

Overgeared 1741

Chapter 1741

'There are no flaws except for the fact that his appearance is slightly inferior to when I was alive.'

Chreshler evaluated Grid. It was the highest praise. The pope was born as a genius, blessed by the Goddess, and praised as the greatest man throughout his entire life, so he had a very high vision. From the perspective of he, who saw even the weaknesses of the only one he loved, Marie Rose, Grid was the first to have no flaws in his abilities.

'He will join with Marie Rose in the capacity of the Blood King... I have no choice but to admit it...'

Yes, he wasn't being deprived of Marie Rose. He was just acknowledging the other person and yielding of his own will. Chreshler comforted himself as if trying to brainwash himself. It was to calm the brain that was burning with passion and to gain a mental victory. Thanks to this, his reluctant feeling gradually improved and his mind cleared. He could see the situation objectively.

'In the first place, Grid is a great god. Even taking into account the powerful beings like the dragons, his status on the surface is comparable to that of the heavenly gods. A man like that joining with Marie Rose... they are qualified to form a union... no, only Grid is qualified.'

If he had known this would be the case, he would've asked for a bigger coffin. Chreshler had no doubt that he would be used as a 'honeymoon room.' To be precise, he was determined to make it happen. He was in the midst of worrying for no reason when he woke up from his thoughts.

-Do you know what a lich fears the most?

"Let's see... is it being unable to dance?"

For Grid, a lich meant Overgeared Skeleton Two. It was the influence of being together for many years. It was the reason why his answer that he gave without much thought violated common sense.

'Is this the humor of this generation?'

No matter how great he was, the difference in time of hundreds of years was too much to bear. Chreshler shrugged it off and continued.

-It is a lack of knowledge. Those who choose to die in order to accumulate knowledge that can't be explored in a short human life are infinitely close to fanatics. If they can gain new knowledge, they will sacrifice their own soul or their flesh and blood. They are the ones who are most afraid of being deprived of the opportunity to study.

"You are saying that they are afraid of death as a result."

-That's right. It is a very unusual case even among the undead. They will never try to fight head on after knowing you have the Divine Wood Coffin. They will be holding their breaths while preparing a trap that can be called a disaster, so you had better be cautious. Don't rush, and move at the speed of Skunk's navigation.

Chreshler's answer came from concern. It was because Grid's speed as he moved without hesitation was too fast. He left behind Skunk, who was searching to see if there were any traps. Putting aside the matter of Marie Rose, it was an attitude that provoked Pope Chreshler, who was prudent and wise.

"Understood." Grid accepted the advice without hesitation. His relaxed heart had softened even more after getting the Divine Wood Coffin.

'I was too excited for a second.'

How could he invite Skunk into the party and then overlook Skunk's role. Dozens of shadows were watching Grid, who was reproaching himself.

"It was just three more steps... Chreshler, that great hero stopped the momentum."

"The greatest pope of all time... putting aside his cheap words and actions, he is known for being quite cautious..."

"Speaking of which, you were active in Chreshler's time, weren't you, Thick-tipped Staff? What is that great hero's weakness?"

"He is very lazy. It was the period when the Yatan Church was flourishing. The reason why the first pope chose Chreshler as his successor was purely because he appreciated Chreshler's talent. However, Chreshler didn't hone his talent and wasted it. He learned everything at once and used it as it was without making any efforts to refine it. I think he used prudence as an excuse to remember."

"There is no depth?"

"That's right. His swordsmanship and magic were very ordinary without anything special."

"How did he manage to win and seal Marie Rose?"

"It was an ingenious application of ordinary swordsmanship and magic. The momentary flash of inspiration was so great that he turned gaps in ordinary techniques into weapons. He was transcendent. Many villains died without even being able to read his ordinary sword."

"That weakness must've been seen through by the same class of transcendents, right?"

"Yes. However, no one was able to attack him. The other weapon he had was the divine power acquired through the favor of the previous pope and Goddess."

"Even if they manage to destroy the swordsmanship and magic, they end up being hit by the divine power... it was perfect. If he had many flaws, then he wouldn't have become the hero of an era."

"Of course, now he has been reduced to a coffin, so he is just a mass of divine power. Even so, he hasn't lost his memory and wisdom from his lifetime. The problem is that Grid is handling that mass of divine power. Based on my knowledge that is insignificant to theirs, I can't think of a way to attack them."

The identity of the shadows was a group of liches lurking in the darkness. They were called the staff of the Specter here in the No Offspring Tomb. They feared death as Chreshler said. They abandoned

humanity and chose eternal life in order to search for knowledge. However, their choices would be reduced to being in vain if the result was death. It was never acceptable.

“As expected of a great god. I can’t believe the identity of a simple group is a legendary explorer and the one who sealed Marie Rose...”

It was perfect for a small group. The worries of the liches gradually deepened as they watched Grid’s group entering the depths of the labyrinth. The crystal ball was transmitting the location and situation of the intruders in real time, but they didn’t have the courage to break into the scene. They simply silently watched as the traps they set up had no effect and were destroyed. At this moment—

“I’ll help you.”

The woman who had been sitting silently stood up from her seat. Her long, gold doped dragged across the ground while her feet were floating in the air. She was the only living and breathing being here, but she was also the most mysterious person. She was originally a member of the Peach Blossom Spring. For some reason, she rebelled against the daoist immortals and entrusted herself to the No Offspring Tomb.

The liches were agitated.

“Don’t you have the qualifications of a God Killer? If you destroy Grid...”

“My qualification is just a mere fragment. It is far from harming the Only One God with my skills, and the Only One God isn’t my enemy.”

The daoist immortal Yeo Yulan—she was from the East Continent and once ascended to heaven as a daoist immortal. To be exact, she was called up as a soldier. It was when the Seven Malignant Saints rebelled against the heavenly gods. It was before the world was destroyed once. In other words, Yeo Yulan was a daoist immortal even before Cheshler and Grid were born. She was an extremely rare case of a half-god who honed her swordsmanship and built up divinity.

She couldn’t trust the gods. It was because she saw the despicable ways of the gods who falsely framed the seven good people and made them traitors. She had experience of being tormented by the gods who were blinded by greed, started a war, and were expelled.

In the eyes of Yeo Yulan, who was once a human being but was liberated by the dao, the gods were foolish and insignificant. Beings born with transcendence weren’t much different from humans living short lives. They were garbage that weren’t worth defending and shouldn’t exist in the world. This was why Yeo Yulan had been honing her qualifications as a God Killer.

“If you can’t do anything to Grid, why are you willing to step forward?”

“I might not be able to do anything about the Only One God, but I can send the others back.”

Certainly...

Taking care of either of the two would be a great help to the liches. Dealing with the Divine Wood Coffin would eliminate the worry of the liches about being destroyed, while dealing with the explorer would allow them to lure Grid into a trap. However, the liches showed a reaction that was unwilling.

