

## Overgeared 1321

### [Chapter 1321](#)

“.....”

The confrontation between Kraugel and Yeum ended with Yeum’s victory. However, Yeum’s expression was dark. She returned to the palace covered in blood and stood in front of a snow-covered pine tree. The snow turned red due to the dropping blood.

‘I didn’t have a single advantage in technique.’

Yeum’s face wrinkled as she recalled the battle. All her techniques were detected and destroyed with a sword. It was a reality she didn’t want to believe. She had studied and trained for the past hundreds of years to become like Mir. How did a human who hadn’t lived even a hundred years...?

‘I would rather he be a transcendent.’

It would’ve been convincing if she had been surpassed in technique by a transcendent who enjoyed eternal life, unlike ordinary human beings. What was the difference between a yangban and humans? It wasn’t surprising if the other person was better than her after hundreds of years of training. The problem was that the human she met today wasn’t a transcendent.

‘I don’t know... I don’t know at all.’

Yeum was analyzing the human’s swordsmanship and quickly shook her head with a pained expression. No matter how she thought about it, she couldn’t understand the human’s swordsmanship with all her knowledge and understanding. She couldn’t picture it because she didn’t understand. Since she couldn’t understand, she couldn’t picture it. It felt like her efforts, common sense, and world were being denied.

Someone approached her and stood quietly by her side. “It is sad to hurt humans.”

“Mir...”

Mir was one of the most talented yangbans of all those born to become a god. Less than 20 years after his birth, he participated in Chiyou’s Test and achieved a record that could never be broken. He was deified among the yangbans. Mir was so special that even the arrogant Garam became humble in front of him.

“You’ve worked hard.” Mir gently stroked Yeum’s head. Then the energy of the white tiger and red phoenix spread and healed Yeum’s tired body and mind. While the other yangbans could only use the power of the white tiger and red phoenix on their own bodies, Mir could exert influence over others.

“Mir, the reason I’m depressed right now isn’t because I hurt a human.”

“Then?”

“I lost in a fight of technique. It was also to an ordinary human, not a transcendent. It is infuriating and unfair.”

She won the fight, of course, but it was a fight that she won only because she had overwhelming physical ability and Shunpo.

"I see." Mir noticed what happened to Yeum and removed the snow from the pine needles. "Don't feel wronged. Excellence and inadequacy are relative and can't be stretched. Even if they are human, they can be better than yangbans—didn't the death of Garam and our siblings teach us that?"

"Yes, of course I know that. But... But I..."

Yeum touched her gat. For her, the gat was just an ornament that could be removed at any time. She had sufficient abilities and qualifications to obtain divinity. The reason she still wore the gat was because she didn't participate in Chiyou's Test. She wanted to be by Mir's side. In fact, Yeum was confident that she was one of the most outstanding of the yangbans. For this reason, the situation was even less convincing.

Mir shook his head as he observed the sword marks on her dapo and her body. "Your opponent was bad. You don't have the skills to beat a Sword Saint's swordsmanship yet."

"...Sword Saint? Did I fight against the Sword Saint?"

"Yes, the new Sword Saint visited to find the previous one's secret technique."

He discovered the identity and purpose of the outsider. Mir grasped the situation and touched the sword scar on his neck that wasn't erased.

Yeum recalled old memories through this and realized something—she was lucky. If the Sword Saint of the present generation had visited this place many years later instead of now, and if she had blocked his path...

'I would be dead.'

Yeum clearly remembered it—the monster who fought with Mir and cut through all of Mir's power with a single sword. The man she fought today was the one who inherited his swordsmanship and spirit. To be honest, it was surprising. He was still too weak that she never thought he would be the Sword Saint.

Yeum's heart became urgent. "What should we do? Should we find Muller's secret technique and burn it?"

A legend couldn't die easily, and the potential of a Sword Saint was explosive. She didn't want to stand by idly at the thought of the human she met today finding Muller's secret technique and growing. She even felt fear and Mir soothed the trembling Yeum, "No, leave it. We can't find it anyway, and I've always wanted to compete with the Sword Saint."

The duel with the Sword Saint caused Mir to greatly develop. Mir got a glimpse of the Sword Saint's swordsmanship. Every time he interpreted it, he felt himself growing in real time. He wanted to have another experience. He would use this experience as a nutrient to peek at the peak of martial arts and bring rest to Chiyou.

'I will become the new Martial God.'

Mir wanted a new Sword Saint.

'You must find Muller's secret technique.'

[Someone unknown is encouraging you.]

[The Dragon Coat received as a gift from Biban is burning hot for a moment.]

[Your blood is boiling.]

[The accuracy and power of all swordsmanship will slightly increase.]

‘Is this perhaps...?’

Kraugel vaguely noticed something through the event that occurred suddenly. The fact that the ‘unknown person’ encouraging him was the one whom Muller described as a ‘trial.’

Muller had felt his long-desired death approaching and recalled a bloody battle on the East Continent that he had accidentally visited. It was fun—he thought he had been practicing swordsmanship all his life for this moment. Muller felt nostalgic and wanted to once again meet this person and cross the sword.

The next day, he left for Kaya and found it was a lingering regret. He realized he couldn’t die unless he gave up these lingering regrets. Eventually, he took a step back and wrote a book before leaving Kaya. He wrote down his first and final secret techniques in a scroll for the swordsman who would someday come here and go through the trial.

The person who made Muller, the absolutely invincible powerful, feel regret.

“Who are you?” Kraugel asked as his gaze turned toward a distant place.

“.....”

Naturally, there wasn’t an answer.

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In the future, Grid would unconditionally participate in the Hell Gao raid. Then the moment Hell Gao summoned the eighth fire stone, he would completely destroy Hell Gao with Ruby’s power. The moment Grid explained the future direction, Pon once again realized how strong Hell Gao was.

A question also popped up so he asked it. “Still, is it necessary to go as a group when you managed to kill him along with Mercedes? Why don’t you kill Hell Gao by yourself?”

He wasn’t shirking responsibility because it was annoying and dangerous.

“It would be better if you kill the boss alone.”

The value of a named boss was very high. Dropping great items was just a bonus reward. The key was that it gave a lot of experience. In that case, it was better for one person to monopolize all the rewards alone.

Grid shook his head at Pon who was sincerely thinking about Grid. “No, let’s kill it together.”

It was just level. If he had wanted to, he could quickly raise it. The enlightenment effect was no joke. If he settled in the Chaos Mountains or the reservoir where the immortal ghosts lived and immersed

himself in hunting, his level would rise every week. Currently, Grid wanted to focus on the growth of the guild members, not just his individual gain. "I think I should push you a bit harder."

"Ah..."

Was he trying to make them grow in all aspects by letting them continuously experience high difficulty raids? The Overgeared members figured out Grid's intentions and looked frightened, while the eyes of the 10 meritorious retainers shone brightly. Who would refuse to let the supreme one step in and strengthen them?

'Such people are fools. I'm looking forward to it.'

They were serious. It seemed they wouldn't be able to sleep properly for a while. They were already excited at the thought of the Hell Gao raid and learning from Grid. The hearts of the 10 meritorious retainers were pounding.

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Over the past few days, Grid had frequent meetings with Yura. There were many things he had to ask Yura, who had more expertise in hell than Sticks. What was the best hunting ground in hell, what consumables were essential in hell, and were there any tips or precautions he needed to know?

Above all, Grid showed the most interest in the type and characteristics of demonic creatures. Grid asked Yura in great detail about the demonic creatures before and after level 430. He wanted to know the most powerful monsters or monsters with tricky abilities.

Yura answered all these questions perfectly. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that she was the best expert when she easily killed monsters with a high level difference as the Demon Slayer.

"The succubi are the strongest and most demanding."

The ability to seduce targets and the combat skills that utilized Blink were of high quality. In particular, the use of passive skills to reduce the target's magic resistance was very high. Therefore, even Yura avoided them when multiple succubi appeared at the same time.

'A passive that a legend can't resist...'

A passive that reduced a target's magic resistance was something he definitely coveted.

'Yes, I have decided on the succubi.'

He was going to tame the succubi. Grid made up his mind and spent a few days in Reinhardt with his family. At this time, he still didn't know. What type of race was a succubus? He didn't realize it was embarrassing to go around with them as a group.

At the same time, at the First Hell...

"Deceased Creation."

Agnus, who was awakened from his past failures and regrets, was creating an invincible existence. There was no more madness in his gold eyes after he abandoned his obsession with the past.

“It will start soon.”

Baal’s gloomy laughter was heard in the dark great hall.

### [Chapter 1322](#)

The world was turned upside down as the people successfully interpreted Grid’s epic.

『 The gap between the legends of the previous generation and the current generation is gone... 』

Their shock was great. They never dreamed that the people of this age would be able to stand shoulder to shoulder with the legends of the previous generation. It was natural. The feats of the legends were literally beyond common sense. Muller’s achievement in sealing the 9th ranked great demon, Hell Gao, all by himself, was a prime example. It was an area that players could never reach.

Yet Grid’s epic made it clear. The distinction between the previous generation and the present was gone.

『 I never imagined that this day would come. It is amazing! Great! I am so proud!! Now the main subject of Satisfy is reborn from NPCs to players!! 』

The number of legends in the present day was seven. Five of them were players. In the future, these five players would exert great influence as the strongest in the world. People had great anticipation for Satisfy which they would use to change their future. They were terrified every time the great demons appeared and were tired of being oppressed by the stuffy rules created by the NPCs. From now on, it would be the legends that would protect the peace, not the NPCs with medieval concepts. Satisfy would become freer than the past. People were forced to welcome the growth of legends.

However, experts warned that they shouldn’t have hasty expectations.

『 It is Grid who removed the distinction between the previous generation and the present. It means it is highly likely that it is only Grid who has grown to the limit, not all the legends of the present day. In fact, the legendary assassin and Bow Saint have just been born. It is unreasonable to interpret it as all legends achieving a complete growth. 』

『 The world isn’t safe from all types of disasters, including the great demon. It is too much to become confident that the world’s subject has become players. There won’t be the sudden change expected by the public. It isn’t good to have expectations. Only disappointment will grow. 』

The thing that most players sought from the game was fun and profit. They were tired and disgusted by the great demons who threatened the stage of their actions. The first reason they were delighted to hear that the legends of the present age had grown to match the previous generation’s was because they believed it would be easier to defeat the great demons.

However, the atmosphere of public opinion cooled when the experts presented their pessimistic analysis. Broadcasters from all over the world refuted the audience.

『 Isn’t it still great to feel expectations if Grid becomes stronger alone? I think there will be many scenes of Grid raiding a great demon alone? 』

『 Yes, if it is a low ranking great demon, then Grid alone is enough to raid it... 』

『 There is a record that the former legend, Muller, sealed the 9th great demon, Hell Gao. Doesn't that mean that even high ranking great demons aren't Grid's opponent? For example, there is Beleth who was defeated by Grid some time ago. 』

『 Hahaha, Muller is the one who is considered the strongest among legends. Who other than Muller can seal a great demon alone? Even Demon Slayer Alex wasn't able to leave behind the achievement of defeating a high ranking great demon. Isn't this placing too much expectations on Grid? 』

『 However, Grid has the power to frequently break common sense... 』

『 Of course, Grid is great. He has shown tremendous growth to the point where I wonder if Grid is stronger than Pagma. It is really admirable, but everyone has limits. Grid isn't Superman. Don't you think your expectations will be a big burden on Grid? In the first place, the great demons are indispensable villains in Satisfy. They are ordeals that players must face and overcome. Do you plan to always pray that someone else will solve it? 』

Grid was strong. The best.

However, just as everyone had limitations, there were inherent limitations to the Pagma's Descendant class. It was reprehensible that they were planning to be cruel to Grid just because he was strong. The experts had analyzed Grid for several years and unknowingly became fans of Grid.

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The grass waving in the breeze and the blue sky without a single cloud. This place that was reminiscent of the fresh countryside was surprisingly hell. Unlike the hellish landscapes that people imagined, there wasn't much difference between the human world and hell.

However, Grid didn't panic. He had visited hell a long time ago and witnessed the landscape.

'I was kicked out as soon as Blackening was released.'

Ordinary humans were driven away from hell because they couldn't enter hell. However, it was different this time.

[Hell can't deny you when you are recognized by the 9th great demon.]

[Hell's restraints on humans don't apply to you entirely.]

[Your current reputation in hell is 7,000 points. The penalties in hell are reduced by 15%.]

[This is hell. It is a land that human beings shouldn't step on. There are no favors or devices that will protect humans in this world.]

