

## Overgeared 1501

### Chapter 1501

It was after the start of the great human and demon war...

Using the media of each country as the main axis, people divided the continent into seven major sections. They were divided into the four directions of east, west, south, and north, and the three main bases, rather than nations. It was simply for convenience.

『 A total of 3,831 portals were observed in the north. Fortunately, there are no great demons there. Using the orc kingdom as the center, the nations and players are working together to easily prevent the invasion of demonic creatures... 』

『 The performance of Orc Lord Teruchan and his royal guards are amazing. I heard that many of the royal guards are players, right? 』

『 Yes, 99% of them are players. The rankers, who changed their species to an orc a few years ago, have grown to the point of taking important positions. The fact that there are very few named NPCs among the twilight orcs has played a role, but... there is no need to disparage the rankers' efforts. 』

Magician rankers were sensitive to magic power. It wasn't difficult to observe magical devices and phenomena. It was nothing to work together to count the portals.

『 The situation in the south isn't so bad. The number of portals observed is very large at 5,420, but the overall level of the south has risen significantly thanks to the opening of the warp gate in the Hemilton Principality several months ago. 』

『 Definitely. I remember that many quests in the principality attracted players. In particular, I heard a lot of vampires moved there, right? 』

『 They didn't move... all the vampire cities are part of the Overgeared Kingdom. Do they really need to abandon their Overgeared Kingdom nationality? 』

『 Haha, I was ignorant... 』

『 In any case, there are a number of top rankers and vampire players stationed in the south. They are responding to the invasion very well. There are no transcendent or super named NPCs around, so the balance might be broken the moment a great demon shows up, but... the comforting thing is Katz' presence. His recent growth is really dazzling. I think they'll be able to raid a great demon in the 30s with Katz at the center... 』

『 It doesn't sound like nonsense... 』

Peak Sword temporarily pulled the aggro of the 4th Great Demon and caused a lot of damage, while Ares temporarily fought equally with the 24th Great Demon. Jishuka, Regas, Pon, Scott, and the others were fighting hard against the 23rd, 28th, and 31st Great Demons...

The level of the named players active in the Behen Archipelago and the Abyss exceeded the expectations of the experts. There was an army of hundreds of thousands of soldiers armed with

overgeared items, as well as Grid's apostles like Braham and Overgeared Skeleton Two (?) so there was unexpected publicity. The media of each country had no choice but to place confidence in the ability of the rankers.

『 The west doesn't need to be discussed. There are approximately 4,000 portals opened in the west, but some people are saying that grabbing a star in the sky is easier than seeing a demonic creature. 』

『 Haha... There is the Overgeared Kingdom in the west. The main temples of the Dominion Church and Judar Church are also located there, right? 』

『 Yes, fortunately or unfortunately, the suppression of religion in the Overgeared Kingdom is limited to the Rebecca Church. Therefore, both religions are playing a stable role in their own areas. 』

『 The problem is... 』

『 Yes, it is the east. 』

A scholar of Satisfy's history and the field of war—the Harvard university professor, Bahrain, paused and displayed a map of the continent on the screen. The map divided the continent into four sections and the area of the east, painted in red, was larger than the west, south, and north combined. This was because the center was included in the eastern part. It was reasonable to do this for convenience. All of the red territory was part of the empire.

『 A total of 11,090 portals are in the east. There is even the Abyss in the heart of the capital. 』

The three designated main bases of humanity. Among them, the place with the most stars was the Abyss. It happened to be located in the imperial capital.

『 The situation in the east is desperate. A considerable number of troops was consumed to respond to the demonic human incidents and the invasion of the dark elves. It is a deadly event for the empire that has a history of a shortage of troops. There are 11,090 portals and the subsequent invasions of Zepar and Gamigin... the empire has no power to defend itself. 』

『 Hmmm... I can't easily agree about the lack of imperial troops. Doesn't the empire have a population of billions? Many players have also acquired an imperial nationality. I know that the empire recruited players as troops with various quests. So why is there a shortage of troops? 』

『 The biggest problem is that the territory of the empire is larger than necessary. The empire was a flawed nation from the start. From the moment they claimed to be the master of the continent, they took on more responsibility than they could handle. There are hundreds of cities, fortresses, and 27 borders in the empire. Their troops are inevitably dispersed... 』

The professor harshly criticized the empire's system. The current Empress Basara recognized the problems of the empire and promoted reforms, but it was impossible for many of the reforms to be achieved in only one generation.

『...In conclusion, the empire won't be able to overcome this crisis on its own. They have to get support from the Overgeared Kingdom. 』

『 That's right. If it wasn't for Braham, Titan would already be devastated. 』

『 In fact, it is safe to say that from the time Grandmaster Zikfrector and Mercedes, the number one knight, were taken away by the Overgeared Kingdom, the empire's fortunes have fallen into Grid's hands... Eh? What? 』

『 There is breaking news. A new great demon has appeared from the Abyss. The balance of the Behen Archipelago is also beginning to collapse... 』

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He was flooded with inspiration, the knowledge to support it, as well as talent and divinity. The mythical magic was completed based on the restored power.

Gamigin was crushed by Braham's Punishment and collapsed without even being able to scream. Braham also paid a large price. He suffered internal injuries and bleeding due to the excessive use of magic. He even became dizzy, but he somehow avoided fainting. His body as a direct descendant sustained him.

'It is impossible to use Punishment again in this state. Time is needed.'

Unfortunately, he couldn't even use legendary great magic. Unlike his body that was holding on firmly, his magic power was experiencing a backlash. He barely controlled it. If he overdid it here, it was highly likely he would receive permanent damage to his magic core.

Braham saw that Gamigin's body had already started to regenerate and formed fists. It was an attitude of using physical strength because he couldn't use magic. He didn't like swinging his fists inelegantly. He also wasn't good at it, but it couldn't be helped since the situation was urgent. At this moment—

"Devote yourself to recovery," Kyle spoke politely and took over the baton from Braham. The momentum was fierce as he created a storm of lightning to prevent Gamigin from regenerating. He was reliable until his shoulder was blown away by a sudden sniping attack.

It was shot by the 8th Great Demon, Barbatos. Kyle was exhausted from dealing with Gamigin and was slow to respond.

This made Braham frown. "Hold on for five minutes, even if you die."

"...I will endure and survive." His one arm was rattling so much it wouldn't be strange if it fell off straight away. Kyle didn't care about it. It was because he always thought of the arm as 'not there.'

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'Isn't Bow Saint actually the most fraudulent class?'

The 13th Great Demon, Beleth—he disliked troublesome things and had little interest in the surface. The reason he took the role of commander of the vanguard army was due to compensation. There were rumors that Baal's closest subordinate, Chepardea, had promised him a great gift. It meant that Beleth was such a competent great demon. It was to the point that Baal's closest subordinate would personally invite him.

In fact, Beleth's rule of fear played a huge role. He used force to bring together demons who didn't know solidarity. Hundreds of demons and four great demons were unable to stand up to Beleth's intimidation and joined the operation.

Rose thought that the power of the demonic army was tremendous. She believed there were no rivals unless Grid led his apostles as a group. Now that faith was about to falter.

Jishuka fired arrows to annihilate the demonic creatures, while hundreds of thousands of soldiers led by Valhalla's generals and knights, and high rankers like Regas and Pon, held out on the battlefield. Jishuka's baptism of arrows poured down fiercely. It poured down without a break. It was hard to believe it was a phenomenon done by one human being.

Even more surprising, it was impossible to predict the sniper points. Dozens of arrows flew at the same time, each with a different trajectory. It was hard to guess where the arrows would fire from. It was simply a superhuman feat.

"Dammit, these arrows are so disturbing."

The 31st great demon was the first to show his nervousness. He was also a newcomer. Too many great demons had died during Grid and Yura's hell conquest. Many of the new great demons who took over the vacant spots hadn't matured yet. They took the position with force and couldn't gain any experience afterward. Therefore, there was a simple side. Their patience was a bit immature.

"I will find and kill that human!" the 31st Great Demon yelled and rushed into the enemy lines. He wielded a huge guandao fiercely. He seemed to judge that he could easily break through the meat barrier built with the bodies of the humans. Some elite members of the allied forces responded quickly. They abandoned their weapons, pulled out harpoons as big as their height, and started throwing them.

'Dragon Harpoon?' Rose recalled the secondary weapon that Grid had used in the National Competition in the past and felt anxiety.

"Kuaack!" The great demon, hit by dozens of harpoons, stopped in the middle of the enemy lines and struggled. Looking closely, each harpoon had a sturdy rope attached. The fast-moving soldiers fixed the end of the rope with a stake, temporarily sealing the body of a great demon. It was a skill they had practiced more than once or twice. The power of the harpoons and the durability of the ropes were enormous.

"Good! Well done!" Pon shouted with a smile and his spear struck the heart of the great demon. Regas' lightning-like fists struck the face of the great demon dozens of times. They were armed with a shining silver spear and a shining silver pair of gauntlets.

Grid had made many legendary rated weapons ahead of the great human and demon war. They were the best items with high penetration that ignored defense and the option to weaken demonic energy. The power was so deadly that the screams of the great demons shook the battlefield.

'Wars in Satisfy are about quality, not quantity.' Rose stepped back without realizing it.

Soldiers who should've been easily killed by a great demon. They were armed with different items and were playing their roles under certain circumstances. They responded to the overwhelming force that

originally couldn't be resisted with numbers. The situation that hadn't been seen in Satisfy so far was implemented purely due to the power of items. It was truly amazing...

## Chapter 1502

'W-We can't win?'

Rose's eyes turned to the coast. Beleth was struggling against Overgeared Skeleton Two. It wasn't because Beleth was weaker than Overgeared Skeleton Two. Naturally, Beleth was much stronger. The problem was Overgeared Skeleton Two's ability to distort space. Beleth failed to deal an effective hit due to it constantly changing positions. In the meantime, the skeleton soldiers summoned by Overgeared Skeleton Two entered the front lines and destroyed the demonic creatures.

The Overgeared fleet fired artillery shells from a distance without landing and it was also threatening. The Overgeared Cannon that once caused a sensation—based on the unique rating, the hundreds of cannons each with a 45,000 fixed splash damage, constantly rained shots down onto the battlefield as well as Beleth. The thousands of artillerymen players, who were marginalized until a few years ago, met the Overgeared Kingdom and ran rampant like fish in water.

Fortunately, Beleth's power offset the power of the Overgeared Cannons. However, Beleth couldn't always invoke his power, so he couldn't block all the bombardment. He was also concerned about the bombardment, so he failed to respond to Jishuka's baptism of arrows which had the energy to break evil.

Of course, Beleth wasn't a fool. In order to fundamentally block the artillery shells, he launched several long range attacks targeting the fleet. The water clan king was the problem. He swam through the water with the water clan soldiers. Every time Beleth's attack flew over, he caused waves and disrupted the power of the attack. The remnants of the destruction were repeatedly stopped by the navy led by Soldier and the artillerymen were protected.

It was a repetition of a vicious cycle. The combination of the enemy forces felt perfect. Additionally, the enemy reinforcements continued to increase. Euphemina, known to be one of the strongest Overgeared members, joined the battlefield. She even led the Overgeared magic division that was composed of the UI Clan. The princess of the UI Clan was a famous named talent.

Rose gritted her teeth. She became angry as she thought about Lael laughing as he plotted in the darkness to create this current situation.

""These guys really...!"" Beleth's face changed colors as the bombardment of arrows and shells was combined with magic.

Looking at the atmosphere, it seemed like they were about to enter the second stage. It was before Grid or his apostles had even appeared.

Rose had a hunch as she saw the abnormal scene of the 13th Great Demon being suppressed by the troops—'Aren't we really going to lose?'

Did she have to taste defeat even after becoming a demon? She wanted to win at least once...

Rose gave an absurd laugh, but she didn't blame others. The hell army, who was losing in power despite starting the war, and the allied forces and players, who were hostile to her and blocking the way forward—Rose humbly accepted it all. Why did she repeat the defeat and failure every time? In the end, she judged that it was because of her lack of ability. She felt she still had a long way to go.

'Ah, I don't know. I will win one day.'

However, that moment wasn't now. The war deadline was 32 days away. There were many opportunities.

Rose accepted her defeat and relaxed. She remembered that the essence of playing games was enjoyment and her mind was refreshed while her actions became lighter. It was the realm of enlightenment. The level of magic that she cast was raised to a higher level. Her casting speed was slightly accelerated and the efficiency of her combos increased dramatically. It was noticeable on the battlefield where hundreds of thousands of people were mixed together.

This was the problem. Jishuka's arrows, which had been dispersed and falling over a wide range, immediately concentrated on one place. She only fired at one person, Rose, with an unprecedented power. Rose pulled unexpected aggro out of five great demons and hundreds of demons. It was an absurd mishap from Rose's position.

On the other hand, she was also glad.

'Am I greater than I thought?'

She was satisfied with the potential she never knew before as she was pierced by arrows and her blood scattered. She collapsed and her vision turned gray. Just then—

[Baal's subordinates will participate as reinforcements.]

[Hell's morale has risen greatly and all stats will increase.]

[There is news that the 'Sealed Body of One of the Seven Evils' has been found in the Abyss. Wrath is added to the 'mixed worlds.' The concentration of demonic energy has increased and the penalty for demons is reduced by 20%.]

'XX.'

This happened when she died...

Rose's smiling expression became distorted. Her mouth was smiling, but her eyes were fierce. Therefore, she looked bizarre. Even so, no one saw it. Newly emerged demons and demonic creatures trampled on and covered her body. She scattered helplessly as gray ash and disappeared.

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At the same time, Reinhardt...

The Overgeared Kingdom responded quickly to the war that took place sooner than expected. They gathered more than three times the planned number of technical experts in order to speed up the construction of the furnace. The Overgeared Kingdom understood the importance of Grid better than

anyone. Thanks to the help of the whole kingdom, Grid was able to focus on the design of the divine sword.

He used his creation skill. It was a sword made with a dragon's fang that he might not obtain again. This wasn't the time to save his creation skill. He also considered that the blueprint would affect the speed at which the item would be made.

Grid wanted to make the weapon and join the war as quickly as possible. The situation of the war that was delivered in real time made him somewhat nervous. He was particularly worried about Braham. He wanted to send another apostle straight away, but the situation didn't allow it.

