’ was Muto, rather than Kir.

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TL: Please check the updated announcement post if you haven’t already. I got the dates wrong with the first post and updated it.

The undead were never weak pets. They had the fundamental limit of low intelligence, but they would perform any command unconditionally. Another advantage was that they had no emotions or common sense. What about how their agility and durability which were relatively lower than those of other species? This was a problem that could be overcome by evolving into a higher undead.

In fact, the speed of the skeleton warrior was just a bit slow. Its durability was also considerably strengthened. Skeleton warriors were great pets to fight one-on-one with players of the same level. Considering the fact that a second advancement necromancer could summon skeleton warriors and a number of skeletons, a necromancer was a very favorable combat class.

Still, this was just referring to general hunting or PK. A necromancer was a vulnerable class when it came to boss raids. It was virtually impossible for the undead’s attack and durability to defeat a boss monster’s extremely high defense and attack power.

“...Should we just surrender?”

The elite necromancers of Immortal lost their fighting spirit as the new Grid was a boss monster itself. They were convinced that they would never be able to beat Grid with their abilities.

“He is a X monster!” The level 245 necromancer Kakron trembled. He had been playing hard like everyone else, but he just couldn’t knock down Grid who was facing thousands of people alone. Kakron felt a great sense of deprivation, and curse words had popped out unknowingly. Despite this, there wasn’t a single person who agreed with him.

The 7th ranked necromancer Drew reproached him, “What bullshit are you saying? Do you deserve to complain? You have a lower level than everyone here and your equipment isn’t great. It means you will lose a lot less. Didn’t you put in less time, less money, and less effort? Do you have any sense?”

“...”

“Shut up if you have a brain. Don’t claim more things than necessary.” Drew’s strong anger and spite were also directed toward himself. Drew had been watching Grid, Kraugel, and Agnus for a while. He knew what Satisfy players had to do to become a top player.

Was it having the patience to hunt for a few days in one place? Was it having the power to purchase the best items? Was it having the good luck to cope with financial difficulties? No. Those alone weren’t enough. It was the ability to continuously generate and link hidden quests. Those who could use Satisfy’s infinite degree of freedom to pass through episodes made them qualified to be a top player.

Yet Drew had never achieved it. He didn’t know the details of when, where, and whom to meet. What choices did he have to make to experience a hidden episode or quest? Drew didn’t know because there was a clear limit to his thinking ability.

“...This damn monster.” There was no hatred in Drew’s eyes as he watched Grid single-handedly kill Veradin, followed by the annihilation of the soldiers and the undead army. There was only awe.

“How smart is he?”

Was Grid a game genius? Did he keep experiencing new episodes and make rapid progress while performing hidden quests? It was a talent that Drew wanted to take away.

“Hah...” Drew was unable to overcome his frustration and was sighing deeply when he received Veradin’s whisper.

-Veradin: I’m sorry I was killed without doing anything. I am now at the resurrection point. I will be sure to join you again, so use Kir’s soldiers as a shield. Let’s catch Grid today.

“Hat!” Drew laughed. He smiled wryly as he replied.

-Drew: You are going to rejoin us? You?

-Veradin: What is the meaning of your words?

-Drew: You hate dying. Don’t you think I know that you are doing a quest where you can’t die?

-Veradin: Your guess doesn’t make sense. What player likes to die? I’m just trying to protect myself from dying? What type of quest are you talking about?

-Drew: The difference before and after you came back from the continent is too big.

-Veradin: ...Are you sure?

-Drew: Jerk!! I already got the information about your separate exit! Do you think we are idiots?

-Veradin: ...

-Drew: Based on your reaction, you must’ve already arrived there?

There was the entrance to a waterway which existed underneath Kir’s castle. Veradin had been planning to leave the city through the waterway while Immortal bought time. He stiffened once he arrived at the entrance. It was because the 2nd ranked Bullet was waiting for him there.

The usually gentle Bullet was enraged. "I followed you because I recognized your skills and believed in the accomplishments you showed me. In the end, are we just tools to be discarded by you?"

"...So what? Do you want me to give you something special? Me? To an ordinary person like you?" Veradin spoke in a proud manner. Then he drove the nail in, "I gathered you together because I wanted to be recognized by Agnus. I wanted him to treat me as a useful person and become qualified to stay by his side in order to observe his madness."

[Hwan Kingdom's Resident (1)]

[★ Hidden Quest ★]

You have to meet the minimal qualifications to challenge the Chiyou test.

First, go beyond the level of an ordinary person.

Quest Clear Condition (1): Don't die until you reach level 400.

* Every time you gain 20 levels without dying while the quest is ongoing, you will gain a large number of additional stats.

* If you die, you will lose all the additional stats you have acquired. The lost stats can't be restored.

* If you die, the quest clear conditions will change to number two.

Quest Clear Condition (2): The number of deaths must be less than five until you achieve level 400 (Number of Deaths: 4/5).

* This is the last chance. If you fail to complete the second clear conditions, you will completely lose your qualification to challenge the Chiyou test.]

There was no more turning back for Veradin. He was half-abandoned by Agnus who wasn't actually crazy, and Immortal was pulling him down rather than helping him. Veradin had only one life left, so he had to defend himself. He had to get out of here quickly.

Tsk! He clicked his tongue as he pulled up the list of guild members. Veradin intended to expel Bullet and Drew using his authority over the guild. He planned to stop them from inciting the other guild members and give them the expulsion penalty. However, unlike Veradin, Bullet and Drew had been acting for the guild with true sincerity. So, the members' sentiment was with them.

[You have been impeached from your position as guild leader due to the vote of the guild members!]

[Guild leader Bullet has expelled you from the guild!]

"You—!"

The system interpreted that a 'serious sin that can't be forgiven' had been committed as the reason why a guild member was expelled from a guild. Due to this, a penalty was incurred.

[You have been expelled from the guild and have become a fugitive!]

[There is a punishment for your sin. If you are arrested by a former guild member, the imprisonment sentence will increase. If killed, the death penalty will increase by 20%. This penalty is limited to one time.]

“This is... This is like being bitten by a dog I raised.”

Immortal was his force! These guys did nothing, even Agnus! Veradin’s voice shook angrily as he raised his head and shouted, “Summon! Death Knight!”

Veradin was in an extreme state of anxiety. He had to keep in mind that the necromancers who betrayed him might surrender to Grid and lead him to this place.

‘I have to leave here quickly!’

Veradin commanded his death knight to kill Bullet.

“Summon, Death Knight.” In response, Bullet also summoned a death knight. The unexpected battle between the first and second-ranked necromancers began.

“Dammit! How do I fix this?”

Unlike what was known in the past, had Grid been a magician before he changed to Pagma’s Descendant? As Grid suddenly started using magic to kill the soldiers, Kir felt a sense of discomfort. This was because the undead army that rose again had started to retreat from Grid.

‘Is there a separate operation?’

Veradin might’ve died in vain, but Immortal had many necromancer rankers besides Veradin. Kir relied on Immortal sincerely. He thought that when they cooperated with his troops, there would be a chance to win against Grid who was becoming tired. Yet a strange phenomenon occurred. The undead army gained a bit of distance from Grid before suddenly collapsing and returning to the earth.

“What is the problem?”

“...”

Kir shouted toward Immortal, but there was no response. No one answered Kir’s call. Bit by bit, little by little, the Immortal members stepped back while trying not to catch Grid’s attention. Kir cried out, “You dared come here only to one-sidedly destroy the alliance?”

His eyes blazed with anger.

“The person who made the alliance with you just left the guild,” Drew explained as he came up to Kir. “That jerk Veradin abandoned the guild and moved alone. We no longer have a reason to fight.”

“...I don’t know the details but aren’t you being too relaxed? You have already attacked Grid. Do you think Grid will take care of you because you aren’t fighting? In the end, you have to fight in order to survive. Stop talking nonsense and summon the undead again. Stop the monster called Grid along with the soldiers.”

Drew shrugged at Kir, who barely contained the curse words that wanted to emerge because of his frustration. "Of course, I don't believe it will be easy. However, I am already prepared."

"...?"

"In the future, we will die until Grid's anger is released. I just hope that Grid can release it quickly."

"You will go that far?"

Drew replied to Kir's question, "Isn't that the only answer? Haven't you noticed yet? Is Grid an enemy we can go against at our level?"

"..."

The last spell finally exploded. Grid destroyed dozens of soldiers with just one Fireball, put away his staff, and pulled out his sword. His period of raised intelligence caused by Soul Ingestion was over, and his mana was completely exhausted. He could no longer act as a magician. Despite this, to Immortal and Kir, it seemed like Grid was just 'playing' around.

"He isn't satisfied slaughtering with magic, so he is using a sword again..."

Kir listened to Drew's analysis and gulped. He was on the verge of losing his fighting spirit. Then Arisa rushed to Kir's side. "Grid is quite tired and his stamina will be low. I am sure that he can be cornered right now. Isn't Tarot coming?"

The half-demonkin Tarot was the most expensive person hired by Kir's Company. He had been killed by a surprise attack right after Grid appeared, but Arisa didn't doubt that his fighting spirit would be high after he resurrected. Kir met Arisa's hopeful eyes and shook her head with a bitter expression. "He hasn't replied to my whispers."

"..." Arisa fell silent.

The reason why she hadn't lost hope was that she believed in Tarot's power. Why would Tarot suddenly not reply? The hope that filled her scattered in vain. Grid was approaching. Whenever he took one step, dozens of soldiers were turned to gray. The power of the intermittent black flame explosions was amazing. It was an infinitely activated skill.

They didn't know what the structure of Grid's skill tree was like. So, in the end, Kir was forced to put down everything. He ordered Arisa to stop the troops and approached Grid. "This is a one-sided invasion, a cruel massacre. If today's disaster is revealed, public opinion toward you will worsen. There will be all types of accusations."

