

Overgeared 961

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‘Did he intentionally design this situation?’

Since the moment Grid was hit by Charging Shot, Jishuka had been filled with an anxiety that was difficult to express clearly. The timing of the magic machine’s explosion was perfect. Grid exposed a large gap in his defense, and the players didn’t miss this opportunity. Hundreds of scattered players gathered around Grid.

They fell into the trap. From the moment that Charging Shot hit, Grid had this current development in mind.

“He is becoming sexier.” Jishuka shivered as she recalled the scene of five Grids in red armor. Her beautiful face turned red, and a rough breath emerged from the gap in her lips. She wanted to try dissecting Grid’s skull. Even the folds in his brain seemed sexy.

Masquerading as the Demon King, Grid stared at Jishuka. Jishuka’s blush thickened. She trembled from extreme excitement.

“Come.”

Approximately 80 players had survived. Most of the Overgeared members—including Chris and Peak Sword—might’ve been killed, but there were still many strong players such as Damian and Zibal with his magic machine. Despite this, Grid was looking at her, concentrating solely on her. It meant she was the biggest threat to him. Jishuka felt great joy at monopolizing Grid’s gaze.

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Black arrows were fired soundlessly. Jishuka was the only one who knew exactly how many there were. Grid was facing her head on and wasn’t aware of the arrows flying from different trajectories. This wasn’t an uncommon situation, but Grid was feeling rushed. He didn’t dwell on impossible defenses or avoidance. Instead, he was like a bull. He was attracted by the charming red cloth called Jishuka.

“Yes, I’m coming!”

Jishuka’s excitement was getting out of control. The arrows struck Grid’s body. His philtrum, between his eyes, and in the middle of his forehead were hit. This was a terrible feat of skills. It was understandable why the people of Tzedakah used to compare Jishuka’s spirit to a wild beast and a hunter. She showed no concept of mercy toward her target. Logically, Grid should be shrinking back.

‘Pagma’s Swordsmanship.’

Grid was currently under the protection of Moving Fortress and was completely resistant to physical attacks. The arrows inserted between his eyes and the blood flowing down didn’t disturb him.

‘Link.’

Grid broke through the arrows, reached Jishuka, and unleashed dozens of energy blades. Jishuka moved in a half turn to widen her distance from Grid while drawing back her bowstring. She dodged a few energy blades and fought back.

[You have suffered 8,930 damage!]

[You have suffered 7,590 damage!]

[You have suffered 13,580 damage!]

Her aim was also perfect. Jishuka avoided the protective gear—such as armor and shoulder guards—that Grid was wearing and damaged him. She often hit his weak points, but she couldn't evade his attacks forever. Jishuka's agility was high as the first ranked archer, but she wasn't faster than Grid. This was because the movements of the sword linked together faster than the firing of the arrow.

[The target has received 29,300 damage.]

[The target has received 25,760 damage.]

Jishuka allowed only two blows yet she lost more than half her health. She used her quiver and bow to stop a few energy blades, using the natural rebound to dodge a few more. The distance between Grid and Jishuka increased again while a trap was installed at Grid's feet.

Then the trap activated and wrapped around Grid's ankles. The trap lasted for five seconds, and anyone who tried to move from it might have their ankles torn. However, Grid ignored it and ran forward. Now Moving Fortress was activated. A trap couldn't break the fortress at all.

"Too cool," Jishuka's voice thickened. She was becoming more and more immersed in the dual charm of Grid's sexy brain and his toughness. Thus, she was sincerely sorry. If only it wasn't for the debt... If her relationship with Grid wasn't that of creditor and debtor, she would be able to communicate this boiling emotion.

'I will just seem like a snake if I communicate my feelings.' Jishuka smiled bitterly and drew her bow with all her power. Grid was someone who couldn't be caught by traps. She couldn't win. Even so, she would cause some damage before she died. This was her distinct pride—the last pride of a beast.

Jishuka concentrated all her resources and fired her last arrow at Grid who was chasing her. Her point of aim was different from before. The arrow was aimed at the center of the armor, not the seams of the armor. She fired the arrow from a close range, and the arrow that touched his armor caused Grid to get the chills.

Valhalla of Infinite Affection's current durability was 30, and it would last for one minute. This was the penalty of Moving Fortress. Wouldn't Valhalla of Infinite Affection turn into rags because of his arrow? It couldn't last.

Grid decided that he should activate Freely Move, which had been left as a trump card. However, the arrow was fired right in front of his nose. Jishuka's arrow pierced through Valhalla, and it shattered into thousands of fragments. It was a result caused by Jishuka's ability to read, judge, and act the moment she fired the arrow.

Unfortunately, Grid wasn't as fast-witted as her and didn't notice in time. He wasn't a chosen human being, a genius like Kraugel. The Enlightenment Sword, a weapon that was hard to determine if it was a spear or a sword, penetrated Jishuka's waist. It occurred almost simultaneously with Grid's armor.

[You have been struck with a serious blow!]

"I'm sorry, but I'm a proud woman," Jishuka apologized as she collapsed like a broken doll into Grid's arms. This wasn't an apology for her actions. Although the armor might not be the real one, Jishuka apologized for destroying Khan's work. It was why she had hesitated and hadn't aimed for Valhalla the moment she saw its weakness.

Grid read her mind and stroked her red hair. "I apologize for everything."

"Huut... Cough!" She slowly turned grey in Grid's arms and soon ascended as a pillar. It was a sign announcing Jishuka's death.

Shortly after she left, the white giant managed to beat the vampire and rushed toward Grid again. "Griddddd!"

While Grid had been fighting Jishuka, the other biggest threat—Zibal—had been facing Tiramet.

'Tiramet is already dead.'

The magic machine was truly a monster. Was it possible to obtain the materials to make a magic machine from the production rewards? Grid thought this and opened the inventory. The items he took out were the Dragon Harpoon and hammer. Now that he'd lost Valhalla, he had no intention of fighting Zibal head on.

"Spear Shot." The giant harpoon, which had been created to raid the drake during the 2nd National Competition, was thrown like a javelin. Raiders paused as the harpoon struck its chest.

"You don't intend to get out of there and fight?" Grid attached the chain of the harpoon to the ground using a peg and immediately disappeared. It was a spacious battlefield. The faces of the players were still shocked from the aftermath of the huge explosion.

Grid's next target was Pope Damian.

'Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.'

Rotating like a spinning top, Grid crossed the battlefield. The Enlightenment Sword in his hand let out a terrible roar. Damian used a healing skill to barely recover from the wounds he had sustained in the explosion and cast a shield. However, his shield failed, just like Grid's Valhalla.

"Scream," the other name for Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle emerged from the mouth of the Demon King. Damian's shield couldn't even withstand the first strike and shattered. "Ugh...!"

Damian summoned a large golden circle behind his back as a last-ditch attempt.

[You have died.]

He was already dead.

“Griddddd!” Raiders was released from the bondage of the Dragon Harpoon and started chasing Grid again. This time Grid didn’t avoid Raiders. The wind blew his ebony hair as he stood in place and stared at Raiders. Zibal’s legs were soft from where he was sitting on the boarding seat.

Behind the half-mask, Grid’s eyes weren’t strained at all. He was reminded that his explosion had destroyed Eat Spicy Jokbal’s fortress. It was as he had expected. The golden cannon accumulated a shell made of the Blue Dragon’s Breath and fired.

“Kuooock...!”

Then it happened just before Raiders reached the armorless Grid. Raiders’ body was hit by the cannon and tilted heavily. There was a magnetic field, and the surging currents shook Raiders’ movements, rendering it unable to move.

“Grid...!” Desperation filled Zibal’s face. He screamed because he couldn’t change the flow of the battlefield that was formed after he inadvertently distributed the wrong information.

Grid’s voice rang out, “You have shown a wonderful performance this year.”

“...”

Zibal was a simple person. Two years ago, he had been badly defeated by Grid. The person who looked down on Zibal like a bug was now expressing appreciation for him. He didn’t know if he should laugh or cry as Raiders was recalled. Then he climbed onto the summoned pegasus and rushed toward Grid.

The other players followed behind Zibal. 80 surviving players descended on Grid.

The Demon King had lost his armor. The physical body that he had trained for many years was now just as injured as the bodies of the players. The players sensed that it was time to end this short yet long war. It was the same for Grid. He took a deep breath and quietly closed his eyes.

『 S-Surely, he isn’t giving up? 』

『 He has no choice. His resources are at their limits, and he lost his armor. It won’t be strange if he decides that he can’t endure anymore. 』

The commentators discussed the end of the Demon King, while the crowd and viewers cheered. Then hundreds of stars appeared in the sky. Underneath it were Demon King Grid and the players heading toward him. Then there was a bombardment. The 200 Magic Missiles Grid set up using the Alarm spell penetrated the players’ heads and backs, shattering the ground. The players screamed at the surprise attack.

‘Noe, Randy, Can you Become the King of the Dead?’

A complete copy of the Demon King, a tiger surrounded by black flames, a lich, and a death knight appeared...

『 Ah... Ahhh... 』

In a few minutes, only two people remained on the battlefield. One was badly injured and couldn't breathe properly while the other person had no wounds. The person who opened his mouth first with a complicated expression was Sword Saint Kraugel.

"You have lost your immortality."

"Yes. Everyone was too strong."

"..."

This wasn't a fair fight. Kraugel judged this and was about to take off his armor to stab himself in the heart.

It was the Demon King who stopped him. "Extremely honorable painting."

Grid returned to the image from the painting. The image of the Demon King blurred, and the figure of the most famous person in the world was revealed. It was the Overgeared King—the Hero King.

『 G...rid? 』

People who were still dubious over the identity of the Demon King were shocked. The ratings of the Demon King Subjugation ran wild. The 1st ranked real time search query for every portal site was replaced with Grid's name.

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The extremely honorable painting was a product of chance. The best painter in the present day had been lucky enough to draw an extremely honorable painting. It was a great fortune for a painter.

How easy was it to make an extremely honorable painting? Picasso created the first new extremely honorable painting in 177 years and gained a high reputation, high level, and hidden quest achievement. On the other hand, Grid...

[Protagonist of the Extremely Honorable Painting]

[*One time limited skill.

When used, your information will return to what it was when the extremely honorable painting was made.

However, it will only be the stats and skills information. Additional information such as titles, class, status, race, age, and so on aren't affected.]

...He only received this intermediate skill. This was a skill with a save-point concept. It could be effective in the worst situation, but the possibility of actually using it was low. The moment he returned to the save point, Grid would lose all the stats he had built up. Grid was never going to use the extremely honorable painting. He had convinced himself he would never need it.

However, the story was different on the National Competition's server.

[You recalled yourself at the time the extremely honorable painting was drawn.]

[The past memories, glories, and flesh will permeate the present you.]

[You have returned to the point when the extremely honorable painting was drawn!]

[Your level has fallen. All stats have fallen. Some skill information has changed.]

The wind blew, and his long hair was gradually shortened. The fangs and claws that were like those of a beast became smaller. The muscular upper body became covered with black armor, and the pair of wings turned into a red cloak. The three horns on the forehead became a beautiful and graceful silver crown. Grid removed the image of the Demon King and returned to his appearance from the time of the extremely honorable painting.

He was clearly weakened. Grid had lost three levels. The blacksmithing skill and Pagma's Swordsmanship enhanced by the goddess' blessing returned to their pre-enhanced state, and Pagma's Eyes (Baal's Contractor Version) and the stats from the 234 random elixirs were all lost.

The main changes that caught Grid's attention were how the enhancement value of the Enlightenment Sword fell back to +1, the broken Valhalla was restored, and the cannon on the battlefield had reverted to the form of the God Hands. It seemed that the extremely honorable painting didn't just affect stats.

In other words, the stats level included the effect of items that were being worn or in use at the time of the painting. Fundamentally, it was a skill to integrate with the figure in the painting. Thus, it was natural to return to his armed state in the painting.

'It was just a few months ago.'

It felt like he had returned to a very long time ago. He was proud as he realized how hard he had lived. Grid first invested the remaining stat points he had saved and then used the goddess' blessing.

[295 points have been invested in agility.]

[Pagma's Swordsmanship Lv. 4 has been enhanced to Great Swordsman Pagma's Swordsmanship.]

[Mastering the swordsmanship has increased physical attack power by 40%, the chance of a critical hit by 50%, and critical damage by 80%.]

[The time required for the footwork of the sword dances has decreased by half.]

"What is this?" This wasn't a question Kraugel wanted to answer. He didn't know how to answer it. It was rare for the always composed Kraugel to be shaken like this. Grid's recovery of his items and his damaged body was an unknown area that couldn't be accepted by Kraugel's knowledge and information.

"I will tell you one thing. There is no more bonus benefit I can get from continuing to play the Demon King."

From now on, 'Grid' would fight Kraugel without any lies. That's what Grid was saying. However, he didn't mention that he was actually weaker because he had returned to a few weeks ago. It was only two years ago that Kraugel had fallen to level one, so it would be embarrassing for Grid to make an excuse for his current state.

First of all, he wasn't that greatly weakened. Most of the points from the elixirs had gone to dexterity.