Sariel moving independently was still a high risk. Meanwhile, Mercedes and Piaro were training in the sword tower. The Zikfrector and Zibal duo and Nefelina had been searching for areas where portals were concentrated and destroying enemy forces. Now they had just moved to Cokro Island. It was due to the sudden news that Hell Gao, who had been borrowing the body of a 'demonkin' so far, appeared with a body with the grade of a great demon for the first time. The collapse of the world's boundaries seemed to have some effect. It would be very difficult if he escaped from the island, so he needed to be defeated in advance.

'I think there will be a situation where I have to step up myself.'

Less than a day had passed since the great human and demon war and there were already crises happening everywhere. Grid's plan to join the war after creating a new sword was likely to be too greedy.

".....?"

Grid was keeping an eye on the condition of his bond with Braham while working, only to suddenly stiffen like a stone statue. It was due to the news that enemy reinforcements had appeared at both the Abyss and the Behen Archipelago. To make matters worse, there was also news that some great demons appeared through portals.

'I can't do this anymore.'

This wasn't a situation where he should be greedy. First, let's calm down. Thinking calmly, he could still play a stable and active role even without a new sword...

It happened the moment Grid calmed himself and tried to raise his body...

[Noll, lord of a vampire city, has led the vampire army to join the Abyss battle as reinforcements. Presumably using the lord's authority, he assigned players a quest and an army was formed.]

[Bondre of Valhalla has persuaded the players who were former members of the Seven Guilds to head to the Behen Archipelago.]

[Chris, the lord of Reidan, is leaving the minimal number of troops in the city and departing. His destination is the Abyss.]

[The 1st ranker berserker, Asuka, and her companion, Black Teddy, are leading soldiers south. They seem to be heading to the Behen Archipelago.]

[The Black and White sisters are asking for negotiations. They have expressed their intention to participate as a member of the Overgeared Kingdom on the condition they get the right to purchase legendary rated items.]

[50 rankers from the Daejin Group have joined the Abyss as reinforcements.]

[The Yatan Church members entering the central area have been trapped in a labyrinth dungeon after being lured in by Eat Spicy Jokbal.]

[The African Leopard has killed the mysterious death knight carrying out a massacre in the Arc Kingdom. The leopard is moving south. His estimated destination is the Behen Archipelago.]

[Hurent has met the 33rd Great Demon who appeared in the central area. He has entered battle. Hurent is fighting well. A rune has been identified on the back of his hand.]

[The knights division led by Royman has arrived at the Abyss. Haster has joined them.]

[The Overgeared Shadows have infiltrated the entire continent and confirmed the emergence of Agnus in the west. Faker killed Agnus.]

[180 rankers from the Jin Group have joined Katz in the south. Katz is heading for the Behen Archipelago.]

[There is confirmation of large-scale Mass Teleports in Titan. It is believed to be done by Sage Sticks. More than 80,000 reinforcements have arrived from the East Continent.]

[Confirmed the destruction of some portals. It is probably the influence of Yura and Kraugel in hell.]

[Confirmation that the scale of the Saintess' south-bound procession is still expanding. The cause is unknown.]

New information rushed in. The content was varied and mostly positive. Thanks to this, Grid was reminded of something he had forgotten for a while.

He wasn't alone. His last few years had not been in vain...

His hands trembled with emotion. He was smiling with relief when a chill went down his spine.

[A massive number of martial god followers have appeared in the Overgeared Kingdom. They are killing allies.]

[The Triad has appeared at Fort Patrian. The city walls have collapsed. Marquis Ashur's status is unknown.]

[An unidentified enemy has emerged near Reinhardt. Zednos and Laella are dead. There is no resurrection response.]

[The Overgeared God Church has suffered a serious blow. Damian is dead. There is no resurrection response. Isabel's life or death is unknown.]

[Bland and Beniyaru have gone with the farmers to act as reinforcements.]

[Prince Lord and his 300 girlfriends have gone to assist.]



“.....!”

News flooded in at a much faster rate than the previous news. Grid moved without thinking. He flew straight into the sky, captured the external wall in his field of view, and used Shunpo. At the same time...

[The title ‘First Father’ has detected Lord’s crisis.]

[Father’s Instinctive Love is activated. Movement speed is increased by 80% for 20 seconds and the skill cooldown is reset.]

“Lord!” Grid’s face distorted like a demon. He expanded his vision to determine Lord’s location and immediately used Shunpo.

“.....!” An attack flew in the moment his location changed. It was a heavy attack that he had never experienced before. He had a hunch that it was better to avoid it, but Lord was behind him.

“Kuek!” Grid raised his sword to block the attack and was crushed by the weight. He bent his knees unwillingly and gritted his teeth as he stared at the opponent.

Martial God Zeratul—a being who wasn’t supposed to be here was standing with his hands behind his back. Not a single drop of blood dripped from the leg that was placed on Grid’s blade. “You stopped my attack? You deserve the recognition of Chiyou, that low-grade fake.”

“You!” Grid’s eyes shot up in a frightening manner. He was able to see the terrible sight behind Zeratul’s back. He saw Isabel, Bland, the church members, and the farmers lying down while covered in blood. His hair was turning white with fright.

Grid lost his sense of reason and immediately wrapped the buff skills around his body. However, there was no chance for him to step forward.

“I just remembered why I came to find you.” Something touched Grid’s shoulder. It was a book. It had the title ‘Deciphered Language of the Dead’ written on it in elaborate handwriting. “Receive this and step back.”

The tower member, Biban—a being who originally shouldn’t appear in the world completely exposed his sword energy as he stood in front of everyone. There was deep disgust and anger on his face. “The gods of Asgard have become senile in their old age. Hayate’s words were right.”

A curtain of sword energy spread out. It was a curtain that separated Biban and Zeratul from the world.

“Grid, just live like you are now, no more and no less.”

It was like a final goodbye and it caused Grid to reach out for the curtain. However, he couldn’t touch it.

### **Chapter 1503**

“Biban! Biban!”

The curtain of sword energy that surrounded Biban and Zeratul—countless blades and blade fragments intertwined, and the scene of them reflecting and absorbing each other’s light was reminiscent of a galaxy. It was beautiful like art. However, it was a cruel reality to Grid. His hands were bloody as he hit, scratched, and tore at it, and bone could be seen through the torn skin.

“Your Majesty!”

“C-Calm down!”

The women who were once candidates to be Rebecca’s Daughters—originally, they were destined to be puppets of the church and driven to the extremes. Thanks to Damian’s rescue and Grid’s care, they were able to regain a normal life. The main reason they were willing to devote themselves to Lord was because Grid and Damian hoped for it. Their heart toward their benefactors was deeper than imagined.

They didn’t know precisely what the relationship between the person called Biban and Grid was, but it wasn’t easy to watch their benefactor calling out Biban’s name anxiously and going wild. They wanted to run over, grab him, and comfort him immediately.

However, Grid’s identity was the noblest one on the continent. He was the king of the Overgeared Kingdom and a god. They didn’t dare touch his jade-like body. The 300 women simply cried as they looked at him.

Lord, who was taking care of Isabel and Bland, also remained silent. Lord admired Grid the most in the world. He couldn’t make a guess recklessly. Thus, he had no choice but to watch.

“Dammit!” Grid collapsed to the ground and let out harsh curse words. He failed to keep his dignity in front of those who regarded him as a parent, king, or god. He felt as if he would go crazy if he didn’t release the emotions filling his heart right away.

Grid was angry. He was furious at the situation where Zeratul broke in at random. He was also annoyed by Biban’s choice. There was a better chance of winning if Biban had fought with him. Why did Biban go in alone? It was over once he died. Why...

“Why give me such a present at the end?”

He was a really stupid human. Why did he always give without wanting anything back? Was this the temperament of all the tower members who locked themselves in the tower for humanity? Was it natural and easy to give up their lives for others as they had sacrificed all their lives?

...It was too harsh.

“Shit!” Grid desperately got up again and pounded on the curtain. He seemed to be screaming. He was remembering his most painful memory. It was the memory of when he said goodbye to Khan. Hadn’t he decided when holding Khan in his arms as Khan scattered to ashes? He wouldn’t let a precious person be taken away twice.

It was different from Khan, who was like a father, but Biban was also a precious relationship. He had many grateful memories. He always thought that he would definitely repay Biban’s favor one day. He promised to make Biban a sword.

“Yet because of me...” Grid’s body staggered. He felt dizzy due to the blood rushing to his head. His body collapsed and the blue sky filled his vision.

He looked at the clouds flowing slowly and felt his mind calming down. Grid took a deep breath. He calmly reviewed the current situation.

The curtain of sword energy? It could be cut with the Falling Moon Sword. The problem was that the Falling Moon Sword was a secret weapon. It was too greedy to want to win against Zeratul when the Falling Moon Sword had already been consumed. Destroying the curtain would just make Biban's work of locking Zeratul away meaningless.

The deciphered language of the dead—Grid assessed the value of the gift Biban left behind. He identified the usage and measured the results.

'Maybe Biban...' It was the moment when Grid recalled something and came up with a hypothesis.

"Please give us a command." A clear voice entered Grid's ears.

He suddenly heard a voice coming from the blue waves in front of him and looked up. He made eye contact with Mercedes. The large eyes were still and her expression was calm. Her appearance was the same as usual and it vaguely reassured Grid.

"I will carry out My Liege's will."

[Your apostle 'Mercedes' has created a new chivalric code.]

Mercedes' hands were very cold as they wrapped around Grid's hands. It was because she was armed with metal gauntlets. However, Grid's heart melted from the warmth.

Sariel descended next to him with her four pairs of wings spread open as he relied on Mercedes to raise his body. Piaro and Asmophel also arrived. Piaro's healthy teeth were especially shiny today. "The enemy of My Liege is nothing but fertilizer to make the territory more fertile."

Asmophel's eyes, reminiscent of a frozen pollack's eyes, were deeper and more transparent than before. "Please watch me as I face myself."

"....."

A faint smile appeared on Grid's face. His body and mind, filled with anger and anxiety, stopped shaking. He coolly grasped the situation and made a quick judgment.

"Mercedes, analyze the curtain with Keen Insight."

"Yes."

"Sariel, destroy the curtain as soon as Mercedes' analysis is complete."

"Leave it to me."

It was a method that took some time. However, he needed to save the Falling Moon Sword to see a chance of victory. In the first place, the current Grid also needed some time. Biban should hold out sufficiently during that time. He had entered the curtain alone because he was confident he could hold on. Grid had no choice but to believe in him.

"The opponent is the martial god. It will be a tough battle like never before. Someone could lose their life. Still, we have to fight. If we can't do anything here today, we will be swayed by him for the rest of our lives."

“Yes!” Mercedes, Piaro, Sariel, Asmophel, Singuled, Amelda, Dante, and Kentrick—the strongest members of the Overgeared Kingdom responded vigorously by Grid’s side.

It was a fearless attitude against a god—the martial god. They knew that there was a dignity that should be upheld.

Grid opened the gift he had received from Biban.

[Checking the contents of ‘Deciphered Language of the Dead.’]

[The notes written painstakingly by the Absolute will greatly help your understanding.]

[Your high intelligence has allowed you to fully absorb the knowledge of ‘Deciphered Language of the Dead.’]

[You can now understand the language of the dead.]

The aftermath of the new knowledge being injected all at once was great. Grid got a dizzying headache. It was painful, like someone’s hand was digging through his brain. He barely managed to swallow the nausea that rushed to his throat and pulled out Madra’s diary. He understood exactly what he had to do now and acted.

Grid’s consciousness subsided as the unknown characters became words and sentences, writing a story. Once he came to his senses again, he was standing in the Behen Archipelago hundreds of years ago. There, he encountered Madra’s death knight, who existed alone and went crazy. It felt like they became one. He felt like he was going to be swallowed up by a torrent of emotions.

‘I’m sorry, but I’m not curious about your story anymore.’

He already felt empathy and sympathy for Madra’s pain and anger in the past. The current Madra had lost his sense of reason, so it was hard to communicate. Grid took only what he needed. In order to protect his present relationship, he squashed the specter of the past.

‘Have a good rest.’

[You have learnt a new skill.]

[The diary of Undefeated King Madra has disappeared into history.]

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Sword Saint Biban was a person who had risen to the level of having a sword in his heart. His will was a sword and there was nothing he couldn’t cut. It wasn’t impossible for him to cut time and space. His sword energy curtain was completely out of the world and time had even stopped. The countless blades and blade fragments swirling in it contained a powerful will in each of them. It was killing intent toward Zeratul.

“Child.” From the moment that Biban appeared to now—Zeratul, who was standing with his hands behind his back and staring at Biban, opened his mouth for the first time. “I really cherish combat talent. I watched you from the day you first held the sword to the moment you reached the peak of the sword. Look back. You must’ve felt my warmth.”

There were no scratches on Zeratul's body as he talked at will. The red-colored fighting energy surrounding him was pushing away all of Biban's Heart Sword.

"How dare you forget my favor and point your sword at me?"

"Why are you saying that now? How do I know whether or not you have been watching me when you haven't told me?"

"....."

"Oho, I get it now. You were the devil who tried to seduce and corrupt me onto the easy path whenever I was distressed at being blocked by a wall. Are you crazy? How shameless are you to disguise that ugly past as a favor?"

"Aren't you who you are now because you overcame the trials I gave you?"

"It is sophistry. Don't expect respect. You don't deserve to be called a god judging by your current actions."

Many people were dying due to the demon invasion. At this time, the martial god, who came to the human world, didn't help the people. Instead, he invaded the Overgeared Kingdom and tried to hurt its ruler, Grid. It was a far cry from the gods that people believed in and hoped for.

Zeratul read Biban's inner thoughts and laughed. "Child, you are greatly mistaken. A while ago, I saved 230,927 humans. In response to their prayers before an unjust death due to helplessness, I came to the human world. I manifested in their dreams and gave them strength and opportunities. I saved 230,927 lives. Isn't it too much to deny me like this?"

The curtain of sword energy was Biban's mental world. It was safe to say it was Biban's mind itself. No matter whether he wanted it or not, Biban was communicating with Zeratul. He read Zeratul's heart and learned there were no lies in the claim.

Martial God Zeratul responded to people's prayers the moment he descended to the human world. The lives of the 230,927 people, who were swept away in the war, were saved and he gave them strength according to their wishes. It was true, but this made Biban feel a greater disgust. "You... you gave them your secret techniques. You made them worship only you, in pursuit of a dream that will never come true."

