

## Overgeared 941

### [Chapter 941](#)

"The president is expecting you."

"Do I look like a failure?"

"Haha. Your expression is aggressive. He just expects you to return to your original position."

"..."

Yura couldn't say that this would never happen. Her tightly closed coral lips showed no signs of shaking and the middle-aged man bowed deeply before leaving.

Yura was reminded of the meeting with her grandfather three months ago.

"Let's end this child's prank and come home. It is enough to play for five years."

"It isn't a joke or playing around. Grandfather, don't you know that Satisfy is a business dominating the world?"

"The business is done by those who created and are operating Satisfy. You are just one player. It is ridiculous if your pride is based on the tens of billions of won you earned as a player. You are just one of the billions of components making up the S.A Group."

One part. A consumable that could be replaced by anyone. Yura didn't deny it. She wasn't Grid or Kraugel. She had realized a long time ago that she wasn't a special person. This didn't mean she intended to give up easily.

Home was a place where she couldn't breathe. It was a cold and scary place. At her parents' funeral, she couldn't even see anyone's tears.

'Isn't this better? My granddaughter is a thousand times better than my stupid son.'

She still vividly remembered these words from the funeral. It was the voice of her grandfather.

"Being my successor is far better than your current situation in terms of both wealth and honor. Don't waste any more time and come back."

"I don't want to."

"My grandfather's grandfather founded this house and it was built up by all his descendants, including me. If it doesn't follow the legitimate line, who will it go to? You can't escape. Drop your futile stubbornness."

"There is my cousin. I hope you can stop your obsession with me. I'm serious, Grandfather."

"You want me to entrust it to that fool? Do you mean to throw away the family? Then I should take it as the responsibility of your parents, who gave birth to a scandalous person like you."

"Huh?"

Why was he bringing up people who had died all of a sudden? The old man smiled at his confused granddaughter. "I will take you out of the family register. On the day you depart for China, I will dig up the graves of your parents buried on my land and throw them into the river."

"Grandfather, they are your son and daughter-in-law."

"It doesn't matter since they are already dead."

Yura tried to maintain her composure but it was hard. Yura's dark eyes were losing their way. Her head was lowered as she spoke in a trembling voice, "I will send someone right now to move my parents elsewhere..."

"It is the cemetery of my family. Outsiders can't enter without my permission."

"Grandfather!"

"This year's National Competition will be held in China? Okay. Go ahead. In the meantime, I will dig up your parents' graves."

Yura's delicate jaw tightened. She stared at the table with bloodshot eyes and made a big decision. "I'm sure you have done enough research. PvP. It is one of the most prestigious events in the National Competition."

Grid and Kraugel. Only these two people had taken the top honour in the highest event. PvP was the stage of dreams. Thousands of people dreamt of challenging it but ended up leaving it as a dream.

"If I win a gold medal in PvP, I can enjoy greater wealth and honour than being Grandfather's successor. I will win a gold in PvP. Then please acknowledge me."

The old man's lips twisted. "Why should I listen to your suggestion?"

"If I can't win a gold medal in PvP, I will go home. I will actively start undergoing training to become the successor and swear that I will grow the family and company. If you don't even give me a chance and forcefully make me your successor, I can't guarantee what will happen to the family and the company after grandfather's death."

The one-sided deal he wanted was possible. However, the ending wouldn't be good. It was a clear threat. Was this scandalous? No, not at all. The old man was pleased. In this moment, his granddaughter was exactly like him in his youth. He was a young man who threatened his own blood to achieve his goal.

"Okay. I will accept the deal." Surprisingly, the old man readily accepted. It was because he investigated it in advance, just as Yura thought. He knew that the likelihood of Yura winning PvP was infinitely low. His granddaughter's talent wasn't in the game. "A gold medal in PvP. This is the only way you can be freed."

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"Where will he be playing?"

"One sure thing is the demon king subjugation."

As with every year, some changes were made to the rules of the 4th National Competition. One of them was a closed system for the players' events. In the previous competitions, the list of which events players were participating in was revealed. This year, it wasn't disclosed. In other words, no one knew what events a player was participating in unless they outright stated it.

This wasn't a bad system. The public's curiosity was provoked while the players struggled to find a way to avoid strong enemies.

It was now the last day of the National Competition. People discussed where Kraugel would use his remaining two tickets. This discussion itself was funny for the public. Reporters from all over the world had excited expressions.

"One of the tickets must be used for the demon king subjugation event? Kraugel won't miss something that will allow him to win many medals."

"He will also be participating in PvP. I can't imagine a PvP event without Kraugel."

PvP was a sanctuary. It was the best stage to show off their skills and talents. The rankers who were confident in their abilities would definitely play in PvP. In particular, this year's PvP participation rate was high because Grid was absent. At the very least, they wouldn't die in one blow. There were naturally reporters who expected that Kraugel would participate in PvP.

However, there were only a few of them.

'They are reporters, right? Why are their levels so low?'

Most reporters who came to the National Competition were veterans. They collected data on the tendencies and relationships of the players and based on this, they were convinced of Kraugel's absence from PvP. It was speculated that Kraugel would go to breaking the H=hero and the demon king subjugation.

What was the reason? It was simple. This year there was no Grid in PvP. In order to make up for last year's defeat, Kraugel was likely to play in breaking the hero. He was going to defeat last year's Grid and prove his own growth.

'This will be an article.'

It was the reporters' thoughts that the Hero Grid would be several times stronger than the real Grid. Last year, Grid showed great control skills when defeating Hao in battlefield. However, that was the only time Grid fought without his items. There were many variables in the real world. Hao might've been in an unusually bad condition that day. There was also the possibility that Grid's condition was extraordinarily good or lucky on that day.

At the present time, when Grid's control wasn't proven to be the 'best', it was natural to think the Hero Grid controlled by the super AI would be more powerful. Could Kraugel beat that monster? It would be tough. One year's growth wasn't enough.

The reporters' hands were already itchy. They wanted to quickly write about Kraugel, who was defeated and frustrated by last year's Grid.

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“Focus on the Hero.”

This was Lee Gookrae’s instructions. It was an order from the top so it should be faithfully executed.

PD Bang Songkook of OGC obediently followed the order. He instructed all staff members to focus on the Hero. Thus, the broadcast of OGC Station was somewhat unusual.

The MCs of other stations predicted the players who would participate in Breaking the Hero and exploring the specs of those players, while OGC analyzed the video of Grid last year. Based on Grid’s specifications last year, they devoted themselves to guessing the hero’s stats and skills.

The cameras were centred on the Hero.

A man with black hair was standing on the plains. The sight of Grid not taking part in the National Competition this year made people feel sorry.

『 This year’s Hero feels a lot different from last year’s Hero. Last year’s Hero had high evasion and accuracy while his defense and health was normal even in terms of normal players. This year’s Hero has high defense and health, meaning he won’t receive much damage when attacked. Still, he isn’t that slow. If an AI controls this hard and fast body, the evasion rate will greatly soar. From the player’s perspective, the Hero will be hard to knock down. 』

『 That’s right. This could be called a survival-type boss monster. He has excellent basic defense, combined with the blood-sucking and recovery ability. He also creates shields under certain conditions... Oh, he is invincible. 』

『 The problem isn’t just survival. The attack power is very high. If the player allows one attack from the Hero, they will be in a critical condition. They can cope with the long movements of the sword dance but the performance of the skill is powerful and the burst of flames is immediate... 』

『 Didn’t Player Tarma die in one blow last year from the flames? 』

『 The reason why Player Tarma didn’t participate in this year’s National Competition must be due to the trauma... 』

Continuously hitting the Hero with skills wouldn’t kill him. On the other hand, they would fall into a critical state just from a basic attack. From the perspective of the players, there was no answer to defeating the Hero this year. At least, this was what the commentators thought.

『 Still, the players of the National Competition are representatives of their country and might have different feelings. 』

『 Right. Ordinary people like us can’t think of a strategy. Of course, a handful of players... 』

『 Jang Hyukmin, how many players do you expect to participate in Breaking the Hero this year? 』

『 Um... I think there will be around 10 people. 』

『 You are like me. It should be Kraugel, Chris, Zibal, Haster, Seuron, Pon, Regas, Katz, Damian and perhaps Peak Sword, who has an absurd attack power. These are the only people I can think of. 』

『 Well, we don't have to guess too much. There are 125 countries participating in this year's National Competition and the number of participants is over 1,000. There might be strong players we don't know of yet and there is room to defeat the hero. 』

『 As soon as you said this, the list of participants has been released. The players participating this year... Eh? 』

『 Hah. 』

The commentators were at a loss for words. The list of players was revealed on the holographic boards floating around Beijing Stadium. It was much shorter than the commentators expected.

『 Five people...? 』

Only five out of nearly 1,300 players...? The players expectations of Grid... No, it was a glimpse of how the players evaluated the AI controlling Grid.

'Is Grid on this level?'

'Is he that much worse than last year's Hero?'

'None of the Overgeared members showed up at all?'

The Overgeared members were people who watched Grid from right beside him. The fact that not one of the participated in breaking the hero...

Gulp. The sounds of gulping came from everywhere. Tens of thousands of spectators were silent as they watched the stage. Five players came up to the stage in turn. Sympathy was in the eyes of the people watching them. The players on stage were also agitated. The number of players was much smaller than expected and they started to wonder if they had failed to grasp something.

This was except for a single man.

"K-Kraugel...!"

"Wah! Kraugel!"

"Waaahhhhhhh!"

It was as the reporters expected. Kraugel chose breaking the hero instead of PvP. Now he was chasing someone. His goal was Grid.

"That bastard!"

"This makes me sad."

Zibal, Haster, Chris, etc. The big players who were afraid of Kraugel but felt competitive toward him either laughed or gritted their teeth. All of them had their pride thoroughly crushed. It was like Kraugel was telling them, 'You aren't worthy of my attention.'

## [Chapter 942](#)

"Waaaaahhhhh!"

There were doubts, amazement, silence and cheers. These were the reactions of the crowd filling Beijing Olympic Stadium. However, the American audience was still at the stage of doubt.

“What? Why is Kraugel here? Weren’t articles released yesterday about how he was going to participate in PvP?”

“Yes. I read the article and naturally thought he would be in PvP...”

“He won’t appear in PvP and will instead participate in the Demon King Subjugation?”

“Wouldn’t he be crazy if he didn’t?”

“Indeed...”

The American audiences started to notice the circumstances. Third-rate media outlets wrote provocative articles that Kraugel, Zibal and Haster would participate in PvP. They wanted huge traffic and wrote random things instead of the ‘truth’ that other media outlets released. The responsibility would be poured toward the third-rate media outlets so other companies took the opportunity to raise their traffic. Thus, the Americans were hooked by the large number of false articles.

“Aren’t the reporters a complete disgrace? I didn’t sleep yesterday because I was reading the report.”

“Me too. I couldn’t sleep because it felt like two gold medals were flying away. Thanks to that, I got drunk and now I have a hangover. In any case, it turned out well.”

“Yes, it is well done.”

It would be a crisis if the three strongest members of the US team participated in the same event. This was a good thing.

“Kraugel! Have strength! I’m cheering for you!”

The whole stadium seemed to shake as the American audience members started cheering.

On stage, Mei Xiao felt a great deal of pressure. “G-Great...”

Mei Xiao had attended many events in China. She felt confident that she was familiar with the audience members. However, the National Competition was in a different dimension. She felt tense because of the crowd of 100,000 spectators. The other participants had a similar reaction. So far, there had never been such enthusiastic support in the events they had participated in. Everybody was petrified.

However, the protagonist who made the crowd excited was calm. He approached his capsule with no expression, as if he wasn’t feeling nervous or excited. Mei Xiao shouted toward him, “E-Excuse me! Kraugel!”

“..?”

“C-Can I get a signature later on?”

In fact, she had intended to ask after the event. Yet she felt that Kraugel was getting further away as he walked toward the capsule. Kraugel was so distant it felt like they would never get another chance to talk. The other participants had the same request as Mei Xiao. He might’ve been defeated by Grid but

Kraugel's achievements over the years were phenomenal. Among the high rankers, Kraugel was the target of admiration. They wanted to get his signature and take a photo with him.

"..."

Kraugel didn't reply and entered the capsule like it was annoying. Unfortunately, the other participants also had to enter their capsules after the host urged them. The next time they woke up, they were in the Satisfy National Competition's dedicated server.

'Did it get caught on camera?'

'That damn Mei Xiao!'

Zhang Jian from China had asked Kraugel for a signature after being overwhelmed by the atmosphere. He was a popular star in China and got the nickname of 'Ice Prince' to match his cold appearance. Now this image could be ruined overnight.

'I should've asked after getting off the stage. Dammit. Dammit!'

At any rate, Mei Xiao was a problem. He really didn't like that girl. She was Hao's youngest sister, more popular than Zhang Jian and also had a bright personality that drove the atmosphere.

'Be prepared, Mei Xiao! I will defeat the Hero faster than you and flatten your high nose to the ground!'

