

Overgeared 1511

Chapter 1511

“Noll!”

The frightened Overgeared members launched an operation to rescue Noll. They buffed each other to offset the debuffs to some extent and sped through the army of demonic creatures. The leading Vantner was reminiscent of a tank, just like his nickname. It was an amazing performance.

However, it wasn't enough to attract Baal's interest. Baal looked at the battlefield with his expressionless face again and muttered, “It is a mess. I will have to clean it up first.”

The hell moon reacted to Baal's will. Countless eyes rolled and aimed at the humans on the battlefield. The faces of the allied soldiers, who foresaw the bombardment of rays, became contemplative. Tens of thousands of rays poured down like heavy rain. It was a rain of destruction directed at the center of the hundreds of thousands of allied forces.

“H-Hik!”

Fortunately, some soldiers avoided it by abandoning their weapons and shields and running away. There were also many soldiers who couldn't get up after falling. The demonic creatures they were confronting in front of them, the allies behind them, and the people next to them screamed as they were hit by the rays, so they couldn't help but panic.

The soldiers who weren't hit by the rays felt tortured instead. They felt an uncontrollable fear that they would soon be in the same situation.

The hell moon closed its eyes after one bombardment and opened its eyes again. The red, bloodshot eyes were wide open as they aimed at the ground again. At this moment...

“Retreat! All troops, retreat!” A female with blue hair fell down onto the middle of the battlefield. Her armor and shield, covered in the blood of demons, had lost their shine, but the white sword covered with so much blood still shone transparently.

“Hoh.” Baal regained his smile.

The rain of destruction poured out again. Mercedes used a wide-area gravitational field to stop the tens of thousands of rays in the air.

“Hur...ry!” Mercedes gritted her teeth and shouted. In order to maintain the gravity field that covered the huge battlefield, she couldn't take a single step. She used her slender body to block the tens of thousands of rays. She was thoroughly defenseless and was a good prey for the demons.

The demons, who had been confused by Baal's appearance, cut through the demonic creatures and ran. They were delighted at the thought of killing a legend for free and jumped happily at her.

“How dare you.”

“Go away! Dirty things!”

Asmophel and Amelda ran in and protected Mercedes. They slaughtered the demons with the momentum of 'one cavalryman defeats 1,000 enemies.' They shouted at the panicked soldiers.

"Retreat."

"This is a command!"

"B-But..."

The soldiers came to their senses after witnessing the spirit of the great knights. They despaired as they overcame their terror to some extent and regained their sense of reason. The moon was visible everywhere in the world. What was the point of running away from here?

"...We will fight as well!"

They would rather choose an honorable death. The soldiers picked up their discarded weapons and shouted. The same was true for the soldiers who were seriously injured in the first bombardment. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers strengthened their determination.

Vantner's party, who just came back from rescuing Noll, encouraged them.

"Great posture! Let us hunt Baal! Kuhahahat!" Vantner shouted in high spirits because he had something he believed in.

Braham and Kyle, who had retired from the front line to rest, re-joined the battlefield. Moreover, this wasn't Baal's main body. There was a chance of winning...

It happened as Vantner's thoughts reached this point...

Barbatos' bullet flew and caused Mercedes' gravity field to shake.

"Cough!" The moment Mercedes coughed up blood and fell, the gravity field was released. The bombardment of the stationary rays resumed.

'I should run away now.' Kyle, who was greatly intimidated, put up a barrier of electric currents to protect some of them. He did his best, but the range of the rays was too wide for him to completely block it. He couldn't do it.

"Kuoock...!"

"Block it! Fight!"

The soldiers' morale was boosted. They set up shields and wielded their weapons as they prepared to face the incoming rays.

"Tsk." Braham, who was disappointed that he didn't get enough rest, was forced to step out. He launched the widest ranged shield and activated Mass Teleport. He protected thousands and displaced thousands.

This was the limit. Tens of thousands of troops collapsed in the heavy rain of rays. Some people fought hard to protect themselves and their colleagues, but most of them were seriously injured and collapsed. The hell moon was preparing for the next bombardment.

“Ahh...” The morale they were trying their best to raise fell in an uncontrollable manner. It wasn't only the soldiers who were frustrated, but the players as well. The commanders were speechless and the number of Overgeared members was too small.

Flash!

The hell moon shone again. Just then, 30 God Hands appeared and lined up at intervals of five meters. It was the emergence of Overgeared God Grid that the world had been looking forward to. It was shabby. The number of God Hands was too low and they were too small compared to the number of rays pouring down like heavy rain. They arranged themselves like they were guarding the allied forces, but the range of their influence was too narrow.

-30 God Hands is crazy;;;

-Wow, it's amazing ㄹ ㄹ It seems they can block 100 rays ㄹ ㄹ

-No, isn't this game too abrupt? Is it telling us to quit or what? Shooting tens of thousands of rays like that??

-Is the S.A Group going to release a new game? They are releasing the apocalypse in Satisfy to bring people into the new work.

-It doesn't make sense unless Lim Cheolho is old and senile.

-Aren't the S.A shares going to fall?

ㄴ How can they fail when they are monopolizing virtual reality technology?

-Lim Cheolho is old and senile.

There was only despair. The people on the battlefield and all those watching were skeptical of the current situation. Grid was the hope of thousands of people, but his presence became weak in front of the 1st Great Demon. It happened as the baptism of rays gradually got closer to the ground and the commentators around the world lost their rationality and started to scream...

[A new update has been applied.]

A world message appeared. It was a notice announcing an 'update,' a thing that hadn't been seen ever since the launch of Satisfy. Viewers around the world were relieved when streamers and reporters at the scene rushed to announce the news. It was a relief that the S.A Group had come to their senses, even if it was late. The shareholders had led Satisfy back on the right path.

『 There is a possibility that the great human and demon war itself would've never happened... 』

Streamers and experts started to make pretty extreme but hopeful observations. They got a positive response from the public. The world realized that the difficulty of the great human and demon war had gone greatly wrong. There were many who wanted to make it so that this hadn't happened. The first update notice that occurred was enough to give people hope.

It was exquisite timing. It emerged as the situation was flowing in an uncontrollable direction. People's expectations rose as the announcements continued.

[This is an uninspected update. The changes will take effect immediately.]

[Updating the contents.]

[Added a theme song for the player 'Grid.']

“.....?”

『.....?』

-.....?

<We are preparing theme songs for Grid. We negotiated with masters all around the world to make the best songs. In the future, we are planning on steadily updating theme songs to commemorate players...>

The article published in the past by the S.A Group crossed people’s minds. It was just... why do this now?

Question marks appeared over people’s heads. A number of people complained for cider after feeling stuffy like they had eaten one million sweet potatoes. [1]

It was such a difficult situation to understand. In any case, time was passing. The war was still continuing.

[Overgeared God Grid has appeared.]

A violin melody permeated the battlefield. There was a crumbling melody of ice that announced the arrival of the cold and loneliness. This was an introduction suitable for the battlefield that had lost hope. An epic expressing the cold and harsh winter seemed to unfold. Then with the unexpected addition of the piano melody, it started to reverse. The opening track that announced Grid’s emergence, ‘Appearance,’ marked the end of winter, not winter. The magnificent orchestra stirred the gray battlefield and made the cold hearts of people beat again.

Hundreds of Magic Missiles launched by the 30 God Hands using Spray collided with the baptism of rays. It didn’t have much effect, but the visual effects were great. It was enough to make the allied soldiers overcome their fear and frustration, and cheer. The real power was something separate.

Flash!

Just before the tens of thousands of rays struck the allied soldiers, the 30 God Hands transformed into Raiders. They became a barrier in itself and blocked the baptism of rays with their bodies. The rays that slipped through the gaps were struck by huge spears reminiscent of temple pillars.

"Ahat!Puhahahat!" Baal burst out laughing. The hell moon he had his back to squeezed out rays from the eyes that started to shed bloody tears because it couldn’t turn red. It was meaningless. Attacks that were just large in size weren’t good against Grid.

“200,000 Army Crushing Sword.” The sword light that had a range comparable to the rays cut through the sky. A single attack didn’t destroy the rays, but it reached Baal who was standing beyond them.

“What? It is great!” Baal leaned back to avoid the attack and his laughter grew even louder.

Grid lost 50% of his health in exchange for crushing the tens of thousands of skills, but he didn't show any pain. He used Storm of the Fire God to generate all types of effects. Then he quickly restored his health by drinking potions. The hell moon kept firing the rays. This time, the bombardment was fast, as if taunting Grid to cut it down again. Grid responded immediately.

[The Red Phoenix's 9th Heart has resonated with the red phoenix in the east.]

[The willpower of the red phoenix has descended.]

A rain of fire fell. It was a miraculous rain that burned the incoming rays and the demonic creatures on the ground, while greatly restoring the wounds and physical strength of the allies. Red blood exploded like lava in the tens of thousands of eyes on the hell moon.

"Kuahahahat!" Baal grabbed his stomach and kept laughing. The hell moon barely fixed its dizzily convulsing eyes and violently shot out light. The number was noticeably reduced. There were only thousands of rays, not tens of thousands. There was no need for Grid to step up. The magic of Braham and the magicians, the swordsmanship of Asmophel and the knights, and the skills of thousands of players eliminated the light rays.

"....."

The battlefield fell silent. It was a silence brought about by the destroyed army of demonic creatures and the closed eyes of the hell moon. Only the Storm of the Fire God that filled the battlefield showed its existence. The allied soldiers had their wounds healed by the storm and were given an unbreaking willpower from Grid.

They couldn't easily accept the rapidly changing situation and stared blankly before belatedly coming to their senses and cheering, "Waaaaaaaaah!"

[The worship of all people has increased deity by 1.]

Only one person—one person dominated the war. It was the majesty of a god.

Just in time, the second track, 'Influence,' played and excited the viewers. The energetic melody made their blood boil.

The bloody battle against the great demons that started with Belial, the swift battle with Kraugel during Kraugel's time as sky above the sky, the Demon King's Subjugation where he slaughtered hundreds of rankers, the Vatican incident where he tore off the wings of an archangel and extinguished the soul, etcetera—the battle scenes that Grid showed them naturally came to mind as they listened to the music.

"....."

Grid floated in the sky where the moon was asleep and was unable to descend to the ground. He didn't want his red face to be seen.

'What is this music?'

Of course, he was glad. He was thrilled. It was a theme song for him. He felt like he was rewarded for his past hard work. However, there were a lot of worries. If there was such a magnificent background sound

every time he did something in the future... didn't it mean that he would have to watch his weight 24 hours a day?

1. Sweet potato is slang in South Korea to express a person's frustration or impatience with a situation. They use this because it is similar to what you might feel when eating sweet potatoes without any beverages. Cider means a soft drink like Sprite and it is often used together with sweet potato. If you are feeling frustrated or stuffy, you drink cider and feel refreshed and happy.

Chapter 1512

A disaster created by hundreds of thousands of explosions in total—the viewers witnessed the baptism of rays that were like heavy rain or a typhoon, and predicted the destruction of the allied forces. There were quite a few people who closed their eyes, blocked their ears, or changed the channel because they didn't have the courage to face the devastation that was about to unfold. They took deep breaths for a long time before belatedly opening their eyes. Then they turned the channel back.

"Hup..." They breathed in.

They resented the camera's perspective as it skimmed through the battlefield. Destroyed land, weapons buried in dirt, blood that formed lakes, the pieces of flesh that had lost their owners... The devastation on the battlefield was even more terrible than expected. It seemed to mark the beginning of the apocalypse.

Raim of the general store, Paulson at the blacksmith, the lord who was bad-tempered but always took care of them...

They were sad and afraid that everything they accumulated over the years in Satisfy would disappear. Satisfy in the future would be completely different from the past Satisfy and it didn't seem fun at all. Their colleagues who wanted to go on an adventure to a more famous place and who were motivated to raise their level would gradually leave Satisfy...

"...Uh?" The people who were depressed while thinking about different relationships and reasons...

They were looking at the screen with sad expressions when they belatedly noticed the music flowing from the broadcast. Was there an orchestra on the battlefield?

The moment they thought that this was nonsensical, the screen moved. It slowly and broadly expanded their horizons along with the majestic music. It lightly passed by the devastated battlefield and illuminated unexpected beings. Contrary to expectations, the allied soldiers were still alive. They were all looking up at the sky. They had jubilant expressions on their faces as they cheered with a momentum great enough to swallow up the music.

".....!"

The viewers gradually noticed. Most of the traces decorating the devastation of the battlefield belonged to the demonic creatures. The camera followed the soldiers' gaze and soared upward to show someone's back. The dim light spread around him was the color of sunset. It was the sun that lit up the black sky distorted by demonic energy.

"Cra...zy..."

It was thrilling and delightful. People realized the reason why heroes existed.

‘Move slowly.’

The temporarily flustered Grid soon calmed down. He confirmed that Baal’s laughter had stopped. He knew that excessive tension could become poison, thus he relaxed his body and mind.

‘To what level is he?’

Grid had fought Baal’s ego fragment previously, but this wasn’t enough to use as a reference. Baal had possessed Agnus at that time, while the current Baal was in Zik’s body. It was incomparable. Zik was a concept that was superior to a yangban. He was a real half-god. He was building up worthy achievements and worship to become a god.

‘First of all, measure it through speed.’

Grid had lived a busy life over the past few days. He accumulated golden experience through the spar with Biban and witnessing the battle between Zeratul and Hayate. Thanks to this, he grasped his level properly. He could almost certainly reach the speed of sound, but it was difficult starting from supersonic speed.

Even if he maximized his transcendent senses, there were often cases where he was ‘unable to respond even if he knew.’ While he recognized the attack, he couldn’t avoid it. He had to rely entirely on his intuition. If Baal’s speed broke through the ‘normal’ speed of sound like Zeratul, it meant Grid’s odds of winning were lower.

However, Grid didn’t evaluate Baal’s skills too highly. No matter how strong, he thought it would be Biban-grade. Considering that Baal was the direct lineage of the absolute god (Yatan), it could be said that he was on the same level as Zeratul. Still, that was only the background of his birth.