The followers of the martial god—they were different from ordinary humans. They didn't know who they were. They forgot their original lives completely and just wandered around searching for the martial god's secret techniques for the rest of their lives.

It was not a noble act. It was nothing more than a distorted faith that strengthened Zeratul by increasing his name and merit.

"How can you call it salvation?"

"I gave strength to those who wanted it. I instilled hope that they can get greater strength so they can live forever. If this isn't salvation, then what is salvation?"

“Really... you truly believe that, you bastard.” Biban pulled out a weapon. It was a short and narrow dagger. It was what he used when removing the skin of a beast. Of course, Biban was the Sword Saint, so even his bare hands could be treated as a sword.

However, the opponent was the martial god. A frail dagger meant he had to regretfully get close. Still, what could he do? It was unavoidable since the sword he originally used was broken in the spar against Grid.

“I don’t acknowledge you as a god when you can’t sympathize with humans and even distort their wishes. I also deny Goddess Rebecca, who gave birth to a monster like you.”

This world was too harsh on humans.

Dragons—absolute beings who could destroy hundreds of thousands of human beings just by breathing. They were merely beasts obsessed with their instincts and desires, and it wasn’t strange for them to wipe out humans suddenly depending on their mood.

The gods didn’t care for the humans living in such a dangerous world.

Biban couldn’t help crying. People were pitiful. Thus, he swung his weapon. His dagger contained a powerful will to cut down the irrationality of the world and the monsters that gave birth to that irrationality.

Blood gushed from Zeratul’s chest. The red-colored fighting energy, which hadn’t been penetrated by the countless blades, split in half. A hole also pierced Biban’s stomach.

“Stupid. No matter how much you deny it, I am a god. Do you believe that humans can harm a god?”

Zeratul’s wound was already recovering as he looked at the collapsing Biban. On the other hand, Biban’s focus became blurry.

“.....?” Zeratul stepped forward to try and destroy Biban’s heart, only to pause. It was because he felt his presence fading. He had used the power of the humans’ desires to come to the human world and secured time by fulfilling their wishes, but before he knew it, the time was approaching to return. “It has already been five minutes? This guy, don’t tell me you planned this from the beginning?”

He didn’t stop the passage of time by cutting through time and space, but instead twisted and accelerated it? The enlightened Zeratul frowned. He hurried to kill Biban and to destroy the Overgeared Kingdom. He should achieve his goal of descending to the ground.

Zeratul’s hand pierced Biban’s heart. Biban’s dagger also pierced Zeratul’s heart. However, both had an obvious difference. Zeratul’s facial expression didn’t even change, while Biban stopped moving. He lost the light in his eyes and his head lowered weakly.

Just then, the curtain of sword energy was shattered and scattered. Unfortunately for Zeratul, it was due to an external phenomenon.

“500,000 Army Annihilation Sword.”

A single strike—the strike that was performed with the Falling Moon Sword shattered Zeratul’s fighting energy and cut his wrist.

Zeratul was already moving in front of Grid. The moment his wrist was cut, he moved to minimize damage and attack Grid. The hand that was filled with concentrated sharpness touched Grid's neck. It pierced him.

Grid felt terrible pain, but he gave up on defending or counterattacking. He stared at Biban and used Shunpo. Grid's throat was torn and blood scattered. Grid swallowed down a groan. He held Biban in his arms and hurriedly pulled out the white peach. It was the 'perfect recovery item' obtained from the Peach Blossom Spring. A person could only take it once in their lifetime.

It happened the moment Grid tried to hold it to Biban's mouth...

"What are you doing in front of me?" Zeratul showed an absurd reaction and lowered his heel toward the top of Grid's head.

Mercedes, Sariel, Piaro, Asmophel, the God Hands transformed into magic machines, Noe, and Randy—he allowed direct attacks from them and the knights, but persisted in only pursuing Grid. It was because Zeratul had no time. Since this happened anyway, he was determined to at least take away Biban's life.

A chill went down Grid's spine as he sensed the impact heading toward the top of his head. Nevertheless, he didn't avoid it and acted firmly. He shoved the white peach into Biban's mouth. He was prepared for a great sacrifice. Before the full-fledged battle, he wanted to protect this close relationship even though he knew that his odds of winning would be greatly reduced if he was seriously injured.

However, his determination was meaningless. Zeratul's attack failed to reach Grid and he was bounced away.

"If you're done with that, step back." The low voice was so calm and clear that it didn't match this urgent situation. There was an aristocratic dignity to it. It was a powerful voice that flustered Martial God Zeratul, who was swept away by his emotions against humans.

"Hayate..." The ultimate transcendent and one side of the absolute—Hayate, the dragon slayer that even Zeratul found difficult to treat indifferently, descended and protected Grid's side.

## **Chapter 1504**

Gods were close to a concept. They existed in worship and didn't disappear unless forgotten. It was safe to say that there was no physical way to kill them. This didn't mean that they were invincible.

"Hayate..." Zeratul felt enough of a threat.

A dragon slayer—Hayate made an accomplishment that wasn't lacking compared to the gods. The decisive reason was that the gods of Asgard and dragons didn't fight, but it was impossible to disparage Hayate's achievements.

A world that had been repeated infinitely for eternity—throughout all those times and worlds, Hayate was the only person who killed a dragon by himself. It was supported by coincidence and luck, but it was still the final result. An irregular among irregulars, Hayate was one of the targets Asgard was most vigilant about.

'Why is he standing in front of these people?'

Was he trying to save Biban, a fellow tower association member? No, it couldn't be. The lives of the tower members were like worthless things. From the moment they decided to fight against dragons, it wasn't strange for their lives to disappear. Therefore, they tried their best to be generous about each other's life or death.

Hayate was even reluctant to leave the tower. He knew that his traces stimulated the dragons.

'He would've stepped forward earlier if he wanted to save Biban.'

Hayate didn't appear during Biban's crisis. There was only one conclusion that Zeratul could reach.

'Does he want to help Grid?'

Zeratul's heated blood cooled down as he thought up to here. Grid had gained strength and grew thanks to the mercy and grace that Rebecca had shown. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the blessings of the three gods had made him who he was today. Yet he betrayed Rebecca.

He looked down on Asgard, such as arbitrarily calling himself a god and suppressing the Rebecca Church. He was an ungrateful guy and it wasn't enough to be torn to death. Yet rather than being punished by heaven, he was living well. He was even protected by Chiyou and Hayate, the two existences to be wary of.

Zeratul was overcome with great anger and hatred. It was unpleasant. He never imagined that his great self would shamefully feel such low-grade emotions.

"...You want me to step back? Hayate, you dare to command the god you should worship? You are too arrogant."

Zeratul's emotions were distorted. The anger and hatred toward Grid were turned to Hayate. It couldn't be helped. Hayate was protecting Grid. In order to pour out these unpleasant emotions onto Grid, he inevitably had to collide with Hayate.

Hayate read Zeratul's momentum and folded his sleeves. He was preparing his clothes so they didn't get dirty. During the time when Hayate was human, society was much more secular than it was now. The nobles were forced to be lordly and Hayate was a noble to his bones. The evidence was that the tower was built to practice noblesse oblige.

"The longer I live, the more I sympathize with you. It might be too harsh on you, who isn't much different from humans emotionally, to be given the time of eternity. Zeratul, does the goddess look at you with tranquil eyes? Perhaps there is compassion in them."

"It is a petty provocation," Zeratul replied like it was trivial. However, his eyes were trembling slightly. He was inwardly flustered. He might simply be angry.

"Swallow it. Come on, swallow." Meanwhile, Grid was still holding Biban in his arms. His fingers trembled as he pushed the white peach into Biban's mouth. Fortunately, the white peach was a very soft and juicy fruit. It was like a lump of sweet water, so the juice flowed down his throat little by little, even though Biban couldn't chew.

Even so, his color didn't return. The eyes that had lost their light and become dim still didn't move. Perhaps...



Grid thought of the worst scenario. What if... what if Biban had already eaten a white peach?

"Sehee. I need to call Sehee..."

"Did you notice why the battle between Biban and Zeratul ended so quickly?" Hayate asked a question to the panicked Grid.

Grid didn't answer. To be exact, he had no time to answer. He was busy shouting his sister's name to summon Ruby, who had been registered as a knight in preparation for this type of situation. However, there was no response. Reinhardt was currently suppressed by Zeratul's divinity. In order to enter or exit the area without Zeratul's permission, they needed a status close to Zeratul. For example, Hayate.

"It is because both Biban and Zeratul have honed their skills to the utmost limit. The moment that the tens of thousands of possibilities contained in their one step collide with each other, they cut off the other person's retreat and turn defense into nothing."

"Hayate, you... are you conversing with that guy in front of me?"

It was a mess. Grid was only pushing the white peach into Biban's mouth, Hayate was talking to Grid who didn't answer, and Zeratul criticized Hayate.

"Be quiet."

"What? Who is it now?" During the uproar, Zeratul found something ridiculous. He didn't have much time left now. Just as he was about to attack Hayate before going back to heaven, an insignificant person blocked his path and spoke to him.

It was Mercedes. She had experienced Zeratul's overwhelming combat prowess not long ago, but she was unusually calm. She wasn't intimidated at all against Zeratul. She didn't just block the way. She was also glaring fiercely with killing intent. "Don't disturb My Liege and close your mouth."

"Ha, ha...? What the hell is this crazy person saying?" Zeratul's head was blank and he was so dumbfounded that he could only laugh. His emotions distorted once again. His anger and killing intent turned to Mercedes this time.

Grid suddenly came to his senses.

Hayate drew his sword. His gaze and posture were as calm as usual as he spoke in a tone that had no fluctuations, like he was reading a textbook, "The battle between masters who have reached the peak often ends as quickly as it starts."

"Mercedes! Stay back!"

"Yes."

"Receive this divine punishment!"

At this point, it had gone beyond a mess. There was no sense of unity at the scene.

Step.

Mercedes backed down the moment she heard Grid's order. Meanwhile, Zeratul swung his feet while crushing the space.

"In other words, in order to defeat a master of the same level—" Hayate was still giving a long speech.

"Biban?" Grid felt Biban's throat slightly move and caught a glimpse of hope.

"Um." Mercedes realized she couldn't retreat and tried to fight back against Zeratul.

The reason why everyone acted separately like this was because they were too excellent. Grid continued to focus on Biban, Mercedes dared to block the path of the martial god, Hayate was obsessed with teaching, and Zeratul's goal changed in real time. Each of them clearly recognized what they could and should do.

Unlike what it seemed on the outside, they weren't acting because they were swept away by their mood or the atmosphere. They were setting the most reasonable priorities and acting accordingly. It was called higher cognitive ability. Everyone here was naturally equipped with the ability due to accumulating experience or talent.

It just seemed like they were acting separately because their roles were different. There wasn't a single person who couldn't figure out the situation.

'I can hold on long enough.' Mercedes was a legend. She wouldn't die easily. Furthermore, she had Keen Insight. She knew she could hold out against Zeratul for at least seven seconds and within that time, she could receive Hayate's help.

'Mercedes won't die.' Grid also knew the ending. He focused on Biban because he judged that he would only worsen the situation if he stepped forward.

'Hayate will come.'

First, it was Biban's life, next was Grid's divinity, after that was dealing a blow to Hayate, and at the end, it was Mercedes' life—Zeratul, who had continued to adjust his goal, once again identified and prepared for the situation in real time. He tore off Mercedes' shield with his left hand while grabbing Mercedes' sword with his right hand. He slammed his shoulder into Mercedes' chest and bent down while putting his toes in his field of view. His body that was curled up below Mercedes contained extreme elasticity. The moment he straightened his knees, he shot forward like a ray of light.

It went beyond the metaphor of 'breaking the speed of sound.' If Mercedes hadn't immediately injected sword energy into the pieces of shatter armor and used them as a weapon, there wouldn't have been any blood flowing from Zeratul's cheeks. It was impossible to follow his movements even with Mercedes' Keen Insight.

Grid just vaguely saw it. Apart from a few people, those present at the scene couldn't detect Zeratul's movements at all. They just felt a light flashing.

"Be overwhelming."

Indeed.

Zeratul smiled. It was because Hayate was right in front of him. Hayate said he wanted to teach Grid, but it felt like he was nagging all alone. Still, it was good. If Zeratul could deal a blow before going back to heaven, his anger would subside a bit.

“You need destructive power.”

Hayate’s advice ended when he and Zeratul clashed. Hayate directly showed it.

The sword that cut a dragon’s neck, the sword of the only Dragon Slayer in the world, cut Zeratul’s body into pieces. He also suffered a deep wound from his chest to his pelvis, but the only absolute in this world couldn’t die from this much. He recovered his internal organs that were pouring out and tightened the muscles to seal the wound.

“.....”

“.....”

Everyone was speechless. Even Grid almost dropped the precious white peach to the ground. Hayate burned the blood staining his sword with sword energy and smiled brightly.

“How about it? Did you study hard?”

“...Huh?”

Only silence followed the question. Just now, Hayate showed how to defeat a god even if he couldn’t kill a god. It was almost impossible to guess what it was like for the martial god, who was supposed to be invincible, to be defeated and to lose. Yes, Zeratul was the martial god. He might just be a copy of Chiyou, but he couldn’t be denied. Not achieving the Trinity or losing strength after being in the human world for a certain amount of time were no excuses. It was natural for him to be invincible.

Hayate, who defeated him, naturally achieved a mythical feat. So how could he be talking so calmly?

“Ah...” The apostles and knights were enlightened just because they ‘witnessed’ the mythical achievement. Grid also had his stats increased.

Grid, who had been staring at the constantly updating notification windows, suddenly came to his senses. It was because the size of the white peach in his hand decreased dramatically. He looked down and found the conscious Biban devouring the white peach. “Biban...!”

He was glad. It was really fortunate.

Biban struggled to speak to the relieved and tearful Grid, “Why...?”

“Huh?”

“...No...”

“Biban, calm down and speak slowly.”

Biban was seriously injured. It was a serious wound where it wouldn’t be strange if he died at any moment. He survived purely because he was a transcendent. What was it that he wanted to convey as he endured his pain? Grid attached his ear to Biban’s mouth and his expression gradually cooled down.

“Why... didn’t... you... say... you had... white peach...”

