

## Overgeared 1711

### Chapter 1711

Martial God Zeratul—he was a god created with Chiyou as the motif. Technically, he was more like a parasite. He shifted the hearts of those who worshiped and yearned for the Martial God and naturally turned them toward him. It meant that starting from some time ago, Chiyou’s rights were divided.

In fact, Zeratul radiated an immense sense of intimidation. The long beard that came down to his abdomen and the gray hair that rose in a dizzying manner like it had been struck by lightning were combined with his huge appearance, making him look monstrous. It was naturally reminiscent of the Absolutes in myths or the Martial God described in history.

“A lot has changed since I last saw you.”

The atmosphere vibrated every time Zeratul opened his mouth. The invisible colorless divinity responded to his willpower one by one. It would be very easy for him to break a great mountain with a small gesture.

“You aren’t shrinking back at all.”

Zeratul was very bothered by the look in Grid’s eyes. The eyes were unwaveringly calm even when facing him. Zeratul couldn’t feel the slightest bit of fear or respect. It was evidence of his ignorance and arrogance.

“It seems like during the time when I was away, you went through many things and grew.”

The one who compressed time and grew—Zeratul now acknowledged that Grid’s rate of development was abnormal. This was why he went into secluded training. For the Martial God, ‘training’ itself had a special meaning. He had experienced tremendous growth in a short period of time. It was an unimaginable level for a god that came from proud and insignificant humans.

“Sigh...” Zeratul took a deep breath. He barely suppressed his desire to tear Grid to death. It wasn’t difficult. It was because the killing intent and fighting energy that soared without knowing the limits were relieved to some extent by harming Venice.

“I have a rough idea about the source of your confidence.”

Grid’s divinity rose like a haze and took the form of a yellow dragon that was in harmony with the landscape. This meant that this land was smoothly accepting Grid’s existence. It was evidence that Grid’s myth was starting to take root in the East Continent. Based on the faint traces of the expelled gods, it seemed they had been nourishment for Grid.

“You came from a trivial human god background and eventually established a divine world. I’m sure you must be proud. However, you still don’t know that your level is very weak. What’s more, I am the Martial God.”

The Martial God existed to fight. He was a heavenly spearhead. The penalties that occurred when leaving Asgard couldn’t be overcome because his ‘origin’ was in Asgard, but he was immune to the additional penalties that occurred when entering a certain area. No boundaries dared to block the advance of the Martial God.

The Overgeared World that Grid had just started to build, the Hwan Kingdom established by the expelled gods, and the hell ruled by demons—they couldn't harm Zeratul. It was because the reason for the Martial God's existence of going forward to fight would disappear if the Martial God was crushed by the dimensional oppression. Of course, this didn't mean that the benefits for the master of the dimension could be neutralized.

"Did you polish your tongue while you were confined in the temple?" Grid, who had been observing Zeratul's movements, finally opened his mouth.

He had a clear hostility toward Zeratul. He was hostile to other gods in a somewhat abstract manner based on their history and circumstances, but his feelings toward the three gods, Zeratul, Dominion, and Judar, were specific. It was because they directly or indirectly caused damage to the present day humanity.

In particular, Zeratul and Dominion had invaded Reinhardt. Among them, Zeratul threatened his colleagues and Lord...

Irene and the people would've been in danger if Hayate hadn't helped.

"Kukuk!Kuhahaha!"

Zeratul stared at Grid with slightly wide eyes before he finally burst out laughing. He laughed with his chin raised for a long time like it was unbearable. Then he soon became serious again. He had made a decision.

"It is easy for me to hurt you here, but that won't resolve my anger."

Zeratul didn't want to admit it, but this person was a god. Grid wouldn't die even if he was killed like Venice, whose head was torn off a little while ago. The very result of defeat should cause damage. Hurting him here? Thinking about it soberly, it didn't make much sense.

I am the Martial God and my victory is natural. It won't mean much if I hurt him here when we are alone.

Therefore, eyewitnesses were necessary. It was only when a large number of foolish humans who worshiped Grid were gathered, and Zeratul thoroughly violated and degraded Grid in front of them, that he could seriously undermine Grid's status.

"In terms of timing... it has been less than a year since Hanul started the cycle. He is still guiding people subconsciously, so the stage will naturally be set up."

The colorless divinity, which had been divided into hundreds of thousands of strands, contracted and loosened like muscles. The condensed energy threatened to smash Grid's head when it tightened, and then it loosened repeatedly. The threat was greater when it was loosened. It was a strong self-defense that fluttered like silk. It was a form that seemed to leisurely deflect the intrusion of a sword.

"Look forward to it, Grid. I will soon humiliate you with the same swordsmanship that you used to humiliate me. We will compete in front of everyone to see whose skills are truly outstanding."

Your swordsmanship is excellent enough to become the god of swords, but I have mastered all types of martial arts. It is the prerogative of me, Martial God Zeratul, to use the ever-victorious skills that are the best in the world.

Zeratul murmured these words before undoing the barrier and leaving. It was after leaving a rant that they would meet again soon. The bewildered Grid pondered on it for a moment.

Can I just let him go like this?

Of course, his thoughts were brief.

‘He wants to compete in front of everyone?’

It was because Zeratul’s proposal was a huge benefit to Grid. Of course, this was only a story if he could guarantee that he could fight and win, but Grid predicted that his odds were high. It was a fight in the presence of many eyes, so it was no different from Zeratul declaring that he would come back down to the surface again.

On the surface, Grid was naturally advantageous. The scale of the Overgeared World was growing in real time, so it would increase even more as time passed.

‘Lael, how far ahead did you see?’ Grid was smiling slightly because things were going well, only to suddenly shudder at this thought.

Zeratul is nothing but the fake Martial God. The true Martial God is in the far east...

Grid remembered that when he had a grudge against Zeratul and tried to tell the world the truth, Lael dissuaded him.

“Looking at Zeratul’s temper as he constantly comes down to the surface, it is clear that he will slip greatly sooner or later. If you want to eat him and gain full nutrients at that time, I don’t think you need to undermine Zeratul’s value in advance.”

It was roughly this type of advice. This was why he didn’t make a public announcement about Chiyou. In any case, everyone who deserved to know, including the thousands of Overgeared members, knew about it.

‘The patience of that time will come back with the value of a thousand gold.’

This was why people needed to make smart friends...

‘In that sense, I met really good women.’

They weren’t only beautiful, but were also wise women.

Grid felt great appreciation and secretly made a gesture with his chin. Then the God Hands factory, which started to produce items again as soon as Zeratul left, stopped operating.

Silence came like a lie. In a world where time seemed to have stopped, Grid recalled Zeratul’s divinity.

‘I can’t break through it using the usual method.’

The impression of the divinity that acted as self-defense was too strong. A divinity that was harder than armor and fluttered like silk at the same time—it would work as a power to nullify any attack.

‘It will be troublesome if there is a skill immunity function.’

The advantage of a god in their divine world was that they could use their skills close to infinity. This was why Grid wondered if there was a way to create a 'skill immunity' item every time he made plans to invade Asgard. It would've been the same with Zeratul. There was a very high possibility that it was embodied by the power of the Martial God.

'I need to assume a situation where I will be fighting without skills.'

He couldn't just rely on the Falling Moon Sword. There was a limit to the amount of damage that could be done with the Falling Moon Sword. Grid started to design a new sword that maximized the power of basic attacks. Of course, he had several weapons of this type, but he needed a divine sword that would work against Zeratul. He referred to the conversations he had with Kraugel when he made Twilight.

'Let's not just use swords. I should also make auxiliary tools...'

The more items there were, the better. He was going to use them eventually. Grid planned to produce as many different types of items as possible in preparation for the battle against Zeratul.

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"This farmland... I've had a feeling since yesterday, but I didn't think it would be this much..."

The night before—it was the time he attacked Reinhardt in cooperation with the Small Staff of the No Offspring Tomb.

Cabelon felt things going awry from the beginning. Was it due to the feathers that suddenly flew around the place? No.

Lopero, the Small Staff of the No Offspring Tomb, seemed quite annoyed by the divinity that resided in the feathers, but it didn't feel harmful to Cabelon. The thing that bothered him was the barricades covered with the sweat and dirt of the farmers.

Carts full of earth and straw that moved over the rocks. The structures and locations were so exquisite that the rapid pace of the death knights was stopped several times. There were certain earth walls that weren't cut well by Cabelon's sword. There were piles of dirt with a strange energy that he wondered if they had been gathered together using holy water.

"Now that I see it, the level of the farmers themselves are different... there is a powerful mental image that can give will to the soil and water that make up the agricultural fields and the wind and sunlight that pass over them... how can this be? Is it related to the power of the Overgeared God?"

It was natural for Cabelon to misunderstand the yangbans as farmers. It was because the moment he exited the gate, the faces of the farmers he encountered were unusual. Most of the farmers were educated by Piaro and became named by Grid. Additionally, the leader of the farmers was Bland. They were so wonderful that it was natural to wonder if they were really farmers. Then while admiring them, it was a natural procedure to misunderstand the yangbans standing around as farmers as well.

"I used to be a farmer as well," Kraugel said casually. It was more an act of recalling memories that suddenly came to mind.

"What...?!"

However, Cabelon's reaction was much more intense than expected. Was it because his face turned white and the hairs on his body rose? It was a reaction like he had been hit with a natural disaster in his mind.

'I should be careful with my words.'

Sometimes there were people who shouldn't be joked with. This was the case with Cabelon. He seemed to be the type of person whose common sense could be changed with thoughtless words.

Of course, Cabelon wasn't a fool. Wasn't Kraugel the Sword Saint? He was shocked to hear Kraugel's words and took it seriously because the belief that a Sword Saint couldn't talk nonsense existed in his subconscious mind. The problem was that it was the same for the yangbans.

"That guy was also a farmer?"

"Farming seems to be the secret trick. Remember the rumors of the man called Piaro."

"Certainly..."

The yangbans talked among themselves. For them, Kraugel was the second most shocking figure after Grid. The guy who wasn't even their opponent when they first met had grown to be able to compete with Mir. For the yangbans who watched the process in real time, Kraugel was bound to be special to them, and they had a desire to emulate him

Today, they learned the secret to Kraugel's growth...

## **Chapter 1712**

The secret to the growth of the Sword Saint—it was precious.

"Excuse me, Kraugel. Do you know who the owner of this field is?"

The yangbans became very interested in agriculture and asked politely. It was a great development when looking back at their unique way of speaking, where their sense of 'being the chosen people' was expressed in every word.

'I was told there was a possibility that the yangbans could become part of the Overgeared World...'

The details of Grid's newly written Yellow Dragon myth were also passed onto Kraugel, so he treated the yangbans who crossed the sea and arrived here neutrally without being vigilant.

"The owner is naturally Grid."

"Gasp... Ah, um... I see... We asked a stupid question..."

"If you want to meet the person in charge, go to the man who is eating rainbow colored potatoes."

".....?"

...Rainbow colored potatoes? Was he unable to forget the love and hate of the past and treating them as hillbillies?

Some yangbans who had been admiring the high walls of Reinhardt frowned, but a woman who appeared to be their representative bowed.

“Thank you. If we can have good experiences from today onwards, it will be due to your help.”

“It is thanks to Grid who decided to accept you.”

Kraugel was flustered when the yangbans decided to become farmers. Of course, he didn't show it on the outside. He believed that Lauel would be able to solve it very well. In the first place, it was scientifically proven that the experience of farming was a great help to people. Outstanding figures such as Kraugel, Damian, and Hurent were the evidence.

Finally, the yangbans who had a strange war of nerves with Cabelon left. Skunk, who had been watching the unrealistic scene, belatedly came to his senses and spoke, “Haha... Shall we go?”

He had traveled all over the continent as an adventurer so he knew what the yangbans were.

The half-gods who dreamed of becoming gods. He couldn't help feeling deeply moved by the sight of them trying to become farmers of the Overgeared Empire.

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A few days passed.

Chris and his party left for the No Offspring Tomb and had completely settled down. They were quick to adapt because only excellent aces were gathered. They easily destroyed the forces of the No Offspring Tomb, who went out to hunt half-gods several times. Some people even suggested that it was okay to enter the No Offspring Tomb with this level of power.

It was Chris' opinion. The group's combat capabilities had been amplified more than expected because Red Sage Haster was a buffer beyond expectations. Even if they entered the No Offspring Tomb, they would be able to carry out slaughter and scouting missions with sufficient sustainability.

Yet as usual, Hurent was too cautious.

“Didn't that man called Cabelon say it? The swords and staffs with modifiers like 'big' or 'long' are said to have an equal level of skill as him. Based on the rumor that Cabelon had a brief clash with Kraugel, I don't think we can handle it...”