Yeo Yulan was a guest of honor. The Specter took special care of her. The Specter would be angry if she was put in danger.

“Don’t worry, I won’t overdo it. I will keep in mind that the Specter is working to resurrect the master of the tomb. Just as I swore in the past, I intend to cooperate thoroughly.”

There was the rustling of her dopo and Yeo Yulan’s body became blurred. Eventually, it became transparent and seemed to melt into the landscape before disappearing. It was done in a split second. There were no traces of magic power. It was a ‘daoist technique’ that was uncharted territory even for the liches who had accumulated knowledge for hundreds of years.

“Did we really finish it off this time?”

“...Pon, are you doing this on purpose?”

It was after entering the No Offspring Tomb. Except for Grid and Skunk, the Overgeared members split into a total of 10 squads. The average number of people in each squad was 400. It was a scale that made one realize the enormous power of the Overgeared members.

However, they faced a crisis from the beginning.

The evil gods—they faced gods as an enemy. They were just fakes ‘portrayed by the divine statues,’ but it was clear that they used divinity as a weapon. They were more powerful than any boss monster the Overgeared members had raided before. To be honest, quite a few people were frustrated.

Unexpectedly, all 10 squads safely broke through the gates. The 8th National Competition had been reduced to an ‘Overgeared Guild open audition’ thanks to Laue’s subtle publicity, and these days, it was causing a stir in the world. In other words, a considerable amount of time had passed since the Great Human and Demon War.

The faces representing the Overgeared Guild had become stronger than the members predicted. However, there was no room for joy. Each squad immediately faced a new ordeal.

“Look, they are resurrected again.”

“Is this my fault?”

The undead who were resurrected even when killed—unlike the death knights and liches, they took the form of a ‘human’ and were incredibly powerful. Apart from their unfamiliar names, they must’ve been transcendentals when alive.

“It is the third resurrection and there are no signs of weakening.”

“28 people died in the fight just now. Let’s build defenses and buy time to analyze the patterns.”

Despite the large number of casualties, there was no opinion to retreat and reorganize. It was thanks to the Tomb of the Gods. Was it because it was treated as ‘land’? Surprisingly, there was a resurrection point on the Tomb of the Gods. The deceased Overgeared members were resurrected at the Tomb of the Gods.

This meant they could rejoin the scene within 15 minutes at the latest. The undead that resurrected again even after dying? If it came to endurance, their side wouldn't be pushed either. The squad led by Jishuka and Ruby had the upper hand when it came to sustainability.

"Wait! I have no health!"

Only the squad led by Vantner was experiencing a crisis. Vantner played the role of a tank, so he drew the aggro very well. His brilliant head dazzled the enemy over and over again. Vantner took on the enemy fire virtually alone and quickly ran out of health even with the support of his colleagues. In the first fight, they killed the enemy more easily than any other squad. Then as time went on, the situation became worse.

"That is why I told you to bring Ruby! Do you think there will be a problem with your pride?"

"That isn't it. It is right to yield the Saintess to Regas, who only has the 3rd class advancement... Gasp! I'm going to die!"

"That is true, but... I'm really going crazy."

The moment the tankers failed to defend the front line and started to step back, the overall balance was destroyed. The undead's wide-area attacks broke into the collapsed formation, swept through the members, and tried to turn the tide. It was such a big crisis that it was decided that it was necessary to retreat for a while.

Just then, an unknown entity appeared out of thin air. It was a beautiful, young woman in a fluttering golden dolo. She held a thin longsword in one hand and several amulets in the other.

'...I went the wrong way again.'

The daoist immortal Yeo Yulan had been in the No Offspring Tomb for nearly 200 years, but she couldn't grasp the structure of the No Offspring Tomb. The labyrinth was too huge and dangerous to roam alone. Even so, it was impossible for her to ask the skeletons for guidance.

Coincidentally, the lichs had great fantasies about daoist immortals. They secretly worshiped the person who penetrated through all creation and ascended to heaven. Asking them for directions? It was a very difficult task due to the personality of the daoist immortal.

"Who...?"

She spoke to the Overgeared members who were uneasy, "I admire you, who strive for humanity."

Yeo Yulan scattered the amulets. The amulet containing her power restored the health and healed the wounds of the tired Overgeared members, and exerted the tremendous effect of raising the level of 'all skills' learned by one step.

"Uh...?"

The Overgeared members were surprised when words such as 'daoist immortal' and 'daoist technique' appeared in the buff description for the first time and they noticed the identity of Yeo Yulan. However, she had already disappeared. Soon, she appeared in another labyrinth and her vision was filled with other Overgeared members.

'...Is it fate?'

Yeo Yulan didn't realize that she was someone who was bad at directions.

A daoist immortal—she was too great to admit that she was bad with directions. Therefore, every time she encountered the Overgeared members, she talked about fate and connections and scattered amulets on them. Thanks to this, each Overgeared squad gained great strength without understanding the reason.

A long time passed.

-That woman is the same as me.

Yeo Yulan barely managed to appear in front of Grid's group and Chreshler gave her a rave evaluation. It was because she avoided Grid's attacks several times with movements that were difficult to imagine.

Chreshler saw instantly that Yeo Yulan was someone with the same level of talent as himself.

"You are rude from the beginning."

For some reason, Yeo Yulan expressed her displeasure. Her attitude of glancing into Grid's eyes and speaking politely in the meantime was unique.

'She is like Chreshler?'

Was this saying that she was really crazy? Grid's face became gloomy.

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The trail of Grid's sword strike that was left in the air released a roaring sound a moment later. It was such a huge explosion that it was like dozens of artillery shells were fired at the same time. It wasn't just a bluff. It actually caused a devastating aftermath.

The wall that Yeo Yulan stood against collapsed. The labyrinth revealed beyond her shoulder had lost its complex structure and turned into a straight path.

'Hasn't it been a while?'

An experience where his attack missed—Grid was looking curiously at the MISS indicator that had already emerged several times when the clear voice of a woman entered his ears, "The power of the sword is like a disaster. I once imagined that a great mountain would collapse if Chiyoo drew his sword, but seeing this, it seems it wasn't a vain imagination."

Yeo Yulan—she seemed to have no intention of hiding the fact that her identity was a daoist immortal.

First of all, she wore clothing similar to Bentao. They were silk clothes with a wide spread skirt and sleeves, but a tight waist. Additionally, there was the cause behind Grid's attacks missing. The daoist techniques with names that only appeared in martial arts were symbols of the daoist immortals of the Peach Blossom Spring.

'It is tricky. In particular, the amulets.'