“Go.”

It felt like he had finally gotten the right clothes that fit. Grid felt lighter after being restored to his original shape and took one step closer to Kraugel.

“Drop.”

The sky really fell. The swordsman used the authority of the sky to challenge Kraugel. As the Demon King, this was the skill that had made dozens of rankers fall into a crisis. Above all, the great advantage was that it was an instant skill. Kraugel defended against the sword. The White Tiger threw out thorns and resonated as it clashed with the Enlightenment Sword.

Duguen!Duguen!Duguen!

The present supreme person and the former supreme person—in the midst of the flames and thorns, the sounds of both of their hearts intertwined as one. Grid felt deep gratitude along with extreme excitement. The reason why Kraugel participated in the 4th National Competition was due to Grid’s request. It was his insistence that they play a final match. Grid was thankful to the Kraugel who had waited for this moment, even preparing to take on the world’s criticisms so that this fight wasn’t ruined.

“I won’t disappoint you.”

“Yes.”

It seemed like they had made a promise. The two men simultaneously shook off the interlocked swords and made a big turn. At first glance, they seemed to rotate equally, but the intentions of the two people were completely different. Kraugel didn’t deny the repulsive force and instead used it to strengthen his next attack. Meanwhile, Grid used the repulsion caused by the collision between swords to link the next sword movement.

“Transcend Storm Sword.”

“Linked Kill.”

The shock wave that occurred at this time—from a blow to smash someone and a blow to cancel the other attack—rippled through the battlefield. On the slippery ground, the two men focused on each other without losing balance. It was like they were the only two people who existed on this planet.

The God Hands in the air fired Magic Missiles, while four swords spread out and guarded Kraugel. Suddenly, the weight of the White Tiger Sword increased, and Grid fell to one knee. Grid activated Fly from his kneeling position, and his pointy knee struck Kraugel’s chin.

Kraugel grabbed Grid’s ankle as he ascended, throwing him to the ground. Valhalla vibrated and emitted a poison. Kraugel rotated his sword, and the wind caused the poison to go in the reverse direction. Grid activated Kill, and Kraugel used White Light Steps—which boasted hundreds of different paths—to dodge Kill by a narrow margin.

It seemed like Kraugel’s counterattack would be blocked by Lantier’s Cloak and fail to hit.

“Crying Tiger.”

Despite this, he moved beyond the cloak—making the concept of defense useless—and damaged Grid’s body through Valhalla. Grid shook like someone trapped in a collided car.

“Full Moon.”

The sword moved in a circle like a full moon and devoured Grid’s chest. Blood flowed down as Grid lowered his head. The camera couldn’t catch his face, but he was smiling. He was happy. It was the self-confidence he had been longing for. He could see that his friend and competitor was back on track.

The earth shook unceasingly. Kraugel didn’t get a chance to breathe. Grid couldn’t even wipe the spilled blood because he was busy avoiding and preventing sharp attacks. It was too soon to use the overgeared tactic of just hitting and hitting. The power of the White Tiger Sword that had grown to a unique rating was a threat to Grid. He couldn’t face the sword head on because of the weight increase.

‘I have to be careful. Let’s aim for a clear gap.’

Kraugel’s attacks stopped. It was because he was forced to defend against Grid’s instant skill, Unbreakable Justice.

“Weapon Ascension.”

The power was so great that Kraugel couldn’t defend completely and started bleeding. He twisted his body and attacked Grid from bottom up. Grid avoided the counterattack and stared up at the sky. The sword energy was soaring into the sky. The clouds were torn apart, and it interfered with the deployment of the Storm Demonic Energy Field. It was extremely creepy if this was what Kraugel intended.

Feeling thrilled, Grid used Link. It was faster than the Hero, so Kraugel had yet to fully adapt to the speed of the sword dances. He failed to block it with Control Sword and chose to dodge.

“...”

“...”

He was already short of breath due to the quick collisions. The two men stared at each other without trying to show their tiredness. Kraugel placed the White Tiger Sword back in its sheath and took the posture of drawing the sword. It was an attempt to take advantage of the distance.

“...”

A dōpo with a yellow dragon embroidery on it—the flamboyant outfit fluttered in the wind, capturing the attention of people watching the National Competition. Two serene eyes stared at Grid through black hair that was matted with sweat and blood.

As Peak Sword had proven many times over the past few years, the posture of drawing the sword was no different from an archer pulling the bowstring. Grid would be a target even if he retreated back or rushed forward. He was already within Kraugel’s range.

Peak Sword watched the monitors with the eliminated players and spoke quietly, “...Time will flow again from the moment Grid moves.”

Time passed and the fight would resume. Peak Sword couldn't bear to say that Grid was in a very disadvantageous position.

“...”

“...”

Kraugel and Grid were standing still. Only the four hands and sword floating over their heads proved that time hadn't stopped. They had been swept away by the explosion and had been fighting for a long time.

‘...Item Creation.’

Without taking his eyes off Kraugel, who was preparing to draw his sword, Grid used a skill. The Immediate Item Completion Scroll that he had obtained from the Reputation Store was in his inventory.

『...』

“...”

The commentators and spectators had already stayed silent for a few minutes. In retrospect, there had been many hints. The S.A Group had always said ‘it will be a competition created by players’ when they discussed the 4th National Competition. The players who recognized the weaknesses of the four heavenly kings the earliest had been the Overgeared members. Additionally, Kraugel hadn't fought alongside the players despite knowing that people would criticize him.

『...The puzzle pieces are aligned. The person fighting against Kraugel now is the real Grid.』

Even after the Demon King used a skill similar to the Hero and even after Zibal shouted out the name ‘Grid,’ people still had not been able to admit that the Demon King was Grid. This was because their notion of ‘common sense’ would have completely collapsed the moment they did.

Now, they had to admit it. They could no longer deny the reality when the Demon King revealed his true appearance. It was now time to recognize and analyze him.

『 Demon King Grid is much stronger than the current Grid. His health is 20 times higher than normal. He must've received many benefits after becoming the Demon King. 』

『 That's right. Otherwise, it wouldn't be possible for Grid to deal with 400 players alone. I think it is right to look at the current Grid as separate from the Demon King. 』

They were thinking with common sense rather than downplaying Grid.

“...”

The crowd and viewers were silently focused on the game. They couldn't hear the trembling voices of the commentators. Regardless of whether the situation was rational or irrational, the important thing was the direction of the game. Grid and Kraugel—this was the third match between the former supreme player and the current supreme player.

Who would be the final winner among them?

People from all over the world felt that this match was likely to be the last confrontation and couldn't help gulping.

"It doesn't matter who wins! I'm cheering for both!!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

Now, the people finally realized that this was why they had been so interested in the PvP event. They had wanted to see Kraugel and Grid fight again. Yes, they had been looking forward to the story that hadn't yet ended, not the PvP event. Countless people had been waiting a year just for this moment.

"Take the win, Grid!"

"Win this time, Kraugel!"

"Aish, both of you should win!"

It was the moment that the biggest issue of this year, the Demon King Subjugation, became the opening stage for the confrontation between the two players. This was an unexpected result even for the S.A Group.

"I am worried that the names of the two people will overshadow the National Competition."

"..."

Yoon Sangmin was half joking, but no one laughed. The atmosphere of the executive boardroom of the S.A Group was somewhat uncomfortable.

On the other hand, the executive boardroom of the Daejin Group executives was festive.

"Grid is our car. No, he will be the face of our group."

"Ohh!"

"Grid. No, God Grid will be my son-in-law."

"...Ohh!"

Their reactions were surprisingly similar to the comments on the Internet...? The executives were embarrassed when they heard Chairman Lee Jinmyung say 'God Grid', while the president of Daejin Motors raised both thumbs.

"God Grid will be your son-in-law! As expected of the God Chairman!"

[Chapter 963](#)

A person who was praised—there was no saying that was better used to describe Yura. She had a great background and talent that encompassed all disciplines. Yura wasn't arrogant, and she had an upright character and an unparalleled beauty. Every innate element of hers made her shine.

Her achievements in Satisfy became her wings, and the responsibility she had shown by participating in the 1st National Competition alone while other Korean rankers had been absent made her a role model

for others. Praise poured toward her constantly, and Yura had also been proud of herself. She had believed that she was doing well enough.

Yet these thoughts changed after she met Grid. Grid was a completely different type of person from Yura. He had lagged behind in luck and talent while suffering from countless adversities. He must've fallen down countless times from setbacks and accusations and fallen asleep with tears.

However, he hadn't given up. Rather, he was tempered like steel. He had looked at the top of a hill when others were looking at the top of a mountain. While other people climbed 10 steps, he had taken one step. He hadn't stopped while others rested. Instead, he had gone up slowly but steadily.

All types of misfortunes had grabbed at his ankle, but he had endured without giving up. He had achieved some good luck and continued working hard without being complacent about that luck. Ultimately, he had finally managed to reach the top.

Yura had congratulated him sincerely. Knowing how long and how hard the road that Grid took had been, Yura truly respected him. She couldn't be the best even with her natural talents and knew better than anyone in the world how great Grid was.

On the other hand, she was ashamed of herself. She realized that no matter how hard she tried or how talented she was, she couldn't stand side by side with Grid. Yura's pride came crashing down. She couldn't accept that she wasn't the best, despite being born with better conditions than other people.

Thus, she tried and tried again. She had to get rid of this shame by proving herself. Then she would be able to face Grid. Still, in the end, she didn't achieve it.

"..."

During the 4th National Competition, she wasn't satisfied despite having won gold and silver medals. No, Yura's eyes were shaking with despair as she watched the monitor. She discovered that the Demon King on the screen was Grid. Furthermore, Grid was in hell. He was facing hundreds of weapons, as well as humanity's booing and anger, alone.

"Why..."

Grid was stabbed by the spears and swords and quickly became bloody. Every time he screamed, Yura felt her heart ache.

"...Why are you going so far..."

Yura didn't know why Grid became the Demon King. It might be for wealth or honor. She just vaguely felt that he became the Demon King because he wanted something. Nevertheless, was it necessary for Grid to win to get what he wanted? Probably not. It was absurd to discuss victory in a 400-against-1 fight. Grid could get what he wanted without necessarily winning. He would have a contract with the S.A Group in the first place.

Yet Grid was now fighting to win. He couldn't move his fingertips and was screaming through the blood, but he didn't lose his fighting spirit and persisted. Yura could see the reason for it.

'There will be someone fighting to protect you,' Grid had clearly said so.

Since then, her grandfather no longer contacted her. The shrewd Yura knew what had happened behind her back. “Why...”

Grid managed to pass the crisis. He created a huge explosion and slaughtered hundreds of players. After that, there was another struggle. There were 80 survivors left, and Grid squeezed out his last remaining strength to fight them. In the process, he went through several crises and even lost his immortality.

In the end, he managed to knock everyone down. Once the last enemy’s health gauge emptied out, Grid stared into the camera before turning toward his old rival Kraugel. Beyond the broken mask, Grid’s eyes were clearly gazing at Yura.

‘Believe in me.’ He looked exactly the same as when he said this to her in the past.

Yura was very pained. She knew that it was an unusual thing for Grid to be fighting for her. Everyone else believed that she could do well on her own. It was because they thought she was a superwoman. However, Yura wasn’t a superwoman. She could do better than others, but she couldn’t solve everything by herself.

Her vision blurred as she formed fists. Yura didn’t know when Viola came over, but Viola patted her on the shoulder. Viola thought Yura was truly delicate.

“...”

“...”

The two men faced each other silently. Above their heads, the four swords and golden hands clashed tirelessly with each other. The people didn’t know it, but both players had extremely exhausted mental states. Kraugel had to concentrate on controlling the four swords. Simultaneously, Grid concentrated on reading Kraugel’s attack timing while creating a new item in his head. Both people were unable to achieve their normal levels of concentration.

The God Hands and the controlled swords collided exactly 89 times. One of the swords was hit by Magic Missile and fell toward Kraugel’s feet. Grid noticed Kraugel’s right shoulder lowering, and Kraugel pulled the sword out of the sheath. The moment the flash came in contact with Grid, he wore Doran’s Ring. However, he was late by 0.1 seconds.

[You have suffered 18,500 damage!]

[Doran’s Ring is equipped.]

The effect of Doran’s Ring wasn’t applied because the ring was worn after being hit.

“Kuek...!” Grid’s face distorted as he stepped back and raised the Enlightenment Sword. The sword was recovered, and Kraugel’s next swing at Grid was blocked.

[...The black flames have exploded!]

The flames struck Kraugel.

[The target has received 3,200 damage.]

Kraugel was already in the stage of communing with the Enlightenment Sword. The class effect of the Sword Saint saw through the Enlightenment Sword and reduced the damage of the black flames. He penetrated through the flames and kicked Grid. This was the moment when the effect of Doran's Ring was wasted. Doran's Ring only restored 900 damage from the kick.

At this time, Kraugel rotated in a diagonal line, and the White Tiger Sword rose from the bottom and aimed for Grid's chin. Even so, Grid succeeded in evading Weapons Ascension. He was able to read the exact timing using his high insight and the power of the Slaughterer's Eye Patch. The most important thing to watch out for when attacking a boss was an attack from the bottom. Grid was very strong against attacks from the bottom. He lightly twisted his head and tried to fight back with the Enlightenment Sword.