[The recovery rate of all resources is reduced by 85%, all healing effects are reduced by 70%, and the stamina decrease speed is three times faster. The power of divine attribute type skills and magic power is decreased by 90%. The power and activation rate of protection and movement-related skills are reduced by 50%.]

[All stats will decrease by 20%.]

“.....”

His body was heavy. In addition to the content displayed in the notification window, there was the feeling that a separate penalty was acting on his body.

‘This is really the final hunting ground.’

They would make it difficult to attack. They would never give players the opportunity to see the ending. Grid saw the S.A Group’s intention to run Satisfy for a lifetime and clicked his tongue. Then he asked Yura, who was standing beside him, “What number of hell is this?”

“It is a neutral zone. It is a land where ordinary demonkin live in cities and villages.”

“Ordinary demonkin?”

If they were demonkin, then they were demonkin. What was an ordinary demonkin? Grid cocked his head and made eye contact with a one-eyed boy standing at the outer side of the entrance of a distant village. Grid saw the boy hurriedly moved into the village out of fear and recalled old memories.

‘The demonkin at that time were scared...’

It was when Grid first visited hell. The inhabitants of hell that he encountered at that time had looked at Grid like he was a monster.

Hiik! A human! The screams echoed vividly in his mind.

“Just like with many races, the races of the demonkin are diverse. The demonkin living here in the neutral zone aren’t very different from humans. They value reason rather than instinct and live according to their own laws and morals.”

“So not all demonkin are vicious?”

“Yes, they have a culture. They created a currency and built markets like humans. They are just like humans, except they are living in hell.”

“They are classified as NPCs, not monsters?”

“Yes. The relationship with the neutral demonkin can be divided into three stages: vigilant, neutral, and friendly. Once a friendly relationship is built up, you can use various shops and accommodations. However, the currency used is different so it is useless no matter how rich you are in the human world.”

“What? Are you saying I have to start over again from poverty?”

“Yes... the value of gold isn’t recognized.”

Based on Yura’s quivering expression, she seemed to have suffered quite a lot. Grid trembled.

‘These S.A guys.’

They made all the money he collected through his efforts so far useless. They always had ways to turn people into dogs. It would seem that, in hell, in addition to the penalty related to stats, he would have to start again with the frame of mind of a beginner.

'They are a Korean company so they must be good at making beef bone soup.' [1]

Did they want to run the game for hundreds of years? Considering the degree of completion, Grid could understand the desire to operate forever. A game like this would never come again.

'I like it.'

Grid occupied a lot of content and enjoyed a monopoly. The longer that Satisfy's value was preserved, the better it was for him.

"So why do the great demons leave this zone untouched?"

Hell was divided into 33 areas and the great demons were self-proclaimed rulers. Grid was told they sometimes caused conflict to occupy more territory. It was surprising that there was a neutral zone without an owner. Grid questioned it, but Yura replied that she didn't know very well.

"Let's see. There seems to be an unwritten rule between the great demons, but I haven't determined exactly what it is."

"Um..."

Well, it didn't matter. Grid nodded and started walking toward the village, only for Yura to grab him.

"If you go to the village in this state, you will just provoke the vigilance of the residents."

"Then ignore it and pass by?"

"No. If you kill nearby demonic creatures and secure evidence, the residents' vigilance will soften. It is good to hunt monsters first before going to the village to get some quests. If you want to be active in hell in the future, you need to build up enough favorability to use the village."

It was valuable advice that came from experience. Grid moved his feet and kept asking questions. "Are the demonkin and demonic creatures on the same side?"

"Are humans and wild animals companions just because they live in the same area?"

"Aha, I understand."

The demonic creatures were threats even for the demonkin. Of course, certain demonkin could be close to demonic creatures.

"The succubi are monsters that live in the 32nd Hell. In order to visit the 32nd Hell, it is better to put on perfume that blocks yin and yang energy. First, get a quest and clear it to obtain perfume."

"Yes."

It was like a level 400 high ranker was attached to a level 1 newbie as a guide. Yura had years of experience in hell and this made it easy for Grid to find demonkin, hunt, and get quests in villages. Grid avoided all the failures and setbacks that Yura had suffered. She was a good bus. Grid almost always



acted as a bus driver and it had been a long time since he became a passenger on a bus. He enjoyed the convenience.

'This is why networking matters.'

Grid arrived at the 32nd Hell without getting sidetracked or lost thanks to Yura's guidance. Then he gulped. In the middle of the suddenly darkened landscape, he could see the hellfire river that was like lava. He felt that the thick liquid was disturbing his breathing. Sweat started flowing and he became dizzy for some reason.

"Spray the perfume."

"Yes." Grid sprayed the perfume he got from clearing one of the quests in hell on his body. It was like smearing cow dung from his grandfather's house on his body. It was unpleasant, but it made his breathing comfortable. It was refreshing, even. "Why is it so refreshing when it feels like I'm spraying cow dung?"

"You've blocked the yin energy."

"Okay. Then let's go."

Grid summoned the Overgeared Skeletons and his pets. In his weakened state, it would be good to have even one more person to rely on. Besides, this place was hell. It was the main stage for Noe.

"Nya~ heung!"

Noe wanted to appear with his usual cute cat sounds, but his voice became thicker at the end. Noe's appearance was different from usual.

### [Chapter 1323](#)

"Nya~ heung!"

"...Who are you?"

Grid blinked after summoning Noe. There were shiny white feet and rounded feet like he was wearing mittens. Up to this point, it was exactly like Noe who became more beautiful after eating the thunder stone...

Clack clack!Clack!

While Grid was feeling confused, the Overgeared Skeletons got on Noe's back and imitated riding a horse. That's right—Noe's petite body had become huge enough to carry the Overgeared Skeletons. His limbs and neck had become as thick as a log, and his face had become thinner and sharper when it was usually round and cute like a steamed bun. The mane that abundantly covered the head and chest was both threatening and beautiful.

"...Why did you suddenly become a lion?"

Wasn't he originally a cat? Where did the cute and adorable look go, and why did he suddenly become magnificent?

“This is the real appearance of a memphis, the best demonic beast in hell.”

He stretched out his round feet and blade-like claws popped out. He looked really strong.

‘Was he in a reduced state in the human world due to a lack of demonic energy?’

No, it seemed he was really a cat until he ate the thunder stone, right? Why was he suddenly a lion?

Grid recalled Noe’s old appearance of black fur and white feet and shook his head. It wasn’t a matter to think deeply about.

‘Noe is Noe regardless of what he looks like.’

Grid checked Noe’s status window.

[Name: Noe

Species: Memphis

Level: 309

Status: Satisfied

(Aheung! Aheung! Ahuheung!)

Health: 500,000

Strength: 2,000 Stamina: 3,000 Agility: 3,000 Intelligence: 2,000

★ In the environment of hell, the thunder stone is completely digested and his body is transformed into an adult.

★ As an adult memphis, all stats will increase by 100 every 10 levels. However, health will grow every 100 levels.

★ When riding, the rider’s attack power is increased by 10%. Increases the power of rushing skills by 30%.

-Current Skills List-

[Fluidization] [Soul Ingestion] [Scratch] [Bewitchment] [Impertinent!] [Gallop]]

‘The growth is huge.’

It seemed like Noe got 40 stat points with every level up. If Grid knew this, he would’ve placed more importance on intensively raising Noe.

‘No, the Overgeared Skeletons are good enough.’

[Overgeared Skeleton One]

[Class: Skeleton Sword Dancer

Level: 322

Health: 51,000 Mana: 1,090

Strength: 1,301 Stamina: 450

Agility: 720 Intelligence: 80

-Items Worn-

Weapon: Sharp Sword of Self-transcendence

Secondary Weapon: Thorn Shield

Armor: Sturdy Valhalla

-Class Specific Skills-

Bone Cracking Lv. MAX, Destructive Dancing Blacksmithing Lv. 4, Dancing Lv. 6, Cutting while Dancing Lv. 3, Stabbing while Dancing Lv. 3, Increased Health, Increased Defense, [Slaughter Dance (A)]

-Skills Learnt-

Skeleton's Patience, Silver Thread Avoidance, Advanced Sword Mastery Lv. 2, Intermediate Mining Technique Lv. 3, Intermediate Petrification Resistance, Intermediate Physical Resistance, Intermediate Magic Resistance, Beginner Instant Acceleration, Bite, Ridicule, Skull Headbutt, Intermediate Poison Resistance, Beginner Divine Power Resistance, [Skeleton Sword Dance (A)]

[Overgeared Skeleton Two]

[Class: Skeleton Bishop

Level: 319

Health: 30,200 Mana: 21,900

Strength: 100 Stamina: 700

Agility: 300 Intelligence: 1,350

-Items Worn-

Weapon: Belial's Staff (Reproduction)

Secondary Weapon: Commander's Orb

Armor: Kerian's Robe

-Class Specific Skills-

Bone Sticking Lv. 8, Restoration Dancing Blacksmithing Lv. 6, Dancing Lv. 6, Skull Strengthening Lv. 2, Skeleton Strengthening Lv. 2, Mana Shield Lv. 2, Health Increase, Mana Increase, [Skeleton Creation (A)]

-Skills Learnt-

Skeleton's Patience, Silver Thread Avoidance, Advanced Magic Mastery Lv. 2, Intermediate Mining Technique Lv. 3, Intermediate Petrification Resistance, Beginner Physical Resistance, Intermediate Magic Resistance, Bite, Ridicule, Intermediate Poison Resistance, Intermediate Divine Power Resistance, [Prayer to a God (A)]

During the hunts in the Chaos Mountains and at the reservoir, Grid had been focused on raising the Overgeared Skeletons, not Noe. It was because he appreciated the Overgeared Skeletons' potential to learn new skills more than Noe. The Overgeared Skeletons' stats point gain per level was low at 8 points, but this was increased after their third class advancement. Therefore, there was hope for further increase in the future.

'Both Noe and the Overgeared Skeletons must be raised well.'

Was it because they had fought through life and death crises together and shared hardships? The Overgeared Skeletons climbed onto Noe's back and Noe generously accepted them. Grid watched the scene happily when he suddenly pulled out his sword.

"Welcome."

It was because a red-skinned demonkin in a tailcoat approached Grid's group. The single horn rising from the left side of the forehead and the sharp fangs stood out. The demonic energy that rose as a daze haze around him was threatening.

"I was waiting."

He was completely different from the demonic creatures Grid had encountered on the way here. It was an intelligent being. The horn and demonic energy was too much to say that he resembled the demonkin Grid saw in the neutral zone. This feeling was similar to...

"A great demon?"

Yura explained to the nervous Grid, "There are three main types of races that lived in hell. They are demonic creatures, demonkin, and demons."

As the name suggested, demonic creatures were classified as monsters, and it was right to call demonkin the residents of hell. On the other hand, demons were nobles. It was a race qualified to covet the position of a great demon. The demons were small in number, but they had a very high combat strength and demonic power. They were also intelligent.

"Is he a candidate to be a great demon?"

"Yes."

'They are like the yangbans of the Hwan Kingdom.'

The future development was obvious. They were so arrogant that they looked down on humans. They were dirty and powerful. There was a high probability they would be aggressive and cruel.

'Besides, this place is hell.'

As the Memphis proved, the demons and demonkin exerted their proper power in hell, not the human world. It meant that the demon in front of him might be stronger than the lower ranked great demons who came to the ground. Grid raised his tension as he expected a tough battle. Then the demon told him, "There is no need to be nervous. I have no intention of harming Master's guest."

'Master's guest?'

Who was the owner who welcomed him as a guest? Grid was puzzled since he had no connections in hell.

“.....?”

He looked around without understanding anything before making eye contact with Yura. Yura’s gaze was endlessly serene and calm. She was neither agitated nor alert to the sudden appearance of the demon.Perhaps?

Grid was feeling surprised when he heard the demon continue speaking, “I was waiting for you to come back, Master.”

The demon laid his hand on his heart and bowed to Yura.

“.....?!”

Grid was astonished. Yura chuckled at his confusion after witnessing an unbelievable situation. “Welcome to the Overgeared hell branch.”

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The 32nd Hell was originally the residence of the great demon, Belial. Since she was destroyed, the throne of the 32nd Hell became vacant and war between the demons broke out.

“The war in which 13 demons fought was terrible and fierce. Enemies became allies and allies became enemies. The battle pattern changed dozens of times a day. It felt like I had fallen into a storm I had never seen before. I couldn’t predict when this war would end.”

Plop.

The demon placed a centipede into a kettle. The centipede didn’t die even after being immersed in boiling water. Every time the guy with bloody feet twisted and trembled inside the hot water, the tea turned redder.