“.....”

This person didn’t change even when dying. In another sense, the startled Grid became dizzy. Then before he knew it, Hayate had already approached, placed Biban on his shoulder, and bowed to Grid. It was embarrassing for Grid.

“Companion... thank you for saving my colleague.”

“No, what do you mean...?”

He was the one who should be grateful. Grid was trying to say so, only to shut his mouth. It was because he saw Hayate’s eyelids tremble. Grid realized it at this moment.

It wasn’t that the tower members weren’t afraid of death. They knew the value of life more than anyone else. Therefore, Hayate took responsibility as a powerful person. He hid his fears and built the tower as he prepared to sacrifice himself to protect people’s lives. How anxious must Hayate have been when seeing the dying Biban? Grid only realized it now. “...I also want to thank you. I will surely repay this kindness.”

“Come and talk to me occasionally. Additionally, I hope you don’t forget my small advice today. You have the potential to carry out my advice and you have a good example.” Hayate’s eyes turned to the 30 God Hands. “Make the meteorites fall.”

“.....!”

The potential Hayate mentioned was Greed and the example was Braham. A being who had honed the utmost limits of technique—Hayate meant to supplement the destructive power needed to ‘hit while being hit’ by using the physical power of Greed combined with reproduced magic. He thought it would be a really powerful weapon if it was possible.

Grid realized it and noticed another fact. The 400,000 Army Swordsmanship that he just learned from Madra’s diary—Hayate made no comment on the use of Open Potential to activate 500,000 Army Annihilation Sword.

‘Yes, the undefeated king is just the past.’

Undefeated King Madra—he always had the premise of ‘he would be the strongest if he hadn’t died.’ However, he died before he became the strongest. It meant the swordsmanship he left behind was lacking to be called the strongest. In fact, the Undefeated King’s Swordsmanship that Grid acquired wasn’t invincible.

Grid was convinced—it was his own potential, not the remnants of the past, that he had to sharpen and polish in order to become stronger in the future. The Undefeated King’s Swordsmanship only played the role of helping him. It wasn’t something he should rely on.

Didn’t Braham say it as well?

The greatest legend of all time is me, Grid.

“Yes, I will engrave your teachings deeply.”

## Chapter 1505

“I’ve been delayed. Then I will ask you to clean up the aftermath.”

“Grid, take care. I think my life is over, so if you want to see me, go to the tower... Oof! Oof!”

Hayate exchanged a few more words with Grid before taking Biban away. He jumped silently and disappeared into the sky. It was such a mysterious sight that it eclipsed Biban’s words. It felt more elegant in contrast to the martial god who stormed in and lost. It seemed they would never forget this for the rest of their lives.

“Forget everything you saw today.”

...They would forget it.

“Yes.”

People who weren’t loyal to the Overgeared Kingdom were rare. Additionally, the people gathered here were the ones closest to Grid. If Grid wanted them to die, then they would die. If he wanted them to forget, then they would forget. The moment Mercedes took the lead and answered, the others took it as an example and copied her.

“.....”

Piario and the knights looked at Mercedes strangely. The girl Piario had brought in when he was leader of the Red Knights—the knights vividly remembered her past before she grew up as a lady and became the king of knights. She was a pure and straightforward child. She was a lovely child in both talent and personality.

Now it was quite different. The cold voice and eyes when she told the martial god to shut up was completely imprinted on the minds of the knights. They thought about the situation at that time and once again got the chills.

“Captain, will that child be okay?”

“Um...”

Amelda asked anxiously and Piario sank into thought. His expression wasn’t comfortable. A courage and belief that didn’t shrink back at all against the martial god. He was anxious that the moment when Mercedes’ unique nature would put her into a crisis would surely come one day.

However, he wasn’t in a position to advise her. Mercedes had done her duty. On the other hand, he failed to do his duty. Unlike Mercedes, he didn’t go out to protect Grid even though he was Grid’s messenger.

Of course, it wasn’t just due to fear. He made a rational judgment. The situation at that time was when Hayate... no, it was just before the sword tower master and Zeratul collided. He thought that he would get in the way if he stepped forward hastily, thus he just watched.

It was definitely the right choice. However, Piaro wasn't happy. It was true that he had been intimidated by Zeratul. The moment when Sariel and Mercedes broke the curtain of sword energy, he was completely overwhelmed by Zeratul's presence. It wasn't just him. Everyone at the scene was the same. The only exception was Mercedes.

'I should've stepped up as well.'

It was purely an excuse that he didn't need to step up. He was actually scared. So what about Mercedes' personality that brought herself into a crisis? Why was that a problem? It was natural for knights and farmers to jump into a crisis for their master.

'I turned a blind eye to that natural duty...'

Piaro's mind was dazed. His beloved wife Beniyaru was holding his hand, but his body trembled and nausea rose. He was falling into a heart demon.

Then Grid grabbed him by the shoulder. "Piaro."

As evidenced in the battle, the cognitive abilities of Hayate, Zeratul, Mercedes, etc, were developed and specified for combat. On the other hand, Grid's cognitive ability was a bit wider in category. The evidence was that he acted with Biban as his top priority. Grid's cognitive ability shone not only in combat, but also in interpersonal relationships. It was still limited to those he had good feelings toward, but he responded sensitively to the changes and crises of the people around him.

It wasn't enough to simply describe it as good senses. The process of guessing and understanding people's psychology and circumstances was extremely fast and accurate. It was impossible for him to not read Piaro whom he had a deep bond with.

"Don't think it was futile. Your judgment and choice were perfect. It would've made the situation even harder if you acted with reckless bravado."

"...Yes, My Liege." This was enough. The fog that was eating at Piaro's vision cleared up and his confusion stopped. He erased his lack of confidence and was motivated. He couldn't wait to go over the lesson from Biban and the enlightenment he just got from the battle.

That's right. It wasn't just Piaro. Mercedes and the other knights haven't fully absorbed Biban's teachings. It was natural. Within minutes or hours of learning it, Zeratul had appeared and led to the current crisis. They lacked the time to study.

Grid read the enthusiasm in Piaro's eyes and laughed. 'I am reminded of the days of Reidan.'

It was Piaro in the days when he tried to become the Sword Saint. At that time, he had been shining brilliantly. It was just like right now.

"Piaro, lead the troops out with your knights."

The martial god retreated, but his remnants remained. The number was at least 200,000. The first thing Zeratul did when coming to the ground was to make 230,000 followers. Additionally, there must also be followers who had been brought separately. In fact, there was news of the appearance of the Triad.

“Yes.” Everyone responded energetically. They had experienced the strength of the martial god followers and the Triad several times in the past and they weren’t afraid of it. It meant they were confident in their skills. In particular, Asmophel’s expression was full of confidence. There was just a small change in the way he faced himself, but Asmophel grew significantly. Moreover, he was inspired by the battle between Zeratul and Hayate.

Grid intuitively knew it. It was because he remembered the system message that popped up.

‘The stats have increased by 2% and the skills have evolved.’

This applied to everyone present, not just Piaro, Mercedes, and Asmophel. It was even Lord and his royal guards. They seemed to have been corrected by their talent since they were all at least semi-named. Of course, there were differences depending on their ability. The Red Knights and Lord had their skill levels increased by one and modifiers added to their major passive skills, while others only had a significant increase in skill experience.

In any case, it was a leap forward. They were likely to grow at an unprecedented rate in the process of wiping out the martial god followers.

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Reinhardt was calm. It was unbelievable that this city had been invaded by the martial god.

It was because Zeratul’s defeat was so fast. He suddenly appeared on the outskirts. Soon after his appearance, he was trapped in the curtain of sword energy and then after the sword curtain was removed, he soon turned to ashes and disappeared. In the meantime, many casualties occurred, but it wasn’t enough of a disturbance to be recognized by ordinary people.

[Grid’s Combat Techniques that Depicts the End of the Martial God (?) Advanced Level 5]

[Passive

When equipped with weapons, physical attack power and magic attack power are increased by 38% and the hit rate of all attacks is increased by 21%. Additionally, magic casting time is reduced by 11%.

★If the combat target is a god, all gains will increase by 10%.

★You can choose to increase physical attack power or magic attack power.

★If you choose to increase physical attack power, then the magic attack power increase effect, hit rate increase effect, and casting shortening effect are deactivated. Meanwhile, physical attack power is increased by an additional 15%.

★If you choose to increase magic attack power, then the physical attack power increase effect, hit rate increase effect, and casting shortening effect are deactivated. Meanwhile, magic attack power is increased by an additional 15%.]

‘It is huge that the passive skill has been enhanced.’

Grid’s Combat Techniques gained a modifier—Depicts the End of the Martial God. It was much more valuable than the modifier ‘Witnessed the Defeat of the Martial God’ that was attached to Mercedes,

Piario, and the knights' mastery skills. The increase in effect was as great as the name—not only were physical and magic attack power increased by 5% and the hit rate by 10%, these figures would further increase if the combat target was a god.

'Is Zeratul actually an angel?'

The survival of Isabel and Marquis Ashur had been confirmed. Few people died directly from Zeratul. Most of them were just seriously injured. It was due to the struggle of Damian, Zednos, and Laella, who sacrificed their lives to protect the people.

Grid's response was extremely fast as well. Technically, Zeratul came and died for nothing. He just greatly increased the growth of key people in the Overgeared Kingdom. Grid was sorry for the dead Damian, Zednos, and Laella, but it was true.

"Hum hum."

The players killed by Zeratul received a terrible penalty of not being able to resurrect for two hours and not being able to fight for 12 hours after resurrection. Grid honored their sacrifice and recalled Hayate's advice. Pouring out the maximum firepower was the truth.

Hayate's teachings helped bring Grid back to his origin. Grid remembered the time when he dreamed of attaching Meteor to the Falling Moon Sword. He had been so innocent back then. He vividly remembered the disappointment and deep despair he felt when he realized it was a ridiculous dream.

...He was probably depressed for a few days.

'I was young then.'

He was still young, but in any case, the current Grid had Braham. The dream he had in his innocent days was coming to life. It wasn't Meteor, but he would soon make a sword with Disintegrate. It wasn't an exaggeration that it wasn't far away.

'This time, Belial's Staff was innovated well.'

Belial's Staff was originally a god-tier item. It was one of the few myth items dropped in the field and both the damage and effects were excellent, even years later. Belial left behind such a great treasure that he had to wonder if she was a hidden daughter of Yatan.

The additional option after the large staff was innovated was also great. It was the option to multiply up to two cast magic. It was based on probability, but the probability of triggering it increased based on intelligence. For example, if Grid used Magic Missile, there was a 70% probability of triggering three Magic Missiles. Add Magic Spray and Magic Missile would seem like legendary great magic. Of course, the power dropped significantly.

'The higher the rating of the magic that is cast, the higher the effect.'

Unfortunately, Grid only had basic magic and he wouldn't experience the effect of this option. Meanwhile, it was different for Braham. The newly reborn Belial's Staff could be said to be a weapon made for Braham.

'If Braham uses Disintegrate, won't there be an extra four or five?'



...This wouldn't happen no matter how fraudulent Braham and the staff were. It would be more accurate to say that it would multiply by at least three and at most four.

That's right—Braham's Greed magic forging project would be three to four times faster than before. He could get his hands on Greed with Disintegrate by next year at the latest. From then on, he would be able to practice the extreme damage that Hayate had taught.

'No, it is possible from now on.'

Grid opened the design of the dragon weapon that was still in the design stage. The structure that considered the detailed effects was impressive. The dragon fang was designed to leave the power of the ultimate material while supporting the utility.

Grid started to modify the complex design that he had made with all his heart and soul. It was simple like the Falling Moon Sword and enhanced convenience and power.

'And...'

He thought of a new way to use Greed. The embodiment of physical magic using Greed. Hayate had given this advice directly so it would be effective enough.

Grid took out Greed from his inventory. Greed had been left to proliferate since creating the 30 God Hands. It had already accumulated enough mass to make six God Hands.

It was thrown high into the air. The rapidly rising mass of Greed stopped at 1.5 kilometers in the air. That was the extent that it could be controlled. If the distance between Grid and Greed exceeded 1.5 kilometers, Greed would return to Grid's inventory according to its instincts. This distance had also increased a lot. The higher his willpower stat, the more the range of control was expanded.

'Fall quickly.'

Keywords were important when moving the God Hands. The keywords that Grid entered became the God Hands' will. The 80 centimeter diameter mass of Greed fell with the will to 'quickly fall,' shattering the ground and causing it to shake. The greater the mass of Greed, the more threatening the form of the sword and the more exponentially the power would increase.

'In the future, I should carry Greed over my head, not in my inventory.'

The distance of 1.5 kilometers was not short. Greed was a substance, so its presence was very small. It was difficult for other parties to recognize it.

'The key is to steadily train the willpower stat.'

He would find out how to give items the willpower stat. Grid was full of motivation and started to construct the furnace again, when a notification window appeared in his vision.

It was a message that he had two hours remaining until the end of his connection time limit. Grid remembered Lauel's instructions and logged out.

**Chapter 1506**

Lord was a hero from his birth. His body, brain, senses, intuition, and all fields were extraordinary to begin with. The heir of a prestigious bloodline in Eternal was conceived with the seeds of a legend. It would be mysterious if the child had been ordinary.

'I saw something really amazing... Ah, this... I can't remember it. Father told me to forget, so I have to forget.'

Lord had a lot of teachers. They were the best teachers in each field. He naturally had a high vision. It was rare for him to feel anything even when seeing something quite good. This was what happened while he was adventuring and following his father's footsteps.

Lord wasn't very excited when seeing characters, events, and phenomena that were called great. He just deliberately built new relationships. Yet today was a series of shocks. His teacher, Damian, and Zednos, Laella, Isabel, Bland, Beniyaru, etcetera—the talents of the Overgeared Kingdom whom Lord admired were crushed by Zeratul.

It was a new level of power. For the first time in his life, Lord was crushed by helplessness. He felt great fear that was incomparable to the crisis he experienced at the Vatican as a child. He even felt despair. He felt sorry to his parents because he thought he would die without achieving anything.

It was a strange and terrible experience. It was an experience that awakened some instinct sealed deep inside Lord. It wasn't anything special. It was simply a survival instinct. It was an instinct Lord had never felt because he had been too brilliant.

The moment it awakened, Lord was greeted with a drastic change. His desire to not die was directly linked to the idea of living. This expanded Lord's thinking in a way that never existed before.