It was a threat that was meant to end this situation. No matter how mighty the forces were, 'standing alone' would cause fear. As such, Kir wanted to negotiate, but unfortunately, his intimidation didn't work.

Grid scoffed and tilted his chin toward a distant place. "Do you think I just came here to play? Some crazy guy used Blackening and rushed at me. Then the soldiers attacked? I was just defending myself when Immortal popped up? All those things are now being streamed live."

"...!" The surprised Kir turned his gaze in the direction that Grid indicated. The world's most famous game BJ, Bunny Bunny, waved to him. Grid's eyes became cold. "The cost of challenging me is very great."

"Ick...! Eeek!" Kir just wanted to protect his minimum rights. Now his eyes turned yellow as he heard Grid's words.

[Chapter 844](#)

Grid was as aggressive as he was strong, and he wasn't wise as he was intoxicated with his own power. He was the type of person who was blinded by immediate gains and lost the bigger profits. His cruel violence expressed in the name of decisiveness was enough to cause disgust, and he was perfect at antagonizing people.

So far, this was Kir's evaluation of Grid. Right now, Grid reigned with a strong force, but he would become isolated and be destroyed sooner than expected. Kir didn't expect Grid to last for very long. Nevertheless, what was the truth? Kir's spine became freezing cold as he saw Bunny Bunny. He was forced to evaluate Grid differently.

'He is clever!'

No, Grid wasn't smart. It was clearly the influence of Lauel, who founded the Overgeared Kingdom. There was no weakness in Grid with the genius called Lauel behind him. After Kir realized that Grid had decided to take away everything he owned, he experienced a deep frustration and lost all hope. He fell into despair and questioned it, "What's the difference between you and me?"

"...?"

"At least I didn't slaughter the elves. I didn't kill a single elf until you interrupted me. On the other hand, what about you? Now you have slaughtered hundreds of soldiers in dozens of minutes. What? You respect NPCs? You are better than me because I took the elves as prisoners? A murderer like you hates me and rescued the elves?"

"Oh, it is an obvious story."

"...?"

Many years ago, Grid was performing a time attack quest to wipe out Pope Candidate Pascal and the Vatican elders, causing him to overlook the deaths of prostitutes. The prostitutes had been used as shields to threaten Grid, but he had ignored them and they were then killed by the elders.

No, let's go back in time further than that. On the first day he encountered Khan, Grid casually killed the local gangsters who threatened him and Khan.

"I have my own standards. I never said that I respect all NPCs." Grid was someone who agonized over and over about the existence of NPCs. He pointed to the civilians hiding in the streets. "Look. I didn't kill those people."

"You—!" It was impossible to intimidate or even criticize Grid. His deep selfishness meant that not even these words had an effect. Kir became less composed. His eyes became bloodstained as he shouted, "You! Do you think you are a god? How can you be so selfish?"

Grid doubted his ears. "What are you saying? Aren't you the one who thinks you are a god?"

"...?"

"Haven't you been acting like one? You captured weak people without hesitation. You did this because you thought you were a god."

"S-Sophistry!"

"Yes, it's sophistry. Don't make a broad analysis of a simple matter."

"I am what?" Kir found it hard to understand the Korean manner of speaking. Kir frowned while Grid aimed a sword at his neck and declared, "Stop your attacks now."

"???" What nonsense was Grid saying? Kir was stunned. Why was the one-sided slaughterer telling him to stop attacking? "Shouldn't I say that to you?"

"No, don't I have the right to defend myself? Stop the attacks. Then I will stop mine."

'This jerk!'

Grid was conscious of the camera right till the end. Acting like a victim, he was being really hateful right now. Still, Grid gave Kir one last chance. "Please surrender. Then I will leave this city without taking it away from you."

"..." It was just the city. In other words, he would take away everything outside the city. Kir wasn't particularly surprised. He had expected Grid to come here with that type of mindset. "...Are you going to take away all my merchandise?"

"Yes."

"This is beyond common sense. One day, the world will discover what you have done to me and criticize you. Then the Overgeared Kingdom might become isolated."

"I know."

All types of maneuvers would occur before the Overgeared Kingdom was established. Many forces wanted to take away the Overgeared Kingdom's rice bowl because they were strong, so there would be an alliance that would try to destroy the Overgeared Guild. The threat would come anyway, so it was better to become stronger than to sit silently and wait.

"It will be dangerous if you are left alone. It is better to take your life and make it so that you are unable to recover. This is from the position of the Overgeared Kingdom. Do you understand?"

"..." Kir didn't say anything because he agreed with Grid. In the first place, he had also taken things away from other people in case they would strike at him again someday. Ultimately, Kir's goal was to keep his trading rights. So, after careful consideration, Kir displayed the wit of a merchant. "I understand. I will follow your demands."

"Hoh?"

"Only..."

“Only?”

“I want you to promise not to take away any trading rights that I gain in the future.”

If he was forced to lose it, then he would give it to Grid. Instead, there should be a promise for his future. Grid thought for a moment before nodding. “Yes. Let’s write up a contract.”

In fact, Grid hadn’t known that Kir would listen to his demands. He had expected to spend a great deal of time and money in order to steal the merchant’s commerce rights which were bound in the form of a ‘contract.’ Yet Kir was willing to give it all at once. Moreover, it was also good for Grid to guarantee Kir’s future.

‘If he loses everything and has to start again from the beginning, he won’t grow fast enough to threaten the Overgeared Kingdom.’

Grid removed his sword and turned his gaze to the necromancers standing to one side. Grid’s face distorted as he saw them. It was a terrible expression that contained fearsome hatred and killing intent.

“What are you doing? Are you even abandoning putting up resistance now?” Grid aimed his sword at a certain man.

The famous ranker Drew, who was the head of the necromancers, cried out, “...Kill me!”

Grid was flustered. The strong necromancer had retreated and given up resistance. Now, he was even handing over his neck.

‘Do they have some trick in mind?’

Was it possible that the hundreds of bodies in the ground would explode the moment he approached them? Drew explained to the wary Grid, “The reason we invaded Reinhardt was purely due to Veradin’s command. But Veradin abandoned us. He left Immortal.”

“...”

“I don’t intend to shirk responsibility. Moreover, I am one of those who invaded Reinhardt. I’m not asking you to end your revenge now. However, I hope that you will listen to a request today.”

“A request?”

“Chase Veradin and kill him. We can’t stop him with our strength.”

“...Where is he?”

“If you go behind the castle, there will be the entrance to an underground waterway. He is running away using that place.”

“Okay,” Grid answered before cutting Drew’s neck. The necromancers were all nervous when Drew died this time. Grid stared at them. “You were one of the ones who invaded Reinhardt? You will continue to die in the future.”

“...”

Grid had noticed that Immortal had been abandoned by Agnus. It was the only reason why they had lost their fighting spirit.

'I didn't see one peep of him but...'

Grid used Quick Movements and ran toward the underground waterway.

[You have died.]

Tarot had been hit by Grid's surprise attack as soon as he used Blackening. He had been stabbed by the white light and received death from the passing Grid, reviving far from his resurrection point. There was a poisonous fog that caused nausea and dizziness as well as hot lava. Tarot woke up in the middle of hell.

"How rotten..."

Tarot didn't panic. Hell wasn't unfamiliar to him since he had experienced dying while using Blackening during a boss raid. Nevertheless, this didn't mean it was a comfortable place for him. Despite being classified as a half-demonkin, hell was an unknown place that caused him to feel fearful.

[You have failed to send a message to the guild. Hell is disconnected from the human world.]

[You have failed to send a message to the guild. Hell is disconnected from the human world.]

[The death penalty has failed to remove Blackening.]

"Tch."

The duration of Tarot's Blackening was 15 minutes. It was a much better performance than that of Grid who used Blackening through Dark Bus' Earrings. So, what was this?

'I was hit without noticing!'

Grid's appearance from when he cut Tarot without blinking was stuck in Tarot's brain. Tarot had no idea there was such a difference in skill between Grid and himself.

'I was a frog in the well.' Facing reality, Tarot burned with motivation rather than frustration. 'The fact that I am still weak means I can become stronger. Grid, it will be different the next time we meet.'

Tarot was a weed-like man. No matter how he was trampled on, he would jump up again. This process had been repeated hundreds of times, allowing Tarot to reach who he was today.

"Let's try hunting demonic beasts within the time limit."

He couldn't waste time like this! Tarot knew that he would return once the duration of Blackening ended. Therefore, he decided to invest the remaining time in hunting. The odd thing was that there wasn't a single beast around, as if someone had just swept through this place...It was vaguely creepy.

Tarot was walking carefully with his weapon when he saw the back of a man in the distance. It was a man with shaggy hair and shabby attire. Tarot felt a strange sense of discomfort because he seemed to have seen this back view somewhere before.

It looked like the back view of Grid which he'd seen when he died.

'How can that be?'

Was he crazy? Tarot desperately shook his head. The man in front of Tarot turned and asked him a question, "Question. Human?"

"...?!!" Tarot's heart sank as he confirmed the man's appearance. "G-Grid...?!"

Had he followed Tarot to hell to kill him? The man's sword flew toward the astonished Tarot. Tarot couldn't respond to the speed nor could he endure the power.

"Cough!"

[You have died.]

[You have died two times within 24 hours and have been forcefully logged out.]

Stabbed several times, Tarot had died in the blink of an eye. He had died twice to Grid! Tarot swore that even if there was a blade at his throat or if he was given a bunch of money, he would never become hostile to Grid again! On this day...

[Title: Meeting with Grid]

Author: Hokquah

Contents: If you mess with Grid, he will follow you to hell and kill you. This isn't a metaphor, it is real;;;

A post on one of the famous Satisfy forums became a hot topic.

The comments below were full of sarcasm.

-Who doesn't know this? Think about what happened to Immortal. Hell is natural for Grid's personality. It wouldn't be strange if he chased someone up to heaven.

-Why would you want to taste hell by going against God Grid?