“I was growing weary of the ongoing war when I heard strange rumors. A human was appearing everywhere on the battlefield and killing demons.”

The demon poured tea into Grid’s teacup. It was bloody tea. It was so stinky that some people might wonder if it was sewage.

“The young demons snorted and wondered how a human could come to hell to harm us. However, I was different. It is because I’ve already experienced a human’s invasion.”

The demon took off his gloves. His two exposed hands were black. The rest of his skin was red. Only his hands were black. Additionally, they looked heavy and hard like lead.

‘Prosthetic?’

“As the one who lost both hands to Demon Slayer Alex who invaded hell hundreds of years ago, I was convinced that the rumored human would be the new Demon Slayer. After waiting, I finally met Yura.”

“.....”

Grid raised the red tea to his mouth. It was because Yura gestured for him to do so. What was this? It tasted good even though it was so stinky. The bitterness and sweetness that spread through his mouth was fascinating. The effect was awesome.

[Some of the demonic energy of hell has been detoxified. The penalties in hell are permanently reduced by 5%.]

“Then I swore allegiance to Yura.”

“Um...”

Grid thought he would have a deep grudge because he lost both his hands to Alex. It was expected he would take revenge on Yura, yet he swore allegiance instead. There seemed to be a deep story.

“Did you receive a great favor from Alex?” Grid asked this question and the demon made an expression showing he didn’t understand.

“He cut off my hands. How can he show me a favor?”

“So why pledge allegiance to Yura?”

“I did it to save my life, of course. I was filled with resentment against the former Demon Slayer and wanted to repay the present Demon Slayer. I carried out a surprise attack and was beaten instead, so I had no choice. Sigh...”

“...Can you trust him?” Grid wondered.

Yura replied, “He has already signed a loyalty contract. A demon can’t break the contract even if dead so he can be trusted. Perhaps even more so than humans.”

“That’s right. The limitation of the demons is that even if their head is cut off, they can’t betray the target of the contract. Alex knew it too so he signed a contract with me, who was wagging my tail like Cerberus. I wanted to hit him every time I saw the back of that head, but I couldn’t hit him... It was the first time I felt such a great sense of shame since being born as a demon.”

“The problem isn’t that you are a demon. It is that you survived so far by signing contracts.”

“It is right to survive even if I have to sign a contract. Why die in a situation where you never know when you’ll be resurrected? I must live.”

Grid emptied the mug. He tried drinking another cup of tea. Unfortunately, the penalty reduction effect no longer occurred.

“There are hidden items in each area that will detoxify the demonic power of hell. I know a few places, so I’ll guide you later.” It was Yura who reassured the disappointed Grid. Yura spoke to the demon who opened his mouth like there was still a lot left to say, “Did you check the succubi’s habitat?”

“Yes, they are bewitching the demonkin in Helitera Forest.”

Yura’s acceptance of a demon as a subordinate was to take full control of the 32nd Hell.

The demons might've been driven out and the hell cleansed once, but quite a few demonkin and demonic creatures were still alive. Due to them, the 32nd Hell was destined to be recontaminated someday. The demonic energy would lure new demons. The moment one of them became a great demon, the 32 Hell would be completely revived.

To prevent this, Yura had to stay in the 32nd Hell. However, she had too much work to do. This was why she established an agent. The demon Glant had lived for thousands of years. His acumen was excellent, even when compared to a great demon. Thanks to this, the demonic energy of the 32nd Hell wasn't easily recovered. From the point of view of a great demon, it would be seen as a wasteland without any nutrition.

"Okay. We will leave immediately. I'll lead the way. Youngwoo, be sure to check the duration of the perfume."

"Yes."

It was really enjoyable to have so many people to rely on. A smile was on Grid's face as he followed Yura while defeating demonic creatures. However, the smile didn't last long.

"Why are they gasping like that?"

Helitera Forest—Grid frowned as he arrived at the place that he didn't know why it was called a forest when it was colorless and had no vegetation. It was because the harsh breathing of the succubi was very embarrassing. He was wondering if he had to gag them if he wanted to take them around with him.

#### [Chapter 1324](#)

The red cheeks and the deep eyes were full of provocation, the excessively exposed purple skin was lustrous, and the tail attached to the hips was bewitching—the overall atmosphere was very sensual and it was hard to find a place to put his eyes.

Grid reflexively gulped at the sight of the succubi and then quickly frowned.

"Oh my, this brother is so handsome~"

It was a cheap dialogue reminiscent of a scene from a B-grade movie. The sight of the succubi's squirming bodies gave Grid a great sense of disappointment.

'It is a waste of their good faces.'

The succubi were a race that lived with their face and body. They had to seduce humans in order to eat a human's energy, so they were naturally proud of their beautiful appearance.

However, their provocative clothes and actions made them look like cheap prostitutes and Grid was troubled.

'I don't think I should take them with me.'

The image he had built up would be damaged.

'I was voted as the person most respected by Korean elementary, middle, and high school students. If I bring naked women around with me...'

Yura told the concerned Grid, "There is no monster more powerful and versatile than the succubi among monsters below level 420."

They were words of affirmation. Grid completely trusted her words since she knew hell's ecosystem better than anyone else. However—

"Won't I look like an American rapper if I take them around with me?"

"That is a discriminatory statement. If you are concerned about how the succubi is dressed, then there is no need to worry. It is a problem that will be solved if they wear coats."

"They can put on clothes?"

"They can't wear items with stats, but they can wear simple cosplay items."

"Ah..." He was reminded of the bow tie that Nyangmong gave Noe. Grid was convinced, but then a new question arose. "Can they tempt people while wearing clothes? They need to expose themselves in order to seduce people."

"The succubi's bewitchment effect is activated with sound. The visual effect is just a concept that helps with a number of people. So they will be fascinated whether they are human or a monster."

"I see."

This was why she told him to block the sound. Grid nodded as his mind felt more relaxed. Now the useless worries were resolved. Meanwhile, the succubi were still provoking Grid.

"Brother, are you impotent?"

"Why aren't you reacting after seeing us?"

"Um..."

Grid ignored the taunts and was deep in thought.

'The basics of taming...'

The subject of taming should have their health cut down. It was only when hitting the subject until just before death, that the probability of taming was increased. It was impossible for Grid to not know the information that had become common sense.

'Should I fight to measure their level?'

Grid pulled out the Enlightenment Sword and stepped forward while Yura retreated.

"Don't you need to help?"

The red-skinned demon Glant expressed concern. Hell—it had an ecosystem that was completely different from the human world and humans couldn't fully display their physical abilities. In fact, even breathing was daunting. The succubi were strong, yet Yura was leaving Grid alone?

'What a demon.'



It happened when Glant smiled deeply because he thought Yura was deliberately pushing Grid to death...

“Restraint.”

“.....!”

The succubi who gradually approached Grid while doing their temptation dance...

".....!"

Even the sinisterly smiling Glant was overwhelmed by the sudden pressure and stiffened.

‘What?’

Glant’s eyes trembled like crazy. It was due to the energy permeating his body that restricted his movements. The ‘status’ felt from only 10 great demons out of the many great demons he had seen for thousands of years weighed on him. He barely calmed his trembling hands as he watched Grid, who was raising his sword at the monsters with a solemn expression.

‘W-What? This guy?’

A human had such a high status? Even Alex who made the great demons feel fear wasn’t to this extent. Glant felt great doubts.

“Wave.”

Grid bent forward and took one step, penetrating into the gap between demons and releasing sword energy. The bodies of the motionless succubi were torn apart and blood scattered. The scene was so calm that it was creepy. The succubi screamed. The man who didn’t care about the blood splashing on his face swung his sword again at the succubus who suffered the greatest injuries.

“Link.”

It was swordsmanship that was like lightning. Dozens of attacks took place in a single breath. The succubus was covered with sword energy like cobwebs and her eyes rolled. Pieces of her were scattered and she turned into ashes.

Glant became certain of it. ‘It is clear that this human is a legend.’

He showed his ability in hell despite losing his stats. Additionally, he was comparable to a high ranking great demon. There was no way this man wasn’t a legend.

‘What legend is he?’

Glant’s personality was very cautious. Unlike other demons, he suppressed his aggressiveness and always looked for the best opportunities. Therefore, he didn’t participate in the invasion of the Behen Archipelago hundreds of years ago. He didn’t feel the need to take over the human world and bear the deterioration in abilities. This meant he didn’t recognize Pagma’s Sword Dance or Grid’s identity. In the first place, Grid’s Sword Dance was too different from Pagma’s Sword Dance. It was much more efficient and magical.

Meanwhile, Grid was panicked. 'Why is she dead?'

Currently, Grid had a 20% drop in all stats. He didn't use any buff skills. Additionally, the level of the succubi was 415. He thought it would be appropriate to use two single sword dances, but the succubus died before the motion of Link ended.

'Ah... Link is too strong.'

If every attack hit then the current Link boasted a stronger destructive power than Kill. Grid carefully struck at another succubus that was still stiffened.

"Kiyaaaaack!"

Another succubus died.

'Are their bodies weak in exchange for their versatility?'

Grid became more cautious. Another succubus escaped from the restrain and started running away. He chased after her and struck her with a basic attack.

[Critical!]

[The effect of the title 'Death in One Shot!' has been activated.]

[The target has died!]

"Kyaaack!"

'This damn thing. Again.'

The desperate Grid chased another succubi and dealt a basic attack.

[Critical!]

[The effect of the title 'Death in One Shot!' has been...]

[The target has died!]

"....."

The probability of a critical hit was too high. It couldn't continue like this. The helpless Grid put away the Enlightenment Blade and pulled out a pickaxe.

"Hiik! Go away! Go away!"

The sword was a tool that specialized in slashes while the pickaxe was a tool for hacking at targets. It could be more threatening depending on the position hit. The succubi imagined this ugly tool penetrating their skulls and paled while scattering in all directions. Then the succubi with wings suddenly flew into the sky. They were capable of both bewitchment magic and flight, and were one of the races with the highest survival ability.

The problem was that Grid could also fly. He resisted the bewitchment magic and rose to the sky as he was surrounded by lightning.

“Kyaak!”

Another succubus received the pickaxe in her back and screamed. A lot of blood was scattered around the area.

Glant opened a curtain of magic to block the blood falling from the sky and murmured, “What... is it a legend that hasn’t existed so far?”

This human actually dared to kill with a pickaxe. Even Demon Slayer Alex wasn’t that cruel despite having a deep grudge against demons. It was because the tendencies of legends basically inclined toward ‘good.’ However, Grid was cruel and bizarre even for a demon. It was like a natural slaughter. His existence itself was different from usual legends.

Of course, it was a misunderstanding. Right now, Grid had no malice toward the succubi. Rather, he pulled out the pickaxe to avoid killing them.

‘I’m tired.’

Grid removed Alex’s Quick Gloves, his armor, and accessories that increased stats and attack power. Then he finally managed to lower a succubus’ health to the verge of death. Grid descended to the ground with the succubus who had scars all over her body from the pickaxe. Then he immediately opened the Rune of Gluttony.

“Hell Gao’s Power.”

Fire rose like horns on both sides of Grid’s forehead.

“Gasp?!”

Glant and the succubus paled. They felt the energy of Hell Gao, the master of hellfire, from Grid.

‘How does he have Hell Gao’s power?’

“Domination.”

The fire horns became larger and sharper. The caught succubus was forced to stare into Grid’s ferocious eyes and his spirit gradually penetrated into the succubus’ body. At the same time...

[The effect of Domination is triggered.]

[You have provided your vital force to the ‘hell succubus’ as food.]

[You have succeeded in dominating the ‘hell succubus’!]

A notification window popped up. It wasn’t once, but four times in a row.

[You have succeeded in dominating the ‘hell succubus’!]

[You have succeeded in dominating the ‘hell succubus’!]

[You have succeeded in dominating the ‘hell succubus’!]

“.....?”

The flustered Grid looked around. A new group of succubi was approaching from above. They hadn't grasped the situation, yet they smelled a human and came like hyenas. Of course, they were all full of health. The three succubi who were in the lead were also influenced by Domination and ended up following Grid.

'I didn't have to decrease their health?'

The great demon's power was different from normal taming skills. He hadn't expected the power of Domination to be this much.

"Hiccup..."

Grid felt guilt as he saw the swollen face of the succubus who started to cry from the pain of her wounds.

Clap, clap, clap.

Glant applauded and spoke in an admiring manner, "I didn't know a day would come when I would learn from a human. Your appearance today is worse than that of a great demon. God Yatan will surely love you. I must devote myself to learning from you."

[Affinity with the thousand year old demon 'Glant' has increased by 20.]

"Youngwoo-ssi is amazing. I haven't been able to gain affinity with Glant yet."