Zeratul had the status of a god, while Baal was only a great demon. Baal might’ve been born at the same time as Zeratul, but it was unlikely he was on the same level as Zeratul, who steadily built up his status through human faith. The number one archangel that hadn’t been seen yet—they were the antithesis of Baal. Probably.

‘It isn’t even his main body and this is the human world.’

The worlds might be mixed together, but it was different from pure hell. Baal was significantly weakened. In conclusion...

‘The odds of winning are high.’

This was a judgment he made in an instant. Meanwhile, Baal also evaluated Grid.

“You are ripe.” It was a completely contrary assessment from their past encounter in hell. “You are playing a proper role compared to the days when you stayed as a human despite being qualified to be a god. I can see why that guy Chepardea made a fuss.”

The world believed that the culprit of this war was Baal. It was natural since all of hell had invaded the human world. However, reality was different. It was Chepardea who caused the war. He had to kill Grid, take everything away from Grid, and lower his status. Baal just let Chepardea do as he wanted.

“.....” Grid was surprised. Was it because it was just an ego fragment? Only a certain personality was shown, so Baal’s tone was completely different from when he was in hell. It was rather frivolous and didn’t feel like Baal.

The conversation wasn’t long. Baal headed straight to Grid and attacked as if to appease his boredom.

‘He is Biban-grade, but he is much trickier due to his killing moves and debuffs. The variables are his power and hell summoning.’

Grid evaluated Baal’s level through one collision. Zik’s body was much better than what Zikfrector had mentioned and Baal made use of this near-perfect body to the limit. Moreover, he called all types of debuffs. Grid resisted many of them, but he was still affected by a few. His level of transcendence decreased by several stages, his Skin of Transcendence and other transcendent effects disappeared, and several titles were sealed.

Of course, his divinity was maintained. Perhaps thanks to this, he avoided the debuffs of his weaknesses being exposed and the decreased concentration. The sealed titles were those mostly obtained in the early and mid stages. The titles obtained by becoming a god or those that had a direct or indirect influence to becoming a god were still intact. Perhaps it was because it was a malice presumed to belong to Baal. The distorted hell and vague will of Yatan couldn’t harm a god’s dignity.

Just then, Grid’s jaw bent at an angle. It was due to Baal’s fist that stretched out like a light. Grid took a step back to avoid it, but it touched his chin. He suffered 15,000 damage. It wasn’t a loss. At the same time that he stepped back, the Kill sword dance that he used pierced Baal’s chest and caused dozens of times more damage.

There was a lot of blood, but he wasn’t worried about Zik’s body. Would the body that had been sealed for thousands of years be easily destroyed? It was Grid’s judgment that Baal’s ego fragment would be destroyed first before the flesh was completely broken. He trusted the conclusion based on solid evidence, Satisfy’s characteristics, and his various experiences. It was fine even if something went wrong.

‘I have Sehee.’

Next, Baal’s fist was stuck in his armor. Grid was hit by the counterattack. He responded with a three fusion sword dance. However, Grid’s sword couldn’t reach Baal and it soared upward instead. It was because it lost its trajectory after Grid’s wrist was hit by Baal’s foot. Grid’s move that caused this loss was giving up his chest. His body was pushed back and his reach became shorter.

On the other hand, Baal’s kick overwhelmed Grid in speed because it moved along the shortest path.

‘This jerk.’

Grid realized it when he saw Baal smiling—Baal had learned martial arts. Unlike ordinary great demons, he didn’t fight according to instinct or relied on his power. Rather, he used systematic fighting techniques. Looking back at the action of Baal’s fist hitting his armor, it was highly likely he was good at

Jujitsu. If the armor had been a bit softer, then he would've pushed his hand inside using this weakness and grabbed at Grid's body.

Red energy overflowed from Grid's left hand as he recovered the soaring sword and used Pinnacle. It was the precursor of Blood Flow Wave. Baal's body shook as he tried to avoid Pinnacle. It was because the chain of shockwaves caused by Blood Flow Wave caused him to lose his balance. It might be different if it was the main body, but Zik's body couldn't completely resist physical conditions.

The moment Pinnacle cut his shoulder, the soaring blood took the form of a blade. It was a combo completed with Blood Sword Shatter.

Grid used Item Combination without a break. The Fire Dragon Sword was combined with the Enlightenment Sword to maximize the power of the next attack. The ensuing sword dance was Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.

The whole process took place in less than two seconds. The explosion and cutting sound that occurred one step late was delivered to the ground in a dizzying manner. People were mesmerized by the sight of the shockwaves and colorful skill effects colliding, fragmenting and decorating the sky. It was a different fight.

Some broadcasters gave up on a live broadcast. They emphasized their expertise by looking back at the situation that occurred a second ago, but hundreds or thousands of times slower, in order to identify and analyze the battle. Viewership rose vertically.

Baal, who started to be hit by Transcended Link Kill Wave, used a trick to reverse the situation. He took advantage of Zik's extremely developed physical body and expressed his willpower to subdue Storm of the Fire God. Even so, he marveled at the power of Transcended Link Kill Wave Pinnacle and layered demonic energy over his skin.

"Cough!" Grid was in the midst of the movement for Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle when he coughed up blood. Baal's palm dug into the gap in Grid's armor, opened up Grid's belly, and tore at his intestines. The unbelievable level of pain and the enormous damage proportional to it was something Grid had never experienced before and it shocked him.

The moment Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle was over, he desperately wrapped a bandage around his abdomen and took potions and hemostatic agents. Then he was wary of Baal, who stood blankly without following up with another attack on Grid. Based on the movement of his mouth, he seemed to be having a conversation with someone.

'Does he have schizophrenia?'

It made sense if it was this guy. Grid regarded it as insignificant. He didn't miss the opportunity and rushed toward Baal. He alternated between using Shunpo and a sword dance, and using Shunpo and the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship, with no time difference in between them, to attack Baal from all directions. It was in a much more dense manner than when he fought against Biban.

Baal gritted his teeth as he dodged, was cut, and fought back. "I told you to stop."

They weren't words for Grid. It was a warning for the son of a bitch who was preparing to shoot.

The sniper ignored the warning. Grid's body was hit by a magic bullet that suddenly appeared and he flew far away. The impact seemed great as he fell heavily with his head tilted back.

'Dammit.' Grid stopped just before he struck the ground and he gritted his teeth. He knew from the beginning that Barbatos was lurking somewhere on the battlefield. The reason why Grid spread out the God Hands, Noe, Randy, and the vampires, and was vigilant of his surroundings, was in preparation for the sniping. His transcendent senses were consumed by reading Baal's attacks, so he judged that it would be difficult to recognize and respond to the sniping at the same time.

It wasn't a bad judgment. The problem was that the God Hands and his subordinates couldn't read the trajectories of the magic bullets.

"Leave the rat to us." Braham glanced at Mercedes, Asmophel, and Kyle before disappearing. He intended to search for Barbatos.

It was a cool analysis of the situation. Baal was currently at such a high altitude that some people mistakenly thought he was standing beside the moon. Magic that could reach there was extremely limited, but Braham and Kyle's conditions weren't yet recovered. It was hard to exercise an effective shot.

There were ways to get close and fight, but it was likely they wouldn't be able to handle Baal's speed and skill, and would instead hold Grid back. It was like committing suicide for a magician to fight in close combat with an equal or higher ranked person. Braham had regained the strength of a direct descendant, but he hadn't mastered the art of melee combat. Rather than taking risks and fighting Baal, it was better for them to find Barbatos and prevent him from shooting Grid.

"I will fight with My Liege." Mercedes turned a blind eye to Braham's call.

"We can only find him easily with you. Barbatos' subordinates are united, so it will be dangerous with just Sir Braham and Kyle."

"....."

She was persuaded by Asmophel. Even so, she asked Grid for confirmation before leaving.

"My Liege, can you hold out on your own?" she looked up cutely at him and asked. She pretended to be calm with no expression, but her big eyes shook and reminded him of a scared squirrel.

Grid smiled without knowing it and nodded. "Go and help Braham."

"Leave it to me." Mercedes disappeared after Braham.

Grid's body was slowly injured.

'What should I do in this situation?'

Barbatos' sniper fire that came as soon as his transcendent senses were consumed by Baal's attack...

He needed to find a way to respond to attacks that were hard to grasp with his eyes and senses.

'It is pointless to make a clone with Belial's Power.'

It was the power of the 32nd Great Demon. There was no probability of deceiving Baal and Barbatos' senses when even the Sword Saint's super sensitivity could perceive the clone. Berith's Power of Automatic Transformation could block projectiles, but the duration was only one minute. It wasn't a fundamental solution. Finally, borrowing Keen Insight was dangerous because it would weaken Mercedes. Mercedes needed Keen Insight to search for Barbatos.

'Wait...' The silver threads flashed through Grid's mind. The innovated Magic Power Ejection Machine added physical strength and variability by mixing the silver threads with injected magic power.

Grid called all 30 God Hands to his side. The silver threads ejected from the Magic Power Ejection Machine were woven onto the fingers of the God Hands. It was hard to distinguish with the naked eye. The faint silver threads were mixed with magic power and they were very close to being transparent.

The God Hands gradually distanced themselves from Grid. This was until the silver threads tied to their fingers pulled tightly. It was the moment when an invisible cobweb unfolded around Grid. The 30 God Hands moved in a straight line and the silver threads crossed in a diagonal manner shone faintly with Grid in the center.

Just then, the bottom of the cobweb shook. Barbatos's shot was caught on the radar made of silver threads.

Grid tilted his head at an angle. He avoided the sniping with simple actions that didn't rely on his transcendence. It was an obvious evolution.

Baal, who was repeatedly swearing at Barbatos, welcomed it.

Chapter 1513

Pain was to be remembered. Once imprinted, it couldn't be easily shaken off.

"...It doesn't hurt at all." Jishuka smiled slightly as she sat in the capsule for a long time and rubbed her fingers. The pain in her fingers that overlapped every time she continuously fired—this was the worst penalty an archer had to endure. They had to feel the pain of their flesh being crushed, their muscles being ruptured, and their bones cracking throughout the battle. It might not be comparable to actual pain, but it still hurt.

Above all, it was very difficult psychologically. The longer the battle, the more times the bowstring was pulled. She knew that this pain would stay in her memories and torture her all night after she returned to reality and she sometimes wanted to run away.

Of course, she didn't really escape. She didn't take a step back. She didn't complain of pain to her colleagues or show it. Even so, Grid knew her pain. After she returned from the hell expedition, he presented her with a new thimble. It was a durable thimble. It wrapped around her fingers and contained Grid's warm consideration.

'...You have always been paying attention to me.'

He trusted her. He thought she would be able to do well with this rough thimble.

"Good, let's have strength."

Jishuka enjoyed the moment for a while before standing up vigorously. On the hologram in front of the capsule, Grid's activity was being shown. It was very cool to see him break through the crisis in some way. It was an expected performance. Just as Grid believed in Jishuka, she believed in Grid.

'Relax and fight at ease.'

She would protect the Behen Archipelago to the end—she made this resolution as she ate the banana milk flavored calorie bar and spicy chicken flavored nuts. It was an effort to adapt to Korean tastes, although it was a distorted palate. In any case, she supplemented herself with nutrients and lay down in the capsule again.

The 8th Great Demon, Barbatos, presided over death. If the target was within his 'field of view,' he could shoot them regardless of the distance and terrain. Thus, he was called the god of death.

He was the object of actual faith. His ability to execute others beyond time and space was sufficient to make him an object of awe and worship. Unlike Sitri, who swallowed the ghosts of hell and lost his ego in exchange for gaining a power comparable to a god, Barbatos was becoming a real demon god with the worship of other demons.

...This was until Leraje became active. It was hundreds of years ago. Leraje returned with the undefeated myth from the Behen Archipelago and emerged as a new idol. Otherwise, Barbatos would have succeeded in building divinity by monopolizing the worship of demons.

In Empress Basara's bedroom, inside the imperial palace...

'What...' Barbatos, who was using a place no one could've predicted as a sniping point, was shaken. It was because Grid kept avoiding and blocking his sniping. Grid did it while fighting Baal. He was doing the impossible.

'Is Baal doing it half-heartedly?'

It was natural to wonder about such a thing. Barbatos was close to Baal's faction, but he didn't trust Baal. Baal knew clearly that he was aiming for Grid's divinity and made it difficult on purpose. He cursed and said that there wouldn't be another son of a bitch like this in the world. Then, suddenly—

'...No?' He confirmed that Baal's face had a distorted smile.

Chill.

For the first time, a chill went down Barbatos' spinal cord that caused him to shake.

The upper part of the silver threads shook greatly and sent a signal. Baal had rubbed against the silver threads in the process of charging. Thanks to this, Grid identified the location Baal was coming from even before his transcendent senses were activated. He predicted the next attack by assigning Baal's fist techniques and personality to the trajectory he emerged from.

It was the moment when his speed and level of thinking entered the realm of a perfect genius.

“...Hahat?!” Baal burst out into uncontrollable laughter as he was hit back after his attack was blocked. His expression crumpled like a piece of paper. It wasn’t an expression of emotion. It was just that his damaged nerves changed his facial muscles.

Grid’s sword accelerated. To be exact, it seemed to be accelerating. It was due to expansion. The sword that was surrounded by mana, blood, and fighting energy rapidly increased in size and cut at Baal’s shoulder while blocking Barbatos’ sniping.

‘It is easy.’

This was Grid’s impression. This was the aftermath of the senses and intuition that was regarded as the exclusive property of geniuses. The information delivered by the silver threads of the 30 God Hands orbiting at intervals of five meters opened up a new horizon for Grid.

The senses that told him the form of attack and also the direction it flew in. It was different from his transcendent senses and Keen Insight. His transcendent senses only informed him that a threat was coming. It raised his reflexes without reading it in detail until the ‘form’ of the threat approaching was clear. Keen Insight had the prerequisite of ‘look at it with your eyes.’

These abilities were bound to be great, but they were just less convenient when compared with the ‘senses that always dominate a radius of 5 meters.’