-Are you a Penan resident? Are you a lair of crazy people?

-I think Penan is really weird. Grid went there for sightseeing only to suddenly be attacked.

-Author's Comment: No, I mean he literally chased me to hell. And how is Penan crazy? That bastard invaded first.

-Yes, you really are a crazy guy.

-Author's Comment: (Reports have been received and the comment is hidden).

[Chapter 845](#)

'Should I have killed all of them?'

Veradin, Drew, Tageo, Dail, Eisto, King Dragon, and so on—this was the list of Immortal members who had invaded Reinhardt and killed the blacksmiths and soldiers. Of course, the necromancers who offered their necks to Grid a little while ago were included.

Yet Grid hadn't killed all of them. He felt reluctant to take away their lives when they had completely lost their fighting spirits and possessed a strong sense of regret over the past. They were different from Kir. Kir was a threat to Grid while Immortal was fragile after being abandoned by Agnus. Still, he hadn't been able to let Drew pass since he was a representative...

"...Tsk, I should've killed all of them."

Grid felt sorry toward Khan, who left first, and resented himself for being weakened by unnecessary sympathy. A strong killing intent filled Grid's eyes as he rebuked himself. This killing intent was only directed toward one person.

'Veradin!'

Grid's steps became faster as he headed to the underground waterway.

"Wasting time struggling... Don't you know that this is a loss for both of us? Don't you have any of your own thoughts? This is why I don't want to hang out with lowly people." Veradin looked down at Bullet like he was a bug. He felt disgusted.

The eyes of the wounded Bullet shook as he asked, "The Veradin who struggled with the empire's quest to massacre the immigrants, the Veradin who cared for his colleagues, the Veradin who was loyal to Agnus... Where has he gone?"

"He didn't exist from the beginning." It had all just been a fake act. Veradin had played the ideal human in order to gain the trust of others and attain easy access to observe them.

"..." Bullet sighed. He tried to hide his emotions but it wasn't easy.

Veradin witnessed Bullet's eyes twitching and scoffed, "Didn't you once say that I felt like an old friend? I led you to feel that way. I needed your reputation to attract talent in the early days of Immortal."

"..."

"Well, that was the past you. If you still think of me as a friend, don't grab my ankle. Don't use my name to live alone in the empress' palace. By the way, since when did you start to doubt me?"

"...Since Agnus stopped acknowledging you and you started to give commands arbitrarily."

"I see. I was careless." Veradin glanced over at his poison master death knight and raised his dagger. He had wounds on his body from struggling with Bullet's death knight, but there wasn't a large impact on his movements. Bullet was forced to feel the gap between first and second place.

'There is such a large gap in the rankings...' It was crazy when thinking about how many times Grid had challenged the strongest people in the world. 'If Agnus was still on our side...'

Bullet remembered the first day he met Agnus. Agnus had been so strong and cool. Back then, he led an undead army and seemed to shout 'this is a true necromancer', causing everyone to feel thrilled. When Bullet joined Immortal, he trusted Veradin, who spoke for Agnus.

Alas, reality was like a gutter. To Agnus, Immortal was nothing. Veradin, the spokesman for Agnus, had just been using them as scapegoats.

“Kuk...!” Tears filled Bullet’s eyes as his expression distorted. Bullet had wanted to be friends with people who gathered for the same purpose. He wanted them to move forward together and enjoy this wonderful world. Was this wish such a big mistake?

His heart was screaming when he heard Veradin’s voice in his ears. “You should’ve been more vicious. Keep this darkness in your heart. Then I would’ve been the one lying on the floor right now, not you.

“...”

“Goodbye, boring person with a pure enthusiasm.”

The poisonous dagger stabbed Bullet’s chest. This was a blow that tore Bullet’s heart apart.

“Ah...” Bullet received great damage and was poisoned. Darkness sprouted in his heart. It was anger toward his past self for chasing a vain dream. Agnus who didn’t accept his admiration... Bullet didn’t hate him. After all, Agnus didn’t have an obligation to look after others.

“This isn’t fun.” Veradin read the expression in Bullet’s eyes and clicked his tongue. Bullet lay with his face against the cold floor and waited for his death.

[You will receive 4,300 poison damage.]

[Your potion cooldown time hasn’t returned.]

[The antidote isn’t working.]

[You will receive 4,300 poison...]

His field of view blinked red. Then his health gauge reached the bottom, and his motivation disappeared. Bullet had become an empty shell when he heard something.

“I saw it well.” It was an unfamiliar voice. The voice contained a strong will like Agnus’. However, it was gentler than Agnus.

“Gri...d...”

“If you have any interest in jiangshi, please contact me. Talented people are always welcome,” Grid said as he passed by the dying Bullet. Grid’s liking for Bullet didn’t mean he would spare Bullet. After all, Bullet was still part of Immortal. Still, Grid just gave him a chance. A gray pillar rose behind Grid as he entered the underground waterway.

“Pant... Pant...!” Veradin panted as he ran through the underground waterway. The arrogance and ease he’d had while mocking Bullet had completely disappeared. It was because Veradin had clearly seen Grid watching silently as Veradin dealt the finishing blow to Bullet.

‘Terrible jerk!’

To think that Grid just stood there and watched? Was he so confident that he could catch Veradin at any time?

“I will make him regret giving me all that time!”

In fact, Veradin had been watching Penan for a long time.

[The Cave King]

It was presumed that the strong man with this title was sleeping in the Penan underground waterway. Veradin had been extremely happy when he received Merchant King Kir’s call and thought this was destiny.

That’s right. Secrecy wasn’t the only reason why Veradin used the underground waterway as an escape route. He also wanted to obtain the body of the Cave King.

It had been shown that the poison master didn’t have any effect on Grid in battle, so Veradin would now discard the poison master. He aimed to secure the required dominance points by abandoning the poison master and then turning the body of the Cave King into his death knight.

‘Is it here?’

Grid would soon chase him down. He had to hurry before Grid arrived. The nervous Veradin started searching through the underground waterway, not caring about how his body was being covered in dirt.

“It’s here!”

Veradin succeeded in finding an old and rusted iron coffin.

The Cave King—he was a villain from hundreds of years ago, who built a secret city under the Gauss Kingdom in an effort to conquer the Gauss Kingdom. Now, he would be resurrected in this world with infinite stamina and the force to stir the earth.

Veradin smiled with satisfaction as he opened the coffin and shouted, “Give up control of Death Knight Kyleo!”

The necromancer’s exclusive inventory, Corpse Storage, was opened. Then Veradin pulled out the white bones of the poison master and filled it with the bones of the Cave King.

“I, Veradin, will dominate the Cave King! Cave King! Become my trusty death knight!”

[This is a legendary rated body.]

[Due to the lack of dominance stats, you have failed to make the Cave King your death knight.]

[The title ‘Possessed by the Deceased’ has allowed you to overcome the limitations of the dominance stat.]

[You have succeeded in making the Cave King a death knight.]

[The title, ‘Under the King...’ has been acquired.]

[Death Knight]

[Name: Cave King

Level: 361

* The master's level is too low. The level and stats of the Cave King are in a weakened state.

Strength: 4,100 (▼) Stamina: 4,100 (▼)

Agility: 540 (▼) Intelligence: 190 (▼)

-Skills Possessed-

Plunder (A-), Cave in Sword (A+), Lead to Hell (S)...

....

...]

"Hat...! Kuhahahaha!"

It was more than Veradin had expected. The Cave King was stronger than any death knight Veradin had obtained in the past, including the poison master. He had high stats, and all his skills were grade A and above... Wasn't this equivalent to one of Agnus' death knights?

Veradin burst out laughing once he succeeded in gaining the Cave King. The fear he felt toward Grid disappeared.

He didn't blink as he faced Grid who finally caught up with him. "Every time I see you, I am reminded of a theory. Don't you have any shame? You have inflicted countless damages to others and at this moment, you are giving birth to new victims. So why? Why are you so obsessed with the damage that you once suffered?"

"...?"

It was meaningless if the listener didn't understand the words.

Veradin said to Grid, "Your hatred and revenge toward Immortal. It is going overboard. Is Immortal invading Reinhardt that big a sin? Haven't you invaded many places? You even destroyed an existing kingdom. You are living well, yet you won't tolerate the aggression of other people? You won't forgive me? You are being dominated by the memories of the past. Your mentality of not wanting to return to your weak past is so strong that you react sensitively to your territories being invaded. You really aren't fit to be at the top."

This was the reason why.

"Today I will punish you. I will drag you down from above. To a person whose consciousness is already damaged, I will be disgusting and evil to you forever." Veradin finished speaking and moved his fingers, causing the death knight to act. The Cave King's red eyes glowed, and a purple light surrounded his body as he roared.

Grid triggered Item Combination, and the Enlightenment Sword and Belial's Staff became one. Mana was used as the Cave King fired rocks at Grid. Simultaneously, Grid swung his sword as a shield was

created around him. As Grid's shields continued to be generated, the Cave King's attacks didn't have an effect.

"W-What?"

What was this infinite shield? How many abilities did Grid have that went against common sense?

"With this, how many times have I killed you? I forgot so let's call this the first time," Grid whispered to Veradin, who was astonished at the sight of the Cave King collapsing.

"W-Wait a minute!"

"Keook!"

[You have suffered serious damage!]

[It is catastrophic damage...!]

....

...

[You have died.]

[You have failed to fulfill the conditions of ★Hidden Quest★ Hwan Kingdom's Resident (1). The Hwan Kingdom's Resident (1) quest has been destroyed.]

[The Hwan Kingdom will no longer give you a chance. You aren't even permitted to visit.]

[You have died two times within 24 hours and have been forcefully logged out.]

[Chapter 846](#)

"Kuk! Kuaaaah! Gridddd!"

Veradin thought it was a dream until he opened his eyes in the capsule. It wasn't a dream but reality. He had died two times in a row and was forcefully logged out from Satisfy. Additionally, he permanently missed the chance to become a resident of the Hwan Kingdom.