"....."

It was definitely a compliment, but Grid didn't feel good. Grid was tired from the short battle and sat down. He beckoned to the succubi who stood far away. "Come here first to work."

"Yes, Master."

"You can do whatever you want. Huhuhut..."

The succubi approached seductively, but Grid didn't show any reaction. It was because the succubi didn't dare release yin energy at Grid.

"Eh?"

Grid's eyes widened as he checked the status window of the succubi. It was due to the presence of the Bewitchment skill.

[Bewitchment]

[Bewitch up to eight targets and enslave them.]

"There are four so 32..."

It looked like he would have more pets than Nyangmong.

[Chapter 1325](#)

[Name: None

Species: Hell Succubus

Level: 415

Health: 30,000,000

Mana: 20,000,000

Strength: 230 Stamina: 890

Agility: 710 Intelligence: 3,150

Charm: 5,000

A race favored by the great demon, Belial.

Bewitches the target with her beautiful appearance and demonic charm.

Ordinary humans and monsters can only yield to the charm of the succubi.

-Skills Possessed-

Blink (B), Fly (B), Life Drain (A), Bewitchment (A), Sleep (A), Yin Energy, Identify Preferences (S), Dream Infiltration (S), Ingest Vital Force (S)

★A demonic creature of hell. This individual had no desire to escape from Hell Gao's domination. Loyalty is maintained at 100%.

[Bewitchment]

Bewitch up to eight targets and enslave them.

Bewitched targets will follow the command of the succubus for a minimum of 10 seconds and a maximum of one hour. Orders of self-harm aren't possible.

Skill Cooldown Time: 3 minutes

[Sleep]

Puts the target to sleep for a minimum of 5 seconds and a maximum of 20 seconds, making them unable to move.

The higher the fatigue of the target, the greater the probability of success.

Cooldown Time: 5 minutes

[Yin Energy]

Passive

Greatly reduces the resistances of the target. There is a low probability of causing confusion.

[Identify Preferences]

Passive

The succubus can grasp the preferences of a target and embody it.

There is a 90% chance of being bewitched when the preferences are identified.

[Dream Infiltration]

The succubus can penetrate the dream of the sleeping target. Through dreams, the target's desires and weaknesses are identified. The dream or nightmare that the target desires is realized.

Targets in a desired dream will fall into an incapacitated state 'until attacked.' Targets in a nightmare will wake up from the dream and all stats will drop significantly for 20 seconds.

Cooldown Time: 10 minutes

[Ingest Vital Force]

If a non-slave's vital force is consumed, all of their resources are slightly reduced and the succubus' empty stomach will be filled.

If a slave's vital force is consumed, the target's resources are greatly absorbed and the succubus will be full. A full succubus will greatly increase her magic power and targets deprived of their vital force will temporarily faint. There is a very low probability of death.

Cooldown Time: 3 hours]

Blink to teleport, Fly for flying in the sky, Life Drain that absorbed the health of the target, Bewitchment, Sleep, Yin Energy, Dream Infiltration, and Ingest Vital Force...

The succubus' abilities specialized in completely neutralizing the target and it exceeded Grid's expectations. There wasn't a single area he felt regret about. Furthermore...

'There is 30 million health.'

It was incredibly high. It was six times higher than the adult Memphis. It was a moment that revealed the advantages of taming a monster.

Unlike pets who didn't die when their health was wiped out and could be summoned again, the life of a tamed monster was finite. In most cases, the domination time was temporary. Perhaps it was due to this strong penalty that the stats-related penalties were small.

To put it simply, if the succubi was classified as a pet or a summon, then their health would be at least 10 times lower than now. The summoning would just be canceled when the pet died. It could be summoned again after the cooldown ended, but it would be weakened.

However, monster taming was different. Tamed monsters retained their health and stats just like in their wild state.

'The stamina stat isn't good so defense is low. However, this level of health means the succubus can't be easily defeated.'

The reason they died to Grid so easily was due to their low defense. Grid's stats might've been reduced by 20%, but the damage was still extreme.

“Master, how can we serve you? Do you want to have a good dream? Or...”

The reason why tamed monsters were valued lower than pets was that firstly, it was over once they died. Secondly, there was a limit to the domination duration. Thirdly, their intelligence was low. However, Grid’s domination was permanent even if it was limited to demonic beasts. Also, the hell succubi were very intelligent. A race that dug into the weaknesses of the target couldn’t be stupid. Grid was satisfied that the succubi were what he was looking for and shook his head as a reply.

“Wait for now.”

“Yes.”

The succubi knelt down silently. The initial provocative attitude had disappeared and they were like new brides. They didn’t dare covet their master’s vital force.

“You can relax a bit,” Grid spoke to the succubus who was still struggling with her wounds and Glant stepped in from the side.

“Succubi can use Life Drain magic. It will give her a chance to recover if you are concerned about her wounds.”

“Hmm...” Grid looked around. The bare forest. Every tree had no leaves and no grass was growing on the dry land. The only living creatures in this grey forest were Grid and the succubi. “Can’t anything live in a place like this?”

“Even a demonkin has to eat or they will die.”

Succubi, halphas, etc. Among the monsters, there were a few races that used other people’s vital force or magic as food. Most of the demonkin could only live if they ate food like humans or beasts. It was natural that Helitera Forest was empty.

“The only demonkin who comes to this place are the fools fascinated by the succubi’s yin energy.”

“Hmm...”

Grid listened to Glant’s explanation and confirmed the health of the wounded succubus. She currently only had around 12,000 health left. She had suffered bleeding from too many wounds. Her natural recovery rate couldn’t keep up with the amount of bleeding and she would die soon. He could dominate a new succubus if she died, but...

‘It is strange to let someone die when I can save them.’

Wasn’t that a psychopath?

“Take my life.”

“H-H-How dare I take my master’s health...?”

“You must live.”

“T-Thank you...!”

The succubus who was trembling with fear couldn't stand the thought that she was going to die soon and rushed to Grid. She hung from Grid's shoulders and breathed roughly. An aura emerged from red patterns engraved on the succubus' abdomen and collarbone and wrapped around Grid like a snake. Was the hope of living turned into pleasure? The succubus had a red face and breathed harshly. The other succubi watched her enviously.

Meanwhile, Glant was feeling great confusion. 'Why is he bothering to save her?'

Yura saved him because he had value.

Glant was a demon and a candidate to become a great demon. On the other hand, the succubi were numerous. He could find and dominate a new succubus at any time if one died. So why bother to save her?

'Is this the morality I've only heard about?'

Glant was amazed while the succubus suddenly trembled with fright. The succubus felt lost as she was absorbing Grid's health. It was because nothing happened.

[You have resisted.]

"....."

Just like with most magic, Life Drain didn't have a 100% success rate. The higher the target's level and magic resistance, the lower the success rate. Even if it was successful, the amount of health absorbed was very small. It was impossible for the succubus' Life Drain to piece through Grid's high magic resistance.

"Hiccup..."

The succubus failed to drain Grid's health and slowly withdrew. The complexion of her and the other succubi was white. Their eyes were filled with surprise as they stared at Grid.

Clap, clap, clap.

He once again heard applause. As expected, it was from Glant.

"Giving hope to those who are dying and desperate, and then taking it back... I've learned something else."

"...Can you tell him to leave?"

After that, they returned Glant to the castle and Yura explored hell with Grid. It was only up to the 29th Hell. Over the course of 10 days, Grid became proficient in using the succubi and improved his combat power. However, he couldn't ignore the penalties of hell.

"Gasp... Gasp... Why do they have so much health?"

The vitality and defense of the elite monsters who appeared in the hells in the 20s was far beyond that of the monsters in the hells in the 30s. It took about three minutes to hunt one demonkin unless he used a fusion sword dance. However, the respawn rate was incredibly fast. They were reborn less than a minute after death and he had no time to breathe.



Grid's stamina was already suffering from the severe penalty and it quickly ran out. He summoned Overgeared Corn to lick his face while Yura explained, "It is due to the influence of Marbas."

"Marbas?"

It was a name he had heard somewhere before.

"He is a great demon's subordinate with power comparable to a high ranking great demon, but he has an unusual power. He dramatically strengthens the demonkin in the section where he lives and overloads the respawn rate to promote his own safety."

"He is just a great demon's subordinate. How can he wield power like a high ranking great demon?"

"I don't know the details. I haven't accessed the episodes about Marbas yet."

Tang tang!Tatang!

Yura's continuously fired magic bullets knocked down the elite monsters like autumn leaves. After reaching level 400, Yura gained an additional 30% stats in hell and the additional damage dealt to demonic beasts, demonkin, and demons was 500%. This meant that Yura's attack power sometimes exceeded Grid's attack power. In particular, once Light of Purification was laid on the gun, even the ferocious demons would turn pale and use Barrier.

...Although Barrier was useless.

"Yura, what level are you now?"

"Level 408."

"....."

It was deservedly high. She slaughtered monsters that gave so much experience at a tremendous speed. It was just that level 408 felt rather low considering she had been active in hell for several years.

Yura smiled shyly at the admiring Grid. "It is thanks to Youngwoo-ssi's help in the Chaos Mountains. My hunting speed wasn't fast until I reached level 400. I couldn't even access the area where Marbas is."

Now Marbas' area was nothing less than a rich mine from Yura's point of view. Grid was deep in thought as he watched Yura eagerly killing monsters with Noe, the Overgeared Skeletons, and the succubi.

'Yura is great, but I've also been too comfortable.'

He had believed that he could raise his level at any time. He might've been secretly proud that the competitors were working hard to catch up with him.

'...It is time for me to make an effort.'

The number one ranking wasn't a position to be kept. How many people thought that Kraugel would come down from the top of the rankings? Grid's enthusiasm and vigilance were revived. He was burning with motivation just like the first time he learned Pagma's Swordsmanship and started slaughtering monsters.

"Wave Pinnacle."

The moment his stamina recovered, Grid got up and used a wide area fusion sword dance. He abruptly eliminated the monsters in the area and told Yura, "I'm not going to easily give up the top spot in the rankings."

"I want it."

Even if she was lucky enough to take his place, it meant she had gained more power and that power would be used for him. Yura swallowed down these words and was loading a magic bullet when she stiffened like a stone statue.

"It seems you have a lot of room to run around in a relaxed manner." A harsh voice was heard from above. "Demon Slayer Yura, do you think you can escape my eyes?"

"Who is that guy?"

Yura exclaimed, "Showing up here now...!"

A being who spread open wings of steel and came to the battlefield. His identity was Andras, one of Baal's subordinates. He was a persistent demon who had been tracking Yura since she briefly invaded the First Hell.

"We can't win against him yet. Hurry and escape..."

Yura's hurried attempt to open a gate to the human world was interrupted. It was because chains poured down from the sky like rain and wrapped tightly around her neck and mouth. The bullets she spread out were shattered and scattered in all directions.

"You... you dared to invade His Majesty Baal's holy land and leave a stain on it. I can never forgive you. I will engrave the stigma of sin that will never disappear from your body and soul."

Eventually, the chains binding Yura's limbs turned red. It happened when the silver armor and white skin started to burn black...

"Transcend, Shunpo."

".....?!"

Andras' senses and reflexes were surprisingly good. He almost immediately responded to Grid who appeared behind him and he wrapped himself in steel wings. However, Grid's sword had already pierced through the gap.

"Link."

The momentum of the Absolute spread throughout the 29th Hell.

"Kill."

The sword dance of Link was added to Kill and punished the demon who dared touch his precious person.

"Cough!"

Grid's eyes were burning as he stared at Andras, who was vomiting mercury-like blood.

“Stop talking rubbish.”

“I will... kill you!”

Part of the chain turned into a sword engulfed in flames. It tangled with the chains that moved like waves and struck at Grid.

“Cancel it!”

A sacred and great flame spread out like a storm. Grid’s momentum was dangerous and Andras shrank back.

“A god?”

“Just get lost.”

In the midst of the Storm of the Fire God, Grid gained infinite sword energy and cast the five fusion sword dance at Andras. Andras’ party member watched the scene from a distance and his blood was boiling.

“You... have you become stronger?”

The man with green hair and golden eyes—Baal’s Contractor, Agnus—left without any hesitation. It was because he knew it was meaningless to help Andras.

“.....”

It was also because he didn’t want to point his sword at a man who was fighting to protect his beloved woman. Now he distinguished between when to fight and when not to fight.

### [Chapter 1326](#)

The demon, Andras—his innate power was fire. He knew how to deal with powerful flames by nature and was one of the best among demons. However, he wasn’t a great demon. No, he wasn’t qualified to be a great demon. Hell Gao and Belial—there were already two great demons who dealt with flames more proficiently and powerfully than Andras. A demon who couldn’t become a great demon...