The preparations were perfect. Zhang Jian had analyzed Grid's power in last year's PvP finals more than a thousand times. He also found the ideal game settings that fit him like a custom suit. He had been raising his level and equipped himself with legendary items dropped from bosses. He wouldn't be a match for the Grid of this year but he was confident that he could deal with the Grid of last year.

One year in reality was three years in the game and three years was never short. Hero Grid had his time stopped for three years. It was hard to believe the Hero Grid could defeat Zhang Jian who had been growing nonstop for three years. It was the normal way of thinking.

『 The first challenger, China's Zhang Jian has appeared! 』

The moment the host called out, Zhang Jian's body appeared online. The body covered in heavy armour fell to the ground and a loud sound was heard. Hero Grid was leaning against a tree and watched him with an interested look. It was completely different from the blank expression on last year's Hero.

This was a decisive hint. It was a hint that the AI of this year's Hero had an aggressive character. It was a big difference from the cool and calm personality of last year's Hero. The nature of the artificial intelligence had a profound impact on the way of combat. It might be the same name but the super artificial intelligence acted differently according to personality. If Zhang Jian had enough experience, he would've modified some of his plans the moment he saw the Hero's lively eyes.

However, Zhang Jian's experience was lacking. He couldn't see the difference between the artificial intelligence that controlled last year's Hero and the artificial intelligence in front of him. It was a defeat. Kraugel's artificial intelligence was cautious, and because of that, he gave up seizing the opportunity. Meanwhile, Grid's artificial intelligence was aggressive and didn't intend to yield. He rotated like a spinning top and cut twice in succession.

“...!?”

The moment the game began, Zhang Jian crossed a river and couldn't go back.

[You have blocked a powerful blow.]

[The durability of Crying Warrior's Sword has dropped by 78!]

[Your right wrist has been fractured!]

[You have suffered 2,900 damage.]

[You can't move your right hand for 15 seconds.]

'Isn't this crazy?'

Of course, he was aware of it in advance. Grid's attack power was crazy. There would be serious damage even if it was a basic attack. Yes, he knew this when he permitted the attack. Yet his defense wasn't sufficient? He had even selected accessories that increased his strength.

Grid's next attack was coming. This time it was a stab. Zhang Jian moved his sword from his right hand to his left hand and used a skill.

"Heavenly Body!"

It was a status skill. It was an avatar based skill that made him immune to physical conditions and reduced the damage received. Originally, he planned to use it at the end of the battle but he realized the fight would end immediately if he saved it. He blocked Grid's sword and Zhang Jian's counterattack followed.

Then Grid's cloak flapped in an unusual manner and four golden hands could be seen. Zhang Jian was struck by a bombardment of white flashes. It was magic that ignored magic resistance and the damage was overwhelming. Zhang Jian kept striking at Grid's chest.

"Who will die first...!"

It was a mud fight from now on. Zhang Jian used a strong attack buff and followed up with a cut.

[The target has received 5,380 damage.]

[The target has received 5,290 damage...]

'Isn't this crazy?'

He used an attack buff and wielded a legendary weapon, yet he only dealt this much damage? Zhang Jian's eyes shook and a dark smile appeared on Grid's face. It was a provocative smile, as if saying Zhang Jian was cute.

"You jerk!"

An artificial intelligence was taunting him? The anger of Zhang Jian, who had been crowned as a new hero candidate by billions of Chinese people, was boiling. However, this didn't last long. It was due to the flames around Grid's body. They were flames that burnt anyone who approached.



“Uwah!”

Zhang Jian screamed and involuntarily stepped back. It was because the damage of the flames accumulated faster than the damage of the sword.

“W-What... Heok!”

Zhang Jian retreated and used a sword technique to block Grid’s path as much as possible. Then he paled as he tried to take a potion. It was because Grid easily broke through the technique and reached him in an instant.

“G-Get lost!”

The frightened Zhang Jian started randomly using attack skills but it was useless. The strongest attacks of the famous ranker couldn’t penetrate Grid’s defense.

“Hahat!”

The Hero laughed like it was fun. He grabbed Zhang Jian’s face and Queen’s Flames of Hell exploded. It was only 1 minute and 13 seconds. This was the time it took for China’s rising star to be destroyed by the Grid of one year ago. The problem was that Grid’s health gauge remained almost unchanged. The people of China were silent from the big shock.

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『 Ahh! In the end, Player Mei Xiao was eliminated! 』

『 It was a breathtaking tightrope until the end, but this is the result. It is a shame. Still, Player Mei Xiao fought well enough. 』

Mei Xiao was different from the three players before her. She used a sharp iron whip and her magic power to charge at Grid like an angry bull. In five minutes, Grid’s health dropped by nearly 50%. Of course, it was a brilliant fight against Grid considering he had the recovery effect of Tiramet’s Belt and the First King title. Mei Xiao was clearly superior compared to the other participants who died within three minutes and couldn’t even scratch Grid’s health.

"Waaaaahhhh!"

The 100,000 spectators and billions of viewers around the world cheered for Mei Xiao. However, Grid sitting in the waiting room wasn’t inspired.

“It is a rough way of fighting.”

The Grid of one year ago. This year’s Hero seemed like a bulldozer under the control of the artificial intelligence. The only thing that pushed the opponents were Grid’s specs itself. There were no skills to admire. Grid smacked his lips together. He had been thinking of using the artificial intelligence as a means of study to improve his control. However, that regret only lasted a moment.

“Kraugel...”

Grid sat upright as soon as the last participant of Breaking the Hero appeared on the stage.

“...?”

Just like he did to the other participants, the Hero flew toward Kraugel. Kraugel avoided it and stepped on the Hero's body in the air. At the same time, the White Tiger Sword rose. The Hero's stomach was pierced and blood sprayed into the air. The Hero who had laughed at the other participants now had his lips firmly closed. The God Hands fired Magic Missiles at Kraugel and then armed themselves with Mjolnir.

“Wave!”

The Hero used a sword dance after landing on the ground and the energy rushed toward Kraugel. The Hero combined his high insight stat and the Slaughterer's Eye Patch to predict Kraugel's escape path in an exquisite manner. On the other hand, Kraugel had the Control Sword skill. Four swords emerged from Kraugel's inventory and tangled together with the God Hands.

"Perfect!"

Grid jumped up from his seat. Control Sword was a difficult skill. Unlike the God Hands, Kraugel needed to mentally control the swords to make them move. Last year's Kraugel couldn't fully utilize this. He made a mistake by trying to control the swords and lost concentration. This year was different. He was in complete control of his body and the swords. It was the control of five bodies using one mind.

Kraugel used White Light Steps and appeared behind the Hero. The Hero read this with insight and turned around, his sword moving. The two swords collided and black flames covered Kraugel while sharp stony thorns penetrated the Hero. No, it seemed to penetrate him. The Hero swiftly moved Lantier's Cloak and bounced back most of the thorns, which were classified as projectiles.

“...”

Everyone had their mouths shut. The billions of people were sweating as they focused on the screen. Then...

"That's it."

Grid was filled with joy. He stared with wide eyes, determined not to miss any moment of Kraugel's fight against the Hero.

### [Chapter 943](#)

It was natural to defeat the Hero. One year in real time. In Satisfy time, the Hero had stagnated for three years while the contestants made steady progress. Indeed, last year's Hero was defeated by many challengers. His fall reminded the world of how great the power of time was.

On the other hand, this year's Hero was different. He blocked the challenges of the famous powerhouses and cruelly slaughtered those who didn't understand who they were up against. This was the Hero's true nature. How powerful was the Overgeared King Grid, who made even time meaningless? People deeply questioned this and shook. The huge presence of the monster called Grid was eroding the entire planet.

However, Kraugel remained calm as he competed against the Hero. His time, efforts and development were denied but he didn't show despair. It seemed like he had been prepared a long time ago.

It was two years after becoming a Sword Saint. Kraugel, who had lost a lot and got back up, was much stronger than he was last year. He had a vast amount of knowledge and information accumulated during the process of becoming the peak of two billion users. The transformed Kraugel was like a fictional character who returned to the past and was living a second life. He started again from the beginning and was the only hope against the monster called Grid.

Kraugel neutralized the Hero's blow with Shedding and inserted his sheath into the ground.

"...?"

At the same time, the Hero's sword dance stopped. The skill was cancelled because the path of the footwork was blocked by Kraugel's sheath. What happened next? The Hero naturally reacted. He started a new sword dance. Kraugel's sheath blocked the path again. The same thing was repeated many times.

Kraugel was familiar with all of Grid's sword dances since last year. Nevertheless, the Hero didn't panic. Once all his footwork started being read, he responded by mixing them with false information. He corrected the path of the footwork in real time, using footwork that wasn't related to the sword dances in order to confuse Kraugel.

The Enlightenment Sword and White Tiger Sword collided without stopping. There were occasions where black flames hit Kraugel and stone thorns created wounds on the Hero. In the midst of this continued fighting, Kraugel drew out an additional sword. He summoned two new swords from his inventory while placing sheaths in the ground to seal off the Hero's footwork. Kraugel's swords and sheaths kept hitting the Hero.

"Kuek..."

Anger flared in the eyes of the Hero. He was agitated enough to express his emotions, making an opportunity for Kraugel. The insight-induced predictions became dull the moment the Hero lost his composure and the experienced Kraugel didn't miss it.

"Splitting the Sky."

It was the technique he learnt from Great Swordsman Piaro. The sword technique that dealt a deep wound to Great Demon Belial was released from Kraugel's sword after he avoided the Hero's attack.

"Cough!"

The Hero coughed up blood. Three bars disappeared from the health gauge, which was divided into 10 bars. The Hero had allowed a lot of hits throughout the battle. Thus, this sword technique was a considerable burden despite the Hero's high defense.

"...Am I seeing correctly right now?"

"What is this... Cutting off the sword dances with a sheath? How did he come up with that idea?"

"It isn't just the idea. The body will follow."

The majority of people didn't understand the battle but there were some who felt admiration. In particular, the impact on Chris was great since he was pursuing the ultimate swordsmanship.

‘The range of his thinking is different.’

At this point, he doubted the heavens. What was the reason for a monster called Grid after there was a genius called Kraugel? Then Lael’s voice was heard. “If the two of them were born in different eras, they wouldn’t be able to grow this far.”

Going beyond the limits. Grid and Kraugel recognized each other as rivals and were able to drive themselves to the limit because they were conscious of each other. They reached their present state by overcoming their limitations several times.

“Isn’t it the wish of heaven that a transcendent beyond a human is born? It is advising us to prepare for the attack of some huge enemy. Kuk, kukukuk... Sooner or later, the door of a second dimension might open on Earth.”

“Ah...? I see...”

Why did Lael come to the waiting room of another country and talk nonsense? Chris got goosebumps.

『 Blackening...! The true power of the Hero is being shown! 』

On the monitor, the Hero facing Kraugel turned black. His black hair rose as demonic energy appeared around him. It was the precursor to Transcend. The Hero moved away from Kraugel and started releasing sword energy. He subdued the enemy from the distance while opening up Cray’s Power, which had a 100% blood-sucking effect. The blood from the wounds formed red tails that threatened Kraugel. It was a huge momentum that seemed like it would kill anyone who came near. The God Hands were trying to get rid of the swords in the air. Kraugel was busy trying to control the swords while avoiding the bombardment.

‘Shedding doesn’t work.’

The Sword Saint’s passive skill Shedding was a technique where if he blocked the target’s attack with a sword type object, it would deflect it without him receiving any damage and had a certain probability of destroying the enemy’s stance. It was impossible for Shedding to cope with the energy blades that exploded at the moment of contact.

The duration of Transcend was approximately 30 seconds. Kraugel knew Grid and there was no way he could miss this. He planned to avoid the Hero, who increased his attack speed and attack power with Blackening and was bombarding him with Transcend.

Kraugel used True Clouds, his sword emitting a blue fog that erased his presence. Sparks of white magic power appeared in the sky above the blue fog. It was the Alarm spell. It was one of the abilities Grid could use when he had the mental power to afford it. The Hero had set the combination of Alarm + Magic Missile every time the cooldown ended since the battle started. This was an attack optimized to aim at the defenseless Kraugel.

The light came pouring down. Dozens of energy blades from Transcend came from the front while Magic Missiles poured from the sky.

‘Did he match the timing of the spell’s activation to Transcend?’

Kraugel was trapped between the magic and energy blades. He activated Super Sensitivity and retreated. He moved faster than the energy blades of Transcend. His appearance as he flew through the fog while blocking the Magic Missiles with Sword Curtain was fast and complex. The viewers found it hard to follow him.

However, the Hero utilized insight and the Slaughterer's Eye Patch to the limit and never lost sight of the target. The fog created by True Clouds, which disturbed his view and blocked detection, didn't show much effect. The continuous movements directly related to the consumption of stamina.

After confirming that no more Magic Missiles poured from the sky, Kraugel stopped and adjusted his sword. It was due to the 'Reveal Sharp Teeth' effect attached to the +8 White Tiger Sword that had grown to the unique rating. The Hero didn't miss this opening. He sensed that the target had stopped and pulled out the Ideal Dagger. His right hand held the Enlightenment Sword and the left hand held the Ideal Dagger.