Veradin raised himself from the capsule and couldn't help questioning it, 'How could he have that much power remaining?'

Penan had 3,000 troops. Thanks to the power of Merchant King Kir, there had been many rankers and soldiers armed with items, including the necromancers of Immortal. As such, Veradin had predicted that Grid would've consumed most of his skills and stamina in order to break through the elite troops and reach him.

No, the word 'predicted' was too modest. Veradin had been convinced. Grid should have been exhausted before chasing after Veradin. Even if he managed to chase Veradin, Grid shouldn't have had the stamina to swing his sword once.

Why?

It was due to the special nature of the resource called 'stamina.' Stamina was different from ordinary resources such as health and mana. It wasn't something that could be recovered with artificial methods such as taking a potion. A person had to unconditionally rest in order to recover stamina.

Logically, it was impossible for him not to be tired, even if Grid's stamina stat was over 3,000 points.

'Yet he was fine.'

How was this possible?

'Did the Immortal members on the front lines surrender to Grid?'

Was that why Grid had stamina remaining? It was possible but...

'It isn't enough.'

Veradin wasn't convinced by his guesses. He was frustrated because he couldn't understand what had gone wrong with his calculations. In actuality, Merchant King Kir was to blame. When he spoke to Veradin, Kir had 'reduced' the amount of damage he'd suffered in order to maintain his pride. He hadn't told Veradin that he had lost his unicorn to Grid! So, in the end, Veradin had been forced to make a false guess.

"...Surely, Grid doesn't have over 4,000 points in stamina?"

If Grid's stamina was this high, then his defense also made sense. Then new questions arose. What was the secret behind Grid's extremely high attack power when most of his points were invested in stamina? How many intelligence points did he have that he could use magic? What was with his agility?

"...Is it due to him being overgeared after all?"

Veradin's fist slammed down onto the capsule. However, he couldn't exert a high strength with his lean body which didn't have muscles. So, the expensive capsule was fine. Veradin was overwhelmed with a sense of helplessness, feeling that he was a small and shabby person. He had always been a victor in reality and in Satisfy, so his consecutive losses to Grid were shocking.

"Shit! Dammit!"

Veradin had wanted to become a yangban. He wanted to show there was a difference between himself and the two billion players. Someday, he wanted to put Agnus under his feet and feel an unrivaled sense of superiority.

"Grid!!"

His grudge toward Grid soared into the sky.

"..."

However, he wasn't filled with fighting spirit. How much had Immortal lost because of Grid? Veradin hesitated for a long time. He shouldn't have touched the nose of a sleeping lion...

If he had known that the identity of the lion was actually a monster...

Then Veradin lost his motivation and became filled with frustration and regret. He would've been a star that shone for a long time if he hadn't stepped on a monster.

The 3rd ranked merchant, Muto—he had cooperated with Grid to sell the chandelier to the imperial palace and was on the track of unprecedented success.

He hadn't missed out on the commerce rights secured with the support of the Overgeared Kingdom and made a pricing policy that satisfied the consumers rather than being greedy for profit. Now, hundreds and thousands of players came to the Overgeared Kingdom to visit the Muto Company, which was fully embedded in the kingdom.

Due to the rapid development of commerce in the Overgeared Kingdom which had been lacking compared to agriculture, Muto was competing for the second rank. Muto predicted that he would reach the second rank in the merchant rankings within the next four months.

The higher the ranking of the merchant, the higher the number of stores that could be held. Therefore, the value of the ranking was very high. The gap between the second and third ranks was great. Muto was overflowing with happiness.

In the past, he happened to meet Grid on the East Continent and ate the poisonous food of some crazy chef. Muto wanted to praise himself for having gained Grid's favor even if it meant going against the empire. He was proud of his own acumen for having chosen the person named Grid.

As such, he was very satisfied with the current situation. Then one day...

"Why are you here?" Muto had a strong feeling of anxiety. The 1st ranked merchant Kir, who was praised as the Merchant King, was visiting the Overgeared Kingdom. Muto was chagrined to see Kir sitting with Lael.

'Once again...!'

Many of Muto's things had been taken from him by Kir. Kir expanded his business by using any means and methods, making him a natural enemy for Muto. Muto believed that Kir was doing some political maneuvering behind the scenes and realized that the position he had built up in the Overgeared Kingdom was about to be taken away.

'He managed to make a situation like this while his city was being invaded by Grid... He turned a crisis into an opportunity in such unfavorable conditions?'

Kir laughed at Muto who was staring at him with eyes filled with hostility. "Don't look at me like I'm a villain. From my point of view, you are the villain. Now, take this."

"...?" Muto was confused. It was because Kir handed over the 'account balance' book.

'What is this joke?'

Lael smiled at the extremely confused Muto. "Accept it. This is a book that provides a comprehensive view of the Merchant King's accounts and business status."

“That... What is this situation?”

Kir was the one who replied sarcastically to Muto’s careful question, “This evil bastard is pretending not to know anything until the end. You don’t know the plan that involves taking everything away from me and handing it over to you? Does this make sense?”

“What...”

They were taking everything away from Merchant King Kir and giving it to him? Muto’s brain couldn’t keep up with the discussion. Lauel patted his shoulders. “It is time for you to take away everything that Kir has built up.”

“...”

“Become the new Merchant King. This is an order from King Grid.”

Duguen!Duguen!Duguen!

Muto’s face turned red as he finally found out the situation. All sorts of emotions bubbled up in his heart and tears formed in his eyes. “Grid did this for me... He believes in me.”

It wasn’t a matter of believing. There was no option from Grid’s position. The Overgeared Guild didn’t have a merchant, so Grid could only use Muto. Additionally, Muto had shown to be wonderfully resourceful in this short time and proved why he was third in the merchant rankings.

Despite this, Lauel remained silent. He thought it would be better to let Muto maintain his thoughts. Muto’s response showed that a new Grid fanatic was born. Lauel was pleased but he clearly distinguished between public and private matters. “Muto, in the future, you will gain an astronomical amount of money using Kir’s rights and the commerce of the Overgeared Kingdom. Do you admit it?”

“Of course.”

“Then give 70% of your profits to Grid.”

70% was a reasonable request. The revenue share between a kingdom and a merchant company would typically be between 40~60% if it was an exclusive deal. After all, Grid had secured the Overgeared Kingdom’s commerce rights as well as Kir’s commerce rights for Muto. It would be difficult for him to refuse a profit distribution of 80%, let alone 70%.

However, Kir thought that Muto would refuse.

‘What is 70%?’

Kir knew that there were only two merchant players who could manage his commerce rights among the player—the 3rd ranked Muto and the 2nd ranked Cecilia. This meant it was inevitable for Grid to rely on Muto. Muto was aware of this fact, so would he be satisfied with only 30% of the profits? 40% to 60% was more realistic.

It was as Kir expected.

“70%...? I don’t like that,” Muto declined it firmly.

'Look at this.'

Kir tilted his nose upward into the air conceitedly as he was hoping for a rift between Grid and Muto. He didn't want to see them embracing each other. Lauel sighed. He didn't show any signs of being upset at all. It was because Lauel had already anticipated Muto's rejection.

"I understand. Then we will discuss this a bit more." Lauel thought that 60% was a realistic amount.

"I will give you 90%."

"Yes?"

"What?"

Lauel and Kir were confused by Muto's shocking remark. Muto smiled brightly. "I will repay Grid's grace for the rest of my life. In return, I want Grid to defend the Muto Company to the end."

Muto was certain that Grid wouldn't end as the king of a small country.

'Considering Grid's brute force, blacksmithing skills, and unstoppable momentum, as well as the many talents under him...'

In the future, Grid was likely to become the leader of a great nation that could compete with the Saharan Empire. Muto believed it would be worth the investment, even if it might only be returned in 10 years. That's right. This was an investment. Muto dreamed of a larger future.

Kir read his thoughts and found it absurd. "Can't you read the situation? Grid is an extreme person. He is dangerous. He is always creating new enemies and will one day collapse. Yet you are dreaming of a future with him? Muto, this foolishness is why you are currently third," Kir made fun of Muto.

"Third? Aren't I first right now?"

"..."

"Do you think I am stupid? Aren't you the one who lost everything?"

Kir was forced to shut his mouth at Muto's words.

After that...

[Merchant Rankings]

[1st place - Muto (Affiliation: Overgeared Guild)]

The newly updated rankings had a large impact on the world. Kir's name was nowhere to be found in the rankings, and the one with the title of Merchant King was now Muto. The recognition of him belonging to the Overgeared Kingdom rose sharply, and it was natural to expand the forces of the Overgeared Kingdom.

"We can't take it easy right now."

Something massive was taking place in the second player-built kingdom—Valhalla. The famous general, God of War Ares, was leading an army filled with tens of thousands of elite soldiers. His destination was the Ultina Kingdom. Ultina was a small kingdom which was chosen as Valhalla's first invasion target.

'I must also do my best!'

The player Oasis, who once overturned the world with the title of Undefeated King's Descendant, was right beside Ares.

Simultaneously, deep in the mountains of the Ultina Kingdom.

"Master's old friend?"

One player was facing an NPC called Asmophel. Haster, the player, was very wary of the sudden visitor. Asmophel was tired from his long journey and explained with a dark expression, "We belonged to the same knights division... Tell him that I am a traitor and he will know."

"Ah, it is you. I have been waiting for a really long time."

He was one of the Five Miracles. The hermit Haster, who even Kraugel feared, started to move.

[Chapter 847](#)

Underwatch, Rainbow Seven, and Unlimited Battleground—this was the list of FPS games which had been very popular among gamers all over the world for 7 years and 10 months. In particular, after Unlimited Battleground was released, it had gotten the title of No. 1 FPS game for three years. It led the golden age of e-sports, and the public was enthusiastic about the brilliant and precise control skills of the gamers.