“Certainly. One or two might be different, but it will be hard to handle a lot of them.”

“I think differently. Once the four of us join forces, our power will surpass Kraugel. I think we are being more cautious than necessary. In the first place, are super named NPCs as powerful as Muller's disciple common? It is even among the undead? No matter how much I think about it, I don't think there will be more than a few.”

“Chris, I know that you have great pride in your skills. I can understand it. However, didn't that 'soul' tell you that the world is very wide? Things can go wrong if you work on an uncertain basis. Our original mission is to keep track of the trends in the No Offspring Tomb while increasing our growth. We don't have to take any risks.”

“Zibal is right. If we enter the No Offspring Tomb and suffer losses due to death, or if we increase the vigilance of the No Offspring Tomb, we won’t be able to perform our original task properly.”

“No, what... why are you guys so careful...?”

Chris had no intention of criticizing Zibal and Hurent’s cautious attitude, but he didn’t understand it.

The best players—the passive appearance of the two men, who were previously rumored for their arrogance, was unfamiliar. Among them, he knew that Hurent had been having a difficult time for a while. There was a time when his self-esteem fell to the bottom.

However, Zibal was different. He had been on an elite course from start to finish. The 2nd in the unified rankings, the head of the Seven Guild, he earned a hidden class, served the emperor of the Saharan Empire, and gained the power of the seven evils after defending Zik. He even had the nickname ‘American Hero’ thanks to his tremendous performance. He always had a confident expression and shiny teeth, so it was hard to understand his passive attitude.

“That...”

Zibal and Hurent exchanged looks. Then they sighed and spoke as if confessing.

“I had to be cautious after being hit by Grid a few times.

“I can’t become puffed up just because I am strong now. Activities shouldn’t be spontaneous. They should unconditionally be planned.”

“.....”

Haster nodded silently in agreement with them and Chris fully sympathized with their feelings. It was because he also had a history of being hit by Grid. It was just that this wasn’t a gathering of victims. It was too depressing...

-...Lael, send Jishuka here once her quest is over.

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“As expected. I am seeing things that I’ve never seen before.”

Muller’s tomb—the low stone walls surrounding the empty tomb were carved with patterns of the sun and clouds. Only the stone wall in the center was the sun. All the stone walls that circled it were the clouds.

“The clouds are interpreted to be the great demons that Muller sealed, or chaos, and the sun is the light that ended the chaos, in other words, Muller...”

A large tombstone was erected in this tomb. It was the tomb of Sword Saint Muller. There were few reasons to not believe it.

Until just last year, Muller’s death was accepted as a predetermined fact and high quality sword energy formed a barrier to preserve the tomb. They naturally thought it was Muller’s tomb.

“Now that I see it, the sun is Muller, but the clouds are closer to the meaning of covering Muller. Considering the pattern of the stone walls, the orientation of the stone statues facing the stone wall, the meaning of the types of animals, and the significance of the number of claws, it is likely that this is a ceremonial space to ‘treat’ Muller as a dead person.”

There were parts that Skunk hadn’t seen in the past.

This meant that Skunk had also grown. He was already the best adventurer, but he felt rewarded that he had worked tirelessly.

“Treating him as a dead person...”

Kraugel’s expression sharply darkened. This fueled Lauel’s hypothesis. Was this really a facility that Pagma created to turn Muller into an undead?

‘How much more would he have regretted it?’

Pagma’s end was lonely and miserable. It was a life full of regrets. Was there really a happy moment for him, who sacrificed too much to save the world? Kraugel felt great pity as he remembered Pagma’s life, which he indirectly glimpsed while on a quest related to Muller.

The Sword Saint—a hero’s profession that had saved the world from generation to generation. Kraugel was a man who was obliged to reflect on the world as deeply as Grid, who started as Pagma's Successor. It was much later than Grid, but he had been steadily working for peace and would continue to do so. It was unlike Muller and Pagma.

Kraugel’s ideal was naturally the way of Grid. Therefore, he had always secretly followed after Grid.

“.....”

Kraugel had been thinking for a while, only to suddenly frown.

[The sky guides you.]

A divine message to damage the Overgeared God Church or Overgeared Empire—it was a quest that had been appearing repeatedly for weeks. There were few people who responded to it because they liked or were afraid of the Overgeared Guild. Yet the quest that resurfaced no matter how much they refused aroused people’s curiosity.

Even if they wondered why they were doing this, the number of people participating in the quest was gradually increasing. Of course, the damage they inflicted on the Overgeared Empire or Overgeared God Church was minimal and most of the time, it was only a joke.

Nevertheless, everything was only difficult the first time. It was necessary to be wary of the fact that a person who participated in the quest once would participate in it two or three times. It was also common for something that was initially a prank to not be a prank.

“.....?”

It was around the time when Cabelon and Skunk were having an in-depth conversation...



Cabelon reacted sensitively to the fact that there was a 'three-legged crow' among the stone statues looking at the stone wall.

Kraugel was frowning when he suddenly cocked his head. It was due to the whisper from Lauel.

-The followers of the Martial God have started to move.

Originally, the followers of the Martial God existed everywhere on the continent. For a time, most of his followers were deceived by Muller's secret technique and crossed over to the East Continent. They were blocked by Ares' army and couldn't easily cross the sea.

Now a large number of followers started to spread inside the West Continent. It was as if they had been newly born. It was said they were all moving in the same direction and forming a huge procession all over the place.

They shouted slogans that the Martial God and the gods who followed him would soon come.

-The gods who follow the martial god? I heard through Grid that the Martial God was going to descend, but he won't be alone?

-It seems intended to be wary of the apostles, while aiming for the trinity. It was only after he returned to heaven that he learned about the performance of Grid and the apostles. Of course, this is my one-sided interpretation and I don't really know the truth. He might be seriously thinking of destroying the Overgeared World.

Zeratul destroying the Overgeared World? There was no need to discuss whether it was possible or impossible. It was a reality that was going to happen anyway. The results would come out then. In any case, Kraugel's mind was very uncomfortable.

-Another great war...

How many people will die?

Kraugel lamented when he recalled the pain of the Great Human and Demon War, but Lauel's voice was relatively bright.

-There won't be a large-scale war. The thing Zeratul wants isn't to harm humans, but to create witnesses. Based on the way his followers are shouting 'witness the holy war at the temple', he seems to be planning the confrontation in a limited area.

...I'm glad to hear that.

-This is His Majesty's message. If the number of gods that accompanies Zeratul exceeds eight, then he asks for Kraugel to join the confrontation.

-Me...?

-Unfortunately, Nefelina still has weak combat abilities. His Majesty wants you to fill her place. He contacted you separately this morning, but you didn't answer.

-Ah, my mother was preparing a meal and I was trying to stop her. By the way, isn't it better to ask the tower members than me? They will be more helpful than me.

-It is embarrassing to borrow the tower's help because the large-scale descent of the gods might provoke the dragons. Zeratul can also use it as an excuse if he loses...more than anything else.

Lauel paused for a moment before conveying Grid's meaning.

-His Majesty wants Kraugel. You aren't satisfied with the present, right?

There was a fact that should always be kept in mind. The role of the tower members is completely different from ordinary people. The habit of relying on them should be abandoned.

In the first place, the growth of players for whom 'dying is okay' was more important. One of the most powerful players right now was Kraugel. It might be difficult for him to fight against a god and win, but he had the qualifications to be a good match for a while and build a source of worship.

-Cut down the gods in front of all those watching.

The one who wielded Twilight like Grid—the moment had come for him to prove his qualifications. On this occasion, Euphemina was also going to show off her combat abilities. It was because if the number of descending gods was more than eight, there must be at least nine. It was a number that took into account the trinity.

### **Chapter 1713**

"The Only One God shall descend with the gods who serve him!"

"Comrades who were deceived by the mere human being, the Overgeared God! Open your eyes and reform after seeing the source and peak of martial ability!"

"Martial God Zeratul will lead you back to the right path!"

The followers of the Martial God were one of the monsters that represented Satisfy. They were usually treated as dirty filth and avoided. It was because the fanatics lost their sense of reason after being deceived by the secret techniques of the Martial God. They were very violent and didn't know pain and fear.

They relied more on instincts than monsters, and it was unbelievable that their species was classified as human. They also became exponentially stronger depending on the number of secret techniques acquired. The items they dropped were valuable compared to boss monsters, but it was still best to avoid them as much as possible.

There was a long procession of such disgusting people. The group started with dozens of people from all over the continent, but grew to tens of thousands at some point. Their existence itself was a threat. It was a moving disaster. It was because the absolute instinct that governed the followers of the Martial God was conquest. Regardless of whether the target was a beast, a human being, or a monster, they tended to fight whenever they made eye contact with someone.

Who could comfortably watch such people gathering in swarms? People were confused and busy fleeing. Those who knew about the physical abilities of the followers sensed death from the time they witnessed the procession. Yet surprisingly, there was no slaughter.

In a rare situation, the followers suppressed their instincts. No, there was a stronger feeling of being manipulated by someone.

They weren't in good shape, unlike the followers of the Martial God who had been seen so far. The existing followers had superior physical conditions to the point where there was the idea that they were 'chosen humans.' Meanwhile, the physical conditions of the followers in the procession were ordinary or inferior.

It was proof that it was rushed. He originally appeared in front of chosen humans and deceived them, but this time, he targeted and deceived an unspecified majority. It was purely for propaganda.

Zeratul took tens of thousands of lives away to advertise his temple. As proven in the Great Human and Demon War, the celestial gods weren't really acting for the sake of humans. The persistent claims of the Overgeared God Church were proven true every time.

"Father!"

The followers who repeated the same cries with dilated pupils.

"Mother...!"

Among them, some family members shouted with the veins bulging on their necks until they coughed up blood.

"Renold!"

"Alan!"

Lovers and friends—they desperately shouted the names of their precious people who changed overnight, but couldn't reach them. Their cries echoed hollowly.

"Without martial ability, humanity won't be able to protect itself!"

"The Overgeared God forgot the grace of the Only One God and will be severely punished!"

"This is a holy war to save you! The Only One God will descend for you!"

"Praise the Martial God Zeratul!"

"Worship Martial God Zeratul!"

The size of the procession grew endlessly. Their destination was presumed to be Reinhardt. It was Grid's base and the place where the main temple of the Overgeared God Church was located. It has grown to be the largest city on the surface and could accommodate many people. For Zeratul, who aimed to harm Grid in front of as many witnesses as possible, there was no battlefield more suitable for fighting than Reinhardt.

"Those bugs..."

The fortress city of Patrian—it was one of the gateways to Reinhardt and was a place called the 'Wailing Wall' due to its notorious reputation. Lord Ashur trembled when he saw the procession of followers who approached the gate without hesitation.

He wanted to burn the people who were shouting about a holy war and protesting as if demanding the gates to be opened right now into a lump of charcoal. However, he endured it. It was because instructions had been given from above to open the gates.

An order had come down from a distant place that even someone with Marquis Ashur's status didn't dare to disobey. It was a command given by Lauel. He couldn't refuse and he shouldn't refuse.

"The gates... open them..!" Marquis Ashur barely gave the order through gritted teeth and stared at the procession of followers like he would eat them.

These people roamed the city like it was natural and talked about the holy war. They argued that the existence of Zeratul gave rise to the concept of martial arts which allowed humanity to survive so far, but it was nonsense. Anyone could tell that the martial arts came first and Zeratul came after.

From being born bare to achieving civilization—Ashur interpreted that Zeratul was born thanks to the concept of martial arts created by humanity, who struggled to survive. However, he didn't bother to express his thoughts. None of the followers of the Martial God were sane. He could talk to them for a hundred days and they wouldn't hear it.

Marquis Ashur was better off just praying.

"Please... annihilate the bastard who gave birth to these miscellaneous things..."

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[The sun in the sky is illuminating the procession of followers heading to Reinhardt.]

[Cheer for the temple of the Martial God with your followers. The sky will feel great joy and send down mysterious rewards.]

"Can't he identify his peer any longer?"

Lauel could only smile.

Hanul, who had entered the 'cycle'—Lauel checked the contents of the notification window that represented his subconscious. It was thought he would launch a quest to threaten the Overgeared Empire and Overgeared God Church, but now he was rooting for Zeratul. It was as if he had forgotten that the adversary of the Hwan Kingdom was Asgard.

The feelings of resentment and anger that Hanul harbored toward Grid before entering the cycle seemed to create this situation that wasn't funny.

'He must've really harbored resentment or anger.'

Grid had said it—all those he faced, except for the Evil Dragon, felt incomprehensible.