They were on a different level from any amulets he had seen before. Yeou Yulan's amulets worked similarly to the artificial senses that Grid had relied on for a while. They hovered around their master, helping her read the trajectory of the attack and produce better results. They were similar to Zik's runes in that they exerted different performances depending on the characters written on the amulet. The earrings made of jade seemed to be classified as a 'daoist magic weapon,' an artifact of the daoist immortals. However, there were no signs of them being used yet.

She was by no means an easy opponent.

'I can't let my guard down in the slightest.'

It was back when Grid wasn't an Absolute. He fought against Martial God Zeratul and won. Before Braham became a god, he joined forces with Zik to defeat King Sobyel. It meant it wasn't guaranteed that an Absolute could win against a transcendent. Moreover, it was difficult to guess the age of a daoist immortal.

Bentao, who was trying to let people know that the Seven Malignant Saints were actually good people, was someone who lived in the same era as the Seven Malignant Saints. There was no law saying it wasn't possible just because it was Yeou Yulan in front of him. It was right to not believe in the superiority of his combat power and to be on guard against a hidden power.

Grid eventually activated the Sanctuary of Metal and admonished Yeou Yulan, "Make your attitude clear."

He treated her disrespectfully despite guessing that she might be older than she looked. It was because she looked like his age and she attacked first. Yes, she was an enemy. She appeared out of nowhere and tried to attach an amulet to Skunk and Creischler. He couldn't interpret this action as a favor.

However, there was a bit of a vague part. She only avoided Grid's attacks and didn't fight back at all. She didn't show any hostility to call it being intimidated. Rather, she expressed her respect with frank admiration.

Grid still had a good image of the daoist immortals, so he found it difficult to wield the six fusion sword dance, which was classified as a 'killing technique.'

"There is nothing wrong with my attitude. I'm not trying to antagonize you. I am trying to send you back. I am sorry to disturb you, who have become an Only One God for humans."

"....."

Yeou Yulan was a daoist immortal. She became enlightened in reason and principles and transcended humans, building up divinity. She was different from the heavenly gods, who were gods from birth, the yangbans who were born from the gods, or the human gods who made great achievements or become gods because they were worshiped due to their combat power. She was an existence that was difficult to evaluate through black and white logic.

Grid decided it was better to have a conversation and put away his sword for a moment.

"What is buried here?"

It was a question that pierced the core. What was the true identity of the Specter? Why was there a daoist immortal in the No Offspring Tomb? Why did a daoist immortal stand on the side of the No Offspring Tomb?

Grid dug into the essence that solved all sorts of miscellaneous questions at once.

Yeo Yulan obediently replied, "I don't know either."

".....?"

It was an absurd answer that was spoken with a confident look.

Grid frowned, while Yeo Yulan continued her explanation, "I'm just speculating that the 'being to correct the order' or the 'other side of the truth' is buried here."

"You are speaking a lot without answering."

Some of the scales of Fire Dragon Ifrit's Arm contracted. Grid applied strength to the hand holding Twilight and it reacted to the contracted forearm muscles. It tightened from the tips of his fingers to below his elbow. It was also an unfamiliar and shocking sight for Yeo Yulan. She had lived for a very long time, but it was the first time she had actually seen armor that recreated a dragon's body.

'It feels like strong self-defense techniques have been piled up.'

Divinity, a mental world, and dragon armor—the self-defense forces surrounding Grid were largely divided into three layers and each one was equally powerful. In addition to the power and the scales, it was infinitely close to being surrounded by a dragon.

-It is more amazing than I imagined...

Within the Sanctuary of Metal, Chreshler was also finally seeing Grid's true value. At this point, it was amazing to see Yeo Yulan facing Grid head on without trembling.

"You have corrected the order on the surface, including the East Continent," Yeo Yulan continued speaking, "Unfortunately, heaven has never lost its order. Regardless of the constant absence of Goddess Rebecca, the sins committed by the seven gods and the rebellion of the Seven Good People, the civil war caused by Hanul, and the mistakes of the arrogant and unruly Zeratul, heaven has remained the same as it was in the beginning."

In other words—

"The existence buried here is naturally a being who will correct the order of hell."

".....!"

Skunk's eyes widened. Grid was also surprised. However, he didn't show it and denied it inwardly. It was hard to understand.

-Are you talking about Yatan? What type of bizarre nonsense is this? Do you think a God of the Beginning can die?

Chreshler protested without the need for Grid to step up.

-I have seen records that say Yatan was deceived by Baal and expelled from hell, but I've never seen any records of him dying. They are records from the first pope who heard the words of the Goddess, so there is little chance it is false. I'm not saying I trust the Goddess, but it is real history. In the first place, who in this world can kill a God of the Beginning?

"I never said he was dead."

-It is just wordplay. Isn't there the premise of death from the time you claimed he was buried in the tomb?

"It is the No Offspring Tomb where the master is unknown. We don't even know whose tomb it is in the first place. What basis do we have for being sure that it is a tomb? What if it is actually a seal rather than a tomb?"

-You are obscuring the essence. It is the same trick as a scammer. There is no need to listen.

"In the first place, it doesn't matter whether Yatan is alive or not. You have to keep in mind that there is no place in heaven or hell for Yatan to stay."

-.....

Chreshler shut his mouth. Unfortunately, he was persuaded. It didn't matter if Yatan was dead, simply sealed, or forced to leave of his own volition. The only place where he could rest comfortably was the surface. The Elemental World and Peach Blossom Spring were too small to contain the status of a supreme god, and Asgard and the Hwan Kingdom had no obligation to accept Yatan. He was kicked out of hell.

This meant that the only place for Yatan to stay was on the surface. Additionally, the most secretive place on the surface was right here, the No Offspring Tomb. It was a place with the greatest gatekeeper. This place was reborn as a separate dimension after devouring all types of myths and it wasn't easily accessible. Even the heavenly gods turned a blind eye to it. It wasn't until hundreds of years later that it faced the challenge of Grid.

-...Speaking of which, why did you dare to challenge this place?

"...I wanted to level up..."

'Is he serious?'

Level up—for NPCs, it naturally meant growth.

Chreshler became terrified of Grid, who came to the mysterious space that no one had been able to touch all these years as if he was simply hunting on a back mountain. He viewed Grid as a strange being who couldn't be understood at all from a common sense point of view.

'...Even I am just a common talent in front of Grid.'

Most unknown things came from ignorance. He just couldn't fathom Grid's deep meaning...

Chreshler soon concluded in a positive manner and regained his composure. Then he asked Yeo Yulan another question.

-You said that you are just guessing, right?

“Yes.”

-The other guess... then, what is the ‘other side of the truth’?

Yeo Yulan speculated that a ‘being to correct the order’ or the ‘other side of the truth’ was buried here. If the identity of the being to correct the order was Yatan, then what was the other side of the truth? Grid was also curious, so he listened closely.

Yeo Yulan shook her head. “I can’t tell you about that. The moment I mention it, you will be cursed and it will be hard for everyone in this room to avoid the anger.”