Andras couldn’t find his purpose in life. He wandered constantly while resenting God Yatan who had given him the power of fire. Sometimes, he ran wild and there were serious incidents. It was Baal who saved him as he was targeted by a few great demons. Baal took in Andras, made him a subordinate, and gave him two new powers—steel and wind. With three powers in total, Andras was reborn.

By transforming his body and magic power to steel, he exhibited a power to destroy everything. By heating his steel body and magic power with fire, it was possible to inflict a pain that was more terrible than death on the enemy. Andras’ majesty was already comparable to a great demon as he created a storm to overwhelm the surroundings without directly using violence.

Andras was undoubtedly confident that he could take the place of the 32nd great demon which was vacant.

He believed that if he progressed a bit more, he could go up to the 22nd Hell, which was vacant like the 32nd Hell. He was convinced he would write a legend like Zepar, the wanderer who was a low-ranking demon who sharpened his swordsmanship and rose to the 13th Hell (current ranking had fallen again).

However, the reason he remained loyal to Baal was because he sincerely respected Baal. For Andras, his god was Baal, not Yatan. He wanted to stay by Baal's side forever to serve Baal. It was also Andras' will and loyalty that made him recently pursue Yura, who dared to hide in the 1st Hell and hinder Baal's affairs.

""Kuek.""

Andras groaned in the midst of the flames that destroyed evil. He couldn't understand the current situation. A disgustingly sacred flame—why was this fire appearing in the middle of hell?

""You are from heaven. Daring to break into here...""

Grid frowned when Andras mistook him for a god or a messenger of the gods. The relationship between Rebecca, the goddess of light, and Yatan, the god of evil, meant it was natural to think that heaven and hell were in a mutually cooperative relationship.

'The more I know about the gods, the most disgusted I feel.'

Even Hexetia, who now favored Grid and humanity, once tried to destroy humanity. Grid thought he should be vigilant of all gods beside Hexetia. Of course, the priority was to focus on the person in front of him.

'He is dangerous.'

The enemy didn't feel strong because of the penalty in hell. He was just strong. Was it similar to the 22nd great demon, Berith, who came to the human world? The chains of hot steel and the wind pressure that crushed his body and restricted his movements were intimidating and changed their shapes in real time.

'A quick battle speed is needed.'

During the time when Storm of the Fire God was maintained and he had infinite sword energy, all attacks should be released. Grid made a decision and pulled out Belial's Power to obtain permanent stamina. Then...

[The passive effect 'Fire Queen' is activated. Stamina won't fall while this passive is maintained.]

"Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle Drop."

It was one of his newly created five fusion sword dances. Dozens of steel wolves running through the hot chains toward Grid were destroyed. Blue petals floated around Grid and fell like lightning. In the Storm of the Fire God, the power of the sword dance that cut at all the expanded chains denied the rule of 'low attack power of wide area skills.'

""Kuheok, cough!""

The power of steel was connected not only to Andras' magic but also to his body. Therefore, Andras could transform both his magic power and body into steel. Every time the wolves and chains were cut and destroyed, Andras experienced pain like his body was being cut off.

““T-Time is needed.””

Andras could see it. It didn't matter if this man was a god, angel, or human. The black-haired man in front of him was barely maintaining his stamina with Belial's Power. Just a bit more. Andras realized that the man would collapse on his own after a little bit more time.

However, it was also true for Andras. He had no time. The first field effect of Storm of the Fire God, 'Divine Flames,' inflicted constant damage on evil beings. Andras' body was burning slowly like a moth that had jumped into the flames.

““You... where is Agnus?””

Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle—he barely defended against the first attack of the five fusion sword dances, and avoided a fatal injury. Andras lost one arm and gazed anxiously beyond the swirling storm of flames.

Agnus—that guy had come here with him. Agnus might be a human, but he signed a contract with Baal and possessed excellent skills. It was enough to help Andras. Then why? Why didn't he show up? Why didn't the newly created deceased penetrate through the disgusting flames to block the black-haired man?

““What are you doing? Why aren't you helping me to manage the dignity of Master?!”

It happened when Andras shouted...

-Obligations and respect.

Someone's voice was heard high in the sky. The voice penetrated the noise of the fire storm and entered not only Andras' ears but also Grid's ears.

-Trust and willpower.

Andras suddenly fell to his knees. He raised his head to the sky and screamed with the veins on his neck bulging.

““Baal!””

The sincere look in the eyes glimpsed through the steel faceplate was like a savior. Meanwhile, Grid was in great despair. 'Baal...!'

Grid had seen Baal before. In the human world where the power of a great demon was greatly weakened, he had encountered one of Baal's dozens of egos. He might've fought and won, but the experience stilled great fear to Grid. Baal's ego had tremendous power even when weakened. It was impossible to speculate on the real Baal's strength and he felt a vague fear.

Baal's voice continued.

-Andras, a demon betrays grace, tramples on respect, plays with trust, and ridicules those who are dependent.

"" .....!!""

Andras' face covered by a steel faceplate turned gray. He noticed that God was criticizing him.

-In order to repay my kindness, you pursued a human, trusted in my other subordinate, kneeled down the moment you heard my voice, and relied on me in a moment of difficulty. Are you really a demon?

"" .....!!""

A black thunderbolt struck. In a flash, Storm of the Fire God was split in half and dissipated. Grid's mental picture was built and maintained according to Grid's willpower. Now it was destroyed by an external force.

"Ugh...!"

[Your mental picture is broken.]

[Your heart is broken and you have entered the abnormal state 'collapse.']

[All stats have fallen drastically and you can't move.]

'What, this is...?!'

The mental picture was a powerful weapon, but also a weakness. It was because those with a broken heart would fall into a helpless state where they couldn't do anything. In fact, the act of exposing a mental picture to others was actually accompanied by great danger. Baal had yet to show interest to Grid who couldn't move because of the collapsed state.

-Andras, the reason God Yatan despaired for you and gave you a useless talent is because he was disappointed that you aren't qualified to be a great demon.

Baal's dismal laugh spread throughout the 29th Hell.

-The reason I saved you was because I wanted to appreciate the despair you would one day experience again.

A demon was the source of all evil. An existence who denied goodness and didn't need special reasons for committing sins. They were just evil. It was the same for Baal. All his choices and actions were intended to corrupt, frustrate and cause people to feel despair.

-Ahh.Andras.A virtuous demon who lost his wickedness.The tears of blood you possess are even sweeter than the blood of any angel. This makes me happy.

""Baaal! Baaaal!""

Grid didn't know about the relationship between Baal and Andras. However, the situation was easily inferred unless he was a fool. Baal responded to Andras' faith with ridicule. Andras' chains that had been cut by Grid gathered together to form a huge sword. It was aimed at Baal, not Grid.

""I will kill you! I will never forgive you!!""

Andras created a gust of wind and flew into the sky. Baal's mouth spread wide in a smile as he revealed half his face in the black sky. A black thunderbolt struck Andras' forehead. The sword that couldn't reach Baal's body lost its momentum and was gradually extinguished. Then Andras' body plunged like a broken doll toward the ground.

“.....”

Andras' eyes that were filled with sadness and anger gradually became empty. Baal was happy to see Andras dying alone without anyone to rely on. This event wasn't just for Grid. It was also for Yura. It was an event that occurred only when Yura met the conditions of becoming hostile to Andras, Baal's mad believer, causing him to pursue her and then making him fall into a crisis. It would've been a great struggle to achieve the last condition if it wasn't for Grid's presence.

Then a notification window appeared in Grid's vision.

[You have witnessed the source of all evil.]

[All the quarrels and famines in the world might've been the work of demons.]

[Humanity, your task is to punish Baal.]

[Amoract, the great demon of conflict, is waiting for you somewhere in hell.]

“.....”

Yura and Amoract's relationship was deep. In the past, Amoract gave Yura the opportunity to become a demonkin and she refused to do so, instead becoming a Demon Slayer. She thought she was an enemy to Amoract since then...

Baal's eyes scanned Yura.

-It isn't ripe yet. The fun with you should be put off.

It was an event that should've ended here. Baal didn't pay much attention to the present Yura. It was natural. Baal was the one who slaughtered the former Demon Slayer Alex and turned him into pieces of meat. It was hard to be interested in Yura from Baal's standpoint when he already killed her predecessor who she had yet to reach. He didn't know if Yura would surpass Alex.

-Hmm...

The end of this event would be when Baal withdrew. However, Baal didn't leave and instead stayed a bit longer. He was staring at the still collapsed Grid before letting out a huge burst of laughter.

-You are qualified to become a god, but you stayed a human? Kukuk, kuhahat...!! You are still interesting.

Baal flicked his finger like it was stained with blood. Then a screaming soul appeared and hovered around him. The corners of Baal's mouth rose up as he grabbed the soul.

-Look, unlike you who relied on me to the end, that guy has crossed the limits by himself. Maybe you could've been like that too? Hahat! Kuhahahat!

Baal's insanely joyful laughter and the screams of pain from the soul mixed together and gave Grid goose bumps. Grid finally realized it.

The inner workings of the gods wasn't something he should think about yet. The main enemy at hand was this being, Baal.

### [Chapter 1327](#)

Pagma—the world remembered that he was a great blacksmith. His immortal works deserved to be praised forever.

Pagma—sometimes he was accused of being a bad person. He could be called this because he betrayed his only friend in the world and sacrificed many people.

Pagma—the moment the world faced a crisis, he glimpsed the reality of the gods and was isolated. He didn't know who to believe in or to rely on. He was already alone.

Pagma—he eventually signed a contract with a great demon in exchange for his soul. He dug up the graves of heroes. It was the only way to save the world.

(Uhh... uwooooh...)

Grid—he inherited Pagma's skills and gained a new life. Therefore, he felt deep gratitude to Pagma.

Grid—every time he learned about Pagma's works, he felt infinite respect for Pagma.

Grid—he was disappointed with Pagma when he learned about Braham's murder.

Grid—he encountered the death knights of the former legends on the Behen Archipelago, and felt disgusted with Pagma.

-Look, unlike you who relied on me to the end, that guy has crossed the limits by himself. Maybe you could've been like that too? Hahat! Kuhahaha!

(Uwahn... uhhh...)

Pagma—he fought alone in the Behen Archipelago. He fought days and night against the forces of hell that pushed in like a tsunami before falling down.

Grid—he gradually understood the feelings of Pagma who fought for humans and the weak despite being born as a yangban (half-god). No, it was because he was born as a yangban. However, he still disliked Pagma's choice of sacrificing others on the pretext of righteousness, and was determined not to become like that.

Pagma—he repelled the forces of hell and defended the world. Therefore, he believed that all his choices in the past were rational. To be precise, he tried to believe it. In the end, he couldn't hide his regret. In solitude, he shed tears of remorse. The moment he felt confusion about the world, he deeply resented his weakness, distrust, and instincts that caused him to betray his friend, a demonkin.

Grid—he faced Braham's body that was treasured in the ice wall and read Pagma's regret, sympathizing with it.



Pagma—he fell to hell when he died and he didn't resist. He accepted the pain and sorrow that would be repeated during eternity as the price to be paid.

Grid—he...

-Pagma!Your life is a thorough failure!This guy is proving it!Kukuk!Kuhahahat!Sob!Scream!Howl some more!Constantly regret and struggle forever in the confines of pain!

Was he enjoying a pleasure that was unmatched in the world? Baal's expression was full of deep pleasure as he grasped the screaming soul. The soul was burned black due to the demonic power that Baal discharged. Every time smoke rose, the shape of the soul collapsed. Then it soon regained its original shape.

A soul—the soul that was presumably Pagma worked hard not to forget his sins for a single moment. He held onto reason and endured the pain that was worse than death.

-Hahat!Kuhahahahat!

Pagma's soul that endlessly maintained its shape made Baal's laughter grow louder. If Pagma let go of reason, then he would be liberated from the pain. The sublimeness of the soul that tried to accept the pain instead of escaping from it made Baal happy.

Baal once again realized the unchanging truth. In the end, it was more enjoyable to harass the good guys.

-You are stupid!Truly foolish!That is why it is even more enjoyable!!!

(Uhh... uweohhh...)

The pain of the soul increased in proportion to Baal's laughter.

“Who are you laughing at?”

At this moment, the silent Grid finally opened his mouth. Baal saw Grid's eyes fixed on him and his laughter stopped like it was a lie all along. The dark eyes that showed no distinction between the whites of the eyes and the pupils shone—facing a coward who never spoke a word out of fear, Baal thought he could suppress Grid with just his eyes, but he was wrong. The reason Grid was silent wasn't because he was afraid. He was just overwhelmed by the helplessness that attacked him after his mental picture was broken.