Among them, the gamer who was the most respected and loved by the public was Haster. Haster was a legend. He was pointed out as the best player in Underwatch, Rainbow Seven, and Unlimited Battleground. His ultimate control skill was a default. He had the patience to wait minutes in one place for the enemy and the ability to read the other players using 'sound.'

The American media had lavished him with praise. They had been enthusiastic that a legendary pro gamer equivalent to Lim X-hwan and FakX was born in the US. The foreign media couldn't deny it. However, Haster's throne, which had seemed everlasting, ended in vain.

It was due to the release of Satisfy. Once virtual reality games appeared, people were no longer enthusiastic about existing games. Their focus shifted. Everyone in the world became concentrated solely on Satisfy, and traditional e-sports experienced a downturn.

Then Haster announced his retirement. His retirement was tantamount to the downfall of the existing game industry. Many people were regretful while the E-sports Association asked Haster to stay and protect the existing game system. Despite that, Haster didn't withdraw his retirement.

After all, he too had a new future in Satisfy.

"I really waited a long time."

The Red Knights, the traitor, Asmophel...

A smile appeared on Haster's face as he connected the scattered words. How long had it been? It had been two years in real time.

Haster remembered the days when he first encountered Satisfy. He had a weak body that couldn't keep up with his brain. There was the item system which couldn't be overcome by raising his stats and training his body, as well as the inherent limitation of the character tied to the framework of a class. In comparison to FPS, there were too many external factors in Satisfy which made relying on his innate physical ability difficult.

Consequently, Haster judged that a hidden class was necessary to thoroughly train and utilize his natural skills. He didn't want a strong class. A low-rated class could be good too. Haster wanted a class that could perform all types of roles with various combat styles, one that would be able to carry out his cognitive thoughts.

"You've been waiting?" Asmophel was wary when the disciple of his old friend welcomed him. He felt something ominous. This was the disciple of a friend whom Asmophel had betrayed and made to live a hellish life as a result. Why was this disciple waiting for him?

"Is it to seek revenge for your teacher?" If it were Asmophel from the past, he would've accepted the revenge. In fact, he would ask to be killed. However, he couldn't do that now. Asmophel served a king and received his king's command. He couldn't die until his king's reign was over.

Haster asked the bitter-looking Asmophel, "Wasn't Master's nickname the Wise Red Sage?"

"...?"

"Do you think my master didn't notice the black curtain behind your betrayal?"

"...!"

Flinch. The astonished Asmophel stiffened like a stone statue, and he started to tremble. "Winfred knows the truth... I see..."

Tears of joy and regret filled Asmophel's eyes.

"...!!!"

Haster suddenly pulled out a small Korean horn bow [1] and fired an arrow at Asmophel. Asmophel responded by avoiding it while Haster pulled out a long sword and approached.

"What is this?"

Didn't he say that Winfred knew the truth? Moreover, revenge wasn't mentioned. So, why was this person attacking? Asmophel's confused eyes shook like a fire before a gust of wind. Meanwhile, Haster's eyes were as calm as a deep lake. "I'm not trying to get revenge. I just want to check."

"Check what?"

"If it is time."

“Time?”

“Time to revive the king’s name.”

...Haster. Was it time for the name of the king who once enthralled gamers all over the world to appear again on the stage called Satisfy? Haster needed confirmation. He didn’t want to lose his past honor by appearing on stage too early, nor could he determine his strength by challenging existing powerhouses such as Kraugel and Grid.

Still, Haster wanted to fight.

[Descendant of the Red Knights]

[Difficulty: Class quest.

Rating: SS

You have been given the skills and knowledge of the previous First Knight of the Red Knights, Red Sage Winfred, but it is questionable if you are qualified to be Winfred’s disciple.

Duel with the old Red Knights and prove your credentials.

Quest Clear Conditions: Duel with an old Red Knights member and win.

* The locations of the old Red Knights can be seen through hints left by Winfred before his death.

Quest Clear Reward: Unlock all the skills of the unique class ‘Red Sage.’]

“The king’s name? I don’t know what you mean!” Flames appeared at the end of Asmophel’s sword as he blocked the sword aiming for his waist. Nevertheless, Haster didn’t panic. He used Ice Dance, which he had learned from Winfred, to create a curtain of ice and block the heat. Steam rose from the ice curtain that melted instantly. The tip of a spear shot through the steam toward Asmophel’s abdomen. Asmophel barely avoided the attack, and both he and Haster were astonished.

‘Using magic, a spear, and a sword at the same time? This is the second coming of Winfred...!’

‘He avoided a combo that even Kraugel couldn’t respond to?’

As Haster recovered his spear, Asmophel’s sword passed by his face. Haster gave up on the spear and his counterattack as he spun to minimize the damage. The attack wasn’t visible to his eyes, but Haster heard it with his ears. Asmophel was showing off a dazzling swordsmanship.

Haster stepped back hastily.

“...!” Asmophel’s eyes flickered. “That isn’t Winfred’s technique...?”

“This is a technique I built myself.”

“...” Asmophel’s expression darkened. Was it because he had no chance of winning against the bearded man before him? No. Asmophel acknowledged the enemy’s skills, but it didn’t mean he had no chance. Asmophel was worried about something else. ‘He didn’t show up even in this turmoil...’

He didn't sense any signs of life from the small cabin behind Haster. At first, Asmophel had thought Winfred was just hiding, but he didn't think so anymore. Asmophel barely suppressed his emotions as he carefully questioned Haster, "Is Winfred away?"

"No."

"Then..."

"Master passed away last year. He lost his friends and family to the empire and was chased... The past few years exhausted his mind and body."

"Then..."

It was because of Asmophel. He had betrayed everyone! Asmophel felt deeply guilty and bowed his head. He was now filled with a new anxiety. Winfred had boasted a stronger mentality than Asmophel and Piaro, yet he hadn't been able to bear the terrible reality and left first. Were his other colleagues safe and sound? Maybe it was already too late...

"Sob!" Asmophel failed to hold back his tears. Haster faced him with gritted teeth and couldn't move easily.

'This is embarrassing.'

Was it because he had lived with his teacher for the past few years...? Haster was no longer able to sense the difference between NPCs and humans. Therefore, Asmophel's pained emotions were transferred to Haster.

'How painful is it?'

Haster had picked the wrong opponent. After all, Asmophel was the former captain of the Red Knights. Haster was happy to have a good opponent to test his skills, but considering his position, Asmophel wasn't a good opponent.

'I should wait a bit.'

Haster apologized to his memory of Winfred and lowered the weapon he had aimed at Asmophel.

"....!!"

Then suddenly, the ground shook. In the distance, black smoke rose from the direction of the capital.

"War?"

No, how could this be? Moreover, why was it at this critical timing? Haster frowned as he heard a rustle in his ears. The sounds were coming from a small village in the foothills of the mountains.

"Sp... are...! Me...!"

"No...!"

"Resist...! You will...! Die...!"

"Kyaaaak!"

The conversation wasn't heard clearly, but the terrible screams were surely conveyed.

The faces of the villagers passed through Haster's mind one by one. The woodcutter who often brought wood in winter, the clothing store auntie who cared for him and packed thick leather clothes for him, the little kids who greeted him every time their eyes met, the shy daughter of the innkeeper...

The NPCs were all chunks of graphics. However...

"Shit!" Haster couldn't stay still because the warmth he'd felt from the people of the village was real. Eventually, Haster left Asmophel and descended to the bottom of the mountain.

"This...!"

A huge castle was depicted on the flag of the army plundering the village. It was the flag which symbolized the second player-built kingdom, Valhalla. Suddenly, Haster could no longer descend the mountain.

There had been a period of two years before he met his master and another two years after he met his master. It was clear why Haster had lived quietly for four years. He wanted to show the world that the old king of the fallen game system had resurrected in a new game.

This was a simple matter of honor, but it was also a surprise for the many fans who loved and cared for him, and who were perhaps still waiting for him. Was he going to reveal his existence for the sake of a few NPCs? It would be denying the efforts of his past four years.

"Why is it Valhalla?"

Haster would be noticed by players, and they might even recognize him. While Haster hesitated, Asmophel approached him and handed over a worn helmet. It was a military helmet with a rod drawn on it. Asmophel was wearing another helmet with two rods drawn on it. Why was Asmophel handing him a military helmet?

"Ah!" Haster blinked as he belatedly realized that Asmophel's name and face were obscured by the helmet. This was an act of consideration for Haster.

"I'm very grateful." Haster bowed deeply before equipping the military helmet. Then he appeared in the world after a long time...

"Who are you?"

"I am a soldier."

"...M-Me too."

Only one of them was actually a soldier.

Oasis, who had been leading the Valhalla soldiers to pillage the village and secure food, frowned at the sight.

[Chapter 848](#)

The Three-Eyed Valley—it was the best hunting ground after the Boundary Forest (World Tree’s Forest) which Kraugel had recommended to Grid. Kraugel had been fighting the three-eyed giants inside it for a few months and finally achieved his goal.

[Your level has risen.]

[Congratulations! You have reached level 300 and achieved the third stats awakening!]

[For every point of stamina, health will increase by 25 and defense will increase by 0.9.]

[For every point of strength, health will increase by 7 and attack will increase by 0.6.]

[For every point of intelligence...]

“Sigh.”

He felt strength boiling inside him. It was a sensation that was completely different from a while ago. This was an accomplishment that he achieved for the second time, so Kraugel closed his eyes with a calm expression.

“...”

The past was drawn out in his mind. In order to get one of the three passive attack skills, Quick Command, Kraugel had been on a quest involving the seven malignant saints and had visited the deep mountain where the Red Sage was located. Then he’d met an unexpected person in front of the small cabin. It had been Haster, the protagonist of old.