The horizontally tilted sword dropped down and rose up. There was a sound like thunder when it slashed. Then strangely, it stopped in the middle of the rotation. It disappeared without notice. This was because the sword dance was used at unexpected timings by actively utilizing the body that ignored a certain amount of physical laws.

The swordsmanship was neither deeply devised nor systematic. It only responded to the information delivered by his senses in real time. Thus, it was even trickier. Grid’s sword dance, which had its own regularity, turned into something mysterious as it moved gracefully and fell suddenly.

‘He is a truly interesting guy.’ Baal grabbed his restless left hand and stepped back. It was only after several minutes of attacking and defending that he saw through and escaped Grid’s artificial sensory field. ‘He is stronger than the tower members.’

Baal’s face was displaying an expression of admiration that didn’t suit him. He marveled at how Grid had become a different being in just a few minutes. At the time when he gained Zik’s body, Baal checked that it was on the level of a ‘high level tower association member.’ Still, the upper dantian was comparable to his main body and he was able to control the hell moon. He decided he would enjoy it as much as he could while in the human world.

Surprisingly, the situation changed rapidly. Rather than enjoying it for a while, his fate would be decided right now.

‘There is no comparable target.’

This was the conclusion Baal came to after comparing Grid’s talent to the geniuses of previous generations. Baal had seen the birth and destruction of countless worlds. Along the way, he had witnessed and experienced more geniuses than the stars, but he thought Grid was the best. It was

natural. If Madra had lived for decades more, then he might've been qualified to be a dragon slayer or a god killer, but the man in front of him was younger than when Madra died.

'Has the last world finally come? Really?'

Grid struck Barbatos' bullet that came again and urged Baal, "It is pointless to buy time. Come on, use your power."

There was no intention to provoke Baal. Grid was just enjoying this moment. It was thrilling to have complete control over the flow of battle and to break his limits. There was no burden.

The act of paying attention to his senses consumed a lot of concentration, but Grid's senses were artificial. It was implemented with items, thus it consumed less concentration. It was much faster than when he solely relied on his transcendent senses. In fact, the stamina consumption dropped dramatically. Compared to the first moment when he fought Baal, the subsequent seven minute fight consumed less stamina.

"I don't have a power." Red magic power appeared in Baal's smiling eyes. Then the demonic energy, which had been wrapped around his skin like armor, rose in a haze. It was reminiscent of the past Grid's Blackening. It was a change in order to make something. Zik's body was demonized. The arm, which seemed to be falling off, was quickly restored.

"This is the limit."

Currently, Baal was only a fragment of a particular ego. It was impossible for him to use Baal's power or to summon hell. It was a matter of authority that was in a completely different realm from controlling the hell moon. Baal did the best he could with his present self. He thought that was enough.

"It won't disappoint you."

Did the east wind blow? The demonic energy overflowing from Baal's body shook. The wavelength was huge. A huge explosion occurred on the other side of the direction in which the demonic energy shook. Seven training grounds that fostered powerful soldiers in the empire had disappeared without a trace.

Grid, who was in that path, also disappeared.

"Uh..." From the time that Grid appeared to now—the Overgeared members, who were helping the soldiers retreat according to Lauel's order, stiffened like stone statues. An explosion occurred in the distance and they couldn't hear Grid's theme song. They couldn't even see Grid. Perhaps...

Before the speculation could be completed...

—!

A light flashed where Baal stood and Grid's theme song played again. Baal's appearance became blurred and it turned into a black line. It intertwined with an orange line above it. Every time the two lines collided, a late thunderous sound was heard.

"Grid!"

From the side of the imperial palace, magic was shot along with Braham's cry that was filled with a rare passion. A huge tsunami swallowed the sky that was dyed several colors. The moment the line became a dot and the volume increased, the tsunami disappeared.

This was Baal's mistake. As he was blocking the tsunami, meteorites fell from the sky. The tsunami, which was huge enough to swallow the sky, was just a distraction to divert his gaze.

"This...!" Vantner's face turned pale. Perhaps it was too much to summon 10 meteorites, but Braham's body on the terrace faltered. At this time, an explosion occurred in the palace and caused Braham to fall to the ground. Kyle chased after him while engulfed in electric currents.

He felt desperate that all eight demons in the procession chasing after him had the modifier 'Barbatos's subordinates.' The series of explosions inside the palace caused part of the imperial palace to collapse. In these circumstances, Mercedes and Asmophel seemed to be engaged in a fierce battle with Barbatos.

"Dammit!" Vantner was running before he knew it. It was his job to retreat safely with the remaining soldiers, but he turned a blind eye to the mission for the first time. He thought that if he left like this, he would regret it for the rest of his life.

"Hey! Let's go together!"

"We are together!"

"Y-You guys..."

Vantner turned to look at the source of the voices behind him and was thrilled. It wasn't just the Overgeared members. The allied forces were also following after him. He was risking his allies, but Vantner felt good. He was swept away by the hot friendship and lost his sense of reason.

Just then, he heard a creepy noise that didn't fit. He looked over in surprise and saw the ice meteorites. Braham had used the last of his physical strength to reset the cooldown of Meteor. The launched Meteor fell as a mass of ice.

"This is Zik's power. It is like Rebecca's own strength."

Dozens of runes that formed characters wrapped around Baal. This was followed by a desperate sight. The ice meteorites started to shatter. It was all except for one meteorite.

".....!"

Baal's eyes widened as his face was crushed by a meteorite that fell as if it was frozen. Out of the 10 meteorites, it was one that was particularly small and made of metal. This was Grid's willpower.

"Ohhhhh!"

Grid chased after Baal, who lost his balance and fell. The Falling Moon Sword, Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle Drop, 500,000 Army Annihilation Sword, and Divinity to reuse Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle struck Baal indiscriminately. In the process, Grid's limbs twisted bizarrely and his wrist holding the sword broke, but Grid didn't let go of the sword in his hand.

He gritted his teeth and stuck to it even when half his face and his chest were torn by Baal's fierce counterattack. He awakened his fading consciousness using the flashes from the rays of light. He called the God Hands to support his wrists, waist, and shoulders.

"It is the left!"

"The shoulder is just a little bit more...!"

Using Noe and Randy as his eyes, the sword route was connected.

"...Sob sob!Kuhahahak!"Baal's cry might be a scream or a laugh. He stopped the moment he crashed into the ground.

"....."

It was a lie-like result and no one could believe the situation. They were nervously vigilant toward Baal, who was lying down silently.

In the silence, Grid moved. The two swords that were in a state of unity due to the chain of Divinity were dismantled and returned to his inventory. He covered his ragged upper body and shaking legs with a cloak and his crushed face with a God Hand. He couldn't show people a weak figure. It was the responsibility he should bear. It was a hero's posture.

[The ego fragment of the 1st Great Demon, Baal, has disappeared.]

Chapter 1514

30,556—this was Grid's remaining health value. It was fatal that Baal's rising speed after using Blackening was directly related to his .hit rate.

'If I had been hit by the last counterattack, I would've immediately entered the immortality state.'

The power of Blackening, that he experienced for the first time in ages through someone else, was wonderful. It was difficult to temporarily adapt to the sharp rise in attack power and speed. He wanted to have it again.

'It would've been really hard if I entered the immortal state.'

The real reason he was afraid of Baal after Blackening was used was that the health gauge was gone. The health marker had literally disappeared. This created more pressure than imagined. It was an unexpected change that could only be described as a fear that he had never experienced before. It was because he had no idea how much damage his attack did to the enemy. It confused his judgment in many ways. The end of the fight wasn't possible without the enemy's death, so the skill usage itself wasn't smooth.

Therefore, he just used everything. He aimed for the timing when Braham drew attention with Meteor. He placed a mass of greed between the nine meteorites. The moment Baal was caught off guard, he swung the Falling Moon Sword.

First, he cut off both arms to weaken Baal's defense. Then he swapped his weapon and poured out his ultimate skills. Due to that, he suffered a major rebound. Baal's regeneration speed was faster than

expected and Grid was. .hit by continuous counterattacks. If he hadn't grabbed Baal's neck with one hand, he would've been swept away from the shockwave, bounced far away, and missed the chance to win.

Yet somehow, he succeeded in taking Baal down. Grid confirmed that it was the correct judgment. If he had hesitated a bit and his immortality occurred before Baal died, he would've experienced unbearable chaos.

Could he keep fighting like this? Wouldn't he die first? Wasn't it better to fall back and start recovering? Etc, etc. It was highly likely he would've slowed down from all the questions, leading to defeat. The only reason was that he couldn't see Baal's health.

'Is it Baal's inherent power?' Grid thought about it but soon came to the conclusion that this wasn't the case. Baal couldn't use his power. It was the limitation that led to him using Zik's power, the original master of the body.

'It makes sense to see it as a correction effect for all top-ranked beings.'

Beings who didn't show their health from a certain phase or whose health wasn't marked from the beginning...

It was different from the type of boss monster whose maximum health rose sharply and the figure was marked with a question mark. The gauge with question marks would return to its original form if the monster kept being hit, but there was no proper answer to the absence of the gauge itself. There was no way to know when it would die, so they could only fight to the death. The difficulty of combat was actually tens of times higher.

'Well... I just need to be stronger.'

Let's focus on this moment.

[The compensation is being settled.]

The achievement of killing Baal seemed to be great. He might've only killed the fragment of a particular ego, but the system didn't easily give him compensation and was calculating it carefully. It felt chilly, unlike in the past where exclamation marks were displayed to express admiration and embarrassment. Still, this wasn't surprising. The system had no personal feelings. It was normal to be businesslike.

"...Sigh." Grid was briefly lost in thought as he looked at Zik's body that was left behind by Baal. The wound on his face became dim as he restored his breathing. His vision returned to normal. Immediately, he leaped into the sky. Perhaps they didn't know that Baal was dead or they simply didn't believe it—eight of Barbatos' subordinates were chasing after Kyle as he raced through the sky. Braham was unconscious in Kyle's arms.

'That person is truly...'

Braham had regained the power of a direct descendant. His species was now a complete vampire, a demonkin. Rather than recovering from the flames of the red phoenix released by Storm of the Fire God, he must've felt severe pain and fatigue. It was also after a few days on the battlefield, so it was clear that he wasn't in perfect condition.

However, he was in a crisis due to helping Grid by searching for Barbatos in that state. It was a judgment that wasn't like the Duke of Wisdom. Emotions preceded reason. Thanks to him, Grid was able to overpower Baal before his immortality occurred...

'Don't worry.'

"Hahat...Keok!"

As he narrowed the distance to Kyle, a few of Barbatos' subordinates, who were laughing, started screaming. It was because their neck, shoulders, arms, and legs were cut by something that appeared through the electric currents scattered by Kyle. Those who belatedly recognized Grid were shocked.

"Is this real?"

"Baal was killed?"

They freaked out and took a step back, only to soon stop. They left afterimages as they moved discreetly and surrounded Grid. There was no awkwardness in the formation of the eight subordinates.

"Now that I see it, you are in tatters."

"Did you come here to die on your own? Kukuk!"

The subordinates of a single digit great demon were very high in the hierarchy. It was enough to represent hell anywhere. If they valued the present rather than the 'better future,' they could aim for the throne of the hell in the 20s right now.

Grid was seen as good prey for these great guys. Grid was in bad condition. His recovery speed in real time was fast, but he was still ragged. Barbatos' subordinates precisely saw through Grid's condition.

"I think it is better to avoid them..." Kyle called out as he stood on the outside of those who surrounded Grid in an instant. His lowered eyes and quiet voice was polite and elegant. It seemed he had been eagerly studying etiquette since becoming the only pillar of the empire.

'Kyle deserves to aim for a dukeshi+p.'

He was born in the empire and his fighting strength had grown to the highest levels in the empire. If he could abide by the etiquette and prove his loyalty well, he could reign above tens of thousands of people generation after generation. Kyle's expression was distorted as he glanced at the back of the satisfied Grid.

'This is crazy... doesn't he want to run away?'

Kyle didn't learn etiquette again. In the empire, he was still known as a haughty and overbearing person. The reason why his attitude became more polite in front of Grid was simply due to fear. He barely remembered the etiquette he had learned when serving the former emperor.

"I don't think you need to overdo it..." Kyle raised his courage to speak while turning his attention to the palace where explosions were still ringing out. Mercedes and Asmophel gave a signal to flee while tying up Barbatos' feet. Or they were telling him to run away. Grid had other thoughts.

"Are they telling me to run away with Braham? Leave you guys behind?"

“...No.” Kyle had an expression of horror on his face. He never dreamed about running away alone. For him, Grid was an irresistible fear.

“If I kill him, won’t my goal of participating in this war be achieved?”

“The prey has jumped into my mouth on his own. I’m happy, but I can’t believe it because it is so unrealistic.”

Barbatos’ subordinates giggled as they revealed their killing intent and greed. They saw Grid as their prey. It was a good enough situation.

‘XX... What should I do...?’

It happened as Kyle was gradually becoming angry...

Barbatos’s subordinates were suddenly attacked by Grid and screamed unanimously. They stepped into the realm of artificial senses and were cut in reverse.

Grid didn’t take a single step from his position. The faces of Kyle and the subordinates watching him were pale.

‘Was he pretending to be dying?’

It was natural that they misunderstood. Grid had gained a huge amount of experience from the rewards that had just been settled. At level 503, he reached the fifth stats awakening and was completely different from a second ago. Kyle got goosebumps. He looked at Grid, who tested him even while postponing the crisis, and felt like Grid was the devil. If he had tricked and betrayed Grid, what terrible end would have been waiting for him?

“He is still fine after killing Baal?”

“What is this guy?!”

Barbatos’ subordinates fled desperately without looking back.

Grid chased after them. The reason Barbatos was so difficult to deal with was that he showed the power to share the vision of his subordinates. Grid wanted to get rid of more subordinates when he had the opportunity. He also wanted to become more familiar with the functions of the Magic Power Ejection Machine.

The basic function of the Magic Power Ejection Machine was to mix silver threads with the injected magic power. The silver threads were decomposed to particles and were preserved inside the ejection machine. It moved toward in response to mana.