At that time, Hayate appeared and even defeated Zeratul. In the state where his body and mind were awakening, Lord accepted the inspiration and grew rapidly. He saw the scenery he had always seen from a different perspective and gained new learning and ideas from the people and situations he often encountered. All these changes melted into his mind and body, making them better.

'Wow, what is this?'

The Overgeared Knights were fighting against the followers of the martial god. The knights were largely divided into 12 divisions and scattered throughout the Overgeared Kingdom. Among them, Coke belonged to Lord's company.

Lord had hundreds of guards, but Coke escorted Lord in case something happened. Here, Coke was astonished. It was because the skills of Lord and the royal guards had increased dramatically. In particular, the change in Lord was dazzling. He seemed to have become a different person in just a few days. The standard wasn't low in Coke's eyes, who just reached level 400 last week.

'He hasn't reached level 300 yet, right?'

What was this? It was too cool!

A bright smile appeared on Coke's face as he watched the view of Lord's back as Lord cut at the enemy. He had felt that the players' power seemed too weak compared to the enemy and was very happy that Lord had become a new possibility.

“Uh, uh? W-Why are you suddenly hugging me?”

“Huh? It is because you are so pretty, Your Highness~”

“Uwah! Don’t do this! I’m an adult now!”

“You are still 16! You are a child in my eyes! I’m going to hug you more!”

“S-Someone stop Lord Coke!” Lord screamed, but the royal guards didn’t do anything.

Coke was trusted by Grid and the 10 meritorious retainers. There was a noble title and an authority that was stronger than the noble title. The royal guards lacked the capability to restrain him. They would’ve turned a blind eye even if they had the capabilities. It was nice to see Coke rubbing his cheeks against Lord’s cheeks with Lord in his arms.

In this way, in the midst of the uproar, the remnants of the martial god followers were quickly cleaned up. Most of the followers had only learned one or two secret techniques and were no match for the Overgeared Knights who were on a rampage.

The level of the knights and Lord was too great. In particular, Mercedes’ swordsmanship contained ‘destructive power’ and the sight of it sweeping away the followers was amazing. Even the followers who learned 10 secret techniques fell to her sword and died. It was a devastating appearance that was never seen before. It was thanks to the fact that the Matchless Swordsmanship, a symbol of a previous generation Sword Saint, was directly passed on to her by Biban and she wrote a new chivalric code too.

Zeratul’s contribution was also great.

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The great human and demon war was fierce.

At the very least, the battles at the Behen Archipelago and the Abyss remained tense without tilting to either side. There were the 10 meritorious retainers and Ares at the Behen Archipelago, while the troops at the Abyss were properly centered around Braham and Kyle. Several crises occurred along the way, but every time, reinforcements arrived with exquisite timing and added strength to the allied forces.

“Where are you going?!”

Ever since the arrival of reinforcements led by Chris, Peak Sword retreated to the rear and had a wider view. Every time the demons with the characteristic of ‘assassination’ broke into their camp, he acted and protected the commanders. Peak Sword felt like a cog in something huge. He marveled at the new role that was given at any time and in any situation, and that every time he played a new role, he helped his allies.

Most of the players in the allied forces active in various parts of the continent felt similar. At present, the allied forces were acting as giant organisms. Thousands or hundreds of millions of people played different roles in their respective positions and spread positive influence to each other. There was a sense of unity beyond nations, species, forces, religions, ideas, places, and time.

Even the players acting alone on the outskirts realized that some of their actions helped in the war and felt it was very rewarding. They felt possessed by something.

People were gradually more immersed in the war. It was the contribution of the strategists behind the scenes. The excellent strategists of the allied forces, including Lauel and Sima Qian, were coordinating the war. All the roles and duties they gave to the players and troops in the alliance were closely related and helpful to each other.

The more such a phenomenon was repeated and overlapped, the more the enemy's camp collapsed. There were ingenious schemes. The exquisite tactics were added and people felt it even more. The presence of the strategists. People paid homage to them.

Meanwhile, Lauel felt he was going to die. He was always in the meeting room and making plans during the access time. When he was logged out, he communicated with the strategists who were connected and moved troops... There was no time to rest. The war was only two days old.

'It will be dangerous if this continues. It will become harder as time passes. We need something to change the flow.'

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Youngwoo logged out and poured all the side dishes on the table into a bowl. Then he sat in front of the TV and ate. He found channels broadcasting the Abyss and Behen Archipelago. Several screens were displayed at the same time as he roughly ate the mixed food. There wasn't much time to eat, but he had to take care of his meals. It was for health management.

'The players are at a disadvantage.'

Players had fundamental limitations. There was the access restriction penalty. Players could connect to Satisfy for up to 16 hours per day. If this time limit was filled, they couldn't connect for the remaining eight hours. This meant that they would be away from Satisfy one day out of three. If the log out time of rankers overlapped, humanity would have no choice but to suck its fingers and watch the collapse.

Therefore, Lauel coordinated the time of the rankers so it didn't overlap. He also distributed a guide to leave two hours of connection time instead of using up all the connection time. He prevented the blank log out time of rankers from overlapping as much as possible while setting up a five minute standby group to be able to organically respond to certain crisis situations.

The target naturally included Youngwoo. Of course, Lauel didn't want to intervene in Youngwoo's schedule. It was Lauel's honest desire to let Youngwoo focus on his blacksmithing work until the access time limit. However, Youngwoo was the best power among the players. The loss to the human race would be huge if Youngwoo was unable to respond to certain situations.

Youngwoo understood it well. He was willing to cooperate with Lauel, who explained the situation with a pained face.

"...Crazy."

Six out of the dozens of channels broadcasting the Behen Archipelago and the Abyss—Youngwoo, who was watching the channels that showed different compositions, became mesmerized and forgot to eat. He was attracted by Braham. He thought Braham had become stronger after hearing Braham had regained his power as a direct descendant, but it was completely different from what he expected. This was a different dimension beyond the level of strength.

“Haha... I’m glad.”

Youngwoo’s nose wrinkled. He had to know that Braham often looked bitter as he watched Grid alone growing stronger.

“It was really fortunate.”

It was Braham who had a hard time for hundreds of years. Youngwoo had suffered for 20 years, so he was able to guess a bit of the pain that Braham had suffered. He was extremely happy when he saw Braham finally achieving his long-cherished wish.

“Um...?” He thought he should drink a cup of coffee in advance. Youngwoo got up after eating, only to cock his head. It was because the goods being unloaded from the cargo truck in front of the building were unusual.

“Capsule?”

There were also two of them. What? Toon came out to pick them up. Were Toon’s friends coming to visit from Italy? Was he buying new capsules to stay with them in the future?

Youngwoo immediately ran out.

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In conclusion, Youngwoo didn’t make any new Italian friends. The owners of the capsules were surprisingly Youngwoo’s parents.

“Your father was extremely worried. How can we turn a blind eye when people are in crisis?”

“Hum hum, it wasn’t to the point of extremely...”

“...So you are going to start Satisfy?”

“Yes, I’ve always wanted to see the faces of my daughter-in-law and grandchild~”

“Ah, watch your mouth! Why are you looking for your daughter-in-law and grandchild in cyberspace instead of reality?”

“Isn’t Satisfy another reality? It is too harsh to call it cyberspace.”

“Honey, correct it quickly.”

“No... I just want to have a real daughter-in-law...”

“It just happened first in Satisfy. It is good to have it in both reality and Satisfy.”

“Satisfy is real as well?”

Overall, it was a confusing conversation. Just seven years ago, such conversations would’ve been criticized. They would be treated like a crazy family or appeared on a TV show after becoming a hot topic. It was even possible that it would’ve been both. However, the world had changed. From the perspective these days, there was no problem with the conversation in Youngwoo’s family. There weren’t just one or two married people in Satisfy.

“By the way, do you know how to make an account?”

“Last night, I went to the capsule room with Jishuka to create an account and understand the basic system.”

“.....”

Had Jishuka kept in constant contact with his parents? Sure enough, there were still some lingering regrets. Of course, such an ending would be hard to understand. It was necessary to settle it. It should be done in the direction she wanted. That was his wish as well. For the right ending of their relationship, he would consider immigrating to the Middle East...

‘Gasp?’ Youngwoo was shocked at the freely flowing stream of thoughts. He was surprised by his own understanding and acceptance of Jishuka’s feelings. Something had changed...

He easily understood and accepted the hearts of others. The same was true in Satisfy and in reality. It had been like this recently.

‘What is this?’

It wasn’t a special change. It wasn’t a manhwa-like development where he suddenly gained supernatural powers. Youngwoo just had a lot of experience in Satisfy and developed cognitive skills based on these experiences. It was so high that it couldn’t be compared to ordinary people. As a result, he easily came up with a solution to a situation or relationship that he had felt was difficult until now. He was also quick to recognize and accept these changes.

‘Um.... I’ve met a lot of people.’

“Jishuka sends me an emoticon every day that says ‘Fighting’? It has already been for a few years. How is she so consistent? Haha, how happy would people be to have a beautiful, cute, and faithful daughter-in-law like Jishuka?”

“Youngwoo, your mom likes Yura. Jishuka is a foreigner. No, she is Korean now, but... in any case, she came from a foreign country and has slightly different sentiments...”

“Uhuh! How can there be racial discrimination when the global community is united by Satisfy?!”

“How is this racial discrimination? Did you lose your mind after wielding a knife yesterday?”

“Cough, I-I’m sorry. I went too far.”

“Youngwoo, aren’t you busy? We are busy as well, so go upstairs and rest. Hoho, I am excited to see my daughter-in-law and grandson in person.”

“.....”

Youngwoo didn’t want to think too deeply and quietly returned home. He vowed to make good items for his parents.

In any case, the great human and demon war caused a worldwide Satisfy boom. Many people were stimulated by humanity fighting against the invasion of demons that was constantly broadcasted. Like

Youngwoo's parents, the number of people who belatedly started Satisfy in order to help humanity was in the millions in just two days.

At this point, it was comparable to the inflow rate when the game first opened. A new wind was blowing. There were many talented people among the new users and several organizations, including the Overgeared Guild, actively helped them. It felt like borrowing a child's hand, but there was a desire to cultivate them for the future.

The players unknowingly became one.

## **Chapter 1507**

"Why did you turn around all of a sudden?"

Was he being chased by the underworld? Hao asked after catching up with Bunsdel, who ran away without looking back. The other person's status was very high, but the words didn't come out beautifully. He made a quick detour to turn away when he almost arrived at Reinhardt.

Hao was flustered because he just reported to Lauel that he would be arriving soon with the lord of the half-draconians. Bunsdel's complexion was white due to exhaustion from using Shunpo several times in a row. "The Overgeared Kingdom will perish today. No, it could've already been destroyed by the waves a little while ago."

"Huh?" Hao asked back in an absurd manner. He suspected that Bunsdel had suddenly become senile. This only lasted for a moment. He recognized the seriousness of the situation when he saw Bunsdel's body trembling like an aspen tree. "...What is going on?"

"I feel the killing intent of the martial god in Reinhardt."

Martial God Zeratul—it was hard for a high quality transcendent to not know him. It wasn't just known conceptually. Bunsdel actually experienced it.

Bunsdel had been tempted by the martial god several times. It was very divine when he appeared in a dream and offered a secret technique, but Bunsdel refused every time because he felt something sinister. The disappointment, anger, and killing intent that the martial god showed at that time were so terrible that they were still vividly imprinted in his mind. Then a little while ago, he felt more killing intent than before at the entrance of Reinhardt.

"There is no way to know the inside story in detail, but it is clear that the Overgeared King has touched the reverse scale of the martial god. Dammit, shit. What on earth did he do to provoke the wrath of the martial god when the demons are invading? He truly isn't prudent."

Bunsdel was prejudiced against Grid. He saw Grid as far from knowing common sense and uncontrollable. He had chosen to believe in Hao's words and came to take a look at Grid. Now he felt like he stepped on shit.

Hao, who had been silent with a serious expression, soon opened his mouth, "Reinhardt is fine."

He had been whispering with Lauel.

Bunsdel snorted. “I don’t know who your source is, so I don’t know how trustworthy they are, but don’t contact them again in the future. I assure you, the person who sent the communication is definitely a fool.”

“It is the prime minister of the Overgeared Kingdom...”

“He intends to draw me in to avoid the impending destruction. The trick is so shallow that I can see his level. Tsk tsk, it is absurd.”

“It really is fine. Martial God Zeratul has been defeated.”

“What? Puhahat! Do you believe that? You are perfect to be swindled on the street.”

The martial god was invincible. No matter whether it was the Overgeared Kingdom, who spread false information without knowing common sense, or Hao, who fell for the cheap trick— They both seemed like fools to Bunsdel. “Tsk, let’s go have a drink to relax.”

“Drinking alcohol while the demons are running rampant across the continent? Come on, let’s go back to Reinhardt.”

“The war is already over. It isn’t normal just based on the fact that the martial god appeared out of the blue to destroy the Overgeared Kingdom rather than helping humanity. Humanity will inevitably lose. I’m just glad it won’t have a great impact on us no matter who wins.”

“The Overgeared Kingdom is fine...”

“Puhahaha!” Bunsdel grabbed his belly and laughed. After a long time, he made a pledge, “Did the Overgeared Kingdom say they wanted the cooperation of the half-draconians? Okay. If it is confirmed that the Overgeared Kingdom is fine tomorrow, our half-draconians will go beyond cooperating with the Overgeared Kingdom and will become their dogs.”

“.....”

“Now you know reality, right? Let’s go and have a drink.”

“.....”

This was the perfect man to gamble with on the streets. Hao thought about it and looked forward to tomorrow coming.

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“R-Really? The Overgeared Guild will listen to our demands?”

“Yes!”

“A-Amazing...”

The Black and White sisters—they were named rankers and even a decent high ranker couldn’t give out their business card in front of them. To be exact, they couldn’t even breathe properly.

Every time there was an encounter on the hunting grounds or on the road, the rankers would sneak back or lower their eyes. They were skilled, but their personalities were as bad as their skills were good.



They would use a quest or life as collateral to rob people, and those who didn't fall for the threat would naturally be killed. They were like psychopathic serial killers. It was evaluated that a huge band of bandits would be created if the sisters preferred to lead a group.