"Quick Movements."

The Hero's agility was maximized. Now that it was useless, the Ideal Dagger was thrown through the air like a dart as the Hero fired six continuous energy blades at the frozen Kraugel. Kraugel twisted his back.

'Just a bit more.'

The attack speed was very fast. The energy blades poured down with almost no break. Kraugel waited until a breathtaking moment. He waited until more than 12 energy blades reached him. The number of energy blades that reached his nose was exactly 12. Kraugel swung his sword along with six additional swords.

Even so, the timing was a bit off. It was because one of the swords dealing with the God Hands was hit by the Ideal Dagger and flew away. The God Hand was temporarily freed and struck Kraugel's collarbone with Failure.

"Kuek...! Tearing the Sky!"

The storm of sword energy tore into the sky like a beast's claws. Four of the 18 energy blades pouring toward Kraugel hit him and the remaining 14 returned to the Hero. The Hero didn't intercept or avoid them. The direction of the counterattack Tearing the Sky was limited to above. The 14 deflected energy blades passed over the Hero's head and exploded.

『 Ah! He failed with his aim? 』

『 I think he lost his balance after allowing the God Hand's attack. The damage done by the energy blades seems quite big... 』

The commentators watching the situation felt pity as Kraugel walked through the fog. Unlike what the commentators thought, Kraugel accomplished his intentions. The series of explosions over the head caused a massive shock wave in the vicinity and caused the Hero's body to shake.

Kraugel stood in place and swung his sword. The distance between Kraugel and the Hero was approximately 15 meters. It was a distance that the sword couldn't cross. Still, not one person thought

that Kraugel was hitting the air. They knew about the sword that split apart the world. The neat cutting sound produced by Kraugel spread out into the distance.

The clouds in the sky...

The land between Kraugel and the Hero..

The things that made up the landscape were split in half, as if they were like that from the beginning. It was the effect of Space Sword, one of Kraugel's ultimate techniques.

"...!?"

The eyes of the Hero widened. This guy was learning.

#### [Chapter 944](#)

[Critical!!]

[The target has received 44,099 damage.]

[The target has suffered irreversible damage! All stats are reduced by 20% and all speeds are reduced by 50%!]

[The target has resisted.]

[The cutting has failed.]

[The target has exposed his weakness! If you hit the target within 30 seconds, an unconditional critical hit will be applied! The critical damage applied will be 1.5 times higher!]

[...!]

[!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!]

[Your powerful sword has separated the world!!!]

"...!?"

The Hero's stance collapsed. He knelt down and a fountain of blood spurted from his chest and was absorbed into the red tail, as if the red tail was seeking more blood. This was an attack that ignored a certain amount of defense, dealt additional damage in proportion to the current health of the target, unconditionally applied a critical hit and had a high probability of activating the cutting effect.

The destructive power of Space Sword decreased the Hero's health gauge by five bars. The Hero immediately recovered a considerable amount of health due to the First King title but it was obviously huge damage due to the consumption value.

It happened when the gods were restoring the split apart world. Kraugel was used to the bitter taste of the potion that he had taken several times already and used White Light Steps. The Hero's red-purple aura was at its peak so Kraugel wanted to avoid a long battle.

A fierce battle ensued. The Hero used the silver thread in cooperation with the two red tails to attack Kraugel, like a spider attacking the prey caught in his web. However, the prey didn't get caught in the

web. He avoided the binding of the silver thread and the strikes of the red tails in one motion, linking it with a counterattack.

The Hero gritted his teeth. It was hard for him to use his footwork because the swords that emerged from Kraugel's inventory were stabbed into the floor, blocking the path and making it difficult to use a skill. In the end, the Hero swapped weapons to Grid's Greatsword.

Then instead of Cray's Power, he pulled out Yetima's Power. The Direct Descendant's Sword, which was activated when a greatsword was equipped, fell like a lightning bolt. The vibration of the atmosphere when the greatsword fell physically pressured Kraugel and forced him to put on the brakes.

"Kuek...!"

It was only a cut on the shoulder but Kraugel lost one-sixth of his health from the blow. Considering the inherent characteristic of a Sword Saint to decrease the damage of sword type weapons and the effect of Impenetrable Skin that he obtained after reaching level 300, it was a damage that couldn't be denied.

The battle continued. The Direct Descendant's Sword was on cooldown so the Hero once again swapped to the Enlightenment Sword and opened Cray's Power. Kraugel took a potion from time to time and gradually showed resistance to the black flames. The characteristic of a Sword Saint allowed him to communicate with the Enlightenment Sword and he started to read the timing of when the Enlightenment Sword would release the flames.

"Belial's Power. Queen of Mocking and Violation."

The Hero turned off his safety device once his health fell below 40%. There were suddenly two heroes.

『 What...! 』

『 G-Grid is able to summon clones!! 』

『 T-T-They might be illusions but... 』

Having clones was similar to an assassin's skill. It was already unbelievable that the blacksmith Grid could use swordsmanship and magic. Now the assassin's skills were added. The impact on the commentators and the crowd was great. The disturbed commentators stuttered while some distracted audience members poured their drink on the person in front of them.

Meanwhile, Kraugel was calm. His Super Sensitivity had reached a high level and this allowed him to tell which one was the main body. It was a lie to say he wasn't concerned about the existence of the clone but the sky who looked down on the earth from above wasn't easily shaken.

"I understood it at the end of my admiration."

Kraugel's body started to be covered with silver energy. It was the activation of his stage three buff skill. Kraugel, who became as sharp as a sword, cut through the Hero's clone and approached the main body. The Hero was using Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. There was a powerful stab, filled with enough strength to destroy all life in the space it hit.

"I have become one after understanding."

Kraugel's body was solid as he used 'Wear the Sword' and integrated with it. The attack was unable to pierce his body. Instead, the durability of the White Tiger Sword dropped sharply.

"Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle!"

The Hero had God's Command activated. He used the ultimate attack twice in a row to continuously damage Kraugel's White Tiger Sword. Noticeable cracks appeared on the White Tiger Sword but Kraugel wasn't nervous. He was aiming to end the battle.

"I am a sword and there is nothing I can't cut."

The last verse was over and the 'Poem Praising the Sword' was complete. It was a buff that when equipping a sword, 5~11 times the attack power was added to the next skill.

"Transcend Storm Sword."

A storm of silver and green energy started to mangle the Hero. The Hero naturally responded with Revolve but Transcend Storm Sword was a multi-stage skill. Only the first stage was countered while the rest of the stages hit the Hero. The God Hands flew to block the Hero but they were once again blocked by the sword.

"Kuaaaaah!"

The Hero screamed. He was struggling to cope with this pain when poison rose from his armor. It was an option attached to Valhalla of Infinite Affection. Nevertheless, Sword Saint Kraugel was over level 300 and could use Immune to Ten Thousand Poisons as well as the passive Impenetrable Skin. Poison was useless on him.

Four bars, three bars, two bars, one bar. The effect of Transcend Storm Sword lasted 1.5 seconds but the Hero's health gauge fell by a huge amount. Then once it fell to 10%, it was restored to 30% thanks to Tiramet's Power.

"What is this...?"

"Is this real...?"

The people predicted the Hero's victory. It was because every time the clone's health gauge fell by one bar, the Hero's clones increased. At this moment, Kraugel looked like someone who opened the Pandora's Box that shouldn't be opened, not a challenger about to win. The moment that Transcend Storm Sword ended, a smile appeared on the Hero's face.

The four clones around Kraugel activated the skill attached to Valhalla, Moving Fortress. They used the wide area skill Impregnable, which would release half of all damage that the Hero suffered in the last 5 minutes in a radius of 50 metres. A total of five skills overlapped, resulting in a huge explosion. Pine trees disappeared instantly, cliffs flew away and no traces of Kraugel could be found.

The hundreds of cameras shooting in real time shook like crazy, making the 100,000 spectators and billions of viewers feel nauseous.

"Crazy..."



The first person to recover his spirit was Grid in the waiting room. He was impressed with the creativity of the Hero who linked Queen's Distortion and Impregnable. He felt the thrill of learning how to use skills and items in ways he would've never thought of.

At the same time.

"Kraugel?"

He hurried to find his competitor. Then he saw the appearance of Kraugel rising high into the sky. Wings of light stretched from his back. Sometimes they flashed white and sometimes black.

"This is..."

Kraugel muttered with a distorted expression. It was remarkable when considering his personality, which avoided expressing emotions. Anger. It was anger toward himself.

"Ruson's Power!"

The Hero on the ground perceived the risk. He entered the 'hunger' state due to Kraugel's blood and his movement speed greatly increased. Then he used Fly to reach Kraugel. He approached while moving to the left and right in unnatural trajectories at a speed that couldn't be followed with the naked eye. It was brilliant and intimidating.

-Linked Kill.

-Transcended Link.

-Pinnacle Kill.

-Wave.

-Pinnacle.

The voice of the Hero, which was recorded using the Alarm spell, rang from all directions. Kraugel had to be confused by the illusion that he was surrounded by dozens of heroes. It would be a big mess if he couldn't keep up with the Hero who was constantly changing positions.

Nevertheless, Kraugel wasn't confused. The Hero couldn't deceive his senses.

"Falling Sword."

37 swords emerged from Kraugel's inventory. The swords spread out like a fan and poured down like rain towards the Hero. The Hero's judgment was quick. He immediately used Freely Move to avoid all 37 swords and approached Kraugel. Of course, he was completing his footwork at the same time.

"Grab the Adam's Apple."

"...Cough!"

Kraugel's action was faster than the sword dance. The cracked White Tiger Sword pierced the heart of the Hero, who was caught in a tight grip. The Hero entered the immortal state while the winged Kraugel opened the distance. Six seconds later. Kraugel recovered all four swords he had directed against the God Hands and aimed them at the Hero. The Hero was unable to withstand the bombardment and died.

That was the moment when Kraugel won. The Grid of one year ago was defeated by today's Kraugel.

"Waaahhhhhhh!"

There was thunderous applause. The 100,000 spectators filling Beijing Olympic Stadium stood up to give a standing ovation. Not a single person was sitting and it was an unprecedented spectacular sight.

"You've suffered." Grid in the waiting room also stood up and clapped. The awe and praise he gave Kraugel were sincere. There wasn't a single bit of pretenses. "I knew you would win."

Duguen!Duguen!Duguen! Grid's heart seemed like it was about to burst. He wanted to run to the stage right now and apply for a duel with Kraugel.

"...Even so, I have to endure it."

Grid watched his trembling and sweating hands and eagerly hoped for the demon king's subjugation to start. In this day, Korea's Eat Spicy Jokbal won a gold medal in the escape the labyrinth event while Carrie of Australia and Richter of Canada won gold medals in block building and tree cutting respectively.

From the United States and China's viewpoint, the medals situation was very messy. The 4th National Competition only had the PvP and demon king subjugation events remaining. The first ranked country was still unconfirmed. It was too much of a variable when a minimum of five gold medals could emerge in the demon king's subjugation. The PvP gold medal was also important.

"The PvP medal is obviously mine."

"..."

Zibal, who had the hidden card of his magic machine, was as strong as usual. However, Haster was mute. The zipper across his mouth was closed all day. He had realized that the confrontation he had a long time ago with Kraugel was fake.

'In the first place, I wasn't worth dealing with?'

However, he couldn't deny it. The only one who mattered to Kraugel was Grid. Haster hadn't reached them yet. The world that he had been seeing was too narrow. Everything was ruined and Haster withdrew from PvP. It would be embarrassing and humiliating to expose himself to the world in his current state.

On the other hand, Zibal's nose rose even higher. "Did he resign because he was scared? Well, it couldn't be helped since he knew my real strength."

If he knew this would happen, he would've hidden his magic machine during the selection test.

"This year's PvP is going to be boring."

Zibal felt regret.

## [Chapter 945](#)

The communities around the world were boiling.

-The way he used his skills made it hard for the Hero to react.

--Wow ⇨ ⇨ While fighting, it seemed that the distance between the Hero and the God Hands gradually increased ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ It is due to Control Sword.

-Is Control Sword really controlled by Kraugel?

-What?Are you nuts?Of course it is.

-Wow!He moved to the left and did something to block the Hero's view.

-Every time he uses the sheath, his body is so elastic. —;

It was immediately after the Breaking the Hero event. The topic that revitalized the communities was naturally Kraugel and the Breaking the Hero event. People repeatedly watched Kraugel's combat video and tried to analyze his methods and intentions. They tried to learn by sharing opinions with each other.

In the meantime, a new dispute arose.

-Grid didn't participate in the National Competition because he was afraid of Kraugel.

There were people who called Grid's absence from the National Competition as a 'cowardly' means of defending his title. It was reasonable to interpret it like this. Grid's level increase in the rankings in the past year had been small. This was the basis for the idea that this year's Grid was similar to last year's Grid. It encouraged the idea that Kraugel, who defeated the Hero, was stronger.

-Grid can't help it.He has to rule over his country while doing blacksmithing work. The amount of time he has to grow is small.

