

Overgeared 1681

Chapter 1681

[Twilight]

[Rating: Myth (Growth Type)]

Durability: Infinite Attack Power: 34,290

- ★ The attack skill usage speed will increase by 60%.
- ★ The power of attack skills will increase by 460%.
- ★ The absolute hit rate will increase by 50%.
- ★ There is a high probability of causing 'blindness' to the target with every attack.
- ★ Every time an attack is blocked with the weapon, there is a high probability of causing 'bewitchment' to the target.
- ★ There is an 85% chance of neutralizing the target's defense skills, magic and powers.
- ★ Additional attack power is applied against great demons, archangels, gods, and dragons.
- ★ In dark places, the attack power of the weapon is increased by 80%.
- ★ In bright places, there is a normal probability of hiding the weapon. If the weapon is hidden, the target has a high probability of failing to recognize the attack.
- ★ Can bind up to three magics or skills. There are no rating restrictions. However, there is a probability of failure.

A sword made by the Overgeared God after smelting the fang of Evil Dragon Bunhelier. It possesses the divinity of the Overgeared World. It will shine as the twilight that declares an end to the enemy and the dawn of hope for allies.

Wearing Conditions: Grid, Dragon Slayer, Dragon Knight.

Weight: 2,950]

A sword that would be recorded in the mythology for its power that was as great as its beauty—the new dragon weapon seemed to contain the sunset and was beautiful from any angle. He was so happy just looking at it that he didn't even know that time was passing.

'Twilight and Dawn... it would've been nice if Kraugel's dragon weapon was called Dawn.'

Twilight and Dawn—what a perfect match. In fact, Kraugel's dragon weapon shone a bit brighter. Dawn suited it. However, the system identified the two dragon weapons as 'Twilight.' It was natural since it had the same form and intentions. The two swords were twins. It was the same weapon that Grid and Kraugel discussed and designed together.

Of course, the material was different. Therefore, there were some differences in the production method. Grid's Twilight omitted the folding process. It was because Bunhelier's fang itself was a complete material. There was no need to remove impurities or strengthen it. If the forging was carried out more than necessary, there was a great concern that the pure properties of the material would be ruined.

On the other hand, Xenon's scale was somewhat lacking. It was lacking when compared to Bunhelier's fang, so Grid felt the need to forge Xenon's scale to perform as close to Bunhelier's fang as possible. It was because this was the way to repay Kraugel for giving him White Fang.

Thus, he tried thousands of folds. As a result, a wonderful work was born. Kraugel's Twilight was comparable to Grid's Twilight, which transcended Hexetia's Sword Short and was even judged to be a 'growth type,' and it was a divine sword among divine swords that was remarkable when compared to Cranbel's Horn. Simply put, Grid's Twilight was a downgraded version of it. Of course, once Grid's Twilight evolved into the only one rating, the difference between them could widen by two or three stages, but...

In any case, it was a huge result considering the quality of the material. It meant that Grid's techniques and Kraugel's ability to envision the sword were that good.

'I want to carry him in my pocket.'

It would be a big help if he could keep this person next to him to give advice every time he made an item...

Valhalla's gorget and Xenon's scales placed around the heart—Grid touched the notches that Kraugel had personally carved into it for him and felt the desire to use the Sword Saint for personal use.

Kraugel knew the characteristics of the weapon called the sword and the characteristics of most swordsmanship. The pattern carved into the scales by him wasn't deep, but fluid. It exerted the performance of a sword breaker. Outwardly, Twilight was like a pure work of art, but in reality, it was a weapon with terrifying power.

"Um."

The dragon scales varied in size depending on the area they were from. Among them, the scales that Xenon gave as a gift were from the area around the dragon heart so they were larger and thicker. The quantity was just enough to make Kraugel's sword and put it on Valhalla's neck, chest, and thigh. For convenience, the thigh protector that spread out like a short skirt had become a bit ornate. The dragon scale was such a luxurious material that it looked like a coat made of gray silk attached to the armor.

"I am the heavenly demon," Grid murmured in a low voice as he was engrossed in watching himself in the mirror. It was a line in martial arts novels that he often listened to when jogging.

"What is a heavenly demon, nyang?" Noe suddenly appeared and asked.

The embarrassed Grid coughed and changed the subject. "Did you finish your training well today?"

"Of course, nyang."

"I thought you would have a hard time, but you're doing pretty well."

“My charisma is so amazing, nyang. The kids are stirred and followed suit, nyang.”

The dozens of memphis suffering due to Baal were saved by Betty and Agnus. Betty healed their wounds. Of course, she couldn't heal the wounds in their hearts. Apart from three memphis, who were somehow comforted by Agnus' clumsy comfort, the remaining memphis scattered and hid in hell. It was with the determination that they would surely get revenge on Baal one day.

Excluding them, the three memphis followed Betty and Agnus to the surface. No matter how much Agnus cursed at them to go away, two of them, with the exception of one, stuck to him like gum and settled in Reinhardt. The environment was too difficult for them to live in the Tower of Wisdom and Noe seemed to like it a lot.

“I see. I'm glad the children are good.”

“It isn't that they're good. It is that my charisma is amazing!”

‘Based on the way he is so sensitive, it is clear that things didn't go well.’

Noe was very young compared to the memphis who were rescued from hell. Noe himself claimed that he was educating the memphis to adapt to human society, but from the sidelines, it seemed like the memphis didn't listen to Noe. The age difference was so severe that they treated him like the youngest son.

Grid clearly noticed this and stroked Noe's round head. “Yes, our Noe is great.”

“O-Of course nyang. Ahem.”

Randy looked with pity at Noe, who was puffing out his chest.

“Let's depart.” Grid made up his mind and moved to the hell elevator. Yura was contacted in advance and was waiting in front of the elevator.

“Are you sure it is okay?” Yura didn't look very happy. There was no guarantee that Grid could fight Baal and win.

In fact, Grid's face was also stiff with tension. There was no Bunhelier by his side this time. Could Nefelina, the newly created dragon weapon, and the reinforced Valhalla fill the vacancy of Bunhelier? At the time of the fierce battle between Baal and Grid, it was true that the help of the Breath, which Bunhelier frequently shot, was huge. Baal had to respond to the Breaths and thanks to this, Grid aimed for the gaps he revealed.

This time, Grid had to fight alone. It would be a defeat if the six fusion sword dance couldn't hit.

“I have to try and challenge it. If I can't do it, then I'll just escape.”

In fact, Grid had many options. He could go to the East Continent and unseal the Blue Dragon and White Tiger, or he could go to the No Offspring Tomb to promote his growth. However, he wanted to believe in the effects of Twilight. There was a high hit rate correction effect. He was convinced that he could kill Baal on his own if he used his items properly. Most of all, he didn't want to give Baal time to recover.

“Okay.” Yura listened to Grid’s insistence. She was always obedient to Grid. The cold-blooded personality that once earned her the nickname ‘Witch’ was mostly applied to others except for Grid. This didn’t mean she was rude to everyone. She only heard the question about whether she had a personality problem a few times in her life. Even that was mostly heard from Jishuka. Therefore, Yura was surprisingly proud of her personality.

The elevator carrying Grid, Yura, and Nefelina soon arrived in hell. There was a loud pulley sound and the bloody landscape of hell unfolded beyond the crack of the doors that opened. It was no different from when he came down a fortnight ago, except there was no forced teleportation.

‘Even Baal would be burdened when maintaining such great magic all the time.’

As if to laugh at Grid’s thoughts—

Flash!

The moment Grid stepped out of the elevator, the magic circle hidden under the dirt was triggered.

[You have been forcibly transferred to the 2nd Hell.]

“.....!”

The scenery seen by Grid’s party changed in an instant. The world was made up of pure white marble with endless land and towering mountains. It was too white to be hell and too cold and eerie to be heaven.

-Overgeared God. You have come to accept my offer and make a blood oath. I have watched your performance with great interest.

Rattle, rattle, rattle...

A woman’s voice was heard along with the faint sound of chains. At the center of the white world was Amoract. Her entire body was bound with intricately stretched chains that hung like thorny vines that had been neglected for hundreds of years. Her body was like the body of a human woman, while her face was covered by cloth.

[The Great Demon of Conflict, ‘Amoract,’ has appeared.]

‘This...’

Amoract didn’t invite me?

‘...What if Baal knew that Amoract was trying to make contact with me?’

It was 100% a trap. A chill went down Grid’s spine when he realized it and Amoract also read the hint. In line with her movements of hurriedly swinging her hands, the chains rushed out like waves and stretched out in all directions. It was an extraordinary sight. Her gestures created a chain barrier that formed a complex structure like snow crystals.

-Child, take the Overgeared God and get away.

It happened as Amoract sent a whisper to Yura...

A crack occurred in the white world. It was due to a huge spear that slipped through the chains.

““Amoract, I didn’t expect you to crawl out of the castle. It is a harvest beyond expectations.””

He must’ve been pretty nervous. A demon who slowly raised his body while using the spear as a support. Grid thought it was Baal due to the thrilling presence he gave off, but it was different. The one looking back at Grid and smiling had the name ‘Asura.’

-Baal, the lunatic who pursues only destruction, is seeking to destroy even the last order of hell.

““You are too good at proclaiming yourself as order.””

“.....!”

Grid’s eyes widened. It was because he heard Baal’s voice overlapping several times with Asura’s voice. It was too alike to say that it was simply similar. It wasn’t an illusion. Grid had been stuck in the smithy for the last fortnight and he had replayed the battle against Baal hundreds of times. Baal’s voice naturally lingered in his head every time and was clearly imprinted in his mind.

“You... what are you?”

““A god.””

Darkness spread around Asura. The white world was blackened in an instant.

“It is an evil god.”

Clang!

The lunatic who dared to claim to be the God of the Beginning leaped forward. The movement of narrowing the distance to Grid and stabbing the spear was completed with one breath. The attack that broke through the complex barrier of chains was too swift to say that there was any waste in the actions.

Grid narrowly read it with his artificial senses and responded by swinging his sword. The orange divinity, which had become clearer due to the darkness that colored the world, was divided between his body and Twilight. It was a scene as if the sunset was divided into two parts and was separated.

““.....?!””

Asura’s expression changed. It was easy to infer the meaning of his expression due to his clear features. It looked like he was saying, ‘Isn’t this different from what I heard?’

Twilight slowly pushed back Asura’s huge spear. At this point, Asura grasped the situation.

““A dragon weapon that gets stronger in the darkness? Did you anticipate and prepare for my birth?””

It seems the prototype of the hell moon and my fragments provided some clues.

Asura had a bitter smile and took back the darkness. The world brightened again. After all, this was hell and Asura was the evil god. He was strong with or without the presence of darkness. Asura confirmed that the glow of Twilight faded in the world that had turned white and stretched out his spear like a flash of lightning.

“.....?!”

Asura's expression changed again. It seemed to be saying, 'Is this even possible?'

A blurred Twilight was cutting at his shoulder.

“...I failed again.”

Asura frowned and his face and neck swelled as if he was about to explode. Soon after, he made the sound of a pig as he threw up something—Baal.

As a result, Asura became only a shell and slowly turned to ash, scattering throughout hell. These fragments would be re-established in the shadows of demons and demonic creatures.

“That was the worst failure ever, so erase it from your memory.”

Baal shook his head and held his demon sword. In an instant, the enlarged demon sword dug into Grid's neck. However, it was Baal who was cut first. The sunset on Grid's hand was blurred and Baal was cut without realizing it.

Baal's eyes widened and he finally realized it. The Asura he threw away a while ago wasn't a disastrous failure.

“Was a fortnight in hell 15 years on the surface?”

It was just that the guy called Grid became stronger.

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“Was a fortnight in hell 15 years on the surface?”

It was a half-hearted joke. It was Baal's own effort to understand Grid's rapid development.

Of course, the current Baal wasn't complete. A substitute for Yatan—it was also right after he consumed a considerable amount of energy while experimenting with creating a new evil god. Due to this devastated mind, his mental image loosened. His condition was bad, his magic power weakened, he felt numb and dull, etc.

Nevertheless, he was still an Absolute. He was in a position where he shouldn't suffer a unilateral loss twice in a row. However, he received a blow. It meant that Grid had truly become strong.

‘This is why the failure I experienced a fortnight ago was great.’

It was a failure, not a defeat.

The cooperation between Grid and Bunhelier—Baal had only died once to the Crazy God and Crazy Dragon, who had reached the level of an Absolute. He could fight harder until he got the same result thousands of times. However, Grid's epic judged his death to be a defeat. It was pure nonsense. It was an unacceptable defeat for Baal. Therefore, he described it as a failure.

‘It is a shame that my status was damaged back then.’

Why did he feel regret now? Of course, it was due to Grid. That guy's growth rate was beyond predictions. It was much faster compared to the previous steps in development that he made so far. He was almost a threat.

"Whoa."

Grid's divine sword seemed like it had been created from the beginning to respond to Amoract. It was a great combination with the pure white hell created by Amoract's bizarre mental world. Every time it moved, it blurred and erased its presence.

"The two of you look alike."

Baal used the demon sword like Grid's artificial senses. Based on the reaction of the dark demonic energy surrounding the sword, he read and responded to Twilight's approach.

"Both of you don't know shame." A smirk spread across Baal's face as he finally started to avoid Grid's sword dance in an easy manner. "A demon who tries to flatter a god and a god who deceives the uncivilized human race. It suits you."

"You must be very nervous seeing that you are making a personal attack," Grid opened his mouth. It was to buy a bit of time. Every time Baal's demon sword struck, black demonic energy spread and covered the area. The divinity spreading from Twilight deepened. The efficiency was bad even if he tried a surprise attack. It was read clearly by Baal.

Grid instead switched to a defensive posture to take advantage of the increased attack power.

Then Baal asked him, "How is Hexetia doing?"

".....?"