“How dare a bastard like you...”

[Overgeared King Grid is writing the ninth epic.]

“...You dare to laugh at a hero?”

[Pagma.]

[The blacksmith who left behind an immortal legend.]

[The people of the world only mention his works.]

-Hero?The person who turned his back on the morality and trust that you humans attach so much importance to is a hero?

[Some people blamed and criticized him.]

[But...]

“Even though there were many mistakes in the process, he saved the world.”

[Overgeared King Grid praised him as a hero.]

[He might’ve sacrificed many people, but it is true that he saved the world.]

“Pagma,” Grid quietly called out to Pagma’s soul as he took off the crown and Talima’s Shame. He brushed back his hair, soaked with blood and sweat, and bowed deeply. “I am always grateful to you.”

(.....)

-....?!

Baal’s eyes widened. The soul’s screams that should’ve lasted forever stopped for a moment. Baal glanced between Grid and the soul with an expression of disbelief, while Grid made a promise to the soul, “Wait for me. I will surely give you a chance to apologize to Braham.”

(...D-Dragon.)

[The past of Pagma, who fought alone in a place no one knows.]

[It intersects with the present of Grid, who is fighting with his people.]

[The origin of Grid has been absorbed as a part of Grid.]

-How did you do this?

Baal was shocked by the willpower that came from Pagma’s soul when it should be just trying to maintain its reason and was temporarily distracted.

[You have acquired Pagma’s Sword Dance, ‘Dragon.’] [1]

[A skill that belongs to the sub-category of Grid’s Sword Dance. Once you become completely proficient in the use, you can evolve it to truly belong to Grid’s Sword Dance.]

Grid clearly received Pagma’s will.

[Overgeared King Grid has completed the ninth page of the epic!]

[The legend of Pagma has expanded in the aftermath of an unknown secret story being revealed.]

[All items made by Pagma will have their rating upgraded by one.]

[The light of salvation shone on his soul as he was confined to eternal hell and felt repeated regret. The identity of the light was Overgeared King Grid.]

-...What the hell are you doing?

Baal's eyes were filled with disbelief as he stared at Grid. Pagma's soul suddenly showed willpower and Grid's presence became stronger. He felt that the demonic power and heat filling hell could no longer suppress Grid.

"Yura."

"Yes."

The scene where Grid and Pagma met for the first time—Yura carefully engraved the historic moment she would never see again in her heart, and changed her pistol into a sniper rifle. Grid shook his head as she prepared to fight. "Run away."

"....."

"I don't think I can get away. Let's not die together."

Certainly. Baal's attention was only focused on Grid. In particular, he was expressing an emotion close to anger once Pagma's soul stopped screaming. It was safe to say there was no possibility of Grid surviving here. However, Yura had no intention of withdrawing. "I don't want to. Who knows? If we fight together and create opportunities, then we might be able to find a way out."

It wasn't regret and stubbornness that made her refuse to let Grid die alone. She sincerely intended to create opportunities and she had the skills to make Grid feel expectant.

Grid grinned. "It is reassuring."

Grid no longer intended to carry everything on his own. It was because he always experienced many incidents that he couldn't do alone. Even the grandmaster, an incarnation of the seven malignant saints, wanted to rely on Grid. The opponent in front of him was the 1st great demon, Baal. There was no reason to shake off Yura's hand when it was necessary to grab at any life-saving straw.

"I'm sorry, it is three minutes. I can only move for three more minutes."

Fire Queen was on cooldown and his stamina was running out. The risk was too great to use Storm of the Fire God. His mental power really wouldn't be able to stand it if it collapsed again. Fortunately, he still had some things left. Grid gritted his teeth in a determined manner and Yura stood next to him.

"Three minutes is enough. Hell Regulation."

The entire 29th Hell was suppressed by the power of the Demon Slayer who denied evil. The demonic power that was mixed into the atmosphere scattered like a mirage and disappeared. The infinite magic power that Baal exhaled seemed to have decreased a bit. Of course, it could just be his imagination. It was good if this was the case. Grid and Yura would try their best as always.

"Lightning Speed."

The Blue Dragon's Boots immediately glowed as it was surrounded by lightning. Grid soared high into the sky, reached the maximum speed, and entered the Lightning God state.

"Sky."

It was a ridiculously fraudulent sword dance that 'deployed every single sword dance' without sharing the cooldown. Grid had confirmed the power of this sword dance several times. The only downside was that it couldn't be fused. Grid didn't pay attention to his physical strength.

The effect of Incarnation of Lightning prevented stamina from falling while in flight, so he rushed forward with all his strength. Every time Sky reproduced a specific sword dance, he used Shunpo to change his position and attacked Baal from all directions. All these sword dances were blocked by the shield that surrounded Baal.

Wave was blocked by only one shield while Pinnacle and Kill were blocked by three layers of shield. Even Link was blocked by a shield created in the trajectory and he couldn't connect it to the end.

"Gasp, gasp...!Gasp!"

The operation of the shields that flowed like water reminded them of Malacus, whom they fought a long time ago. Of course, Baal's shields were created much faster than Malacus and not only that, they were dozens of times harder.

'Did he read my weaknesses?'

Baal used a wide area skill that spread demonic power across the sky and Grid was forced to land on the ground while feeling disbelief. From the moment he landed on the ground, he was no longer protected by Incarnation of Lightning, and his stamina started to be consumed again.

Grid used White Tiger's Posture Engulfed in Flames and built a barrier with the earth. This allowed him to somewhat endure the lightning strikes of demonic power.

"Block Evil Desires, Vengeance Bullets. Light of Destruction."

Yura used the Demon Slayer's unique buff skills and fired her sniper rifle. Jade-colored flashes crossed the darkness and broke through Baal's shields before reaching Baal's heart. This was worthy of the Demon Slayer, a demon's natural enemy. She delivered a good blow to one of the final bosses... Grid just had this thought when his face stiffened.

Baal's health was unchanged despite being hit by a flash of energy that denied all evil. Baal didn't even let out a small moan. He formed a spear by collecting the scattered lightning bolts of demonic power and threw it. The barrier of earth collapsed and Grid lost one arm.

[You have suffered catastrophic damage!]

[A legend doesn't die easily.]

'...Shit, I couldn't avoid it.'

He momentarily entered the world of transcendence, but he couldn't respond properly because his physical strength couldn't catch up.

-It is really trivial. I don't know what trick you did with Pagma's soul, but your current strength can't even entertain me. Go away.

He looked extremely bored. Baal raised his hand and it became enlarged like Sitri's hand. It soon covered the entire sky. He showed the desire to crush both Grid and Yura together.

'I might be able to endure it once by using Revolve...'

However, it was meaningless. Grid really only had a bit of health left. His next sword dance would be the last one. Revolve sent the attack back, but it was useless looking for a way to live if he couldn't move a few steps.

'Kill and Pinnacle won't work...'

As expected, he could only rely on Transcend. He took Yura away with Shunpo and could only leave the future matters to Yura. Grid suddenly thought of the Dragon sword dance. There was no time to read the description of the skill so the exact function of Dragon wasn't yet known.

However, didn't receiving Dragon now mean it was a hint to overcome the current crisis? Satisfy had always been like this.

"Pagma's Sword Dance."

Pagma—Grid called out the name he used to call out dozens, if not hundreds of times a day, in the past, but the sensation now felt very new and even refreshing.

"Dragon."

The smiling Grid's body was literally fired forward. It was the ascension of a dragon. The scene of an eastern dragon piercing Hanul's chest was reproduced here in hell hundreds of years later.

-What...

Baal's body tilted slightly. His chest was pierced and Grid rose into the sky. Yura, who had chased after Grid without missing a gap, opened a gate leading to the human world. However, Grid couldn't take a single step. No, he couldn't even move his fingertips. The resource consumption of Dragon was high enough to be compared to a fusion sword dance. The massive bleeding from his severed arm might've increased his physical strength consumption.

"Youngwoo-ssi!"

"Go first."

Baal's hand moved through the air and struck Grid's head. Grid forced Yura into the gate and started to turn to gray ash. His wounded gaze followed Pagma's soul.

'Just wait.'

He would keep his promise.

A huge hill was formed in the 29th hell. It was a trace left behind by the 1st Great Demon, Baal, just to destroy one human being.

## [Chapter 1328](#)

At the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom, Reinhardt...

“.....”

Grid woke up at the resurrection point and had a new question. How many times did an average player die in a year? He must've died less often than them, right? He just seemed to die a lot compared to his abilities...

'It is an unavoidable problem because there are too many people stronger than me.'

“Youngwoo-ssi!”

Yura rushed to Grid and hugged him as he was checking his dropped items and experience. She was a ranker behind Grid. She chased the path he walked on, and fully realized the weight of Grid's sacrifice.

“Because of me... because of me, you...”

The reason Baal appeared there was because of herself. If she hadn't overlooked Andras' pursuit, then Baal would've never appeared and Grid wouldn't have died. Grid read Yura's trembling back that was crushed by guilt.

“It isn't because of you.”

In Grid's eyes, there was no reason for Yura to feel guilty. She was chased by Andras because she interrupted Baal's activity to help Grid. The reason Baal later appeared was because Grid fought and won against Andras. More than anything else...

“I died to Baal because I am weak.”

He didn't have a reason or the qualification to blame Yura. Yura agreed with Grid's assertion. “I couldn't protect you because I was too weak.”

“...We both need to be stronger.”

“That's right.”

The desire of a level 408 high ranker to improve was great. After opening the ranking window for the first time in ages and confirming that Yura was third in the unified rankings, Grid sent a whisper to Chris. He was interested in Chris, who was maintaining a higher level than Yura who hunted in hell.

-What level are you?

-410.

-Isn't this really fast?

-I've found a spot for solo play in the Chaos Mountains. By the way, how can it be faster than you? Grid, shouldn't you be almost level 430 by now?

-.....

He was level 417, and now he was level 416. Grid closed his mouth and awakened a sense of reality.

'People who have passed the hell section are growing at a tremendous speed.'

Yura and Chris were prime examples. It seems right to say that the restrictions had been lifted. No, players needed to grow. The world was filled with enemies.

‘On the other hand, I stopped growing for a while and avoided it.’

Grid didn’t have enough time to fully concentrate on hunting. The difficulties of making items, taking care of the king’s work, and raising Noe and the Overgeared Skeletons, were all secondary problems. The reason Grid struggled with time more than others was because he was always swept away by big episodes. It was obvious just by looking back at recent events. Grid had visited the East Continent to learn how to grow the white phosphorus trees and golden walnut trees, yet he ended up in the Hwan Kingdom with the grandmaster, met Hanul, the absolute god, and took Chiyou’s Test.

‘...It is absurd when thinking about it.’

His experience in hell was also ridiculous. Grid only visited hell to tame the succubi. Then he ended up fighting the 1st Great Demon, Baal, and died.

“.....”

It was scary at this point. Seeing the absurd coincidences repeat over and over again, it seemed the world had no intention of leaving him alone. Grid assumed they were coincidences, but this was his mistake. All the events that Grid had gone through were a result of his choices, so they were inevitable.

‘Then looking at Dragon...’

[Dragon]

[A sword dance that reproduces the spirit of a dragon.

Effect: ???

★You haven’t achieved complete enlightenment. It is in an inactive state.]

Grid already had a Dragon sword dance. To be exact, it was the ‘potential.’ The dragon’s energy that Helena, princess of the half-draconians, had shown many times was imprinted on his infinite sword energy. This opened up the possibility of a new sword dance. ‘Now it seems there must’ve been a Dragon among ‘Pagma’s Sword Dance.’

[Dragon Lv. 1]

[A sword dance that reproduces the last breath of the blue dragon that pierced the chest of the absolute god, Hanul.

Charge at a target within 10 meters, dealing 3,000% physical damage. There is also a high chance of penetration. Damage is doubled after penetration and causes the target to be unable to recover for five seconds.

Skill Sword Energy Cost: 500

Skill Cooldown Time: 10 minutes]

It was truly a sword dance with terrifying power. First of all, charging was a great strength. Hadn't the power and utility of a charge that instantly narrowed the distance to the target already been proven by numerous players? Unfortunately, Pagma's Sword Dance and Grid's Sword Dance had no charge skills. Grid relied solely on the Freely Move skill obtained from an achievement.

'There is Shunpo, but it uses a ridiculous amount of stamina. Therefore, it is a burden to use it often.'