It was an attempt to give ‘physical strength’ and ‘variability’ to magic power. It was sufficiently successful. In order to increase the length of the silver threads as much as possible, turning it into powder and mixing it with magic power was especially effective. The volume of magic power and the volume of silver threads were proportional.

The disadvantage was that the larger the volume of magic power was, the weaker the concentration of the silver threads were. Now even that had been sublimated into an advantage. It was thanks to the use

of artificial sensations. The density of silver threads was very low. When mixed with magic power, it stretched tightly and spread out around Grid like a cobweb. In fact, it was close to pure magic power, so it couldn't be caught by the hand. Thanks to this, it was difficult for others to realize they had collided with the silver threads except for Grid's messengers whom he was linked to with magic power. It was like how a person who was rubbed by dust didn't feel the dust.

'It was late, but Baal still noticed it.'

It was necessary to expand the limit even more. As long as the linkage between magic power and the silver threads didn't break, the magic power could expand as much as possible to completely erase the presence of the silver threads. If it stayed like it was, Baal would notice the artificial senses from the beginning when they met again in the future.

'At the same time.'

He should know how to use the expanded silver threads and shrink it as necessary to pressure the enemy.

Just like this.

"Ugh?!"

One of the subordinates wielding a spear viciously at Grid was flustered. It was because his spear was caught by something invisible in the air. The face of the demon, who was pulled toward Grid, became contemplative.

'What is this strength?'

"Kuaaack!"

The screams of the subordinate didn't stop. It was due to being cut to pieces by Grid. Thanks to this, the other subordinates were able to escape safely. The moment they neared the imperial palace, a light that was presumed to be Barbatos popped out and disappeared along with the subordinates.

Grid didn't chase after them. It was impossible to chase and kill all of them when those with health and defense similar to the great demons in the 20s were running away. He was satisfied with killing the demon he caught earlier.

'The control of the silver threads is still too slow. Let's practice steadily.'

The method of replacing the silver threads with Greed with the most ideal, but... it was unreasonable based on the current performance. Greed would give off a great sense of existence even if it was turned to powder.

[Barbatos' subordinate 'Guga' has been killed.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Guga's Trident has been acquired.]

[You have failed to absorb the vision from the subordinate because you already possess Barbatos' Vision.]

'Next time, I will have to yield it to someone else.'

As Grid learned a new fact and people stared at him, a world message popped up.

[All the hell commanders of the hell army invading the Abyss have retreated.]

[The Abyss has temporarily entered a lull.]

This was good news. The war that had continued for three days and nights stopped for a while. The allied soldiers and players cheering enthusiastically for Grid sat down and were thankful for surviving. They cried and laughed together.

"There seems to be a bit of confusion with the memories of my previous life."

Zikrefector arrived at the Abyss only after all the events had ended. He looked at his body for the first time in a long period of time and said, "I guess I was dissatisfied with my body in my previous life."

Zik's body had lost one arm and two legs. Grid was the cause, but no one told him the truth. Grid, who was looking away from Zikrefector and reviewing the rewards he received from Baal, belatedly opened his mouth, "You will be able to walk safely. We have the Saintess."

"...Um." Zikrefector gave a rare smile. He was pleased that he had regained his real body after repeated reincarnations for many years and suffering from the curse and dull emotions.

"I will give a prayer of thanks to my only God. I will repay your grace by staying by your side forever."

[You have built a deep bond with your apostle 'Zikrefector'.]

"....."

In this case...

Zikrefector's unprecedented attitude instilled a sense of guilt in Grid. He looked at the distant mountain in an uncomfortable manner. Many people, including Kyle and Duke Grenhal, reacted like they couldn't believe it. It was the first time they had seen the grandmaster smile, bow his head, or show respect to others. Of course, they were convinced because the other person was Grid.

Chapter 1515

Satisfy had revolutionized the broadcasting industry. The shooting methods that utilized skills and magic made it possible to shoot scenes that couldn't be captured in reality. It was one of the reasons why various types of movies and dramas were being produced in Satisfy, rather than reality.

『 It is really wonderful... 』

『 I am so moved that I'm crying. 』

The broadcasters from each country were excited. There were many people whose voices were hoarse or their faces were messed up in the process of conveying the situation of the Abyss to viewers. Everyone witnessed it thanks to the sophisticated shooting techniques.

Immediately after the battle, the ragged Grid tried to hide his wounds. Hundreds of millions of viewers witnessed the consideration of Grid, which wasn't seen by the people in the field, and his sense of responsibility. It was an event that would be talked about in length.

The video of Grid covering his face with a God Hand was already spreading like wildfire through the community. People at the scene would soon see the video and most of them would probably become fans of Grid.

『 The reason why Grid is the best player... it isn't just because he is strong. It is due to this attitude... 』

『 Yes, that's right. I think we definitely know now why so many people want to be with Grid. 』

Hao, who bent to Grid every time, and Damian, who openly claimed to be Grid's subordinate—China and Japan, which had been enraged by their abandonment of pride and engaged in national anti-Grid activities, also became respectful. Grid's appearance that shone in an unprecedented crisis drove the unity of humanity.

Baal only dropped a few gems. Grid checked it over and over for special functions, but they were all ordinary. It was unconscionable to describe a top-grade gem that could change people's lives as ordinary, but... in any case, there weren't any items with Baal's modifiers, by-products, or myth rated items.

It was as expected. The Baal that Grid killed was just a fragment of a specific ego. It was only an extreme part of Baal. It was surprising that he even gave the gems.

'By the way, why did he give so much experience?'

Leveling up had become easier after reaching level 400 and breaking through the hell section, but this was the first time he gained over 20 levels at once. Honestly, it was questionable. An ego fragment of Baal gave so much experience?

'...It is natural.'

It didn't matter what state Baal was in. Despite all the circumstances, Baal had displayed a Biban-grade combat power. A transcendent who could single-handedly destroy or save humanity—Grid defeated such a great figure.

Don't mention 20 levels. He would've been convinced even if he had risen 30 levels.

'It is a pity that a power wasn't added to the rune, but that is understandable.'

The biggest reward for killing Baal wasn't Grid's rise in levels, but his rise in status. It had jumped up two stages. First of all, his maximum stamina and recovery amount increased.

'This is very big.'

The artificial sensations created by the Magic Power Ejection Machine greatly reduced the burden on Grid. His concentration and unnecessary actions consumed during the battle were dramatically reduced. Thanks to this, stamina consumption itself was noticeably reduced, but his stamina had increased due to the rise in status.

'I won't be tired even after fighting for half a day.'

Of course, it varied depending on the opponent's level, but for ordinary hunting, he wouldn't be tired even if he hunted all night. Additionally, his mental world had been enhanced.

'I need to confirm this directly.'

After making the sword, it seemed appropriate to climb the Tower of Wisdom and check it against Biban. Would Storm of the Fire God break due to a blow from Biban or would it hold out a bit? The difference would be very big.

'By the way...'

Grid had a new question. The transcendent status. It was a system for transcendents, not Gods. Why was he enjoying this effect even after he became a God? Of course, he didn't feel it was strange due to the power he enjoyed. Still, it was objectively a strange event. It was enough to make him wonder if it was a bug. It was natural.

There was a certain law that Gods couldn't kill Gods. On the other hand, the ultimate transcendent had the qualification to be a God killer. Was it normal for Grid to be included in both?

'These S.A guys.'

Perhaps they would increase his transcendence by a lot only to later say it was a bug? Then they would take it back...

'...No way, it can't be.'

Grid shook his head and brushed off the terrible delusions. So far, Satisfy didn't have a single bug. How could there be a bug now? The coexistence of divinity and transcendence was likely to be some arrangement that was unknown to his present self.

'Think positively.'

He felt really good because his transcendent status had risen by two stages. If the basics were high, then it was unconditionally beneficial. His fighting power would be great even if he faced the 'demotion penalty' someday. It was enough to preserve a certain extent.

Level 505—Grid opened his status window and evenly distributed the stat points that had accumulated in a large number. He took care not to spoil the golden ratio.

"Ohh!!"

A miracle was unfolding before their eyes. A transparent light surrounded Zik's severely damaged body that was lying down with a peaceful expression. The wounds carved all over the body disappeared

without a trace and the cut off limbs were restored again. It was the miracle created by the Saintess with the operation of Prayer.

The hundreds of thousands of allied troops were thrilled as if they had witnessed a God. Duke Morse shed tears. He seemed to be impressed by Ruby again. There was a dangerous manner to the way his eyes turned. There was a temperament of fanaticism.

‘At this rate, Sehee might become a real God...’

It happened as Grid was thinking too early about things...

Step.

Zikfrector stood facing his own body that had regained its intact appearance. “As expected... there must be some confusion with the memories of my past life.”

“Is there a problem?”

“Rather, it is the opposite. According to my memories, my body wasn’t this great. Now it is almost perfect.”

“Haha.”

Grid and the Overgeared members didn’t think much. They thought Zikfrector was mistaken out of excitement. Only Faker knew the truth and had doubts. ‘Baal enhanced Zik’s body. Does that mean it is possible for him to plant poison inside?’

Faker was concerned.

Zikfrector was also wary of Baal. He used runes for checking, purification, and security to review his body again and again. The result?

‘...Wonderful.’

It wasn’t an illusion. Zik’s main body, which was temporarily loaned to Baal, was more developed than before. His physical disadvantages had disappeared and it was perfectly trained. Other than that, there was nothing suspicious. Zikfrector came to one conclusion. ‘Baal induced the war between heaven and humanity.’

Maybe this was why he indirectly helped them. No, the statement of helping wasn’t right. The expression of ‘falling into a trap’ was appropriate. From the time he destroyed the Abyss to find and strengthen Zik’s body, heaven and humanity were forced to be hostile.

‘The great human and demon war is just a springboard. What does he want? The ruin of the Gods? The fall of humanity?’

...Well, it didn’t matter.

Grid had long been planning to confront Heaven and a war against Heaven was Zik’s long desire. The trap that Baal dug was to help them... The deeply smiling Zikfrector placed his hand on the forehead of his sleeping main body. Dozens of runes came up. The bodies of Zikfrector and Zik faced each other and started to gradually spin. Soon—

[The 6th evil, Zik, has been revived.]

The transfer of souls caused this world message to appear. It was a long-awaited moment for Grid, Zibal and the Overgeared members, but it was a big shock to ordinary people who didn't know Zikrefrector's identity. During the entire process...

"Amazing..."

Bunsdel and the warriors of the half-draconians were watching from the sky. They had crossed the warp gate with Grid to the Abyss. They didn't receive any orders, so they just watched Grid from beginning to end. The conclusion they came to after a long period of observation was:

"He is indeed our God. Bark!"

"Woof woof!"

It was to be ardently loyal. The combat power that single-handedly brought down Baal, the power that virtually kept the empire and other nations at his feet, the charisma to have not only legends and archangels as apostles, but also one of the seven evils...

For the half-draconians, there was no reason not to serve Grid.

'Based on the way they are always barking, I feel like they are misunderstanding something.'

They mistakenly thought that barking like a dog was an act of serving God. Bunsdel covered his face and sighed deeply. He was worried that if this continued, they would be stigmatized as half-dogs, not half-draconians. Still, what could he do? The half-draconians had vowed to be dogs. He could only accept it.

"I will cure you."

The Curse of Sloth, which had plagued Zik for years, was engraved on his soul, not his body. It wasn't a problem that could be overcome just by regaining his body. Braham, who just woke up, easily broke it. The result of the research obtained at the expense of his kin could be given to others thanks to his recovered strength as a direct descendant.

Did he have mixed feelings?

Zik closed his eyes and quietly wept. Zibal, who had witnessed his hardships, also sniffled. Grid was also crying... he cried the most. It was a side effect of easily understanding and empathizing with other people's feelings and thoughts. Grid stopped crying after he felt Zibal's gaze, only to suddenly become curious about something.

A body was left behind after Zik's soul transferred. In other words, what would happen to Grandmaster Zikrefrector's vacant body in the future?

"That is now just a corpse. It is enough to burn it." Zik spoke politely. It was after he kept thanking Braham.

"...Can I have it?" Grid thought of a possibility and carefully asked for it. Zik agreed with pleasure.

Clack!Clack clack clack!

Overgeared Skeleton One danced excitedly. Iyarugt, who hung from Peak Sword's waist, also cried out.

In the war at the Behen Archipelago, humanity had the advantage.

The firepower of the Overgeared Fleet, which relied on the hundreds of Overgeared Cannons, was extremely strong. Additionally, Bow Saint Jishuka and African Leopard Kujarak were greater than rumored. There was the artillery fire from the sea in the back and the barrier of the allied forces blocking the front. The hell army trapped in this gap continued to falter and failed to break through the difficulties.

'Now it is the limit.'

The 13th Great Demon, Beleth—he fought for three days and nights with the lich while blocking the fleet's bombardment. Thus, his condition wasn't intact.

Now he felt that there was no answer other than to retreat. Still, he held on without rushing.

Gamigin and Barbatos—he was expecting a victory from the Abyss where two single digit great demons were present. Yes, in the first place, the main force was at the Abyss. After occupying the Abyss, the troops sent by the main army would slowly arrive and hit the enemy in the rear. They would soon severely beat up the skull of this fly-like skeleton, who kept distorting space, and the merpeople guarding the powerful cannons...

Beleth patiently endured the humiliation for the joy at that time. He endured persistently. This was why his despair was even greater.

"What...?"

The troops he was waiting for didn't come. Rather, the enemy reinforcements arrived. The scale was over 100,000. In particular, there was a tremendous guy as the leader. Blond hair fell down to his waist while the red waves of power spreading from bizarre letters was unusual. Every time he stepped, he used his transcendence to narrow the distance by kilometers.

'Death.'

Beleth sensed it and immediately flew up. It was toward the portal in the sky that he had been aware of since the beginning. Just then, red rays turned Beleth's lower body into powder. The entire upper body disappeared through the portal that narrowly swallowed it. The momentum that soared through the clouds seemed to reach the stars.

The rays that reached the horizon exploded and created a red glow. It was a sight that would dye Heaven that was beyond the sky.

"....."

"....."

The demons froze. Even the demonic creatures trembled and stepped back. The allied soldiers were also astonished. The results were obvious. The drums of humanity's victory rang even in the Behen Archipelago.