"I still vividly remember the one who asked me to help bring a divine punishment down on Pagma. The appearance of the god who was jealous of a mere human being and rushed to hell to ask for help was ugly enough to make me vomit."

This was the background of the previous Great Human and Demon War. Baal's expression was pleasant as he recalled that time. "You should know. The reason Hexetia gave you that sword as a gift is to erase his ugly past, not for you. If you trust him, then you will surely regret it one day. The one who was jealous of a single human would surely be jealous of you."

"A gift? This?" Grid asked while pointing to Twilight and Baal shrugged.

Then what was this? He seemed to truly believe it was Hexetia's work. It couldn't be helped. Baal couldn't see the situation of Asgard in real time. Even if he knew that Hexetia had been imprisoned, he would've mistakenly believed that Hexetia was released the moment he saw Twilight. It was because Twilight was the strongest weapon ever. It was to the point where one would naturally believe it was made by the blacksmithing god.

"I made it."

"...Kuhahahat!" Baal eventually burst out laughing. His eyes, which were black without any whites, started to emit various colors.

Uhhh...

A painful groan followed. Before anyone knew it, Pagma's soul was in his grasp.

"I have Pagma's discerning eyes. Are you lying when it is an obvious fact that you can't make that sword with your skills? You must have pretty low self-esteem. One day, you will get to the point where you will be like Hexetia and be jealous of humans. It is just right to say that you will get along with each other."

"Think as you please."

Was it necessary to explain the details of the fact that he planned it and made it with Kraugel? Grid snorted and restored his breathing. It was while reading the signs from Nefelina, who was standing beside Yura in the distance.

It was a while ago when Baal, who had become part of Asura, invaded. Yura had ignored Amora's cry to flee. She persisted without wasting her Hell Leap. Thanks to this, Grid's path of retreat was still open. Nefelina was on standby to cooperate with Grid at any time.

'I have to think of it as a one time opportunity.'

Baal could use Pagma's Sword Dance and the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship. Just like Grid, he had both the skill crushing swordsmanship and counterattack swordsmanship. Even the six fusion sword dance could be blocked if the activation was mistimed.

'First... I need to light up my surroundings again.'

Currently, the area was blackened by Baal's demonic energy. Twilight significantly lost its hit rate, while its attack power was significantly increased. Baal responded to every swing. He needed to light up his surroundings again. Using an attack that Baal perceived one step late was the only chance of winning. It was because right now, there was no Bunhelier to draw Baal's attention from Grid. He also couldn't expect Amora's cooperation. Grid didn't trust her yet. In the first place, how could she help when she was bound by chains?

"Flower."

Grid established the Sanctuary of Metal and scattered the petals of sword energy. Under the influence of Twilight, the aura of each petal, with the glow of the sunset, was so strong that it was incomparable to before. It was at the level of vibrating the atmosphere and it was safe to say that every one of them was a weapon containing the power of a deadly blow.

Of course, it wasn't to the point of threatening Baal. Baal didn't bother to avoid the fluttering petals. He broke through without hesitation and narrowed the distance to Grid. He decided that it was better to drag Grid into a deeper darkness.

.

It was as Grid expected. Grid was currently dual wielding. In addition to Twilight, he was holding a sword that was the combination of Gujel's Dao and Cranbel's Horn. The two swords had a common effect. It was the effect of 'a high probability of neutralizing the target's defense skills, magic, q, and powers' every time an attack hit.

Demonic energy was a type of power. It was the power possessed by a demon rather than a power innate to Baal. It was included in the target to be neutralized.

“.....!”

Baal’s eyes widened as he was gradually narrowing the distance to Grid. The petals that exploded when they touched his skin cleared up the darkness around them. For the moment, the demonic energy that was scattered from his body blurred even the shape of the demon sword for a moment. In fact, the power of the demon sword hadn’t weakened. His sword was basically based on his mental image and demonic energy was just an additional concept. The problem was that the darkness had been lifted.

Baal felt a sense of crisis and raised his strength. He used the Undefeated King’s Swordsmanship even without securing enough distance. He unfolded the senses of the Absolute.

The whole area entered a vacuum state. In the world that seemed to have stopped, only Baal’s sword rapidly stretched out.

Grid had to feel like he was submerged. It felt like he was wearing hundreds of cotton coats that were soaked in water. His heavy, sunken hand couldn’t move. No, it was obviously moving, but it was slow. On the other hand, he could only stare at Baal’s sword that stretched out rapidly.

‘I should’ve used the Dragon Knight effect from the beginning.’

It was in a world where even sound had disappeared. Just before his neck was cut by Baal’s sword, which approached him like a flash of lightning—

Grid was rebuking himself for his mistakes when the feeling of hundreds of cotton coats wrapped around his body was stripped away. It was at the same time as when he felt his feet touch something.

[You have boarded the Transcendent Dragon, Nefelina.]

[The effect of the only one title in the world, ‘Dragon Knight,’ is activated.]

[All your stats are increased by three times and your status is increased.]

“.....!”

“.....!”

Grid was amazed, while Nefelina was horrified. Yura had used the Hell Leap skill from the moment Baal attempted to close the distance with Grid. As a result, Nefelina moved to under Grid’s feet. She stiffened when she saw Baal in front of her, while Grid smiled. At this moment, he was a complete Absolute.

Baal’s demon sword cut the back of Grid’s neck. First of all, it touched Valhalla’s collar. Then it slipped due to the notches and lost some of its power. After that, it was blocked by Cranbel’s Head. This alone caused Grid to experience terrible pain. His entire brain shook like white lightning exploded in front of them. At least half his health was blown away at once. However, it was enough to avoid an instant death from decapitation.

“What?”

You are fine after having your neck cut?

One side of the completely surprised Baal's vision was distorted. It was the aftermath of Twilight crushing the atmosphere after unexpectedly revealing its presence. The six fusion sword dance started to hit Baal.

"Kukuk...!" Baal responded with a laugh. He immediately restored the arms and legs that were cut off in real time and wielded his demon sword. He grabbed Grid's wrist and dragged it down as if to properly put it in place. It was just that he couldn't overpower Grid when Grid momentarily used Saleos' Power and it became a draw. Of course, Saleos' power was only a one-off.

Grid's wrist was eventually grabbed by Baal. The second six fusion sword dance was canceled during the activation. Baal's headbutt struck Grid's face. It was a headbutt with three sharp horns. It was normal to have holes in his face, but Grid was armed with an invisible helmet and crown. He only got a small nosebleed.

Baal had an inquiring expression on his face. "Are you a monster?"

"The monster is you."

A body that was immediately restored if it was cut or stabbed. Even his health was close to infinity. On the other hand, this side had one life.

Grid barely held onto his dizzy mind and exhaled. At the same time when Baal's vision was dazzled, he used the third six fusion sword dance. It was a sword dance aimed at the blind spot in the field of view by cutting from the bottom. It was Transcend Linked Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave that showed the best harmony with Twilight in a bright place. It was also a new fusion sword dance that wasn't in Baal's information.

Baal was completely caught off guard and his body was split in two.

"You...!" Baal's eyes were bloodshot as he bled from his entire body. He was clearly enraged that he had lost another life. It was an unbelievable reaction for a guy who was talking about how he wanted to die. It must be a matter of pride.

"Yura!" Grid shouted urgently as he pulled Nefelina's little horn and made her turn her head. Yura's skill cooldown time was very short in hell. Each time another skill was used, the cooldown time of the previously used skill was further shortened. She had been supporting Grid by using her skills and already finished the preparations.

The Hell Leap skill was used in Grid's movement path.

"Overgeared God!" Baal rebuilt the demon sword that had shattered at the moment of death and restored his body. Then he chased after Grid. His demon sword stabbed at Grid's heart from behind, but it was a step late. Grid's party had already used Hell Leap and left.

"....."

Baal was distracted for a moment and Amorract quietly chanted a spell. Then the length of the chain that restrained her was suddenly shortened, pulling her back into the castle that stood tall behind her. On the other hand...

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level...]

“Good!”

After safely arriving at the crystal castle, Grid hugged Yura and Nefelina and cheered. He had the idea that he had properly caught a pushover.

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He gained a huge 13 levels. As a result, Grid’s current level was 760. It averaged more than 230 higher than the top 10 players in the unified rankings. It was equal to or higher than the level of named NPCs that rose in proportion to the growth of players and it was a level that chased after the level of super named NPCs, who were extremely rare.

‘The growth rate will be faster for the time being. Baal is a good opponent even if we fight 100 times and I just win once.’

Of course, Grid’s stats fell far short of Baal’s. In order to threaten Baal, he would need to overlap all his enhancement skills and use the six fusion sword dance with a deceptive item. On the other hand, Baal’s potential was endless. As an extreme example, Baal was likely to utilize his Hell Leap skill in the next battle. Today, he had suffered his second consecutive defeat thanks to Yura’s Hell Leap, so he would naturally be conscious of it and try to pay it back.

‘It is right to say that Yura’s skills can also be used by Baal.’

Baal acquired the skills of humans who died and fell to hell. Furthermore, the soul of Demon Slayer Alex was in Baal’s hands, as well as Pagma’s soul.

‘The good thing is that... he won’t be able to take full advantage of the Demon Slayer’s skills.’

A Demon Slayer’s skill structure was mostly focused on weakening and purifying evil. If Baal used the skills, then it was equivalent to cutting at his own flesh. Therefore, he wouldn’t be able to use all the skills. Even so, the fact that he could use Hell Leap was a big threat.

‘I have to be prepared.’

There would be consecutive defeats for a while. Baal was superior to him in every way. Fighting and losing against him was a result that Grid should take for granted. No, let’s go beyond the normal level and accept it happily. It wasn’t an exaggeration to say it was a gain if he fought Baal 100 times and won once.

‘It isn’t a loss if I lose and it is a jackpot if I win once.’

Baal’s level was too high and Grid had a fraudulent passive skill called enlightenment. Grid had passed on the position of Pioneer to Kraugel, but this didn’t mean he had lost his rights. There was Hayate’s favor behind Grid attaining the status of 10th Seat of the tower rather than Pioneer. The 10th Seat was a special status created by Hayate in order to benefit Grid without imposing any obligations on him.

“Yura, spar with me.”

At the crystal castle...

Ironically, the hell branch of the Overgeared Guild was the safest place in hell. There was a sense of stability that calmed Grid's heart, which had been raging with tension and excitement all throughout the fight with Baal. Grid wanted to fight with Yura until the moment when the cooldown of his immortality, which was consumed at the last moment, ended. It was a judgment that it would be great research if he could experience how she used the Hell Leap skill from an enemy's point of view.

Yura calmed him down. "Let's go back to Reinhardt first."

The empire had a great deal of enemies. There were even enemies on a transcendent level. In particular, the celestial gods had the ability to observe the surface and they were unlikely to miss the gap when Grid was away.

Grid fully understood her, but he felt a bit reluctant. "I think it will be hard to come back to hell the moment I return to the surface..."

The enemy's invasion of Reinhardt was just a 'possibility.' Furthermore, Reinhardt's defense was close to perfection. The apostles might be away, but Asmophel and the Red Knights, powerful soldiers, and even Kraugel were prepared for an enemy invasion.

On the other hand, it was a predetermined fate that Baal would disrupt Grid. In fact, he had set up a trap at the place where Grid got off the hell elevator. It was hard to predict what type of terrible traps would lurk the next time he got out of the elevator.

Yura read his concerns and smiled widely. "Don't worry. You have me, right?"

'That's right...'

Grid recalled Yura's Hell Gate skill. It was a dimensional gate that moved between the surface and hell. He heard that the level had increased significantly since she used it frequently over the past year. The number of people she could take with her had increased to four and it was easier to specify the coordinates. It was said that it was very rare for her to fall to an unexpected place and become lost.

'The elevator is in a set position, so it is easy for Baal to place traps. Meanwhile, the hell gate is different.'

The hell gate opened near a point designated by Yura. Even Baal had no choice but to specify the location only after Grid's group arrived in hell. It was difficult to dig a trap in advance.

'There would be no answer if he leads an army to a trap or something.'

Baal was the master of the 1st Hell. He had an army of thousands of demons, each one said to be at the level of great demons in the 30s, and an entourage comparable to the single digit great demons. There were also the red chunk of flesh and Asura, who were as potentially as fearsome as Baal himself. The power of Baal's army wasn't at the level that Grid could handle.

However, Grid felt certain. There was no possibility that Baal would move the army unless it reached the point where Grid completely overwhelmed Baal. This guess was possible because he understood Baal's personality.

Baal was different from Chiyou. He wanted to 'realize' his death wish, but he didn't really intend to die. To Baal, the crisis of death was just a means to appease boredom and to obtain pleasure. His arrogance pierced the sky. Additionally, in most cases, one's arrogance was proportional to their pride.

He had to use an army to defeat just one god, especially one weaker than him? It was impossible.

"Okay... let's go back."

From this day on, Grid's schedule was the toughest it had ever been. He fought against Yura, who actively utilized her Hell Leap skill, until the cooldown of his immortality ended. Then as soon as his immortality was available, he broke into hell again and fought against Baal.

He was defeated in the second battle.

He was also defeated in the third battle.

He lost the fourth battle.

Unlike Yura's Hell Leap, which slightly increased the cooldown once it was used more than a certain number of times, Baal's Hell Leap skill maintained an extremely short cooldown. The demon sword he stabbed toward Grid's right side appeared from above Grid and the kick he aimed at Grid's abdomen came from behind Grid's back. He almost peed in his pants when the waves of the One Million Army Swordsmanship flying from in front suddenly disappeared and cut the back of his neck as they passed by him. The basic attack speed itself was fast enough that Grid could only react by relying on his artificial senses. Now that it was mixed in with some fakes, it wasn't at the level that Grid could respond to just by practicing.

"The God Hands are terribly useless."

"....."