It was a pleasure to secure a charge skill that consumed sword energy rather than stamina. It was just like how Pagma awakened Pinnacle after seeing Chiyu's strike. The sword dance that was awakened by another god...

He liked that the damage coefficient was high because it was a sword dance that reproduced the moment when the blue dragon wounded the absolute god, Hanul.

'It isn't as good as Link but the limitations of Link are too clear.'

As shown against Baal, Link attacked the target by connecting several attacks. The higher the opponent's level, the harder it was for Link to exercise its proper power. It was useless if it was blocked before all the attacks were linked and the flow cut off. Therefore, it was useless no matter how high the total attack power.

The importance of sword dances such as Kill, Pinnacle, and Dragon that boasted a high attack coefficient would become more prominent in the future.

'The most notable thing is the penetration effect.'

Physically penetrating through the target could be interpreted as changing positions with the target. Grid had actually penetrated Baal's chest when he used Dragon. He stood in front of Baal and changed to behind Baal. Thanks to this, the way to escape was opened up temporarily. He just couldn't move because of his low stamina. Thus, he couldn't escape.

'There is no need to be disappointed just because it isn't Splendor or Chop.'

Furthermore, there was still the potential of Dragon, a sword dance that reproduced the dragon's spirit. It was likely to be a buff-type skill. Grid smiled as he thought about the possibility of using Pagma's Dragon and his own Dragon together. He murmured to himself with a pleased smile, "Two dragons... Twin Dragons."

It felt like new advertising inquiries would soon be received.

"Youngwoo-ssi?"

"Hum hum, can you send me back to hell?"

"Are you serious?"

He wanted to go to hell again after suffering such a terrible thing? Grid explained to the confused Yura, "Baal appeared in the middle of hell and caused turmoil. Won't all the demonic beasts, demonkin, and demons have shrunk back? Now is the opportunity to explore hell and get used to it."

"That is possible, but what if Baal is watching?"



“No, he won’t expect for me to enter hell again right away. How would he expect someone who just died to come back to die again?”

There was a chance that Baal wouldn’t care even if he noticed that Grid visited hell again. The absolute beings Grid had met so far generally had an indifferent personality. Baal was arrogant. It was the only weakness of this absolute existence. Grid had to dig into that arrogant personality.

“...I understand.” Yura nodded because she thought that Grid’s words made sense. “Is the purpose a simple hunt?”

“Yes, I am going to level up for a while.”

Of course, the Chaos Mountains was also a great hunting ground. Chris was proving this. Unlike Chris, who specialized in single attacks, Grid was capable of wide area skills. Hell had a large population of monsters so he liked it more than the Chaos Mountains.

“Then I’ll take you to the hells in the 30s. Marbas will stay in the hells in the 20s.”

Considering Grid’s abilities, the best hunting ground for him would be in the hells between 23-25. Unfortunately, Grid received a penalty in hell and the hells in the 20s were affected by Marbas’ power. It was impossible to keep hunting there. It was right to send him to the hells in the 30s.

Yura created a gate to hell and was entering the coordinates when Grid told her, “No, send me to the 29th hell.”

“Isn’t it inefficient?”

A cycle of three minutes of hunting and 10-15 minutes of rest would be repeated. Of course, Yura could fill in the gap in time if she partied and hunted with him, but Yura knew Grid’s nature. He would definitely stick to solo play.

“The efficiency is enough.”

“.....”

Had he forgotten what just happened a few minutes ago? Anyone other than Yura would’ve had doubts for a while. However, Yura was always more willing to believe Grid than to doubt him. “I understand.”

Eventually, Yura couldn’t break Grid’s stubbornness and entered the coordinates of the 29th Hell into the gate. After a while...

“Dragon.”

The moment Yura arrived in the 29th Hell, she was confronted by Grid rushing into the crowd of monsters. Her panic soon turned into astonishment, and then the astonishment turned into trust. Grid started to slaughter the monsters without getting tired. He no longer suffered from the penalties he had to face in hell. [1]

Of course, he wasn’t buffed like the Demon Slayer. It was just that Grid’s stats far surpassed Yura once he stopped suffering from the penalties.

“I think I can go down further in hell?”

“.....”

No monsters remained despite the effect of Marbas' power. Yura gazed at the spectacular sight for a moment before her mind returned and she nodded.

“I think you can go down a lot.”

The hells in the 10s—even Demon Slayer Yura currently couldn't handle them as a hunting ground. The place that Yura only occasionally visited to clear quests was wide open for Grid.

“As you know, the use of return scrolls are prohibited in hell. If you feel it is a bit dangerous, then call me right away... understood?”

“Yes, thank you.”

She was a very strong woman. Grid smiled and waved to Yura as he passed through the gate to move to the 19th Hell. Yura was soon left alone. She took a deep breath and looked back. An earthquake was occurring on the ground colored red with the blood of demons. A black hand popped out of the cracks.

“Demon Slayer, you have crossed the line.” Marchosias, the 29th great demon—he was the master of the land Yura was currently standing on. His strength... he was stronger than the 13th Great Demon, Beleth, when Beleth in the human world. “It isn't enough to bring Baal into my territory. You had to come back immediately and act tyrannical. If you have been purposely trying to get my attention, then congratulations. You have succeeded.”

‘I didn't know that Marchosias would move so fast.’

Yura had been mindful of the situation since she heard that Grid wanted to go to the 29th Hell again. She just analyzed that it had a very low probability of occurring. Marchosias was so cautious that he was often called a coward among the great demons.

However, it seemed the intensity of this provocation was too severe. In the end, they met. It seemed it would be difficult for her to survive.

‘There is no way other than to fight.’

What could she do? The water had already been spilled.

‘He is someone I have to fight anyway. Think of it as an opportunity to gauge my skills in preparation for the future.’

Even if it meant sacrificing her life in return. Yura was feeling determined when an unexpected voice entered her ears.

“Yura, did you know that your eyes curve more when you smile while hiding your worries?”

“.....!”

The shocked Yura felt the heat. A sword burning with fire slowly emerged from the gap in the gate that hadn't completely closed yet. Then it soon disappeared. The heat that warmed Yura's skin hadn't completely dissipated when there was a chilling cutting sound where Marchosias stood.

Yura belatedly noticed it—Grid’s sword that previously couldn’t reach Beleth in the human world properly was now cutting Marchosias’ throat.

### [Chapter 1329](#)

The 29th Great Demon, Marchosias—at one time, he enjoyed the struggle. He failed to endure his boiling blood and had ambition to become the master of a deeper hell in order to lead more armies. However, he was defeated by the wanderer, Zepar, and briefly lost the 29th Hell. His wild instincts and passion faded like a lie. He learned the concept of ‘limitations.’

Marchosias reigned by turning everything his breath touched into stone. He lost all motivation once he discovered there were some objects that couldn’t be turned to stone, and many of them were here in hell. Demons were no different from humans. Their fate was sometimes dictated by something innate.

‘The appearance isn’t bad for a human. Should I make her into a stone statue to decorate my bedroom?’

Marchosias wasn’t stupid enough to let go of the human who invaded his territory at will. He wasn’t degraded to the extent where he would shrink back from a human. Demon Slayer? It was a grand title, but she was still young compared to the past generation. He let it go once or twice because it was annoying and he could handle her easily as long as he made up his mind.

“.....?”

Marchosias was approaching Yura when he suddenly felt flustered. It was because Yura, who was standing in front of him, suddenly disappeared. Then he realized it wasn’t Yura who disappeared. It was that his vision had changed. He wasted a single second. Then there was a sharp bursting sound behind him that was accompanied by pain. He realized the blood scattering in all directions was his own and hurriedly let out his breath.

Marchosias’ skin and muscles turned into hard stones. The hot and sharp object that was cutting at Marchosias’ body. It was presumably a sword and it could no longer cut Marchosias’ body. It bounced off. Marchosias kept turning himself into stone as he raised his half-cut neck and looked back. He saw a person other than the Demon Slayer.

“Fast...”

He wondered if humans could be this fast.

‘A transcendent?’

He wondered why a transcendent was in hell.

‘I heard that transcendents are quite obsessed with life.’

Transcendents were those who lived forever, but couldn’t resist physical death, unlike legends. They transcended the limits of a human being in order to realize their simple desire for development and were immersed in their own world all day long. Therefore, they had little external activities. Yet one stepped into hell willingly?

‘Additionally, why is it my hell?’

Today was an annoying day in many ways. It wasn't enough that Baal came and made trouble. Now there was the Demon Slayer and a transcendent...

'Tsk, it is ominous.'

He didn't want to see a transcendent who might've lived for many years. Marchosias became cautious and let out a breath as an experiment. Everything that existed where the fan-shaped breath passed quickly turned into stone. It could be called a wave of stone. The human at the end of that wave...

"...Tsk."

There was no petrification. Marchosias clicked his tongue, spread out his wings, and flew back. He also confirmed that the Demon Slayer blocking his path was quite tense.

"I don't care what you are doing here. Can you just leave?"

There was a superstition among the demons. It was a superstition that, whenever the flesh was extinguished and the flesh was born, it would gain a stronger or new power. Of course, Marchosias didn't believe in superstition. Hell Gao, Drasion, Morax, Astaroth, Furfur—he thought it was a rumor spread by the followers of the idiots who lost their flesh to Sword Saint Muller to maintain the dignity of their master.

'It is a waste of time to die.'

He might only be resurrected after a few hundred years. Life would be no different from before even if he was resurrected. Marchosias just wanted peace and quiet.

Yura was shaken by the words about withdrawing. This development was unexpected and her shaky gaze shifted to Grid. They were communicating without Marchosias knowing.

-Glant advised me to avoid fighting Marchosias as much as possible. He said that if Marchosias wasn't worried after an incident, his ranking would be much higher than it is now. It is difficult to believe in the visible ranking. There are many variables so it is better to avoid him.

-I'd like to fight.

Since ancient times, the premise of killing a great demon was 'in the human world.' They might be the same great demon, but there was a huge difference in the human world compared to in hell. Therefore, Grid wanted to confirm it.

-I have to make sure that the great demons in hell are as great as the rumors.

Grid planned to use hell as his main stage for future activities, so it was necessary to gain an idea of the combat power of great demons. He needed to know if his skills could handle the great demon in the region before he could make a thorough plan. Yura nodded when she read Grid's intentions.

-I understand...however, I will remind you. Don't be careless just by looking at the rankings. Glant's assessment might not be unconditionally accurate, but he said that Marchosias deserves to be 22nd ranked. This means he is stronger than Beleth in the human world.

-More than Beleth?

Yura brought up Beleth so that Grid could feel it more clearly. Grid was calm despite her continued warnings. Therefore, she felt the need to instill vigilance. Then what was this?

-I'm looking forward to it.

Grid was smiling rather than being nervous. Yura realized something when she saw the light in his eyes. Grid wasn't afraid of Beleth. It was honestly unbelievable. Just a few months ago, Grid's face had been full of agitation and surprise throughout the fight against Beleth. The video of Grid's anxious expression as he hoped for this moment to end was still popular among people. Yet his stance changed in just a few months?

'No, it isn't just a few months thinking about it now.'

The value of time varied in every moment. Since the Beleth battle, Grid had already written three epics. The fight with Saleos, the eighth epic on Cokro Island, and the ninth epic in hell not long ago. The time period of the past few months was short, but it had special value to Grid.

She should trust Grid. Grid's confidence might come from a misjudgment, but she would protect him this time. Yura made up his mind and used Hell Leap to move to the hilly area that was just created by Baal. She found some cover, lowered herself, and set up a sniper point. She recalled the conversation she had with the thousand year old Glant.

"Marchosias' real strength lies in petrifying himself, not objects. He can petrify his skin and muscles to make himself harder than steel. Imagine if that guy petrifies even his skeleton. If the world perishes, he alone will live."

"Does that mean he can't be killed?"

"Yes. Therefore, fighting him is pointless. If you have to fight him, then aim for his eyelids. It is uncomfortable to petrify the eyelid muscles. Thus, he has a habit of not petrifying his eyelids muscles as much. If you shoot his eyelids then you will have time to run away."

Yura's barrel filled with jade-colored magic power as she aimed. Increased accuracy, reinforcing bullets, accelerating projectiles, granting evil destruction and penetration properties, etc. All types of buff skills suitable for the situation were repeatedly overlapped on Alex's magic engineering gun.

Of course, there was no apparent energy. It was because sniping should be done in secret. However, the opponent was a great demon.

"...I have no intention of fighting."

Marchosias frowned as he felt the threatening energy and petrified his body even further. It was only when his skin, muscles, and even bones were petrified that Marchosias felt hard enough to look outward. His physique was so large that he was reminiscent of a great mountain deeply rooted in the ground.