"I think your rage will burst if you look at the Internet?"

Shin Youngwoo slowly looked up from his phone from where he was sitting in a spacious waiting room. The person who knocked and entered was the S.A Group's team leader, Yoon Nahee, who shook a lunch bag.

"Do you want to eat?"

"Of course."

Yoon Nahee felt different from the time he met her at the S.A Group's headquarters. There was a smile on her face instead of a business-like expression and she wore blue jeans and a white t-shirt instead of her office attire. She seemed to be enjoying her trip to China. She was a considerable beauty. The problem was that Grid had adapted to the beauty of Yura, Jishuka, Sehee and Yerim. Youngwoo only vaguely felt that his vision had grown too big.

"Aren't you frustrated by the people's reactions?"

"What?"

"Despite Youngwoo-ssi showing something new every year, people continue to disparage you. In many cases, they distort the truth."

There were many strange people on the Internet. People who were anonymous sometimes showed a psychopathic temperament. They spoke nonsense just to relieve their stress. However, from a certain point in time, Youngwoo had stopped worrying about the Internet's response.

"It is like that. On the Internet, there are people who call Lim Cheolho a stone head."

"Stone head? The chairman is a stone head?"

Lim Cheolho was the founder of a virtual reality world. He wasn't recognized as just the world's best scientist but the best scientist ever. Of course, even Lim Cheolho knew it wasn't perfect. He was only exceptional in his own field. He had many ordinary parts. Even so, it was unexpected for him to be called stupid. This was quite fresh and funny.

"In fact, he is called a stone, not a stone head..."

"Stone... Pffft!" Yoon Nahee burst out laughing. She grabbed her belly and laughed loudly. The atmosphere of the two people was cheerful as they ate. Team Leader Yoon Nahee had watched Grid for a long time and knew Youngwoo very well. Youngwoo was also familiar with her. They got closer this year while preparing for the Demon King project.

"Have you been watching the last four days? Many rankers this year have passed level 330 and their skill levels have risen. Can you fight against them alone?"

"Um..."

Youngwoo thought about it while enjoying the overflowing juices of the Beijing duck. Certainly, the level of the players had increased sharply. In particular, the growth of normal classes and hidden classes had reduced. Unlike the hidden classes, who got good skills from the beginning, the normal classes got more skills and characteristics as they raised their level. This narrowed the gap between classes.

The gap was closing. The words that Lim Cheolho said a long time ago were becoming a reality.

"At first, I thought it would be easy. Now I am feeling a lot of tension." Youngwoo replied honestly as he ate the fried rice. He looked at the growth of the other players during this year's National Competition and was forced to acknowledge their skills.

"However."

"...?"

"Nevertheless, I don't think I will lose."

The gap was closing? There was no need to worry about that. Not all hidden classes were the same and few people could persistently try without giving up. Look around now. People gave up on quitting smoking, drinking or on their diets every day.

Youngwoo's face was red as he spoke confidently and drank the jjampong soup. The soup that Youngwoo drank was Malatang, not jjampong. They were distinctively different foods. He started sweating as he spoke in a quivering voice.

"...W-Water. Hiccup!"

'He is like the chairman.'

They were confident because they were the best in their fields, but they had a bad side in everyday life. It was a personality that she couldn't hate. Yoon Nahee smiled and handed him a bottle of water.

"400 against 1. I'm looking forward to it."

400 rankers from 125 countries against the lone Grid. The fact that the result was hard to predict was frightening.

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Grid's absence. This was the only reason why this year's PvP participation rate was so high.

'At least we won't die in one blow. I am also world-class if I can show my skills.'

467 people had these thoughts and participated in PvP. Only 64 of them were selected to appear on stage. The 403 people eliminated in the preliminary round felt a big shock. The US players, excluding Kraugel, the Overgeared members like Pon, Seuron of Argentina, Bubbat of Turkey, Damian of Japan, Goshar of India, Everton of New Zealand etc. They directly experienced the skills of those they had been watching from afar and realized there were insurmountable walls that could never be overcome.

"This is strange. Wasn't everyone below Grid and Kraugel supposed to be equal?"

"There is a class division everywhere we go."

"Shit! I can't admit it! I'm not weak! It is ridiculous!"

"...It is a shock. Experiencing it directly is completely different from just watching."

The difference wasn't always the same. Goshar of India was a person who had been eliminated from the PvP qualifiers every year. His career was poor compared to the high evaluations that other rankers and experts gave him. Thus, he knew it was a bubble. Then what was this?

"Yohohoho! I am a giant!"

The magic that Goshar summoned while laughing oddly was on a different level. He was almost a slaughterer in the preliminaries.

"..."

In fact, Goshar was strong. His opponent in the round of 64 was trapped in a sand castle and Goshar summoned a golem to kill him. He was ranked first among the earth magicians for a reason. The players who were eliminated from the preliminaries felt cheated. Goshar had deliberately been pretending to be weak for the last three years.

Of course, this was a big mistake. The reason why Goshar was eliminated from the preliminaries every year was because he met a stronger opponent early on. Yes, his luck was bad. However, this year's Goshar had a good feeling. His luck was very good during the preliminaries. His opponent for the round of 64 was weak and his next opponent for the round of 32 was Bubbat.

"Yohoho."

The round of 64 finished. Goshar laughed as he went on stage for the round of 32 and faced his opponent Bublat. Bublat had been devastated by the Chinese rookie called Zhang Zheng in PvP last year. Goshar wasn't afraid of the person who had already lost the promise of victory.

"Why do you participate in the PvP event every time? If you participated in the team events then you would be able to win a medal. Aren't the Turkish people quite frustrated? Yohohoho."

Bublat had a hidden class and was a strong player with powerful tanking and CC abilities. However, he was weak in a one-on-one match due to a lack of attack power. His clinging to PvP was truly poisonous. However, this year's Bublat was different.

"Yohoho... hik!"

The most important virtue for Bublat's initiator class was the ability to approach the enemy. The nature of the initiator was to open up the battlefield. The ability to tank was a basic and his resistance to abnormal conditions must be high. Goshar laid all sorts of earth magic on the ground to block the enemy's advance but Bublat easily approached.

In addition, this year's Bublat had Artina's Natural Disposition Gloves. It was a legendary item that boosted attack power in proportion of the wearer's defense. Thus, Bublat was able to make up for his lacking attack power.

"Hiyoouk...!Hik!"

It was safe to say that the battle was over when Bublat approached the magician Goshar. As a magician, he suffered from a lack of defense. Goshar was caught by Bublat's wicked hands and pushed to the ground. After a few minutes of being beaten up, Goshar died. Bublat scoffed as he easily advanced to the round of 16.

"A person who talks too much and can't back it up."

In that sense, Grid was a fearsome person. Every time he spat out some words, he swung his sword and killed the enemy instantly. Bublat gulped and shook his head as he recalled the time he was cut by Grid.

'This is really the last opportunity. I can aim for a medal in Grid's absence.'

Winning PvP was the dream of every high ranker. Bublat's motivation rose. This year, Kraugel wasn't participating in PvP. It was a heaven-sent opportunity.

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The PvP round of 16 ended.

'It's nerve-wracking.'

Grid, who was monitoring the competition, bit his lips as Yura emerged. It was because Yura seemed especially lonely and sad today. It felt like she was soaked in water. There was an illusion that it was only raining around her.

'What's wrong?'

Grid didn't express it but he usually cared a lot about Yura. He received her help in reality and in the game, so he thought about her more than once. Thus, he was worried. Today's Yura didn't look good.

'What's wrong?'

The contestants for the round of eight included Yura, Pon, Regas, Damian, Chris, Zibal, Seuron and Bubat. According to Grid's observations, they were all great talents. In particular, Damian was the worst opponent for Yura. It was because the field magic, Hell Summoning, normally raised the power of a Demon Slayer while applying a debuff to other people. However, this debuff wouldn't have an effect on Damian.

Yet Yura ended up meeting Damian in the round of eight. She was in an incomplete condition and met an opponent she couldn't beat.

"Yura."

Grid's ass kept shaking. He wanted to run to the side of Yura, who was swinging her sword like she was being chased by something.

"Eh...?"

Grid hesitated. On the screen, Yura blocked Damian's sword with her sword and fired her pistol, causing Damian's head to go back.

"Kuek...!"

Damian was very upset. It was natural to feel like this. A few months ago, Yura defeated Agnus and cleared the fourth class quest 'Old Enemy' and acquired the class mastery skill Swordsmanship of Light. It was the first time the pope saw her swordsmanship and the force of the bullets was also much higher.

"Divine Protection, Incarnation of Light, Light's Blessing, Goddess' Protection, Goddess' Blessing."

Damian used healing on himself and full-buffed without hesitation. It was the first time since facing Grid that he showed the 'true dignity of a pope' toward another player.

"Yura-san, sumimasen."

"I'm really sorry."

The shining divine power was cut by a jade light sword and the bullets danced. She was a legend, just like Grid and Kraugel. She also had the right to become accustomed to victory.

"Nightmare Ruminantion."

The path of penance was especially long. The light came to her too late. However, it was already too late to go back.

## [Chapter 946](#)

"Wahhhh!" The shouting never ended. The crowd was excited about the feast of techniques as the jade light sword and the bullets eliminated the buffs. Yura's strange power that neutralized Damian's

strength caused many people to feel astonished. Others were astonished by Damian's control as he responded to the rapid-fire bullets.

『 Player Yura's fighting power is equal to Kraugel in last year's drawing the sword event. I felt it at the time but her one-on-one talent is remarkable. Why hasn't she been playing in PvP? 』

『 Isn't South Korea lacking players? It was particularly worse one or two years ago. Every medal is necessary so she needs to avoid appearing in the same events as Grid. 』

『 Grid's absence is a chance for Yura. 』

『 We must revise our evaluation of Yura and South Korea. Grid is absent but South Korea is still 6th in the medal rankings. The number of silver and bronze medals is low but they got six gold medals. 』

『 Incredible. Now nobody can think of South Korea as a weak country. If Yura gets a gold in PvP and the others play a role in the demon king subjugation, won't they be able to take third place? 』

"Cough...!"

Damian eventually lost all buffs and was stabbed by the sword. Damian coughed up blood, blocked an incoming bullet with the shield and swung the sword hidden behind the shield. It was a fast-paced battle. Damian had interlocked their swords when he saw Yura's heavy eyes. As he blocked the muzzle aimed at his abdomen with the shield, he asked with a worried expression.

"You look agitated."

The probability of getting a gold medal was high if Damian and the other powerhouses entered events with low competition. However, the reason they participated in PvP was because they enjoyed it. It was a field where they could duel without fearing physical penalties. There was no reason not to be happy.

Then why did Yura look troubled? She seemed to feel anxiety and pain instead of enthusiasm and joy. This desperate appearance... it was hard to watch. She looked like a person standing on the edge of a cliff.

"Please tell me if you are having a hard time."

"...?"

"Grid's friend is my friend. If you need help then I am willing to offer it."

Damian was reluctant to use the skill Holy Sword Deployment that he acquired before the National Competition. He was reluctant to bring it out against Yura, whose state wasn't right. Of course, he wasn't looking down on her. Yura was so strong that he couldn't guarantee victory even if he used the skill. He just felt worried.

For the first time, a smile appeared on Yura's face. The smile was beautiful enough to be fatal. It made everything in the surrounding scenery black and white, apart from Yura herself.

"Thank you but I'll take care of it."



Swordsmanship of Light. It had higher attack power, accuracy rate and critical hit rate than the normal Weapons Mastery skill. It was the strongest mastery skill that removed a buff or even gave a debuff when consuming a 'great demon's sins'. The jade light around Yura's sword symbolized the inherent magic power of a Demon Slayer and gave the 'weakness' debuff after striking Damian's sword.

"Fight me with all your strength."

Yura had to win. She only needed results. Nevertheless, what was the point of a false victory? Could she confidently feel pride in it? Yura wanted Damian to stop hesitating and her heart was communicated to Damian.

"I understand."

Damian's left hand held the shield and started to light up. It was a white light that was like blazing flames.

"Holy Sword Deployment."

Damian overflowed with holy power as he shot toward Yura with full force.

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"Ha..."

Grid couldn't take his eyes off the confrontation between Yura and Damian. Damian had grown rapidly in the past few months while Yura was strong enough to be worrying. The confrontation between the two of them was as brilliant and fierce as the confrontation between Kraugel and the Hero. They weren't inferior to the candidates to win this year's PvP. Even Grid's blood was boiling. He had a desire to fight properly with them. It was unfortunate that Yura wasn't participating in the demon king subjugation.

"...Um."

The fight lasted for 15 minutes before it ended. Damian was greatly weakened after the holy sword ended while Yura's concentration increased. She exquisitely used Hell Leap to make Damian's shield meaningless and succeeded in piercing his weak spot.

Yura was left alone on stage. It was victory after a fierce battle but she still looked bitter and lonely. Of course, it was an expression that only Grid noticed. Yura was smiling and most people interpreted that she was happy. Grid had been with Yura for a long time and could glimpse the shadows in her smile.