"...?!"

A stone pillar that followed the path of the White Tiger Sword had already risen and struck Grid's abdomen.

[When attacked, there is a normal chance of 'Pillar' being released. The giant stone pillar has a blasting effect of up to five meters. The damage applied is 50% of the weapon's attack power.]

This was the pillar effect attached to the World Crushing Sword of the Noble White Tiger. Grid was thrown back and smashed into the half-destroyed organ. He hurriedly shook his head and stood up, only to see the sharp tip of a sword. It was an attack aimed for between his eyes. It stimulated an instinctive fear. It was an attack that a person had no choice but to respond to.

The grim looking Grid tried to stop the blade only to change his mind. He wasn't convinced that this was Kraugel's most threatening attack. Just as it was about to pierce Grid between his eyes, the White Tiger Sword twisted its trajectory like Pinnacle Kill, only to be blocked. Grid's Enlightenment Sword blocked the White Tiger Sword's path.

"..." Kraugel's gaze sank as his move was detected unexpectedly. He tried not to express it, but he had already been surprised a few times. Kraugel felt thrilled from the moment Grid used Fly whilst on his knees and when he avoided the attack from the bottom twice.

The man in front of Kraugel was no different from himself. Grid was no longer the Overgeared King who compensated for his lack of sense, judgment, and ability with items. The Hero King had grown after winning against several heroes and continued to raise his experience. He had a different sense of pressure from the Hero, an artificial intelligence who could display his abilities to an excellent level.

Grid's current level threatened Kraugel's innate senses and talent.

"Pinnacle!" Grid used the strength that was clearly superior to Kraugel and pushed back the White Tiger Sword.

"Tearing the Sky." Kraugel counterattacked.

"Revolve!" Grid also responded.

However, Grid couldn't shake off his uncomfortable feelings. Assuming that both players had one counterattack skill, the one who used it first would have the overwhelming disadvantage.

'Did Kraugel create a new counterattack skill?'

A chill went down Grid's spine as he was reminded that Kraugel could create new sword techniques.

"Quick Command."

"...!?"

Black and white flashing wings appeared on Kraugel's back, and he disappeared from Grid's vision. The force of Pinnacle that was strengthened to the extreme from the two counterattacks cut the ground, and Kraugel reappeared on the cracked ground.

The White Tiger Sword was already cutting Grid's shoulders. Three times the damage overlapped. This was the power of Quick Command which was classified as one of the three offensive passive skills. It was a skill that ignored physical concepts by evading 'definite' attacks. He would then return to his original position after four seconds, and his next attack would do triple the damage.

As the name suggested, it was a very swift skill with excellent utility. However, depending on the situation, the restriction of returning to the original activation point could become a great poison. This restriction also allowed him to destroy a player's maximum strength skill by definitely evading one attack.

As a simple example, if he used Quick Command to avoid a wide range skill that lasted more than four seconds, he would return to the same spot after four seconds and wouldn't be able to escape. It was incomplete, just like how Grid's God's Command had the fatal disadvantage of the 'probability.'

Of course, if Kraugel took the side of the seven malignant saints, the constraints would be lifted and the story would be different. Despite this, he avoided belonging to certain forces. He didn't stand on the side of the malignant saints or the gods. If he were to stand on one side, then he would've already joined a guild. Of course, there was only one guild that he ever thought of joining.

'Mine is XXX.' Grid didn't know any of this and gritted his teeth. From his point of view, God's Command was the best garbage skill. Grid had lost more than one-third of his health while Kraugel still only had minor injuries.

Everyone in the world held their breaths as the two men fought fiercely, not summoning any pets or drinking potions like they had made a promise. Even the bosses of the chicken stores focused on the TV without realizing that their phones had been ringing for a long time. The energy of Wave broke the ground while the force of Splitting the Sky swept into the sky.

The battlefield gradually became narrower. The gap between Grid and Kraugel shortened while the number of collisions increased. Grid borrowed the power of the Slaughterer's Eye Patch to cut at Kraugel's waist, while Kraugel relied on Super Sensitivity to save himself from a fatal injury and cut at Grid's thigh.

Many people realized that Grid was in an unfavorable situation as the number of exchanges increased. Then Grid finished making the item and shouted like the protagonist of a cartoon, "Item! Production!"

『 ...? 』

"...?"

“...?”

Making an item during the battle...? The commentators, spectators, and viewers watching the game were sweating. It was so absurd that they were speechless. Regardless, it didn't matter.

“Blue Dragon Sword Breaker!” Grid shouted, and a bright light burst from his left hand. This was the moment that the dark blue sword with an electric current around it appeared in the world. The blade part was made from the remnants of Great Demon Astaroth, and there was a deep groove in the blade.

Kraugel's shaky eyes were captured by the camera, and all communities over the world were a mess.

-A sword breaker against the Sword Saint ;;

-Wow!A super cheap deadly move!

-That light...

[Chapter 964](#)

The waiting room was crowded with players who had been eliminated from the Demon King Subjugation event.

“...”

Why was Grid the Demon King, and what did he gain in exchange for that? Perhaps he was monopolizing a lot of rewards? If it turned out to be preferential treatment, they would have a chance to raise some issues. The players' minds were in a very complicated state. There weren't only one or two problems to worry about.

Despite this, they were silent for a few minutes without discussing anything with each other. All the players were concentrating on Grid and Kraugel on the screen. They didn't want to miss the opportunity to see the power of the two people.

“....?”

A few minutes passed by. After a fierce battle, Grid seemed to be in a somewhat unfavorable position, and he pulled out a sword breaker. He cried out absurd words about producing an item, but it was just a trick to shake Kraugel as he seemed to take it out of his inventory.

A sword to break a sword...

It was obviously an item to counter Sword Saint Kraugel. Still, it was doubtful if it would work.

“No one is currently using that.”

“Unless a person has the relevant passive skill, it has limitations and is difficult to control.”

“Grid used it for only a moment a few years ago, so I don't think he will handle it properly.”

Among the players, Jishuka asked Chris, “Isn't this a dangerous decision?”

Jishuka was an archer, but she was well versed in swordsmanship. It was because she was a woman who dreamed of becoming a supreme player. In order to apply different concepts to archery and to supplement the weaknesses of archery, she studied all possible fields.

“I think there will be a mishap.” Jishuka was anxious. Based on her insight, Grid fought in a way that faithfully practiced what he experienced and learned. The total amount of experience he accumulated was so high that he could cope with many situations, but his creativity was insufficient.

On the other hand, Kraugel’s movements were creative from beginning to end. It was no less than the experience that Grid had accumulated. Additionally, Grid’s stats and items had fallen a bit lower. This was already the fourth fight with Kraugel.

...Grid was likely to be on the defensive one-sidedly.

Talent—Grid needed to work hard to make up for his terrible talent. Grid’s control might be better than that of other players here, but it was definitely below the level of the genius Kraugel. Although Grid brought out the threatening weapon that was a sword breaker, it was unknown if he would be able to properly take advantage of it. Kraugel could deflect the sword breaker, and Grid might have to pay a hefty price for using an unfamiliar weapon.

Jishuka bit her red nails. It was hard for her to shake off her anxiety because she didn’t understand Grid’s decision. Chris nodded and opened his mouth, “Hrmm, well... It is risky. If Kraugel is a professional racer, the difference in the skills is enough to call Grid a normal person with two years of driving experience.”

“Isn’t that too harsh? What do you think about our Grid?”

“No, I have no intention of putting down Grid. It is just a proper analogy...”

“Three years. Let’s go with three years of experience.”

“...Yes.”

What was the difference between two or three years of driving experience? Chris frowned, but he knew Jishuka’s heart and that she wanted Grid to be treated even a bit better. Jishuka was a violent and scary woman, but she was clearly good bride material for ‘Grid alone.’ She would make an excellent wife. He shook his head.

Jishuka urged him, “Keep talking. If Kraugel is a professional driver while Grid is a driver with four years of experience...?”

“Three years... Yes, a driver with four years of experience and a professional driver—the difference between the two of them is obvious. But that’s it.” A smile spread across Chris’ face. “Kraugel’s car is a Chinese car while Grid’s car is a Ferrari.”

They were people who were the most familiar with Grid. Between having talent and being overgeared, which was the higher-level concept? It was being overgeared. Ultimately, it was a fact that being overgeared was the best.

Grid proved this fact personally. Could he really take out an ordinary sword breaker after directly feeling that his skills were less than Kraugel’s? It was certainly a Ferrari or a Lamborghini, and it would complement Grid’s relatively poor technique. Chris was convinced of this.

On the screen, Grid's sword breaker clashed with Kraugel's sword. Then something magical happened. The sword breaker pulled at Kraugel's sword, and it slipped between the grooves in the blade.

"What is that?"

"Hah... What is that effect?"

"What the hell is that principle?"

The players trembled as they made a fuss. The scene was shocking. Jishuka clasped her hands together and shouted. Meanwhile, Chris' eyes widened, and he clicked his tongue. 'Is it a Bugatti?'

[Blue Dragon Sword Breaker]

[Rating: Legendary

Durability: 350/350 Attack Power: 695

* Attack speed increased by 40%.

* Additional 50% lightning damage.

* Additional 30% shadow damage.

* Emits a magnetic field that has a high probability of attracting sword type weapons.

* If a sword type weapon is pulled, there will be a decrease in the durability of the target weapon. If the target weapon is below the epic rating, there is a normal chance of the 'Weapon Destruction' skill activating. Weapon Destruction completely destroys the target weapon regardless of the current durability.

- A sword produced by the legendary blacksmith Grid.

There are several deep grooves on one side to form a saw blade. The purpose is to block and destroy swords. All swordsmen in the world should be afraid.

The 'Strengthened Blue Dragon's Breath' and 'Astaroth's Horn' has increased the lightning energy to the peak.

User Restrictions: Level 300 or higher. Advanced Sword Mastery Level 1.

Weight: 280]

A sword breaker that flashed with blue lightning—its form was far from rigid or sharp. Its blade was short and didn't seem suitable for attack purposes. Due to the fine grooves, the content of iron itself was lowered and the blade's durability seemed poor.

However, it was enough to be threatening. There was no swordsman who didn't fear a sword which was born to break swords. Kraugel would've felt a great deal of pressure if he were an ordinary swordsman, but he was a Sword Saint. He was the master of swords and could handle them completely.

So, he wasn't shaken. Kraugel unleashed a torrent of swings and pressed Grid back. There was an explosion, and the White Tiger Sword headed toward the right side at the same time. Grid blocked with the Enlightenment Sword and attempted to grab the White Tiger Sword with the sword breaker. It was a quick and ruthless movement. Even so, there was a limit to how fast it could be.

Kraugel slid down the White Tiger Sword and moved his body close to Grid, striking Grid's left wrist with his elbow. The sword breaker, which was aiming for the White Tiger Sword, headed toward the ground while Kraugel pushed Grid's chest with a hard shoulder. Then he raised the White Tiger Sword up again.

Like a snake, the White Tiger Sword headed toward the Enlightenment Sword. He disturbed Grid's mental state and slashed. Grid backed away. A close-range battle was considered disadvantageous due to the difference in technique. Nevertheless, Kraugel didn't miss. He clung to Grid fiercely and didn't give him a chance to wield the swords in both his hands. Kraugel even wielded his fists, and his storm-like swordsmanship at close range caused the commentators to fall silent.

Despite this, Grid wasn't shaken. He became calmer as Kraugel's offensive grew fiercer. Most of the experience Grid accumulated had been from difficult combat. Grid fought better as the situation worsened.

'Divinity. Item Combination.' Grid gritted his teeth and triggered a skill. He combined Valhalla of Infinite Affection that he was wearing with Triple Layers. That's right. This was the combination of armor and armor. It reduced the physical damage he received by 30%, and any damage from cuts or stabs were reduced by 50%. The passive skill Sword Breaker was also created. The critical features of Triple Layers were added to Valhalla.

All of a sudden, Grid's expression changed.

"...?!" Kraugel's eyes shook the moment he stabbed Grid with the sword.

[The target has received 3,880 damage.]

It wasn't just because the damage was greatly reduced.

[The durability of the Domineering White Tiger Sword has decreased by 25!]

The sword which Grid had made and given to Kraugel cried out painfully.

'The sword breaker option has been added to armor?'

This was a bit dirty... The momentarily strained Kraugel stepped back. The Blue Dragon Sword Breaker, which had a very short length compared to the Enlightenment Sword, struck him. Of course, Kraugel wasn't beaten easily. He tried to twist the sword breaker's trajectory by sliding the White Tiger Sword along the edge of the blade to avoid the grooves.

However, it didn't work the way he wanted. The sword that should be one with him didn't listen. The White Tiger Sword was pulled by an invisible force and stopped in place. It engaged with the saw blade part, seemingly attracted by a magnetic force.

'What?'

Kraugel shivered. The sword breaker made swordsmanship unimportant. It was an absurdity that was even more deadly against those who were at the peak of swordsmanship. This was a predator that could destroy the concept of providence.