Kraugel hadn’t listened to Haster’s advice, that the Red Sage was sick and weary, and hadn’t retreated. Instead, he had insisted on meeting with the Red Sage and confronted Haster with his sword. The result was devastating. Yes, Kraugel was defeated during the days when he was still called the sky above the sky. Back then, Kraugel had become a Sword Saint and just passed level 200. He hadn’t been able to defeat Haster.

Haster’s battle style was unique and creative as he used all sorts of weapons and could summon an ice curtain. His unpredictability and speed had disrupted Kraugel’s innate insight and super sensitivity several times. On the other hand, Kraugel’s erratic nature hadn’t worked with Haster, who relied on ‘sound’ to read the direction of attack and respond immediately. It allowed Kraugel to understand why Haster had been called the king of the gaming world in the past.

‘Now?’

Kraugel wanted to confirm it. Now that he had reached level 300 and achieved his third stats awakening, could he fight against Haster?

“...” Kraugel closed his eyes and the cabin deep in the mountains appeared in his mind. Haster was blocking his way. Kraugel fought him and was once again defeated.

“...He is the peak of the old gaming age.”

Haster was confronting the peak of the new age in order to win back his legacy, but could he steal the title from Grid who had already taken it? Kraugel closed his eyes again, and this time Grid appeared. The struggle lasted a long time until he opened his eyes again.

'I can't get used to defeat.'

Haster, Grid, and likely Agnus as well—they were the three people he couldn't overcome at present. Despite that, Kraugel's heart was filled with motivation instead of frustration.

"Tie up all those who resist! Don't threaten them and don't kill them! Remember that your opponents are civilians who can't harm us."

Oasis' unit entered a small village at the foothills. It was a village but it was no different from a hamlet. Oasis frowned. All the villagers seemed hungry because of the cold season. In fact, there was almost no food in the village storehouse. There were only small amounts of dried meat and boiled animal skins.

'I'm sorry.'

With the help of the Overgeared Kingdom, Valhalla had prevented an invasion from the empire and had raised its military strength for a year. In spite of this, it was inevitable that they would have to face the empire's invasion again, making Valhalla greatly poor. It was impossible for the internal economy to maintain at this level.

'We have to conquer other countries to live.'

The Ultina Kingdom bordering the Valhalla Kingdom was a potential threat. If Ultina joined with the empire for the invasion, Valhalla would have to fight in isolation. The purpose of Valhalla's conquest war was to absorb Ultina's economy while eliminating a rear threat.

Still, was it necessary to plunder them in the process? Even a small village like this? Should they incite the hatred of the people when they were planning to devour the whole kingdom? Oasis had doubts but it was answered by the power of Ares' Plundering skill.

[The Oasis Squad has succeeded in looting the food of Ren Village!]

[The effect of 'War King's Generosity has been activated!]

[War King Ares has made a proposal to the inhabitants of the village that has been looted! The residents of the village will be able to find more food than what was stolen! The inhabitants of the looted village had a deep respect for King Ares!]

[The morale of the Oasis Squad has risen sharply! All stats will increase by 5% while the morale is maintained. Stamina consumption will slow by 50%. The 'Courage' effect will be obtained. The squad won't shrink back even when meeting a strong enemy.]

"Uwaaaaahhhhh!" Oasis and the soldiers cheered with excitement. The power of Ares' growth type hidden class 'War King', which was currently at the unique rating, was the most special and unique amongst all the classes. Oasis had a deep faith in Ares. He had seen and learn many things under Ares and believed that Ares would help him become the Undefeated King's Descendant.

'I will also be a protagonist like Ares and Grid...'

One year—no, five years... No, it would be good even after ten years. Oasis was confident that his days of glory would come one day. He boasted a perseverance and determination that was beyond the ordinary.

"Who are you?" Oasis was directing the soldiers carrying food when two men suddenly appeared. The two men had their faces and names obscured by military helmets. At first, Oasis thought they were neighborhood youths, but their outfits were unusual. The sets of armor they wore underneath the cloaks were luxurious and excellent.

The mysterious men answered:

"I am a soldier."

"...? M-Me too."

"..."

How were they soldiers? One was wearing shabby leather armor while the other was dressed like a mountain hunter.

Oasis frowned and sent a signal to his soldiers, who surrounded the two men. "You are a wandering knight passing by who has paired up with a village youth who burns with a sense of justice. Valhalla's troops aren't something that small fries like you can deal with. I will let you keep your swords if you leave right now."

Currently, Oasis was one of the faces of Valhalla. There was a need for him to act dignified so that the Valhalla army wouldn't be despised by others.

"Acting strong while robbing a small village? Your Valhalla is a complete group of thugs!" One of the men shouted at Oasis who was warning them. It was the man in leather armor.

"Thugs? Take that back."

"It seems to be true based on your reaction?"

"You...!"

Then Oasis gave a signal. To think the great Valhalla that Ares founded was being compared to thugs? The furious soldiers simultaneously attacked the two men. After their morale boost, the attacks of the soldiers were threatening. These soldiers who trained under Ares were as firm as rocks, and it was hard to find a gap in their defenses. Moreover, their spears were sharp.

"Hoh." Asmophel was impressed. He didn't know that 'real' soldiers could be trained to this level. Nevertheless, he didn't panic. After all, Asmophel nurtured the Overgeared soldiers who were armed with items, so he saw Valhalla's soldiers as below the Overgeared soldiers.

Asmophel avoided five spears which came at him from different orbits, and he caught one of them by hand. As Asmophel swung the spear he now held, the soldier on the other end flew and broke his allies' formation. Meanwhile, Haster blocked the attacks with a curtain of ice, firing magic like bullets through

the cracking ice curtain. The soldiers had their armor pierced by the ice bullets and collapsed with loud screams, "Kuaaaack!"

Oasis felt astonished as the soldiers' formation broke in the blink of an eye.

'Where did these talented people come from?'

Was it because the soldiers were relatively weak, highlighting the skills of the two men? The mysterious men masquerading as soldiers were reminiscent of Grid. Originally, Oasis would've run away once he sensed how strong these people were. However, Oasis was now part of Valhalla, so he couldn't just leave the soldiers and retreat. Additionally, he had lost his fear because of the 'Courage' effect.

"You!" Oasis pulled out a sword and rushed toward Haster. Thanks to his 'Charge' skill, Oasis' speed was very fast and his momentum was fierce. Still, it wasn't enough to threaten Haster. He fired his horn bow and shot the front leg of the approaching horse.

"What?" Oasis' vision spun. Then Haster's sword aimed at Oasis as he fell.

The Undefeated King's sheath scoffed, -You aren't a threat to anyone now. You aren't qualified to handle my great power. I think the relationship between you and I will end here today.

"That..." Oasis gritted his teeth and twisted his waist. Did he want to take evasive action while falling in the air? It was a control that the usual Oasis would've never been able to achieve with his concentration and physical ability.

"I don't want to!" Oasis avoided Haster's attack in a breathtaking manner. He rolled across the ground and jumped back up. "I don't want to lose anymore!"

Oasis wanted to become the main character. He wanted to let everyone know that ordinary people like him could also come up to the big stage. The expression on Oasis' face wasn't ordinary as he raised his sword. Unfortunately, his opponent was too strong. No, his natural talent was bad. The level of skills he built up wasn't enough. The world wasn't that easy. Not everyone could become a protagonist.

[You have suffered serious damage!]

"Cough!"

"Oasis!"

A notification window popped up as he heard the screams of the soldiers. The pain came late.

"...?" Oasis' eyes trembled as he couldn't understand the present situation. What was this spear through his abdomen? When did this happen and who did it? Oasis slowly turned his head and saw a soldier in a military helmet. It was Haster. Haster had moved behind Oasis and stabbed him. He pulled out a sword and stabbed Oasis again without removing the spear, causing Oasis' body to slowly turn to gray.

[You have died.]

[This is considered a defeat.]

[You have lost your qualification to become the Undefeated King's descendant.]

[The voice of the Undefeated King can vaguely be heard.]

-I like your heart.

[The hidden class quest 'Undefeated King's Descendant' has changed to the '100,000 Army Swordsmanship' skill acquisition quest.]

-A loser also has his own oath. Shall we try a bit more?

The conditions for acquiring a legendary class were very tricky. It wasn't something that could be obtained by deliberately targeting it. Still, the S.A Group wasn't unreasonable enough to make the opportunity disappear after a single failure. There were new opportunities. No, in fact, Oasis received a more realistic opportunity as he died.

Meanwhile, Haster faced Asmophel. "I am thankful for your help. Aren't you looking for the old generation of Red Knights? I will help you."

There were loud roars from the distant capital. Valhalla's conquest war was in full swing.

Simultaneously, in the Overgeared Kingdom...

"I want to learn how to make jiangshi."

"Why do you want to learn?"

"I want to be qualified to be next to the benefactor who gave me a new opportunity. I... I want a friend. I am tired of the relationship where you only use each other."

"You did well to come," Grid greeted a welcome guest.

[Chapter 849](#)

Asmophel and Haster didn't bother following the fleeing soldiers. The inhabitants of the village were safe now, and it was unlikely that the soldiers would return to retaliate.

"You're going to help me? Can you leave here? Weren't you protecting the cabin for a reason?" Asmophel asked Haster, who had taken off the military helmet and returned it.

There was obviously a reason. Some of the skills that he learned from Master Winfred involved raising the level through 'meditation.' Additionally, Winfred had left a will saying that a person of distinction would visit here. Therefore, Haster had protected the cabin while waiting.

Now, it was time to leave. Haster's skill level was high enough, and his teacher's will seemed to be referring to Asmophel.

"I will leave now." Haster would say goodbye to the place that contained memories of his teacher. Then a notification window appeared before Haster, causing him to smile.

[Affinity with Asmophel has increased by 10.]

Asmophel gladly welcomed Haster. "It is reassuring to be with Winfred's disciple. I believe that we will help each other on the journey."

“Me too.”As he replied, a transparent orange shield was formed around Haster.