"What is going on?"

Should he call her? No, he couldn't. They might be colleagues but it was strange to call her just because he was worried...

'Our relationship isn't that special. She might feel uncomfortable that I can tell just by looking at her face.'

She might laugh at him like Ahyoung. Even so, he couldn't stop worrying...

He hesitated while holding his phone.

“Youngwoo-ssi, let’s go!” Then Team Leader Yoon Nahee opened the door of the waiting room and prompted him. He had to make an appearance as the demon king. It was a sort of showcase for the demon king. Participation in the showcase was a clause stipulated in the contract signed by Grid.

“I’m going.”

Grid had delayed it by saying he wanted to see the confrontation between Yura and Damian. Now he hurriedly rose from his seat.

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The S.A Group was placing great significance on the demon king subjugation.

A world made by players. The demon king subjugation event contained the ideal that Lim Cheolho was pursuing. In addition, the nature of the event meant it had high commercial value and was highly anticipated. It was no surprise that many investments were made before the demon king subjugation even started.

“What?”

It was after the round of 8 was completed for PvP. The 100,000 excited spectators started to feel confused. The billions of viewers were embarrassed as well. The stage for PvP was suddenly swallowed up in darkness and a new stage appeared. It was a plains area with a towering castle.

“What is happening all of a sudden?”

"Is the stage changing for the semi-finals?"

People showed great interest. The spectators were unable to leave to go to the toilet and viewers couldn’t turn the channel. Now there were only important games left so people’s attention and concentration were at the maximum. That’s why the S.A Group had the demon king appear at this time.

“...?”

Music started to play. The grand, arrogant and provocative melody overwhelmed people, making them feel excited. There were people who noticed the identity of the musical instrument making the melody.

"A pipe organ..."

The final image of the National Competition’s opening video rushed into people’s mind. A young man leaned against a huge organ with thousands of pipes and arrogantly beckoned with a finger.

“Heok...!”

The organ, an enigmatic figure, the one event left and the demon king. All types of puzzle pieces aligned in people’s minds.

“Demon king...?”

"Demon king!!"

The correct answer popped out everywhere. Thunder appeared in the dark sky.

“Kukukuk.”

Someone appeared on the plains. It was a man wearing a grey mask. His head had one big horn and two small horns. The eyes underneath the mask were red, there were two wings on his back, his two hands were larger than his face and blade-like nails stretched out from his fingers.

He was the demon king.

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Regas was an ace of the Overgeared members and one of the favorites to win PvP. He won against famous powerhouses and suffered a setback in the quarter-finals. The opponent who knocked him down was Zibal. Zibal made a brilliant comeback. He was happy to shake off the stigma of being a punching bag for two years but this joy was short-lived.

“Tsk. They are doing everything these days.”

Zibal’s dissatisfaction was huge at the moment. It was because the attention of the people was focused on the appearance of the demon king instead of him.

“What is so great about the demon king?”

Originally, Zibal’s talent was in raids. He was proud of his unique ability to analyze the patterns of boss monsters and efficiently manage the party until he was pushed by Grid’s items. Now he had a hidden class and was confident in more than just raids. He was unhappy that the organizers were highlighting a ‘fake’ boss monster.

The minds of the other players were similar. The 400 participants of the demon king subjugation event. Many of those who joined the two minute show, the Demon King’s Appearance, weren’t pleased. In particular, those who were just eliminated from PvP were sensitive.

“Yoho! Do you want to play?” The 1st ranked earth magician, Goshar. After dropping out in the round of 32, he sat in the waiting room until he participated in the emergence of the demon king. Now he started casting spells. The participants were free to do whatever they wanted in the Demon King’s Appearance. There was nothing wrong with attacking the demon king who stood alone.

It happened when Goshar was about to cast spells at the man with the name ‘Demon King’ above his head.

[From now on, the audience will start voting!]

[If you make an impression and gain many votes in this event, you will receive a reward equal to a gold medal. However, the medals tally won’t be affected.]

“...?”

The players in this event weren’t aware of the voting beforehand. The annoyed players were motivated as soon as they saw the notification window.

Goshar laughed. “Yohohohut! The crowd’s votes are mine!”

The person who acted first would leave a strong impression on the audience! Goshar cast magic before the others and considered the group voting system to be a blessing.

“Giant’s Haaaand! Yohohoho.”

The moment that Goshar cast the spell, the ground turned to sand and the sand turned into a huge hand shape. At the same time.

[The magic spell has been discovered by the Demon King. The magic spell has been cancelled.]

[The demon king has duplicated your magic spell!]

“...H-Hiik?”

Goshar’s eyes widened and he became as hard as stone. The giant hand disappeared and a new one was summoned, the new hand fell toward Goshar’s head.

“...”

Goshar was crushed like a worm. The spectators and players couldn’t understand the situation and their mouths dropped open. Silence fell.

“Why don’t all of you come at once?” The demon king made a provocative remark. He waved his hand like the opening video.

“...This guy doesn’t know who he is facing.”

“He is a sad bastard.”

Some aggressive players acted. The magicians were forced to calm their temper but not the warriors. They pulled out their weapons and rushed at the demon king. He was an opponent they had to fight anyway. It was better to figure out the power of the demon king as much as possible during this short event.

Rain poured down from the thick clouds. In the rain, the demon king lightly tapped his fingers. A storm blew and dozens of thunderbolts fell from the sky. Dozens of players were hit and turned to rags.

“K...Kuoock...”

“F-Field magic...”

It destroyed magic and didn’t allow them access. The demon king’s dignity was beyond the expectations of the people. The tense players started to feel fear while the commentators were silent. The spectators and viewers were focused on the screen without leaving their seats.

At this moment, the whole world was watching the demon king. The demon king was a person familiar with being watched by people. It was because he had experienced it dozens of times. He spoke calmly, “If you don’t come then I will go to you.”

In the rain, the demon king pulled out a weapon that could either be a spear or a sword and flew toward the players.

[The Demon King’s Appearance event has ended.]

The message rose stating that the two minutes had ended and the demon king's body disappeared into the black fog. The remaining players were silent. Only a few rankers like Zibal, Seuron, Damian and the Overgeared members had shining eyes. However, one person was different.

'Grid...' The person who knew the identity of the demon king trembled. It was electrifying. The man noticed that the Demon King Grid was several times stronger than the Hero Grid.

A new notification window popped up.

[The audience voting has ended.]

[The winner of the most votes is the Demon King.]

#### [Chapter 947](#)

[The audience voting has ended.]

[The winner of the most votes is the Demon King.]

"What? What nonsense is this?"

It was an absurd notification window. Some players responded violently.

"A monster was included in the voting? Does this make sense? Why are they playing around with busy people?"

"Don't you know the nature of those S.A people? They didn't want to pay the compensation so they included the Demon King in the voting. They played us."

They were all elites who represented their country. No one cursed due to the weight of the stage called the National Competition. However, the atmosphere was terrible enough that it wouldn't be strange if there was cursing. The Demon King wasn't a player and it was right for him to be excluded from the voting. In the first place, they wouldn't have let the Demon King have an active role if they knew he was included in the voting.

It was the logic of the players. They protested that they shouldn't recognize the Demon King's votes. However, the S.A Group's reply was, "We never said the voting was limited to players."

The S.A Group that moved according to its own rules was famous for being a 'wall' and their logic couldn't be refuted. Furthermore, this situation was a positive for the majority of players. It was better for none of them to benefit than for one outstanding player to monopolize the rewards.

The players studied Kraugel. Kraugel was silent. He had an arrogant expression like he wasn't interested in the rewards from the beginning.

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"Thank you for your efforts." Yoon Nahee greeted Grid after he returned to the waiting room. She hadn't expected Grid to be this active.

Breaking down magic and duplicating it. Grid suspected that the S.A Group might've intervened in the probability of Magic Contemplation skill of the Duke of Wisdom, since the above aspects had a 50% and 4% chance of activating respectively.

'It is a game of luck.'

The perfect activation of Magic Contemplation was the good fortune due to the increase in his good luck stat. Grid prayed that he would walk a path of luck in the future and asked about something he doubted. "By the way, won't there be doubts over the Demon King being included in the voting?"

"What doubts?"

"That the Demon King is actually a player."

"It is hard to doubt that a monster is actually a player. Who would imagine that a player would be a raid target for 400 people?"

In the first place, Grid was covered in the skin of the Demon King. Grid's appearance, his items and his pets all looked different. The skill names and descriptions had also changed. The lightning storm used in the Demon King's Appearance event was also different from usual. For example, lava appeared on the ground and the sound from the sky was subtly different from usual. It was virtually impossible to doubt that the Demon King was a player and then associate that player with Grid.

"Then I'm glad."

Grid was reassured and sat in his spot with a light heart. The PvP semi-finals were about to begin.

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125 countries participated in the 4th National Competition. It was the largest scale so far. There were a total of 53 events that allowed players to showcase a wide variety of talents and provide a spectacle to the viewers. The result...

[Medals Status]

1st - United States (9 gold, 17 silver, 11 bronze).

2nd - China (7 gold, 5 silver, 7 bronze).

3rd - Canada (7 gold, 4 silver, 4 bronze).

4th - Russia (6 gold, 2 silver, 1 bronze).

5th - United Kingdom (6 gold, 1 silver, 5 bronze).

6th - South Korea (6 gold, 1 silver, 1 bronze).

7th - Japan (3 gold, 3 silver, 4 bronze).

8th - India (3 gold, 2 silver, 3 bronze).

9th - Brazil (1 gold, 1 silver, 0 bronze).

10th - Spain (1 gold, 0 silver, 1 bronze).

....

...

The dignity of the United States, the world's most powerful country, was revealed to the world. The United States boasted a pool of talent that couldn't be compared to other countries and swept up the medals in many events. The shocking fact was that not all American powerhouses participated in the National Competition.

The United States was the overwhelming first place country despite people like Hurent, Box and Asuka not participating. It was a superpower that could carry out selection trials for the National Competition, something that South Korea couldn't even imagine.

『 At this point, I realize how great Overgeared King Grid is. 』

『 I agree. Grid has the history of overcoming the terrible United States and placing South Korea in first place. 』

『 Players from all over the world must be watching the United States' solo play and missing Grid. 』

『 Haha. Still, there is no guarantee that the United States will keep being first. Isn't there still the PvP and Demon King Subjugation left? 』

『 In particular, up to 15 medals can be earned in the Demon King Subjugation. There are five gold medals so the US can't feel relieved. The rankings can change at any time... Ah, as I was speaking, the players entered. 』

『 After the shocking Demon King's Appearance event, it is the semi-finals of PvP! Now! It is starting! 』

\*\*\*

"Strong." This was Regas' impression after being eliminated from the quarter-finals. He didn't try to make any excuses. He knew that Zibal was stronger than him and admitted defeat.

'The person must be at least Faker-level to make Regas admit defeat without hesitation,' Chris thought.

Zibal. He was a monster who stood at 2nd in the rankings for more than three years after Satisfy opened. He was skilled enough to be elected as the leader of the seven guilds and in the field of PvE, he was a superior figure compared to Kraugel when Kraugel was the sky above the sky. He was evaluated to be relatively weak in PvP but this proved to be a misunderstanding.

In the 2nd National Competition, Zibal displayed outstanding skills in PvP. However, he couldn't use his skills when he met Grid or Kraugel and eventually gained the stigma of being a punching bag.

"...You have succeeded in a brilliant comeback." Chris smiled on the stage. They might have a bad relationship but they had a bond from living in the same era. Chris was deeply moved by Zibal's successful return. A quiet excitement filled him. "You must've been trying to death for two years."

"Yes. I tried until I almost died."

"...?"

Chris was stunned when Zibal answered honestly. He didn't know that the highly prideful Zibal would admit to putting all that effort into this. Honestly, he thought Zibal would disagree.

Zibal shrugged. "I'm not a genius like Grid or Kraugel, so I had to try as hard as I could. For two years, I let go of my ego and started from the bottom again. I've been through many dirty things but I've endured it."

"You have changed."

"Yes, I've changed. I will continue to change in the future. Well, let's stop talking here. I want to fight with the Demon King."

Zibal summoned a ride. It wasn't the two-headed hippo shown in the round of 64 and 32 or the pegasus shown in the quarter-finals. It was inanimate, an artifact instead of a living thing.

"Robot...?"

A crack appeared in the sky and a white robot with a seething aura descended. Its name was Raiders and the golden horns on both sides emitted light. An ancient relic, the magic machine. The 100,000 spectators, the commentators and the billions of viewers in front of the TV and computers couldn't close their mouths. The intensity of the shock they received was equal to when the Demon King appeared.

"At the very least, I will be the strongest this year."

His attitude showed that it was natural to be the strongest in Grid's absence.

"Zibal! Zibal! Zibal!"

The crowd of 100,000 people started to chant Zibal's name. The emergence of the humanoid weapon with a height of 5 meters was gorgeous and romantic enough to replace the strongest person who was absent.

[Synchronizing with Raiders.]

...

...