He confessed that even when sitting face to face with the Gourmet Dragon, he couldn't understand the Gourmet Dragon's thoughts. He had felt an infinite amount of fear. What about recklessly cutting a God of the Beginning? It was terribly dangerous. It wasn't known what type of trouble they would face while discussing understanding based on human standards.

'It is better not to think about them as His Majesty said.'

At least from this point, it was better to pretend they didn't exist. It wasn't really a big intervention. Hanul was very persistent about targeting them, but it was only at the level of giving quests to players. It wasn't a big threat considering the situation of the Overgeared Empire, which received great favor from the players.

However, the situation was likely to change if they were defeated in this holy war. The maniacs who were holding their breath would run wild and public sentiment would be shaken. They would be competing in front of everyone, so they had to be prepared for a devastating aftermath.

It was right to assume that defeat was unacceptable. The players' practice of 'it is okay to lose' and 'it is enough to try again if i die' was an unacceptable environment. At this point, he had to suspect that Zeratul knew and targeted this.

"It should be... okay...?"

Lauel believed in Grid. Therefore, he believed in the apostles. It wasn't easy to think about them losing.

However, fear started to sprout in his heart when he saw Zeratul's full-fledged move. How much confidence did Zeratul have in his skills? He might be a fake, but he was still the Martial God...

"Prime Minister, this is an expression that doesn't suit you."

It happened as he was watching out the window as Ke ong swore at the followers who said they would set up a 'temple' on this land...

"How can Your Majesty personally..."

Empress Irene walked into Lauel's office. Lauel hurriedly readjusted his appearance and tried to guide her to the table, but Irene shook her head.

"I didn't come here to take up your time, Prime Minister. Here, take this. It is vera tea leaves marinated in lemon juice and then dried."

[Empress Irene's Dried Tea Leaves' has been acquired.]

[Empress Irene's Dried Tea Leaves]

[They are tea leaves that Irene, empress of the great empire and wife of a god, dried using precious ingredients, sincerity, and care for a long time.

There is a vague mythical birth background.

Drinking tea steeped from these tea leaves will clear the mind and restore and give immunity to all mental state abnormalities.]

"Prime Minister, don't be troubled by this situation and trust His Majesty."

"....."

Lauel felt it once again—it was how big a role that Empress Irene, who always gave encouragement with a kind smile, played in this empire. She was the one who sustained the empire from within. Wasn't the tranquility he gained just now because of her?

“Yes, gladly.”

After Irene left, Lauel immediately ran out of the palace. He approached Ke ong, who was still swearing while saying things like, ‘What right do the followers of the Martial God have to establish a temple on this land?’

“Ke ong, I will empty the central square, so please make a stage that is as grand and wonderful as possible. I will call the best carpenters.”

“No, what do you mean by this? What type of heart do you have to meet the demands of these shameless people?”

“We can’t make His Majesty fight on the streets, can we?”

“.....”

“However, I can’t allow the followers to build facilities on this land, so please take care of it, Ke ong.”

“Tut...” Ke ong frowned and scratched his shaggy beard. It was a habit to express his dissatisfaction. It was a few more minutes before Lauel could hear his answer. “I understand. Instead, can you entrust me to design the shape of the stage?”

“What are you trying to make...?”

“A coffin. I’m going to decorate the stage so it will become a tomb for the guy called the Martial God.”

“That would be wonderful.”

A few days later, the throats of the followers circling the city and praising the Martial God were sore and they started to collapse. Saintess Ruby treated their wounds with a warm light since they were originally people of the empire, and Ke ong finished setting up the stage. If viewed from dozens of meters in the sky, it was a huge stage in the form of a coffin. The scale had to be large considering that it was a great battle between gods.

The central square, which could accommodate hundreds of thousands of people, was filled with the stage. The barriers set up by the gods of the Overgeared World and Braham were wrapped around the stage.

“Grid knows that this place will be his grave.”

From the rapidly darkened sky, Martial God Zeratul descended. Yellow lightning flashed and took the form of stairs for him to step on. A total of eight gods followed him on golden clouds. It was a complete trinity.

## **Chapter 1714**

The duel between Asgard and the Overgeared World—as some people used this provocative expression, countless people flocked to Reinhardt.

“Can Grid and the apostles fight well against Asgard?”

“The opponent isn’t Asgard. It is a battle with the Martial God’s faction. Well, this doesn’t mean that the odds are high, but...”

People from all walks of life gathered.

It was from simply interested spectators to merchants sensitively affected by the situation of the Overgeared Empire, the heads of the forces who ignored the divine messages of Asgard and followed the Overgeared Guild, the rankers who hoped to find some inspiration from the confrontation of Absolutes, and the ordinary people who believed their fate was at stake in this confrontation.

Apart from the ridiculously huge stage that filled the square, there was plenty of space for them to sit and see the stage. It was from the inside of the high rise buildings overlooking the stage, the rooftops, the walls and spires, and the facilities equipped with magic tools to transmit images of the stage.

Reinhardt was such a huge and developed city.

“Ah...” Those who were nervous sighed.

“Ohh!” Those who were excited cheered.

“Crazy...”

The rankers who tried to gauge the level of an Absolute were astonished. It was the aftermath of the emergence of the Martial God.

There was a momentary and intense flash of lightning. Zeratul’s movements as he stepped down the stairs was beyond common sense. It wasn’t enough to physically intervene in the phenomenon of lightning. It was at the level of catching up with the speed of lightning that flashed and then dispersed with seemingly slow steps.

“Grid knows that this place will be his grave.”

Zeratul, who had appeared at a high place, suddenly came closer to the ground. It felt like he was sliding down the lightning. It was instantaneous.

[Martial God Zeratul has descended.]

There was the final sound of a thunderclap and the dark sky lit up. The golden clouds covered in waves and refracted the light in all directions. The pillars of light formed throughout Reinhardt created a sacred atmosphere. It was the moment when Reinhardt, the city of humans, was transformed into a truly transcendent space even though it was the origin of the Overgeared World. It vaguely resembled the appearance of Asgard that people imagined.

They couldn’t help being overwhelmed. It was because the world changed with just Zeratul’s descent.

“God...”

This was a true god, not a level that the player called Grid had reached step by step. The rankers who witnessed the Martial God and the eight gods who followed him felt dizzy. It was the sensation of facing an endlessly high wall.

“If I was Grid, I would feel like I was drifting alone in the ocean,” Asuka muttered as she sat beside Teddy and watched the stage.

The Grid produced items that she purchased with a great deal of capital and effort—it had only been a few weeks ago when she was full of confidence because she saw that some of the legendary weapons had gained ridiculous effects. Yet at this moment, she was intimidated as if it was a lie. It was because she decided that the ability to ‘inflict fixed damage on a god’ wasn’t of much significance. There was the conviction that most players, except for Grid, would be in the same position.

In other words, Grid would be the only player who could fight against these nine gods. How terrible and frightening was the reality of not being able to depend on anyone? He might even feel resentful.

‘There aren’t enough apostles to rely on.’

It wasn’t like he called the tower members. What method was he trying to use to handle the nine gods? It happened as Asuka was looking at the situation...

“Grid... he isn’t here.”

On the stage, Zeratul’s expression crumpled. The atmosphere cooled down in an instant when the god, who looked like he had popped out of Greek-Roman mythology, made a grim expression. The people from all walks of life, who were making noises from different positions, shut their mouths for a moment.

“Is he afraid to fight in front of everyone? So he ran away in an ugly manner?”

Zeratul clicked his tongue and stretched out his large hand into the air. The guandao with a three meter long pole appeared and fell toward the stage. The huge stage that was like a few football fields joined together shook. The spear was mounted like a flag on the stage.

“That insignificant guy, doesn’t he know it is better to die than to run away in front of everyone? Well, it is fine... it is enough to make him come back.” Zeratul’s gaze shifted to below the stage. His eyes were drawn to Sariel, who had just arrived at the scene. “He will come back eventually if I slaughter the apostles one by one.”

The surprised Sariel’s expression stiffened. It was because she recalled an old memory.

The gods who drove her out of heaven—Zeratul was among them. He watched the situation with a frown, as if he was staring at dirty filth.

The memories of her infinitely helpless moment intimidated Sariel. She was distressed that she had the cowardly idea of wanting to escape. The demonic feelings that she had barely been suppressing were about to spring up.

“It is funny how a trivial fallen angel is serving a trivial god.” Zeratul snorted as he read Sariel’s expression.

“Why do you keep saying absurd words when you show up willy-nilly?” A man standing close to the stage and watching the situation opened his mouth. It was Huroi, the propaganda officer of the Overgeared Empire. “Is it a law of Asgard to come and go without setting a time appointment and to pretend that there is no owner of the house? Are most of those living in Asgard homeless vagrants, so you haven’t learned what procedures to follow when visiting someone else’s house?”



“.....”

Zeratul didn't respond because the hierarchy didn't fit.

Instead, the lowest of the eight gods who followed him spoke, “The fact that we are coming today has been fully communicated through the mouths of our followers. The evidence is that many spectators have already taken their seats here in advance. How can you be unreasonable?”

“You simply said you would come here. You didn't notify us of the exact time, did you? My Liege is so busy that even having ten bodies is lacking. Every minute and second is more precious than gold to him, so he needs to keep to the precise time for activities. Can't you fathom this? Looking at your attitude, you are idle gods who don't value the concept of time.”

“You... you are a complete lunatic.”

The halo of the lowest god shook and vibrated. Before anyone knew it, he came down from the stage and held Huroi's neck in his hand. Then he quickly let go again. He felt threatened by the sword that rose like the dawn and cut at his hand.

“Using violence right away just because you are falling behind in the argument? It is also against the human you claim to not care about.”

Long ebony hair was flowing.

Sword Saint Kraugel—the existence that everyone admired was next to Huroi.

“The present day Sword Saint...” Zeratul frowned on the stage. “Are you also a participant of this holy war?”

“That's right.”

The people stirred at the amazing response. The face of Asuka, who had been worried about Grid, brightened, but Zeratul shook his head.

“I won't allow it.” Zeratul looked displeased. “Even your superiors couldn't handle my blow. What qualifications do you have to stand on the stage? Your status doesn't match.”

“It isn't up to you to decide.”

Just then, Kraugel experienced the world of an Absolute. No, to be precise, he was swept away by it. He was very surprised to suddenly see Zeratul standing in front of him. Once the Super Sensitivity of a Sword Saint reached the peak, it exceeded the senses of a transcendent, but this was still far from enough. He couldn't follow any of Zeratul's movements.

“If I can't decide, then who can decide? Do you want to say it is Grid?” Zeratul's huge hand seized and crushed the sharp blade of Twilight. He slowly lowered it without shedding a drop of blood. The colorless divinity that Zeratul wore for self-defense quickly analyzed the structure of Twilight and neutralized the spirit.

The Martial God had mastered all types of martial arts. He was naturally familiar with cold weapons. This meant it was possible for him to counter the opponent's martial arts and weapons by rewriting the standards of his self-defense in real time.

"Keep this in mind. Regardless of where the goddess is, my will is the law that you should follow," Zeratul declared so that all humans could hear and the form of Twilight in his hand was gradually crushed.

"Let go of that hand and go up on stage."

An orange divinity spread in the sky that was covered with golden clouds. It was a scene where twilight seemed to encroach on the brilliant sun. A beautiful melody flowed in the ears of the players.

[Overgeared God Grid has appeared.]

"Ah..." Asuka realized it. It was the fact that Grid's presence was not small when compared with the celestial gods. She only realized it when she saw this outright comparison.

"You dared to make me wait." Zeratul's eyes flashed. The distorted smile that spread across his face combined with his dizzying white hair gave a sense of intimidation that weighed on every human being in the city.

Grid's eyes watching him were cold. It was as if Zeratul's spirit that intimidated people was very offensive. It was as if he immediately wanted to cut Zeratul's hand that was brutally crushing the sword he made with Kraugel.

"I don't think we need a stage at this rate."

"You aren't even apologizing after being rude? It is wrong to expect a rational judgment from someone who will soon lose everything. Pick a vanguard. Who are you going to send onto the stage first?"

"Are my words entering one ear and exiting the other?"

The same was true of both parties. The conversation between Grid and Zeratul was obviously out of the ordinary. They didn't listen to each other and focused on their own words. Even the conversation itself was short. It was because Grid drew his sword without saying anything else. It was a sword that resembled Kraugel's Twilight that was being held in Zeratul's hand.

For Zeratul, it was seen as prey that entered on its own. It was a sword with the same structure as the weapon he had just finished analyzing. The need to change the self-defense power by operating the colorless divinity had disappeared. This was a huge advantage in a momentary and important confrontation.