People were extremely disgusted with the sisters. They were blatantly avoided. The sisters had committed so many sins that it was hard for them to act openly.

Almost every nation on the continent had put out a wanted order on the sisters. In particular, the empire was hostile to the sisters. The moment they crossed the border, troops were dispatched to chase them and persistently pursued them. The system correction to maintain the laws was fraudulent so the strength of the pursuit team was too good.

The sisters didn't care much. They didn't have to go to the empire.

Then the great human and demon war started and the circumstances changed. The most delicious rice bowl called the Abyss was in the empire. They were hunting on the outskirts, but the level of the demonic creatures appearing on the outskirts wasn't enough to satisfy them. It was ironic that the pursuit system worked well even when the empire was at risk of destruction.

The sisters sought a solution and naturally turned to the Overgeared Guild. The influence of the empire couldn't reach the Overgeared Kingdom. Strictly speaking, the Overgeared Kingdom was in a higher position than the empire. If they could work with the Overgeared Kingdom, it would be difficult for the empire to persecute them. The sisters identified that the war was extremely unfavorable to humanity and asked for negotiations with the Overgeared Guild.

We will be helpful in the war so use us.

They were thinking of bending over. They really wanted to go to the great hunting ground called the Abyss. However, the problem was their personalities. White forgot her position as she wrote a letter to convey her intentions to the Overgeared Kingdom.

[We are willing to fight on your side. Don't we have a pretty good combat power? You are thankful, right? You want us, right? Then sell to us the legendary items made by Grid. We will fight on your side during the war.]

"U-Unni, what's wrong with your tone? Aren't we in the asking position?" Black tackled her from the side, but White had already pressed the send button.

"Ahaha. It is over."

This stupid pride. White belatedly came to her senses and laughed in despair.

A white carrier pigeon was flying in the sky. It was the end. The appearance of the white carrier pigeon meant that the letter had arrived at the other party. She couldn't stop it. The system was like this.

...It was over. The Overgeared Guild wouldn't respond to this attitude. She was just crying and giving up when she received a reply that said 'Okay.'

The sisters were filled with joy and ran straight to the Overgeared Kingdom. They didn't have a wanted order in the Overgeared Kingdom. It was natural since they didn't want to cause any incidents in the Overgeared Kingdom. The sisters' hostility against the Overgeared Kingdom was now a story of a distant

past. After being educated several times, they surrendered unconditionally to the Overgeared Kingdom and lived with their eyes lowered.

“Lauel! Accepting our offer is a great choice! I like it! The rumor that you are smart is true after all!”

Lauel told them, “Do you want to play in the Abyss? I have high expectations for the two of you. I will handle the procedures, so don’t worry. Go ahead and fight.”

“R-Right now? What about the items?”

“Of course, you will have to show results first before we can proceed with the transaction.”

“We won’t scam the Overgeared Guild unless we are crazy. We need to buy items in order to show a better performance...”

“I don’t know what you’re trying to do by changing the sequence of things. It is suspicious.”

“Changing the sequence... N-No! You are right! Uh, yes! We have to prove ourselves first! We will go to the battlefield right now!”

“U-Unni, go with me...”

The Black and White sisters and the tens of thousands of dark players represented by the sisters—those who were active only for their own interests belatedly boarded the express train to hell. Most of them tried to make deals with the Overgeared Guild. They pulled the aggro with great firepower and became an arrowhead.

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At Cokro Island...

“Zikfrector! What are you doing? Wake up!” Nefelina shouted urgently during a fierce battle with Hell Gao, who ran out of the dungeon. It was because Zikfrector’s runes, used to create magic to assist them, stopped working. She shifted her gaze and saw a ridiculous scene. Zikfrector had stopped and was sleeping while standing up.

“Zik! Disgraceful! It isn’t enough to die standing up. Why are you sleeping standing up?!” The Curse of Sloth was triggered at such a timing. It was a bit difficult to bear the strength of Hell Gao, who descended into a body with the grade of a great demon. Therefore, she felt urgent.

“Leave the grandmaster to me and focus on the battle!” Zibal responded quickly. He stepped off Raiders, set it up as a barrier, and shook Zikfrector’s shoulder. “Grandmaster!”

Normally, Zikfrector would retreat first if he was about to fall asleep during battle. Now he fell asleep without showing any signs? This had never happened before...

“...Eh?” Zibal had an ominous feeling only to be surprised.

“W-What is it?”

Zikfrector, who he thought was asleep, had both eyes wide open.

“Is an ant passing by?”

What was he doing? Zibal saw Zikfrector gazing at the ground and suddenly remembered the world message.

[There is news that the 'Sealed Body of one of the Seven Evils' has been found in the Abyss. Wrath is added to the 'mixed worlds.' The concentration of demonic energy has increased and the penalty for demons is reduced by 20%.]

...These were the contents. He had been so focused on fighting Hell Gao that he had forgotten the importance.

"No way. Is it your body?"

The sealed body of one of the seven evils. If the seven evils here meant one of the seven malignant saints, it meant that it could be the body of Zik, the 6th evil.

"I don't know." The expression on Zikfrector's face was distressed. "The connection is so weak that I'm uncertain if it is my body or the body of my colleague. I would've judged that it was a colleague's body if there was no connection at all. However, this is very difficult. It is ominous. Am I not Zik?"

"....."

The reason he stopped fighting was due to self-reflection?

Zibal thought it was absurd only to remember the identity of the person called Zikfrector. He was the 'reincarnation' of the 6th evil, Zik. After several reincarnations with memories of his previous life, he became the current Zikfrector. It had been so long that it wasn't strange for him to wonder if he was really the same person as the 6th evil, Zik. He had experienced so many different lives.

"If the body found in the Abyss is mine... it is a very big problem. I can't communicate properly with my body... it is proof that I am different from myself of my previous life..."

It happened as Zikfrector's complexion became darker...

"Hey, you idiot!" Nefelina screamed. "Has your brain melted because you've been sleeping for so long? Hell Gao's magic power surrounds the island. If you can feel a connection with the body in the Abyss, then it is naturally your body. Whose body can it be?! Ugh? Ack! Q-Quickly! Come and help me quickly!"

As the situation became harder, Nefelina even became teary. The hatchling who was just born had little dignity. Zibal looked like he had seen something he shouldn't have seen.

"Um... I was too badly shaken." Zikfrector's eyes that had lost their light came back to life. It was the discovery of his body after thousands of years. It would've been strange if he had been composed.

Zikfrector pulled out Saharan's Sword. Zikfrector had been wary of the Curse of Sloth deepening as his body became burdened, so he had been playing only a supporting role using runic magic. However, he was praised as the grandmaster due to his greatness. Now, he took out the power that he used to help Saharan establish the empire. It was a power with no consideration for the aftermath. It was a manifestation of his will to calm the situation and recover his body.

Red energy rose from the red sword and Zikfrector's magic power, sword energy, and willpower mixed together with it to form a pattern. Seven runes made with colorful energy started to float around him.

Every time the runes crossed, certain words were combined. As the words were combined, the energy became stronger and expanded. The mixture of attributes and magic overheated.

The entire island shook from the wave of power. The volcano erupted and there was a tsunami in the sea. The strongest of the seven malignant saints who rebelled against Asgard and who was cursed by the gods—the aftermath of the previous world’s strongest showing his true abilities was beyond imagination.

Zibal was dumbfounded.

‘Why did he keep running away when he had these skills?’

To be precise, it was ‘I ran away with him while he was asleep.’

Zibal wanted to say goodbye to those sad days soon.

### **Chapter 1508**

After a fierce battle, Hell Gao fell to his knees.

The borders of the world had collapsed and a body with the grade of a great demon had been secured, but he only regained around 70% of the power of his prime. It wasn’t enough to withstand the cooperation between Zikfrector, Nefelina, and Raiders, who did their best in preparation for future troubles.

“I... I was deceived by Baal...”

Hell Gao left these meaningful words and turned to ash. Seeing his expression that didn’t have much regret, he seemed to have become used to defeat. The grinning Zibal reported the situation to the intelligence service.

The brains of the Overgeared Guild moved quickly. New information was quickly organized and disseminated to the upper ranks of the allied army.

[The grandmaster, Nefelina, and Raiders have defeated Hell Gao. They are headed north to the Abyss.]

[It is presumed that the body of one of the seven evils found in the Abyss belongs to the grandmaster.]

[The grandmaster needs an escort.]

‘Why is it Raiders, not Zibal?’

Zibal was dissatisfied with the handling, but he didn’t nitpick over it. There was a dignity he should keep as America’s hero. He was just happy to get items.

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It was the second day of the great human and demon war...

People were suffocating on the sense of happiness that soared without knowing the end. It was a lot of fun. It didn’t matter what channel they opened. Battles and wars were broadcasted and reporters wrote new heroic stories like they were competing. There was no time to be bored.

Even players who died continuously and received the 'unable to access the game' penalty were determined to enjoy the situation. They realized that the fun of watching the broadcasts while enjoying a beer wasn't bad. Of course, they wanted to login quickly, but it was a loss to be obsessed with a problem that could only be solved with time.

-Look at how she is sweeping up the demonic creatures while keeping the great demons in check;; Jishuka's greatest strength is her positioning ability. However, her range has also increased. There is no answer to handle her.

-The great demons are swearing ⇒ ⇒ ⇒ ⇒

-They can't help but curse because they don't know where the arrows will keep flying...

-How the hell is she doing that? I don't know even though I am the 9,573rd ranked archer. What is the criteria for the positioning? How can she not be detected?

↳ A top ranker is coming to play in the community? ⇒ ⇒

↳ Really. If you are ranked within 10,000 in the class rankings, shouldn't you be enjoying a boat party every time you log out? Why are you doing this here?

↳ No, what? ⇒ Does Grid always go on a space trip? Does he hang out with 3,000 court ladies? Don't put a strange framework on rankers. (TL: There is a legend that the last king of Baekje had 3,000 court ladies who threw themselves into the river after the kingdom was taken away.)

↳ I'm not framing the rankers, but saying that he isn't a ranker ⇒ ⇒

There were two people who caught the eye of viewers—they were Jishuka at the Behen Archipelago and Braham at the Abyss. The most popular players caused a ratings competition. The two people were overwhelmingly loved in all aspects of appearance, ability, and personality. The viewers' taste differed in the combat style.

The magician who appeared in front of the enemy and smashed them with force. An archer who hid her appearance from the enemy until the end and bothered the enemy with her control.

...The description of the magician was a bit strange, but in any case—

Those who preferred cool action scenes cheered on Braham's destructive power when using magic in the midst of enemy lines. Those who focused on strategy studied and admired Jishuka's operational tactics that led to a favorable war situation. However, it was impossible to enjoy it forever.

-Jishuka seems to be preparing to log out.

-Braham seems tired.

The access duration and health limit. As a player, Jishuka was held back by both issues. Braham also failed to overcome the physical problems. Rest was indispensable unless one was a monster.

The moment Jishuka and Braham left the battlefield, the war situation intensified again. The allied forces, who were pushing forward, slowed down for a while and the two sides became tangled up again.

-Too many people are dying.

-The players can die, but I'm worried about the soldiers. It is over for NPCs once they die.

-The damage to the empire seems too great. Even if the war is won, they won't be able to recover for a while.

The named NPCs such as Noll, Sticks, and Teruchan, and the top rankers, including the 10 meritorious retainers and Haster—the performance of the troops who arrived one after another at the Behen Archipelago and the Abyss was clearly excellent. However, it wasn't enough to replace the peak magician and archer.

How many people could play a better role than Braham and Jishuka in a large-scale war?

The problem was that the enemy's army was great. Every time Baal's subordinate, who looked like a huge toad, opened his mouth, a swarm of flies poured out and caused catastrophic damage.

It was now the third day of the great human and demon war...

The viewers' minds became very uncomfortable. They became reverent when they saw the soldiers fighting for their lives. They even came to understand the hearts of those who started Satisfy late while saying they wanted to help even a little bit. Just then—

-Uh?T-that...!

-Holy shit!! have been waiting!!

New aces emerged. Piaro, Singuled, Dante, and Kentrick arrived at the Behen Archipelago. Mercedes, Asmophel, and Amelda appeared at the Abyss. They filled the vacancy of Braham and Jishuka.

-Isn't this crazy? Braham and Grid's subordinates are much stronger than before.

-Grid must really feel reassured ⇐ ⇐

-Just one day...I want to live as Grid for just one day.

Why didn't Grid come out? The reason why few people had such questions or regrets was due to the size of the Overgeared Kingdom. Grid was a king and a god. There were so many subordinates who followed him. There was no reason for him to stand directly on the front line as before. If he was going to step up for everything, he wouldn't have worked so hard to gather colleagues.

People were fully convinced of Grid's position.

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“.....!”

Barbatos, who was guarding the battlefield in place of Gamigin, retreated one step ahead of Braham in a flustered manner. The reason was that the magic bullets fired at Mercedes were weighed down by

gravity and lost their power. In the first place, Mercedes had an advantage. Her Keen Insight could read the magic bullets. She was wary of the sniping and used the gravity field much more efficiently than Braham.

Mercedes cut down all the slowed magic bullets, released her silver wings, and rushed forward. Her flight accelerated and she was very fast. Her momentum as she rushed alone into hundreds of thousands of demonic creatures was reminiscent of artillery fire.

‘What?’

The allied forces all around the battlefield were shaken. They didn’t understand Mercedes’ behavior of going into the enemy camp alone. Some skilled people like Noll and Chris guessed that she had determined Barbatos’ location, but they soon shook their heads.

Barbatos was an irregular existence that shot from dozens of kilometers away. Additionally, it was physically impossible to identify the shooting point because there was no ‘trajectory’ for the shot. The bullets were suddenly generated or soared from the ground.

This was why there were more victims to Barbatos than Gamigin. Barbatos dealt enormous damage to the allied forces even when Braham was in action. Just as the demons hated Jishuka, the allied forces hated Barbatos.

“Cover Mercedes!”

Chris needed to log out within five minutes. It was right to prepare to retreat as scheduled. However, he rushed to lead the troops and advanced. The protection of the somewhat agitated Mercedes was the top priority.

“What...?”

Chris became stunned as he chased after Mercedes. It was because Mercedes’ swordsmanship, which had speed behind it, contained a destructive power like never before. She broke the enemies’ swords and armor and cut flesh and bones. Mercedes’ back penetrated the enemy in a straight line and soon disappeared from Chris’ sight. Only an endless procession of gray pillars suggested her position.