-Isn’t this blasphemy?

“Stop it.”

-Just give me a clue. I might look like this, but I was loved by the gods.

“You can’t be trusted.”

-Can’t be trusted? I-I am the pope?

“You are the pope, but I don’t trust Rebecca in the first place.”

-Hoh... Yes. I didn’t like your attitude from the start. Grid, I think the story will only proceed if you forcefully intimidate that person.

Chreshler was very tough. Even after becoming the Divine Wood Coffin, he was better than the great transcendentals of his time and also became stronger in the No Offspring Tomb. However, he couldn’t take a step forward against Yeo Yulan and urged Grid to fight...

Grid ignored him and questioned Yeo Yulan, “Do you believe that the distortion of hell will be resolved when Yatan is resurrected?”

“That’s right. It is good for people.”

“What if it isn’t Yatan who is buried here? Can you trust the Specter? Can you predict what it will do after it becomes infinitely stronger?”

“...I don’t know about that.”

“Then get out of the way.”

“Grid...!”

“You have to prepare convincing grounds if you want to persuade people. If you really want to stop me, fight and win.”

“.....”

Yeo Yulan’s thin jawline became distinct. She kept her mouth shut. There was no more conversation. Yeo Yulan persistently aimed at Skunk and the Divine Wood Coffin, while Grid stopped her.

Yeo Yulan's way of fighting used all types of daoist techniques and it was unfamiliar and threatening to Grid. However, in the first place, this fight was infinitely advantageous to Grid. Grid alone was stronger than Yeo Yulan and he had the numerical advantage. Besides, Skunk was a legend. He had a non-combat profession, but he was a strong person who exceeded the average level. He cooperated with Chreshler, and under Grid's protection, Yeo Yulan was unable to hurt him.

'Perhaps she has no intention of harming him in the first place.'

Grid clicked his tongue. It was because he was reluctant to oppress the one who didn't use killing techniques from beginning to end. Of course, he had to honestly confess that it was a bit fun. There was the mysterious swordsmanship that seemed to move on clouds and the technique of making her body transparent and invalidating an attack. The skills used by Yeo Yulan were full of novelty. The more they fought, the more rewarding it felt to gain new experiences. He was able to assign many types of moves as skills.

On the other hand, Yeo Yulan felt like she was dying.

"Gasp... Gasp..."

Her breathing was visibly rough. It was because every one of Grid's attacks were very deadly for her. Yeo Yulan exerted all her strength throughout the fight. In the end, she had to put all her energy, including her mental strength, into every moment. She tried to find the gaps in Grid's insignificant movements and risked her life to handle the sword that Grid wielded lightly.

She almost fainted when Grid's sword brushed against her shoulder and she saw the summoned 'spear of light' burning dozens of amulets. Nevertheless, she didn't back down and kept up a strong appearance.

Grid liked it. "I don't want to hurt you. Are you really going to retreat only if I kill you?"

"...I will stop." Yeo Yulan had prepared a retreat from the beginning. The moment she took out a new amulet, an amulet stuck somewhere in the depths of the labyrinth reacted and moved her body.

"I'm not just worried about the 'something' buried here, but also about you, Grid. The Specter is a very strong Absolute... this..."

She used techniques to speak as quickly as possible, but couldn't finish. The anxious Yeo Yulan left. She was going to meet the Specter and make a request.

Don't meet Grid in person, but let him wander away and leave.

However, she couldn't get an audience with the Specter. The liches were camped outside her room.

""I was watching the situation through the crystal ball, but it was just an act.""

""You didn't think about hurting Chreshler and the adventurers. You were only full of thoughts on letting them escape. How can we trust you after seeing your attitude?""

""You will be confined. It is the will of the Specter.""

"Is this really the will of the Specter?"

“Yes.”

The darkness brought by the roughly closed door was thick. It seemed to hint at her impending future and Yeou Yulan's anxiety deepened even more.

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-That woman just now... putting aside her personality, her skills were excellent. You might not be able to easily empathize.

Up until a little while ago, Chreshler hadn't really gauged Grid's combat power. He simply perceived Grid as 'much better' than himself. It was based on Marie Rose's assessment and the divinity of the Yellow Dragon that was around Grid's body.

This was a big mistake. Grid's true value came from the power of items. Every time certain items were utilized, his tendencies changed or his combat power increased dramatically. A prime example was Twilight.

Seeing the 'spear of light' that fell when Grid's sword grazed Yeou Yulan's body, Chreshler knew that he had eaten something wrong. The last food he ate was an egg dish that was popular hundreds of years ago, but he remembered swallowing it because it was surprisingly too sweet. He thought it wouldn't be strange if he got indigestion at that time and lost his mind.

Yes, his whole life after becoming a coffin could've been a dream. Now he was looking at nothing...

...The manifestation of Disintegrate was so unrealistic that he had such useless thoughts. He couldn't believe what he saw.

Chreshler corrected his assessment of Grid. To be exact, an assessment itself was forbidden. Grid was so much better and at a far higher level than Chreshler dared to evaluate.

'He is an Absolute being that is impossible to fathom.'

Chreshler had also relied on the holy sword a few times in the past. However, the power of the holy sword was just a 'sword that amplifies divine power.' The stronger he became, the more he believed in his own skills rather than the holy sword. In other words, it was hard for him to understand the potential of items. He saw Grid rapidly getting stronger every time a particular item was used and recognized it as revealing a 'power that is usually hidden.'

'It is returning to the basic form.'

It was the stage where a being ascended to the highest realm and usually looked like an ordinary (?) person. This was how Chreshler defined Grid. It was an evaluation that dismissed the extravagant divinity that took the form of a Yellow Dragon, but it meant that Grid was that powerful when using the power of items.

"I already know that. Yeou Yulan must've been a powerhouse who represented an era."

Grid had met quite a few transcendents. He found that the transcendents of the past, such as Chreshler and the Great Robber of the Red Night, were much stronger than the modern day transcendents represented by Kyle. It was the difference of the years that was physically unavoidable. It was natural

that those who had already built up transcendence for a long time were stronger than the juniors who had just started to accumulate it.

Grid was the only exception and was able to reach the Absolute level.

-It is unexpected. I thought you would misunderstand that she was weak because she was such an easy opponent.

“It was never easy.”

-.....

What did he mean by ‘it was never easy’ when he overwhelmed her without losing his breath?

‘Is he trying to save face for his senior? He is very humble.’

Come to think of it, Grid had always been polite. It was even though Chreshler was just an old coffin now that Marie Rose was unsealed...

Shake shake!

The thrilled Chreshler trembled. It looked even more bizarre when a giant coffin floating around and talking like a human being started convulsing.

“...Please calm down.”

Did he imagine Marie Rose’s naked body? Grid was worried that Chreshler would suddenly have an accident. Chreshler barely calmed himself and asked.