Zeratul maintained a distorted smile and reached out. It was with the intention of grabbing and crushing Grid's approaching Twilight. However—

".....?!"

Blood spurted from Zeratul's hand. He was trying to grab the sword, but was cut in reverse, causing the angle between his index and middle fingers to become strangely twisted. It was the same Twilight, but it was on a different level. It was right to say that the difference between the sword made with the fang of

an old dragon and a sword made with the scales of a low grade dragon was like the difference between heaven and earth.

[This cowardly guy set a trap...!]

A world that only the Absolutes could perceive. Zeratul's will echoed in the gap of time that divided one moment into segments. It was close to astonishment.

Grid also had a long cut that stretched from his shoulder to his waist. Zeratul stretched out his hand and Grid was cut before his artificial senses could read the trajectory of the swung guandao. The shock that would've split his body in half if he hadn't been protected by Valhalla made Grid feel dizzy.

The pain didn't end there. The guandao swept over Grid's chest one more time as it changed direction in a circle. Then it was slammed toward Grid's face.

Zeratul predicted victory based on the way Grid looked like he had just become aware of the wound on his shoulder. It was a natural result. It would've been the case if Nefelina hadn't arrived at Grid's feet. Zeratul's martial ability, which was finished after completing the isolated training and achieving the trinity, was greater than what Grid had prepared.

"Why didn't you wait?!" Nefelina's resentful cry sounded through the space very slowly.

"I want to get rid of him quickly." Grid's voice filled the space at a normal speed. It meant that his speed of speaking matched the world of the Absolute.

[As expected, you...]

He reached the hierarchy of the Absolute. The guandao, which pierced Grid's nose, couldn't pierce his face and grazed his cheek. It was the aftermath of Grid activating the Crazy God and Crazy Dragon effect, allowing him to follow the flow and twist his head to avoid it. His nose was hideously torn, but it was fine. It was a very cheap price to pay for stabbing Zeratul in the heart.

".....?"

".....?"

People doubted the situation. Grid and Zeratul, who flashed and disappeared, reappeared. Zeratul fell to the center of the stage and was bleeding from the chest, while Grid was still floating in the sky. The result was different from what they expected.

"The grave suits you well." Grid immediately changed the setting of 'Cloaked Dragon Cranbel's Head' so it was visible and barely suppressed his trembling voice. The blood dripping out of his helmet was fortunately hidden by his divinity. It was an advantage that Zeratul's colorless divinity didn't have.

"...Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The cries of the eight gods were buried by the shouts of the people.

## **Chapter 1715**

"This is invalid," the lowest of the eight gods threatened. He was glad that the scream he just uttered was buried by the shouts of the humans.

“I know there is a problem with your origin. However, do you not even know shame? How could you inflict a cowardly pincer attack?”

The flow was bad. No matter the result that followed, the situation right now was unfavorable to the Martial God. He was wounded and crashed down in front of numerous witnesses. He stood back up immediately, but it was a sharp contrast with the Overgeared God floating in the sky.

“.....” Grid didn’t respond. He recalled Zeratul’s attitude of ignoring Huroi and repaid it.

The lowest god noticed his intentions and turned red.

“How is it a cowardly pincer attack?” Huroi asked on behalf of Grid.

The lowest god frowned and clicked his tongue. “Everyone has witnessed Grid climb onto the body of his apostle and they are still watching at this moment. Yet you are going to pretend like you don’t know?”

“Why is My Liege’s magnificent appearance on a dragon a cowardly cooperation? He just borrowed the neck of a dragon, instead of the back of a horse, so that people can look up to him more easily.”

“...Do you think we don’t know the story of Crazy God and Crazy Dragon?! We know that Grid is qualified for the never seen before Dragon Knight...” He became too agitated after hearing Huroi talk calmly. The lowest god closed his mouth in a bitter manner, but it was too late.

[The secret story of ‘Crazy God and Crazy Dragon’ is widely known all over the world.]

[Asgard has notarized it as everyone is watching.]

In the battle against Baal, Grid had already showcased the power of Dragon Knight. He rode on the neck of an old dragon. It was just that people didn’t know exactly what the concept was or what type of ability was born from it. It was a power that lacked evidence. It was because in order for an object or concept to have a strong meaning, it originally needed a historical background.

“Ah...” People were fascinated by the panoramic view that unfolded before their eyes.

The process of Grid meeting Ifrit and writing the secret story of Crazy God and Crazy Dragon was briefly and intensely etched into the minds of people.

A unique myth. For the first time since the creation of the sky and the earth, there was the myth of a cooperation between a god and dragon. It gave an impression that was difficult to explain in words. The fact that Grid and Ifrit formed a difficult story at the time resonated with the public.

[The secret story of ‘Crazy God and Crazy Dragon’ is fully absorbed into your myth.]

[The effect of the only one title in the world, ‘Dragon Knight,’ will be strengthened.]

[From now on, you can ride a dragon more easily and safely.]

The weakness of Dragon Knight was clear. First of all, he needed to board a dragon. Additionally, the dragon had to be safely boarded. Just a little while ago, if it hadn’t been for Nefelina’s power after becoming a ‘Transcendent Dragon,’ she wouldn’t have been able to reach Grid safely. Grid would’ve fought Zeratul without enjoying the effects of Dragon Knight and would’ve been on the defensive for a while. It was right to interpret that in the future, such a risk would disappear.

The careless remark of the lowest ranked god brought about a huge benefit to Grid. It was purely Huroi's credit.

"I-I'm sorry..." The lowest god bowed to Zeratul, who had risen in front of him.

Zeratul ignored him. His sharp eyes were glued to Grid. His colorless divinity, which had evaporated the flowing blood while he stood upright and overwhelmed the crowd, acted like a single strand of nerves. He was rewriting his self-defense from scratch. He reviewed Grid's power and techniques that he experienced a little while ago and formed a way to completely neutralize them.

'How did he accelerate the growth of the hatchling?'

Zeratul felt great doubts. Even if he grew by compressing time, there was a limit to it. Giving a hatching the role of an adult body was a naturally impossible phenomenon. However, Grid made it possible. It must have something to do with his power.

Zeratul recalled that the power of the Overgeared God was to create weapons and artifacts and finally admitted it. 'The Overgeared God... I don't want to admit it, but he is like me.'

It was possible for Zeratul to develop the target by giving a secret technique to a specific target or by imparting martial arts. It was at a level where he could turn a caterpillar into a tiger. It was similar to how Grid developed a target by giving items.

"It doesn't matter who the vanguard is," Zeratul equipped himself with a new self-defense in an instant and opened his mouth, "Victory or defeat in this holy war isn't determined by the battle between you and me."

It was correct to view it as a confrontation between the group that inherited the Martial God's martial arts and the group that inherited the Overgeared God's battle gear.

"Which is more superior, my passed down martial arts or the toys you've made?"

The gods didn't respond to every human aspiration. Not only was it physically impossible, but there would be no end to it. It was the same for both Zeratul and Grid. They understood that most humans who worshiped them had to struggle. It was why they strived to create better martial arts and better items. It was so they could help people even when they weren't there.

The difference was that Zeratul simply wanted to prove that his martial arts were great, while Grid wanted people to live better lives, but in any case, they had the same goal.

"Don't be intimidated and fight comfortably. Even if you die at my hands and lose your honor, there won't be the misfortune of losing your status if your remaining apostles do well against my passed down martial arts."

Although it will be impossible to go against my passed down martial arts.

Zeratul swallowed down these words and the pupils of his eyes disappeared as he smiled. There were only the whites of his eyes left and his overbearing appearance looked even scarier. It was an action of great significance. It meant that the direction of his eyes couldn't be read. It was of paramount importance because a moment's judgment was very beneficial in the battle between Absolutes.

“Are you comforting yourself?”

His nose seemed to have been completely cut off. The bleeding didn't stop even when taking an hemostatic agent. Every time he opened his mouth, blood entered his throat. However, Grid spoke while disregarding it.

“You know you are going to lose, but it seems like you are determined to fight.”

In any case, the duration of boarding Nefelina was limited to one minute. There were only 39 seconds left. There was no reason to dwell on the bleeding. Grid wanted to finish the battle as soon as possible and his provocation worked.

Even if he didn't do this, wasn't Zeratul disgraced in front of everyone watching after receiving a big blow? Both ends of his thick eyebrows soared up and moved like lightning. He abandoned the guandao and held two swords, one in each hand. The sword in his right hand was a short sword.

A willingness to cut Grid's sword trajectory in advance with a single close hit was felt.

——!

It was in a world where sound disappeared again. Grid felt immensely constrained. He couldn't recklessly attempt the sword dance, which was completed with just one stride. It was because Zeratul approached by stepping on Nefelina's head and occupied the radius of the sword dance in advance. It seemed that no matter what he used as the starting point of the sword dance, it would be blocked unconditionally and he would allow a counterattack.

It was fine. In the first place, he didn't intend to use the sword dance at this point.

——!

As Zeratul approached, Grid stretched out his hand behind his back that was holding Twilight and slammed it down with all his might. Zeratul naturally predicted that Twilight would pierce him. He stabbed the short sword that contained his self-defense in order to neutralize Twilight. His intention was to block Grid's attack untouched while stabbing Grid's heart.

Of course, a god wouldn't die when pierced in the heart. Nevertheless, he aimed for the heart in order to repay the humiliation he had suffered earlier. He dug even deeper into the heart.

However, there were no gaps in Zeratul's senses.

The sword, which reappeared again after being hidden behind Grid's back, had been replaced by something other than Twilight.

——!

Zeratul's waist bent strangely. He used the one movement that flowed naturally like water to accelerate the short sword even further. Meanwhile, the long sword held in his left hand blocked Grid's sword. There was the sound of something breaking and an explosion occurred one step later.

Zeratul's right arm was completely cut off along with the colorless divinity. The fragments of the long sword that scattered in pieces were illuminating Grid's Falling Moon Sword from various angles.

[...You!]

Zeratul, who had been still in the aftermath of his self-defense breaking, rose sharply. The short sword that was piercing Grid's heart soared up and crushed Grid's collarbone from the inside. Valhalla and the dragon armor, which overlapped with his mental world, offset some of the damage, but Zeratul's attack power was too strong.

'Kuock.' Zeratul frowned. It was because he couldn't easily find a means to stop that mysterious magic sword that had cut off his divinity. It was a sword with such an ominous foundation that it made one think that the destruction of the giants was indeed inevitable.

Grid stabbed the new sword into Zeratul, who was confused and wary of it. It was a sword that contained Grid's divinity, just like Twilight, but it didn't emit it. It held the contained divinity that was as condensed as possible and was like a fragment of steel trapped in the sun. It was as ominous as the Falling Moon Sword because it symbolized 'something that can't exist.'

Eventually, Zeratul stepped back. The sword, which should've crushed Grid's collarbone and pierced his Adam's apple, was also pulled out. Then blood gushed like a fountain from Grid's chest. It was a massive amount of bleeding that couldn't be covered even with the orange divinity.

However, people still hadn't recognized it. Only the parties involved could follow the battle between the Overgeared God and Martial God in real time.

Grid swung the divine sword 'Blockade' in succession. It was a sword with a monotonous structure that stuck to the basics. It was a divine sword that amplified the power of basic attacks. The reason for the name Blockade wasn't simply due to the simple reason of 'it blocks the enemy by hitting them.' The special effects gave it this name.

Zeratul's ultimate swordsmanship was blocking Grid's sword without difficulty.

A roaring sound continued to fill the space one step late as the swords collided with each other. However, Zeratul was feeling an unexpected fatigue. It was because Grid's basic attacks with the effect of Dragon Knight and Duke of Amplification behind it were so heavy.

Naturally, Zeratul wasn't pushed when it came to strength, but he felt a mental threat. The thing that bothered him even more was the form that his self-defense was currently maintaining. The fact that his self-defense, which was designed to constrain Grid's sword dance, was acting as a weakness rather than an advantage was giving him a feeling of loss. There was a sense of restraining himself while fighting.

Grid was becoming more and more puffed up, so he was worried that witnesses would arbitrarily misunderstand.

'Wait a minute.'

Eventually, Zeratul's colorless divinity changed again to a fine degree. He redesigned the self-defense to fit the current situation. It had a structure that neutralized the strength of Grid's new sword and gave him acceleration at the same time. It was intended to completely change the course of the battle by inflicting a serious wound in an unexpected way.

It caused Grid's right arm to fall off. Like Zeratul, he was down to a single arm and couldn't handle two swords.