[All resources have been restored by the effect of the passive skill ‘Heroic Story.’ For one minute, your defense will increase in proportion to the amount of resources used within the past two minutes. In addition, a shield that negates all types of skills and magic damage will be maintained for 10 seconds.]

[Jiangshi Recipe]

[Category: Skill Book (Unique)]

-An old booklet containing the recipe for a steel jiangshi.

Conditions of Use: Daoist, Necromancer.]

Skills were mostly divided into two categories. They could be learned either through class-specific skills when their level went up or through acquiring them from hidden quests or skill books.

Of course, the value of the latter was higher. Unlike a class skill that could be acquired by raising the level, the skills acquired from quests and skill books were scarce. In particular, the higher the rating of the skill, the greater the versatility and power, as well as their astronomical value.

What about a unique-rated skill book?If it were placed on the auction site right now, the auction price would likely reach billions of won. The more assets the rankers accumulated, the greater the demand for items would be. Meanwhile, the supply remained unchanged. This meant the value of a Satisfy item was now several times higher than it was a few years ago.

“Are you giving this to me?” The 2nd ranked necromancer, Bullet, had been ignored by Agnus and then left the decaying Immortal after being used by Veradin. Now he was stunned. He hadn’t known that the jiangshi making method Grid talked about was a skill. Of course, he assumed it would be an item. He’d thought that a jiangshi-type monster would be summoned when certain items were used.

In fact, he hadn’t thought about it too deeply. Bullet had come to find Grid because of the expectations Grid had held in his gaze when he looked at Bullet, not because of his incomprehensible words about jiangshi production.

“Why me?” Bullet asked again while staring blankly. He was wary that this skill book would be poison. “It is pointless if you want me to tell you information about Agnus in exchange for this. I don’t know anything about him. Even if I did, I wouldn’t say it. I don’t want to mess with him. I’m sorry,”Bullet bowed deeply and apologized.

It was an apology for disappointing Grid, who had expectations toward Bullet despite them being enemies.

‘I am once again missing out on a bond.’Bullet’s expression was bitter as he looked down at the ground. He believed that Grid would be angry. After all, from Grid’s point of view, Bullet was protecting Agnus, who was an enemy.

However, Grid’s response was unexpected.“Why are you making a fuss on your own? Who wants something like that?”

“...?”

“I want you to be my colleague. This skill book is simply a bribe.”

Grid definitely knew that he was strong. He also trusted the Overgeared members, who were prominent in all areas. Still, this didn't mean that he felt no anxiety. His obsession with Kir wasn't due to being fearful of a future enemy. Rather, it was because Grid predicted that the Overgeared Kingdom, which was developing uniquely, would soon be isolated, so he wanted more strength. Since there was a limit of the strength of an individual, his desire to recruit talented people naturally increased, and Bullet was a good candidate to fulfill Grid's wishes.

Moreover, how long would Grid leave the unique-rated skill book that he'd received in the East Continent to rot away? He needed a good necromancer in the Overgeared Kingdom. However, most necromancer rankers belonged to Immortal, so he hadn't been able to find any talent. The 2nd ranked Bullet was a treasure that Grid had fortunately stumbled across.

“I already heard the story of Immortal and Veradin. Agnus never showed up while Immortal was being smashed.”

“...”

Grid had accidentally seen Bullet screaming at Veradin and knew the ideal that Bullet pursued was a fit for the Overgeared Kingdom. It was why he was certain about this.

“Join the Overgeared Guild. We need you. I need you.”

“...”

Grid's eyes didn't shake as he stared at Bullet. It was different from those who tried to rely on Bullet's strength and also from those who tried to exploit it. Grid was confident enough to make Bullet feel he was trustworthy. To think that there was such a firm belief despite them once being enemies... Bullet's heart thumped. He felt a type of respect for Grid that was different from what he felt for Agnus. “Thank you. In the future, the Overgeared Guild... No, Grid, I will repay your faith.”

Nevertheless, there was something Bullet had to make clear before that. “I will purchase the skill book at a reasonable price. It is too big a burden if I just receive this from you.”

He had seen more than one or two relationships destroyed because of money and didn't want to leave room for this at the very beginning. This decision was made based on Bullet's previous experience. However, Grid refused to accept it. “What if I don't want to? This is a skill book that I obtained from the East Continent.”

It was an item he had obtained after defeating the chief of the Lava Prison, the largest prison of the Cho Kingdom. The skill book was a rare item which couldn't be obtained twice.

“Do you think you can put a value on this skill book?”

“...”

Then what was Bullet supposed to do? Confused, he just stayed silent. Meanwhile, Grid showed a wicked smile. “I'll mortgage your life with this. You can never leave my side in the future.”

“What if I eat the skill book and run away?”

“Haven’t you already seen the result of the kill order? I will follow you to the ends of hell.”

“Haha...”

Should he pull out now? Bullet thought about it seriously, but he couldn’t overcome the temptation. His wish of a ‘precious bond’ caused him to feel a deep attraction to Grid’s offer.

[Necromancer ‘Bullet’ has joined Overgeared Guild One!]

[The ‘Jiangshi Recipe’ has been acquired.]

[The skill Jiangshi Production has been opened.]

[The skill Coffin Production has been opened.]

[The skill Jiangshi Control has been opened.]

[Jiangshi Production Lv. 1]

[You can turn a human body into a jiangshi. It can’t be produced from the body of another species, monster or animal.]

[If the level of the body is higher than the creator’s level, the jiangshi can’t be made.]

[The starting level of the steel jiangshi is 100 and the maximum level is 100 levels lower than the creator.]

[* The higher the skill level, the higher the variety of the jiangshi that can be created.]

[Skill Mana Consumption: 100% maximum mana.]

[Skill Cooldown Time: None.]

[Coffin Production]

[It is possible to produce coffins for the purpose of storing the jiangshi.]

[A coffin is required to control the jiangshi.]

[One coffin is consumed per jiangshi.]

[Resources Consumed: 1,000 mana.]

[Skill Ingredients Consumption: 12 spikes, 3 birch trees.]

[Coffin Production Time: 1 hour and 30 minutes.]

[Jiangshi Control Lv. 1]

[Passive.]

[You can have a maximum of two jiangshis.]

Once taken out of the coffin, the jiangshi can be active for up to three hours. After three hours, it should rest for three hours in the coffin. After death, the jiangshi needs to rest for 12 hours in the coffin.]

'Isn't this unbelievable?' Once Bullet saw the information of the newly learned skills and understood the concept of a jiangshi, he couldn't help feeling surprised. 'Won't it grow to be recognized as a unique presence like the death knights?'

There was a disadvantage in the fact that the level of the jiangshi was limited, but this was likely to be overcome once the level of Jiangshi Production increased. In other words, the jiangshi was classified as a top-grade undead.

"This is a great undead..."

"I told you. It was obtained from the East Continent."

Grid remembered the strength of the black horse jiangshi that had been the head of the Lava Prison. It was a monster that ordinary players couldn't afford to go against. If Bullet had several black horse jiangshis...

"Bullet, please work hard in the future. I will give as much support as you need."

"I will surely live up to your expectations...!" Bullet was overwhelmed by Grid's cheers. He was convinced that if he summoned the regular undead, which consumed the dominance stat, and the jiangshi which didn't consume the dominance stat, he would have an undead army that wasn't lacking compared to Agnus'. Bullet felt a sensation that went beyond his limits.

Once this happened, a bit of greed rose inside him. "I'll have to get a new necklace."

His current necklace was made with crow bones. This bone necklace had a large amethyst embedded in the center and was an accessory which raised a necromancer's dominance stat. The higher the rating, the higher the effect would be.

"Necklace? Do you know a good jewelry maker?" Grid asked Bullet, who planned to invest a lot of money in the necklace. The jewels acquired from the Belial raid were stuck in Grid's inventory. Grid hadn't been able to use the treasures which showed various effects because he couldn't find a suitable person to work on it.

Bullet nodded without hesitation. "I have a relationship with Princess."

"Princess?"

Why was a princess suddenly being mentioned? Bullet explained to Grid, "Oh, she is famous among the necromancers. There is a skilled jewelry maker who lives deep in the dungeon of Gerad Mountain and only makes necklaces. Her style and attitude are like those of a princess, so we call her 'Princess'."

"Introduce me to her."

"It will be difficult."

On the day that Grid and Bullet joined forces, Satisfy's communities heated up.

-Necromancer Rankings-

1st place – Veradin (No affiliation).

2nd place - Bullet (Overgeared Guild).

-After Muto, it is Bullet?

-The 2nd ranked necromancer joined the Overgeared Guild...This is big.

-Wasn't Bullet part of Immortal?

-He kept dying because of the kill order, so he surrendered and joined the Overgeared Guild...

-He has no guts. From the perspective of Immortal, he is a complete traitor.

-Are you condemning him for trying to find a way to live?Is this something to criticize?

-The Overgeared army + an undead army...

-Even if the old Seven Guilds are reunited, they won't be able to go against the Overgeared Guild.

-Isn't that obvious?Weren't the Seven Guilds slaughtered by the Overgeared Kingdom's farmers before?

-Ah... ——;; There was something like that.

-Where are people like Zibal and Seuron these days?

-They can only suck on the Overgeared member's fingers everyday.

-What about Agnus?

-Agnus is too elusive...

The current powerhouses, the old powerhouses, and the new powerhouses were destined to be discussed. Additionally, it was natural for the public to be interested in Agnus after he became a legend.

"Kilkik!" One man arrived before the giant mountain—Gerad Mountain—which contained six artificial dungeons. Eat Spicy Jokbal panicked as he confirmed that the dungeons were being destroyed one by one.

"Grid?" No, it wasn't. The invader was destroying the dungeons much faster than when the old Grid did it. "A dragon has appeared!"

Troubled, Eat Spicy Jokbal rushed off to Gerad Mountain.

[Chapter 850](#)

[An intruder has appeared in the 'Gerad 1st Dungeon'.]