-Then do you think Yeo Yulan’s guess is plausible?

Grid was treating the crazy woman who suddenly flew in with a sword as a senior. It wasn’t simply an admission of her force.

“Yes.”

It was as expected. Grid seemed to trust the personality of Yeo Yulan itself.

“It isn’t that ridiculous.”

Yatan might be buried here—Yeo Yulan’s guess was quite plausible. The size of the No Offspring Tomb and the status of the Specter could be explained if this was a place where Yatan was buried.

“However, she seems to believe that she needs the Specter to revive Yatan. I don’t understand that belief.”

-I understand. We still have no reason to trust the Specter.

Yeo Yulan told him not to fight the Specter. There was a nuance of worrying about Grid’s safety, but it also contained the meaning of not disturbing the Specter. In the first place, she seemed to be cooperating with the Specter. It was clear that she judged that the Specter was necessary to resurrect Yatan. It was hard to relate from Grid’s perspective.

A myth usurper—the Specter sent hunters throughout the entire continent beyond the No Offspring Tomb to slaughter the human gods. This was harmful to humanity. Of course, it might not be intended to harm humans. According to Yeo Yulan’s interpretation, it would be making sacrifices for the cause. It was just like Pagma of the past.

It was unacceptable. Grid was a god of the surface. He shouldered the duty of guarding humanity and his divinity was created from human aspirations. The moment he turned a blind eye to it, Grid would become corrupted like the heavenly gods.

‘In the first place...’

The order of hell would be corrected by him and the Overgeared Guild. They had been trying to do that. Even at this moment, Yura was guarding hell. Yatan would just be an unpredictable and uninvited guest if he appeared now.

‘I’m not saying I will doubt and fight it.’

No matter whether it was trustworthy or not, Grid felt the need to meet and check the Specter in person. It was a natural procedure.

‘A lofty Absolute?’

On the one hand, Grid felt pure curiosity.

Yeo Yulan’s last words—she spoke as if the Specter was a being who shouldn’t be disobeyed. She was worried about Grid even after experiencing Grid’s strength firsthand. This overlapped with Marie Rose’s concerns. It was why he needed to check it even more.

Was it okay to let such a strong being grow like this?

“Hurry up.”

Dozens of God Hands grabbed Skunk and the Divine Wood Coffin. They were influenced by Grid’s stats and their tremendous grip was displayed. Skunk floated up without any resistance, while Chreshler laid down (?) his body to make it easier for the God Hands to lift him.

-It is comfortable.

At the same time, Grid broke through the intricately twisted labyrinth without hesitation and the God Hands followed closely. It was a skill he saved when fighting Yeo Yulan. They immediately moved through the complex terrain. The process of analyzing the terrain was omitted.

“Ughhhhh!”

-Uweeeeeek!

Of course, there were side effects. The effect of the skill was limited to Grid. Skunk and the Divine Wood Coffin were grabbed and dragged by the God Hands and crashed into all sorts of rocks. Skunk’s health was reduced in real time. The rocks also contained the ‘status’ that made the No Offspring Tomb eternal, so even the durability of the Divine Wood Coffin was reduced.

Shrill screams echoed. Grid didn’t care. It was enough to restore health and durability.

“Ughh... Gulp gulp. Cough cough!”

-Uweeeek! These guys hit me... it feels good?

The God Hands were active. They shoved potions into Skunk’s mouth and repaired the Divine Wood Coffin in real time. The reproduction of a body part that moved on their own—they had unmatched versatility. It was one of Grid’s greatest strengths.

““You are here already?””

At the open space at the end of the labyrinth...

There were dozens of death knights waiting there while surrounded by distant ancient murals. The moment they found Grid, they raised their swords and saluted. It resembled the knights of the Overgeared Empire. There was strict discipline. It was an attitude of dealing with a respected superior, not an aggressor.

However, the intention was impure. The reason why the monsters of the No Offspring Tomb respected Grid was purely for the sake of the Specter. It was why Grid felt it was unpleasant. It felt like a human smiling and pouring food to fatten a pig from a pig’s point of view.

“There are so many intermediate bosses.”

Grid was about to go straight forward and slaughter the death knights, only to stop moving. It was because he found someone he needed to be cautious of.

Thick, curved, and fierce—it was a Sword with as many as three modifiers. The leader of the dozens of death knights stood and blocked the gateway to the next labyrinth.

““Grid, do you know?””

The ground was smashed with every step that the Thick, Curved, and Fierce Sword took.

Formless Will—the will of the Sword cut down everything that was offensive to the senses.

““All the forces and gateways in the No Offspring Tomb aren’t there to deter intruders. It is just a test.””

The No Offspring Tomb was a huge filter. It was filtering out useless filth.

““However, I have doubts about using it against you. How dare we test an Only One God? It is presumptuous. It is like Zeratul testing Chiyou.””

“Are you comparing yourself to Zeratul?”

Grid let out a laugh.

Martial God Zeratul—he was obviously just a replacement modeled after Chiyou. However, it wasn’t a name worth mentioning for a death knight, who was someone else’s servant all his life since his death. It was too cheap. Grid clearly remembered Zeratul’s strength. This was even though there were a lot of flaws in his personality. In the end, he was caught by this personality and was repeatedly defeated.

““No way. I just used an example to highlight the fact that the gap between you and us is that great.””

“The example is wrong. Wouldn’t it be right if you compared yourself to the dogs guarding the gates of hell?”

The eyes of Thick, Curved, and Fierce Sword shimmered like flames. It was a fleeting sight, but Grid clearly saw it.

“”You seem to unexpectedly care about Zeratul.””

“I just don’t like you.”

Skunk was nervous. Did he care about Zeratul? Grid looked very uncomfortable because the death knight was talking nonsense.

As expected. Grid couldn’t stand it. It was different from usual.

Hundreds of God Hands drew their swords in unison and threw them. The technique symbolizing Grid, a ‘Rain of Battle Gear’ was used in a physical way. It was with a straight trajectory rather than a falling trajectory. From this moment on, it was a new skill for Grid.

The purple light of the death knights’ swords drew countless lines. They opposed the waves of the swords, which showed power over the space, and eventually pushed them out little by little. There was Thick, Curved, and Fierce Sword in the center. His Formless Will spread in all directions and helped his allies by twisting the trajectory of the thrown swords and weakening their power.

‘He spent quite a lot of time fighting Yeo Yulan.’

Thick, Curved, and Fierce Sword was considering the time when Grid and Yeo Yulan confronted each other. He heard it took 10 minutes. It was hopeful news for Thick, Curved, and Fierce Sword, who prided himself on mastering a swordsmanship similar to Yeo Yulan. It meant that a ‘fight’ could be established against an Only One God.

‘I can endure for 10 minutes with a learning mindset.’