Did they understand Grid's lament? The God Hands stopped moving in unison from where they were always hovering beside Grid. Grid felt somewhat guilty, but another sigh emerged. Ever since the old days, the God Hands had no power against enemies who were equal to or superior to Grid.

The God Hands themselves were an item that reproduced some of Grid's stats, so it was unavoidable that they were an inferior version of Grid. Against an opponent Grid couldn't handle, it was impossible for the God Hands' attack or defense to be effective unless a great deal of luck followed.

Tai Chi? There was no chance. Fortunately, they now played a big role through the artificial senses, but it was still a disappointment.

'I think I could've won if Meteor had hit at that time.'

The mass of Greed that floated at a certain altitude. Grid called it Meteor while Braham called it an ignorant piece of iron. It naturally didn't hit Baal. It was read and avoided every time. Grid felt the need to devise a completely different way of using Greed. Of course, he came to the same conclusion as always. The conclusion was that the most ideal form of supplementary items that could be made out of Greed was the God Hands.

'The God Hands are better than a magic machine against Baal. The God Hands reproduces my skills, while the magic machine has very few attack skills and the pattern is simple. Let's just increase the number of God Hands as much as possible.'

It was on the day of his 3rd defeat to Baal. Grid immediately returned to Reinhardt and split up some of the mass of Greed that had been accumulating for a long time. Then he started making hundreds of God Hands. He wasn't nervous. He might've been defeated three times, but his experience bar was full. It was enough as long as he didn't die. From Grid's perspective, it was at a level where he would unconditionally gain if he fought unconditionally.

[If your class rating is myth, then you can use up to 300 secondary weapons.]

[...It is an amazing achievement!"]

[The restrictions on the use of secondary weapons have been found by a player for the first time.]

[You have received the title 'Do You Have a Conscience?' as a reward for the first achievement.]

[Do You Have a Conscience?]

[Number of secondary weapons simultaneously used +10.]

"....."

Yura, Nefelina, Noe, and Randy looked at Grid, who had a total of 310 God Hands floating around him. They were the ones who had struggled in hell with Grid for the past week. Their level had also risen significantly. Yura and Nefelina didn't have the enlightenment effect, but they escaped death thanks to Grid's efforts. They rose several levels based on the experience they gained on the first day they defeated Baal. Then after that, they hadn't lost any experience points. Noe and Randy shared a common destiny with Grid. Once they joined the battle, they shared a portion of the experience that Grid gained.

"Are you into Buddhism these days?" Kraugel was responsible for analyzing Baal's swordsmanship based on the scars left on Valhalla. He was deep in contemplation as he thought of a new notch to be engraved on Valhalla, only to belatedly grasp the situation and ask this question.

A body made up of a thousand hands and a thousand eyes that was said to be created by the Bodhisattva Guanyin to save all living things. Grid's appearance looked just like the Thousand Hands of Avalokite?vara. It was just that he looked to be ruling by might rather than divine.

"Haha, Kraugel. I respect and love all religions in the world, not just Buddhism."

"Why are you suddenly quoting a Korean textbook..."

"Haha, what are you saying?"

Grid was in a position where he had to be conscious that there were eyes and ears that saw and heard him at any time and any place. He was loved by so many people that he couldn't be seen as showing favoritism for a particular religion. This was why he alternately sponsored not just churches, temples, and cathedrals, but took turns supporting all religious organizations in South Korea such as Hindu temples, Myanmar temples, Cambodian temples, and Mongolian temples.

It was Sehee's advice and the effect was great. People from all walks of life sent special affection to Grid. It was safe to say that Grid's allied forces were spread out not only in South Korea, but also throughout the world.

'...Is he going to run for president some day?'

He was so diligent that he lived a very tiring life.

Kraugel shook his head and pulled out his sword.

Twilight—it was a dragon weapon that felt a bit more colorful and sharper than Grid's Twilight. Kraugel started to carve new notches on Xenon's scales that wrapped around Valhalla's gorget, chest, and thigh area. The effect appeared immediately.

[The 'favor of the Sword Saint' has added the 'immunity to same sword damage overlapping' effect to Valhalla of Infinite Affection.]

The biggest part of Baal's dominance over Grid was speed. The rapid swordsmanship had a permanent 'continuous attack' effect. The moment one attack was allowed, he inevitably suffered from several more damages overlapping. Now he became immune to it. Of course, the effect was limited only to damage received from swords, but as long as Baal insisted on swordsmanship, the burden on Grid would be greatly reduced in the future.

"Come back safely."

"Yes."

Grid shared a high five with Kraugel before taking Yura's hell gate to fight for revenge. Unfortunately, he was defeated again. Then in the sixth battle the next day, the battle became more intense. The day after that, he won the seventh battle. The help of Yura, Kraugel, and the God Hands that had increased to 310 became a strong support for Grid. Nefelina started to be more courageous and she was naturally the number one contributor to the victory.

Baal started to question it. What made this guy become stronger every day?

The Lonely Absolute couldn't understand Grid.

".....!"

".....!"

Grid and Yura, who had turned around and fled as soon as they killed Baal, suddenly exchanged looks with wide eyes.

They heard the voices of souls. They were the souls of Pagma and Alex. They were the voices of the souls who regained their sense of reason while Baal was weakened.

Chapter 1684

From the little things to the private details—there were many ways in which a couple checked their compatibility.

In that sense, Grid and Yura were a well-matched couple. Not only did the two of them like every aspect of each other, but their fates were intertwined, even in Satisfy. Their final class quest was similar. Grid had to rescue Pagma's soul from Baal, while Yura had to rescue Alex's soul from Baal.

It wasn't a very good thing to have in common. Their class quests were impossible for a single player to handle. It was wise to give up while taking comfort in the fact that there was no guarantee the new skills they would gain from completing the class quest was worth more than a few lives.

Unfortunately, the two people were persistent. Yura gathered information by interacting with demons, such as Red Demon Glant, and she had been trying to rescue Alex's soul without necessarily having to fight Baal. Meanwhile, Grid had grown in strength with the idea of getting rid of Baal.

Baal was destined to one day clash with the two of them.

-This isn't a very wise method since it is just accumulating experience for Baal.

-Baal is developing just as much as you are growing.

-Everything that Baal learns during his trials also nourishes that chunk of red flesh.

Pagma's soul and Alex's soul took advantage of Baal's weakness to regain their sense of reason and to speak. Their caution and warnings aroused Grid's annoyance.

"Then what do you want me to do? Should I not fight and let go?"

The attitude of his seniors, who only gave warnings without providing a solution, was unpleasant for Grid. This was nagging, not advice.

"If you have time for useless words, then you should let me know how to free you."

-Hah... You are truly Pagma's Successor.

-What do you mean?

-His rude and ferocious personality really resembles you, Pagma. Doesn't the fact that your personalities are so similar even though you don't have a blood relationship mean there is a problem with the sword dances? It seems to have the side effect of making the user's temperament more domineering...

-Stop the speculation.

-You said that your sword dance comes from a ritual that the yangban used for their ceremonies, right? Ultimately, it must've been a means of contacting Hanul. Does this side effect mean that God Hanul himself isn't right...

-It is okay to curse Hanul, but I hate that you used it as a means to insult me. I would've made you shut your mouth if I had hands and feet.

"....."

Grid and Yura's steps as they headed for the hell gate right in front of their noses slowed down for a moment. It was because the illusions they secretly had of the predecessors were shattered. Of course, Grid knew that Pagma had a ruthless personality, but in any case, he was a hero who fought for

humanity. He hadn't expected Pagma to be so blatantly wild and emotional. In the first place, it didn't match his elegant appearance. It was also hard to see Alex's personality as good when Alex clearly knew Pagma's personality and provoked him.

Grid felt pure doubts and murmured, "He doesn't have the personality to be friends with Braham..."

To put it bluntly, Braham had a bad personality. He had improved a lot these days, but in the past, he didn't care about others at all and lived purely according to his own tastes. A person naturally had to be broad-minded to be friends with Braham.

'Like me.'

On the other hand, Pagma's personality seemed to resemble Braham's. It seemed like they would growl just by making eye contact with each other. Then how did it develop into a relationship where he was Braham's most trusted friend?

Pagma answered Grid's question.

-As you know, Braham was arrogant and made frequent mistakes. It was easy to grab a weakness.

"....."

Was it a friendship built up by gaslighting? Grid was thinking about the crime of grooming with a dismayed expression when Pagma's bitter voice entered his ears.

-I'm glad he has a good friend like you, even if it is late.

Pagma's soul and Alex's soul had never actually lost their sense of reason. Rather, they had always maintained a clear mind and felt Baal's despair and pain. This was why they always screamed. Pagma had watched in pain the sight of Grid fighting for others at any time and under any circumstances.

Grid was clearly different from him, who sacrificed innocent people under the pretext of a cause. It was probably the result of the differences in their origin. It was said that Pagma had experienced the life of the weak when living among the yangbans, but in the end, he was still different from a human. There were many areas where he wasn't emotionally compatible with them. Therefore, he often made the wrong choice and repeatedly regretted it over and over.

On the other hand, Grid was a completely normal human being. He communicated with many people much more easily than Pagma.

-Your existence isn't a blessing just for Braham, but for all of humanity. I admire and envy you... Ugh...

Pagma's words abruptly stopped. His groan, which sounded like he was being mutilated by a sword, hinted at Baal's resurrection. He was still alive and well despite already suffering a few deaths. Rather, Baal, who became stronger as he learned, resembled a player.

Grid trembled when he realized how great Baal was. The strongest people in human history, who dominated an era and eventually became legends, were captured by Baal in such an insignificant way. Pagma and Alex, who trembled in pain without being comfortable for a moment, recalled the fear that they had been trying to suppress.

There was a voice that awakened him. “Youngwoo-ssi!”

“...Ah.” Grid reflexively reached out. At the same time, the demon sword that pierced his abdomen tilted diagonally just before it separated his upper and lower body. Grid was pulled by Yura and succeeded in escaping to the surface through the hell gate.

“Y-Your Majesty!”

“God...!”

Unfortunately, the place where he landed was bad.

At the temple of the Overgeared God, in the Overgeared World....

The imperial subjects were praying under Damian’s leadership and they became agitated when they witnessed the seriously injured Grid.

“Look at this! Our god has once again punished the evil demon Baal and returned in a dignified manner!”

Damian and Sariel quickly acted. Damian took off his uniform and spread it out like a veil, hiding Grid’s appearance. Meanwhile, Sariel used that short gap to restore Grid with magic. Then with Damian’s next shout—

Ta da! Grid reappeared with the feeling of ‘aha!’ and was unscathed without a single wound.

It happened in an instant. People were confused, but they had no choice but to think the Grid they saw a moment ago was their illusion.

‘Isn’t this the leader of a pseudo-religion?’

Grid clicked his tongue as he watched Damian secretly smiling. Then he waved toward the cheering people as a response. After a while, he arrived at the smithy and told Yura his honest feelings.

“Is there no answer?”

“.....”

In fact, he had noticed it little by little. Just as Grid’s level got higher the more he fought Baal, Baal had also learned combat skills. The number of times that Grid’s six fusion sword dance missed in vain gradually increased. Still, it was okay.

If he killed Baal a few more times, then Baal’s status would be undermined at some point. From then on, Grid would gradually gain an advantage... he used this thought as consolation, but there were no signs that Baal’s status was being undermined. Additionally, he learned the shocking truth that the red chunk of flesh was learning from Baal’s experience.

He didn’t show it on his face in front of Pagma’s soul, but honestly, he felt his vision darken.

Grid lowered his head with a sense of loss. Yura quietly stroked his head and spoke cautiously, “How about not giving Baal a chance to learn?”

“...Through what means?”

“Fight in a different way every time. For example, equip an item with a different function every time you challenge Baal. Then Baal won’t have a chance to adapt... I’m sorry.”

Yura was eagerly explaining only to hurriedly close her mouth. It was because she knew the pain of creation. How easy could it be to create new and different items every time? She felt guilty when she realized that she had almost imposed too much responsibility on Grid.

Grid grabbed her hands. “Thank you.”

Creating something out of nothing and forcing a new attack strategy on the target—it was a method that could only be used by Overgeared God Grid and the blacksmithing god Hexetia. Of course, it was true that the burden was high. It required infinite deliberation. Even so, Grid didn’t mind.

“That’s right. I forgot the most basic thing.”

He should actively utilize his strengths. Was it because he relied on Request to Stand With Me through the fight against Baal? He became accustomed to borrowing the power of the apostles and tower members and didn’t consider using items. It could be a side effect of perceiving the items he was currently armed with as endgame items.

Grid stood up. Yura was shocked to see him preparing to leave even though the immortality cooldown hadn’t ended.

Grid reassured her, “I am going to the East Continent, not hell.”

There were still two of the Four Auspicious Beasts that Grid hadn’t saved. Among them, Grid coveted the Blue Dragon. It was judged that the Blue Dragon’s lightning was the most suitable attribute to hurt Baal’s mental image that harbored a cold chill.

‘Another method is to ask Braham to attribute lightning magic to Twilight.’

However, there wasn’t the lightning attribute among the great magic that Braham used. It meant he would have to receive an insignificant magic if he wanted Braham’s help to attach the lightning attribute to Twilight. This was very regrettable. On the other hand, the Blue Dragon was the god of lightning. There was a limit to the lightning power gained from the Blue Dragon’s Boots, so it didn’t have much power against Baal. However, he was sure that the lightning power he obtained from the Blue Dragon would be different.

“Reinhardt’s defense?”

“There is Sticks, so it is fine. I can come and go at any time.”

“Ah...”

The transportation vehicle...

After a long and peaceful time at the Overgeared Academy, Sticks would once again be used as a tool.

“Request to Stand With Me.”

Grid arrived in Kaya on the East Continent with the help of Sticks and didn't delay for even a moment.

"Keen Insight."