Zeratul was about to restore the structure of his self-defense to its original form, but he momentarily became greedy. He maintained the new form of the self-defense and aimed to cut off Grid's remaining left arm. He successfully hit the target.

Grid lost both arms. It was such a vain result that the fierce battle so far felt overshadowed.

Originally, this was the case in a confrontation between Absolutes. Things could change in an instant. It was also in an instant that some of the hundreds of God Hands hovering around Grid replaced both arms that were cut off.

### **Chapter 1716**

The God Hands, which were originally made based on Grid's hands, bound together to form Grid's arms and hands. They were judged as 'prosthetic arm' items and Grid could naturally handle all types of items without restrictions.

[It is too late.]

Zeratul's thoughts resonated. It fluttered like he was excited. He seemed confident that he had a chance to win.

He had no choice but to think so. His self-defense power had been restored to its original state. It was a structure that could thoroughly neutralize Grid's sword dance. Analyzing and neutralizing certain types of swordsmanship with the power of the Martial God was as natural and easy as an angel flapping their wings to fly.

Grid also understood. Therefore, he had been prepared. All the God Hands except the ones acting as prosthetic arms spread out like giant wings. They each held a different type of weapon and released a basic attack in unison.

In the distance, it was seen like wings unfolding.

[.....?!]

Zeratul's bewilderment was conveyed to Grid. It was conveyed with the spirit that filled the realm of the Absolute. Basic attacks wielded by 300 weapons that caused 'fixed damage to a god' struck simultaneously and shook Zeratul's self-defense.

[You are really persistent...!]

Was his pride hurt due to the fact that he revealed his agitation? Zeratul couldn't hide his anger and caused a shockwave. It was intended to disturb the God Hands that formed wings in all directions, but it didn't work. They interlocked with Grid's prosthetic arms and used Grid as a pillar to withstand Zeratul's shockwaves.

Grid was an unshakable being. To be precise, he couldn't shake. He knew that many of the people below him were relying on him, and endured Zeratul's momentum.



Flap.

The huge black-gold wings wielded by Grid again launched the second bombardment. This time, the rain of battle gear fell along with it. It was Grid's total offensive after using Request to Stand With Me. The Blockade sword wielded together with it became a threat to Zeratul. It was to the point that he flinched when Grid tried a fake and pulled out the Falling Moon Sword that was still on cooldown.

[Really... are you prepared to oppose a god in such a trivial way?]

Zeratul used all types of martial arts to prevent the heavy rain of battle gear and gained acceleration again. He broke through the heavy rain in an instant and reached Grid.

At this moment, Grid understood that the self-defense had changed its structure. He had learned it earlier in exchange for losing both arms. The proof was that Grid had triggered a six fusion sword dance by the time that Zeratul arrived.

Serve Dragon Pinnacle Wave Kill Link—it was a sword dance that reproduced the spirit of a dragon. Grid pierced Zeratul's body with Twilight, which he had swapped to.

[You are the master of the Overgeared World.]

His body was infinitely light. In the aftermath of using his ultimate skill, there was no such thing as a huge drain on resources or cooldown time.

Grid pierced Zeratul's body again.

From the front to the back.

From the back to the front.

From the front to the side.

From the side to the bottom.

From the bottom to the top.

Serve Dragon Pinnacle Wave Kill Link was repeated several times without a break. Zeratul's perfect self-defense collapsed each and every time. He tried to achieve the structure that neutralized the sword dance again, but it repeatedly failed and broke.

[...Kuaaaack!!]

The realm of the Absolute dispersed. Zeratul's screams echoed throughout the world.

The Martial God—it was the moment when the being who was supposed to be victorious and invincible, albeit a fake, collapsed disastrously due to Grid. It was the moment when the ragged Zeratul fell to the stage as if he was going to his grave. All types of roars that matched the battle between Grid and Zeratul followed like thunder and echoed throughout Reinhardt.

[My passed down martial arts... my passed down martial arts haven't lost yet...!] Zeratul, who was dripping blood from his mouth, eventually couldn't speak and cried out with willpower. He turned to gray ash. He truly left the stage in an ugly manner.

[Overgeared God 'Grid' has defeated Martial God 'Zeratul'!]

The result that people were already aware of had emerged as a world message.

"Uwahhhh!" A huge roar spread. It wasn't just in Reinhardt, but people all over the world cheered at the victory. However, Zeratul's status hadn't dropped significantly yet. His solid divinity remained as traces and the trinity of the eight gods was also maintained.

"Don't be intimidated and fight comfortably. Even if you die at my hands and lose your honor, there won't be the misfortune of losing your status if your remaining apostles do well against my passed down martial arts."

It was the insurance that Zeratul had mockingly said to Grid. The fact that Grid was helped by Nefelina also played a role. It was something that had to be endured after the secret story of Crazy God and Crazy Dragon was known.

The eight gods serving the Martial God—in other words, those who learned the passed down martial arts still had a chance to save Zeratul.

The lowest ranking god proclaimed himself as the vanguard, "I will repay the disgrace and shame that the Martial God suffered from the cowardly Overgeared God with the Martial God's martial arts."

The name of the lowest ranked god who proudly stepped onto the stage was Baralo. He was as sacred and beautiful as an angel. However, the pressure he exuded at this moment was as terrifying as a demon. He was starting at Grid as if he wanted to hurt Grid.

"Which apostle will deal with me? Anyone is fine," Baralo urged.

"I will deal with you." The person who would be on the stage was decided from the beginning.

Sword Saint Kraugel—he had one of the most suitable powers to deal with the lowest god. Kraugel showed the virtue of humility toward the other apostles and Euphemina.

Baralo's horribly distorted face crumpled even more. "You will be my opponent when you aren't even an apostle? Didn't you even lose your sword?"

Baralo's pride was badly hurt because he felt ignored. He pointed to Kraugel's sword, which had curved in an impossible manner, and reacted in an unwilling manner.

Kraugel silently looked up at the sky. Grid's figure was so high up that it was invisible to the general public, but it was clearly visible to him. Grid was full of wounds. He couldn't come down to the ground in this state.

Kraugel struggled to suppress his sorrowful heart and flew Twilight high with his Control Sword skill. It was soon in Grid's hands and was completely repaired after Grid tapped it with the hammer once.

-Please take care of it.

Along with Grid's whisper, Twilight returned to Kraugel's grip. Kraugel's expression stiffened. It was because the Twilight that Grid threw was Grid's sword, not his own. In other words, it was the Twilight made from the fang of an old dragon...

He tried to suppress his flustered emotions and pointed the sword at Baralo. “There doesn’t seem to be any excuse for you to not do this anymore.”

“Really... you are all unpleasant people.” Tsk. Baralo clicked his tongue and narrowed the distance to Kraugel in an instant. It was a speed that Kraugel’s Super Sensitivity barely caught.

Kraugel raised Twilight with the intention of defending and recalled Mir, who had arrived at the scene a little while ago. He wondered how strong the god in front of him was compared to Mir in his prime. Mir, who was destined to be the vanguard of the Hwan Kingdom, and the subordinate god who followed the fake Martial God—which of the two would have the upper hand?

As he thought about it—

“.....?!”

Kraugel aimed precisely at the gap in Baralo, who was bewildered by the energy felt from Twilight, and used Space Sword. It was the cooperation between the Overgeared God and Sword Saint. The power easily exceeded Kraugel’s predictions and Grid’s expectations. To put it more accurately, Grid’s divinity was crossing the world.

“Isn’t it too grand to use the term ‘passed down martial arts?’” Kraugel looked dumbfounded for a moment before criticizing Baralo.

“.....”

Baralo didn’t respond. It was physically impossible for him to speak with his body cut in half. He attempted to recover in real time, but Kraugel didn’t give him time. As the Sword Saint, he perfectly handled Grid’s Twilight and pushed the god with swordsmanship.

Then it ended.

“Ugh... I lost...” Baralo was helplessly pushed by the item combined with the Sword Saint’s swordsmanship and left the stage. On the way, he wondered if he could’ve overcome the crisis using his own power, not the martial arts he learned from Zeratul, but he soon blushed with shame and surrendered.

Grid watched the scene from the sky and murmured that this god was better than Zeratul.

“...Uwaaaaahhhhh!”

Shouts echoed.

Grid, who defeated the Martial God as a player—the people were already in a dream-like mood and couldn’t believe the reality happening in front of them. Now they cheered with great enthusiasm. Thousands of people were intoxicated with mental pleasure that reached the peak.

The Overgeared World—the divine world that Grid and humanity created together was far greater and stronger than people expected. Grid was held up by pillars and supported by the people.

“...I feel like I’ve become an actor in a comedy.”

Soon, a new god took to the stage. It was the second highest ranked god after Zeratul. This aura itself was different from Baralo. He gave off a great sense of intimidation that he could pretend to be the Martial God in front of people who didn't know Zeratul. Few people could breathe properly.

"Zeratul is going to lose... is this the limit of a false god? It is something I should bear because I served him even though I knew this." It was as if he didn't care who heard it. The white-haired god who expressed his feelings had discerning eyes. He pointed to Braham, who had climbed to the highest spire and was looking down at the stage with an arrogant expression. "You are the best among the apostles. Come."

### **Chapter 1717**

What distinguished between how high and low a god was? The brightness of the halo? The difference between the position and clothing? No, it was the degree of the 'blessing.'

Unlike demons and monsters who caused abnormal statuses just by facing them, the gods basically blessed humans. The problem was that most of the blessings were blocked or immediately recovered due to the situation. In any case, the gods who came down to the surface after Zeratul belonged to the latter. Even if they recovered it later, it meant they once blessed the humans. It was an expression of their desire to spread their myths and be worshiped.

This holy war was a great opportunity for the subordinate gods who hadn't come to the surface for a long time. The same was true for Aldro. The white-haired god had learned martial arts from Zeratul out of simple interest. He had decided to take this journey to the surface not for Zeratul's honor, but for his own sake.

It was to bestow a huge blessing to humans and make his name widely known. It was so that one day he could become a chief god of Asgard and be reborn as an omniscient and omnipotent being.

"Come."

For Aldro, Braham was a very appropriate opponent. The surface had indeed been reborn into a new divine world. Braham was a sun among inferior lights even in this place filled with great figures. Braham was special even in the eyes of the gods. It wasn't because he had unstoppable magic power or because he was the flesh and blood of Beriache.

The myth of the hydra—the myth of the great monster that was fatal to the majority of gods was mixed as if it was a part of Braham, or as if Braham was a part of the great monster's myth. His existence itself was a threat. It was even more so because he was an object of reverence for human beings.

It was a bit frightening, so it was well worth the challenge. The moment he fought Braham and won, his status would rise a few levels. The dimensional characteristics of the Overgeared World should've suppressed intruders, but this was offset by Zeratul's power of the 'Martial God.'

An opportunity that might never come twice was right in front of him. He never wanted to miss it.

"I don't want to."

".....?"

Aldro, who had asked Braham to fight in an excited manner, was noticeably embarrassed. He never thought he would be rejected. Wasn't it a place where everyone was watching? Braham was in a position where nothing good came of showing weakness in front of people, but he refused to compete? It was even with an arrogant expression. His facial expression and his choice didn't match at all...

"You are frightened, so you are acting recklessly."

"Say whatever you like." Braham snorted and took his gaze away from Aldro. It was because he recalled the blessing that was lavishly given when Aldro first descended.

Abundance. He made milk and honey flow throughout the world. It was certain that many of those who had been starving all over the world were saved at once. In any case, he wasn't Braham's opponent.

Braham was looking at the third lowest god. It was a god as small as a boy. He had given a blessing that amplified people's wisdom and magic power, but the extent was weak. Even the paleness of the halo made him appear to be a low ranking god.

However, Braham saw through this. He wasn't showing himself off, unlike the other gods. This guy was the strongest.

"I will fight that guy in the great battle."

"....."

The people watching the situation with great tension instantly became dumbfounded. The strongest symbol of the Overgeared Empire along with Piaro—they were disappointed that Braham, whom Grid also admired, had declared that he would fight one of the lowest gods.

Wasn't the opponent a little boy based on the appearance? It felt like a nasty uncle bullying a child. He was too young and handsome to be an uncle, but...

"You... are more talented than I expected." Aldro noticed his gap with Braham and got the chills.

"You are the God of Abundance." Then a man came onto the stage. It was a man wearing a straw hat and carrying farming equipment.

Aldro recognized him instantly. "Piaro, the weakest of the Overgeared God's seven apostles. I heard that you recently won against the archangels and gained a faint divinity, but... I know it was thanks to the help of a magician. It is a big problem to go against me," Aldro responded in an unwilling manner.