Thick, Curved, and Fierce Sword didn’t have the amulets or daoist techniques. Additionally, he didn’t even know the principles of daoism. He was an undead. His physical strength was infinite, unlike Yeo Yulan who had remnants of humanity left as a half-god. He was confident that he could hold out against Grid as well.

“”?””

Then the eyes of Thick, Curved, and Fierce Sword greatly widened as he captured Grid with his transcendent senses. He was surprised by Grid’s dancing performance that was contrary to his expectations. Unknowingly, he was overwhelmed. For a moment, he couldn’t even move his fingertips. Then his vision turned over and over again. It was because his skull was separated from his spine and rotated dozens of times in the air.

Flash!

The spear of light penetrated the body of the headless and floundering Sword. Then falling meteorites crushed him. It was the effect of Twilight that followed the six fusion sword dance. It was the moment when Grid’s lethal move, which he suppressed against Yeo Yulan, revealed its sharp teeth.

“I didn’t know you kept a trump card...”

“Foolish.”

It was ever since he became a god a few years ago. Unlike the popular rumors, Grid failed to win consecutively and instead lost several times in a row. However, he wasn’t ashamed even once. The opponents he fought were on a different level, at least in terms of skill, from the skeletons in front of him who couldn’t grasp the subject.

-Receive this well!

The wreckage of the shattered death knights were picked up by the God Hands and transported to the Divine Wood Coffin.

[The executive of the No Offspring Tomb, ‘Thick, Curved, and Fierce Sword,’ has been defeated.]

[Your level has increased.]

[The skill book ‘Sword Energy Dispersion’ has been obtained.]

[The divine power of the Divine Wood Coffin has become a bit stronger after purifying the undead of the No Offspring Tomb.]

[The divine power of the Divine Wood Coffin has become a bit stronger after purifying the undead of the No Offspring Tomb...]

.....

...

[The current purification count is 23.]

[The Divine Wood Coffin has read the memory of ‘Thick, Curved, and Fierce Sword’.]

The consciousness of Grid’s group was transferred to the past. It was the past of the No Offspring Tomb.

Chapter 1744

“Congratulations, youngest. The temple has appointed you out as a sacrifice.”

“Oh, my! There is such a happy event in my house!”

“You’ve succeeded, Iwata!”

It was an era when death meant the gateway to paradise. The boy smiled widely as he looked around at his parents and siblings, who were rejoicing while shedding tears.

“Yes, I’m glad. Thank you.”

It was the first time since the boy was born that he had seen such a dinner. The bread and meat that his parents received from the temple were piled up on the table.

However, the boy couldn't even touch the meat. It was because there was the possibility that he would ascend to heaven.

The boy's father spoke to the boy, who was looking down gloomily at the pile of grass in the old wooden tableware set, "Iwata, you might be young, but you have accumulated a lot of merit. Didn't you join the Reflection Group early on and serve the poor?"

"I, Iwata, also saved the little fox cubs who lost their mother two days ago."

"Did you? It is great that you didn't dismiss it lightly just because the other party is a beast. The gods of Asgard will surely make you an angel. You will become one of the young angels who play musical instruments and sing for the gods forever. That is why you should refrain from eating meat. The gods might be reluctant if you have yellow lumps in your body."

"Uwah, it reminds me of Taitta. I cut open the swollen belly and it was full of yellow lumps. I thought there were no intestines the first time I saw it, right?"

"Considering the priests who performed the ritual frowned, I wonder if the smell was also bad. How can you sacrifice the sick as a living sacrifice... The temple made a rare mistake."

"It wasn't a mistake. They knew and proceeded with it? Taitta was also a priest. Maybe they wanted to give someone who served his whole life a chance to go to heaven."

"That is true based on what I heard."

"Thank you for the meal. I'll be going!"

The boy often hated his father, who always nagged him, and his older brother, who supported his father. However, that wasn't the case since yesterday. The fact that he was chosen as a living sacrifice made the boy a more positive person.

The boy, who ate all the bland vegetables before he knew it, jumped up from his seat and left the house immediately.

It was around this time last year—the boy was called to the Reflection Group because he was fast and strong. From then on, he had been busy every day.

Sadly, there were many elderly people in this city. He didn't know if it was difficult, but according to the explanation of his superiors, it was a disease created by peace. They were people who missed the time to die due to the disappearance of war. The number of poor people who couldn't go to paradise was increasing every day.

"I heard that the shoemaker auntie, Domiri, has the hair at the top of her head turning white."

"Is that true? It is my first time serving someone I know."

"How pitiful... we should hurry and find her before she goes mad and hides somewhere."

The boy mingled among the young men holding clubs stained dark red with blood and went out to serve the people. The destination was the shoe store. The young men dragged out Auntie Domiri and beat her

with all their might. The auntie's young husband and daughters cheered in congratulations while the auntie screamed. She begged for help.

The boy felt it every time, but elderly people were really strange.

'Why are they afraid of death?'

The gates to paradise would only open when they died. According to the priests who received the divine message: Most people would go to the paradise that Yatan created underground and would be freed from all the suffering they had experienced as humans. Additionally, some chosen ones would go to the paradise that Rebecca created in heaven in order to worship the gods.

They could enjoy all types of carefree happiness, unlike life on the surface where they suffered from all types of pains.

Of course, they knew that they would have to endure pain to reach death. However, the pain was only fleeting. If they endured for a moment, they would enjoy eternal happiness. So why resist?

'It is as the seniors said. They must be suffering from madness.'

The boy felt pity for Aunt Domiri, who was waving her hands and feet to stop the clubs. It would've been better to obediently expose her stomach and head, rather than wailing louder as her fingers were dislocated and her shin bones broke.

"It is tough, tough. At times like this, I just want to stab with a knife."

"Are you crazy? That isn't a service."

Unless it was a sacrifice, she had to be beaten to death in order to wash away her sins in life. It was only after being hit in the stomach until the intestines were crushed that there was a possibility of reflection and ascension to heaven. Even if the underground paradise was better than the surface, it would be worse than heaven. That was why it was done with clubs.

"Auntie Domiri, you have already reflected enough. There is no need to suffer any longer, so put away that rattling arm and show your head."

"Spare me... spare me..."

"Huh? What nonsense is this? Did you immediately go crazy the moment the hair at the top of your head started turning white?"

"I... if I die already, who will take care of my children...? They will starve to death under their immature father, who gambles with the money used to buy bread..."

"What are you saying? I don't know what you are worried about."

"Domiri is possessed by a demon!"

"Hurry up and kill her before we are hated by the gods!"

The people who were watching the service of the Reflection Group in an enjoyable manner started shouting. The auntie's young husband took the lead. Domiri's daughters, who had been laughing and clapping, started turning red with anxiety when they saw the atmosphere become harsh.

In the end, the boy stepped up. He used a much stronger force than his seniors to press on the back of Domiri's neck, overpowering her. Domiri begged the boy, "Please, lwata... please..."