[Synchronization success!]

[Raiders is in operation!]

[Your maximum mana is too low!]

[The maximum time you can activate Raiders is 21 seconds.]

"I..." For the past two years. His hard work and patience were for this very moment. "I'm back!"

He boarded Raiders. He felt that the whole world was paying attention to him. A large, thick spear fell toward Chris' head.

[You have blocked a powerful blow.]



[The durability of Yetima's Greatsword has dropped by 108!]

[Both wrists have been fractured!]

[Your lower body has lost strength!]

[You have suffered 7,930 damage.]

[You can't move for 15 seconds.]

"Kuek...!" Chris' knees bent as he raised his greatsword above his head to block the blow. He had to open up the Tyrant's strength in order to withstand the weight of the giant spear.

[Tyrant's Strength has allowed you to withstand the status effects from the damage and increase attack power in exchange for defense.]

"Ohhhhhh!"

Wasn't it like David facing Goliath? Chris' appearance looked shabby against the giant spear but he was determined not to break. The 1st ranked player, Chris. He was the mountain that stood under Grid. He had no intention of giving up the top spot to anyone unless it was Grid. However...

[You have blocked a powerful blow.]

[The durability of Yetima's Greatsword has dropped by 79!]

[Your right wrist has been fractured!]

[You have suffered 6,030 damage.]

[You have blocked a powerful blow.]

[The durability of Yetima's Greatsword has dropped...!]

The mountain was eventually conquered.

[Your defense has failed!]

[You have suffered 28,090 damage.]

[The durability of the Silver Ogre's Armor has dropped by 190!]

[You have received internal injuries! All stats have fallen!]

Chris couldn't withstand the constant bombardment as the PvP stage was destroyed. An artifact made by the ancient humans who wanted to endure the raids of the great demons and archangels. It was impossible to bear with a body that hadn't yet become transcendent.

"You aren't weak." Zibal spoke as Chris struggled silently every time Raiders aimed at him. "I... No, Raiders is strong."

The sharp edge of the spear pierced Chris and the first game of the semi-finals ended in an unexpected manner.

"Zibal! Zibal! Zibal!"

The crowd was still chanting Zibal's name. The men's voices were particularly loud. A hero riding a robot. It was the romance of all men around the world, regardless of nationality and race.

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Pon, who just had the long reach of the spear to overpower his opponents, met Yura in the semi-finals and was defeated. The bullets shot at medium range were fatal. Pon's white horse was slow compared to Zibal. The white horse was successfully shot and Pon suffered a deadly blow after it died.

"Isn't it hard?"

"Well..."

Despite Yura entering the finals, South Korea had a funeral-like atmosphere. The citizens couldn't forget the white giant that broke the 1st ranked Chris like he was a toy. On the other hand, the dream where Yura won the gold medal in PvP and South Korea rose to 4th in the rankings had disappeared into bubbles.

In the midst of the people's disappointment, Yura's grandfather Lee Jinmyung was relieved. "That child's place isn't Satisfy."

Chairman Lee was one of the beneficiaries of an international law to prevent the S.A Group's economic monopoly. The Daejin Group, which had originally focused on the automobile business, was able to produce and distribute 7.3% of the Satisfy capsules in Northeast Asia due to its technological prowess. It was expanding its business in this area. However, Chairman Lee Jinmyung was 77 years old this year. He always said that he will live to be 120 years old but he had to admit that it was hard to lead a big company in his old age. A successor was required.

That's why he clung to Yura. Chairman Lee Jinmyung was aware of his granddaughter's business talents. Yura was well-known for being a genius and the image that she built up over time with the shareholders was excellent.

"That child must sit in my position. I can't give the company founded by my ancestors to those terrible people."

Only the leader of the Daejin Group could sit in this place. Lee Jinmyung grabbed the armrest of the cowhide chair with his wrinkled hands.

"Wahhhh!"

On the TV, he saw his granddaughter standing on the finals stage. His granddaughter fought and suffered. Her beautiful appearance was messed up as she was forced to one knee by the giant opponent and her blood poured down to the ground. Then she turned to ash.

"...Yes. Now it is all done." The chairman uttered a deep sigh as he watched his granddaughter's last match. His eyes were red and bloodshot as he leaned against the chair. He wanted his granddaughter to be defeated but he was upset by the result. He didn't feel pleased to see his proud bloodline fail and feel frustration.

Suddenly, he didn't want to be the chairman of the Daejin Group. He resented the responsibility he bore.

'...At this age, I have to bully my young granddaughter. Tsk.'

It was his son who left first. Truly a cruel person.

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"It is strange."

After the completion of the PvP event. Grid felt strange as he watched Yura wearing the silver medal. It was because Yura's expression was too detached. It looked like she had no regrets. Yura shouldn't show such a reaction based on her personality, which was hard on herself.

'Yura can't be satisfied with the silver medal...'

He was nervous. He was extremely nervous. His senses as man were telling him to contact her right away. However, how could a man who never had a relationship or knew love talk about 'senses.'

"Ah, I don't know. Why should I feel bad? Isn't it normal to say hello to a friend?"

It was a problem because he couldn't do such ordinary things. Grid made up his mind and pressed the call button. It was the first time he called a woman simply because he was worried, without any clear purpose. He was nervous and his heart thumped whenever he heard a beeping sound.

The fact that this one phone call was going to create the hottest issue of this year's National Competition...

No one knew.

### [Chapter 948](#)

"Rides are normally classified as pets but the magic machine seems different. Is it classified as an item?"

"What resources does it require to move? Based on the size and output, the magic machine should be able to operate for a long time if it uses external resources."

"I saw the symbol of the Saharan Empire on the magic machine. Doesn't this mean it is the possession of the empire? How big is Zibal's position in the empire that he can personally operate a magic machine? Is he attached to the royal family?"

"Does the empire have several magic machines?"

It was the ceremony after the PvP event ended. Zibal's press conference seemed to be flowing smoothly. The questions and answers were within the expected range. However, it was rare for reporters to stick to being gentlemanly. Most reporters wanted stimulating articles and the atmosphere deteriorated.

"Player Zibal! Why did you call the pegasus first during the finals? Did you determine that you could win against Yura without using the magic machine?"

In the semi-finals, Zibal met Chris and instantly summoned the magic machine. Then in the important finals, he summoned the pegasus and magic machine in succession, which led to many people

speculating. Zibal was poking fun at Yura. He intended to defeat Yura with the pegasus alone. It meant he thought that Yura was below Chris. Yura's legendary class was a pig wearing a pearl necklace, etc.

This issue arose due to people, who liked to disparage and criticize others, calling into question Yura's qualifications and the reporters dug into this part.

Zibal laughed. It was filled with obvious ridicule. It was at the reporter who asked the question and the viewers watching on the monitor. "Some of you might've already noticed but the pegasus has the characteristic of quickly consuming the enemy's resources like mana. The help of the pegasus is indispensable when it comes to suppressing Yura's utility."

In conclusion: "I didn't summon the pegasus because she was an easy opponent. I was forced to use the pegasus because she was a hard opponent."

Zibal raised Yura up. No, it was a reasonable evaluation. He wouldn't underestimate or mock a strong person who climbed to the finals and fought hard.

\*\*\*

Everything was over. She was no longer Player Yura. The more than five years she spent in Satisfy ended today.

"..."

Yura was swept away by her emotions and ran to the bathroom without completing the interview. She didn't even have the energy to blame her own incompetence.

'...In the end, I can't escape.'

Yura vividly remembered her father. He wasn't greedy and cherished time with his family the most. However, her grandfather forced him to be greedy. He ordered a sacrifice for the sake of the company, not the family. Her father was driven to accept that responsibility and gradually lost his energy.

Yura had felt sorry for her father despite being a young child. Of course, she didn't express it. She knew that her father wouldn't want sympathy from his young daughter. Yura played innocent. She tried to relieve her father's fatigue by acting as a beautiful daughter.

Thus, her father could be honest. "Father is working hard because I want you to be free, not because I'm afraid of your grandfather. Yura, you only have to do things that make you happy. Father will protect you."

It was a wish and promise to a young girl who knew nothing. This sincerity was deeply engraved in Yura's heart. It remained there even after years passed and she lost her parents in an accident. Yura longed for freedom and happiness while hoping to achieve her father's wish. That's why she felt it was fate when she encountered Satisfy. She sensed it was the only way to get away from her grandfather's obsession and find happiness.

In the end, the result was terrible. Yura had become like her father rather than achieving her father's wish.

How much time passed? Yura regained her mind when she felt her phone vibrating. The caller was obvious. It would be her grandfather. A person who didn't understand caring and how to concede. He only knew how to enforce responsibility. He probably wanted her to come back to South Korea right away.

"...?"

Yura's lonely eyes that lost their light turned to the LCD screen, only for her to freeze. The name of the caller displayed on the LCD was Shin Youngwoo, not her grandfather. It was someone she never had private contact with even though they knew each other for more than four years. A cold man who sometimes seemed full of affection but was usually heartless.

"..."

Yura hesitated to accept the call. It was likely that her mood would become worse if she accepted the call from Grid in such a difficult situation. There was only one reason why Grid would be calling. He called whenever he needed Yura's help.

'Now I'm not in a position to help Youngwoo-ssi.'

A person to depend on. Just as she felt like this toward Grid, she wanted Grid to feel the same way toward her. Yura previously helped Grid with such a heart and planned to continue in the future. However, now she wasn't sure she could be any help.

Two days, no, just one. She needed one day to organize her mind.

...This was what Yura thought.

"...Hello?" Nevertheless, she accepted the call. It was purely because she wanted to hear Grid's voice. It was a languid but powerful voice. Once she heard this voice, she felt a bit more energetic. Then...

-Are you okay?

Grid's voice was heard again. It was gentle, unlike his usual self.

"..."

Yura's cold voice started to heat up. She realized that her hand started to tremble the moment she felt this warmth. The only person she could depend on in this world was Grid.

-Tell me what is going on.

"What do you want me to say?"

-You are having a hard time. Don't keep acting. You didn't look good today.

"...I didn't look good?"

Since she started comforting her father, Yura knew that she acted well. However, both Damian and Grid noticed something.

'Father...' Yura was filled with emotion. She felt sorry toward her father who passed away while knowing that his daughter was acting. How unhappy and sad was her father when he realized that his young daughter was worried about him?

Grid's voice entered the ears of the crying Yura. It was a voice overflowing with latent power.

-I want to help you.No, I will help you.Say something.What can I do?

"...Thank you." Yura could feel it. Grid had the same heart as her. They had such a relationship. They trusted each other and wanted to help each other. Yet there were some things that couldn't be helped. For example, right now.

"Youngwoo-ssi."

-Yes?

"I will quit the game."

-...Huh?

"Thank you for everything."

\*\*\*

-I will quit the game!

This was once voted the number one phrase that parents wanted to hear from their child. Excessive gaming could ruin a person's life. There was a time when family members and friends would welcome it if someone said they were quitting the game. Now five years had passed since Satisfy was released and it was quite different.

Satisfy meant wealth, honor and even power. It was a time when parents encouraged their children to play Satisfy and Grid was the one who helped this age come about. That's why it was a shock. Grid couldn't accept Yura quitting the game. Putting aside personal relationships, Yura was a member of the Overgeared Guild and one of the greatest powers in the Overgeared Kingdom. It would be a big problem if she quit the game.

"Ah..." Grid's mind became blank as he remembered an article that caused an uproar in South Korea a few years back. Yura was the granddaughter of the Daejin Group's chairman. At the time, the chairman stated that he would bring his granddaughter into the company soon.

Grid remembered Lauel making a fuss about this news. He was worried that if Yura entered the company, she would have less time to play the game.

"...It will become reality."

It was even in the worst form. Why? What should he do? Grid's overloaded brain suddenly stopped. He belatedly recalled Yura's reassuring words to Lauel after the interview.

'Didn't she say... she didn't want to enter the company?'

First, it was necessary to confirm it. Grid called Yura back and asked two questions. "Are you entering the company? Is that what you want?"

-.....

There was no answer. This was enough for Grid. Grid pressed the end call button and typed something in the search bar. Once the last character finished, he found a message from Daejin Motors.

(I couldn't get in touch with you so I am leaving a message. Please become a new luxury brand model for Daejin Motors. I would like to meet and have a talk with you. Please call me back.

-Daejin Motors Public Relations Team Manager Choi Jingoo)

"Hello? Is this Choi Jingoo? I am Grid. Yes, yes. I will review it positively. Instead, please give me the contact details of the chairman."

The king of a kingdom and a legendary blacksmith. Grid held astronomical wealth and power. He was about to exert enormous influence in the real world's political and financial circles.

\*\*\*

"What? Grid?" Chairman Lee Jinmyung of the Daejin Group was surprised. Grid had refrained from appearing on CFs and broadcasts for the past two years. He wasn't someone who would move for money anymore. Due to his status as a king, he was more obsessed with honor than money. Rather than expose himself to the media and consume his image, he focused on building up achievements in Satisfy.