He immediately borrowed Mercedes' power to search for the exact location of the Blue Dragon. To be precise, it was the location of the Blue Dragon Dao where the Blue Dragon was sealed. He naturally felt a familiar aura. "Mir..."

A person he was unintentionally deeply connected with. Maybe he had been putting off saving the Blue Dragon because he didn't want to fight Mir—Grid had this thought and moved toward the center of the desert that was covered with snow.

At the same time...

"It has been a while since I've given you my greetings."

Mercedes returned to her home after decades and bowed her head like a criminal while giving her greetings. It was a habit that arose from an early age due to the attitudes of her family, who hated making eye contact with her. The days when her 'eyes' were weak. They were the days when she couldn't control it, so she unintentionally peeked into the secrets and innermost thoughts of her precious family, to their displeasure. This was why they felt reluctant and fearful toward each other.

"What brings you here...?" They didn't even welcome her or ask her how she had been. The elderly couple treated their one remaining daughter like she was a complete stranger. Mercedes' status as a knight and the new emperor's concubine give justification to the couple's indifferent attitude.

"I would like to take the head of the family's test." Mercedes mustered up the courage to speak.

It happened shortly after she was asked to lend Keen Insight to Grid. This allowed her to temporarily overcome her trauma and raise her head. For the first time, she could see her parents' old and dwarfed appearance, who flinched when they made eye contact with her.

"...Now I can bear the sins of our family."

Most people didn't know the truth, but the Vaintz family's two swords actually meant slaughter. Back in her childhood, it was something that was difficult to understand and handle for Mercedes, who was taken by Piaro after being abandoned by her parents and raised to be a knight that protected the emperor and the nation. Her Vaintz' Swordsmanship differed greatly in form from the original.

However, this time she saw real demons in hell. She had a mission to destroy them, and she achieved the sword energy of dramatic victory. She was ready to accept her family's slaughter.

Chapter 1685

The rankers' favorite method of growth were raids and quests. Unlike the boring hunts, it was interesting and thrilling, and a lot of resources were granted at once. However, there were only a few players who could grow by sticking to raids, such as Grid, Kraugel, Yura, Euphemina, and Zibal. Most players were realistically obsessed with quests.

The same was true of Laella, the master of the Overgeared Magic Tower. She actively used her status as a ranker, the magic tower master, and a high ranking noble of the empire. She opened communication channels on various routes and collected all types of information to increase the quest collection rate. The following was a quest obtained as the magic tower master.

[Key to Making Magic of Light and Darkness (1)]

[Difficulty: Unknown

In the chaotic environment of hell, the 'Fruit of Good and Evil' was rarely born.

There is a legend that it is a fruit made by the Evil God Yatan to corrupt the good gods and angels.

It is necessary to check if the Fruit of Good and Evil can change the nature of magic power.

Quest Clear Conditions: Secure the 'Fruit of Good and Evil' and transport it to a master level magic tower laboratory.

Quest Clear Rewards: Unknown.]

A master level magic tower—there were only two such places on the continent: the Tower of the Sun and the Tower of Eternity. Among them, the Tower of Eternity in Titan belonged to the empire. It was the cruel experiment site where Goldhit, who claimed to be the ruler of magic in the past, studied eternal life. It had a history of being burned down by Grid's hands. It was now restored and operated as a normal magic tower.

"Thank you again for handing over the Fruit of Good and Evil." Laella arrived at Titan and politely bowed again. During the journey, she must've bowed her waist 90 degrees at least 10 times.

Piario waved his hand as if he was tired of it. "I told you many times that I am only obeying His Majesty's orders."

"I am naturally thankful to Grid, but Piario, you are the one who made this fruit, right? I want my sincerity to be conveyed to both of you. By the way, was it really a coincidence?"

"You're so persistent that you aren't like a magician."

The Fruit of Good and Evil was grown in the fields Piario had made in hell. However, Piario himself didn't know the principles behind how he grew it. It was because the environment of hell was so capricious. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the weather, temperature and humidity changed every second. Additionally, the density of demonic energy changed every moment. It was impossible for him to accurately remember and artificially create the environment that grew the Fruit of Good and Evil. It was an area of pure chance.

"That is too bad... in any case, I'll do my best to make you feel rewarded, Piario."

"I'm looking forward to it."

The reason why Piario joined Laella's trip to Titan wasn't simply to act as an escort. The Fruit of Good and Evil that made evil beings good and good beings evil—Piario wanted to see with his own eyes how far the benefits would go.

'If the effect is really applied to magic power...'

Humanity would be freed from many constraints. The reason to sign a contract with demons to use black magic power and the obligation to serve the gods to use divine power would disappear. The repercussions would be huge. Most gods would slowly lose their influence and there would be less room for demons to intervene in the human world. The Fruit of Good and Evil was a very important key to the independence of humanity from all types of transcendent beings.

Of course, this was only a story of when the effect was real.

"Are you Lady Laella?"

The attitude of the magicians who came to meet their group was unwilling. They dedicated their lives to magic and confined themselves to the tower, like monks, so they tended to be indifferent. Their only interest was magic, so they weren't impressed when they saw the famous Piaro, apostle of the Overgeared God. They also didn't particularly react to Laella.

The greatest magician on the continent right now was Braham, and right below him was Euphemina. It was widely believed that magicians other than them were only a bit better than the 10 great magicians of the past, no matter how strong. Additionally, over the past 20 years, the 10 great magicians hadn't made many achievements. Their performance on the battlefield was lacking compared to the powerhouses currently considered the protagonists of the world. It wasn't something the magicians of the magic tower should aim for. They didn't feel much respect.

Laella didn't have much of a problem with their attitude. Rather, she was pleased. From being an idol to a world star, people's attention on her was heavy.

"...I think it is real."

Piario was about to enter the tower with the guidance of the magicians only to stop. His expression was sharp as he spoke to himself while pulling out a sickle and hand plow.

"What is going on?"

"It is the enemy. Based on the source of the energy, they seem to be aiming for the Fruit of Good and Evil. You should hurry up."

"Yes, I understand."

She didn't insist on fighting together. It was as Piario said. As long as the enemies were targeting the Fruit of Good and Evil, she had an obligation to focus on her role. It was the obligation to check the efficacy of the Fruit of Good and Evil, clear the quest, and find out how to use it.

In the first place, this was Titan. Basara, the politician Grid and Lael trusted the most, was the lord, while Lightning God Kyle was the guardian. It was the city with the largest number of troops after Reinhardt. It meant there was no need to be agitated by every attack by the enemy. Laella had faith that she didn't need to go out.

"Is the master of the Overgeared Magic Tower running away?" A magician criticized Laella, who left Piario alone and started climbing the tower. Then he soon shut up. He was overwhelmed by the pressure coming from Laella, whose body was encased in powerful fire magic.

“I don’t need to keep the line, right?”

“...You are absolutely right.”

The eyes of the magicians toward Laella changed in an instant. They felt an admiration that was the same as when they watched the performances of Braham and Euphemina on the battlefield. It was a reaction that proved Laella’s growth.

Meanwhile, Piaro blocked the entrance to the magic tower and looked up at the sky. Three angels with four wings spread out were descending to the surface. Once their feet finally touched the ground, a divine light shone around them and dazzled the people on the street.

“Hand over the Fruit of Good and Evil.”

“It is the fruit of the most evil being in the world. Human strength and desires can’t handle it.”

“Did you think we could handle the invasion of the demons?”

“.....?”

“It is funny that those who only watched from heaven as the demons climbed up to the surface, slaughtering humans, and starting a great war are talking like this now.”

“...You are truly low level as the apostle of a human god with no foundation. It is ugly to talk about things that have already happened in the past. I heard you are going back and forth to hell with the Overgeared God, so you must’ve become closer to a demon.”

“There is no need to talk any longer.”

Piario recognized angels as no different from demons. He wondered how they were different from the demons who were blinded by slaughter and couldn’t communicate.

He started his battle by sowing seeds in all directions.

“...I see.”

During the hell expedition not long ago, the tower member Fronzaltz fought in the 9th Hell. He defeated the self-proclaimed 9th Great Demon, who usurped Hell Gao’s empty throne. After that, he stayed in the 9th Hell for a long time and searched for something.

Zik found out about this by chance and upon returning to the surface, he immediately visited Cokro Island. He investigated Hell Gao’s emergence point for a full month before becoming convinced.

‘Fronzaltz knew about it from the very beginning.’

Hell Gao, Furfur, Morax, Lepir, Kurson, and Drasion—the great demons who appeared on the surface in the past and were sealed by Muller had something in common: they were reincarnated beings. They weren’t demons from the moment they were born. Rather, they were humans or angels who died and

were reincarnated as demons. The fact that Drasion was the archangel Sariel was the first evidence. The fragments of the fire stone that Zik just found were the second evidence.

‘Some parts of the fire stone resemble the Stone of Original Sin in a subtle manner.’

He had seen the fire stone before, but didn’t notice it because it was so insignificant. Now it was clear after a detailed analysis.

‘...Is Hell Gao Bultar?’

Hell Gao’s obsession with the surface was an unsolved mystery. He repeatedly appeared in the dungeon of Cokro Island despite constantly being defeated. As a result, he greatly helped humans. What if it was the will of Bultar, one of the Seven Good People, rather than the Great Demon Hell Gao? The front and back were right.

Zik recalled a story that Grid once told him. He had heard the voice of the 7th Evil, Corruption, when he won the blacksmithing match against Hexetia. He had revealed the original sin of Hexetia and told the old story of Bultar. Grid might not have known it at the time, but the real name of Corruption was Bultar.

‘Maybe Bultar’s consciousness temporarily awakens during each and every short period of time between Hell Gao’s death and resurrection.’

Maybe he was the one who made Hell Gao challenge Cokro again. It was like making an offering to humans.

Zik’s expression darkened as he made this guess. He had believed that the souls of his companions were sealed in the Abyss along with their bodies, but now he realized this wasn’t the case. Their souls were separated from their bodies that were sealed in the Abyss, and wandered through eons of suffering. Just like Sariel was banished from heaven and became a demon for revealing the sins of Goddess Rebecca, they fell and became a demon, accumulating sin.

It wasn’t enough to frame the Seven Good People as the Seven Evils, but they also corrupted the Seven Good People into real demons. What a cruel and terrible punishment it was.

Zik clenched his fists and his grudge against heaven grew further. Then he suddenly noticed something new.

‘Muller knew.’

Was it just a coincidence that Sword Saint Muller defeated the demons and sealed their bodies? Coincidentally, the six demons were special. Perhaps Muller had sealed Sariel and the Seven Good People, who had forgotten their previous lives and were accumulating sins, so that they couldn’t accumulate any more sins.

“Thank you... thank you...”

Zik held the fragments of the fire stone to his chest and shed a few transparent tears.

The snow that covered Kaya, the desert kingdom, was the embodiment of the Blue Dragon's anger. It was far from a natural phenomenon. The environment of impossible cold harmed animals and people or forced them to leave.

Mir had condemned the situation. He lamented that it was very common for a god's selfishness to harm powerless human beings and that gods who deserved to receive the worship of human beings were truly rare. It was also true of the gods in the Hwan Kingdom.

Maybe it was from that time on—Grid started to become vaguely fond of Mir after realizing he was different from ordinary yangbans.

"He is really here."

"The rumor that he went crazy after he became a god is true."

The yangbans muttered to each other as they found Grid walking on a snowy street. They gathered one by one, but none of them dared to block Grid's way despite being in groups of dozens. However, there was a sense of relaxation in their expressions. They probably believed in Mir. Mir was created to be the opponent of Baal and Raphael, and his armed force was so transcendent in the eyes of the yangbans that it was worth relying on.

'As much as possible, I didn't want to fight him.'

Grid took a deep breath as he stood in front of the tile roof house where he could feel Mir's aura. He remembered the moment when Mir had saved him. It was just that the grace he received at that time and the resurrection of the Blue Dragon had to be calculated separately.

The determined Grid opened the huge gate. The most noticeable thing in the large garden was the outdoor space for earthenware jars containing fermented food. Small birds were gathered on top of the earthenware jars that were covered with white snow. He noticed that Mir often put food over here, but unfortunately, that didn't seem to be the case today. The birds searched anxiously, but not even a small piece of millet could be found.

'...It isn't just today.'

Grid noticed that the cries of the birds were so faint that it wouldn't be strange if they were extinguished immediately. Therefore, he opened his inventory. He took out a piece of bread and placed it on top of the jar. There were no deep intentions. It was just a natural thing to do.

Mir's eyes were hazy as he sat in the main floored room and stared at him. He seemed to be reflecting on a certain memory. However, it didn't seem to be easy and his expression soon distorted.

"It has been a while."

Grid gulped as he couldn't express the happy words and his expression slowly stiffened. Mir's eyes that were looking at him were full of vigilance and contempt. It felt like he was dealing with an uninvited guest he had never seen before. It was completely different from the attitude that Mir had shown in the past.

"...What happened to you?"

Mir didn't answer Grid's question.

There was no more need to talk, so he drew the Blue Dragon Dao and rushed forward. The faces of the yangbans who had climbed onto the tiled roof and watched the scene with interest, stiffened unknowingly. It was because the Overgeared God was fine even though they expected his head to fall off with a single blow.

Hundreds of black gold hands rose like ghosts to block the trajectory of the Blue Dragon Dao and to strike Mir's body at the same time.

"No, wait a minute. Calm down for a moment." Grid stopped the God Hands that were beating Mir with ruthless violence.

However, Mir aimed for that gap and attacked again. This caused the God Hands to react reflexively again. The slaps to Mir's lower cheek area occurred again and again. Mir only managed to shake off the God Hands and back away after raising the energy of the Blue Dragon.

Grid realized it. 'Have I become terribly strong?'

The reason he didn't realize it until now was because Baal was so strong...