On the other hand, Piaro was different. He liked his opponent enough to laugh.

"I won't let you down."

Piaro felt many eyes on him. The eyes of the farmers sending him unshakable trust, the eyes of the people filled with fervent desire, the eyes of his wife and daughter, the eyes of Grid... They were the eyes of people who were precious to him.

Failing to meet their earnest expectations? This meant he didn't deserve to be a god in the first place. Piaro needed to win this confrontation. It was all the more so because his opponent was the God of Abundance. He had to win in order to become the 'God of Farmers.'

“Why is it the God of Farmers?” Grid read Piaro’s will from the sky and lamented.

“Let’s go back to the temple,” Nefelina, who was unable to carry him any longer, urged in a voice filled with concern. She was restless after the duration of the Transcendent Dragon ended and she returned to human form. It was because Grid’s wounds hadn’t fully healed. In the first place, repairing the severed body parts required time and these were wounds inflicted by Zeratul. The Martial God’s obsession slowed the recovery of the wounds.

Looking back on it, Martial God Zeratul was immensely strong. It might’ve seemed like he had been brutally defeated and retreated due to Grid in less than a minute, but Nefelina had clearly witnessed it firsthand. The level of the martial arts that Zeratul showed from moment to moment was more difficult than Baal, who used all the skills of the dead. It was a realm that was completely out of reach for Nefelina. Yet Grid won...

Nefelina, who had been watching Grid from the moment she was born, felt so moved. She had known he was a great human being when she first saw him, but he actually grew to the point where he could destroy the demons of hell and the celestial gods, as well as earn her father’s approval...

Nefelina’s heart fluttered and she blushed as she recalled the moment when she was allowed to join with him. She felt excited about the situation itself.

“No, I have to be here.” Grid shook his head. With the helmet covering the blood that still flowed from his severed nose, he looked at the ground with his sharp eyes. He watched as Piaro started the fight.

“It is the moment when the people who have been with me are trying to become gods.”

It didn’t make sense if he didn’t watch.

It was just before swinging the hand plow. Grid nodded to Piaro, who was looking this way, and witnessed a miracle.

The moment that Piaro sowed the seeds, a huge tree stood tall in the center of the stage that had turned into an agricultural field. The smell of grass permeated Grid’s sense of smell, which had been filled with blood. It was the aftermath of the sky being covered with leaves from the branches that stretched out in a dense manner.

“A world tree...?”

Could Piaro handle a god, let alone a god who was so strong?

The people who were watching doubtfully let out sighs.

The tree built by Piaro was large and dense enough to be compared to the world tree known to support the sky. Of course, it was infinitely smaller compared to the world tree, but no one would disagree that it was the second largest tree in the world.

It was thanks to the aspirations of the people. The desire of the farmers who gave infinite trust to Piaro and his wife, who was an elf, created a miracle that reproduced the world tree. A reason could be that some of the farmers who trusted him consisted of big names such as the Sword Saint, the Overgeared God Church’s Pope, and the Aura Master.

However, Piaro knew that even if they weren't here, Grid alone would've supported him. He was convinced that he could perform the miracle of this moment as long as he had Grid.

"I never supported you becoming the God of Farmers..."

A god and apostle—as their communication deepened in real time, Grid read Piaro's mind and tried to refute it, but it was useless. It was because Piaro knew that what Grid wanted for him was the 'God of Abundance.'

The God of Farmers and the God of Abundance—weren't they both the same? It was proven by Grid's statement that the God of Fishing, Lars, was sometimes called the God of Abundance by some people. Therefore, it was fine.

"Um...!" Aldro's eyes grew bigger.

The fist techniques learned from Zeratul—the fist swung with the intention of destroying Piaro's hand plow was unexpectedly blocked. The moment the hand plow and the fist collided, the tree swayed heavily.

'Did it absorb the shock?'

Aldro agonized over the use of his power. His power gave life to living things. It was possible to promote growth and it was possible to shorten the lifespan by giving life beyond the limit. It meant he could quickly make that huge tree wither. However, he didn't do so. It was because the moment he used this power in the holy war, the essence of the holy war would be damaged. Even if he used his power to win, he would be defeated if he didn't prove Zeratul's martial arts.

'I don't want to be forced to look ugly.'

He knew the original sins of the high ranking gods. It was the truth that Zik and Sariel below the stage proved. Aldro couldn't bear it if he showed his ugliness in front of them and lowered the prestige of the gods...

"I'll admit that you are a worthy opponent."

Aldro took a deep breath and concentrated. He squeezed both fists lightly, spread out his legs, and lowered one shoulder at an angle. He fully implemented the teachings of Zeratul. Just then, the halo above Aldro's head became brighter than before.

It was a warm glow. It wasn't dazzling even if it was right in front of him. It vaguely resembled Grid's divinity and Piaro was able to realize that he was facing a true god.

"I'll take it as an honor."

The huge tree that painted Reinhardt's sky green swayed along with Piaro's movement. Aldro had to feel the weight of the tree every time he exchanged attacks with Piaro's farming equipment. To be precise, it was the wishes and beliefs of the people contained in the tree. It was very heavy.

Aldro had to swallow a groan with every weight he endured. He suddenly felt bitter. It was because the human being in front of him looked more like a god, not himself.

“...I was wrong in the first place.” He, who didn’t understand humans, claimed to be a god who needed human worship. Aldro smiled bitterly at the sudden thought and his fist struck Piaro’s face.

Piario’s hand plow was about to punch a hole in Aldro’s forehead. The huge tree exploded. It sacrificed itself in place of Piario’s face, which should’ve shattered at the punch. The agriculture field had rapidly withered after hundreds of blows were exchanged.

“I want to learn farming from you someday.” Aldro held out his hand, not his fist, to Piario. “It is to learn how to win the hearts of humans.”

Originally, Aldro was someone who had no hesitation in learning. Therefore, he learned martial arts even though he didn’t respect Zeratul. It meant it wasn’t strange for him to seek guidance from someone lower than him. Additionally, he was acknowledging Piario. Unlike Zeratul, who was naturally worshiped, Piario had many things to admire.

“.....”

In the presence of the silent people, Grid’s voice permeated the ears of Piario, who was hesitating because he couldn’t easily hold Aldro’s hand. Grid was telling him not to hesitate when making friends. He said he had made friends in hell and Asgard as well.

-...If you are willing.

Piario smiled and grabbed Aldro’s hand.

People’s cheers followed. The shouts were as loud as when Grid and Kraugel won.

Piario might’ve lost the fight, but he became a person who received a god’s recognition and taught a god in front of everyone. It was no wonder that he enjoyed more honor than the winner. Naturally, this worked for Aldro as well. Aldro felt his divinity becoming stronger in real time.

“It is so easy to be misled...” Aldro saw the humans cheering and waving even to himself and scolded like it was pitiful before he started smiling. The emotion he was feeling for the first time since his birth made him happy.

## **Chapter 1718**

The battle between the Overgeared World and Asgard—it was natural to consider the odds of the Overgeared World to be low.

Grid and the apostles were illustrious in many ways, but their opponents were the celestial gods. However, they had already won two battles. A disappointing defeat followed, but even that impressed the people. It was because the god who defeated Piario appreciated Piario.

Grid’s epic that started to be written out of nowhere proved it.

[Overgeared God Grid is writing the 23rd epic.]

[The beginning of the epic comes from the enlightenment of a god who serves the Martial God.]

[The God of Abundance, ‘Aldro,’ who invaded the surface with the Martial God, said he would regard an apostle of the Overgeared God as a teacher.]



“.....”

Aldro, who had grabbed Piaro’s hand and raised him up—a faint smile spread on his face as he felt the worship of the humans from their shouts. Then his expression hardened before he knew it. It resembled the expression of a victim who was robbed of a house deed by a scammer.

“Cough...”

Piaro witnessed the change in Aldro’s expression right next to him and felt embarrassed. It was because he felt strength entering Aldro’s hand that was holding his hand. It didn’t matter. People were interpreting the situation at will.

[The declaration of ‘Aldro,’ who previously served the Martial God, means that the apostle of the Overgeared God is comparable to the Martial God.]

It was like in hell. The large-scale epic created by the humans who witnessed Grid’s steps was like a type of scripture. It was a scripture that wasn’t written based on Grid’s own point of view, but instead the point of view of the believers who served him. The content had to be somewhat (?) distorted and most of the situation was interpreted in Grid’s favor. It was still the same now.

Piaro explained to the bewildered and speechless Aldro. “This wasn’t distorted by my god...”

“I know.” Aldro interrupted at once. “Everything is my responsibility since I am standing in front of human beings.”

Unless they were a chief god, most gods couldn’t descend freely to the surface. It was because a god could intervene in the world and challenge the hierarchy of a chief god. For Aldro, this trip to the surface was an opportunity he was bound to be greedy for. He was determined to take some risks in order to win the opportunity that didn’t come easily.

In the first place, the Overgeared God was an easy opponent. His reputation had spread through Asgard from the very beginning. He felt that he was nourishing Piaro and the Overgeared God in real time, but he decided that this wasn’t a big deal. The gains he received were also great.

‘I’m glad I didn’t end up like Zeratul.’

Aldro’s golden eyes swept toward the sky. His beautiful eyes, captured on camera, only projected the blue sky, but Aldro’s vision was showing him Grid’s state in detail. A certain emotion automatically sprang up. It was an emotion he didn’t easily feel when he saw the other gods who had reigned since the moment they were born.

Respect.

Aldro stared silently at Grid before bowing his head very slightly. Of course, it wasn’t as reverent as when he bowed to the goddess.

However, this was enough. An unstoppable wave followed.

Wahhhh!

The continuing shouts of the people grew even louder. There were even people who threw off their jackets at the unbelievable succession of events. On the other hand, the gods were calm. Apart from the lowest god who first stepped out, the others didn't show much agitation even when Zeratul retreated. Usually, a true god had the extraordinary ability to control their emotions. Therefore, they were able to live for thousands of years in the quiet Asgard.

Zeratul had visited the surface over the past few hundred years and built up followers primarily because he wanted to ease his boredom. Zeratul was born only after Chiyou left Asgard. Fortunately, he was born as a chief god from the beginning and freely enjoyed the right to 'freedom' that had been given to him. Meanwhile, the other gods were accustomed to such constraints.

"I hope we can achieve an equal score just once. I think I am the only one who is serious here, so I'll step out." The situation was 2:1. One god felt the need to continue winning and stepped forward. It was a woman with long pink hair. She was very beautiful, but her thick and transparent eyelashes especially attracted people's attention.

"Jude. Get married." Jude, who was escorting the soldiers under the stage, talked nonsense out of the blue. Apart from the knowledge stat that had recently become named and was rising, he was still pure. He was instantly fascinated by Melory, the Goddess of Love.

"C-Captain!" It happened as the soldiers barely managed to stop Jude from breaking onto the stage...

"Why are you smiling like that?"

There was the sound of light footsteps and Mercedes soon stood on the center of the stage. She had a beauty that didn't fade even in front of the Goddess of Love, who naturally released charm. Thanks to this, people were reminded of Mercedes' huge presence and regained their minds.

In fact, the big stage felt filled with just Mercedes and Melory alone. The presence of a beauty who made them happy just by looking at her?

Rather than that, it was the aftermath of divinity.

The stage was filled with the pink divinity scattering from Melory and the orange divinity scattering from Mercedes. It was gorgeous and warm, but not vulgar.

"A human virgin. You need to smile like me. Isn't it a waste of that pretty face to be too arrogant?"

"I'm not a virgin. I have a dear husband."

"That is a relief. I thought you were an old virgin due to your fierce and spiteful expression."

"...An old virgin..."

It was Mercedes, who had the desire to become a mother. Then she suddenly became worried. She was worried that she was too old to have a child. She was in her 20s when she first had Grid in her heart, but she didn't realize the fruits of love until she was in her 30s. Of course, her natural beauty had been tempered with swordsmanship and martial arts. She looked in her early 20s to anyone and would remain young forever. It was just a matter of feeling...

Yes, she knew it.

Even so, an unpleasant thing was an unpleasant thing.

“An old virgin...” Mercedes had an even colder look and created a chill. The transparent eyes, which were hard to see due to the orange divinity, attracted Melory’s attention.

“You are the master of Keen Insight. I thought you were a new apostle because you were exercising the miracle of bearing the Overgeared God’s divinity.”

It was hard to hope for victory...

No one heard Melory’s faint words. The clothes of the goddess were just a piece of thin cloth that fluttered. It was a piece of cloth that barely covered her pure white body. It meant she could capture everyone’s eyes and minds with just one step. Even Grid, who was in the sky, gulped.