“Pinnacle Kill.”

The skill that contained a stifling killing intent fell toward Kraugel’s chest. Kraugel was in a hurry and forcibly pulled the White Tiger Sword away from the sword breaker. However, the price of doing so was great.

[The durability of the Domineering White Tiger Sword has decreased by 153!]

“Kuek...!”

How did he lose more than one-tenth durability at once? Kraugel’s expression twisted, and he used Quick Command. The illusion of wings expanded, and he left the position intact. It was the development that Grid had been hoping for.

“Fly.”

Grid recovered Pinnacle Kill and rose into the air. It wasn’t to keep track of Kraugel. He was targeting the four swords that were fighting the God Hands.

‘Don’t tell me?’ Kraugel paled as he read Grid’s intentions. Quick Command finished, and he returned to his original spot. Meanwhile, Grid destroyed all four swords facing the God Hands. The newly liberated God Hands fired Magic Missiles at Kraugel. Kraugel triggered Sword Curtain and blocked it.

Then Grid’s voice rang out, “Do you have 30 swords? Take all of them out.”

Grid floated in the sky. His arms were folded as the four golden hands protected him. It was a very familiar look to the public. They felt he had become even more overbearing and arrogant than when he was the Demon King.

“Transcended Link.”

The storm of energy blades swept the ground, and the God Hands holding Mjolnir flew toward Kraugel. Kraugel used True Clouds and Control Sword in an attempt to stop the God Hands, but Grid appeared like a ghost and destroyed all the swords. The fragments of the swords scattered about, reflecting Kraugel’s face like it had been split into hundreds of fragments.

Kraugel was making an expression he had never shown before. It was a confused expression.

“...It will soon end.”

The players sensed it. Their voices were clearly raised. They had seen the ideals they should pursue.

[Chapter 965](#)

Kraugel—the one with achievements and a reputation for being beyond humans in different areas—was running away. He gained as much distance from Grid as possible. From the moment the effectiveness of Control Sword failed, it became hard for Kraugel to handle the four moving golden hands.

The God Hands wielded the hammer regardless of terrain or land. In Kraugel’s field of view, Grid moved closer while being covered with the 100% accumulated fighting energy. Grid now overwhelmed Kraugel in both strength and agility.

A sword shot out from Kraugel's inventory. This was the deployment of Control Sword. It shot out and hit Grid. Then it got tangled up with the Blue Dragon Sword Breaker and shattered. Several swords had already disappeared. The battle was outrageously destructive. A more accurate representation was that Grid was one-sidedly destroying things. He pushed Kraugel easily with the power of the God Hands while shattering Kraugel's sword with the sword breaker. Grid was like a god of destruction.

-...This is being overgeared.

-Isn't this a new work created by Grid? I wish he would mass produce it and sell it to me.

-Then I would sell my house to buy it.

-Do you live in a house worth 20 billion?

-Will he even sell it for 20 billion? It is said that the items Grid makes are only distributed within the Overgeared Guild.

-It is true that if you join the Overgeared Guild...

-Well, they don't accept just anyone.

The public's gaze didn't move from Grid's left hand, which held a sword breaker with blue lightning flowing around it. Today, the sword breaker was the best sword on Earth and the world's greatest treasure. The object, which had been created by an individual called Grid, was being treated as a masterpiece and coveted by every person who was watching around the world.

In the waiting room, Peak Sword thought seriously, 'Grid's works should be used as the national treasures of South Korea.' This was why Peak Sword was the chairman of the Patriotic Association of South Korea.

Another sword was destroyed by the sword breaker. Kraugel suddenly stood still. He gathered strength in his toes and bounced up like a spring.

"...!"

'Fast.' Grid was very surprised as he belatedly noticed the situation after breaking a sword. Kraugel used White Light Steps and was instantly in front of Grid. Grid got such a fright that he got goosebumps.

"Meteor Sword." An intense wave of energy was ejected from the tip of Kraugel's sword.

Grid dropped down and stepped on land. "Kill!"

Under the pressure that was crushing his shoulders, Grid also used a skill. Naturally, it was done with the Enlightenment Sword. The basic damage of the sword breaker was slow, and the penalty it received meant that any skills released wouldn't show their power properly.

The collision between Kill and Meteor Sword stirred up the battlefield. Shockwaves extended dozens of meters and knocked down the widely distributed marble columns. However, there was no ceiling here. The fallen pillars were merely ornaments supporting the air.

"Condemnation Sword."

“...!?”

That was a skill which Kraugel didn't abuse initially. It was a fight between skill and skill while mixing in common attacks. This was the most effective means to utilize the effects of the skills while arranging the cooldowns. Yet, now, Kraugel was linking skills straight away?

Grid was slightly puzzled but then responded with Drop. Soon afterward, he started the footwork of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. His intuition sent a warning that it was dangerous. In fact, the power of Condemnation Sword was different from Meteor Sword. It was on a level similar to Space Sword.

The two intertwined sword techniques roared. Black flames and stone pillars appeared in full force. Two God Hands blocked the stone pillar that was about to pierce Grid's side. Then the two God Hands tried to smash Kraugel's face, only to be blocked.

After the aftermath of Condemnation Sword and Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle ended, Grid immediately swung the sword breaker to reduce the durability of the White Tiger Sword. Kraugel reversed the White Tiger Sword and removed it from the influence of the sword breaker. He had already found the range of the magnetic field. Control Sword wasn't wasted any more.

The White Tiger Sword aimed at Grid's collarbone. It was the place where Valhalla and Triple Layers were combined, and there weren't as many barbs. The durability of the White Tiger Sword wasn't reduced. Kraugel raised his knees, pushed Grid away, recovered his White Tiger Sword, and used Space Sword.

'Ah!' It was only at this time that Grid could read Kraugel's intentions. Kraugel started using many skills in order to suppress the efficiency of the Blue Dragon Sword Breaker. It wasn't a bad idea. The sword breaker's attack power and durability couldn't afford to go against the skill.

Even so, there was a limit to his resources. Was it possible to fight with only skills?

“Freely Move.” Grid used the skill attached to the Secret Hero title. Last year, Grid had escaped from Kraugel's Space Sword with this skill. This time, he planned to approach after avoiding Space Sword and then put an end to the fight using Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle that had its cooldown reset by God's Command.

However, Grid failed to evade Space Sword. “...?!?”

Kraugel's Space Sword had been enhanced into a targeting type skill. It was the same as a legendary blacksmith reinforcing items by creating, disassembling, modifying, combining, and transforming items. Kraugel could configure his swordsmanship to change or enhance its performance. Last year, the ultimate sword technique that had lost to Freely Move was strengthened into a targeted skill.

[You have suffered 32,090 damage!]

[Your left arm has been cut off!]

[Your agility and strength have drastically dropped due to the loss of one arm!]

“Kuaaaaak!” Between the earth and sky which were split apart, blood splashed as Grid grabbed his shoulder and fell down. The Blue Dragon Sword Breaker which had pressured Kraugel throughout the

battle fell down along with the severed arm. Kraugel didn't miss this small chance. He rushed toward Grid and swung his sword mercilessly. Every stab or cut shaved at Grid's health.

[The target has received 4,120 damage.]

[The White Tiger Sword's durability has decreased by 21.]

[The target has received 4,390...]

[The White Tiger Sword's durability...]

The fragments of the White Tiger Sword mixed together with the red blood that Grid dripped. Grid's health dropped to the limit, and the White Tiger Sword was also heading toward destruction. The God Hands were once again caught by Kraugel's Control Sword. The battlefield was completely reversed.

『 T-This is unbelievable...! 』

『 Grid suffered a fatal injury and isn't even able to resist...! 』

The commentators' consternation echoed incessantly. Some audience members cheered while others were stunned. In the midst of the chaos, Grid was reminded of Yura's face.

'I can't lose.'

He still remembered how he had gone to his reunion with Yura. Grid had been in a tremendously insecure state. Without her help, he wouldn't have been able to let go of Ahyoung so easily. Grid remembered when he suffered from hair loss due to tax problems, the hair loss medicine Yura had given him had been as effective as the one Vantner recommended. He was grateful she had been there during his dark times. In fact, he felt that she had saved his youth, and he wanted to hug her.

'She ran to the broadcasters every time in order to help me.'

He sometimes dreamed about the pleasant experience of them going to a restaurant together. Grid thought Yura was beautiful and never imagined that she could make such a cute face. For the first time, he became aware that she was younger than him.

...He didn't want to lose her. She should continue being next to him.

[You have lost 3,250 health.]

The White Tiger Sword was weakened due to suffering sustained damage to its durability. However, Grid's status wasn't great either. The shield effect of the First King title, the healing effect of Tiramet's Power, and the blood-sucking effect of Cray's Power—Grid had consumed all the cards he could rely on during the battle that had already run for dozens of minutes.

Of course, Kraugel was the same. Kraugel had few cards remaining.

While the chairman of the Daejin Group and president of Daejin Motors shouted, while Yura's eyes became clouded, and while Chris discussed the Ferrari and Bugatti...

Both Grid and Kraugel had been fighting without stopping. They fought fiercely and mobilized all means in the process. The two of them didn't have any cards related to survival left. Yes, in terms of survival...

“Storm Demonic Energy Field.’

The clouds that Kraugel tore through at the beginning of the battle had long been blown away by the wind. New clouds were now in place and were quite dense. It was enough to gather rain and lightning. In fact, this was what Grid had just seen. This was thanks to the loss of his arm. It was only after this happened that he looked up at the sky.

“...!”

Grid had less than 5,000 health remaining. Kraugel was dismayed as he was unable to strike the final blow. A lightning bolt struck the place where he was standing. It didn’t end with this one blow. Lightning bolts aimed at Kraugel’s crown fell several times after that.

Kraugel relied on Super Sensitivity to avoid them, allowing Grid to rise from his seat. Grid reclaimed the Blue Dragon Sword Breaker that was lying on the wet floor. He put the Enlightenment Sword in his mouth and held the sword breaker with the remaining arm.

Divinity was a skill that removed the casting and cooldown time of blacksmithing related skills. It could only be used once a day, but it could be used up to two times in a single use. This meant he could use it twice.

‘Item Combination.’

The Enlightenment Sword and Blue Dragon Sword Breaker became one.

‘Item Enhancement.’

Grid attempted to use all the remaining enhancement scrolls in his inventory. However, he failed because he lacked time. Kraugel was already unleashing a series of strikes again. It was virtually impossible to deal with Kraugel while using the weapons enhancement scrolls.

“Crushing Sword!”

“100,000 Army Massacre Sword.”

The sword breaker had become one with the Enlightenment Sword. Now, it became a medium for great skills. The completely shattered White Tiger Sword scattered all over the place, and Kraugel entered the Immortal State. The single-handed Grid might have his stats decreased, but the power of the 100,000 Army Massacre Sword and Item Combination that attacked a target 30 times was enormous.

Of course, Grid wasn’t safe either. Crushing Sword was a skill that fractured the enemy’s wrist and damaged an item. Grid’s one remaining wrist was hanging limp. His remaining health disappeared, and he entered the Immortal State.

“Kraugel!!”

“Grid...!”

Kraugel brought out a new sword to replace the shattered White Tiger Sword. Grid tried to attack him in his defenseless and weaponless state, but his attack speed was slowed due to the fracture. He failed to

counterattack, and in that gap, Kraugel once again pulled out a new sword. Once again, a sword was broken.

Another new sword...

Then one more broken sword...

This process repeated a few times, and the duration of Grid and Kraugel's immortality ended. Concurrently, all the swords that remained in Kraugel's inventory appeared simultaneously. There were only five swords, but this was threatening enough for Grid. The rain of swords poured toward Grid.

It was followed by Kraugel. He chanted the 'Poem that Praises the Sword', becoming one with the sword as he planned to stab Grid. However, he was blocked.

"Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle."

"...!?"

This was a skill that could be called trash if he had low luck. It was the variable called God's Command. The five swords were smashed by Linked Kill. Meanwhile, Pinnacle fell toward Kraugel's body that was as solid as steel after becoming one with the sword. Kraugel's vision turned gray, and red letters popped up.

[The Demon King Subjugation has failed.]

Grid had won. A thrilled smile appeared on Grid's face as he spoke to himself, "Daejin Motors."

"...?"

[Chapter 966](#)

On the screen, the man left alone looked back at the battlefield. It was a battlefield without a ceiling. The place, which was filled with marble and ornate carpets, had turned into ruins. The hundreds of pillars supporting the sky had shattered into dust, and the grandiose organ had long become a pile of firewood.

"..."

Overgeared King Grid...

Emotions crossed his wounded face as he looked at every corner of the empty battlefield. It was a strange expression like he would laugh or cry right away. He felt the joy of winning the battle and regret over the contents of the battle, as well as a thrill. A wide variety of emotions crossed his black eyes. There was a depth in his sunken eyes that caused a sensation among the public.

There were exclamations from all over the stands. Grid was only 30 years old this year. He was a young man who hadn't hidden his feelings when he first appeared in the world. In just four years, he stood alone after this show. The world held its breath.