Chapter 1686

The quiet city was roaring with noise. It was due to the blue light that shone around Mir's body. The white snow pouring down burned out without touching the ground, leaving only a bit of moisture behind. Additionally, the area where the electricity spread grew larger each time. It felt like Mir himself was gradually becoming bigger.

It was the effect of Lightning God. Mir's body was completely assimilated with the energy of the Blue Dragon and became made up of lightning, not bones and flesh. He was truly a god.

The sound wasn't heard until after the action was over. Grid was already under attack by the time the lightning seemed to flash. It was a surprise attack from the Lightning God who literally 'pierced' through the camp of more than 300 God Hands.

The Blue Dragon Dao, which stretched out like an incandescent long line, was blocked by a white beam of light. It was the traces of the enhanced Magic Missile that Grid hurriedly fired. Lightning God was immune to all physical attacks, but was vulnerable to magic attacks. It couldn't resist magic at all and suffered twice as much damage. However, the power of Magic Missile itself was low. This prevented it from damaging Mir, but it was significant because it blocked Mir's attack.

".....?"

Wasn't it absurd when a ridiculous magic became the barrier that stopped a god's advance?

Mir was startled and his next move didn't connect. It was a gap of less than 0.1 seconds. Grid could take full advantage of that time.

Twilight soared through the gaps in the fragments of the Magic Missiles that collided with the Blue Dragon Dao and scattered. It was a blow that soared in a diagonal line. Then it moved in a lateral line

the moment it reached the target. It was a feast of lines that seemed to go on infinitely, the Link sword dance.

“.....”

Mir's expression that could be seen between the blue lights that shook every time the sword wind swept over it was calm. He searched for Grid's gaps with the confidence that he wouldn't be cut by the sword.

It was just before Grid recovered the Twilight that had been extended. He wielded the Blue Dragon Dao the moment Grid's ribs were clearly visible.

Seeing through the weak spot. An attack there would induce a critical hit. However, it stopped just before reaching Grid. The lightning that was making up Mir's body dissipated without a trace.

It was due to Twilight. It was an inevitable result. Lightning God was the power of the Blue Dragon and Twilight had a high probability of neutralizing the power of a target. It was Mir's mistake in neglecting the dozens of sword strikes of Link. The moment the Lightning God body was released, Mir received a large cut to his shoulder and immediately pulled up the power of the Red Phoenix. The deep wounds were healed by the heat of the Red Phoenix and a rain of flames poured down from the sky.

Grid was naturally the target.

“.....?!”

Mir was about to cooperate with the rain of flames, only to stiffen like a stone statue. The flames that reached Grid didn't burn him but instead burned his wounds. The other nobles clearly witnessed the sight of the small traces Mir's lightning left on Grid's body disappearing without a trace.

“The heart of the Red Phoenix...” Mir muttered after realizing the reason.

Grid's head was tilted at an angle. His sharp eyes, which were like a bird of prey, became even fierce as he looked at Mir, who was a bit taller than himself. He realized that the scar he had left on Mir's face in the past was no longer there.

“As expected, you are a fake.”

Don't hesitate and let's kill him...

“.....!”

A chill went down Mir's spine at Grid's words and he leapt forward. The ground on which he had been standing rushed like waves. It was the effect of Earth God. The ground, which turned to mud due to the snow melted down by the lightning and flames, changed shape in response to Mir's will. He rotated 180 degrees, flipping Grid's view upside down and pouring out sharp stones. Was this how it felt to be surrounded by giants? The cliffs that soared from side to side pressed down toward Grid.

Grid swapped items. He took off the armor bearing a dragon's name for the first time in ages and equipped the armor bearing the name of the White Tiger. He activated the effect of Earth God and calmed the trembling ground. Mir's attempt was unsuccessful.

“The Mir I knew didn’t rely on the power of the Four Gods.”

Mastering the power of the Four Auspicious Beasts perfectly—it was Mir’s greatest strength. However, the reason why Grid felt a ‘wall’ when fighting Mir was due to his swordsmanship and other techniques. Even if Baal’s magic power was infinite, would he have been so strong if he just wielded his magic power? Baal was strong for countless reasons and it was the same with Mir.

However, today’s Mir was different from the past. He neglected his skills as if he had forgotten them and only relied on the powers of the Four Gods. He was now fighting against Grid, who knew how to deal with the power of the Four Gods.

“No matter how much I think about it, you aren’t Mir. There is no way a guy with an empty head like you is Mir.”

Grid’s words and actions became violent. It was natural. It was difficult for his words to come out beautifully from the time he was suddenly attacked. There was also a creepy hypothesis that made him feel uncomfortable. The yangban were existences made by Hanul. It wasn’t strange if the old Mir was wiped out without anyone knowing and a new Mir was created...

Grid thought up to this point and his expression gradually distorted with anger.

“You started from a human life and can admit that you aren’t perfect. To you, it isn’t shameful, but is natural. I have no doubt that you will be reborn as an alarm for the other gods. You will probably change many things in the future.”

“You are my hope.”

“I hope the gods can be an existence to truly rely on.”

“We might be enemies when we meet again in the future. Putting aside my support for you in my heart, the authority to move me is usually with the god I serve.”

“However, today I am on your side.”

Grid was reminded of Mir’s previous words. He stood protecting Grid and honestly confessed his true feelings in his heart as if he thought he might die. The reunion of this moment would take place after that day.

Mir wouldn’t stare at him with this expression unless he forgot what happened that day.

Grid took a deep breath, barely held back his vomit, and opened his mouth, “The Mir I know... where is Mir?”

There was no more mercy. Grid struck Mir, who had ignored the question and entered the Lightning God state again. He approached using Shunpo while using the six fusion sword dance with Twilight, which invalidated the effect of Lightning God and made it difficult for Mir.

The image of Mir being caught by the grappling technique and thrown to the ground made Grid realize it. As expected, this person wasn’t Mir. If this was the real Mir, then Grid would be the one thrown to the ground right now.

Grid gritted his teeth. Once again, he was swallowing his vomit.

From birth until now—Grid felt pity for Mir, who had devoted at least hundreds of years to the gods of the Hwan Kingdom only to be abandoned. He felt dizzy and his stomach was churning because the gods of the Hwan Kingdom were so disgusting.

“The world is full of sons of b*tches!” Grid shouted as he pressed his knee against Mir’s solar plexus while holding his sword in reverse.

The killing intent that came from confusion and anger were pouring toward the fake Mir. Mir didn’t resist. From the moment he was hit by the six fusion sword dance, he had been bound by hundreds of God Hands. Furthermore, he was beaten and held down by Grid.

Now he had reaffirmed that it was meaningless to assimilate with the energy of the Blue Dragon. The only way he could overcome the crisis was to use the White Tiger’s energy to strengthen his body. Of course, even this was likely to mean nothing. The sword with the sunset had already cut off the power of the Four Auspicious Beasts several times.

‘What god is he?’

Mir had his memories erased by the gods of the Hwan Kingdom. As a side effect, he lost the experience he had accumulated over the years and Grid was a completely unknown being to him.

He thought of the famous Crazy God and Crazy Dragon based on the armed dragon weapon and dragon armor, but it was only for a moment. It was because Crazy God and Crazy Dragon was a myth that was only completed when the Overgeared God boarded a dragon. Additionally, the presence in front of him was much stronger than the Crazy God and Crazy Dragon depicted by the three masters.

“You... who are you?” Mir asked as if he was vomiting hard.

Grid crushed him every harder as he struggled to shake off the approaching Twilight and replied, “The one who remembers the real Mir.”

To be precise, he was the one who remembered Mir’s true feelings. The true feelings that no one would know in the future.

Grid used Saleos’ Power. He held onto the blade of Twilight with both hands as Twilight was slowly moved toward Mir’s neck. He found out that Mir was a fake, so there was no reason to hesitate. He judged that killing Mir quickly and recovering the Blue Dragon Dao was beneficial to his mental health. Just then—

“Stop!” A woman’s urgent cry was heard. Her name was Yeum and she ran out from among the yangbans who were in a daze. She was Mir’s close confidante that Grid knew. “He is the real Mir...!”

“.....?”

“He was taken away by the three masters and his memory was erased. He isn’t a fake!”

The person who was really shocked was Mir, not Grid. How far did his thoughts go after he heard Yeum’s confession? He made a sad expression and released the strength from the hand that was holding the blade of Twilight away from his body.

“.....!”

Yeum’s eyes widened and she swallowed down her scream. She clearly captured the scene of the sunset sword penetrating Mir’s neck, which was lying on top of the mud. Liquid where it wasn’t known if it was mud or blood scattered in all directions.

“Ah... Ahhh...” Yeum sank down to the ground. She sobbed while feeling sorry for her brother who had died with the loss of his precious memories.

The yangbans standing silently on the tiled roof left immediately. They ran away out of fear they would be caught up in Grid’s anger.

“Is there a way to bring back this friend’s memory?” Grid asked Yeum, who was left here alone. Twilight hadn’t pierced Mir’s neck. It only slightly brushed against Mir’s neck and was stuck in the ground.

Mir couldn’t refuse the hug of Yeum, who rushed over to him with relief, and muttered with a stunned face, “Fri...end?”

A smile slowly spread on Grid’s face as he spoke bluntly, “To be precise, you were my lifesaver, although I just cleared my debt. In any case, give me the Blue Dragon Dao first.”

He couldn’t hide his joy after knowing that the Mir in front of him was the same as the Mir he knew.

[‘Mir’ has handed over the ‘Blue Dragon Dao’ to you.]

Mir’s memory loss ultimately worked in Grid’s favor. He easily secured the Blue Dragon Dao, which wouldn’t have been handed over so easily if it was the original Mir due to his sense of duty.

Chapter 1687

“Even this guy is so strong. How can we deal with Mir in the future?”

“We are going to die right now? How do you have time to worry about the future? Did you seriously injure your head because you couldn’t understand the situation properly?”

Old Sword Demon and Hwang Gildong were struggling to secure the White Tiger Spear.

After infiltrating the Pa Kingdom, they slowly approached the yangbans for half a year before finally reaching the level of interacting with the guardian of the White Tiger Spear. They disguised themselves as fanatical merchants who worshiped the yangbans.

Hwang Gildong was head of the Chivalrous Robbers, so he had a great deal of treasures that he had taken away from corrupt officials. It wasn’t difficult to gain the attention and liking of the yangbans. Even the yangbans with divinity couldn’t see through Hwang Gildong’s disguise.

The reason why Hwang Gildong was treated as a person of interest by the Hwan Kingdom wasn’t simply because of his superhuman strength and deceptions he demonstrated. They were the wariest of his unrivaled cloning and transformation techniques.

“Over there!”

“They already caught up? The yangbans are all good at tracking. It is like I’m always running from invisible hounds.”

“It is because there is the history of missing Pagma when he fled to the West Continent in the past. The pursuing skills they trained in order to avoid repeating the same mistakes are shining at this moment.”

“We were hit by the snowball rolled by Pagma.”

Old Sword Demon felt it was unfair for some reason and his expression crumpled. He glanced at Hwang Gildong, who was running beside him. He was a fool whose identity was discovered after he presented treasure that was actually goods stolen from the yangbans.

To be honest, he wanted to hit Hwang Gildong after hearing the silly excuse that he completely forgot the source because it had been stolen 100 years ago. After spending half a year getting close to the owner of the White Tiger Spear, they were kicked out without even finding an opportunity to steal the White Tiger Spear. A lot of time was wasted, so it was natural for anger to boil up.

‘It is disappointing because there is a good hunting ground nearby.’

Thanks to this, his growth rate hadn’t lagged far behind in the past half a year. The problem was that there was no opportunity to acquire items because there was no separate raid or quest. The people of the Pa Kingdom obeyed the yangbans unconditionally and didn’t harbor any wishes. They naturally lived like livestock. It was difficult for quests to occur in this environment.

“Two people,” Old Sword Demon stopped running in front of the high wall, drew his sword, and said, “My limit is to shake off two people, even if I do my best. Make a plan for retreat while taking note of this.”

Old Sword Demon was a player. He could be resurrected again even if he died. On the other hand, death was the end for Hwang Gildong. A legend might be able to suspend death for a while, but five seconds was the limit. Putting aside Hwang Gildong’s usual annoying personality, Old Sword Demon was obligated to make a sacrifice for him.

“I understand.” Hwang Gildong also understood. He didn’t hesitate to use Old Sword Demon’s shoulder as a stepping stone to jump over the wall.

“That damn...”

Pain came from the shoulder that tilted heavily due to how hard Hwang Gildong stepped on him. The wind blew around Old Sword Demon, who barely swallowed down his swear words. The wind was the remnant of the technique left behind by Hwang Gildong.

Some of the yangbans who caught up with Old Sword Demon flinched for a moment due to the blowing sharp wind and Old Sword Demon stabbed them through this gap. The fluid swordsmanship became even faster with Hwang Gildong’s technique behind him. He persistently cut at the thighs and Achilles tendon of the yangbans.

Of course, this was the Pa Kingdom. The guardian of the White Tiger Spear was in control. The yangbans basically mastered the power of the White Tiger and turned Old Sword Demon’s aim to nothing by hardening the point of attack so it was harder than stone.

If Grid hadn’t been able to unseal the Black Tortoise and Red Phoenix earlier...

If Old Sword Demon hadn't obtained the opportunity to interact with two of the Four Auspicious Beasts, Old Sword Demon would've felt helpless and would've been unable to penetrate the aura of the White Tiger operated by the two people.

"This guy..." The faces of the yangbans stiffened at once. Every time Old Sword Demon's sword touched their skin, deadly poison spread from the place of the wound. It was a poison that weakened the energy of the other Four Auspicious Beasts and slowed down their movements. They were forced to interpret it as direct help from the Black Tortoise.

"A mere human can use the power of the gods...? It is a degenerate age."