Bam!

Red blood filled the boy's vision. The boy, who was covered with the blood from Domiri's broken head, finally relaxed his hardened face. He approached Domiri's young daughters, who were about to cry, and patted them on the shoulder.

"Congratulations."

"Thank you!"

The girls also smiled widely.

That evening, the boy went to the temple. For the next month before the ceremony, the priests visited the temple every night and told him.

"Drink."

It was a white liquid. The priests explained to the boy, who was curiously looking at the liquid in the transparent glass bottle "It is a medicine that purifies the soul. If you take that medicine every night from today on, you will gradually be loved by the gods."

"Your chances of ascending to heaven will increase!"

"Um, that's right."

The boy joyfully drank the medicine and felt his consciousness go dim. His heart fluttered and he burst out laughing for no reason. As his soul became clean, it seemed that happiness came along with it.

He suddenly felt doubts. It was because the skin of the priests who came closer after taking off their masks and clothes was wrinkled. How could a person's body be like that? It was the first time he had seen it in his life. It looked a bit similar to Uncle Domotan's forearm, which had been burned as a child, but it was too natural to be a wound.

'The people chosen by the gods are different from ordinary people.'

In any case, it was good. The drugged boy smiled and fell into the arms of the priests. Thus, the priests visited the temple every night.

Then around two weeks later...

The boy's expression crumpled in the midst of his drugged happiness. He was stroking the bald head of the priest, Gurada, when he felt a sense of beard-like roughness at the tip of his fingers. Then he looked closely and found that it was a white hair. It was thick and short, as if it had just grown, but it was clearly hair.

White hair—it was a symbol of an old person who missed the time to die.

“Ack! Iwata! What are you doing all of a sudden?”

“Of course, I am serving you.”

The drugged boy was out of his mind. He wasn't clear about where he was and what he was doing now. He relied solely on his learned instincts. He picked up a silver candlestick and beat the priest's wrinkled body mercilessly.

“This crazy guy...! Aaack!”

The priest, Gurada, also went crazy due to old age.

The boy felt sorry for the priest, who resisted by swinging a bottle. Even in the midst of his blurred consciousness, he decided that he needed to serve the other person as soon as possible. It wasn't hard because the boy was very fast and powerful. He had delayed when serving Aunt Domiri because he entrusted most of the work to his seniors, but it was actually easy and quick on his own. He quickly turned Priest Gurada into a mess and killed him.

“Hiik...”

The other priests trembled. There were no soldiers who rushed over after hearing the commotion. The huge temple at night was still. It was because the priests sent away the soldiers every time the boy came to visit.

“Poor people...”

The boy finally noticed. The eyes of the priests, which were usually hidden under masks—their eyelashes were white when he looked at it closely in the candlelight. Their shaved eyebrows and hair were probably white as well.

“W-What are you going to do...?!” The priests screamed, but it was too late. The boy blocked the doorway and started his service. All the priests were beaten to death.

The world was in great turmoil the next day. It was because the knowledgeable people who examined the corpses of the priests referred to them as ‘very old people.’ The folds of their skin were like the rings of a tree trunk.

Many things started to change. People learned the truth that the priests who ruled the city were older than the elderly people and they questioned death. There were many voices that doubted paradise and the gods.

The boy was fine. He just needed medicine.

The prison where the boy was locked up was meaningless. The crude iron bars couldn't withstand the boy's grip, which was even more powerful than yesterday, and crumpled at once. The boy chuckled after killing the seniors from the Reflection Group who ran over after shouting something.

‘All the seniors will go to heaven, right?’

The boy went straight to the temple. He killed all the soldiers protecting the entrance and also killed those who were investigating inside. He was glad that his father was there as well. He felt like he was being properly filial.

After that, the boy searched for medicine. On the way, people kept coming and interfering for some reason, but it was enough to just kill them. He was happy enough to fly away when he found the medicine. The temple was larger than he thought. The history of the destruction of the 'kingdom' was recorded underground, but it wasn't his business. It was important to find the medicine.

However, finding medicine became increasingly difficult. The visits from those interfering also became less frequent. Now the temple where the boy stayed alone was as calm as any night. Before he knew it, the boy became a young man.

"I've never seen a hero who saved the world become so corrupted."

It was when he was just about to forget how to speak. The young man was so thin it was as if his bones only had skin attached, and he had only a faint thirst for medicine. Everything as a human being was too worn out to feel any excitement about the visitor who suddenly appeared.

"If you die like this, you will surely fall into hell. You are destined to become Baal's plaything and be used harshly."

"Y...ou...?"

"Hero who saved the world from the deception of the demons of hell and deceived the eyes of the gods. Ignorant sinner who destroyed the world he saved. The god Yatan that I know will surely have pity on you. I, his apostle, will take care of you."

The old temple collapsed. The white bones of the humans killed by the young man in the distant past were weathered and blown away by the wind. The city, which had long been reduced to a huge ruin, started to be covered in bone dust like snow.

The young man who saved the world was a hero, but he was also a sinner who unintentionally destroyed the world. In many ways, he transcended humans and survived for hundreds of years without eating. He relied on a craving for medicine that didn't mean anything.

"You resemble me. You are a remnant of an abhorrent past and have no place to belong."

The Specter, who identified itself as an apostle of Yatan, insisted. If he died and fell to hell, he would just sin again. The demons who took advantage of Yatan's cycle and started to occupy hell were very vicious. Therefore, they had to be vigilant and they couldn't die.

"I will build a new world and you will live there."

"Medicine..."

The young man was obsessed with what had sustained him. He reached out toward the visitor who was talking weirdly, but he couldn't reach it. The Specter had already taken the young man's heart. It used the power of an apostle to make the young man immortal. Then suddenly—

“Are you three people I will meet in the future?” the Specter looked at the ‘view’ of Grid’s group and asked a question. A chill went down the spines of Grid’s group as their consciousness returned to the present.

[You have learned the story of Iwata, the Thick, Curved, and Fierce Sword.]

[Iwata’s soul has been purified by the divinity of the Divine Wood Coffin and refuses to fall to hell.]

[The Divine Wood Coffin has accepted Iwata’s soul.]

[Some of Iwata’s memories and abilities are absorbed into the Divine Wood Coffin.]

“Gasp... Gasp...”

Iwata, the Thick, Curved, and Fierce Sword—Skunk’s breathing quickened after experiencing the memories of his life. In particular, the shock he experienced at the end was so great that his face turned blue and he started sweating.

‘It wasn’t caught in the review?’

Grid had a useless worry. He thought that the ancient sentiments and customs of the time when Iwata lived were very cruel.

‘Well, I don’t think a minor will end up watching this story.’