"...Daejin Motors," Grid finally declared.

The hot chests of the people watching him cooled down.

-What did he just say? Does he mean to promote a company?

-...The second Comet Group.

-I'm tired.

There was a reason why Grid was the 'No. 1 model desired by advertisers' for four years running despite closing down his advertising activities. It was because he could completely capture the advertising industry.

The meeting of the Daejin Group employees was turned upside down. Reports were pouring in. It was reported that Daejin Motors occupied the top of the real-time search terms on portal sites of the six continents of Asia, Europe, North America, South America, Africa, and Australia. The entire world was showing interest in Daejin Motors and the Daejin Group.

Of course, it didn't matter if it was overwhelmingly negative interest. The noise marketing wasn't for nothing. It was meaningful that the brand was known all around the world.

"Yes!" The president of Daejin Motors got up and cheered while the presidents of other affiliated companies watched him with envy. The excited president of Daejin Motors shouted at Chairman Lee Jinmyung, "As expected of Grid! As your prospective grandson-in-law, it is normal for him to do extraordinary things. Still, how did he manage to promote it at such a perfect time...?!"

This was a state of excitement. It was a competition watched by billions of people, and their company was promoted at a time when the audience rating was the highest. They enjoyed a publicity effect that couldn't be bought even if they paid a million dollars.

Unexpectedly, Chairman Lee Jinmyung was calm. After all, he knew that he had to be careful when a big opportunity arrived. He leaned back in the chair and thought intently before saying to the head of the group's public relations team, "Don't release the promotional articles."

"Huh? U-Understood."

Right now, the world's attention was focused on Grid, so it was a perfect opportunity to promote themselves. Grid had refused to be models of global companies. Once word spread that he chose Daejin Group, the effect would be an astronomical promotional effect.

Lee Jinmyung had also agreed only to suddenly change his mind. The head of the PR team was very confused, but he didn't dare ask for the reason as he got on his phone. The Daejin Motors president asked on behalf of everyone, "It is difficult for me to understand your keen insight. Is it okay to ask what you are planning?"

"I'm going to trust Grid. The words from his mouth are worth more than one thousand articles."

Chairman Lee Jinmyung realized that Grid wasn't an inexperienced person. He was a talent who managed to ascend in a new society called Satisfy. The chairman thought Grid was a dragon who had been born in Kaechon under the god of luck, but that wasn't it at all.

Grid had once described himself as stupid, but it was a terrible humility. Chairman Lee Jinmyung felt certain of it.

‘Grid is a genius.’

They could take advantage of this situation dramatically. Looking back, the timing of the proposed deal over Yura was very subtle.

‘Those deep eyes...’

This was a saying that couldn’t be used easily in reality. It was a phrase that would appear in novels. In fact, Chairman Lee Jinmyung had met countless people over the past 70 years, but he had never met anyone with deep eyes. However, the Grid on the screen had deep eyes at the age of 30. The ascension of the dragon wasn’t over yet. Chairman Lee Jinmyung noticed that Grid would reach a much higher level.

‘Maybe he is dreaming of an emperor...’

Duguen!Duguen!

Chairman Lee Jinmyung’s old heart was beating quickly. He felt a desire to become Grid’s wings. It wasn’t just because Grid was his granddaughter’s (prospective) husband. He was also attracted to the great individual named Grid.

The atmosphere of the awards ceremony for the Demon King Subjugation was like a funeral. The Demon King Subjugation event had ended. The players had won five gold, silver, and bronze medals. They were rewards for the success of the four heavenly kings raid and their contribution in the battle against the Demon King. It was the ‘minimum’ reward guaranteed in the Demon King Subjugation. If they had succeeded in the event, three more medals would’ve been added and more players would’ve been on the podium. It was disappointing for the players.

Of course, not everyone felt that way. In the four heavenly kings and Demon King raid, Jishuka achieved the first contribution and won two gold medals. Thanks to her performance, Brazil was ranked ninth overall, so the Brazilians were in a festive mood.

Canada took second in the overall rankings thanks to Chris, who won one gold medal and one silver medal. The United States secured first in the overall rankings due to the activities of Kraugel and Zibal, and the atmosphere became heated up.

On the other hand, the people of China were overwhelmed with anger after losing their second place ranking and falling to fourth place. The Chinese participants hadn’t won a single medal, so their ranking result was the opposite of Korea’s, whose participants had won one gold medal. South Korea jumped from sixth to third place.

“We didn’t even get in the top three this year? The continent’s weather has plummeted.”

“Dammit... We were pushed by South Korea...”

“There is no need to blame anyone. The players were pushed by the S.A Group, not because of their abilities. In the first place, does it make sense for a South Korean player to play the role of the Demon King? The competition itself wasn’t fair. Our China is the true third.”

The doubts and anger of the Chinese were reasonable. Demon King Grid had killed China’s rising star, Mei Xiao, at the beginning of the battle.

A press conference was held amidst this turmoil. It was a press conference for Yoon Sangmin, the executive director of the S.A Group and a member of the National Competition’s committee. He sat facing nearly one thousand reporters alone and picked up the microphone without the slightest bit of tension.

A reporter from CMM, the largest US news channel, asked the first question, “Many people are feeling doubts and have complaints about giving special benefits to Grid, who played the role of the Demon King. There is a consensus that the S.A Group is favorable to Korean players because they are a Korean company. How is the S.A Group planning to put their complaints to rest?”

“We can’t accept the complaints. We didn’t give any preferential treatment to Grid.”

“Huh?”

“We have adopted the Demon King Subjugation as a regular event. It will be held every year in the future and the role of the Demon King will be assigned to a qualified top ranker, just like it was done with Grid this year. There is a clause that says a player who has been the Demon King once can’t do it again. Thus, this is a clarification of the misunderstanding that the Demon King Subjugation event was prepared only for Grid.”

“Do you mean next year’s Demon King can get the same rewards as Grid this year?”

“Of course. If they achieve the same results, they will get the same reward. We have determined that the Demon King Subjugation event is suitable for the purpose of ‘a competition that joins players together’ and will guarantee many rewards for both players and the Demon King. We hope that all players will enjoy it. The National Competition is a festival that promotes harmony in the world.”

“Will they receive the same stats correction?”

“Stats correction?”

“The stats correction Grid received when he took on the role of the Demon King. In fact, most people’s doubts and complaints were about the stats, rather than the rewards. It is the unanimous reaction from people that an excessive stats correction was the cause of the 1-against-400 victory. Next year’s Demon King will have the same correction effect as Grid’s Demon King, and people will complain once again. The Demon King Subjugation will become a festival for the few people ‘lucky’ enough to become the Demon King.”

“Haha, that’s funny but you’re mistaken. The correction effect that we gave to the Demon King is the minimum qualification to be called a boss monster—health.”

"...?" The CMM reporter was confused because of the unimaginable answer. While he was trying to interpret the question correctly, other media reporters quickly spoke up. "Does that mean you didn't give any benefits other than health?"

"That's right. The Demon King gains 500,000 health every 10 minutes until the gates guarded by the fourth Demon King are broken through. That is the basic rule for a 'raid', and it is an inevitable benefit."

"If it is 500,000 health per 10 minutes and the total progress of the raid on the four heavenly kings was one hour and 38 minutes, does that mean Grid had a total of 4.5 million health?"

"Oh, Grid only received 200,000 health per 10 minutes."

"Huh? Didn't you just say 500,000?"

"That's the basic rule. Next year, the player who becomes the Demon King will get an additional 500,000 health every 10 minutes."

"No, then why is Grid different with 200,000 health...?"

"Grid's subordinates who acted as the four heavenly kings were too strong. We were forced to put constraints on Grid."

"...?"

He was so strong that constraints were placed on him...? If the Demon King Subjugation was to be adopted as a regular event and held steadily every year... It meant that Grid alone had fought in a disadvantageous manner compared to the players who would become Demon King in the future. They thought Grid had received preferential treatment, but it was reverse discrimination.

In this sizzling atmosphere, Yoon Sangmin released data related to the Demon King Subjugation. Grid had only received 200,000 health every 10 minutes. The surprising thing was that the Grid on the screen didn't complain at all. He had been silent throughout the four heavenly kings raid and hadn't shown any response to the penalty. It was a clear attitude.

He wouldn't be the supreme player if he couldn't tolerate this much. In fact, he would be ashamed if he didn't sacrifice this much. Grid seemed to endure it with his spirit.

"..." The press conference was silent. The people around the world watching the press conference were also quiet. All of them were impressed by Grid's attitude. The one who broke the silence was a Japanese reporter. As soon as he had Director Yoon Sangmin's permission, he carefully asked a question, "You said that the identity of the four heavenly kings are Grid's subordinates... Are you referring to NPCs owned by Grid?"

"Correct."

"Did they receive the S.A Group's support?"

"Yes, it is stated in the application form for future 'Demon Kings' that the four heavenly kings must be the player's NPCs or pets. They have to use their own power to truly be the Demon King."

"What correction effect did you give to the four heavenly kings?"

“It is like the Demon King. We gave them extra health to make it a raid. However, the exact correction figure will vary according to the level of the four heavenly kings. Thus, I can’t tell you the exact amount.”

“The other stats?”

“There is nothing. For reference, the four heavenly kings this year didn’t receive any health correction.”

“...Huh?”

Grid and the four heavenly kings—the monsters that killed 100 rankers each had been in their genuine states...? It meant the NPCs owned by Grid were stronger than the 400 rankers. Moreover, wasn’t Grid a king? He wouldn’t only have four NPCs.

‘How much power does Grid have?’

‘Perhaps he can fight the empire?’

Yoon Sangmin’s press conference was meant to quell the confusion, but it ended up causing greater confusion. The reporters’ minds were filled with Grid. Yoon Sangmin’s press conference wasn’t over yet, but the reporters’ gazes kept shifting toward the clock. They were waiting for Grid to enter the venue after Director Yoon Sangmin.

However, time flowed too slowly. Not long after the reporters felt like this...

Yoon Sangmin rose from his seat. Then a handsome Asian man entered the conference. “I am Grid.”

The reporters’ anticipation was heightened because of his determined expression which made him seem like he had something important to say.

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“I am Grid,” Grid introduced himself in a simple manner and looked around the conference venue. There were maybe over one thousand people...? The reporters filled up the conference room like bean sprouts. Despite this, Grid wasn’t nervous at all. He was accustomed to this kind of situation as the king of a nation.

Grid leisurely examined the reporters’ faces before pointing to a blonde reporter. “Ask a question.”

The lucky person who got to speak first was a reporter for Canada’s national television station. She didn’t have positive or negative intentions toward Grid. Instead, she just showed her genuine passion as a reporter. That’s why Grid selected her. Grid read the reporters’ different intentions with a quick look and led the press conference to begin smoothly.

“I am Caroline from the CBC Cultural Department of Canada. First of all, congratulations on your win. Please tell us how you feel about fighting against 400 rankers alone and winning.”

“I am naturally delighted.”

“Did you expect to win from the beginning?”

“That’s impossible. I was just lucky.”

“What exactly are you calling luck?”

First, the timing of Duke of Wisdom's Magic Contemplation was too good. The players misunderstood that, so Grid managed to be safe from the magicians throughout the battle. The greater luck was that Kraugel didn't engage in the fight. However, Grid had no intention of disclosing these facts. He didn't want to expose his own limitations, and he also didn't want to raise a topic that would cause Kraugel to be criticized.

"No comment."

The question was passed onto the next reporter. "Director Yoon Sangmin said that you weren't given any preferential treatment. The ability to reflect magic and summon the magic machine should be interpreted as your unique ability. Is that correct?"

"Yes, that's right."

Grid had revealed all of his powers in the Demon King Sjugation. It could be somewhat dangerous, so he started bluffing. He didn't explain the effect of Duke of Wisdom or that the magic machine was the result of copying rather than summoning. Instead, he just allowed people to keep misunderstanding.

'In the first place, they don't know about the item duplication.' It wasn't possible for anyone other than Grid or his aides to understand the concept of duplicating an item.

Then a sharp question emerged. "The appearance of your magic machine is exactly the same as Zibal's magic machine. Not only that, the emblem of the empire was carved in the same place. Doesn't this mean that Grid's magic machine was originally owned by the empire? How did you get an empire weapon?"

It was a reasonable question, but he hadn't predicted it in advance. Grid was struggling to answer when a reporter made a guess.

"Did you receive a gift when you visited the empire with the emperor's invitation?"

"...?"

The emperor was crazy enough to give him a gift...? Moreover, it was an ancient artifact? It was absurd, but it wasn't unfounded. The Saharan Empire had been the first to propose the peace treaty, and Grid had visited the imperial palace at the emperor's invitation. Was the relationship between the Saharan Empire and the Overgeared Kingdom more special than the world knew?

The relationship between Grid and the emperor couldn't be simple if the emperor gave Grid a gift. Grid was silent, and the reporters started typing because they interpreted it as a positive response. Articles such as 'Grid has the Saharan emperor's favor?' and 'The Saharan Empire and the Overgeared Kingdom are eternal allies?' appeared on the Internet.