‘...She is a completely different person?’

Chris used the overbearing greatsword. He developed in the direction of worshipping power rather than technique. This was why he was clearer about Mercedes’ transformation than anyone else. Just then, a huge explosion was heard in his temporarily stiff ears. It was in the distance. It came from the end of the enemy camp.

The explosion came from where the Abyss was.

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A part of the Abyss used by Barbatos as a sniping point collapsed. Dust swallowed up the area and sharp pieces of stone swirled.

‘She is a dangerous woman.’

Barbatos had a bad premonition. An opponent who could read the trajectory of the magic bullets and even saw his position—it was natural to be wary of her. Barbatos' body became transparent. It wasn't a protective coloration that allowed them to assimilate with the surrounding landscape. Rather, it was completely hiding his appearance. However—

“.....?”

The knight's gaze pierced straight through the dust toward him? The appalled Barbatos hurriedly ordered his powers scattered throughout the battlefield to return.

‘Now.’

Faker took advantage of the turmoil to throw himself into the hole of the Abyss. He encountered the army of demonic creatures marching through the Abyss several times on the way, but he wasn't caught because he erased his presence. His stealth was so outstanding that even some demons mixed in with the demonic creatures couldn't feel it.

“Kuooock...!”

The scale of the Abyss was beyond imagination. The area couldn't be covered even if the entire imperial palace was moved here and it was impossible to guess the depth. Faker gained an unbearable acceleration as the fall continued and he used shadow movement to barely stop by changing his position to the shadow cast on the wall. His eyes were unusually anxious as he hung from the cliff and looked around.

‘Where is it?’

Faker's mission was to secure Zik's body that appeared in the Abyss. Even if he failed to secure it, he needed to know the location to guide Zikrefector to it. Maybe it was the most important mission in this war. It was also a mission that only Faker could perform.

A stealth technique that blocked the enemy's aggro, shadow techniques that made the size and topography of the Abyss useless, and the ability to clearly see in the darkness that covered the Abyss—Faker was the only one with the qualifications required for this mission.

The responsibility was great.

‘I will go down a bit more.’

He couldn't be caught by the demonic creatures. Faker, who was observing from the cliff while holding his breath, threw himself back into the dark underground. Jumping into the underground when the end was unknown required much more courage than imagined. Thus, the burden on Faker was greater than he expected.

“...Sigh.”

After descending to the limit, Faker clung to the cliff again and let out a breath. As a result, he made eye contact with a demonic creature that was climbing up. However, he threw a dagger with paralysis and silenced it. It fell without screaming and would land and die a long time later.

‘I would've attracted aggro if I killed it right here.’



Faker calmly looked around. There was a 'setting' that the darkness that encroached on the Abyss was too thick to adapt to, but this wasn't enough to neutralize the eyes of Lantier, who had the greatest senses among the legends.

'It isn't here either.'

Faker looked closely at the interior before jumping in once again. Once he fell to a point where his gaze hadn't reached, he stuck to the cliff and resumed observation. He repeated this dozens of times. From a certain point, he forgot the passage of time and became anxious because his senses were dull. Even so, he silently carried out his task. It was as always.

".....!"

How much time had passed?

Faker found a place that was as small as a speck of dust. It was shining red alone in the dark Abyss. It was natural to be fascinated.

Faker descended toward the dot. The red dot, which was as small as a speck of dust, gradually expanded in size.

Duguen!

Faker's expression stiffened. Faker got goosebumps all over his body.

Duguen!

The sound of his heart thumping swallowed even the noise of his descent.

'It is unbelievable.'

The ominous feeling that grew as he got closer to that point. Faker, who tried hard to deny the worst assumption, finally felt despair. It was because he discovered the identity of the red dot that had the most powerful demonic energy he had ever seen.

[Baal's Ego Fragment]

This was the identity of the red dot. In the direction of the dot, there was Zik's body sealed in the gap of the cliff.

[This is a place where whispers are impossible.]

[This is a place where guild messages are impossible.]

Faker's fall accelerated. He was unable to withstand the pressure of gravity, so the bones of his body complained of pain while his bloodshot eyes seemed to protrude, but his mind remained clear.

'Get rid of the body.'

His judgment far exceeded the speed of his fall. His actions linked like lightning. Nevertheless, he couldn't stop it. Before the dagger that Faker threw with all his power could hit the red dot, the red dot had already permeated Zik's body. The dagger that was thrown at Zik's body with the determination to get rid of it was caught. It was by the hands of the body that had just opened its eyes.

“Isn’t this worth using?”

Baal—this was the name that rose above the body’s head. The man pulled his body out of the cliff where it had been stuck for years of eternity and his gaze moved upward. He smiled brightly like a child who got a new toy.

[The 1st Great Demon, Baal, has appeared.]

[You feel absolute malice. You are affected by abnormal status conditions including fear, weakness, poisoning, burns, and bleeding. You have resisted.]

[The shadow of hell that is distorted by malice is clearly presented. The dark attribute resistance is fixed at 0% and your status is greatly damaged. Your weaknesses are always exposed. Concentration has dropped significantly, reducing hit rate and significantly increasing skill and magic casting time. It can’t be resisted.]

[The shadow of the absolute god that is distorted by malice is dimly cast over everyone. All of the achievements you have built are considered worthless. Your stats and skills from various titles will be sealed. It can’t be resisted.]

[The hell moon is under Baal’s control. The eyes of the hell moon are looking at you.]

Flash!

A red light descended toward the pale Faker’s head. The sky above the earth that could only be felt distantly in the Abyss. It was a ray shot by the hell moon floating there.

## **Chapter 1509**

“.....!”

Faker reacted immediately. He detected the wave of power that fell from above and retreated significantly. As a result, the ray only touched Faker’s shoulder. Even so, he received 20,000 damage. It was fixed damage that ignored the range of the hit, resistance, and defense. The bigger problem was the great number of rays pouring down that was reminiscent of rain.

‘What is this?’

Faker linked a series of evasive movements and belatedly noticed it. The source of this ray was higher. He recalled the notification window that the hell moon was under Baal’s control and was convinced.

‘They are shots from the moon.’

This couldn’t be allowed. If Baal rose to the surface like this, hell would unfold. The hundreds of thousands of troops gathered with Grid and Lael’s efforts would fall in vain...

Faker calculated it. Could he get rid of Baal with his skills? It was impossible. The chances of winning were unconditionally 0%. How many minutes could he tie up Baal’s feet? More than 1 minute and 20 seconds was very unlikely, more than 1 minute and 40 seconds was the area of a miracle, and more than 2 minutes wasn’t possible.

The conclusion was that the moment he allowed a single attack, he would enter an immortal state. Nevertheless, he guaranteed that there was a high probability he could last at least a minute. It was because the absolute aspect of Lantier's skills was stronger than the relative aspect. Regardless of the opponent's level, a minimal performance was possible. This was a story of when it was supported by the operational capabilities, but Faker was qualified.

'The situation will be a bit better if I fill out the Kill List.'

Was it worth consuming Kill List to buy time in a fight with no possibility of winning? The benefits were overflowing. He would give time for his allies to come up with countermeasures after they detected an unexpected event from the hell moon aiming at the Abyss and firing rays.

'Additionally...'

Currently, the Abyss was the largest marching route of the army of demonic creatures. At the end of the Abyss, the entrance to hell lurked. The demons and demonic creatures entered the Abyss through this entrance and rose to the surface. This was why countless gray pillars were rising on the path of the light rays.

The rays from the moon that were pouring down like rain slaughtered the demonic creatures. This action was likely to not stop until Faker died.

Baal was just watching. He hummed along with the screams and explosions from the demonic creatures. This guy... he was crazy like the rumors. There was no distinction between enemies.

"This is cumbersome."

Was this really the body of a half-god? Zik's body was full of vitality despite it being asleep for thousands of years. The only trace of time that could be seen was the dazzling blond hair. The hair stretched down to his feet and several meters beyond. If he stepped on the ground, it would drag like a cloak.

A blade of demonic energy cut the hair. The blond hair that went down to the waist moved along with Baal as he rotated with a satisfied expression. At this time...

"By the way, you are tenacious." Baal's gaze turned to Faker. Faker was expanding the range of the rays by making his evasive motions as large as possible. His intention was to take even one more demonic creature with him as a companion to the underworld.

Clap clap. Baal clapped. "It is a very human thing to do. Is it because you have a short life? You humans hate an ignominious death. You try to give meaning to your death at all costs."

The long eyes curved in a smile. It was a beautiful smile that anyone would be fascinated by. However, it was somewhat unnatural. No matter how widely he smiled, wrinkles didn't appear on his face. It seemed like the original owner of the body didn't know how to smile. "I really like that about you guys. When I watch you trying to deny your worthlessness, the boredom disappears."

"...Is that why you started this war? Do you want to enjoy watching the meaningless struggle of the people who are dying for your whims?"

"If there needs to be a reason, I guess so? Why? Are you upset?"

“This trash son of a bitch...”

Faker let out a rare curse. Baal’s malice was so vulgar that Faker couldn’t hide his anger when he was usually cool and calm at any time and in any situation. Pure evil that couldn’t be given any reason or meaning—there were few existences even in hell that could accept him pleasantly.

“Sigh...” Faker took a deep breath. He took a long breath to control his emotions. The moment his composure was regained, his movements became more sophisticated. He avoided three rays with one movement and induced four rays with one evasion.

The number of rays pouring toward Faker’s head gradually increased and the screams of the demonic creatures grew in proportion. Now the Abyss was tinged with gray, not darkness. It was because so many demonic creatures were dying from the rays.

“Hmm.”

Baal didn’t care. He checked his body while appreciating Faker’s cute tricks. The body that was previously polished and used by the world’s strongest human—the status was very high and it was beyond what he imagined. From Baal’s point of view, the body of a half-god was so insignificant that he hadn’t expected much when he heard that Zik’s body had appeared. It was just a good toy to play with for a few days.

Then once he got it, he found that the level was considerable. The form of the huge mana core and the skeleton told him what type of person Zik was during his lifetime.

‘He must’ve trained to death.’

Was it because he was determined to kill a god? The most noticeable part of the body that exceeded human limitations by several times was the brain. It developed to the point of absurdity and easily accepted all types of ideas. In short, understanding and calculations were fast and he was mentally powerful. This made it easy to control the hell moon. Controlling the hell moon was only possible with this body.

He could understand why the daoist immortals of the Peach Blossom Spring were obsessed with creating the concept of the upper dantian. [1].

“This is why those Asgardians were so intimidated.”

If Zik had participated in the war against the gods, then he would’ve developed throughout the war. It could’ve been to the point where he would’ve killed some of the lower gods. Baal smiled confidently and started to adjust the body. He repeatedly pushed magic power into the mana core to expand it and burned it all at once to shrink it. It was truly an ignorant method that used the infinite mana of the Abyss and the practical use of the 1st Great Demon’s techniques.

The bones were also reformed. It was the body of a person who was once a human being, so there were imperfect parts. The length of the limbs increased and the shape of his thighs and fingers changed slightly. As a result, the balance of the body was extremely improved. It wasn’t lacking to describe it as a transformation.

“.....!”

Faker was using the shadow technique to bring together the demonic creatures rising from the bottom so they would be hit by the rays. Then he suddenly became shocked. It was because he felt that the energy of Baal, who was giggling all by himself in the corner, became stronger.

That's right—Zik's body had become stronger compared to his lifetime. It was an attempt that was possible because it was Baal, and a change that was accepted because it was Zik's body.

"Now, let's play."

"I can't let you go."

Faker blocked the path of Baal, who finally started to move. He used Kill List. After an intense battle that lasted 1 minute and 59 seconds, a new pillar of gray ash was scattered.

\*\*\*

'Okay. It is going well.'

The world's only super-sized furnace—the size was reminiscent of a fortress, but the speed of the construction was very fast. It seemed like it would be completed soon. It was even more than a day faster than scheduled.

'It is all because they did their best.'

Dwarf Ke and countless technicians—the faces of those who helped build the furnace looked very spectacular. Luck followed several times thanks to their excellent skills and brilliant efforts. During the work, the passive skills took effect and resulted in a steady increase of the construction speed. Just as Legendary Blacksmith's Breath was once a skill that relied on probability, the skills of the architects were also affected by luck.

It was an X game where luck played a big part, but... they won in luck.

'I'm sure my good luck stat influenced it.'

He was the main person of the construction. Grid pulled up his final concentration. He secured the bricks that were piled up. Then there was another inspection of the interior that was large enough to accommodate 10 tons of white phosphorus wood. He re-measured the balance of the structure that he put his heart and soul into.

He was assisted by Ke. The cooperation of the two people who worked together for three days and nights became like one. Through repeated rapport, a bond was built.

[The construction of 'The Furnace of God' has been completed.]

[A player has constructed a mythical building for the first time!]

[The first achievement reward for the first myth ranked construction will be greatly increased.]

[All stats have increased by 100 and reputation throughout the continent will rise by +5,000.]

[The level of all skills related to production will increase by one for the construction participants.]

[The craftsmanship of Dwarf 'Ke' has been upgraded to the legendary level.]

[The legendary architect has appeared!]

“Wow.”

“Gasp.”

Grid was delighted, while Ke was collapsing. He seemed shocked because he achieved results that were more than expected, and he also accumulated a large amount of fatigue. Since he was so old...

“He is a precious person. Take him to the infirmary.”

“Yes!”

It happened when Grid had sent Ke off to the infirmary and was looking at the function of the furnace...

“Guests have arrived.”

The meeting that he had been looking forward to for a few days had finally arrived. Grid nodded and changed his clothes. They were navy silk clothes made by the best tailor of the East Continent. The bottom hem came down to his ankles and it had wide sleeves. It was similar to the *dopo* worn by the *yangbans*, but there was no opening in the back or strings. It was intended so he could walk anywhere

It was a design that looked presumptuous due to the gorgeous embroidery, but it became stylish considering Grid’s status. There were no combat related features. Instead, it greatly increased his dignity and charm stats, so it was very suitable as formal clothing.

‘I think I’ve already received over 30 pieces of clothing as gifts.’

In fact, there were many different types of clothes from various nations. Culture and fashion varied from kingdom to kingdom, so the style of clothing was inevitably different.