[Your apostle 'Zik' has resolved the first regret. All of Zik's stats will increase slightly and the usage of the runes will be faster.]

The strongest person who witnessed the end of humanity in the previous world—he protected the humans of the current world and relieved a bit of his burden.

Chapter 1516

[All the hell commanders of the hell army invading the Behen Archipelago have retreated.]

[The Behen Archipelago has temporarily entered a lull.]

The war wasn't over. It wasn't known when it would resume again. People were already afraid. Could they hold on if this break was shorter than expected? If the war was to resume again, how many lives would disappear at that time?

"Eddie is dead as well... the 12th company has been completely wiped out except for you and me..."

"Are you crying? This is why I told you not to get close to the soldiers."

"How can I do that? We crossed the line of death together, helped each other, laughed and cried together..."

"You shouldn't have mixed up with them and laughed and cried together."

"How can I do that? damn! How many times do I owe them? They talked about their dreams with shining eyes! How... how could I turn away?"

"In fact, I'm sad as well."

Was this really the winning army? The atmosphere of the allied camp was gloomy. It was mostly the players. Unlike NPCs, who were prepared for the end (death) at the beginning of the war, the players weren't properly prepared to accept death. They suffered great aftereffects after realizing the weight of death, which was particularly harsh on the NPCs throughout the war.

"Let's become stronger. We have no choice but to be stronger if we want to reduce the number of victims, even by one."

"Yes... Kuek."

The sadness that became clearer as the night deepened was covered up with solemn determination.

The 6th evil—no, he should now be called the apostle of the Overgeared God. Zik, who defeated Beleth with overwhelming power, had been appointed as the new commander of the Behen Archipelago. He was a very capable person. He immediately grasped the current situation and reorganized the army. A

new camp was established in order to take advantage of the terrain of the Behen Archipelago. The work was quick and perfect. It had no shortcomings in the eyes of Piaro, who had led numerous wars.

‘As expected, he is Sir Zik.’

It was worthy of being the figure who reigned the empire behind the scenes even before he regained his body. He was qualified to be an apostle chosen by His Liege.

‘It is a hundred times better than me.’

Piario was confident in his skills. He was confident that the more he embodied the teachings gained from Biban and improved the realm of Natural State, the more he would develop. However, he evaluated that it hadn’t reached a level comparable to the other apostles. It was the truth, not self-admonishment.

The other apostles had been different since birth. Nefelina was a dragon and Zik was a half-God. Braham was from Beriache’s direct lineage and Sariel was an archangel. Mercedes was a human being, but she was the owner of Keen Insight. Her growth potential was in a different dimension.

‘Doing this at times like this...’

Don’t waver. I might get lost if I become swept away by anxiety. Let’s walk on the right path, even if it is slowly.

It happened as Piario came out from the barracks and controlled his mind while taking deep, calm breaths...

“You’ve worked hard.” A tall man approached and greeted him politely. It was a man who boasted a height of 2 meters and 23 centimeters. He used his long limbs and elastic muscles to swing his spear like a whip and slaughtered the demons. The name was clearly...

“You are called Kujarak. I saw your performance and was impressed by it.”

“It is thanks to you tying up the feet of Baal’s subordinates and the great demons alone. In particular, the method of deceiving the eyes and ears of the demonic creatures by turning the battlefield into agricultural fields is great. Without you, our allies would’ve received twice the damage.”

Kujarak, the African leopard—he wasn’t the type of person to say meaningless things to get the favor of others. It was the reason why rumors spread that he was negligent when it came to human relations. He paid tribute to Piario purely and truthfully. He had been watching Piario from the time Zik appeared and chased Beleth away.

The reinforcement who arrived at the battlefield one step ahead of Zik—he feared that the hero, who helped his allies with a performance that was more than the rumors, would beat himself up by comparing himself to Zik.

“I’ve felt this since a long time ago. I’ve been looking up to you ever since I saw you blow away one of Belial’s arms. I hope you remember that many people are chasing after your back like me.”

“Haha... Your dream is to be a farmer?”

“No. Then I’ll be going now.”

“...I wish you good luck.”

He was truly a person who couldn't say empty words. Piaro had a very regretful expression, but he soon smiled. His psychological burden was reduced with the encouragement of a true young hero.

Satisfy had a low degree of freedom when it came to customization. The player's appearance wasn't much different from reality. Skin color, eyes, hairstyles, tattoos, scars, and weight could be modified freely, while 'naturally born physical conditions' such as height and skeletal structure were very similar to reality.

Of course, a person who was missing a limb in reality didn't face the harsh possibility of having no limbs even in Satisfy. Satisfy was extremely generous when it came to disabilities. There were only a few concessions when it came to the shape and length of the skeletal structure.

It was because physical characteristics played a major role in individual combat. The realistic law that a person with long arms was advantageous when fighting a person with short arms was also applied to Satisfy.

Satisfy interpreted the player's body as an area of talent. It was just like reality. Of course, it wasn't as harsh as reality. Satisfy had many classes and skills. Since the physical characteristics required for the weapons and techniques used were different, players used their physical conditions to their advantage by choosing a class that suited their body.

This was only for the hardcore gamers. People who dreamed about becoming rankers considered their physical conditions, but the average person didn't care. In the first place, physical conditions only played an important role when fighting individuals or high intelligence monsters. There was no reason for an ordinary person to care. In that sense—

“Kujarak.”

Kujarak, who had long reigned as a top ranker, had superior physical conditions that were considered a blessing from God.

“Are you leaving?”

Katz—he had recently been showing a series of unrivaled activities and was rapidly emerging as a new signboard of the Overgeared Guild. His level rankings also rose sharply and he was selected as the person who benefited the most from the vampire species. He blocked Kujarak's way as Kujarak was leaving the camp.

Kujarak stared at Katz with big and clear eyes like a calf and cocked his head. “This isn't the Katz I know.”

In the past, there was a time when Kujarak and Katz' hunting grounds overlapped. They met quite often and each time, Katz attacked Kujarak while saying that it was his area. To put it nicely, he was aggressive. To put it badly, he was worse than a brute. Yet now Katz was a completely different person. His eyes were calm.

Katz shrugged. “I'm not a child anymore.”

“I’m glad you’ve grown up, even if it is late. Finish the rest of the war well.”

“Are you really going to leave?”

“I want to fight in a place where my strength is needed more desperately.”

“Indeed...”

The fighting power of the resurrected Zik was beyond imagination. Katz measured him to be comparable to Grid or slightly above him. The Behen Archipelago would be safe as long as he was stationed here.

“Good bye.”

Kujarak looked at Katz, who was holding out his hand with a smile. “If you want to exchange farewells, you should apologize first.”

“Are you still upset about the old days? No, that is a very old thing. Additionally, I was the one who died every time.”

“Just because a robber is overpowered doesn’t mean that he is innocent. The sin doesn’t disappear just because it is in the past.”

“damn. I’m sorry.”

“Remove the swear word.”

“...I’m sorry.”

In any case, Kujarak never had a moderate personality since a long time ago. Katz seemed to know why this person couldn’t easily get along with others.

‘It is because he doesn’t know compromise that he is trustworthy.’

Katz thought so and apologized politely. He didn’t intend to make friends with Kujarak now. It was simply closer to showing respect. Kujarak’s performance and attitude throughout the war were a great help.

“Your heart has become stronger. I wish you luck.”

The smiling Kujarak finally accepted Katz’ handshake. The big hand gave Katz a wonderful impression.

‘Everyone is growing.’

The Overgeared Guild was just a handful of players out of 2.2 billion players. It was less than a handful compared to the players who were active and developing in invisible places. Katz, who had always felt competitive with others, had a different mindset for the first time. The great human and demon war was the trigger.

‘I’m cheering for you.’

He hoped they would become stronger together and share Grid’s burden. Katz truly hoped for this. It was something that occurred after seeing the video of Grid hiding his wounds.

The Abyss had Braham, Mercedes, Asmophel, Peak Sword, Chris, etc.

The Behen Archipelago had Zik, Piaro, Jishuka, Katz, Regas, etc.

They worked closely together to maintain the camp and prepare for the demon invasion. Additionally, Bunsdel and 500 half-draconians patrolled the sky and watched out for the mass outbreak of portals. Skilled individuals such as Eat Spicy Jokbal and Hurent also dominated the major strongholds. It was an almost perfect defense compared to the early days of the war.

‘Basara is ready.’

Basara was currently staying in the underground area of the imperial palace. It was to recreate the summoning magic circle that had been sleeping in the depths of the imperial library. It was a summoning magic circle that responded only to red energy. The better the quality of the red energy, the higher the effect. Basara had no choice but to do it herself.

‘Victory. We can win.’

In the worst case scenario where even Baal’s body emerged, there was a chance of winning when they joined forces with everyone. Probably. Of course, the damage would be terrible, but... the fact that hope existed was important.

Thanks to this, Grid could concentrate. He endured the heat emitted by the Furnace of God that was built up like a city wall, and smelted Gujel’s fang. He was worried that he had made a mistake when he saw the fang stained black, but fortunately, it was a natural process.

Gujel’s fang wasn’t metal so it didn’t melt into a molten form. The strength increased by burning the surface and reducing the volume. The expression ‘shedding’ seemed appropriate.

‘It is becoming stronger?’

Grid went beyond admiration and became shocked. He realized again why the level of the dragon weapons and armor made by the members of the Tower of Wisdom were so insignificant. Grid had no worries about how to smelt a tooth that didn’t melt. He naturally understood that his work was going in the right direction. The Overgeared God’s Techniques helped him understand it.

The surface of the ashy fang further increased the strength of the flames in the furnace. The powerful heat generated in an instant burned black all the top-grade stones making up the furnace and withered the trees and grass in the area. The windows of Grid’s smithy, located not far away, melted because they couldn’t be bent. Then judging from the exterior walls that started to crack, the steel frames supporting the building seemed to be twisting.

“Ugh...”

The blacksmiths, who were waiting for him in the distance, stepped back in pain. Their skin had already turned red. Grid summoned Noe and Overgeared Corn to help the craftsmen flee.

Eventually, the smithy collapsed. It was because it couldn’t overcome the heat. Grid’s work clothes had already burned and disappeared. He was naked. To be precise, he was only wearing Beriache’s Underclothing.

'This is crazy.'

If this continued, the furnace would also be destroyed. The rise of heat, caused by the by-product of the fang, exceeded expectations... Grid's concerns soon became a reality. Cracks started to occur on the surface of the myth rated furnace. Even so, Grid didn't stop the bellows. He stared at Gujel's fang, that blackened as if trying to shed again, only to blow a stronger air.

'I can feel it!'

Grid vaguely felt it. The willpower in the fang that emitted light as the flames intensified. Perhaps it was the thoughts of the dead Gujel. It was a part of his dignity that wouldn't give in to anyone.

An explosion occurred. Part of the surface of the Furnace of God was destroyed and the flames circulating inside the furnace erupted. Some of the inner city walls, hit by the flames collapsed and the palace shook from the aftermath that occurred at this time. The ponds evaporated and the garden burned down. The sky was red.

"Uwaaaah!"

Grid's developed hearing captured Rabbit's scream coming from somewhere. However, Grid's use of the bellows accelerated instead. He knew that he wouldn't be able to stop now. It was all or nothing. He believed that Lauel would've evacuated the others, including Irene.

How much time had passed? It was to the point where even Beriache's Underclothing was in tatters.

Just then, Gujel's fang, which had become smaller in size, emitted a transparent glow. The infinite flow of light illuminated the interior of the furnace that was burned black. The furnace seemed to become the universe. The fiercely burning flames died down like it was a lie.

Grid stretched out his tongs. He got rid of Gujel's thoughts, placed the subdued fang on the anvil, and hit it with his hammer. The clear sound that had never been heard before gave Grid a refreshing thrill. The sensation rushed through the back of his neck and penetrated his brain.

[You have succeeded in smelting Gujel's Fang.]

[Your willpower and mental world have strengthened.]

Chapter 1517

The clouds that swept through the hall were dyed a golden color. It was a representation of lingering regret. The expelled Gods were still longing for their homeland.

"Zeratul was defeated and Zik was resurrected."

Hanul's expression was so calm that the three masters were surprised.

'I thought he would be laughing.'

He was the most straightforward about his feelings among the Gods of the beginning. There were often criticisms of frivolity, but that was only from those who didn't know great enjoyment.

"Yes, it is too much humiliation. Even Asgard won't be able to stand by."

“Dominion... no, Judar will move.”

The three masters noticed it. Hanul was contemplating a departure. The timing was appropriate. After a series of unexpected incidents, Asgard’s defenses would be neglected for a while. It wasn’t bad to take this opportunity to invade Asgard.

‘The moment we reach the west, our deity will rise significantly.’

The human beings of the western lands had great distrust in Asgard. They didn’t receive any help during the invasion of the demons. It was easy for them to be the new objects of worshi+p.

‘It isn’t enough just to discuss the odds.’

This opportunity might not come twice. The overlap between Zeratul’s defeat and Zik’s resurrection was such a great event. The probability was close to a miracle. However, it wasn’t necessarily the best to take advantage of this opportunity. The fundamental problem was that it was difficult to see the odds even if they invaded Asgard.

There was a big gap in basic combat effectiveness. This was even if Zeratul had entered the ‘status recovery’ state and Judar would be absent. There were still Rikael and Dominion left over there.

Judar, Dominion, and Rikael were the first Gods and apostles created at the same time as Rebecca was born. They were the ones who expelled them from their home to this land.

Those with a power and authority that transcended the concept of force—they were originally special existences who couldn’t be ignored, just like the ancient Gods, dragons, and beings with the modifier of ‘first’ or ‘beginning,’ such as the three evils of hell.

“Don’t be so nervous.”

The three masters awakened from their thoughts. Pungsa, Unsa and Usa—there was no impatience in Hanul’s eyes as he looked at the three of them.

“I still intend to observe. The Overgeared God and Zik might bring defeat to Judar. If they succeed in bringing Dominion down to the ground, then it will be our chance.”