'Well... I don't dislike him.'

Certainly, Emperor Juander was a person different in comparison to what was known. He was a tyrant who dominated the continent in a violent way, but he had also given a great gift to Grid who would someday become his obstacle. The gift was Mercedes the legendary knight. She was much more valuable than the magic machine.

'To be exact, it wasn't a gift he gave me.'

The emperor had sent Mercedes to the Overgeared Kingdom for Piaro, not Grid. Tricked by Great Demon Astaroth, the emperor had declared his friend and loyal knight a traitor. Once he learned the truth, he sent Mercedes to Piaro's side in the hopes that Piaro could spend his last years comfortably.

Of course, the emperor never imagined that Piaro would be a farmer and living well. Additionally, Piaro was still sharpening his sword of revenge toward the empress.

'Piaro's heart is complicated.'

The third question was from a Chinese reporter. It was a reporter who stared at Grid with grim eyes from beginning to end. "In the early stages of the battle, you used a skill that brought hundreds of players to their knees. In that short time, you killed Player Mei Xiao. What were your intentions behind this action?"

The Chinese people hated Grid. Having defeated their hero Hao, Grid looked like an eyesore to them as he stood in the position of the greatest. Thus, the Chinese media couldn't be sympathetic to Grid. The Chinese media criticized Grid according to public opinion. It was reported that Grid did a malicious act against China by assassinating Mei Xiao.

Of course, Grid also knew these facts. That's why he behaved more carefully. "Mei Xiao is incredibly good as a new generation player. Early in the battle, she was one of the most threatening players, so she was the first target. If I failed to kill her, I definitely would've been defeated in the Demon King Sjugation."

"...Are you acknowledging Mei Xiao's abilities?"

"I think anyone would acknowledge her considering what she showed at the National Competition this year."

"T-That's right." The Chinese reporter blushed and sat down like he was embarrassed by asking such an obvious question. Then he started to write an article with an excited expression.

The Chinese people watching the broadcast also softened their hearts. Grid showed a casual expression. He acted like praising Mei Xiao was as natural as flowing water. The Chinese people became aware of two facts. Mei Xiao was a true rising star from China, and Grid had no prejudice or malice toward China.

-If he hated China, he wouldn't acknowledge Mei Xiao.

-Grid's favorite food is jjampong! Chinese noodles!

-Grid is pro-China.

-Simple fools. You are deceived by lip service.

-It is lip service to acknowledge Mei Xiao's skills? He is telling the truth. Why is it lip service? Aren't you an offensive jerk?

Looking at this, the offensive jerks were split up between China and Korea. The friendlier Grid was, the better the situation became. Since the loss of Khan, Grid became even more aware of this important fact. He should refrain from acting emotionally and making too many enemies. The effect was great.

A reporter from Argentina asked gingerly, "Did you kill Seuron first for the same reason as Mei Xiao?"

'No, it is because Seuron spread rumors about hemorrhoids.'

...Grid suppressed the words rising in his throat and barely managed a smile. "That's right. I was wary of Seuron, who becomes stronger as the casualties increase."

30 minutes passed by. The questions and answers continued for a short period of time.

"You used a skill two times in a row. What type of ability was involved?"

"I will only say it is a hidden card."

"Did you promise a one on one match with Kraugel in advance?"

"No."

"It is rumored that there is criticism among a very small number of people in South Korea. They say the overall ranking of South Korea is lowered as a result of you participating in the competition as an individual rather than as part of South Korea. What do you think about this reaction?"

"I fully understand their feelings."

"How do you rate Zibal who has returned after a long time?"

"I am impressed with his rapid development. He is one of the players to be most cautious about."

"People are calling God of War Ares as the most likely candidate to be the next Demon King. What do you think about this?"

"I also expect Ares to be one of the candidates. The other one is Pope Damian. I think it is really scary if the gates are guarded by Rebecca's Daughters."

"The power of the Overgeared Kingdom has grown over the years. Do you have any plans to expand the Overgeared Kingdom?"

"Please only ask questions related to the National Competition."

...And so forth. Time flowed on very smoothly. Reporters asked questions that the audience might be curious about, and Grid responded to them with skill. The 'most viewed news' all over the world was filled with Grid's press conference.

The press conference itself ended smoothly. The reporters showed expressions of slight disappointment, but most of them wanted to maintain their relationship with Grid and didn't ask any inflammatory questions.

At this moment, a reporter raised his courage and asked a question, "It is known that Grid has received offers to be an advertising model for Bentley, Rolls-Royce, Maybach, and other luxurious car brands. Then shortly after the Demon King Subjugation ended, you made a remark that suggested you've signed a contract with Daejin Motors. Is the reason why they were able to grab you over the world's best brands related to Player Yura?"

Daejin Motors had become famous because of Grid's words. Now, everyone in the world knew the brand Daejin Motors, and they also knew that Yura was the granddaughter of the chairman of the Daejin Group. It was easy to make the relationship between Grid, Yura, and Daejin Motors. Still, the reporters hadn't asked blatantly because it was a personal question. Indeed, the sharp-eyed staff members were trying to pull away the American reporter who asked the rude question.

However, Grid stopped them. Surprisingly, Grid had been waiting for this question.

He faced the dozens of cameras lined up like a wall and pulled out the answer he had prepared. "I chose Daejin Motors because I personally like the new luxury King General Sys from Daejin Motors. Originally, I was going to sign with a supercar that you know well. Then I happened to walk past a Daejin Motors car dealership and saw the King General Sys on display. I entered the sales office in a bewitched manner and tried it out with the recommendation of a friendly staff member. It was unbelievably beautiful and drove well. Of course, there was a part that was regrettable. It was released as a luxury brand, but the price was quite inexpensive compared to the world's top three cars. Thus, some of the specifications didn't satisfy me 100%. I wanted to have a King General Sys and put in an inquiry with Daejin Motors."

"...What was the inquiry?"

Grid was openly doing promotion. The reporters knew the truth but had to ask the question. This was why Grid stopped talking at that part. Grid looked somewhat excited as he said, "Daejin Motors were willing to design the God General Sys just for me. I was impressed by the prompt customer service of Daejin Motors and decided to become their model."

"..."The atmosphere of the press conference became awkward.

"What is the God General Sys? Did we decide to make it for Grid?"The Daejin Group employees doubted their memories. Grid was so earnest that it was confusing whether it was fiction or fact.

The president of Daejin Motors started sweating. "...We need to make it."

"It is a car that the whole world will be interested in. It needs the best design and specs that aren't lacking compared to the Rolls-Royce."

"Yes..."

Along with protecting his valuable colleague, Grid got the advertising fees and a new car. Of course, the Daejin Group enjoyed astronomical advertising, so it wasn't a loss.

'This great guy is helping me?'

After the press conference, Grid came out of the conference room and found Yura waiting for him. Had she been crying? Her eyes were slightly bloodshot. Her appearance stimulated his protective instincts.

"Are you okay?"Grid couldn't help reaching out.

"Would you like to eat ramyun in my room?" Yura suggested.

Click.Click click!

The reporters who left the conference room one step later than Grid let out a burst of camera flashes.

“Eh?”

Unlike the embarrassed Grid, Yura stood close to him. The reporters looked like they had gained a scoop.

Peak Sword watched from a distance and asked Coke, “If Yura and Jishuka fight, who will win?”

“I don’t even dare imagine such a thing...”

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‘Did she come directly?’

Grid naturally wanted to contact Yura first. However, after the Demon King Subjugation ended, he was confronted with the Overgeared members who had come to the waiting room. Spending time with friends he hadn’t met for a year in reality was also important to Grid. Then there was the inevitable press conference.

In the end, Grid had delayed making contact with Yura. He had meant to finish this press conference and go talk to her directly. There were many things he wanted to say. His heart was filled with a sincerity and warmth that had to be expressed.

‘Don’t quit the game...’

Yet Yura came here directly. In the midst of a jungle filled with beasts hungry for a scoop, their prey appeared on her own.

“Would you like to eat ramyun in my room?”

Click!Click click!

It was as expected. There was a baptism of camera flashes as soon as Yura spoke. Grid frowned as he turned toward the flashes. Yura had suffered tremendous psychological pressure throughout the National Competition, and now she was being bullied by reporters. Furthermore, the current Yura had red eyes. It was obvious that she had been crying. He didn’t know what type of rumors would spread if this photo were published in the articles.

“It isn’t an official schedule right now. Isn’t it necessary to get permission before taking photos?” Grid hid Yura behind his back and glared at the reporters. He had lived as the Overgeared King and was accustomed to such things. The aura of a lion shot forward. The surprised reporters seemed to take a step back.

Click!Click click!

It only lasted for a moment though. The reporters weren’t in their right minds at the moment. Yura’s face was pale, and she seemed to exist alone in a world bathed in moonlight. It felt like the world was falling apart every time her eyes shook. The peerless beauty of South Korea had awakened. Yura was a universal beauty when she smiled, but she became more than that when she looked sad. Regardless of their gender, the reporters were fascinated by her and were ready to sell their country if she gave an order.

“Everyone, if you don’t act in moderation... What...?”

It was like seeing fanatics! The breathing of the reporters became rougher, and their eyes were bloodshot as they focused the camera on Yura. Grid felt like he had entered the world of a zombie movie.

“Player Yura! You put on a great performance in this year’s National Competition but refused most interviews! Can I ask if there is a problem?”

“Do you think you will humiliate yourself when you encounter Player Zibal again at next year’s PvP?”

“Why did you come here by yourself? Did you come to pick up Player Grid?”

“Is your beauty evolving every day because of love? It has been four years since the rumors of a love affair with Player Grid. Have you been dating steadily?”

“Why don’t you break up?!!”

“When will you break up?”

They asked questions related to the National Competition, but then they brought up personal history. The reporters were going wild. They were halfway insane.

‘No, how many times do I have to say that we aren’t dating?’

He wasn’t dating anyone! Yura and Jishuka weren’t his lovers! Grid had said this hundreds of times over the past four years, but nobody believed him. No matter how much Grid denied it, Yura was often spotted alone with him in reality while Jishuka was often with him in the game.

Furthermore, Grid didn’t know it but Yura and Jishuka had never denied the dating rumors with Grid. Grid thought that he had to nail in the point once again. He didn’t want the number of anti-fans to grow. Dammit! He had never even held their hands...

Well, no, he held their hands and supported them by the waist when they were drunk. In any case, it wasn’t fair for Yura and Jishuka when they weren’t actually in a relationship. Grid prepared himself mentally and shouted, “We aren’t dating!”

Click!Click click!

“Not dating!!”

Click click!

“Yura and I aren’t dating!!”

“...”

He shouted it as loudly as possible a few times. Then the camera flashes finally stopped. Other people dreamed of having a scandal with Yura while Grid was stubborn about his relationship with her. He even denied it. In retrospect, he had done this every time. The first few times, they thought he was just shy and embarrassed. Now that they saw Yura standing there like a stone statue without any light in her eyes...

'Don't tell me that Grid rejected Yura?'

A man rejected Yura...? This was nonsense. It was something that was impossible. The shocked reporters examined Yura's complexion. She was already pale, but her face seemed to become even more transparent. It seemed to be proof of the reporters' doubts.

"..."

The reporters' heads cooled, and they quietly lowered their cameras. The staff members also tried to turn off the large cameras for broadcast that were installed in the rear. They judged that it was dangerous to dig into this personal history. If Grid and Yura were lovers as rumored, there was some room to get away with things. However, if it was different from the rumors, it would be a nightmare for the reporters. In the midst of the awkward silence...

"You are correct. We are only colleagues, not lovers." Yura started talking for the first time. Her voice was as beautiful as her face, and it made the reporters feel like they were sitting on a cloud. "I know that Grid also has a simple relationship of being colleagues with Jishuka. Am I right?"

From beginning to end, Yura had only watched Grid even when the reporters appeared, and her eyes were still fixed on Grid now.

Grid knew this was the golden opportunity to clear up all misunderstandings and smiled widely. "That's right! It is correct! I'm not dating Jishuka!"

"So—"

"Huh?"

"I going to challenge it."

"What?"

"I want to be your lover."

"Huh? Eh?"

"...!!"

Grid never imagined he would receive this sudden confession. His cognitive ability couldn't follow the situation. The wide smile was still on his face. On the other hand, the reporters were once again raising their cameras. Yura didn't restrain them. It was because she was a coward. If she let this moment pass, she wouldn't be able to raise the same courage again.

As the reporters watched, Yura took a deep breath and repeated, "Please date me."

"..."

Her ears were red. The reporters belatedly noticed that Yura's beautiful eyes and voice were shaking. Everyone knew how much courage it was taking her to say this. Without realizing it, they were cheering for her.

...Well, except for one person.

“A-Are you crazy?”

It was Grid. Of course, it wasn't because he didn't like Yura. He had a good feeling toward Yura from the day he first met her. Over the next five years, she became more and more likeable to him. To be clear, Grid had good feelings toward Yura. Putting aside her appearance, all her actions toward him had been excellent.