The time between the warning message and the result was unusually short.

[The Gerad 1st Dungeon's first zone has been completely destroyed!]

[The Gerad 1st Dungeon's second zone has been completely destroyed...]

[The Gerad 1st Dungeon's third zone...]

[The Gerad 1st Dungeon has been completely destroyed!]

“What?”

There were a total of six dungeons installed in Gerad Mountain to defend the Princess. They were thoroughly designed to keep out invaders. Yet a single dungeon had been attacked in a few minutes and was now completely destroyed.

“Who...?”

It couldn't be a player when even Grid hadn't been able to break a dungeon so quickly. Particularly, the difficulty of the Gerad Dungeon was much higher than that of the Beware Dogs dungeon that Grid had hit in the past. How could a player beat the Gerad Dungeon in minutes? According to common sense, it was impossible.

“A dragon has appeared!”

The image of the dragon that appeared in the National Competition was still vivid in Eat Spicy Jokbal's mind. Perhaps a dragon had landed on top of Gerad Mountain, destroying some of the dungeons.

[An intruder has appeared in the 'Gerad 2nd Dungeon'.]

“It can't be a dragon!”

The attacker was targeting the dungeons sequentially. Eat Spicy Jokbal hurriedly prepared various potions and rushed to Gerad Mountain.

[You have entered the Gerad Dungeon (4).]

[The traps have been activated.]

It happened when he entered the fourth dungeon. Sharp spears appeared from the ground and walls on both sides, while a huge iron ball that was a few hundred kilograms heavy fell from the ceiling. This was a trap which would've killed hundreds of troops.

“Bah.” Yet Agnus just scoffed while Lich Mumud used a spell. He floated himself and Agnus into the air and covered them with a shield of shimmering light. The blades which hit the shield were crushed and cracked, while the ball which fell from the ceiling failed to penetrate the shield and rolled onto the ground. Agnus stepped onto the iron ball and looked down the long corridor of the dungeon. “It's a structure that only one person can pass through. Kik!”

The difficulty of the dungeon was rising rapidly. Unlike the first and second dungeons where he pushed through by summoning a large number of undead, the third dungeon became very narrow and the number of traps increased. Agnus had experienced all types of adventures, but he still found the Gerad Mountain dungeons considerably hard.

'I can't overuse Mumud.'

Agnus thought about it for a moment before waving his fingers. Then a skeleton emerged from the ground. It acted according to Agnus' will and stepped on the small path in front of his eyes. The moment

the skeleton entered the path, flames burned the skeleton. However, the skeleton kept stepping forward like it wasn't in pain. It took four steps before more flames emerged and the skeleton's body of bones was burned to ashes.

'It is a fire trap that deals 5,000 fixed damage every fourth block.'

Agnus waved his fingers again, and a new skeleton popped up at the fourth block. This was Death Chain, a unique skill of Baal's Contractor which created a new undead at the spot where the old one was destroyed. The second skeleton disappeared as soon as it reached the eighth block, and a new skeleton was born, reaching the 12th and final block. The 12th block exploded without emitting any flames.

[Your skeleton has received 20,000 damage and has been destroyed.]

The entire path was destroyed in the aftermath of the explosion, and the fire traps which had been installed up to the 11th block exploded in a chain, shaking the entire dungeon. Agnus was far away, so he didn't receive a single bit of damage.

"Kilkik!" Agnus laughed and walked leisurely through the damaged path. New skeletons were created at the next trap and the one after that.

At the top of the Gerad Mountain, there was a young girl—no, woman alone in a small dungeon. Her two dark eyes under her bangs were very large, while her face was small and looked like a doll's.

-Eat Spicy Jokbal: There is an enemy! Log out right now!

"..." The woman ignored Eat Spicy Jokbal's whisper. This place was her workshop. All the items and equipment she needed to make accessories were here. She couldn't leave this place.

-Eat Spicy Jokbal: Hey! Bokja!

Blood suddenly rose to the temples of the woman who was listening to Eat Spicy Jokbal's urging, and anger suddenly filled her eyes.

-Elizabeth: Stupid uncle! I told you not to call me by my real name!

-Eat Spicy Jokbal: It is because you didn't answer! Why are you chewing my ears off?!

There was a sense of urgency in Eat Spicy Jokbal's words.

-Eat Spicy Jokbal: The fifth dungeon is about to be breached! Log out right now!

He urged her again, but it was useless.

-Elizabeth: I don't want to!!

Bokja—no, Elizabeth had a certain sense of pride and responsibility as a jewelry maker. She was different from someone who made high-rated items easily because of their legendary class. Elizabeth was only able to make a few rare-rated ornaments with every few thousand normal-rated ornaments, and she had built up her current skills by making thousands of rare-rated and epic-rated ornaments.

She wanted to show confidence to the people who believed in her and requested for commissions, and this workshop was necessary for that.

-Elizabeth: I don't know who it is, but didn't the guest come because they need my skills? They might be an illegal trespasser, but it is only right for me to respond. Yet you want me to flee from my workshop?

-Eat Spicy Jokbal: It is fine if the opponent is a player! But...!

Who was it? What if it was a monster or a named NPC? It was hard to come to a conclusion, but he knew one thing for sure. Non-players wouldn't be able to accurately determine the value of his niece, and there was a high possibility that it was a malevolent person who would not hesitate to harm her.

-Eat Spicy Jokbal: Bokja...!

Either way, Eat Spicy Jokbal didn't want his niece to suffer. He knew how hard his niece had struggled in order to raise her production class. Even that was just a secondary problem. Most importantly, as her uncle, he didn't want her to go through terrible experiences like death threats. Eat Spicy Jokbal shouted her name as he headed for the Gerad Mountains.

-Elizabeth: The illegal intruder seems to be a player.

He received an unexpected whisper from his niece.

-Eat Spicy Jokbal: What? A player? Are there hundreds of them?

He was convinced that his dungeon couldn't be taken in such a short amount of time unless 10,00 of the top rankers had joined together. Elizabeth gave a reply to the confused Eat Spicy Jokbal.

-Elizabeth: No, just one.

-Eat Spicy Jokbal: This isn't the time to joke around!

-Elizabeth: His ID is Agnus.

-Eat Spicy Jokbal: What?

Eat Spicy Jokbal got goosebumps. Now, it wasn't surprising that the attacker who broke through the dungeons at the speed of light was just one player, and Eat Spicy Jokbal definitely didn't want his niece to face such a madman.

-Eat Spicy Jokbal: Close your eyes and block your ears! Don't interact with that crazy guy!

Eat Spicy Jokbal shouted with a pale face, but it was useless. It might be due to a late round of puberty or because she had just started university, but his niece's rebelliousness caused Eat Spicy Jokbal to feel dumbfounded every time.

[The target has blocked your whispers.]

"Dammit! That Agnus, I will kill him if he touches my niece!"

Eat Spicy Jokbal's face distorted like a demon's as his anger burst out. It was a great rage comparable to what he'd felt the day he lost Blood Carnival and the dragon egg.

“You are invading illegally without going through the proper procedures. Can a famous person act in such a violent manner?” Elizabeth’s hands were sweaty. It would be a lie if she said she wasn’t nervous, but Elizabeth tried to act unconcerned. After all, this place was her workshop. She needed it to be an accessories maker.

“It takes too long to go through those procedures.” Agnus approached her slowly. Unlike the rumors, he didn’t show any signs of madness. He looked at Elizabeth with a purely fierce expression like that of a bird of prey.

“W-What?” Elizabeth could no longer endure her nervousness as Agnus got closer. She took a few steps back.

“This.” Agnus handed her a red stone. It was a stone that was more beautiful than a ruby.

However, Elizabeth recognized the stone with a single glance and couldn’t appreciate its beauty. “The Stone of Life...!”

The Stone of Life—its name sounded good, but the truth was the opposite. This stone had a terrible identity. It was a symbol of death which could only be created by killing a young virgin and sealing 666 souls in her deceased heart.

“You recognize it. You can work on it, right?” There were expectations and hopes in Agnus’ eyes. This was the opposite of Agnus’ image.

Elizabeth asked cautiously, “What do you want to do with this? Do you intend to use it with the Amethyst Shield and Red Mirror to summon a high-ranking great demon?”

“No. I didn’t struggle so much for something like that,” Agnus denied it immediately.

Elizabeth didn’t believe him though. “What else could you use it for?”

It was her mistake to pry as Agnus reached the limits of his patience. Snap! He was filled with anger and grabbed Elizabeth by the collar. “You just have to do what I say. You have no right to reject. I will chase you for the rest of your life until you accept my commission.”

“You have no manners!” In the midst of being angry at Agnus’ wild words, Elizabeth suddenly stopped when she noticed there wasn’t any great force in the hands grabbing her collar. “You...”

Was a human capable of making such a sad expression? Alas, the moment that Elizabeth wanted to question Agnus this...

“You bastard!!” There came a roar from the entrance of the dungeon. It was Eat Spicy Jokbal. “Get your hands off that child right now!”

[You have become stronger in a dungeon!]

Eat Spicy Jokbal pulled out his sword and rushed madly at Agnus.

At the same time, Grid was following Bullet. Then there came a moment when Grid couldn’t stand it anymore, and he opened his mouth, “Hey.”

He had been seeing the same place for several hours already, yet there didn't seem to be a ward.

"Are you sure this is the way?"

"...I'm sorry."

"..."

"Don't worry. We will arrive soon. Probably."

"..." Grid was inwardly surprised.

He admired the fact that Bullet had managed to maintain his 2nd ranking despite being incapable of finding hunting grounds easily due to his terrible sense of direction. If it wasn't for this, wouldn't Bullet be the first ranked necromancer by now? Grid thought about this seriously as he continued walking with Bullet.

Then after a while, they arrived at the same place again.

"..."

The good news was that Grid wasn't simply wasting time. He continued to make underwear while walking.