“...You think highly of the Overgeared God.”

Zik had been promising since ancient times. Why else would Rebecca have directly cursed him?

The three masters approved when Hanul tried to win him over. If they could revive the seven malignant saints starting with Zik, they would gain a great deal of combat power. Meanwhile, the Overgeared God was ambiguous. There were whispers in the wind that humanity survived the invasion of demons and Zik was resurrected thanks to the Overgeared God. The three masters remembered Grid from the days when he was still a human being.

Yes, the Overgeared God wasn’t a God when he visited the Hwan Kingdom. He might’ve accomplished the achievement of passing Chiyou’s Test, but it was difficult to imagine more than that. Could he really survive against Judar’s schemes?

The three masters thought it was difficult.

‘Their mutual destruction would be the best.’

The three masters had a frank wish. Zik refused to become Hanul’s apostle and instead served as Grid’s apostle. From the perspective of the three masters, both Zik and Grid were hateful. They wanted the two of them to die alongside the Gods of Asgard. Then Hanul spoke in a meaningful manner, “Rather than appreciating the Overgeared God, I am looking forward to Venice’s actions.”

“Indeed...”

“Considering the sins she committed in the past, it is enough to feel expectant.”

The expressions of the three masters became more relaxed.

“.....”

Only Sobyel stayed silent. His eyes, which shone brightly, became cold as he looked at the three masters, but the parties concerned didn’t notice it.

Responding to Baal’s invasion and considering how to use Zik’s body—Grid’s mind was heavily exhausted. However, time was running out. He couldn’t rest and started to produce the divine sword. He didn’t make any rudimentary mistakes such as losing concentration or having dull fingers, but it was true that it was difficult. It was just after a battle at the speed of sound in the same environment as reality. His physical strength had long recovered, but his mental fatigue remained.

Of course, Grid’s persistence and concentration shone even more in difficult situations. Apart from being tough, Grid was always perfectly in control of the work. He adjusted the flames of the furnace as intended and succeeded in smelting the fang using the unexpectedly strong flames.

Moreover, he received the compensation of strengthening his willpower and mental world. The reward just for smelting a material was too much. The highest of all concepts was willpower and the mental world.

However, Grid wasn’t pleased. It was because the Furnace of God was destroyed. How much manpower and funds had been invested to create this myth rated furnace? What he had pledged to be a lifelong companion ended up as a disposable item...

‘Now that it is like this, I have no choice but to aim for the best results.’

The furnace couldn’t be sacrificed in vain. It hadn’t been completely destroyed, but in any case...

Grid cooled down his boiling mind and accelerated the work.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

He tempered the fang with Hexetia’s anvil and hammer. Then he smelted it using the furnace that was still releasing flames toward the broken outer wall.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

He repeated the same tasks again and again before finally creating and structuring the frame of the blade according to the design imprinted in his head.

“.....”

Days passed as Grid engrossed himself in his work. During the process, the outer wall of the furnace completely collapsed and war resumed in all parts of the continent, but...

Grid was completely focused on his own world. He communicated with Gujel’s fang, which intermittently shook, attacked Grid, and rejected the flames even after giving in. Surprisingly, the skill Overgeared God’s Domination and Talima’s Shame were very helpful in the production process.

[Overgeared God’s Domination Lv. 1]

[Use your divine authority to create and rule all things to temporarily dominate ‘created things.’

The duration is 1 second by default. The higher the willpower stat, the longer the duration.

During the duration of dominance, you can exercise all rights except ‘destruction’ on the target item.

Skill applicable target: Recognized objects. It is up to 2 objects. There is one extra for every 1,000 points in willpower.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.]

It was different from the Duke of Virtue’s skill of borrowing items. It was also different from Talima’s Shame who commanded ‘ego items.’ Overgeared God’s Domination had an influence on ‘created things’ as a whole. The influence mentioned here wasn’t a simple concept. Exercising all rights except destruction... in other words, it had endless utility.

Gujel’s fang, which was smelted by Grid’s hands, also belonged to the category of created things. Every time it shook, Grid exercised control and overpowered it. If his skill was on cooldown, then he used Talima’s Shame. If he didn’t have such means, the process of making the fang into a sword would’ve been much harder. Every time he tried to shape it into the form of a sword, it jumped frantically like it didn’t want to lose its essence.

‘The ego is too strong.’

It was incomparable to Talima’s Shame. It could be inferred through the reaction of the Fire Dragon Sword. The Fire Dragon Sword, which used to make threats every time Talima’s Shame rebelled, remained silent, like it was dead, in front of Gujel’s fang. It seemed to be very wary.

It was natural. The Fire Dragon Sword was an ego born from a breath, and it was not a part of Trauka. It had integrated with Greed to become a divine sword, but its fundamental status was still inferior to Gujel’s fang. It was inevitable even if Trauka was a higher ranked dragon than Gujel.

Tta!Ttang!Ttang!

Grid’s hammering became increasingly sophisticated. He finally slowly and delicately tempered the obedient fang. He guided the grain, which was divided in several branches, into one direction.

The curve remained gentle. He understood the intention contained in the form. He strengthened the rapport through understanding and inserting his willpower. Once it finally took the form of a shining dao, it was combined with a handle made of Greed.

It wasn't complete yet. It should be sharper.

As the work progressed, Grid sensed the tension of the Fire Dragon Sword and spoke in a reassuring manner, "This isn't a process to abandon you."

Even if Gujel's dao boasted an unrivaled power, Grid had no intention of abandoning his existing swords. The realization gained from the creation of Gujel's dao would be incorporated into the innovation of the divine swords.

Grid created divine swords and the desired result was an overall evolution. It wasn't a screening process.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

Time passed quickly. During the production of Gujel's dao, Grid reached the connection timeouts a total of three times. This meant he devoted nearly nine days to the production. It was possible due to the consideration of his colleagues. The Overgeared members and apostles did their best in their respective positions. They thwarted the invasion of the demons, so Grid didn't have to go out. In particular, Yura and Kraugel, who were active in hell with Leraje, made a great contribution. They ransacked Gamigin's soul vault.

Thanks to this, Grid could fully concentrate. Combined with Overgeared God's Domination and Talsha, the divine sword was completed much faster than scheduled.

A world message appeared.

[Overgeared God Grid's divine object has appeared.]

[The myth of the Overgeared God is strengthened.]

[All stats of the Overgeared God Church's believers will permanently increase by 10 and the penalties incurred when wearing items will be slightly reduced.]

It was news that gave humanity new hope. Just—

[A myth rated item is produced, permanently increasing all stats by 30!]

[Reputation throughout the continent will rise by 1,000.]

[For the first time in history, a complete dragon weapon has been completed. The title 'Dragon Slayer?' has been acquired.]

[The faith of the Overgeared God Church followers and all the blacksmiths in the world has deepened.]

[The heavenly Gods are wary of you.]

[The son of Stone Dragon Gujel has woken up.]

[Some dragons are having fun watching the situation.]

“...???”

The contents of the notification windows visible only to Grid weren't sweet. The wariness of the Gods was something he experienced more than once or twice, so it was sufficiently anticipated. However, he hadn't expected the dragons to react. The situation that was assumed to be the 'worst case scenario' became reality. Additionally, Gujel's son?

'I attracted aggro in the wrong direction?'

Well, it couldn't be helped. He had to bear it even if he knew the results clearly. He couldn't miss the opportunity to make a dragon weapon. He couldn't just suck his fingers because he was scared of dragons.

'Think positively. If a dragon appears, it might be better because there is justification for the Tower of Wisdom to intervene.'

Moreover, he got a ridiculous title.

[Dragon Slayer?]

The question mark behind it was very unpleasant, but... in any case, it was likely to be one of the highest titles.

“.....!”

Grid was about to confirm the details of the divine sword and title only to look behind him in amazement. Standing there was a woman supporting her face with both hands, like a flower. The moment Grid's eyes met her eyes, he felt dizzy from her smile. It was literally a Goddess.

Venice, the Goddess of money and the owner of the sun carriage—Grid knew her. He had encountered her voice once before when he purchased Hexetia's anvil and hammer from the carriage.

“I'm here to sell information. I will give you information that will be a great~ help to you!” There was no malice in the sparkling, starlit eyes.

[Chapter 1518](#)

“Wait.”

Grid got dressed first. It was a formal garment from the prince of the Luvia Principality and there were many decorations and straps. It was made from gorgeous red silk that blended well with the fluttering style. Grid had not been pleased with this gift. It was because it took at least five minutes to change into. He suspected that the prince was deliberately fucking with him.

The Luvia Principality was an ally due to their marriage promise to the Gauss Kingdom, but it wouldn't be strange if it surrendered on the surface while making dirty moves behind his back. Yet at this moment, his doubts were completely eliminated.

'Wearing it at times like this is helpful for thinking of the truth.'

Venice, the god of money—there was no notice of her visit.

Grid suddenly encountered her in undergarments. It was a difficult situation to stay calm. He needed time to clear up the confusion. In that respect, this outfit was a great help. He was able to earn enough time while putting on the clothes.

'It is unlikely that Venice is one of the main gods.'

Worldly desires were a far cry from divinity. Rather, it belonged to things that were considered vulgar. Apart from some merchants, few people worshipped the god of money. It was highly likely that Venice was on the weak side in Asgard.

'That's why she wants change.'

The more she was lacking, the more she dreamed of transformation. Venice wouldn't be united with the gods of Asgard.

'I'm looking forward to the information she wants to sell to me.'

By the time Grid's thoughts reached this point, he was wearing the belt. He loosely tightened the strap embroidered with transparent jewels over the coat. He would rather make use of dignity than to reveal these luxuries, so he lowered the cloth on his shoulders and covered them lightly.

Venice watched him and opened her mouth, "I was worried it would be too gorgeous, but it looks good. If you can handle this level of clothing, then any type of clothing is suitable."

'I do look good in clothes.'

Every time this happened, he felt it was rewarding to exercise hard.

She was literally a goddess. Grid's mood naturally improved when a beautiful woman, who could be called one of the best in the world, smiled brightly and praised him. It wasn't due to self-interest but an area of instinct.

"Wouldn't you look twice as cool if you decorate it with this necklace and ring?"

[Do you want to spend 120,000 reputation points to buy the 'Tidal Wave Pearl Necklace'?]

[Do you want to spend 100,000 reputation points to buy the 'Sunset Ring'?]

'...This businessperson.'

Venice's praise was just part of doing business. She offered many goods quite naturally.

'It is quite a high quality item.'

Grid examined the information of the necklace and ring, and refused to buy them. He judged that he could make them himself. Of course, there would be a lot of trial and errors, but there was no reason to lose hundreds of thousands of reputation points in vain. "You want to sell information that will be very helpful to me."

"Yes."

"Does it matter if I am hostile to Asgard? Helping me means doing damage to Asgard."

“Of course it doesn’t matter. In any case, business is more important than Asgard. Please speak more comfortably than that. For me, the customer is the king. Ah, is a king inferior to a god? Well, it doesn’t matter.”

“So what information do you want to sell?”

Grid brought up the main point and observed Venice. Her gaze, breathing, and subtle movements were all in his vision. From now on, Grid would have a high probability of noticing it the moment she told a small lie. He had accumulated experience and insight for a reason.

“Asgard had a hard time just watching Zik’s resurrection, so Judar eventually departed.”

“Judar...”

The god of health and wisdom.

“Is he going to create a plague?”

Grid recalled the old events and didn’t react much. He didn’t seem afraid of Judar. It was natural. At a time when Martial God Zeratul had invaded, there was no need to be intimidated by Judar, who would be weaker than Zeratul. It was a judgment that he could sufficiently deal with Judar.

Venice laughed. “Doesn’t humanity worship Rebecca, Dominion, and Judar because they are the three gods since ancient times? You will suffer if you take Judar too lightly.”

‘Certainly... Judar might be more troublesome than Zeratul.’ Grid was convinced. He realized that strength wasn’t an important measure when evaluating gods. It wasn’t an exaggeration to say that he had learned it personally.

“Of course, it is unlikely that Judar will exert a direct influence in the human world. If a god threatens humanity while they are at war with demons then he will greatly lose faith.”

“Is he going to join hands with the demons behind the scenes in order to not be discovered?”

“Or perhaps a dragon?” Venice’s gaze was meaningful. She was looking behind Grid. A divine sword was reflected in her big eyes.

“What will happen if Judar works with demons or dragons?” Grid’s expression was calm, but he was inwardly uncomfortable. He recalled the news that Gujel’s son had woken up.

“The demons and dragons will become very powerful. Judar’s power is incredible. He makes weak bones into strong bones, strong bones into weak bones, or strong bones into strongest bones. Or he can make them a genius or a fool.”

‘I can think of him as the god of buffs and debuffs.’

“It isn’t just strengthening and weakening. It is linked by eliminating the weakness of the target and making them immortal. Now, I will get to the point from here on out.” Venice blinked and raised a finger. “Give me 80% of the reputation you have. In return, I’ll tell you in detail who Judar is working with and what exactly Judar’s power does.”

Venice raised one more finger. "There is also a way to pay using deity, not reputation. I will accept only one deity in exchange for handing you all the information about Judar and in addition, the sin he committed."

Venice's proposal wasn't over yet.

"If you don't want to lose your reputation or deity, why don't you pay with the dragon weapon? The one you just made. In any case, there is material left to make one more sword. I'll give you not only Judar's information, but the information of the gods that will follow after Judar. You should think carefully."

"Um..." The silently listening Grid slowly opened his mouth, "Even a god can't completely eliminate the weakness of a living thing and make them immortal. Gods aren't immortal themselves."

Grid thought of Hercules, a hero in Greek mythology. It was a myth that didn't exist in Satisfy, so it was one-sided knowledge that only Grid knew. "To be accurate, Judar's power isn't to eliminate weaknesses, but to reduce them. For example, he can create immortal beings who don't die unless their Achilles' tendon is slashed."

"....."

Venice was still smiling, but some of the starlight in her big eyes shook slightly. It was a very small tremor, but it failed to avoid Grid's insight.

"Of course, the one that Judar is joining forces with is a demon. Based on Hexetia's situation in the past, it is difficult to even communicate with dragons."