Grid liked it. It was useful in many ways to wear different clothes depending on the situation and mood. Even the value of the clothing was worth tens of millions of won in cash.

‘I just have to keep these clothes well and I won’t starve for the rest of my life.’

\*\*\*

The half-draconians—a species that proudly boasted a drop of blood from *Bunhelier* flowed through their veins. They regarded the aggressiveness that came from this blood as an honor and the world classified them as an upper species. It meant that even human scholars recognized the superiority of the half-draconians.

“Gasp...”

“They are half-draconians...”

Reinhardt was frozen. There were many people who stiffened because they were intimidated by the procession of half-draconians with strong bodies and a fierce air. The dragon scales that were obvious on their skin at first glance were overwhelming.

“The Overgeared Kingdom? Why should we, who refused to negotiate with the empire, visit this small, marginal kingdom in person?”

“Look at the humans who are trembling at the sight of us. People who regard themselves as the masters of the continent are like this. They run wild without knowing that they should be scared.”

“Humans have just taken over the continent due to numbers.”

There was no hesitation in the words and actions of the half-draconians. They blatantly despised the humans they encountered while moving through the streets. Hao, who took the lead beside Bunsdel, warned them several times, but he just received scoffs and pretenses of being deaf in return. There were also half-draconians who wanted to beat Hao to death. It was because they were disgusted.

Concerned that the situation would become serious, Hao sighed and closed his mouth. ‘This is the essence of the half-draconians.’

A race that had the blood of the evil dragon. It was impossible to fix such fanatical and belligerent personalities. Even the second-to-none Grid wouldn’t be able to control them completely. Fortunately, Bunsdel was an ideal person... he could only look forward to Bunsdel’s cooperation.

‘He said he would be a dog. It is just a metaphor, but at least the alliance agreement will be signed.’

Hao, who was thinking, stopped walking. It was because Lael had personally appeared in front of the inner palace gate.

“The hot blood of the half-draconians is stimulating the black dragon lurking in my heart... please come in. Welcome.”

“What is he saying?”

“Is this a high-ranking person of this kingdom?”

“He is so weak. What is the dragon...?”

“Tsk, I knew the standard was like this. Why did the lord visit this kingdom?”

The 25 great warriors representing the half-draconians expressed their displeasure. There were even those who showed distrust in Lord Bunsdel and revealed open hostility.

Bunsdel didn’t care and calmly accepted it. He knew better than anyone that the half-draconians were just a frog in a well. It was himself and the lords of the past who kept the half-draconians in the well. He silently led the group and entered the palace.

“Welcome,” the man sitting on the throne greeted the group.

The half-draconians had already reached the limits of their patience and became angry. The king of humans dared to look down on them.

“Hah, really. I can’t believe it. Does he think he is an amazing guy just because he is treated as a king by bugs?”

There was no time for Hao to stop it.

Bunsvil—he was a half-draconian the pedigree of the current lord and he showed off his golden name as he rushed to the throne. Then...

“.....!”

He belatedly confirmed the appearance of Grid that was hidden by the backlight and stiffened like a stone statue. Just in time, the backlight was lifted. The sunset through the window completely disappeared and Grid’s figure appeared.

“C-Crazy...”

The half-draconians were overwhelmed by Grid’s dignity and faltered. They felt like they had jumped into the dragon’s mouth as they noticed their lord’s quick wits. Under the gazes of his subordinates trembling with fear...

Step.

Bunsdel took a powerful step forward and shouted, “Bark!”

1. There are three main dantians in the body. The lower dantian, middle dantian, and upper dantian. The upper dantian is located just above the eyebrows and is related to spirit and consciousness

## **Chapter 1510**

‘Is it possible to deliberately nurture legends?’

Ke’s growth presented Grid with new possibilities. Of course, Ke was old enough to be called ong (elderly man). He was old even by dwarf standards. He had been a craftsman for over a hundred years, so he might’ve already been qualified to become a legend. However, the result came after working with Grid.

‘It is likely that Ke accumulated experience that he couldn’t have accumulated alone thanks to me. He must’ve learned a lot from seeing the Overgeared God’s Techniques and gained enlightenment from helping complete a mythical work.’

It was a matter that must be addressed. If it was really possible to intentionally nurture legends, then his future aspects would change dramatically.

‘I will need an assistant every time I work...’

He would make sure to work with craftsmen from the time he started making the dragon weapons. Of course, they would only help with the minor parts. It was to the extent that they couldn’t affect his work.

‘This alone will be a great experience for them.’

“The lord of the half-draconians has arrived.”

“Um.” Grid awakened from his thoughts at the voice. Grid nodded and the doors of the great hall slowly opened.

[You have encountered a strong person who has transcended the times.]

Fighting energy—it was a powerful and ferocious energy that was difficult to control. Unlike mana, aura, or sword energy, which was in harmony with the technique department of skills, body, and heart,



fighting energy wasn't suitable for pursuing harmony. So when he saw Martial God Zeratul using it, he thought, 'Ah, it is like this,' and was convinced of the unruly nature.

This was the essence of it.

Grid's fighting energy that was permeated with an orange light calmed down. It didn't dare go on a rampage. It was due to the infinite sword energy and divinity contained in Grid. After seeing Bunsdel, the red and purple fighting energy that glowed like lightning was the same as usual. It was maintained at a certain level and provided appropriate stimulus for Grid.

'The lord of the half-draconians...'

Grid admired it. Arms and legs that stretched out like old trees, centered around the upper body that developed as a reverse triangle. It was a short, thick neck compared to his height of nearly two meters. Dragon scales wrapped around his neck like iron armor...

Bunsdel's body was truly optimized for combat. His thick eyebrows and sharp eyes made the impression he gave off even stronger. It seemed like his neck wouldn't be broken even by a blade. Add the high level of transcendence...

'I'll feel reassured leaving my back to him.'

Grid was surprised by the thought that naturally rose in his mind. He couldn't believe he felt this way from the very first meeting. Grid had met numerous skilled people so far. This meant that Bunsdel's level was truly great.

'Helena deserved to have her lord's position taken away.'

Deep favor filled Grid's eyes as he compared Bunsdel to those he defeated in the Chaos Mountains.

-Can I execute him?

In a rare situation, the Fire Dragon Sword spoke to him first. It expressed blatant killing intent toward the half-draconian warrior, who was shouting and about to attack.

[\* Activates a 'One Time Absolute Defense' when encountering a dragon race. Cooldown Time: 24 hours.

\* Attack power against the dragon race is increased by 20%.

\* Every time you kill a dragon type, the attack power of the Fire Dragon Sword will increase by one. (Permanently applied)]

The Fire Dragon Sword had this nature and was basically hostile to the dragon species. Now the other side provoked it first, so it couldn't bear it. Grid didn't respond because he knew the development that would follow.

"Gasp..." The half-draconian warrior, who belatedly confirmed Grid's appearance—the man called Bunsdel took a step back. The hierarchy was organized without the need for the Fire Dragon Sword to act. As an aggressive species, the half-draconians had an excellent ability to recognize the strong.

The stronger the opponent, the stronger the aggressiveness. This was a story only when the concept of 'fighting' was established. They weren't crazy enough to die in vain.

-It is a pity...

The Fire Dragon Sword made a regretful sound. Grid could understand the mood of the Fire Dragon Sword. Dragon monsters, represented by wyverns and half-draconians, had a very small population. They were almost treated as an endangered species.

Furthermore, the half-draconians stayed deep in the mountains and the wyverns were preferred as pets, so the hunting competition was fierce. It was as difficult to meet them as picking stars from the sky. In the future, the half-draconians would be allies. It wasn't known how long the alliance agreement would last, but there would be no fighting for a while. It was a pity for the Fire Dragon Sword.

"C-Crazy..." The half-draconians were frightened by Grid and shivered.

Step.Bunsdel took a step forward. The way he stared at Grid with sharp eyes was as intense as his first impression.

A smile spread across Grid's face. 'As expected. We need to sort out the hierarchy before continuing.'

In fact, Grid's aggressiveness wasn't lacking. He had fought with all types of transcendent beings and now he was ready to point his sword at the gods. The half-draconians were afraid of a useless death, but Grid could tolerate even a useless death. He had surpassed many strong people by using the unreasonable nature of players, who could gain experience with death.

'Bunsdel.'

How high was his level? How much could the dragon scales wrapped around both wrists and the thick neck like iron armor withstand his sword? It happened the moment when Grid was about to raise himself from the throne...

"Bark!" Bunsdel barked.

".....?"

Grid's cognitive ability couldn't keep up with the situation.

People looked flustered while Bunsdel shouted, "The great Overgeared God who defeated the martial god! I, a Bun, deeply admire your noble character! Please let me serve you as our half-draconian's only pillar and god. I will become your faithful dog! Please accept us!"

".....!"

".....!"

Bunsdel had been silent toward his clan. Apart from the open-minded Hao, he didn't have a proper conversation with his clan. It was due to the guilt of locking his clan in a well under the pretext of the clan's safety. Due to this, the half-draconian warriors belatedly grasped the situation and were stunned.

The human on the throne—they thought he was strong, but he was actually a god? He even defeated the martial god? Now that it was like this...

“Bark!Bark bark!”

“Woof woof!Grrr!Woof!”

“Yip~!”

The half-draconians made a variety of dog noises. It was a courtesy to the god. They didn't even know why they were barking like dogs. They had never served a god before. They just learned from their lord.

“Your Majesty,” Lauel, who had been silent for some time, urgently spoke up as Grid's mind was confused, “I think you should leave this to me.”

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“Get in your formations! Hurry! What are you doing with your shields? Prepare them for battle right now!!”

Sera, Ribon, Zeldark, and Horyu—the thing they had in common was that they were from the Tzedakah Guild. They were somewhat lacking in comparison to the 10 meritorious retainers or equivalent named rankers, but they were talented people worthy of the reputation of the Overgeared Guild.

In particular, their ability to command the army was outstanding. It was because there were many cases where they had to take command of troops while the Overgeared members focused on individual activities. Fortunately or unfortunately, their skills as a commander had become outstanding.

The same went for members of the Giant Guild such as Zirkan, Mihara, and Asellas. They were Chris' subordinates and took advantage of their experience of commanding a large number of people before joining the Overgeared Guild. This was combined with Toban's charisma, the assistance of the allied leaders, and the strength of the 10 meritorious retainers present and Noll.

“Good! Retreat while maintaining your formations! Don't rush! Slowly!”

The allied soldiers fighting in a dizzying manner against the demonic creatures quickly reorganized their formations. They stepped back little by little in a steady manner under the protection of the shield soldiers who erected a barrier. The commanders were still watching the hell moon.

The ominous moon high in the sky with tens of thousands of moving eyes. It was eerie to look at. Then suddenly, it turned its eyes to the Abyss and started shooting rays for the first few seconds.

The commanders couldn't understand the situation properly. It was confusing and they interpreted it as a positive phenomenon after seeing the demonic creatures crawling from the Abyss disappearing in groups. Then they realized it a few seconds later—there would be disaster the moment the eyes of the hell moon turned to them.

This was the reason they urgently led the army to take a formation and retreat. The sight of hundreds of thousands of troops moving without disorder in just a few minutes was really spectacular. It was truly unbelievable. The commentators of broadcasting stations around the world made a fuss while viewers couldn't help marveling. The commanders of the Overgeared Kingdom had truly excellent capabilities.

Soon, the people's praises and cheers turned to silence. It was for a terrible reason.

[The 1st Great demon, Baal, has appeared.]

[You feel absolute malice. You are affected by abnormal status conditions including fear, weakness, poisoning, burns, and bleeding.]

[The shadow of hell that is distorted by malice is clearly presented. Omitted.]

[The shadow of the absolute god that is distorted by malice is dimly cast over everyone. Omitted.]

[The hell moon is under Baal's control. The eyes of the hell moon are looking at you.]

".....!"

".....!"

A bug? The allied players, who were retreating while enduring the attacks of the demonic creatures, and the viewers all had the same question. They didn't realize that the pinnacle of hell had emerged. It was because the high-intensity debuffs they never imagined hit them all at once.

Baal's appearance was completely different from what was expected. He used to be associated with a large and hideous demon, but now a handsome, blond-haired man appeared. The great demon was reminiscent of an angel.

"Uh..." The minds of the commanders of the allied forces turned blank. Yet surprisingly, orders were being given.

Retreat, retreat, retreat...

They reflexively repeated the same cry. However, the soldiers didn't hear it. They were reborn as elites after enduring the training that felt as if their bones and flesh were being cut, but right now, as if all of it was a lie, they were reduced to a mess. The debuffs caused by Baal were too deadly. Their minds were caught in terror.

Eventually, the battle lines collapsed and the demonic creatures were allowed to enter.

[Baal has stolen Zik's body.]

[Baal has appeared in the Abyss.]

[Ordering all troops to retreat from the Abyss. Be wary of the hell moon while retreating.]

New information poured in one step late. The report that Faker immediately made after his resurrection was finally disseminated.

"Baaaal!" Soldiers died without even screaming because they were completely stiffened by fear. In this gap, a furious cry rang out. It was Noll's cry. It was filled with anger toward the culprit who expelled his mother from hell and cursed all her family with the Curse of Sloth.

"Is it Beriache's child?" Baal reacted as he stood with his back against the hell moon and looked at the surface. For the first time, a small smile appeared on his expressionless face. "Bring it on."

".....!"

There was no dignity in the words that he briefly spat out. Noll was flustered because it didn't fit with the existence at the pinnacle of hell. Due to this, Noll was stunned for a moment. Then he soon broke through the army of demonic creatures with a bitter expression. He gained acceleration as he crossed the battlefield and flew toward Baal in the sky. The blood-colored magic power in his two small hands swirled in a menacing manner as it aimed at Baal.

"Die!"

"Did Beriache hand down her things in her later years?" There was an appreciation for Noll. Baal waved his hand in a bored manner and destroyed Noll's magic at once.

However, Noll was still charging forward. He immediately linked new blood magic and reached Baal. However, he wasn't Baal's opponent. In the first place, Noll couldn't exert his power by himself. His magic and abilities were specialized in 'support.'

The moment he approached Baal, he was struck by demonic energy and crashed into the ground without being able to do anything. He fell into the middle of the enemy camp and was quickly attacked by hundreds of demonic creatures. He stared at Baal while his small body was bitten, torn apart, cut, and stabbed.