However, Yura knew his weakness. It happened as Yura was about to pull the trigger...

-I think it makes more sense to fight alone.

-.....!

As a new whisper arrived, a veil covered her scope. It was Grid's cloak. Grid intentionally disrupted Yura's sniper trajectory.

-I got it.

How much had Grid grown since he faced Beleth? The most curious one was actually Grid. He asked Yura for her understanding and started to dance. In a rare manner, he took several strides. Marchosias was a stone statue that didn't move. Grid saw it as a divine opportunity and raised the power of his sword dance to the limit.

"Pinnacle."

Unlike ordinary rankers who consistently raided boss monsters in various areas to make a profit, Grid had a revenue source called the 'Overgeared Kingdom' and he didn't need to be obsessed with raids. It was much more advantageous to make items instead of doing raids.

Due to these circumstances, the number of raids that Grid had done was surprisingly small. It was a considerably lower amount than others. However, if one was counting the number of raids for 'bosses whose attack strategy hasn't been revealed,' Grid would compete for first or second place. It meant he was a raid master. He already recognized that Marchosias was a boss who specialized in defense. He also noticed Marchosias' weakness based on the fact that Marchosias' eyes weren't blurred despite hardening his entire body.

The sword dance that ignored the target's defense cut diagonally across Marchosias' eyes.

The 29th Hell shook as there was a lot of bleeding. The unexpected pain caused Marchosias to scream. Marchosias' was covered in his own blood and he started to rampage.

"Still.... I can't stay stillllllllll!!!"

The instincts that Marchosias had removed were resurrected. A great anger was awakening the demonic ferocity. It would've happened someday even if Grid didn't touch him. A great demon who sought peace couldn't exist.

Every time Marchosias roared, giant rocks were created and continued to aim at Grid. Grid felt the feeling of being exposed to a landslide. The baptism of giant rocks was extremely threatening. Grid was stuck in between the piled up rocks that formed a well and a giant fist slammed into his face.

Rocks shattered and the fragments flew in all directions. However, Grid's flesh and blood weren't seen. Marchosias lost sight of Grid and hurriedly petrified himself.

-Certainly, it is higher than Beleth's level and stats.

Dragon.

Grid conveyed his sentiments to Yura as he penetrated through Marchosias.

-However, level and stats aren't the only measures of strength.

Beleth's level and stats might've been greatly weakened in the human world, but his power and vision were several times better than Marchosias. Overall, Beleth felt more powerful. There was no need to

explain in detail. Contrary to what it looked like, the Beleth who was in the human world was stronger than the Marchosias who was in hell.

Of course, this didn't mean that Marchosias was weak. It was just that Grid overwhelmed Marchosias.

“Open Potential. Dragon.”

[Pagma's Sword Dance, Dragon, has temporarily evolved into Grid's Sword Dance.]

“Sword Dance Creation. Transcend Dragon Kill Pinnacle.”

The charging sword dance gave infinite potential to Grid's Sword Dance. Grid could make dozens of charges in theory and he penetrated Marchosias' body again and again, dominating the battlefield.

### [Chapter 1330](#)

‘This is the third phase... I hope it is the last phase.’

Grid had no intention of dragging out the raid. The penalties of hell had disappeared after meeting Pagma's soul and writing the epic, but his endurance was lacking compared to Marchosias. Since ancient times, the advantage of a defensive type monster was its near infinite endurance. This was hell and Marchosias was a great demon. The assumption that someone who continued to be supplied with demonic energy would become exhausted couldn't be established unless the person was an idiot.

‘I need to force a conclusion before I collapse from exhaustion.’

Grid sought to speed up the fight. Most of his skills, including magic and the sword dances, as well as his items and title effects, were poured out from the beginning of the raid. However, divinity and the five fusion sword dances were left behind as a trump card.

In other words, he pushed the 29th great demon into a crisis without the need for divinity or the five fusion sword dances. An opponent who was weaker than Beleth in the human world—Grid still had some room. Of course, he didn't intend to be careless. The reason Marchosias was relatively weak was due to his simple attack patterns. In fact, his stats were the best among all the great demons Grid had fought so far.

Furthermore, Grid knew from previous experience how powerful the great demons were in their final phase. Maybe in the worst case scenario, there would be a fourth phase after the third phase.

‘Still, it is unlikely.’

Marchosias' remaining health was only 10%. Considering the fact that other great demons entered the final phase when they had 10-20% of their health left, the probability that Marchosias' third phase was the final phase was almost 100%. Grid judged and approached Marchosias, who was standing still. Then he started dancing.

Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle—a mental picture of doom manifested itself and the entire space was filled with a sense of deterrence. The overbearing feeling grew even more with every step Grid took. Of course, this didn't weaken Marchosias' willpower. Named bosses wouldn't be caught in a confused state.

Just then, Marchosias' skin and muscles that had swelled to the fullest started contracting. They dried up like a squeezed rag. There was an illusion that all the blood and moisture in his body had evaporated. The moment the changes caused by the third phase started to appear on the surface, Grid was wary, but he didn't shrink back.

Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle was one of Grid's most powerful moves. Grid judged that Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle wouldn't be broken no matter what Marchosias did. It was as expected. The fierce momentum of Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle wasn't affected by Marchosias' change.

There was just one problem. Marchosias' muscles contracted to the limit and at the same time, his health gauge that was at 10% started filling up. Strictly speaking, his health wasn't restored. It was something other than health because it was displayed in white instead of the red of health. The identity was...

'Shield!'

The sword of Kill had a physical attack power coefficient of 5,000% and was reinforced with Braham's Enchant Weapon. It struck Marchosias' seven times. Wind Cutter made a sharp cutting sound as it was also fired and the targeting effect of Wave meant it all hit Marchosias' vital spots. Then Pinnacle descended.

Originally, it was a powerful linked attack that would've made Marchosias scream. Yet Marchosias didn't even moan. It was because shields were layered all over his body. They were shields created by Marchosias scattering his own blood and petrifying it. The amount of shield loss identified by the gauge was only 6%...

It was a result that made Grid flustered. 'The ignore defense effect wasn't activated because Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle didn't touch the body?'

The final phase of the boss monster was a type of berserk phase. This was the usual behaviour. Regardless of the style of battle, all boss monsters showed explosive aggression the moment they entered the final phase. They poured out all their power to wipe out the enemy in front of them before their life was extinguished.

On the other hand, Marchosias' final phase was too static. He petrified his own scattered blood to surround himself with layers of shield, and just stood still. There was no sign of obsession with the enemy in front of him.

'He is just focused on not dying.'

The will to live was too intense.

'Is it impossible to raid him?'

It was a question of whether he could defeat Marchosias in time even if he used the Blue Dragon's Boots and Belial's Power to minimize the consumption of stamina. Maybe Marchosias was a 'target that can't be killed' like some hidden NPCs...

It happened as Grid was thinking...



-I've already suggested it to you many times.

A voice rang directly in his mind. Just like Baal, Marchosias delivered his thoughts to Grid and Yura. His mouth was dry like a mummy and was still from the petrification.

-You will die regretting that you ignored my proposal and became my enemy.

“?”

They would die when he made himself a statue and did nothing? Was there a hidden hand? The moment Grid was feeling anxious...

An army of monsters that covered the ground and the sky appeared—all sorts of demonic beasts cried out strangely as they poured in like a tsunami.

-What can two humans do against the lord of the 29th Hell who rules over the 22nd army?

It was the moment when the essential reason why the great demons were stronger in hell compared to the human world was revealed—all the great demons ruled their own hell and they had armies, and fighting a great demon in hell meant going to war with hundreds of thousands of demonic beasts.

'Damn, he is a tricky opponent.'

The march of hundreds of thousands of demonic beasts was enough to cool Grid's fighting spirit. The demonic beasts of the 22nd army played the role of tearing and devouring Marchosias' enemies and they didn't hesitate to strike at Grid.

“100,000 Army Massacre Sword!”

The transcendent swordsmanship of the Undefeated King—the invincible existence who had never been defeated in his lifetime—formed at Grid's fingertips and cut through the sky, killing the thousands of demonic beasts that filled the sky in one blow.

The problem was that these thousands of demonic beasts were only a part of the army. Hundreds of thousands of demonic beasts were still in good condition.

Grid took his gaze away from those accelerating with their wings and looked at the ground this time. The monsters filling the ground were running in droves. There were more and more coming from beyond the horizon.

'It is a dog's death.'

A physical ability that could endure attacks without dying and an army that actively utilized that physical ability—Marchosias was a powerful being, just like Yura had warned. Grid's expression was dark.

Glant had evaluated that Marchosias should be 22nd ranked. This meant there were at least 20 great demons stronger than Marchosias. Grid couldn't even get rid of this guy right now. He couldn't figure out how he'll be able to defeat great demons stronger than Marchosias, let alone Baal, the final boss who was at the peak of the great demons.

'No, what is this damn game where there is another mountain after crossing one mountain?'

There were few things he could do no matter how much he grew and became stronger. Therefore, he felt a sense of loss. Grid was feeling dazed when a jade-colored flash shot past him.

“.....!!”

Grid’s spirit recovered. The flash that exploded as soon as it hit the army of demonic beasts turned hundreds of them into ashes. Additionally, the flashes were constantly being fired. It rained all over the battlefield and cleaned up the monsters.

Kieeeeek!

Kaaack!

The demonic beasts screamed as a whisper arrived.

-Leave these small fries to me and focus on the opponent in front of you.

It was Yura. She was a bit excited to see the continuously arriving army of monsters and her tone was a bit rough unlike usual. It reminded him of old memories.

-Is it the resurrection of the Blood Witch?

Grid recovered thanks to Yura and he made a joke that caused Yura’s ears to turn red. She didn’t like the nickname Blood Witch.

Yura’s rifle started firing again. It was already far from the actions of a sniper. Yura skipped the aiming process because there were so many enemies she could hit a target no matter where she shot. She used buff skills suitable for rapid firing and bullets that caused splash damage. Therefore, her mass destruction power wasn’t inferior to the Undefeated King’s swordsmanship. Of course, this was a result that was possible because hell strengthened the Demon Slayer. Even so, Yura was a really good partner. It was just like Mercedes when facing Hell Gao.

‘It is like this so I must kill him.’

He found that the raid was impossible alone, but it was a different story with two people. In the first place, it was his heartless greed that made him attempt to defeat a great demon alone. Grid regained his motivation and used Divinity. He elevated his existence to a level close to a god. This was contained in the details of Divinity.

Grid’s hair started to flutter from the intense air waves and the atmosphere around him was completely different from before. He wouldn’t be too out of place when sitting beside the gods in heaven.

“Open Potential.”

[The casting time and cooldown time of Open Potential is removed due to the influence of Divinity.]

“Dragon.”

[Pagma’s Sword Dance, Dragon, has temporarily evolved into Grid’s Sword Dance.]

“Sword Dance Creation. Drop Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave.”

Grid soared high into the sky, disregarded the monsters attacking him, and started dancing. There was no need for Grid to worry about it. The monsters trying to tear at his skin with their teeth and claws were all shattered by Yura.

-Don't you know that it is pointless?

Marchosias scoffed. The momentum of the blue dragon falling from the sky was quite fierce, but he already had hundreds of layers of shields around his body. Just like the sword dance a while ago, the dragon's advance would also be blocked by the shield.

Marchosias' eyes widened as he had this thought. It was because the blue dragon smashed through hundreds of layers of shields and reached his body. It was the power of Dragon which had its penetration effect maximized by linking Drop, Pinnacle, and Kill.

Grid's sword penetrated Marchosias' body and his health and shield were cut by 2% and 20% respectively.

"Divinity."

Then Open Potential and Drop Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave were repeated again. Grid's sword penetrated Marchosias' body once again and his health and shield were cut by 2% and 25% respectively. Now the defense of Marchosias' shields were weakened due to the loss of a significant number of shields.

"Divinity."

-Kuoh...

Jjeejeeong!

"Divinity."

Jjeejeeong!

-...This!!

"Kuaaaaak!"

Eventually, a scream burst out from Marchosias' mouth as all his shields were lost and even the petrification was released. At the same time...

Kiyaaaaah!

The demons who barely escaped from Yura's bombardment and were biting or aiming their claws at Grid or Yura scattered in all directions.

[The raid of the 29th Great Demon, Marchosias, has succeeded!]

Grid was left with 13% of his health while Yura's immortality was consumed. The Marchosias raid, which felt longer than any other raid, was over. The pillar of light that symbolized leveling up surrounded Grid four times and Yura one time.

The two people faced each other with their exhausted bodies and laughed as they bumped their fists together.