In the distant past, after committing the sin of envy, Hexetia gave the demons a weapon and induced them to invade the human world. At that time, the stage of the war was the Behen Archipelago. Pagma, Baal's Contractor, turned the archipelago into a barrier to prevent the invasion of the demons sequentially.

The stone dragon Gujel tried to intervene in the process. Gujel was greatly wounded by the insane dragon at the time and was determined to heal from his wounds by feeding on the demons who invaded the Behen Archipelago. He was stopped by the tower members and died, but...

The implications of this event were great. Gods and dragons didn't communicate with each other. Or perhaps they didn't cooperate. Gujel's act of trying to turn Hexetia's purpose of destroying humanity to nothing proved it.

"The sin that Judar committed is wrath. It must be his sin in order for him to run to the demons as soon as Zik was resurrected."

Venice kept her mouth shut. She was still smiling, but that seemed to be the limit.

"If we win against Judar's trials this time, the god who will come next is obvious. Isn't it Dominion, who is also one of the three gods? He is the god of war, so his presence in large-scale combat will exceed Zeratul. I need to prepare for it."

"....."

"Is there any wrong with my guesses so far?"

Grid judged using his expanded thinking that there was nothing wrong. Sure enough, Venice didn't deny it. As a businessperson, she regarded trust as life. She slowly smiled before eventually, she cried with a sad expression, shouting, "I hate it! I hate you so much! You are really so wicked!"

'This woman's sin is greed.'

The offer to make a deal with him was the crime of betraying Asgard himself. She must've committed the sin of greed again and again.

'It can't be helped. She is a god who doesn't receive the worship of people.'

She had to build up her reputation and deity, even if it meant sinning.

Grid saw through Venice and offered her a suggestion, "Can you help me get the secret technique I want? It is out of stock in the sun carriage."

"...What secret technique?"

"A secret technique dealing with double wielding. It will be easy to use if it is from Zeratul."

"Even so, Zeratul will have doubts. There has been no god who ordered a specific secret technique through me. It will cost a lot to persuade him without raising suspicions."

"I will give you two times the market price."

"I should get 5 times."

"1.5 times."

"4 times."

"Then it can't be helped."

"3 times! 3 times!"

"Okay. I'm only going to yield this one due to the favor you have shown me today."

"Really? Thank you so much for that."

The veins on the forehead of the smiling Venice bulged. The reason she came to Grid today was to do business. Yet as Grid said, it had become a favor. It was a loss that she gave too many hints. She hadn't thought he could be so smart based on his past actions...

She might've been promised three times the price for the secret technique, but it wasn't cost-effective even at this price...

"I want to see the sword before I leave. Is it possible?" Venice politely asked.

Grid didn't refuse.

A god obsessed with reputation and deity—Venice's purpose was clear, so there was no need to be vigilant. He judged that he could use her purpose well to maintain a cooperative relationship in the future. He was willing to give this small degree of favor.

“Uwah...”

Venice’s eyes, which were already big and round, became even bigger. She was unable to shut her wide open mouth and hit Grid’s arm in admiration. Someone who saw it would misunderstand that they were close. She was excited like a goddess who was serious about luxury goods.

‘Amazing.’

Grid was also excited.

[Gujel’s Fang (Dao)]

[Rating: Myth

Durability: Infinite Attack Power: 15,690

* Attack speed will increase by 50%

* The usage speed of attack skills will increase by 30%.

* The attack power of the earth attribute will increase by 400%.

★ There is a high probability of causing ‘petrification’ to the target when attacking.

★ Attack power against the dragon species is increased by 150%.

★ There is a high probability of ignoring the dragon’s ‘Absolute Defense.’

★ The attack speed when drawing the sword is corrected to the maximum.

★ The power of the first attack after drawing the sword is increased by 300%. However, it only applies to normal attacks and ‘drawing the sword’ related skills.

★ Attack power against targets suffering from ‘insanity’ will increase by 300%.

This is the first dragon weapon. It was created by Overgeared God Grid.

Conditions of Use: A god, transcendent, or dragon.

Weight: 2,100]

The gray magic power that hovered like a mirage over the transparent dao was mysterious and beautiful. It was a work that would be judged as overwhelming even when placed beside the best artworks in history. The power was self-evident. Unfortunately, the basic attack power was lacking compared to Hexetia’s Short Sword, but it would transcend it if various conditions were met.

‘I can’t help but feel that the basic performance is poor.’

The title of the Overgeared God was creator of all things, not god of blacksmiths. He could make any object, but his blacksmithing skills were bound to be inferior to Hexetia. Of course, Grid was convinced that this would change over time. Otherwise, there wouldn’t be the concept of deity. The higher his deity, the more likely it was to increase the power of the items he made. Thus, he didn’t have to worry.

‘Of course, it is hard to say that I’m not as good as Hexetia now.’

The power of an item wasn't just its numerical value. It depended on the detailed effects. In this case, Gujel's Fang was much better than Hexetia's Short Sword. Above all, Grid had the 'Overgeared God Grid's Innovation' skill. Gujel's Fang has room to progress three more times in the future.

[Dragon Slayer?]

[You have a dragon weapon, but you have yet to prove that you have killed a dragon. There are those who are confused whether you are a dragon slayer or not.]

* When fighting dragons, there is a probability of ignoring their 'Absolute Defense.'

* When fighting dragons, there is a probability of your stats increasing.]

"....."

It was the moment when the value of Gujel's Fang rose sharply. The question mark after the name was explained. There were many parts he didn't like, but it was a mythical title when it came to performance. In particular, the compatibility with the dragon weapon was good.

'Good.'

The highly motivated Grid once again held the hammer. There was one part of Gujel's fangs remaining. During the time when the furnace's flames were maintained, the melting and blade structure were completed, so he just needed to do the finishing touches. After a while—

[Overgeared God Grid's divine object has appeared.]

[The myth of the Overgeared God is strengthened.]

[All stats of the Overgeared God Church's believers will permanently increase by 10 and the penalties incurred when wearing items will be slightly reduced.]

People felt a sense of déjà vu. There were a number of people who were sighing because they envied the members of the Overgeared God Church.

[Chapter 1519](#)

Hell was a particularly difficult region for the players due to three reasons.

First, the debuff. In hell, their stats and stamina would be reduced as long as they breathed. In areas where the hellfire river flowed and poison spread, there were many restrictions on activities such as constant damage or blindness. It was truly a land of death.

Second, the diversity of demons and demonic creatures. Each of the 33 regions of hell had different environments. There were various types of demons and demonic creatures that inhabited them. The demons differed by individual and the demonkin by species. There were also major differences in combat styles. It was difficult to identify and prepare for each one. It was an unpredictable realm.

Third, it was the absence of a map. The scale of hell was comparable to the human world. However, the actual size felt more than that. It was because there were so many rough places and maps didn't exist. It was difficult to become familiar with the geography, so it felt like they were wandering in a maze or walking in an endless desert.

[Your level has risen.]

Yet even in such an infamous hell, Yura and Kraugel weren't held back. It was thanks to Leraje. She was a living strategy book and GPS. She was the 10th ranked great demon in the hierarchy and knew too much about hell. She had all types of information that was hard for even a Demon Slayer to know and clearly guided Yura and Kraugel. The two of them had accumulated more than one or two achievements over the past fortnight with Leraje.

It was natural since they helped occupy as many as 16 hells. It was literally an occupation. It was different from simple destruction. Leraje now had a total of 17 hells, including the 10th hell. In other words, more than half the hells were under her control. The only reason this was possible was the great human and demon war.

The rulers of hell were absent or called upon to participate in the army. They lost their right to defend. The 50,000 strong army led by Leraje captured the hells so easily that it was hard to believe. Of course, this speed was only possible with the help of Yura and Kraugel.

[A new monarch has been born.]

[A new monarch has been born.]

[A new monarch has been...]

Leraje's subordinates took the vacant thrones. They became the new rulers of the 16 hells, exercising their authority immediately to close all open portals in their territory. It meant that more than half of the portals connecting hell and the human world were closed.

"It's been a long time since I've felt so rewarded."

"Huhu, me too."

Kraugel and Yura's expressions were noticeably brighter. The fact that their work was directly beneficial to the world made them happy. The unprecedented rewards gave them fiery enthusiasm and they were filled with infinite power.

"You have to be wary from here on out." Leraje warned the two smiling people as they were watching the portals in the sky gradually disappear. There was no one standing beside her in the lead. It was the aftermath of splitting up the troops and leaving them as defense forces with every new hell that was occupied.

"I am relying heavily on the two of you. I will leave my back to you." Leraje personally persuaded Yura and Kraugel. It was because their power was essential to this operation. She was honest in front of the two people. She did it without any exaggeration.

Yura and Kraugel nodded silently. They weren't prejudiced because Leraje was a great demon. They had recognized her as a colleague from the time they joined the same side. There was no wickedness or vulgarity, just a pure and noble character. Similarly, Leraje recognized the essence of the two people from the beginning.

Then Leraje's footsteps stopped. A huge door that seemed like it could reach the sky was in front of her. In the darkness, the group finally arrived at their destination after walking for a long time along the path that stretched out like a centipede.

Yura and Kraugel didn't know where this place was. It was just an unknown place...

"This is the warehouse where the 4th ranked great demon, Gamigin, keeps her souls. A total of 999 souls are stored. Out of them, 99 are the souls of heroes and nine are the souls of legends. They were captured by Gamigin and failed to cross the river of reincarnation."

".....!"

Yura and Kraugel's eyes widened. Every time they logged out, they would review the war at the Abyss. 30 soul warriors protected Gamigin, who were running wild there, and they were very strong. Yet there were over 100 such souls here. Moreover, there were the souls of nine legends that hadn't appeared at the Abyss yet...

"There is no need to be afraid. Our purpose isn't to destroy all these souls, but to destroy Gamigin's external heart linked to the souls. I plan to break through one point and finish it in a short time."

Leraje planned to retreat as soon as she achieved her purpose. It meant she was going to end her undefeated myth here today.

From her position, it was truly a great sacrifice. It was a deadly wound and a decision that might be regretted for eternity. Nevertheless, she was going to do it. She knew her limits. She knew that even if she struggled for the rest of her life, built up deity, and became a demon god, she wouldn't be able to cross the walls called Baal and Amoract.

She decided it was best to bring the defeat she would definitely face one day to the time that she wanted it to happen. That was right now. There would be no other chance to hurt Gamigin.

"Gamigin is one of Baal's few helpers. Baal's forces will be greatly weakened if we can deal permanent damage to her."

"Can I ask a question?"

"Feel free, Sword Saint."

"Do you want the destruction of hell?"

"Huhu, how can that be? This is the home of me and my subordinates. How can I want its destruction? I want revenge on Baal. My subordinates are hoping for the purification of hell... it is because the present hell is distorted."

"What type of world was hell before it was distorted?"

"Huhu, let's see... to be honest, I don't know. I've only heard about it from some beings. Hell was already like this when I was born."

"Is that so?" Kraugel didn't try to induce a further conversation. It was meaningless. Based on Leraje's reactions, it seemed that the conditions were still insufficient to hear the truth of hell.

'Affinity alone isn't enough. We must solve the hidden quests.'

Kraugel looked at Yura and she nodded. She seemed to be answering that she would surely reveal the truth of hell one day.

Kraugel smiled and told her, "It will be possible with Grid, not me."

During the great human and demon war, Kraugel had grown at a tremendous rate. It was a natural result since he was active in the hell expedition before the beginning of the war and had been with Leraje since then. He was now level 469. There were four new titles.

Kraugel realized an unprecedented development and naturally recalled the memories of the past.

He had vowed to regain the title of Pioneer from Grid when he reached level 500. Now he felt ashamed again. He watched the video of Grid fighting Baal's ego alone and realized the gap with Grid hadn't narrowed at all.

'At this point, it is rude to claim to be a competitor.'

It had been a long time since Kraugel called Grid a competitor. After the 4th National Competition, he noticed that he would never be able to catch up with Grid for the rest of his life. However, he didn't show it. It was because Grid considered him a competitor.

The moment he glimpsed the anticipation in Grid's eyes, he could no longer confess that he wasn't a competitor. It felt like he would push Grid into solitude. Kraugel had once experienced the solitude felt only by the supreme one. However, now there was no need to worry. It was because there was Yura. One day, she would meet Grid's expectations.

"Yes, I'll be with Youngwoo-ssi."

Kraugel wasn't the only one who grew up during the great human and demon war. At least on the stage called hell, Kraugel could never beat Yura. It was due to how she became stronger. She used hard work and experience to strengthen her swordsmanship skills, which were lacking compared to her shooting. Additionally, she could replace all phenomena caused by demonic energy with buffs or skills.

"Let's go."

The huge door opened at once at Leraje's gesture. Beyond the darkness, a bizarre shape moved.

""Huh? Leraje. Were the crazy rumors true?""

"That is a very nasty guy. Don't be misled by what he tells you and what he shows you."

""I came after hearing that the preparation of souls was too late... It is just right. You are perfect to take out my anger on.""

"Leraje, you still haven't achieved my revenge. You are a child who hasn't met my expectations."

"Yura, your grandfather has no one to believe in except for you. It isn't the time for this."

"You are my son...? What are you saying? Where did you hide my son? Bring him here! Kyaaak! Come on!"

Yura and Kraugel's expressions stiffened. It was because people who shouldn't exist in Satisfy appeared.

'Is it an illusion that reads and shows memories? At this point, it is a violation of personal information protection laws and human rights. No, I can't see the trauma that Yura is watching. It is visible only to the party involved.'

'It is likely to be sent to the operators in a mosaic state.'

Even so, they should talk to a lawyer. It happened the moment Yura and Kraugel thought seriously...

[The souls have opened their eyes.]

[The soul of the ancient legend, 'Kal,' has appeared.]

[The soul of the ancient legend, 'Haksen,' has appeared.]

[The soul of the ancient legend, 'Tzudan,' has appeared.]

[The soul of the ancient legend, 'Arisha,' has appeared.]

[The soul of the ancient legend, 'File Wolf,' has appeared.]