Mercedes’ expression hardened even more. It was because her mind had always been directed to Grid first.

One light step taken by Melory caused a tremendous aftermath.

The Goddess of Love—her life was unexpectedly not beautiful. Sometimes she felt rewarded to connect love between others, but in most cases, she was in a position to receive the love of others. It was even from other gods. She had to go through too many unwanted things.

From a certain point on, she felt the need for strength to protect herself and it was none other than Zeratul who gave it to her. It was because Zeratul, who enjoyed showing off his martial arts, wasn’t stingy in teaching other gods, unlike the noble Chiyou.

The fake Martial God who believed himself to be real as a belated created subject—many gods gossiped and laughed at Zeratul behind his back, but Melory was genuinely grateful to him. This was even though Zeratul might’ve taught her the martial arts to show off, not for Melory’s sake. It was true that Melory received his help.

Random blows followed by high speed movement—Melory’s linked attacks as she wielded two short swords in reverse was very fast. The dual swords were appropriately utilized to cut, stab, and bump. It boasted a tremendous skill as if accelerating the moment a flower bloomed.

“.....”

Mercedes felt that Melory’s expression wasn’t like a god. Rather, it was a fierce look with gritted teeth. It wasn’t much different from humans. It was just like Grid.

“These are skills honed by hard work.”

What type of life was lived by the celestial gods? Mercedes had always wondered this, but at this moment, her question was resolved in a small way. At the very least, she was convinced that the life of the ‘lower gods’ was vastly different from the life of the gods that humans imagined.

Mercedes also started to respond with all her might. She couldn’t be careless against an enemy who put in as much effort as she did.

“Hah...”

Exclamations poured out from all over the stage.

The invisible fight between Grid and Zeratul.

The confrontation between Kraugel and Baralo, who showed an overwhelming scale of swordsmanship.

The battle between Piaro and Aldro, who used nature.

The previous confrontations were areas that people found difficult to understand. In particular, in the case of the battle between Grid and Zeratul, even the apostles and gods couldn't read the flow properly.

On the other hand, the battle between Mercedes and Melory was easy for anyone above a certain level to understand. It was closer to a pure skill contest. The flow was systematic like a textbook. This meant it was quick but easy to read. It was thanks to Mercedes 'matching the breath' with Melory.

Melory wasn't a difficult opponent for her, who had been on the stage with God's Descent from the beginning.

Then it ended. Melory ended up dropping both swords. It couldn't be helped.

"I... I am a useless god."

She was a lower god before being the Goddess of Love. There was too little room for intervention in the world for her to weave a human and human love. She almost always had to stay quiet in Asgard, which encouraged conflict every time. She couldn't even repay Zeratul for his grace.

Melory's pink divinity lost its light. It gradually dispersed. It was a phenomenon created by the god's desire for extinction.

Grid recalled the faintness of Chiyou's divinity—as if he had no divinity—and became somewhat nervous. He wanted to go down to the stage right now and soothe Melory. It was both pure sympathy and an investment for the future. It was a time when the yangbans were starting to set foot in the Overgeared World, so wasn't it possible for the gods of Asgard as well?

However, Grid couldn't go down to the ground at all. It was because his wounds hadn't recovered yet. There was also a concern that Mercedes might misunderstand.

His heart—Mercedes immediately guessed it.

"It isn't that you are useless. It is that you haven't found your purpose yet. I know because I've had a similar experience."

It was the time when she was a knight of the Saharan Empire. She often felt skeptical as she played the role of oppressing small kingdoms and wiping out minorities. Of course, she didn't express it, but she was aware that her purpose wasn't correct. It felt like her existence was both a nuisance and caused harm. She didn't have high self-esteem because she wasn't loved even by her parents, so her heart was always in pain.

Therefore, she vaguely understood Melory. Her sincerity was also conveyed.

"...Thank you."

The one who reached out to the loser this time wasn't a god, but a human being. Every scene was recorded in Grid's epic and the status of the apostles rose exponentially.

## Chapter 1719

"Um..."

3:1—the Overgeared World was ahead of Asgard.

Grid's mind was on Piaro. It was because he suddenly found Piaro sighing among the cheering people. Grid was the only one who noticed it. Everyone was praising Piaro as a hero. Piaro was the only one who thought of himself as a loser.

A person who received a declaration that a god would serve (?) him—who would dare to consider him, who qualified as a complete god and was the starting point of this scripture—this epic—a loser? This was why the others didn't know that the faint shadow on Piaro's face was due to guilt.

'It is my fault that Piaro lost.'

The nature of this duel had changed since the very beginning. Which one was superior between Grid's items and Zeratul's passed down martial arts? Just as Kraugel wielded Twilight, the other apostles also needed to wield the power of items. Of course, Grid periodically replaced the items of the apostles.

However, it wasn't at the stage of distributing dragon weapons and armor, so it was too vague to call them divine objects. In particular, Piaro's farming tools were too outdated.

'To be precise, it isn't that they are outdated.'

They were unsuitable for combat. The farming equipment that Piaro wanted were essentially a suitable form for cultivation. From Grid's standards, they were naturally unsuitable for combat. However, if Piaro's farming tools were really unsuitable for battle, then his success until now was impossible. Yes, it was a very small difference. The difference was only revealed when fighting a being who was approaching an Absolute.

Grid felt sorry. 'I should've broken Piaro's stubbornness and made better items, but I neglected him.'

He learned a new fact. It was that caring and respecting his precious people shouldn't undermine his philosophy.

"....."

Even though his wounds hadn't recovered, Grid was about to go down to the ground to comfort Piaro. Then he stopped. He found Piaro's wife approaching Piaro. A heartfelt smile spread across Piaro's face, who had been forcing himself to look bright. It was the happiness of one who had established a family.

Grid realized the joy of regaining what had been lost for a long time and laughed. 'I don't have to worry too much.'

This incident would be a great lesson for Piaro. He would break his stubbornness and develop further.

It happened as Grid was feeling relieved...

“It is insignificant,” the god who stepped on the stage after Melory opened his mouth. The voice that roared through the atmosphere echoed throughout Reinhardt. The voice sank low so it created the illusion of sucking the listener into an abyss. There was a greatly disparate feeling.

“The only thing the gods do when gathering together are wielding swords. What is the difference with humans?”

“.....”

Grid belatedly noticed it.

The god on the stage—the skinny god, who was three meters tall, wasn’t breathing. The strange waves of language that was spoken without breathing gave a sense of strangeness that he had never felt in his life. It was also different from the language of the undead, which expressed their deep resentment.

‘If he is a real god... he can live without breathing.’

The gods Grid had met so far had been breathing normally. In retrospect, even the demons breathed. So why did this god suppress his breathing? There must be some intention behind it.

Grid knew the importance of breathing, so he was wary.

“Didn’t you punch as well as fight with swords?”

It happened as Huroi was refuting the words...

“This is a place to prove Zeratul’s martial arts.” Another god stepped forward and dismissed it. He was Aldro, the disciple (?) of Piaro, and the God of Abundance.

The tall god seemed unconvinced.

“Those of you who have never ascended to a high place won’t know this, but... I contributed to the creation of heaven and the earth. Even before humans were born on this land, I created the mountains and rivers that flowed to form the ocean. For this, I... I have to compete against a human in front of humans? It is insignificant. I’m not convinced.”

“So are you okay if your opponent isn’t human?” Zik climbed onto the stage. He seemed to be acquainted with the tall god. “Kadlow. You were blinded by lust and chaotically spread half-gods everywhere.”

“...Zik... That’s right. If I had to say it, I am the parent of your Seven Malignant Saints.”

In the distant, ancient times. It wasn’t even this world, but the ancient times of another world. There was a time when the idea of giving divinity to humans didn’t exist. This was until Kadlow coveted the human body and caused a child of god to be conceived. Until then, there was no concept of half-gods and the concept of a human god was faint. Gods and humans were completely different entities.

“Therefore, I am the benefactor of you humans. I am in a position to defend my prestige.”

“It is ridiculous that you are talking about prestige when you were disqualified from being a chief god for lowering the prestige of the gods.”

Kadlow had an endless desire for lust. He was blinded by sexual desire and undermined the order of human beings. During the time when he was in full swing, people regarded Asgard as a target of resentment. This was why he was a god who received a rare punishment.

“The qualifications of a chief god will be regained sooner or later. By force...”

The reason why Kadlow learned martial arts from Zeratul was simple. It was in order to build up force. Why was he the only one who was severely punished among the gods who committed the seven deadly sins?

He pondered on it and realized something. It was because he didn't have superior skills like Hexetia, resourcefulness like Venice, or the strength or wisdom of Dominion and Judar. He was treated as a relatively useless being and was the only one who suffered an unfair punishment...

Kadlow wanted to become a chief god today so he felt the need for transformation. Among them, he was interested in martial strength.

Zeratul became an example. A being who was just born, but who reigned and acted unruly because he was strong. No one rebuked him when he was bragging without acknowledging that he was a replacement for Chiyou. It was because he was strong. He had power so others avoided him rather than colliding with him.

This was what Kadlow had to reach.

“Zik, you must remember. My ‘Pillar of Production’ might be insignificant compared to the goddess’ ‘Pillar of Creation,’ but it played a pretty big role. No... you were asleep ‘at the time’ and you wouldn’t have witnessed it...”

It was the day when the Seven Malignant Saints invaded Asgard, except for Zik who was affected by the Curse of Sloth. Dominion’s army watched the situation with their arms crossed while the angel army slaughtered the Seven Malignant Saints. The result was obvious to anyone.

The Seven Malignant Saints who dared to ask the gods for their sins were insignificant. This was until the 1st Evil Jake’s ‘Providence’ caused an unexpected situation. Neither the gods nor angels felt a sense of crisis. At that time, it was Kadlow who blocked the variable of Providence. He produced bad luck with the Pillar of Production, suppressing all the good luck that tried to work to benefit the Seven Malignant Saints.

“A god’s power is the source of the creation of the universe and a mystery incomprehensible to humans. It is only when using the power that humans will look up to the gods... sealing this power is just bringing us down to the same eye level as human beings.”

“Get to the point.”

It was before Huroi could intervene.

Zik urged Kadlow to get to the point and Kadlow replied, “This battle is unilaterally designed to be in your favor and it is unreasonable. Even if you win, it is just a natural result and it isn’t honorable. That must be unwelcome to you as well.”

“This is the method that Zeratul has chosen.”

“It is the way that he chose for his life. I don't have to respect it.”

“.....”

It was enough to ignore Kadlow's meaning. Was he going to ignore the rules that had been established and use his power? There was no reason to listen to it.

It happened the moment that Zik was about to refuse...

“Use it.” A voice came from above. It was somewhat lower than the high sky where Grid was floating. Braham floated here with Grid behind him like the sun. “Use the power or whatever you want as much as you want.”

Braham's arrogant face had a slight smile, as if laughing at Kadlow.

“It doesn't matter what you do.”

“Take a look, Zik. This is the treatment of a god who has lost his prestige. It is why it is unreasonable to prohibit the use of power.”

Kadlow frowned and raised his power. The blue divinity that spread around him stretched out in such a vast manner that it covered the sky. A huge pillar rose toward the clouds that looked white in the distance. It was the Pillar of Production. In this world, the previous world, and the worlds before that, it was a pillar that supported Rebecca's Pillar of Creation.

“I will take on this guy.” Originally, Braham was only conscious of the god who looked like a little boy, but he changed his mind at this moment. He was overcome with the desire to kill the god in front of him.

Zik respected this. He stepped down from the stage and Braham filled his vacancy.

“Let me take care of a bit of Zeratul's honor.”

Kadlow's voice changed. It was the aftermath of resuming his stopped breathing. It caused a tremendous wavelength. The suppressed breathing was amplified through the Pillar of Production and an omnidirectional shockwave was generated. Reinhardt, especially the stage, started to shake as if all the barriers piled up around it would be shattered.

“This is the swordsmanship I have interpreted.”

He would take care of a bit of Zeratul's honor. As if to fulfill this declaration, Kadlow pulled out a sword from his waist and swung it lightly. The sound of the air being cut was heard in the distance. It was in the direction that the pillar was rising. A silver sword light was produced in large quantities from the pillar. They rippled across the sky while covered in blue divinity. It felt like the space itself was degraded.

It reached Braham in an instant.

“.....”

“.....”

People were at a loss for words from the moment the pillar sprang up.



The majesty of a god that had been forgotten for a while—they realized once again that gods had a universal power and were greatly intimidated. They determined that Braham had touched a bomb by mistake. They thought that even Braham wouldn't be able to deal with a god.