Nevertheless, there were too many things he couldn't understand. She was a peerless beauty. Her personality, wealth, and education were all outstanding. Why would such a great woman confess to him? Additionally, why would she do it here where reporters from all over the world were gathered like dogs? Grid felt like this moment wasn't real. It seemed like a dream.

Click click!

The reporters started taking photos again. There were also many reporters shooting videos. The blank Grid suddenly came to his senses. Yura's face was beet red while her trembling eyes kept swiveling around. Her breathing was rough, and she was sweating. She was almost having a panic attack. Even so, she stared straight into Grid's eyes. Her eyes were eager but sad as she conveyed her sincerity.

Grid could no longer turn away from reality. It wasn't easy to understand, but Grid had to be serious the moment he knew her heart.

“Let's go back to the hotel first.” Grid grabbed Yura's small and soft hand before leading her away.

“Uh...!”

Click!Click click!The speed of the flashing accelerated. How good did Grid feel now? Maybe he was because he had no experience with holding the hand of the opposite sex.

The reporters wanted to capture Yura's cute look as she turned redder after Grid held her hand.

“Chase them.”

“Hurry.”

“Yes!”

Peak Sword, Toon, Coke—the three men watching from one side of the hallway ran through the reporters. They planned to safely escort Grid and Yura back to the hotel. There was a wide smile on the faces of Peak Sword and Toon. Grid and Yura seemed like cute children, so they felt somewhat proud.

Yura's room:

It took over 20 minutes for Yura's breathing to stabilize.

“Are you calm now?” Grid smiled as he sat in front of Yura with warm tea.

Yura nodded with a red face. “Yes...”

“Okay, then I have a question. Why the hell do you like me?” Yura had formally requested to date him. Grid knew it meant she liked him, and it wasn’t as a friend or colleague. “An ugly, stupid, and bad-tempered person like me... Why would you like such a person?”

Grid swallowed back the words ‘a woman like you’ as it might seem prejudiced against her. He tried to think as objectively as possible. It was hard to understand why this woman would like him. Of course, maybe it was due to his resources. There were many people fascinated by the character of Overgeared King Grid.

Yet what about Shin Youngwoo himself? In Grid’s experience, Shin Youngwoo had never been attractive. Shin Youngwoo was different from Grid.

...Shin Youngwoo was a man who had never been loved before. There were many women who laughed, cried, or even avoided him because his facial appearance was ugly and disgusting. The women who didn’t avoid him laughed and ridiculed him. Thinking about it now, it wasn’t just a matter of appearance. His dark and selfish personality created a fundamental wall.

At one time, he thought that such a negative personality was created by the world but not anymore. It was his nature. Look at Damian. He had liked anime and action figures since he was a kid and was bullied. Despite this, he was still so bright. Damian was loved by everyone.

“...”Grid’s expression distorted as he recalled the past. There were still wounds deeply embedded in his heart. They kept aching despite being wounds which had healed completely, apart from a few slight traces.

Then Yura’s voice came from her seat opposite Grid, “At first, it was just curiosity. It was during the days when I believed I was the best. I was interested in the person who didn’t fall in the end despite looking weaker than me.”

“...”

The Doran and Irene rescue operation—this was back when Yura was still a Yatan Servant. ‘Immortality’ had been an unknown concept at the time, so it wasn’t strange for Yura to become intrigued.

“Later on, I felt compassion and empathy for you. I came to know your past that was filled with misfortune and unhappiness. I wanted there to be someone else in the world who loved only ‘themselves’ and tried to help. I watched you occasionally. Then I discovered it. You are fundamentally different.”

Yura had lost her parents at a relatively early age and was alone in the world. She had witnessed how her grandfather had not shed a single tear at her parent’s funeral, and she had felt a terrible loneliness while being forced into an unwanted future. All types of pain were rooted deep within her heart.

“I was busy healing my wounds. I only loved myself and trampled others to turn away from reality.” Yura had destroyed the lives of countless people as Yatan’s Servant. Among them were Grid and Irene, and she was even afraid to mention the name ‘Doran.’ “But you... You might’ve been in greater pain and loneliness than me, yet you always fought to protect me.”

“That is a stretch. Now you’re only talking about a part of me. The things that you like about me are illusions caused by misunderstandings.”

“No,” Yura stated as she put down her cup. Her eyes were no longer shaking. It was because she glimpsed Grid’s self-blame. She said firmly to Grid, “The things I said were just an instrument. The reason I like you is because you are Shin Youngwoo. Your tone, your smell, your personality, your habits, your facial expressions, and your face...”

They were all the things he hated.

“I like all of them.”

A five-year relationship was not short, and Yura had seen many aspects of Grid in the last five years. Thus, she liked him.

“...” Grid’s heart started to thump. Now, Yura was looking at him completely. There was a bright smile on her face. Had she ever shown such a bright smile before? She looked more beautiful than ever, and Grid lost his soul momentarily.

“Do you know...? This is my first time saying it since finding out the truth... Well, you look really surprised.”

The nonsense entered his ears. Grid shook his head and smiled. “You are blinded.”

...He couldn’t believe it.

Irene’s face crossed his mind. There was a sense of guilt.

Yura saw his lost expression and got up. “I didn’t mean to embarrass you. I just want you to know that I like you.”

Her answer meant that it was okay to slow things down.

“By the way... why are you holding a pot in your hand?” Grid asked.

“I want to boil ramyun.”

“Ramyun? Can you boil it?”

“Yes, there is a recipe in the packet. I just need to wash the noodles and follow them.”

“Wash? Hey, give me that! Don’t squeeze the detergent and put it down!”

“The guest should sit quietly.”

It felt like the net around Grid’s heart had disappeared. Yura’s bright expression had been hard to see until now. Still, she should give him the ramyun packet first.

[Chapter 969](#)

Sigh...Sigh...

Slurp.Haaah...

“This is really...” Yura’s sweaty face was filled with pleasure. “It is really too delicious.”

Yura sucked up the last of the noodles. She didn't know that instant noodles could be so delicious. Yura had never gotten the chance to experience it previously, so she didn't know ramyun could be this delicious despite having read about it. Now that she tried it, she found it comparable to the chewy noodles and cool broth made by the chef of a five-star hotel. The flavor of the slightly unfamiliar seasoning stimulated the tip of her tongue, and a chill went down her spine.

"Additionally, you don't need to wash ingredients and can cook it right away... It is simple..."

Feeling impressed, Yura wiped at her mouth with a napkin. It was a graceful gesture. It didn't seem like she was eating Korean style Chinese food in a hotel but rather a fancy restaurant in France. On the other hand, Grid had the atmosphere of a local Korean restaurant. He buried his face in the bowl and was gulping down the soup. "Kyah~ good."

Grid truly admired the taste of the ramyun he made. The amount of water had been just right, the eggs had been placed 1 minute and 45 seconds before turning off the fire, and the scallions had been placed eight seconds before turning off the fire. The perfect trinity was fulfilled, and this was the ideal ramyun taste.

'Isn't this steady progress?'

Certainly, he had grown. He was confident that he wouldn't lose in a ramyun cooking competition against a Michelin three-star chef. Grid was seriously distressed.

'Once I go back to South Korea, shall I cook jjampong?'

Would it be more delicious than the jjampong ordered from a Chinese restaurant?

'Umm...'

Preparing food ingredients and investing time and energy in cooking—the original Grid would've been reluctant to do that. Now, Grid watched Yura's face as she sat opposite him. He watched a person precious to him eat his cooking (?) and thought it wouldn't be bad to take up cooking as a hobby in the future.

"Wait a moment." Yura grabbed a new napkin and wiped at Grid's mouth. A flowery scent struck the tip of Grid's nose.

"..." Grid was worried about blushing. He was unable to calm his wild heart and sprang up from his seat. "Yura...!"

"Yes...? Yes!" Yura was startled because Grid suddenly got up and called her name. She saw the red-faced Grid breathe out from his nose.

Gulp. Yura swallowed her saliva. This was the Ramyun Effect that she had often heard about in dating. She had been hoping for this moment, but she had no experience with dating. Thus, she couldn't help being afraid. The moment Yura was trying to make a determined effort—

"I-I'm going to the bathroom."

"..."

Grid hurriedly left Yura alone and headed to the bathroom, then he checked the mirror right away. He was worried that he had chili powder on his teeth. However, Grid's teeth were healthy and had no gaps. Thus, it wasn't easy for foreign matter to get caught. His white teeth were glistening.

'Am I handsome?' Grid rinsed his mouth and carefully examined himself in the mirror.

It seemed there was no difference between his current appearance and his appearance in the extremely honorable painting. He had treated the painting as a post-processed photo while Lael, the Overgeared members, Irene, and Lord had been amazed by it without showing any resistance.

'Certainly, I often think I look better than before.'

He had been exercising steadily for four years. Compared to the days when he didn't exercise, his facial features had filled out and he now looked good. The biggest change was his smooth skin that didn't show any signs of acne. He had sweated for four years without missing a single day, and his skin had improved from excreting all the waste. Of course, sweating wasn't enough for everyone to have better skin.

"Um..." Grid tried all types of poses. He tried a pose that showed off his wide shoulders, waist, and side.

'...I look cool.' A wide smile spread over Grid's face. His self-esteem rose sharply as he gained confidence in his appearance.

"Hum hum." Grid washed his hands and touched his hair roughly. Literally, he was being really rough. He swiped through his hair three or four times. Despite this, Grid's hairstyle was wonderful like the hairdressers of a Cheongdamdong beauty salon had touched it. It made his appearance even more brilliant. It was the same reason why he made ramyun well. This was the power of his dexterity. From the moment he connected to the game, he had worked without resting, and his delicate finger movements were engrained into his 'muscle memory'. These habits were partly expressed in reality.

Grid emerged from the bathroom and headed to the living room, only to let out an impressed sound, "Wow..."

This was because the sight of Yura sitting in the sunlight in the living room was as beautiful as a painting. It had been a few years already, but he still couldn't adapt to her beauty and lost his soul for a moment.

'She has become prettier.'

By the way... It seemed that she changed into a new attire? He remembered that she was originally wearing jeans and a sweater, but she was now wearing a one-piece dress. Looking like the main protagonist of a movie, Yura's long white legs caught Grid's eyes.

"Are you going out?" Grid asked as he sat across from her.

Yura shook her head with a red face. "No."

"I see."

She probably just wanted to relax in a comfortable outfit. Grid thought it wasn't a big deal and checked her schedule, "When are you going back to South Korea?"

“I wanted to match Youngwoo-ssi’s schedule. Take my plane.”

“Oh, that’s good. A private plane is very comfortable.”

“Just tell me and I’ll lend it to you at any time.”

“Really?”

In fact, Grid had worried about whether he should buy a private plane or not. He thought it would be better to have one when considering the benefit of convenience for his family. However, the prices of the planes varied depending on the model, model year, and interior design. The one that Grid wanted was worth over 100 billion won. Of course, he could buy it if he wanted to, but it was psychologically burdensome to spend such a large amount of money at once.

“Then I’m thankful. I don’t need it often, but I’ll ask if I have to send my parents overseas.”

“Yes! I’ll take care of it!” Yura’s eyes brightened the moment Grid mentioned his parents.

Grid looked at her strangely ambitious figure and carefully brought up a topic, “Did your grandfather call?”

“...Yes. He promised to no longer discuss the issue of inheriting the company. It is all thanks to you.”

Yura had heard the details from her grandfather. Once she learned that Grid had tried so hard for her, she was happy and grateful enough to weep. Then a long conversation ensued. Yura confided in Grid about what had happened between her parents and her grandfather. She told him about how she wanted to fulfill her father’s wish and that she would do it through Satisfy.

“Youngwoo-ssi protected my dream. I’ll repay the favor, even if it takes the rest of my life.”

“Just stay by my side, and it will be enough.”

“By your side...”

“Let’s work hard to grow the Overgeared Guild together.”

“...”

As expected, it would be hard to hear an answer today. Yura knew his heart, but she still felt greatly disappointed upon hearing Grid’s response. However, she couldn’t rush people’s hearts. She fully understood Grid’s position and vowed to wait. It was at this moment that...

“Who is it?”

There shouldn’t be any guests, but Yura got up as the sound of the bell rang out. It was then that she made a mistake. Her grandfather had acknowledged her right to her own life, and she had confessed her heart to Grid. She hadn’t done much today, so why had a great deal of her energy been consumed? The moment she got up from the couch, Yura felt dizzy and fell sideways.

“Are you okay?” Grid hurried over and helped her up. His big hands covered her waist and neck, and the expression in Yura’s eyes changed. “Youngwoo-ssi...”

Gulp.

Duguen!Duguen!Duguen! Grid's heart thumped. He felt like he was going crazy because Yura's face was right in front of him. Grid couldn't repress his boiling desire, and he felt like the tightly pulled line was breaking. Irene's appearance dimmed for a moment. Grid lost control, and his eyes focused on Yura's lips.

"...?!"

"...?"

Then the front door suddenly opened. Feeling startled, Grid and Yura hurriedly pulled apart and turned toward the door. Grid immediately recognized the uninvited guest. His eyes were fixed on a certain part of the uninvited guest, and he hadn't even looked at the face yet. Grid was astonished as he belatedly confirmed the identity of the uninvited guest. "Jishuka?"