[The soul of the past generation legend, 'Gis,' has appeared.]

[The soul of the past generation legend, 'Kruger,' has appeared.]

[The soul of the past generation legend, 'Alex,' has appeared.]

[The soul of the past generation legend, 'Povia,' has appeared.]

Powerful beings emerged from underground and surrounded the group.

Leraje, who was stiff due to facing Beriache's illusion, gritted her teeth and said, "There is nothing to be nervous about. Just look forward and run."

"Yes."

The three people who built up a strong comradeship—they trusted in each other, relied on each other, and moved forward.

Damian had a lot of information and knowledge that he gained during his time as the pope. He knew almost everything about the Yatan Church. It was purely thanks to Damian's wisdom that Eat Spicy Jokbal was able to read the path of the Yatan Church in advance and lock them in the dungeon.

"I finally caught you."

'This damn thing.'

Eat Spicy Jokbal was traveling through the maze-like dungeon he had designed. He, who lured the Yatan Church members and ambushed them, eventually fell into a crisis. The Yatan Servants finally grasped the structure of the dungeon and blocked all of Eat Spicy Jokbal's paths of retreat.

'How did this happen?'

Eat Spicy Jokbal originally operated a total of 11 dungeons. Seven of them were used to train the people and soldiers of the Overgeared Kingdom and the remaining four dungeons were used as his means of livelihood. They were dungeons that lured monsters inside.

The four precious dungeons that automatically brought in experience and items were demolished. Then he built a huge dungeon right here. A degree of sacrifice had to be made in order to lure the Yatan Church. His task was to tie up the feet of the Yatan Church until the end of the war.

However, he failed. At a certain point, the believers stopped being affected by the traps. They didn't die despite being pierced by arrows and spears, inhaled poison, burned by flames, or submerged in a swamp. They just moved forward and isolated Eat Spicy Jokbal. It was as if they had become immortal.

'It's ruined.' Eat Spicy Jokbal sensed his death. It hurt him to think that the dungeon built by sacrificing four unique-grade dungeons would collapse along with him. It would take at least three months to repair today's damage...

".....?" The despairing Eat Spicy Jokbal suddenly came to his senses. It was because he heard the screams of the followers behind him.

"What?"

The gazes of the Yatan Church members turned in that direction. Then they saw it. The man who rushed to slaughter the followers. It was the emergence of the former pope, Damian, who was second to Grid from the perspective of the Yatan Church.

"Hahaha! Stupid bastard! Did you come here on your own to die?" The Yatan Servants cried out joyfully.

A man who lost the qualification of the pope—there were rampant rumors that he had weakened since he became the leader of an absurd emerging religion called the Overgeared God Church out of a desperate measure. It was an opportunity to resolve their grudges by tearing him apart and killing him.

Dozens of magic circles quickly emerged around the Yatan Servants. They were magic circles with curse magic to restrain the target or bombardment magic.

"Damian! Be careful! They don't die...!" the wide-eyed Eat Spicy Jokbal shouted hurriedly only to become stunned.

The dozens of magic circles that occupied a large area lost the target and were twisted. Damian had broken into the gap between the servants and started a sword dance. "Linked Kill Wave."

"Kuaaaack!"

"W-What is this...?"

The Yatan Servants screamed and couldn't hide their confusion. They were flustered that Damian had become much stronger than when he was the pope. It was completely different from the rumors.

Damian stood beside Eat Spicy Jokbal during the gap when things were chaotic and explained, "They have received Judar's buff and will only take 1 damage. The weaknesses are hidden in the back of the neck, pelvis, and Achilles tendon, so you need to look carefully."

“Uh, yes... by the way, can I join the Overgeared God Church?”

“You still haven’t joined...?”

“I originally never joined a religion. There are rules that must be followed if you belong to a religion. It is an inconvenience.”

“The Overgeared God Church is freedom! Although it isn’t completely free! In any case, it is invincible!”

“R-Really...”

“I can’t believe you haven’t joined yet! You are really a pushover!”

“.....”

“Let’s run away first!”

“.....???”

There weren’t just one or two members of the Overgeared God Church active throughout the continent. In particular, it was said that Isabel had regained the strength of her prime and was showing off her past power. It was the aftermath of Grid creating a new divine object twice in a row.

At the same time, Reinhardt...

Grid was being seen off by Irene.

“Take care.”

“Yes... you don’t have to worry too much about my parents. They are people who will take care of themselves anyway.”

“The king’s parents are the parents of all the people. How can I neglect them? Additionally, I really like the two of them. They are so kind to me and Lord.”

“Then I’m glad...”

Grid shifted his gaze to the side. He saw his parents laughing with Lord. They looked far different from beginners. It was thanks to Grid’s gifts. In fact, the growth rate of the two people exceeded the ordinary category. It didn’t seem to be a bluff that they went to PC rooms when they were young.

“Huhu, don’t worry and go.”

“I’ll be back soon.”

Irene’s appearance of tidying up her clothes was cute. Grid couldn’t help smiling as he kissed her cheek and floated into the sky. His destination was the Tower of Wisdom. He wanted to prepare for the intervention of the dragons and he planned to give Biban a gift. It was the promised gift of a dragon weapon.

Chapter 1520

“It is troublesome.”

There were three types of information that players provided to the S.A Group—their basic personal information, their brain waves and body information scanned by the capsule, and their game progress. There were no cases of providing ‘memories.’ The S.A Group didn’t require it.

Yet DS8051 read the memories of Kraugel and Yura and embodied their traumas. It was due to Morpheus’ own authority. However, it was a situation that could cause a litigation issue.

‘How did this happen? Morpheus broke the terms and conditions...’

All types of imaginations occurred. There were things like Morpheus becoming out of control and the S.A Group collapsing. It could be used as material for sci-fi movies.

On the other hand, Director Yoon Sangmin’s response was calm, “Is there a problem?”

“Huh?”

“It is Morpheus who read the traumas of Kraugel and Yura, not us. The fact that Morpheus blocked all information to us is evidence. The personal information of the two people has been protected.”

Director Yoon Sangmin saw Morpheus and the S.A Group as separate. He pointed out certain provisions in the terms and conditions. It included the provision that ‘Morpheus has the right to view and use the user’s information in order to provide a smooth service’ and ‘the quests and content presented by Morpheus to the user are based on the information and experience of the user.’

“Experience is memory. The traumas Morpheus embodied after peeping into their memories is a natural result, not an act that violates the terms and conditions.”

“Even if I make a hundred concessions and treat experience and memory as the same concept, these are traumas from reality, not memories from the game? The users have granted access to Morpheus to read their in-game memories, not their memories of reality.”

“They are memories leaked in the process of talking to others while connected to Satisfy. That is how the memory of reality was judged to be Satisfy’s information.”

“...I’m becoming scared. The more information Morpheus has, the greater his influence seems to be. Won’t it go out of control one day?”

“Have you been watching sci-fi movies lately? Don’t worry. Morpheus could only exercise authority in Satisfy. It has absolutely no ability to exploit that authority. It was designed like this from the beginning.”

Looking at this case alone, it was far from malicious exploitation. Morpheus only used the players’ information as ‘ingredients’ to make Satisfy more delicious. It was meant to bring realism and immersion to the players. There was no further meaning.

“This issue will be handled by the legal team, so stop worrying,” Director Yoon Sangmin issued the order and turned his attention back to the screen.

The main character on the screen was Grid, the very same person whom, at one time, was viewed as a person who was far from successful from the perspective of Morpheus, who had access to all the

information provided by the players. Yet now he was the center of the world. He was constantly being held in check by Morpheus, who used the justification of balance, and was eventually swept up in the great human and demon war. Even so, he was still well. No, he grew even more.

'I can tell just by looking at Grid.'

Morpheus was maintaining clear boundaries. It didn't exercise its authority using the pretext of justification. It placed the terms and conditions first. There would never be the movie-like development that the 4th team leader was worried about.

'The power is amazing.'

Kujarak recalled the battlefield where hundreds of thousands of lives were wiped out.

The armed allied soldiers, who wouldn't be considered lacking even if they claimed to be knights; the allied knights, who used technique rather than solely relying on stats and skills; the players, who abandoned arrogance and interacted with them; the skilled rankers, who finally precisely grasped their talents; and the Overgeared members, who went beyond the skilled level to the transcendent level.

Origin, species, affiliation, and thoughts—the sight of different people using each other as role models in all respects and uniting together was thrilling to Kujarak. Kujarak's ideals were already being realized...

The question of who was doing it was ridiculous. The answer was clear. 'Grid.'

A person who was already too high up by the time Kujarak recognized his existence. He believed it was something that would never happen. He obtained information that the Heart of the Frost Queen had fallen into Grid's hands. It was a relationship that was like fate.

'I want to be helpful from afar.'

A world that couldn't have been completed with just Kraugel's explosive talent. Kujarak wanted to protect this world created by Grid. It was to protect the smile of his younger brother, who was still lying in the capsule.

In a cold land of snow and wind...

Kujarak's back no longer looked lonely as he moved forward, leaving large footprints on the snowy field.

The Tower of Wisdom.

From the perspective of the world, it was a space that existed only for the protection of humanity. From the perspective of players, it was a place only for the Pioneer. Special information and rewards were monopolized by a specific person, so there was a lot of room for exploitation.

If a player with a flaw in their personality became the Pioneer, it would cause all types of chaos. By breaking the oath of silence and selling the tower member's skills and location, they could leak the existence of the tower, thereby attracting the attention of the dragons and causing the great depression.

Of course, the Pioneer would receive a huge penalty the moment they broke their oath. Nevertheless, this wasn't a proper safeguard. For the majority of humans, the more consequences there were, the more reckless they were. In order for the Tower of Wisdom to survive, trust had to be established between the tower and the Pioneer.

In that sense, it was great in many ways that Kraugel and Grid were the Pioneers. It was because they revered relationships and didn't break their oaths due to their pride.

'The tower members were hiding in this place.'

Gujel's Sword and Dao—the two dragon weapons created by Grid contained Gujel's ego. It might only be a small part of the ego and it was even split in half, but dragons were such immense beings and Gujel was one of the higher-ranked dragons. Even this small ego of his inherited Gujel's memory and will.

'It is a barrier built by decomposing and blending together particles of different attributes and flowing the changed mana into the vein. It was no wonder why I couldn't find it.'

Dragons were manipulators of magic. The knowledge and wisdom of Gujel's ego fully analyzed the barrier that surrounded the Tower of Wisdom. However, it was only at the level of grasping the principle. He was ineligible to find a method to break this barrier.

'I have to wait for a definite opportunity to come...'

He was getting closer to the tower.

Gujel's ego became silent because he knew that the tower members, especially Hayate, were sensitive to the existence of dragons. He stopped the process of thinking itself. He made every effort to ensure that his presence didn't leak.

Then Grid's voice was heard, "Until when are you going to keep hiding your inner thoughts?"

-.....

Gujel's ego didn't respond. He let Grid's self-talk slide over him. Yes, he thought Grid was talking to himself.

"If you mess up, then I can get rid of you. I will melt and remake you, melt and remake you. It might be an ignorant method, but if repeated several times, even a dragon's ego will eventually fade."

-.....?! Gujel's ego was agitated. He noticed that Grid was talking to him.

It was impossible. After the sword and dao were created and he regained consciousness, he didn't show any movements once. Even his 'thinking' was just done for the first time. He was even asleep for a while. Yet Grid immediately realized his presence. Was this possible?

'Won't it be beyond even Hayate's power?'

Step.

Grid arrived at the entrance of the tower and whispered, "Throw away the lingering attachments from your life and obey me. That is why you were born."

Gujel's sword and dao had the effect of causing additional damage to targets suffering from 'insanity.' It was evident that the grudge of Gujel, who had become vulnerable due to the wound dealt by the insane dragon and eventually died, was inherited.

Grid had noticed right away that Gujel's ego was attached to the dragon weapons. Gujel's ego hid himself and deceived even the system, but it was impossible for him to deceive the creator, Grid.

'This...' Gujel's ego was in despair. He noticed that he couldn't afford to go against Grid. The Overgeared God's Domination to dominate all things was pressuring Gujel's ego.

[Overgeared God Grid is writing the 14th epic.]

[The sighs of a dead dragon are recorded.]

The two dragon weapons cried out.

[Ahh, I'm resentful.]

[I opened my eyes when I met a foolish god, but he turned out to be a great god.]

[I can never be free.]

[Death is a disgrace for dragons, and I have become a disgrace of a dragon even after death.]

[I have reigned for thousands of years, but I have been reduced to an object of ridicule.]

[The Overgeared God spoke to the lamenting dragon—]

".....?" Grid was amazed at the epic that occurred at an unexpected timing.

'This is crazy.'

He quickly grasped the situation and blushed. He wasn't very happy with the epic that occurred after a long time. However, he had no choice but to say it, "If you cooperate with me, no one will mock you. If there is a being who mocks you, I will make them the same as you. So trust me and follow me."

["Dragons who laugh at you will also taste the same despair as you."]

[Ohh, it is a daring nature.]

[The dead dragon admired the Overgeared God's declaration.]

.....

...

[The 14th page of the epic has been completed.]

[The effect of completing the epic has awakened and subdued the hidden ego in Gujel's Fang (Sword) and Gujel's Fang (Dao).]

[The effect of completing the epic has strengthened your mana core that has digested the Dragon Pill.]

[Some of the aura of Stone Dragon Gujel will be expressed when using attack magic.]

-Dragon?Heeeeeey, God Grid!Where are you and what are you doing?It is awesome!!

-A-Amazing!Cool!S-So daring!

-Huhuhu, as expected of my master.There is no way I can beat him.The black flame dragon sealed in me is also in awe.

'No, it is a misunderstanding.'

The contents of the epic aren't what I decided.I...I am different from Lael.

".....!"

Grid was blushing at the sight of the fast-rising guild chat when he suddenly raised his head in shock.He felt an overwhelming presence at the top of the tower. The pressure that stretched out like light was uncontrollably great. It seemed to spread throughout the world.

Dragon Slayer Hayate—he was floating in the air and provoking the world.He was drawing the dragons' attention to aim at him, not Grid.