"It is nonsense about a degenerate age. The reason why humans worship gods while imagining they are omnipotent is to crave the help of the gods. Therefore, the gods have a duty to help human beings. Isn't it a power gained from the worship of humans in the first place? It is natural for humans to be protected by the gods."

"Are you using sophistry when a god is born before humans?"

"Since a god is born before humans, they don't have the obligation to help humans? By that logic, wouldn't those of you who are born later than humans not deserve worship? Ah, you are ashamed because you know this yourself. Therefore, you can't express your gratitude and run around wildly like a dog."

His level, skills, control, patience, tongue...

There were many things that Old Sword Demon had tempered during his years with Hwang Gildong.

Was it because he had dealt with the corrupt officials who sold their conscience to the yangbans? Hwang Gildong had a habit of unknowingly speaking in a way that turned people upside down. Old Sword Demon had been working hard in order to not be beaten by him. He had watched Huroi's self-edited videos hundreds of times.

The effect was great. It didn't deal much damage to Hwang Gildong, but it was fatal for the yangbans. They were angry with Old Sword Demon, who chatted without losing a word, and rushed out. It was the moment when the pursuers' aggro was dragged away by Old Sword Demon alone. He tied up the feet of more than the two yangbans he had promised.

'If I had known this would happen, I should've asked for more credit.'

From here on out, the key was how much time he could buy...

Old Sword Demon took a deep breath and raised his concentration. He prepared for the fight to last as long as possible by planning the timing of taking buff potions with different effects and checking the cooldown of his skills. Just then—

"Oh my!"

There was a loud noise. A wall behind Old Sword Demon had collapsed. The one who barely raised his body in a staggering manner in the dust was none other than Hwang Gildong.

Old Sword Demon managed to suppress his soaring irritation and asked, "Why did you come back?"

“No, well, I was betrayed by my clone.”

“.....”

Hwang Gildong was a master of the cloning technique. In particular, if the number of clones was limited to seven, then each clone would have an independent ego. By this point, there were basically eight Hwang Gildongs. It was virtually impossible to distinguish between the clones and the main body.

On the other hand, the disadvantages were clear. It was the fact that even the clones considered themselves to be the real one. Every clone had an independent self, so they naturally believed they were the real one. This meant they tended to prioritize their own safety first.

“This guy is the real one. I’m familiar with the signs.”

Beyond the collapsed wall, the owner of the White Tiger Spear appeared. It was a man who didn’t wear an undershirt and only had a long doko over his bare body. The large man, who exposed the distinct muscles of his upper body, held a rope where seven Hwang Gildongs were tied. Each one was beaten to the brink of death.

Hwang Gildong saw this and gritted his teeth. Old Sword Demon thought that Hwang Gildong cared about the human rights of his clones. Of course, this was an illusion.

“You should just get rid of all the clones! Why keep them alive and make me look like this?!” Hwang Gildong’s cry that was filled with great resentment caused a stir.

“.....”

The clones were infuriated. If they hadn’t been tied by the rope, they would’ve rushed toward Hwang Gildong right away. In the chaotic situation, the owner of the White Tiger Spear shrugged.

“It is true that the master of the Chivalrous Robbers is the most eccentric one.”

It was not a compliment. How could it be a compliment to say he was the most bizarre person in the world? However, Hwang Gildong was in a good mood for some reason. Old Sword Demon wanted to slap him when he raised his chin and smiled with satisfaction.

‘He is truly a madman.’

Was it really right to stay with Hwang Gildong forever?

It happened the moment when Old Sword Demon was seriously contemplating logging out...

One of Hwang Gildong’s clones, who was tied by a rope, muttered, “Well, this method is the best.”

He easily untied the rope around his body and threw a punch at Uram. The bodies that were tied up beside him were sucked in as if swallowed up by him. The same was true of the Hwang Gildong who was shouting by Old Sword Demon’s side. It was the Hwang Gildong who shouted that he was real and his clones had betrayed him. In other words, the Hwang Gildong who had been working with Old Sword Demon all day today was actually a clone.

Old Sword Demon realized this and felt betrayed. Then the real Hwang Gildong greeted him, “I am finally seeing you after a fortnight.”

“A fortnight? You are such a damn jerk!”

Wasn't a fortnight ago the time they started staying in Uram's palace? Like usual, that jerk sent him to a dangerous place by himself.

Old Sword Demon was angry after learning the truth while Uram slowly rose. He stroked the fist marks of Hwang Gildong, which were clearly left on his abdomen. “Did you use my acknowledgment of you to raise your status?”

“Yes. You might be a savage who can't dress properly, but you are the number two yangban for a reason. It was a big impact that you acknowledge me as the most eccentric one.”

“It wasn't exactly a compliment.”

“That depends on the listener.”

“Well... it doesn't matter. Still, I will correct you on one thing. I am no longer the number two.”

“Then?”

“Naturally, I am number one.”

Uram, the master of the White Tiger Spear—he was aware of the Three Masters' mistake. He realized that he had become the strongest yangban from the time the stupid Three Masters erased Mir's memory. It was a good thing. He managed to get something like this for free.

‘Now Chiyou has no choice but to rely on me. He will naturally try to teach me.’

In the future, he would become exponentially stronger. It would be at an incomparable speed to Mir, who foolishly insisted on rejecting Chiyou's advice and trained by himself. Sooner or later, he would reach the point where he became stronger just by breathing and serve Hanul in a higher position than the Three Masters.

Uram was full of joy and raised the White Tiger Spear high. His mind spun and he targeted Hwang Gildong, who was standing in the same path as the yangbans. Then he swung the spear. It was a blow with all his might and with the intention of slashing the yangbans as well.

“.....!!”

“.....!!”

The eyes of Hwang Gildong, Old Sword Demon, and the yangbans widened. The waves from the White Tiger Spear tore apart the space and hit the ground, stretching out in a straight line. It would be annihilation if it went on like this.

The moment that everyone on the field realized this...

A sunset was spreading on the horizon behind Uram. It was an abnormal scene. The sun was still high in the sky.

Urem felt the unexpected change based on the sunset that had unexpectedly covered the world and murmured in an empty manner, “...What type of dragon is this?”

A blue dragon made of blue lightning—for him, who had only witnessed the wounded and hidden dragons, the immense and overwhelming aura of an old dragon was an incomprehensible realm.

A sword dance that recreated the momentum of Evil Dragon Bunhelier—this unknown phenomenon was created by none other than Grid’s sword dance hitting the scene.

Chapter 1688

“You have to deal with him quickly.”

Mir advised a speedy process.

“The news that I was attacked and defeated by you will soon reach the Hwan Kingdom.”

He argued that Grid must take measures to secure the White Tiger Spear before the Three Masters made a decision and moved.

He explained the relationship between the Blue Dragon and the White Tiger. It was before the gods who were expelled from Asgard fled to the east. In other words, it was the days with the mythology of this land was intact. Back then, the Blue Dragon and the White Tiger were rivals. They defended the continent together, but they were very conscious of each other’s powers because they were wary and jealous.

It was the same until now. It was the reason why the liberation of the two gods had to take place at the same time. If either of them was released from the seal first, it wasn’t known what the one who was released late from the seal would do due to pride.

“This is why it is a priority to secure the White Tiger Spear.”

In fact, Mir had realized from the very beginning that his condition wasn’t perfect. It was as if he had consumed a large number of poppies with the Black Tortoise’s poison. His consciousness and memories were hazy, to the point where he didn’t know who he was.

Then Grid appeared in front of him. The Overgeared God—the protagonist of Crazy God and Crazy Dragon, and the target that the Three Masters advised should be killed with the highest priority at any time and in any situation. The man he believed was his rightful enemy treated him as a lifesaver. It was only then that his hazy consciousness cleared up a bit and some unanswered questions were resolved.

The clever Mir instinctively realized the fact that the ones he had to trust now weren’t the gods of the Hwan Kingdom, but the Overgeared God in front of him. It was a conviction he got when he saw Grid’s face, which was distorted with anger and killing intent, melted like snow the moment he heard Yeum’s cry.

“Let’s go.”

Indeed, this conviction wasn’t wrong. Just as Mir trusted him, the Overgeared God trusted Mir. Grid responded immediately without questioning Mir’s claims. Thanks to this, Mir let go of even the smallest hesitation.

The bridge connected to the Pa Kingdom was brought to the ground.

The Magpie Bridge—crows and magpies crossed the bridge that formed the Milky Way with Grid to reach the present day.

“Did someone so strong actually owe his life to me?”

Grid’s sword dance that reproduced the pressure of Evil Dragon Bunhelier impressed Mir. The owner of the White Tiger Spear, Uram, failed to withstand Grid’s attack.

“What terrible trap did he fall into that he was helped by me, a servant who is less than himself?”

“What? Mir, at that time, you were stronger than him.”

“...It can’t be.”

“I-I’m telling you the truth? It is because you are so weak now.”

Yeum explained it, but Mir didn’t believe her. It was natural. It was because only half of Yeum’s words were correct. At the time when Grid owed his life to Mir, it was right to say that Grid’s skill back then and the present Grid was like the difference between heaven and earth. He was much stronger than the Mir of the past. This meant that Grid’s growth rate was unusually fast.

Mir had no choice but to feel a sense of strangeness from Yeum’s explanation. In fact, Yeum was also suspicious about whether her memories were wrong. The Grid she met in the past and the Grid she met today were completely different beings. She used to think he was a monster, but now he was just great. He had a greater divinity than the gods of the Hwan Kingdom.

‘Is he actually a child that the Gods of the Beginning hid?’

Or perhaps he was the incarnation of the missing Evil God, Yatan.

It happened the moment Yeum’s thoughts reached the point of absurdity...

“A sword dance... are you the Overgeared God?” Uram’s hoarse voice was heard.

The gazes that had been focused on Grid, who had the energy of the ferocious dragon, shifted to Uram. They were looks of astonishment. No one thought that Uram would be alive. The six fusion sword dance with the power of the Evil Dragon was that fierce. It was at the level of giving definite death. It seemed that a half-god wouldn’t be able to handle it but Uram endured it.

Grid’s reaction was calm. It was from the moment he captured Uram’s location with Barbatos’ vision and used Shunpo. He realized that Uram had noticed his approach just before he linked the six fusion sword dance. As expected of the yangban who was the strongest after Mir. His senses were excellent and his judgment was quick.

He immediately raised the energy of the White Tiger to the peak and used White Tiger’s Posture. Additionally, the White Tiger’s soul was sealed in the White Tiger Spear. The soul of the White Tiger was led by the coercive force of the seal and couldn’t resist Uram’s will, giving him protection. As a result, Uram’s body became hard enough to resist Grid’s six fusion sword dance to some extent. Yes, it was to some extent.

“...Kuweek!” Uram paid a terrible price for asking only one question. Dark red blood and fragments of his internal organs poured out of his mouth. It was a trace of an internal injury where it wouldn’t be strange if he died immediately.

“Gasp... Gasp... Yes, I have been thinking that it was weird for a long time.”

Uram didn’t use the power of the Red Phoenix. He didn’t seek recovery and regeneration. He just held onto the energy of the White Tiger.

Mir was the only one who noticed the reason. ‘The moment the energy of the White Tiger weakens even a little bit, all the organs in his body will be shattered and he will die.’

Uram’s skills were not poor. He was the most powerful yangban after Mir and this meant he was superior to a decent god. It was the basics to operate the energies of all the Four Gods at the same time. Nevertheless, the reason why Uram was obsessed with the energy of the White Tiger was as Mir speculated. He could only suspend death by using it.

“If Pagma was truly worthless, would Hanul have tried to raise him as a priest? The priest might not be a god, but his status wasn’t insignificant because he was someone who communicated with Hanul. Additionally, didn’t Chiyou personally help Pagma escape?”

A sword dance that was strong enough to tear a great mountain to shreds—Uram gripped the White Tiger Spear, which he couldn’t let go of even after being cut by Grid’s six fusion sword dance. In the aftermath of activating the energy of the White Tiger, his solid body became integrated with the giant spear. He was like a stone statue.

“I thought that if I was to die one day, it would be due to Pagma.”

It was because out of all those who held a grudge against him, only Pagma had potential.

“It isn’t unusual to die to you, who has inherited Pagma’s power. It is just providence.”

Suddenly, the entire land was responding to Uram’s will. The soil and stones that made up the city rose like a tsunami and ran wild. It was like looking at a huge sculpture. The waves of rocks covering the city were so huge that there was no real feeling of them moving.

“I will transcend myself against your providence.”

Today, I will finally become a god.

If he fought and won against the Overgeared God, he would immediately become the protagonist of a new myth. Even if he lost and died, he would become a fragment of a myth and would never be forgotten. It was a gain regardless of whether the outcome was a win or a loss. The status of the Overgeared God was that high.

“Ohhhhh!”

The waves of rocks, which seemed to have stopped, roared as they rose and fell rapidly. It meant that they were accelerating at a tremendous speed. It covered the earth and the sky, reducing the view of Grid and Uram, establishing a law prohibiting the use of Shunpo. This forced a head on battle.

Uram was hoping for a heroic death. He consumed all his Origin True Energy. The strength of the energy he exuded stimulated Grid's transcendence. It warned of danger and the scales of the dragon armor repeatedly gathered together and released as if responding.

'He would've been a tough opponent.'

Before obtaining the title of Crazy God and Crazy Dragon, there was a time when he was anxious to unseal the White Tiger and the Blue Dragon. At that time, Grid had believed it would've been easy to secure at least the White Tiger Spear. If Gaya and Pa weren't connected by the Magpie Bridge...

If Mir was less likely to support the Pa Kingdom, Grid would've attacked without hesitation.

...It was arrogance. Fortunately, it didn't happen. It might be a dying flash, but Uram was very powerful.

"Do you want to surrender?" Grid asked as the waves of rocks approached right in front of his nose.

"I have already declared that I would transcend myself!"