The battle between Grid and Zeratul was so great that it was a real concern. In fact, Braham was torn to shreds. In an instant, the waves of sword light that swept across the stage tore Braham's body apart into hundreds or thousands of pieces.

"Uh...?"

".....??"

Did Braham really get hit? People who had been worried but hadn't expected this vain end lost their souls. They were too flustered to accept the situation.

Then the torn pieces of Braham's body started to glow a faint purple. The moment that those who were close to a transcendent noticed this fact, Braham's torn body started regaining its original form. It was with a transparent, purple color. It was the usage of Lightning God learned from the Blue Dragon. The physical force of the sword lights pierced through him without harming him.

"It is insignificant." Kadlow didn't even snort. He immediately understood the principles of Lightning God and replaced the divinity that had been released throughout the world with magic power. He intended to crush and kill Braham, who had become vulnerable to magic.

However, Braham's magic worked faster.

Gravity—the gravitational magic triggered by Braham compressed his Lightning God body and obliterated it in a hurry. He took his own life.

"It is insignificant until the end."

Choosing death the moment you realize you can't afford to go against me.

Do you believe that your pride will be protected with this?

It is indeed an ugly end.

".....?"

Kadlow, who was sneering, became shocked. It was because he saw the gravity that engulfed Braham being mixed with lightning and distorting space.

"You...!"

It was a magical black hole created using the explosive energy of magic power. After grasping its identity and noticing Braham's intentions, Kadlow hurriedly controlled his divinity. He intended to restore the divinity that had been replaced by magic to its original form. However, it was too late. The speed at which magic power was sucked into the black hole was too fast.

"No...! It can't be...!"

It was the sensation of all his divinity being sucked in. Kadlow was horrified by the ominous sense of his existence fading and screamed. His screams echoed in an empty manner.

“It doesn’t taste bad.” Braham’s satisfied voice filled the stage once the screams ended. The divinity that belonged to Kadlow was mixed with his purple magic power.

“.....”

Reinhardt became quiet. Even Grid’s mouth was shut as he looked like he was seeing a monster.

## **Chapter 1720**

It was during the Great Human and Demon War.

Braham regained his lost power and realized an unchanging truth. It was that the body of a direct descendant was stronger than imagined. He could feel it even more because he had experienced human life for the past hundreds of years. It was like a real god from the concepts, not a creature. He wondered if it would be the second best after Baal, whose life was infinite as long as ‘fear’ didn’t disappear from the hearts of humans.

Braham was confident that he could recover even if his body was broken down into particles beyond the level of being shattered. Of course, this was under the premise that he had a mental strength strong enough to maintain his ‘will’ to live even in the face of immense suffering. The direct descendants who were hunted by Grid didn’t have that type of mentality.

Yet for Braham, patience wasn’t a particularly difficult task. He was abandoned by his mother, whom he admired and loved the most, and he lost everything. He fell into the abyss before climbing to a higher peak than before. It was just a matter of enduring the pain... it wasn't light, but it was bearable. This was how he started doing crazy things like creating a black hole through his body.

“Kuuack... Kuaaack...”

Kadlow had completely lost his mind. He half-rolled his eyes and drooled. There were no traces left of the dignity of a god, who existed without breathing. Was it the shock of being deprived of divinity? No. It was just the start. A little while ago, Kadlow’s time had increased to infinity. The more that his divinity was sucked into the small black hole, the longer his time seemed to stretch out like a noodle. Then suddenly, it was sucked in very quickly.

His life, which remained as a trace of divinity, took away the present moment from him as his memories were fast-forwarded to eternity. It was an eternal pain. It would turn any god into an idiot. Fortunately, Kadlow had a history of being a chief god, so he endured the eternity, but the aftermath was strong.

The ‘pain that I don’t want to go through again’ was engraved in his mind.

It meant that he had learned fear. A god became afraid of Braham, the apostle of the Overgeared God.

“The Specter of the No Offspring Tomb... it must be as vicious as you...”

Kadlow recalled the fact that a few gods were afraid of the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb. At this moment, he empathized with them and muttered in a trembling voice. It was without daring to make eye contact with Braham. He kept his eyes lowered.

“A pillar.” Braham didn’t care about Kadlow. He realized that it wasn’t easy to mix the divinity he had taken from Kadlow with magic power and devised other ways to use it.

The moment he mentioned the pillar, Kadlow was shocked before soon calming down.

The Pillar of Production—it was his own power. It operated on the basis of divinity, but it was an innate power from the moment he was born. Even Kadlow didn’t know the principles behind creating the pillar and he took it for granted when using it. It was just as humans naturally learned how to breathe. Just because Braham took away Kadlow’s divinity didn’t mean he could handle the pillar of production.

‘You can try hard for hundreds or thousands of years.’

You will never get a pillar...

Kadlow, who was crushed by the humiliation of losing, smiled slightly. He was convinced that the Pillar of Production that fascinated Braham would be the curse that imprisoned him forever.

At this moment...

“It is roughly like this.”

Beyond the distant clouds, a pillar that was still small and weak rose. It was a pillar that had little effect. It was no different from a mere pointed, stone mountain. The problem was that it was created.

[The apostle of the Overgeared God, ‘Braham,’ has violated a god’s rights.]

[The possibility of a status beyond a ‘Myth Usurper’ has arisen.]

[The name of ‘Braham’ is recorded in all the myths of ‘Kadlow,’ who was a chief god of Asgard and is in some of the large-scale myths of Asgard.]

[The apostle of the Overgeared God, ‘Braham,’ has written a new myth.]

[He used powerful magic to play with the gods and violated the rights of the gods with his great wisdom.]

[The new name of the god...]

“Overgeared Magic God,” Grid muttered while feeling thrilled by the successive world messages.

[He is Braham, the God of Magic and Wisdom.]

Fortunately, the world message ignored Grid’s comment. It was the birth of a new god. It was even a god with two nicknames. ‘Wisdom’ was Judar’s nickname. The new god was born from violating the rights of Kadlow, the former chief god of Asgard. He was threatening the current chief god of Asgard with just his existence upon his birth.

“Wh... at...” Kadlow, who barely controlled his mind, was shocked again. It wasn’t enough that he lost the dignity of a god. His mouth dropped open like a crucian carp on land.

Braham had his unique arrogant expression on his face as the corners of his mouth rose up to the fullest.

“Braham, the apostle of the Overgeared God, has won.”

Braham hadn't changed. Even after reaching the hierarchy of a god, he still called himself the apostle of the Overgeared God. It was also recorded in Grid's epic.

"Waaahhhhhhh!"

He ended the situation himself by declaring his victory. It was at a time when people were enthusiastic about the Braham-like finish that suited the expression 'I alone am the best' better than anyone...

"This fight is invalid." Someone acted even though it was difficult. It was none other than Lael.

".....?"

Braham doubted his ears, while the people were in an uproar. Braham stood still for a moment and stared at Lael, who was standing below the stage. Then he took a deep breath and asked, "Invalid? What type of vain argument is this?"

"The essence of this holy war has long changed to a competition between His Majesty's items and Zeratul's martial arts. From the moment Kadlow used his power, to be precise, from the moment Duke Braham gave God Kadlow the right to use the power, this fight went off topic."

"....."

Braham was the Duke of Wisdom... no, he was the God of Wisdom. He understood Lael's point right away.

However, shouldn't they just ignore the rules set by Zeratul in the first place? Why did they have to abide by the rules and nullify his precious victory?

Such questions weren't even worth asking.

Lael wanted Grid to fully absorb Zeratul's status. If they fought and won according to the rules set by Zeratul, then Zeratul would be defeated without any excuses. Considering the penalty he would suffer and the advantage that Grid would gain at that time, it was right to nullify the battle between Braham and Kadlow.

"Booo! Booooo!"

Braham himself was convinced, but boos poured in from all sides. There were also many people who made accusations.

Lael wasn't agitated at all. He was used to being sworn at. In the process of raising the Overgeared Guild into an empire, he had purged tens of thousands of people. Lael was so ruthless that he had a history of burying alive soldiers of surrendered enemy nations.

Rejecting the accusations directed at him due to such a thing? Lael wasn't such a shameless person. He humbly accepted any accusations. It was still the same now.

"...I understand." Braham dismissed the criticisms of the people and nodded. He, the person involved, respected Lael's will, so people were no longer able to make accusations.

Of course, there was still a lot of regret for those cheering for the Overgeared World. They missed the opportunity to win 4:1. The 3:1 situation was back. There was room for a reversal. There was no law that said the Overgeared World wouldn't lose the remaining four matches.

The gods of Asgard were strong. It was witnessed by countless spectators. Most of the audience naturally believed in the apostles of the Overgeared God and hoped to win, but they recognized that it wasn't easy. The strongest card called Braham was consumed in vain, while the boyish god pointed out by Braham remained intact on Asgard's side.

The gods standing on the left and right side of the boy were also reticent, and their presence was enormous.

"Looking at the manhwas, it is the turn for the protagonist team to lose, right? So I'll step out."

Euphemina went on the stage. The two blond ponytails further emphasized her girlish, youthful appearance. It was an appearance that didn't suit the battlefield at all. However, she was the secret weapon of the Overgeared Guild. Everyone knew it was a secret, but the fact that Grid had been afraid of her in the past was an open secret.

"Eupheminaaaa!"

"Look at me with a contemptuous gaze!"

"Smile and tell me that I am poor-looking!"

In her Duplicator days, she easily scammed people with her beauty (?) and she had many fans. The screams of Euphemina's name spread endlessly. The addition of the words 'please win' was the basics.

Euphemina stuck out her tongue.

'How am I supposed to fight here?'

Mumud's Successor was a class that was inherently open to the possibility of becoming a myth. Her skills after eating the Fruit of Good and Evil and being greatly enlightened to her potential clearly transcended the normal categories. Yet she was inferior compared to the gods.

The previous battles...

Kadlow blamed the funny way that the gods were wielding the swords, but there was nothing to demean from the perspective of a third party. It was because the sword wielded just once by a god caused a disaster in itself. This would be the case if it wasn't for the barriers laid out by all the groups in the empire.

Reinhardt would've disappeared in part like it had been hit by a bomb every time a god wielded the sword. Fighting and winning against such ruthless beings? Euphemina wasn't confident.

'I'm not Kraugel.'

People who very occasionally underestimated Kraugel had something in common—they compared Kraugel to Grid.

Yes, the comparison was wrong. Apart from Grid, Kraugel was the strongest player. Even Kraugel managed to wield Grid's sword intact thanks to his class characteristic of being a Sword Saint. Euphemina evaluated herself as one level below Kraugel. People who saw themselves on the same level as Kraugel didn't know the true value of Kraugel. Or perhaps they had been hit by Grid's smooth talking.

'Grid oppa always had a high evaluation of me.'

She often hung out with Sehee, so she was accustomed to calling him 'oppa.' She started smiling. She suddenly had a thought. She wanted to repay Grid who always believed in her from the day they first met until now.

'...I don't think there is any need to feel like I will unconditionally lose.'

Now there were too many people who believed in her, not just Grid. The magicians of the Tower of Eternity came to cheer for her as a group.

"It is okay to get hurt, so go and fight as you like."

Sehee—even Saintess Ruby gave her a fighting cheer that didn't suit her. Sehee used to scold her not to get hurt.

'...Yes, it is an important point.'

The cliché was to be broken.

"I'll correct it."

Euphemina looked back at Zik, Mir, and Sariel, who were standing side by side, and smiled. It was a smile with her unique confidence and playfulness. It was the smile of a little demon.

"I don't think it is our turn to lose yet."

Euphemina's determination was largely attributed to Piaro and Braham. Piaro gave her the great gift of the Fruit of Good and Evil. Euphemina wanted to win for him, who suffered an earlier defeat and was depressed. She wanted to tell him, 'You made my victory.'

Additionally, there was Braham. He valued Mumud more than anyone else. Therefore, he always observed Euphemina carefully. Then he was disappointed every time. There was a huge gap between Euphemina and the Mumud that Braham remembered.

Of course, Braham never openly expressed his disappointment. However, Euphemina always felt it. This time, she wanted to meet Braham's expectations. Seeing his admiration seemed to unravel the lump in her chest. Above all—

"I will definitely win."

The staff that Grid had just thrown her was the source of her confidence. Wasn't it a staff that he designed and made as soon as he heard that she could use a large number of resources without restrictions after consuming the Fruit of Good and Evil? It was a new staff with effects to go with her current self.

“You can do it,” Grid whispered from the blue sky. He compared himself from before becoming a god with the current Euphemina. Unlike his usual self, his expectations for Euphemina were from an objective point of view.

The stage was engulfed in the universe.