Now he contacted the chairman to become a model for Daejin Motors. It was an unexpected chance! This was a golden chance to promote Daejin Motor's luxury brand to the whole world.

'But...'

There was something that was on Lee Jinmyung's mind. Grid wouldn't want to talk to him for a one-sided reason. This was also shortly after Yura's loss in PvP.

"...I thought the rumour that my granddaughter is his lover was nonsense." Lee Jinmyung had thoroughly investigated the scandal between Grid and Yura. He was greatly disappointed when he found out it was just groundless rumours. Now he thought it might be true. "Let him know my contact details. No, no. It is better to contact him from my side. It would be good to have a relationship with the Overgeared King."

Let's hear what was going on. Lee Jinmyung thought about it and called Grid. "Is this Shin Youngwoo? I am Lee Jinmyung, the chairman of Daejin."

-Give me your granddaughter.

"...!!"

Chairman Lee Jinmyung jumped up from his seat at the words. His head was working at a tremendous pace that was worthy of the leader of a large company. He placed the value of Yura as his successor against giving Yura to Grid and thoroughly calculated it. The calculations were done quickly. Grid's value and potential were too big.

“When should I set the date?”

\*\*\*

-When should I set the date?

Grid clicked his tongue at the reply.

‘He is an impatient old man.’

They hadn’t even written the contract yet and he already wanted to set the date to shoot the CF? Well, it meant he was greedy. Yura would probably be allowed to continue playing the game.

“The date... I will leave that to you. Chairman-nim made the concession first so I will do my best.”

-Haha!You are going to leave the wedding to me?As expected of a hero who leads the era!

“..Wedding?”

Grid felt a chill because of the ridiculous word that emerged. Other people kept misunderstanding him as they pleased. Grid used his many experiences to realize that this situation was wrong.

“Wait a moment. You seem to have misunderstood something.”

-Misunderstood?

“I don’t mean that I will marry her. I’m just asking you not to take Yura.”

-...That doesn’t make any sense.

“I will sign a long-term contract with your company.”

He felt Chairman Lee Jinmyung flinch over the receiver. The chairman hesitated for a moment. Unfortunately, that hesitation ended quickly.

-...Aren’t you being somewhat arrogant?Your value this year isn’t as good as it is last year.This year you aren’t attending the National Competition so your value has fallen.I don’t know about last year but I’m not willing to let go of my granddaughter for the you of this year.

“If—”

-...?

“If I raise my value one step further in this year’s National Competition, will you positively think about it?”

-I suppose.However, aren’t you absent from this year’s National Competition?It is already irreversible.

“Demon King.”

-Demon King?

“I am the Demon King.”

-...!!



Chairman Lee Jinmyung was so surprised that he couldn't breathe. Grid continued without being aware of the chairman's red face and suffering.

"I will win the Demon King Subjugation event and then reveal my identity."

-...!!

He wasn't given a chance to breathe. Chairman Lee Jinmyung crossed halfway to the Jordan River.

### [Chapter 949](#)

The Overgeared Kingdom—it was still a small country in Satisfy, but when compared to Earth, it was larger than Japan. After the so-called 'Hexetia crisis', the population increased sharply and the economy boomed as they monopolized the blacksmithing market.

By the way, the owner of this country was a single player—Overgeared King Grid. As a king, he could exert power over tens of millions of people with one word or monopolize the resources distributed throughout the kingdom. It was possible for him to convert all the proceeds of the kingdom into cash in reality. This was the wealth of a nation.

The more time that passed, the more wealth Grid obtained.

The Daejin Group, which was 7th in the South Korean business circles, might become a shining star thanks to Grid. It was unconditionally good to be in a partnership with Grid. If Grid became the face of Daejin, he would imprint the name into the minds of billions of people. He would also be able to solidify Daejin's position on the international stage. In the end, it was a huge opportunity from the standpoint of the Daejin Group.

Chairman Lee Jinmyung barely recovered his dizzy spirit and replied to Grid, "...Understood. I will accept your offer. If you win in the Demon King subjugation event, I will sign a long-term contract with you and let Yura go."

He calculated that he didn't need to be obsessed with Yura if he could establish a partnership between Grid and Daejin. If he needed a blood relative, his second daughter's child still remained. He might be a person without the surname of Lee, but blood was still blood. Lee Jinmyung could make concessions about the surname if he had the halo called 'Grid.' Chairman Lee Jinmyung made a decision, and his heart became lighter.

"By the way..." He grinned at Daejin's bright future while asking Grid the most important question, "What is your relationship with Yura?"

Grid wouldn't go this far if they were just friends or colleagues. Chairman Lee Jinmyung was convinced that Grid and Yura were lovers like the rumor claimed or else Grid wouldn't come this far. Well, he wasn't advocating his bloodline, but his granddaughter was the most beautiful person in the world. Additionally, she was smart and virtuous. Any man would definitely like her.

The chairman was smiling like a snake when he heard Grid's reply.

-Well. I rely a lot on Yuram, but I don't know if she feels the same toward me.

"Rely on her...?"

-Once inside the game, Yura's strength is a great help. In reality, I don't have a good social life. I received a lot of advice from Yura about the media and tax matters.

"And?"

-Huh?

"Is that the end?"

-Yes...

"Wasn't there a scandal between the two of you? I heard that my granddaughter stayed at your house for a while?"

It was a fact he had learned from investigating both of them. During the 1st National Competition, his granddaughter had stayed overnight at Grid's house. Grid's confused voice rang out, -A-At the time, nothing happened. Yura was too drunk and I was forced to bring her home to sleep. My parents were at home. Nothing happened, really.

"...!!" Lee Jinmyung squeezed the phone in his hand. It was an obvious manifestation of his rage.

Was Grid someone with bad eyes? It was a part the chairman wasn't satisfied with and hadn't included in his calculations. However, he had no thought of going back on his promise. Grid's value was too great, even if he had some defects.

"Sigh... Well, I understand. Then I wish you luck. The moment you reveal your identity as the Demon King, there will be a flood of articles about your contract with Daejin. However, please keep one thing in mind. You shouldn't expose your identity until the dramatic reveal."

-That's also what I want.

The first step was done correctly. The details of the contract could be worked out after the Demon King subjugation.

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"You have worked hard."

"It's too bad."

"What is with the terrible congratulations? What's wrong with a silver medal? This is second in the world, second. Wow~ you are really cool."

"I'm not saying a silver medal is bad. It is just disappointing compared to Yura's abilities."

"That's right. She could've won the gold medal."

Inside the South Korean team's waiting room, her colleagues welcomed Yura's return after PvP ended. Getting second in PvP was a feat that only a few people among billions could achieve, yet the team members were comforting instead of congratulating Yura. It showed how much they acknowledged her.

"You can aim for it next time," Peak Sword told her. "There will be another chance next year and the year after. Then you will get first place. Isn't that right?"

That was right. However, Yura didn't have the luxury to do so. She could no longer exist as a player. Yura couldn't answer and only smiled bitterly.

[The Demon King subjugation event will start in 20 minutes.]

[All 400 participants, please move to the private waiting room.]

[I will say it once again. The Demon King subjugation event will start in...]

An announcement rang out. It was about the Demon King subjugation event—the biggest issue of this year's National Competition. This was a new event that required 400 rankers to cooperate instead of competing. It was clear that the degree of difficulty was frightening and the degree of attention it received from the world was extremely high, especially after the Demon King's appearance event. In fact, it could be said that everyone on this earth was waiting for the Demon King subjugation event.

"T-Then I'll be going!"

"Yura, get some rest. I can't be as outstanding as you, but I will try my best to show a good performance."

"Can I win a gold medal?"

Coke, Peak Sword, and Eat Spicy Jokbal—the Korean representatives participating in the Demon King subjugation left for the waiting room. When she saw the nervous Coke, Yura felt sorry toward him. In order to conclude the rematch with Kraugel, she had taken part in drawing the sword and the siege war. She had wanted to prove her potential to her grandfather by beating Kraugel.

Yura was uncomfortable because she seemed to have placed a huge burden on Coke due to her own desires. While Yura was making a dark expression, someone placed a hand on her shoulder. It was a hanbok-clad woman, Viola. "You are really kind. Don't you care about everything?"

"I'm not kind. I'm selfish."

"No, you are kind. You have been fighting alone since the 1st National Competition while other Korean rankers turned away. You've done enough. There is no need to carry everything alone. Now, it is natural to become greedy. Why should you feel guilty? My Lady, how can you be pure and spotless?"

"..."

Yura became a bit more relaxed. She had done enough.

These brief words comforted her. Yes, she could take a break now. Yura soothed her mind. Then her phone rang. She thought it was her grandfather, but the name floating on the screen was once again 'Shin Youngwoo'.

"...Hello?"

-Keep watching until the end.

"What do you mean?"

-The Demon King subjugation event.

“...?”

-There will be someone fighting to protect you.

“Huh?”

-Then I’m going. See you next time.

“Hello? Hello! Youngwoo-ssi!” She shouted, but it was no use. He had already hung up. Yura’s trembling eyes shifted toward the monitor.

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The stage of the Demon King subjugation was slowly revealed. It was a castle surrounded by a circular wall.

『 There are four gates to the north, south, east, and west. The gatekeepers guarding each gate are the four heavenly kings. 』

The castle was large, and the scale of the gates was also enormous. It was over 20 meters high and nearly 40 meters wide. The gates would never open until the four heavenly kings fell.

『 The 400 participants must defeat the four heavenly kings in groups of 100. Once all four kings have fallen and the gates opened, they will have access to the corridor leading to the Demon King’s room. 』

『 Must they split up? Can’t the 400 people move in one group to defeat the four heavenly kings one by one? 』

『 It isn’t possible. Each gate is classified as an instant dungeon, and the dungeon is restricted to 100 people. 』

『 Hmm... What happens if one of the four gates fail to be attacked? 』

『 Another party should take over instead. 』

『 Then does that mean the party members who failed will be disqualified? 』

『 No. They will be left as dead and resurrected once the gate is opened. 』

『 So, there is no disqualification unless all four parties are wiped out? Then all 400 players will fight against the Demon King? 』

『 Yes, it is designed to be 400 against one even if they fail at the four heavenly kings stage. 』

It meant the Demon King was strong. Many people guessed that the level of his strength was at least between the strength of the great demons. In fact, the Demon King showed an intense force during his appearance. With the ability to destroy magic and then copy it...this was a power that could make magic useless.

At least 80 of the 400 participants would become folding screens. The magicians started protesting fiercely.

“No, does it make sense to discriminate against certain classes in the most important event?”

“Doesn’t this mean the magicians won’t get any rewards?”

In the waiting room for the Demon King subjugation event, Goshar and 80 magicians protested to the organizers. However, the officials dismissed them with the statement that there was no discrimination. Their attitude was the same every time. It was enough to make people boil with anger.

“XX! When will a new virtual reality game come out? This is really dirty!”

Many people cursed in a place out of sight. In this harsh atmosphere, some clever people started making guesses.

“Perhaps the four heavenly kings are weak against magic while the Demon King is highly resistant? We might not be able to break through the four heavenly kings without magicians.”

“The four heavenly kings also give medals. The magicians can be active against the four heavenly kings and gain medals.”

“Then what about against the Demon King?”

“Don’t you know the concept of phases? Most named bosses change their characteristics according to their health. The same should be true for the Demon King. There is a high possibility of losing magic resistance or becoming vulnerable to magic in certain phases.”

“Hrm...”

As expected from rankers, their conjectures were quite logical. The magicians were able to calm down and think rationally.

‘Okay. We can be active in the early and late phases of the event, leaving a strong impression on people.’

‘I should take this opportunity to star in some commercials.’

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“Yohohoho.” The 1st ranked earth magician, Goshar, belonged to Group B in charge of attacking the west gate and laughed with delight. It was due to the state of the heavenly king standing alone under the huge gate. The woman had a large blindfold on her face that was covering her eyes, but the condition of her items was very poor. Despite being a woman, she was armed with a heavy armor set. There was a helmet with a neck protector, armor down to the thigh and steel shoes that went up to the knees.

The only parts of her body that were exposed were the lips, jaw, and hands. It ignored the ridiculous formula where a female character’s defense was proportional to her exposure. Such a ridiculous appearance could only be seen in the novice villages.

“She looks too weak.”

“You shouldn’t be careless. She is one of the four heavenly kings of the mad Demon King.”

“The four heavenly kings might be weak compared to the Demon King. Isn’t that right? In the first place, the Demon King is the main event, and the four heavenly kings are the bridesmaids.”

Goshar was confident. He had gotten disgraced by the Demon King, and he believed this was the change to make up for it.

“Go! Giant’s Haaaand!”

A gigantic hand made of earth flew like a hydra’s neck and covered the heavenly king. There was a violent sound!

“Oh...!”

“Is it working?”

The players of Group B watched the dust expectantly. They saw the unmoving heavenly king holding a shield. The giant hand was obstructed by the shield, and only dust was scattered.

“...Aren’t you the weak one?”

The gazes of the participants focused on Goshar, who could only sweat nervously. It was because a notification window had popped up.

[The target has blocked most of the spell!]