Uram's willpower was solid. He would rather participate in a fight that might cost his life, than be forgotten after surviving miserably. The momentum of the White Tiger Spear, which was hardened with seemingly no end, caused a chill to go down Grid's spine.

'In the first place, it isn't easy to convince a yangban.'

Mir's case was unusual.

Grid controlled his disappointment and activated the Castration Eye. Some of the energy of the White Tiger was deleted, while Duke of Amplification was activated and a Breath was fired. It hit the waves that Uram was stepping on. The tip of the wave collapsed.

Uram's fine form shook slightly and Grid's sword aimed precisely at that gap. A series of horrifying explosion sounds occurred.

It was right after Uram's body had been cut dozens of times...

The White Tiger Spear pierced Grid's abdomen. A spear infused with the weak myth containing the hundreds of years of life of a half-god called Uram—it was much heavier than any other great mountain.

His body shot up and red blood poured from Grid's mouth. It was mixed in with the orange divinity and quickly became blurred, but Uram witnessed it clearly. Therefore, he smiled with satisfaction. He regarded the bitter pain of his body being torn to pieces as pleasure.

"It was, an honor."

Uram was born as a yangban and devoted his life to becoming a god, but he had always been uneasy. One day in the future, when the Hwan Kingdom gained enough power and invaded Asgard—he was worried that at that time, no matter what type of existence he was, he would just be described as one of Hanul's soldiers. It was because the worst myth of all times called 'the War of the Gods' would boast such a massive scale that most of the gods, with the exception of a few chief gods, would be reduced to something insignificant.

Uram was terribly disgusted and terrified that he would face such an end and be forgotten. Thus, he was even more obsessed with gaining Chiyou's acknowledgment. Unlike Mir, he didn't dream of becoming the Martial God. He just thought that if he became a god recognized by Chiyou, at least he wouldn't be forgotten in vain.

However, he met Grid today and realized how empty his goal was. Grid, who had passed Chiyou's trial only a few years ago, had already surpassed him. He thought it would have to be like this to get Chiyou's approval. It was the reason why Uram chose to abandon his long-held dreams and became a part of the Overgeared God's mythology. It was a bizarre and extreme choice that most people probably didn't understand.

However, Grid understood. "Live inside of me."

[Overgeared God Grid is writing the 21st epic.]

[The beginning of the narrative comes from Grid's determination to embrace the dying half-god.]

In the midst of Grid's consideration...

Uram, who had a faint smile like he was moved, turned to gray ash.

"You guys feel pain as well." Grid asked the yangbans who were in turmoil, "It is proof that you too can understand the pain of others, right? For example, the pain of the humans who have been hurt by you."

[He understood that there were bridles that had bound the half-gods.]

"....."

Unfortunately, there were no yangbans who answered hastily. However, Yeum had been watching Mir by his side for a long time and she bowed her head. She realized something great. It was hope for Grid.

Grid persuaded them, "Why don't you hope for worship in a better way from now on? If you don't know how, then I'll help you."

He let go of the prejudices and grudges he harbored due to Garam in the past. He had an obligation to make more people join humanity's side.

[I kept my promise to become a god.]

[I have the right to embrace you.]

[He gave them a chance.]

[He made the half-gods hesitate when they didn't know anything except how to reign.]

[The sight of their brother dying with a satisfied expression in his arms slowly moved their hearts.]

[Our god's grace is like the rivers and the seas.]

.....

...

[The 21st page of the epic has been completed.]

[As an epic completion reward, the intimacy between humanity and the yangbans has increased.]

[The yangbans' sense of being chosen and privileged has noticeably decreased.]

[From now on, the yangbans will work harder to understand humans and their hearts will be gradually conveyed to humans as well.]

[As a reward for completing the epic, the relationship between you and the yangbans has changed dramatically.]

[In the future, before obeying the Hwan Kingdom's orders, they will try not to go against your will.]

[The reward for completing the epic has greatly increased the chances of recruiting a yangban.]

[There will be a growing number of yangbans who want to become residents of the Overgeared World.]

[Your status has risen by one level as a reward for completing the epic.]

“.....”

He hadn't expected this much. The bewildered Grid was in a daze for a while. Meanwhile, the yangbans exchanged looks and scattered in all directions. Only Mir and Yeum remained and bowed to Grid.

“You are truly the God of Virtue!”

Hwang Gildong's applause gave life to the awkward space.

[Chapter 1689](#)

“Is Sir Mir's memory erased?”

At the base of the Chivalrous Robbers...

This place was isolated like the Peach Blossom Spring and was one of the few places where they could avoid the eyes of the gods. The entrance process was very mysterious. Hwang Gildong, who was leading the group and wandering around in the usual places, greeted passersby he encountered on the way. After repeating this several times, he naturally set foot into it. The overlap of conversations with real, ordinary people, not members of the Chivalrous Robbers, naturally completed the technique.

It was an unbelievable structure even after experiencing it in person.

“I think the Three Masters made the worst move. Of course, it isn't that I don't understand their feelings. Hanul's sword felt liking toward the enemy of the Hwan Kingdom, so they would've been wary.”

However, they must be lamenting by now because that action made their sword leave.

Old Sword Demon asked the smiling Hwang Gildong, “Can I hit you once?”

It was a surprise question like a master's blow.

Hwang Gildong was a bit confused. “What unreasonable words are you saying arbitrarily?”

“I get angry when I see your smiling face. In any case, didn’t you sin against me? Please give me one punch as a means of atonement.”

“I have repeatedly said that to deceive the enemy, the key is to deceive your allies... if you have to judge the right or wrong after being deceived so many times already, I think there is a problem with you. Don’t you think so, God of Virtue?”

“...I’m not the God of Virtue.”

“Would you like to relive old memories and be Pangea’s God of Virtue?”

“I am the Overgeared God.”

“Hmm, I think God of Virtue seems better than Overgeared God. Just as the word ‘overgeared’ is strange to me, I think the word ‘virtue’ is unfamiliar to the Overgeared God.”

“No matter whether it is unfamiliar or familiar, anyone can see that overgeared is much better.”

In fact, both weren’t good from a general point of view, but Grid was serious. Hwang Gildong had to get used to the word ‘overgeared.’

Meanwhile, preparations for the ceremony were steadily progressing. Two of the Four Auspicious Beasts sealed in the White Tiger Spear and the Blue Dragon Dao—the members of the Chivalrous Robbers were preparing to unseal them at the same time.

A woman dressed in a beautiful, colorful striped hanbok[1], carefully opened her mouth, “It is autumn, so the conditions for holding the ceremony seem to be easily met.”

It was said that the Blue Dragon loved winter and the White Tiger loved summer. Therefore, in order to unseal the gods, they had to compromise by holding the ceremony in autumn or spring. Grid could easily imagine how different the personalities of the two gods would be.

“Now God Black Tortoise and God Red Phoenix should’ve arrived safely at the shrine. Will the gods of the Hwan Kingdom silently watch...?”

“Why do you need the help of the Red Phoenix and the Black Tortoise to unseal the White Tiger and the Blue Dragon?”

Grid was the one who unsealed the Red Phoenix and the Black Tortoise. So it was a question that he could raise.

The woman explained it, “It is because the possibility of a collision between God White Tiger and God Blue Dragon can’t be ignored. It is only when God Black Tortoise and God Red Phoenix act as mediators that we can calm the two gods.”

‘They aren’t kids.’

It felt a bit pathetic. However, it was physiology. It was right to acknowledge that the Blue Dragon and the White Tiger had a bad relationship. It was as natural as the change of seasons and countermeasures were put in place.

Jingle.

The sudden sound of bells caused Grid to stiffen. For him, the bells were a tool that reminded him of Martial God Chiyou. Of course, Chiyou wouldn't come here. The sound of the bells came from the bells hanging on the woman's fan.

"Come to think of it, it feels more like preparing for a ritual rather than a ceremony." [2]

Wasn't the woman dressed like a shaman?

He naturally thought of a ritual when he saw the statue of the Four Auspicious Beasts spread out behind the ancestral altar and the jakdu provided on one side of the yard. [3]

"You've seen it precisely. We decided that a ritual was a more effective tool than a simple ceremony."

A ritual was a means of taking in the essence of a god.

Unsealing the seals...

This was the target of Hwang Gildong and the Chivalrous Robbers.

Mir also thought it was right.

"The Blue Dragon is the strongest among the Four Auspicious Beasts. The gods of the Hwan Kingdom put a lot of effort into sealing the Blue Dragon. As a result, the Blue Dragon was sealed much more thoroughly into the Blue Dragon Dao than any of the other gods. Rather, it is more accurate to say that they are united as one."

It was impossible to unseal the Blue Dragon Dao just through a single ceremony. A separate ceremony was needed, but the level of the offerings was low. It wasn't known how many years it would take to awaken the Blue Dragon's consciousness just through offerings and prayers. This was why the force of the ritual was needed.

"I see." Grid respected the unfamiliar culture of the East Continent. He absorbed and understood new concepts like a sponge.

'Is a shaman also a hidden class?'

Grid recalled Khan in heaven, the Seven Malignant Saints sealed in the abyss, and the souls of Pagma and Alex being held captive by Baal. As long as a shaman's specialty was necromancy, Grid hoped that he would be able to get help in many ways from them in the future.

Grid asked the woman, "Is it possible to call a target that exists in a completely different dimension?"

"Of course it is possible. It is a ritual that calls on the gods in the first place. Most of the gods are in a place far away from the human world, so they aren't limited by dimensions."

"A ritual to call the gods... you can't target legends or half-gods?"

"Yes."

"....."

As expected, it wouldn't be easy. Grid was smacking his lips with regret when he suddenly found a part that bothered him. Two large jakdus were lying face up. They looked well maintained due to their shine, but they were only shiny on the outside. Grid's insight could tell that there were many dull parts.

'Let's sharpen their blades.'

The food for the ritual was almost all prepared and the traditional Korean percussion quartet, located to the left and right sides of the ritual table, were striking the janggu, a traditional Korean drum, and the kkwaenggwari, a small gong. The shaman at the center of the ritual area poured clean water and prayed to the gods. Meanwhile, Hwang Gildong coordinated the overall situation with Mir. Only Grid and Yeum were standing idly in the distance.

"Songpyon, rice cake steamed on a layer of pine needles, is delicious."

Grid didn't want to be treated in the same way as Yeum who was sitting and coveting songpyon. He naturally found something to do since his personality was originally so diligent. He started to sharpen the blades using sandpaper without having to take out a hammer and anvil. It was easy because it was the finest sandpaper made with corundum.

The shaman, who was praying while twirling with her palms together, soon slowly opened her eyes. Her eyes were clearer like a person who had finished a long meditation. At first glance, it seemed like there was a certain phenomenon being subtly revealed.

'I can feel divinity, even if it is weak.'

Grid inwardly admired it. He saw the shaman who was possessed by the god she served and thought she wasn't a quack like other members of the Chivalrous Robbers.

"God Red Phoenix and God Black Tortoise are getting closer... I'm going to get started."

The shaman was transformed into a completely different person. She spoke informally in the voice of an old man who seemed to smoke more than three packs of cigarettes a day. It wasn't enough that she used Hwang Gildong as a servant when he was the head of the group, but she also yelled at Mir and Yeum, calling them idiots.

However, not a single word was spoken to Grid. Rather, she consciously avoided him. She didn't look at him once and treated him like he wasn't there.

-It has been a while.

-Welcome, Overgeared God.

Just then, the Red Phoenix and the Black Tortoise arrived at the scene. To be precise, it was their 'consciousness,' not their bodies. They descended through the Heart of the Red Phoenix and the Shell of the Black Tortoise that Grid possessed. The situation was explained to them by Hwang Gildong's clone, who had left to pick them up.

The shaman had a satisfied smile as she spread out her fan and shouted, "Oh, how distressing! I feel sorry for the Blue Dragon and the White Tiger, who have endured the humiliation for so many years! If humans hadn't forgotten them, you wouldn't have suffered the humiliation of being brutally defeated by the exiled gods!"

Jingle jingle jingle!

The shaman's fan made a loud bell ringing sound as it hit the top of Hwang Gildong's head. She seemed to be scolding him.

"Pfft." Old Sword Demon laughed like he liked it. As a result, he caught the shaman's attention and was also hit on the head by a fan.

Yeum, who seemed to be stabbed by the shaman's actions, slowly retreated. It was as far away from the ritual site as possible. It was to prevent the humiliation of being beaten by an unidentified miscellaneous gods.

Fortunately, the shaman didn't hurt her. The god residing in the shaman criticized the yangbans, but had no intention of inflicting direct harm. This proved that the god specialized in rituals, but their status itself wasn't very high.

Drum drum drum~!!

The sound of drums and gongs grew louder.

Jingle jingle jingle!

The sound of the bells on the shaman's fan also sped up. The group was overwhelmed by the atmosphere.

"Blue Dragon! White Tiger! Those who haven't forgotten you and who miss you are hoping for your coming! Open your eyes when you hear this call...!! Cough!"

The shaman, who was dancing while waving her fan, suddenly coughed up dark red blood. Looking at her pale face, it wasn't acting. She really suffered an internal injury.

"The will of the gods of the Hwan Kingdom in the seal is trying to push me away...! Harder! Drum harder! May my call break through the thick seal and reach the White Tiger and the Blue Dragon...!!"

Dong dong!Tang drum drum~!!

The percussion quartet started to play the janggu and kkwaenggwari with the momentum of breaking it. They were drenched in sweat, like they were playing in the pouring rain, and seemed to be as excited as the shaman. The atmosphere of the ritual site was great, so Grid was also a bit overwhelmed. It was as the heat was being intensified even more.

"I will deliver my will to the White Tiger and the Blue Dragon!"