"Hello? What are the two of you doing?"

"Uh... T-That..." Grid tried to explain.

Meanwhile, Yura—who was still breathing hard—opened her mouth and asked, "By the way, how did you get in here?"

Jishuka smiled and pulled something out of her pocket. It was a knife.

"..."

"...Huh, this isn't it." She put the knife away and pulled out a master key from her other side pocket. "This hotel is part of a chain my father owns. I used some of my connections. Is there anybody who doesn't know about the relationship between Yura and me? I was worried because I couldn't get in touch with my friend. Thus, he handed me the key."

"..."

"So, what were the two of you doing?"

Was it possible to burn people with only a gaze? As he faced Jishuka's eagle eyes, Grid thought it was certainly possible. There was an awkward silence before Jishuka suddenly brought up some news, "Oh, I'm going to move to South Korea today. There is a rat who is an eyesore."

Jishuka stared at Yura like she was going to eat her. The leopard-like spirit stretched out, but Yura didn't shrink back at all. Instead, she said, "Welcome to South Korea. I'm looking forward to the National Competition next year."

"There is nothing to expect. I will participate in the same events as you, so the total amount of medals won't change."

"Are you being affected by personal feelings? It is an unprofessional attitude."

"Unprofessional? I'm not getting paid to play the game. Who is a pro? I just do whatever I want."

"It is about basic responsibility. As the representative of our country, we have to distinguish between private and public matters."

“You are talking about responsibility even though you acted so shamelessly.”

Sparks flew as Yura and Jishuka glared at each other. Grid was in the middle and couldn't regain his reason.

‘When did their relationship become so bad?’

“It has been a while.”

It was after the end of the 4th National Competition. Kraugel went straight to the best spearsman on the continent, Kirinus. He was a person Kraugel had met during the course of his class quest. Kirinus, who had been chopping firewood, recognized Kraugel and said, “It will be much easier and faster to become stronger if you chase Muller's shadow instead of taking this stubborn and slow path.”

Kraugel fell to his knees. “Sword Saint Muller said there were times when even he relied on a spear.”

“I heard that the sword, not the spear, is the strongest weapon.”

“I still want to learn the spear.”

Sword Saint Kraugel's class wasn't effective because of a single item—Blue Dragon Sword Breaker. Now Kraugel realized that there wasn't only one road. Just as Grid used a variety of weapons depending on the situation, Kraugel believed that he should be able to handle a variety of weapons. He was also qualified.

“You have finally received enlightenment. Yes, the process of training is different, but combat eventually boils down to one thing. The process is just as important as the outcome. I will honor the reputation of the Sword Saint and respect your will.”

[A hidden quest has been created!]

Three years... It was a quest that required him to stay in one place for a whole three years. The quest meant his level was likely to stagnate. However, Kraugel accepted the quest without hesitation.

“Thank you very much.”

Kraugel didn't want to lose to his only competitor, Grid. He wanted to maintain his relationship with Grid forever by constantly advancing and demonstrating his skills.

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One day passed after the end of the National Competition. In the meantime, all the media outlets in South Korea and elsewhere were focused on Yura's public confession. Public interest soared into the sky, and Grid and Yura's story spread on the Internet and SNS sites 24 hours a day.

-Aren't Grid and Yura arriving today?

-I guess they finally decided to go out.

-Ah, I'm envious.

-We have to cheer for them. How much courage did it take Yura to confess...?

-That's right. This is the true attitude of a fan.

The news of Grid and Yura's arrival caused thousands of people to flock to Incheon International Airport. Broadcasters, reporters, and even ordinary people came to the airport to see the main characters. Unlike Grid's worries, the people didn't curse at him. Instead, they cheered for Yura's courage while accepting that Grid was worthy of being confessed to.

Once Grid's group actually appeared, the atmosphere cooled down sharply. The people calling Grid's and Yura's names shut up, and the reporters clicked their tongues. The reason was that Grid didn't come with Yura alone; he was also with Jishuka. Jishuka's arms were tightly linked with Grid's arm.

— — —

-Grid, that XXX...

The moment Grid's entry was relayed to the world in real time, and he got 10 million anti-fans. Grid got a chill down his spine as he faced the crowd with the two girls. He felt that the many people gathered at the airport were sending hostility and killing intent toward him.

'...This is a sign of friendship.'

Jishuka was a close friend and colleague, so she hugged his arm. Yes, this was friendship, not affection. Yet he was currently receiving killing intent because he was mistaken as having the affection of two girls...?

'It is unfair...'

Jishuka didn't know Grid's feelings and smiled deeply as she attached herself more closely to Grid. Yura suspected that Jishuka was the one who released the information of when they were returning.

Grid's Village—this was the name that people given the area where the streets had evolved after Grid's building was completed. There were six high-rise buildings finishing their construction next to Grid's building, and one of them belonged to Jishuka.

"It is a good place."

Jishuka's building was right next to Grid's building. Based on the structure, Jishuka also seemed to be using the penthouse as a home like Grid. It was too open though.

'The distance in between is short, and the exterior walls are plain glass? If I turn on the lights at night, my place can be seen.'

The garden and swimming pool were completely exposed. The structure of Grid's place meant people could peek in with one glance. Why did he place a high wall on the other side but not this side? Grid cocked his head and asked, "It will be completed in a fortnight?"

“Yes. Thus, I need to ask for a place to stay during the fortnight. South Korea is still strange and a bit scary for a woman alone... I’ll probably stay at a hotel.”

“Why bother with a hotel? Come to my place. There is plenty of room.”

This was a friend who had flown in from faraway lands. He was willing to offer his house to her as a courtesy. A bright smile emerged on Jishuka’s beautiful face.

“Thank you, Grid!”

“D-Don’t hug me so suddenly!”

Grid was very exhausted. He provided a room and meals to Jishuka but lost his energy after just one day.

‘Do all South American women dress like this at home...?’

The absent-minded Grid sat in the capsule for a while before banishing his thoughts and logging in. It had been almost two days since he connected to the server. Grid first went to Irene. It was because Irene’s image had blurred since Yura confessed to him.

He was confused. Satisfy and reality were disconnected worlds. Should he feel guilty toward Irene because he liked Yura in reality? If he cheated on Irene because she only existed in Satisfy, could he really be confident that he loved her?

“...”

Upon arriving at the palace, he saw Irene’s beautiful side profile standing in the garden as she overlooked the pool. She was now older than him. Grid’s heart hurt like his chest had been torn open.

“Your Majesty!” Irene discovered Grid and ran over.

Grid smiled bitterly as he approached and hugged her tightly. “There are many things I want to tell you and stories that I want to hear. Let’s chat all night.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.” Irene buried her face in Grid’s chest and laughed like the happiest person in the world. Grid held her tightly and realized... He couldn’t betray her.

“I love you.”

“Your Majesty... There are too many eyes watching.”

Irene used to like this a few years ago, but she was older now and had to be careful of her dignity. Out of nowhere, Grid shouted in a loud voice, “I! Love! Irene!”

“Y-Your Majesty.” Irene blushed as she smiled at him, and they exchanged glances. The king and queen who loved each other deeply always set an example. That evening...

“You haven’t changed since the first day we met.” Irene paused as she walked through the garden with Grid. She had seen the depths hidden in Grid’s smile. The current Grid had a similar look to when he had been momentarily shaken by Sua. “I am mortal. I can’t stand by Your Majesty’s side forever.”

“Irene, what are you saying all of a sudden?”

“I want Your Majesty to meet a woman who can be with you forever.”

“Don’t say that.”

“I am sincerely saying this because I love Your Majesty.”

“...”

Their times flowed differently. He was already prepared for it, but he felt frightened and resentful of her determination. Grid saw the sadness and determination in Irene’s blue eyes and vowed to never love an NPC again. Then he wept without realizing it.

Three days after the end of the National Competition, the world’s messages appeared in front of Lauel’s eyes as he was working.

[The marine Media Kingdom was destroyed.]

[The Saharan Empire has absorbed all the territories and rights of Media.]

[The survivors of Media have a great grudge against the Saharan Empire. Their desire for vengeance will last forever.]

[The Saharan Empire’s momentum is rising sharply in a terrible manner! For the next 10 days, players from the Saharan Empire will gain an extra 10% experience and an extra 5% chance to acquire items.]

‘Media?’

Media was a kingdom that Lauel had visited because the Behen Archipelago was located there. It was a small and beautiful kingdom with a considerable amount of wealth accumulated. Despite having been predicted to possess a significant number of elite troops, it had been destroyed overnight.

‘Did they use the magic machines?’

Lauel convened an emergency meeting. A whisper arrived as he was waiting for the 10 meritorious retainers. The person who sent the whisper was a big shot—the God of War, Ares.

-You can rest assured because my players have gained the White Dragon’s Eyes first.

‘What are the White Dragon’s Eyes?’

It was the first time Lauel had heard of them, but there was nothing good about exposing the absence of information.

-So?What is your purpose? Lauel inquired indifferently.

Ares replied, -I’m hoping for compensation.Reduce the price of the weapons that are traded with us by four times.

Since Grid received Hexetia’s blessing, many blacksmiths had migrated to the Overgeared Kingdom, and Lauel had thoroughly taken advantage of this. He almost exclusively monopolized the items market and

received profit by raising prices. Frankly, it was a huge blow to Valhalla. It led to a situation where Valhalla couldn't properly arm the soldiers they recruited because the value of the items had increased by three times. Even if they used all the kingdom's money to purchase weapons, it would be insufficient.

Criticisms toward the Overgeared Kingdom and Lael came from all over the continent. However, Ares never condemned the Overgeared Kingdom. Grid had helped him in the past. However, Ares was also the king of a kingdom and couldn't keep being held back...

'Claiming compensation?' Lael's brain worked quickly. The destruction of Media, the empire that destroyed Media, and the White Dragon's eyes...

'The reason the empire invaded Media was to get the item called the White Dragon's Eyes. If the empire managed to get the eyes, it would've harmed us...'

It was imperative to learn about the White Dragon's Eyes.

-I will contact you after discussing it with King Grid.

-I will be expecting a positive answer.

Despite Lael's reserved words, Ares withdrew without hesitation. It was an attitude that said his side held the cards. Lael found it strange and immediately went to Sticks. The great sage Sticks was a cheat key. He naturally knew about the White Dragon's Eyes.

"The White Dragon's Eyes can reflect all types of powers."

"All types of powers?"

It was a hugely fraudulent item. Consequently, it was natural for the empire to covet it. So why did Valhalla intercept and take it? Why did Ares talk about compensation? Lael returned to the conference room and consulted with the 10 meritorious retainers, but it was difficult to determine the answers.

Two hours later, Faker reported to him, "Media salvaged the White Dragon's Eyes 10 days ago and the empire immediately obtained the information. Media tried to conceal it, but it was impossible to avoid the empire's intelligence network."

"Hrmm..."

Why did the empire covet it so much that they destroyed a kingdom with hundreds of years of history overnight? Lael struggled for dozens of minutes before looking like he was hit by lightning.

"...The evil eyes' king!"

"...?" The 10 meritorious retainers were confused.

Lael explained to them, "Species such as elves, dwarves, orcs, vampires, giants, the evil eyes, and the water clan are eyesores to the empire who are seeking to unify the continent. Among them, the Saharan Empire is most wary of the evil eyes due to the power of the evil eyes' king."

Raising his hand, Lael covered half of his face. He revealed one eye while thinking about how wonderful it would be if a shape flashed in this eye. "The White Dragon's Eyes reflects all types of powers. What if it reflects the eyes of the evil eyes' king?"

“Will it be possible to destroy the evil eyes’ king?”

“That’s right. The White Dragon’s Eyes can’t enter the hands of the empire.”

This was the most shocking fact.

“The God of War knows about the relationship between King Grid and the evil eyes’ king. He knows that the evil eyes’ king has a favorable relationship with King Grid, seized the White Dragon’s Eyes halfway, and attempted to trade with us using it...”

“...” The room fell silent. They had all realized it. Lael pushed in the last wedge, “That’s right. Valhalla has excellent strategists. They are genius enough to read the positions of the empire and the Overgeared Kingdom before acting one step ahead.”

They were completely hit by him. It was the result of participating in the National Competition.

‘I won’t be able to participate in the National Competition again,’ Lael pledged as he determined what happened.

“We are now in a position where we’re being threatened by Valhalla. If we don’t listen to the demands of the God of War, the White Dragon’s Eyes will fall into the hands of the empire...”

“I roughly know the situation.”

While Lael was speaking with a serious expression, Grid entered the meeting room. He was wearing glasses with lens as transparent as a jewel. The lens were also tinged a mysterious violet color.

“Don’t worry about the evil eyes’ king.”

“...?”

To think that Grid was showing up in sunglasses and grinning when the situation was so serious...? Grid explained to the baffled 10 meritorious retainers, “The evil eyes’ king will be able to control his eyes. There will be no problems with the White Dragon’s Eyes.”

The continent unification episode of the Saharan Empire finally started, and the Overgeared Kingdom became the eye of the typhoon right from the very beginning.