[The target has received 12,090 damage.]

It was just over 10,000 damage? Wasn’t this one of the ultimate spells that could deal 500,000 damage to a monster?

‘Aren’t the four heavenly kings supposed to be weak to magic?’

Damn!

‘Isn’t defense proportional to the amount of exposure for a female?’

Goshar felt scammed in many ways. The heavily armed female. One of the four heavenly kings with the name ‘Benz’ above her head pulled out a sword. It was a long red sword that was as beautiful as her lips.

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The guardian, Benz, leaped forward. The ground that she stepped on formed a big dent and produced a loud explosion. It was an exaggerated phenomenon caused by the weight of her armor and shield, but it was right to interpret it as a transcendental strength.

“She’s coming!”

The nervous Group B players pulled out their weapons in unison. A sandy wind swirled around them as they watched the knight rise high into the sky. This was a wide-range protection spell used by the earth magician, Goshar. It seemed he wanted to make up for his failure at the beginning.

“I’ll stop her, so attack in that gap!” The German ranker, Weldon, came to the forefront. Benz’ red sword fell onto his shield. It was a stab. There were no problems up to here. Weldon was ranked 6th on the

guardian knight rankings. He was like steel as he set up his shield. The problem was the stab that came immediately afterward had the power to turn the steel into tofu. There was a heavy sound, and Weldon's shield was dented.

'The weight increased?'

He wasn't mistaken. The damage rose while the weight of the sword also increased rapidly. Weldon's wrists were broken from the weight that he couldn't manage.

"Endure!"

A large number of people came forward. They released their skills, wielded swords and spears, fired arrows, or threw daggers. Half of them were blocked by Benz' side shield. The other half were blocked by the line of Benz' sword. Simultaneously, Benz' sword released dozens of red crystals in all directions. It was reminiscent of how Kraugel's sword released stone thorns.

[You have suffered 4,390 damage.]

[The crystals embedded in your body will interfere with the recovery effects.]

"What the hell..."

It wasn't easy to block skills instead of general attacks with just high proficiency in swordsmanship and shieldsmanship. This was obviously a high level skill or an effect attached to the item. As the players were analyzing this, Benz moved quickly. She knocked down a player close to her with the shield, pushing the player behind her as well. Then she leaped forward and fell to Goshar's side. Benz had noticed that the sandy wind reduced her attack power.

"Hiik...!" Goshar was casting the wide-range skill and couldn't protect his own body. As the monster's sword headed toward him, someone acted to protect the defenseless Goshar. It was Coke, the secret weapon raised by the Overgeared Guild's 10 meritorious retainers. He threw an axe at Benz' sword, interrupting her movements. Then he pulled out a spear and stabbed her.

Benz was wounded for the first time. The spear pierced her shoulder and created a gap as she flinched back, allowing a sword to slash at her neck. It was Peak Sword's Draw Sword, executed from where he was standing next to Coke. Iyarugt was as ferocious as a beast after accumulating power in Iyarugt's Sheath.

The neck protector that Benz wore shattered, and blood gushed out. The blood of the heavenly king was as red as a human's. Peak Sword confirmed Benz' health gauge after her neck was exposed and clicked his tongue. "Isn't her defense terrifying?"

The tone was light, but his expression was dark. It was difficult to conceal his irritation because the charged Iyarugt didn't deal much damage. It seemed that his irritation created a big gap.

"Avoid it!" Someone shouted, and Peak Sword reflexively moved back. However, it was too late to defend against the cut to his shoulders.

[You have suffered 15,900 damage.]

Peak Sword was a member of the Overgeared Kingdom's 10 meritorious retainers, and he was armed with the best items. The armor and helmet that Grid had produced personally protected Peak Sword. He was greatly wounded despite the protection of the sandstorm. Benz tried to attack the confused Peak Sword again.

"Where are you going?"

The Dungeon Maker—Eat Spicy Jokbal who showed as much power as a legendary class in his dungeon—attracted Benz' attention.

"..." Benz' momentum stopped.

Coke, Peak Sword, and Eat Spicy Jokbal—the three Korean representatives—were leading Group B. Goshar and the other proud rankers had unknowingly started depending on them. They followed the instructions Peak Sword gave, assisted Coke whenever he went to the forefront, and protected Eat Spicy Jokbal when he made an advantageous change to the dungeon.

The blood of the Korean viewers boiled. The Korean rankers, who were ignored by the world a few years ago, were now the world's leading stars... It was a new feeling. All Korean players burned with the desire to join the Overgeared Guild. The anticipation and excitement of what it would be like to join the Overgeared Guild and serve Grid filled them.

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The guardian of the south gate didn't have a distinctive feature. He was armed with light chain armor and a sword, while his name was plainly 'Vin.' He didn't seem to have the particular strength to be one of the Demon King's four heavenly kings.

"Well, he doesn't need to be that strong."

The four heavenly kings were a process. They needed to be defeated in order to reach the Demon King. Unless the S.A Group was crazy and wanted to throw away the Demon King subjugation event, the players needed to be able to reach the Demon King.

This meant the abilities of the four heavenly kings weren't as absolute as the Demon King. The Group C players thought this and were as relaxed as possible. Their source of confidence were the high rankers. Zibal who got first in PvP, Zhang Jian and Liao Wei who were China's rising stars, Bubac of Turkey, Seuron of Argentina, and other top ranked players were also in Group C.

The players judged that they wouldn't be able to get a high score in the heavenly kings stage as long as these rankers were present. Of course, they were confident in their own abilities. In this relaxed atmosphere, someone said, "Using a one-handed sword without holding a shield means he is focused on swordsmanship. He will move quickly. Be careful."

It was Mei Xiao of China. She used the strange moving whip and cloth that had tormented the Hero Grid for five minutes. Mei Xiao had spoken in a tense voice, and the mood dropped sharply. Liao Wei scoffed at Mei Xiao, "Aren't you overestimating the opponent? Will you directly kneel and surrender instead of fighting? Just like your brother?"



Next was Zhang Jian. "Why are you bragging about common sense? Do you want to be an elitist or do you think everyone except for you are fools?"

The atmosphere calmed down even more. This was an event with three medals at stake. Instead of relying on each other, three players from the same country were arguing...?

"Scum." Zibal blatantly laughed at them. Zhang Jian and Liao Wei were upset, but they couldn't say anything. Zibal was a one-digit ranker. He had once been second place and was a monster who had been close to the peak. The highly anticipated Chinese stars were reluctant to clash with him. It was better to pretend not to hear anything.

Zibal said to Mei Xiao, "That guy, he is wearing armor like a knight but he has leather shoes. Maybe he will be so fast that it is hard to see. Binding him is the key. Got it?"

Mei Xiao's whip and cloth had moved like living things to constrain the Hero's behavior. They didn't move on their own like Grid's golden hands. Mei Xiao controlled them directly, but their movements were smooth and detailed. It wasn't surprising that Zibal had decided to rely on Mei Xiao.

Feeling touched, Mei Xiao responded vigorously, "Yes! I'll try my best to tie up his feet!"

"I'm looking forward to it."

'Tch!' Zhang Jian and Liao Wei were unhappy with the situation. Now Mei Xiao was acknowledged by the person who would be the hero next year while billions of Chinese people were watching. Zhang Jian and Liao Wei collapsed when they realized that Mei Xiao's ability was above them. There was a rush of jealousy at the sight of the glowing Mei Xiao. While they were feeling anxious, someone approached. "Are you going to keep whining like this or will you act as folding screens?"

"Folding screens! Ah!"

Who would dare say this to them? Zhang Jian and Liao Wei frowned and turned around, only to hurriedly suppress the curses that were about to emerge. The person who came and whispered to them was Seuron of Argentina. Seuron set fire to their hearts. "Do you know that the person who starts the fight will be praised for their bravery? Originally, I was going to do it, but I am willing to concede because I feel sorry for you. How about it?"

"..." Zhang Jian and Liao Wei then turned to look at Vin standing silently before the gate. He was a very cocky guy, who was folding his arms despite facing 100 enemies.

Seuron tempted the two men to attack the defenseless opponent. "The viewers will be contemptuous about that guy's attitude. They will be enthusiastic about the person who hits him first."

"..."

"Huh? Then are you giving up? Okay, then I..."

"No!" As Seuron stepped forward, the nervous Zhang Jian and Liao Wei pulled out their weapons. "Leave it to us!"

They didn't wait for an answer. The two men were already flying forward. Zhang Jian's spear and Liao Wei's long sickle aimed at Vin. The attack range was so long that they struck from 2 meters away while Vin still had his arms folded. It was a successful start to the battle.

However, in less than one second, Zhang Jian and Liao Wei realized that they were mistaken. It was a swordsmanship that transcended Peak Sword's speed. Just before Zhang Jian's spear and Liao Wei's sickle cut at Vin, his sword emerged from the sheath and cut their hearts and neck.

"Cough...!"

"Oh~ this is a bit greater than expected?"

Seuron's whistle entered the ears of Zhang Jian and Liao Wei. They realized they had been taken advantage of and quickly decided to escape from this crisis. Yet before they could move, Vin's sword cut at their body once again. There seemed to be cold flames burning at their wounds, worsening their injuries and killing them. Seuron smiled at the sight. It was an evil grin reminiscent of a great demon.

"I have received usable souls."

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"Oh, what the hell is this?"

"He isn't a priest. Why does a Demon King's servant have healing abilities?"

Group D that was responsible for the north gate. Just a moment ago, Group D had been full of confidence. It was because Jishuka, Damian, Katz, and Haster belonged to Group D.

Jishuka had overwhelming physical attacks, long-range damage dealing skills, and wide-area healing. Damian combined his buffs and healing ability with the light attribute attacks and tanking power. Katz used blood to give powerful debuffs to the enemy while giving himself an endless blood-sucking ability. There was also Haster, who had once been considered as the emperor of the gaming world.

On the raid stage, they were probably stronger than Group A, which contained Kraugel, Chris, Pon, and Regas. Furthermore, the name of the north gate's guardian was Kobold. It was a name reminiscent of the monsters classified as the weakest mobs, along with the orcs, gnolls, and goblins.

Thus, Group D thought they could easily break through the gate. However, once they opened the lid, they found that things were completely different. The masked 'Kobold' was very strong, unlike his name. Not only did he bombard Group D with all types of wide-range spells, but he also boasted a high level of defense that meant he didn't receive much damage from Jishuka's arrows or Damian's attacks. The biggest problem was his healing ability. No matter how much damage Group D dealt with Damian's buff magic, Kobold recovered quickly. He looked like a zombie to Katz.

"This is funny..."

How many times had he been stimulated during the process of clashing with Kobold? Katz' madness, which had been sealed for a long time after joining the Overgeared Kingdom, started to wriggle.

"Bloody Sky."

The blood that the members of Group D shed... It had soaked the ground like rainwater, and now it soared into the sky.

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“He is a great guy.” Chris could only laugh. It was a situation where players from all countries gathered together, including Canada, Korea, Britain, Japan, and China. Meanwhile, the three American rankers had split into separate groups. This was an expression of their confidence. They would move individually and secure three medals each, aiming for gold instead of silver and bronze medals. The participants of other countries chose to work in groups of three because they could cooperate in order to win one medal.

“Grid would’ve been like me,” Kraugel stated.

This caused Chris to shrug. “Well, there is no need to talk about him.”

If Grid were here, everybody apart from his group might pray that he failed to attack the gate. He would probably monopolize all four gates alone.

“Anyway, let’s do well.” Chris extended his hand for a handshake with Kraugel, while the other players comforted themselves.

How high was Kraugel’s status? He was a person who ignored hundreds of players asking for his autograph, let alone a handshake? It was impossible. Everyone thought this, but Kraugel unexpectedly responded to the handshake. Chris was Grid’s colleague and a great person who deserved respect for his achievements and talents.

“Yes. We might’ve chosen the worst enemy, so we should be nervous.”

“The worst enemy?”

Was there a difference in strength even in the four heavenly kings? If so, how could Kraugel distinguish it? Feeling confused, Chris turned his attention toward the gate. The guardian, who looked somewhat easy-going, was wearing a hat that covered his face. It was a hat that elders liked to wear.

“...Is he really the worst enemy? Are you sure?”

“Unfortunately, yes,” Kraugel confirmed as he looked at the environment spread around the gate. It was a mudflat, and it looked good for farming and harvesting seafood.

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In the Demon King’s castle beyond the gates, Grid was still free from the cameras and he devoted himself to smelting. The golden mineral pavranium was flowing from the portable furnace. He had melted the myth-rated item, Blade Aiming at the Gods.

The National Competition’s server was separate from the game. Thus, it wouldn’t affect him if he destroyed an item here.

“This is enough.” Grid finished smelting the pavranium and used Legendary Blacksmith’s Creation.

[What item do you want to create?]

“A cannon.”

The basics of defending was wide area firepower. What if it was an automatic firing cannon? Every time the cooldown ended, Grid grinned viciously and used the Alarm spell. Even the evil smile Seuron wore as he sacrificed his group members couldn't be compared to Grid's smile.