The shaman threw away the fan before taking out a large sword for generals and a five colored flag. She shook with excitement while cutting her flesh with the general's sword, but she didn't shed a drop of blood. The reason was that the general's sword was more blunt than it looked, but the influence of the divinity was also greater. The faint divinity around the shaman gave the shaman enough protection to endure the general's sword.

"Focus on the White Tiger and the Blue Dragon beyond the seal! Don't miss the moment when my will breaks through the will of the wicked gods covering your eyes and ears!"

Eventually, the shaman threw off her traditional socks worn with hanbok and flew on top of the jakdus.

“Kiyaaaaak!”

“.....”

“.....”

The faint divinity worn by the shaman couldn't withstand the sharpness of the jakdus, which had been personally sharpened by Grid. The shaman got a large cut on her feet the moment she stepped on the jakdus and she rolled around, scattering blood.

“Kill... it is killing intent...!”the shaman screamed for a long time before struggling to organize the situation. She insisted it was clear that the gods of the Hwan Kingdom performed black arts on the jakdus. She lamented that the ritual would fail at this rate.

Grid realized the seriousness of the situation and coughed with embarrassment as he made eye contact with Yeum. She had been keeping an eye on Grid out of fear, so she had witnessed him sanding the blades. Due to her expression that she had seen something she shouldn't have seen, Grid could no longer stand on the sidelines.

At this rate, he thought he would lose trust and cause a misunderstanding. Therefore, he took the shaman's general's sword and five-colored flag, and climbed on top of the jakdus. He recalled that the gist of the jakdu dance was to 'transmit the will to the target.' He also pinned his hopes on the fact that Pagma's sword dance was originally used in rituals. There was a good chance that Grid could replace the shaman.

Grid was right in his judgment. He climbed barefoot on the jakdus and slowly started the Sky sword dance.

[Your strong will has been passed onto the 'White Tiger' and the 'Blue Dragon' of the Four Auspicious Beasts.]

[The consciousness of the Blue Dragon and the White Tiger, trapped in a thick seal, have awakened!]

The Blue Dragon Dao and the White Tiger Spear on the altar shook loudly before shattering. At the same time, a giant Blue Dragon and a giant White Tiger appeared. It was so huge that the White Tiger's body filled the wide shrine when crouching and the body of the Blue Dragon pierced the roof of the shrine even when it was twisted.

'What can't he do?'

Everyone at the scene looked at Grid with astonishment.

1. Korean traditional clothing ?

2. The ritual mentioned here is called Gut and it is a ritual performed by Korean shamans involving offerings to gods, spirits, and ancestors. They are characterized by rhythmic movement, songs, oracles, and prayers, and are meant to create welfare, promoting commitment between the gods and humans. ?

3. Jakdu= a tool for cutting things difficult to cut with ordinary scissors or knives, such as thick straw or herbal medicine. It was also used as a weapon for shamans. It was believed that a shaman could call and communicate with the spirit, receiving power from the spirit by stepping on the jakdu ?

[Chapter 1690](#)

The landscape was divided into tens of thousands of prongs of lightning. It was the aftermath of the lightning flowing from the body of the Blue Dragon that disrupted his vision.

His transcendent senses and artificial senses warned of danger. It could be guessed based on the 'Lightning God' skill, but the Blue Dragon wasn't a creature composed of bones, flesh, and blood. It was literal lightning shaped like a dragon. The existence itself was a threat.

'How did the White Tiger beat the Blue Dragon?'

The White Tiger was a giant tiger. Its height and length reached tens of meters. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that it was as huge as a mountain. The white fur that fluttered into the sky like a wave was beautiful and mysterious. It was a presence that reminded anyone of a 'god.'

However, it was rather shabby when compared side by side with the Blue Dragon. In front of the Blue Dragon, even this huge body was reduced to a normal size. The white divinity felt too gentle compared to the blue divinity of the Blue Dragon. Should it be said that the White Tiger looked relatively cat-like? The Blue Dragon was so big and powerful. At a glance, it was obviously stronger than the White Tiger.

'Of course, I shouldn't judge by appearance alone.'

It was a matter of compatible natures. The Blue Dragon was different from a dragon itself. It was a dragon, but it was a dragon of the east. Thus, it had no feet to step on the ground. It flew all the time and released thunder and lightning without the help of rain and clouds.

On the other hand, the White Tiger was the god who ruled the earth. It was bound to the ground, so it had little advantage over the Blue Dragon, who never set foot on the ground. It also didn't have a special object like the yeouiju that the Blue Dragon was holding in its mouth.

In fact, Mir had said it openly—out of the Four Gods, the Blue Dragon was the strongest.

The Blue Dragon was also the master of a shocking myth. It was a myth where it drilled a hole into the heart of Hanul, a god of the beginning. However, by what means did the White Tiger use to beat the Blue Dragon in the last fight?

'The last time the White Tiger and Blue Dragon fought was before the Blue Dragon pierced Hanul's chest...'

In any case, the White Tiger seemed to have an invisible potential.

It happened as Grid was staring at the Blue Dragon and the White Tiger...

-Trash.

The White Tiger said in an imposing voice. The first words it spoke after being revived after hundreds of years were shocking. The Blue Dragon's eyebrows twitched as it stared at Grid.

-One who can't even bite is still alive with this mouth.

-I heard you were badly injured in the process of being sealed, but did you hurt your head the most at that time? Have you forgotten the memory of losing the fight with me? It wasn't me who couldn't take a bite, it was you.

-Are you talking about the shameful victory you got out of luck because of an unexpected event on the day I should've won my 1,000th victory?

-You have a long tongue, just like a loser.

'...It isn't 99.'

Did it lose 999 times and win 1 time? There was a saying that the final winner was the real winner, but this was too much. Grid was clicking his tongue when the willpower of the Red Phoenix and the Black Tortoise appeared on his left and right sides.

-What disgraceful behavior are you showing in front of your benefactors?

Grid often regarded the Red Phoenix as a motherly being. Not only did it warmly care for his wounds, but its tone was always calm. Grid could feel the heart full of consideration and affection. It was the same for the Black Tortoise. Today, they met for the first time in a while and Grid was saddened by the fact that the two gods used honorifics toward him.

These existences were so kind to him.

-Those who haven't forgotten you have unsealed you. Far from thanking them, you growl at each other. You are no different from beasts.

-There must be more than one or two people who are disappointed that you are gods. Rather, they will say that the days when they lived in a fake myth were good.

They harshly criticized the Blue Dragon and the White Tiger. It was at the level of digging at the hearts of the listeners. It was hard to believe considering the personalities that the Red Phoenix and the Black Tortoise had shown so far.

'Didn't they come to play the role of mediator in the first place?'

At this right, they were going to cause a fight rather than stopping one. Grid was worried, but fortunately, the atmosphere quickly calmed down.

-I'm sorry.

-I will apologize as well.

The Blue Dragon and the White Tiger were surprisingly obedient to the Red Phoenix and the Black Tortoise. No, to some extent, the expression that it was common sense was correct. They were ashamed as they bowed to Grid and their benefactors. In particular, the attitude toward Grid was cautious. They regained consciousness and were resurrected in response to Grid's will, so they understood what Grid was like. It was the result of a short, but intense, communication.

The strong will that easily broke through the thick seal created by the disgusting malice of the invaders... They thought it was extraordinary, but it was even more amazing in person.

They were the protagonists of the East Continent's myths and saw through it at once—Grid was also the protagonist of a certain myth and the god of a certain world.

-You...there is a very short history, but you are still very strong?

After bowing to Grid, anger suddenly spread across the face of the Blue Dragon as it observed the group more explicitly. It was because it had seen the identities of Mir and Yeum. The clever Mir and Yeum tried to control their energy to look like ordinary human beings, but it was impossible to deceive the Four Gods.

-Come to think of it...

Following the Blue Dragon, the White Tiger also showed its killing intent. The two gods remembered the method Grid conveyed his strong will to them. He danced with a sword. It was a sword dance that reproduced emotions, ideas, symbols, etc. It was from the culture of the disgusting invaders.

-You guys are Hanul's henchmen.

-I thought he was abnormally strong, but he seems to be a mutation that opposes Hanul.

-Shameless guys...!Do you intend to drag us into your faction fight?Don't think we will be as easily coaxed as the good-natured Black Tortoise and Red Phoenix!

-Us gods exist for human beings.As I have said in the distant past, I have no intention of being reduced to being your tool.

'It is rotten. I thought it was going too well.'

Grid had guessed that the Blue Dragon and the White Tiger would cause problems. He was prepared for a big fight. However, things unexpectedly went well and he was flustered. Now it ended up like this.

-They haven't changed.

The Red Phoenix and the Black Tortoise also reacted like something was coming. They weren't very flustered as they started to raise their divinity. It seemed they were going to intervene by manifesting themselves here.

-.....?!

-This...?I can't...

The Red Phoenix and the Black Tortoise flinched and immediately stopped acting.

-The gods of the Hwan Kingdom have descended to the surface.They are besieging Xing and Cho.

It was a surprise attack the moment the two gods left and the barrier was weakened. From the perspective of the Hwan Kingdom, the Blue Dragon Dao suddenly being taken away by Grid was tantamount to a sudden surprise. Yet even taking that into consideration, the subsequent response was more delayed than necessary.

At the very least, the gods of the Hwan Kingdom should've noticed the change when there was a problem with Uram's personal safety. At the latest, common sense said they should've come to the surface before Grid's group reached the base of the Chivalrous Robbers.

He had been puzzled because they weren't seen, but it turned out they were besieging the Xing and Cho Kingdoms. It was a checkmate move. The gods of the Hwan Kingdom clearly knew the nature of the Blue Dragon and the White Tiger and were predicting future developments. They knew that Grid wouldn't be able to handle the Blue Dragon and the White Tiger without the help of the Red Phoenix and the Black Tortoise and forced a choice.

Would they sacrifice Xing and Cho in order to mediate between the Blue Dragon and the White Tiger? Or were they going to give up on the Blue Dragon and the White Tiger that had been unsealed at best?

"This... things are so bad."

The face of Hwang Gildong, who usually smiled under any circumstances, hardened.

"The base can't handle the aftermath of the two gods' divinity. It will break in an ildagyeong." [1]

The location of the base will be discovered immediately...

Hwang Gildong covered his head and continued talking, "In the worst case scenario, we will lose everything."

If the Hwan Kingdom invaded the scene when the Blue Dragon and the White Tiger were making a fuss, Grid's party wouldn't be able to avoid annihilation. The Blue Dragon and the White Tiger would be sealed again and the situation in the East Continent would become even darker.

Who would search for the new seals of the White Tiger and the Blue Dragon on the continent where Hwang Gildong and the Chivalrous Robbers had collapsed and disappeared? It wasn't something that Grid could do alone. Even if it was possible, he didn't know how long it would take. The gods of the Hwan Kingdom might find a way to invade the Xing Kingdom and Cho Kingdom before Grid could find the White Tiger and the Blue Dragon.

'The gods of the Hwan Kingdom have descended to the surface in large numbers.'

Even Grid's myth could be destroyed here today...

Hwang Gildong's voice deepened as he muttered to himself while Grid was questioning the system.

'How many hours is an ildagyeong?'

He remembered that one sijn was two hours and an ildagyeong was four hours. Yet he needed to check the exact time just in case he was wrong.

[15 minutes.]

'Isn't this crazy?'

The unit that meant four hours was one ilgyeong, not ildagyeong.

Grid was sulky and sweaty as he tried to speak to the two gods, "These two gods, please listen to me. I am the Overgeared God who created a new divine world called the Overgeared World. I have nothing to do with the Hwan Kingdom. Rather, I am an enemy of the Hwan Kingdom."

-This is the first time I'm hearing about the Overgeared World.

-It is the same for me as well.

"You don't know because you have been sealed all this time!"

-It is impossible to persuade them. They are buried under the belief that their judgment is always right and it is right to think that you can't communicate with them.

The sharp criticism of the Red Phoenix continued, but the Blue Dragon and the White Tiger weren't agitated. Perhaps they didn't know a sense of shame, but they were proud as they said, 'Red Phoenix really knows us.'

"We are running out of time. Let's subdue them by force." All of a sudden, Mir came to Grid's side. His appearance of confidently using the power of the Four Gods in front of them was reliable.

"They have just been released from the seal and haven't regained their strength. There is a chance."

It was just a question of whether they could be subdued in 15 minutes.

[The time attack quest has begun!]

The system determined the situation to be an emergency quest. The splendid reward details that seemed to demonstrate the high level of difficulty made Grid even tenser. His back came into contact with Mir's back. They trusted and relied on each other as they once did.

"Here." Grid recalled that Mir was bare-handed and handed him a few swords. "Pick the one you like and use it."

It wasn't a dragon weapon. It was because the dragon weapons could only be used by Grid, a Dragon Slayer, a Sword Saint, and Grid's apostles. Yet beside the dragon weapon, Grid had many weapons that deserved to be called divine objects and Mir was able to handle them perfectly.

"Let's aim for the easy opponent first."

Mir nodded at Grid's words. Their gaze shifted to the White Tiger, so the Blue Dragon laughed while the White Tiger's expression crumpled.

-I am stronger than that one!

The White Tiger roared and swung its front paws. Grid and Mir were already under attack at the moment they used Shunpo. Grid and Mir's swords collided with the claws of the White Tiger and there was a deafening noise.

"White Tiger!"

Blue Tiger appeared at the scene just as the Sanctuary of Metal was unfolding. There was a very worried expression on her face. She wanted to persuade it with coaxing words. The White Tiger realized and

lamented that its bloodline had degenerated to become a subordinate of the Hwan Kingdom. It resented the past few hundred years of its absence.

Blue Tiger urgently shouted at it, "White Tiger, you are really going to die!"

-.....?

-.....?

The Blue Dragon and the White Tiger doubted their ears. Their eyes widened at the same time. The others were surprised as well.

Blood was rising from the White Tiger's wall-like chest.