Grid had grown tens or hundreds of times faster than others. Even so, it wasn’t until nine years after he started Satisfy that he entered the No Offspring Tomb. It was practically impossible for a player who was still underage to have the same experience as him here.

“It was a story from the time when Baal showed signs of distorting hell. Yatan’s apostle... in other words, should we consider it a good thing that the Specter jumped out and escaped hell...?”

-From the perspective of humanity, it is correct to say that it is unconditionally fortunate. If the Specter had left the lost sinners to die rather than bringing them to the No Offspring Tomb, the power of hell would be much stronger than it is now. In any case, it is definitely diligent. Didn’t it once wander around the world itself, collecting garbage and disciplining them?

A home to sinners with nowhere to go—the identity of the No Offspring Tomb was revealed. However, there was no basis to trust the Specter.

What was the ultimate purpose of the Specter? Was Yatan really buried in the No Offspring Tomb?

There were still secrets to be revealed, so Grid’s party moved on.

Chapter 1745

In the first battle, he won in 35 exchanges of blows.

The one who inherited the Matchless Sword like himself—he understood the fact that this person was the Sword Saint of the current era. This person was a distant junior. There was no great inspiration other than the fact that the sword contained the characteristic of an orange sunset.

The second time, they exchanged 48 blows before he won. He was a bit surprised by the momentum of the sword that pierced through the space in a manner similar to a spear. He also admired the orange sunset, which was someone else's divinity fused with the sword energy. He considered the efforts of his junior who would've tried in various ways to fill the gap over the years.

The third time, he won after 71 exchanges. He was aiming to win within 20 exchanges, but it became surprisingly long.

'I thought I understood everything.'

This wasn't the case at all. For the Sword Saint of the present day, the Matchless Sword was just an additional branch, not the foundation.

The fourth time, he won after 82 exchanges. From then on, the dimensional gap couldn't withstand the waves from the battle and started to collapse. The fragments of the chaos dimension defied the providence of the existing world and produced monsters.

"I can see your intentions."

Sword Saint Muller—the most powerful Sword Saint of all time. He was praised as one of the greatest heroes of the past by the humans of that time. His impression after living alone for hundreds of years was very different from Kraugel's expectations.

Straightforward, clear eyes. A confident expression. An unwavering voice. He was born to enforce 'justice,' just like the hero of a manhwa. It was like seeing the embodiment of goodness that would never be broken. The expectation that he would've collapsed after living alone for a long time was spectacularly wrong.

"Eventually, the dimensional gap will break and the surface will be in crisis... then I will have no choice but to return to the world."

Why was he born with such great talent? Muller deliberated on it for a long time before deciding to live for others. He saved countless lives by harnessing a talent that was too much for one individual to handle. He believed it to be the responsibility and duty of the strong.

His accomplishments weren't just sealing the great demons. The wars and plunder suppressed by Muller's mere existence were simply incalculable. It was just that the kingdoms, forced to abandon their greed out of fear of a single human being, didn't record it due to their pride.

"Okay. I'll do as you want for now. Let's hurry and return to the surface before the monsters born from the shards of the dimension gaps hurt people."

"....."

The Sword Saint of the present day was very reticent. It was unusual.

'It is hard for a Sword Saint to be reticent, right?'

A sword contained many intentions. Swords were sometimes wielded to take thousands of lives and sometimes to save only one. It was easy to wander if they didn't consider it endlessly. A Sword Saint had to see, hear, and experience many different types of lives. It was only by understanding and empathizing

with more lives that the intentions put into the sword increased and the paths of the sword would increase.

Biban, whom he once happened to see from a distance, proved it. He never stopped chatting. Thanks to this, Muller discovered that the person was Biban. Muller thought that his mouth would naturally be busy if he reflected on the connections with people that he had built up to increase his sword skills one by one. He worried in his heart that he would one day become like Biban.

“...It is fine.”

“Huh?”

The unusually reticent Sword Saint of the present day finally opened his mouth. He flustered his senior by saying something contrary to expectations.

“The surface will be safe even if you don’t come. Monsters of that caliber can’t touch a single human hair.”

“This is a real disaster. Your time as a Sword Saint is much shorter than I thought, right? Is it less than 20 years?”

“Yes.”

“Somehow, I felt like you were trying to save face by running away repeatedly. You’ve never been in a situation where you were on the verge of dying before.”

The Sword Saint of the present day didn’t comply and ran away after every defeat. It was only after fully recovering that he reappeared and challenged it again. It was nothing to be ashamed of. It was proof that he wasn’t ready to accept defeat and death.

“I will make it clear. Your belief is just the fallacy of a genius. You might believe that other humans are as strong as you are, but reality is quite different. The vast majority of humans can’t easily handle such monsters.”

“You seem to have misunderstood something... I’m not being arrogant. I’ve experienced great crises thousands of times.”

“How can such a person make the foolish claim that the surface is safe? Could it be that... you don’t care about the lives of others?”

Muller’s eyes, which were as large and clear as a calf’s, turned sharp for the first time. He even released a bit of killing intent. For a moment, Kraugel felt a sharp pain in his heart.

[The aura of ‘Heart Killing Intent’ has fixed your health to a minimum.]

[You can’t resist.]

‘Isn’t he a monster beyond imagination?’

A sword forged with killing intent—it killed the target as soon as there was the intention. Did Muller really achieve the ultimate in the Heart Sword? At this point, wasn’t it far beyond the realm of legends and transcendents?

Kraugel was agitated to the point that his face turned white, but he soon regained his composure. He was a Sword Saint. There was no way that a meeting with Muller wouldn't be beneficial. Grid knew this, so he entrusted Muller to Kraugel.

Kraugel believed it. It was his 'qualifications,' not his talent and skills. He believed in Grid's judgment and trust in sending him here.

"...You didn't shake." Muller saw Kraugel's determination. A person who stood aloof even when death approached him. At the very least, he seemed worth talking to. "I'll change the question."

[You are free from the effects of 'Heart Killing Intent.' Your health can be restored.]

"Is the surface really safe when these monsters go on a rampage?"

"Yes, the surface is now guarded by a 'god.'"

Additionally—

"Also, humans aren't as weak as you think."

"....."

A strange light flashed in Muller's eyes. He realized it—the objective of his distant junior, the Sword Saint of the present day, wasn't Muller personally.

"Come back to the world and fight together for humans... I thought you came here to ask for that."

Muller shrugged and took back his sword energy, which had taken the form of a sword. He pulled out the real sword that had been sealed for hundreds of years and grabbed it. It was a treasured sword that was reborn as a divine sword due to accumulated achievements and years alongside the strongest Sword Saint in history.

"Your objective was simply to devour me."

The world doesn't need me.

His junior's attitude seemed to be sincerely saying this. It was the blessing that Muller had been long hoping for. A world that could survive only if a few strong people supported it—the surface was a precarious world. It could be overthrown at any time by the whims of the dragons or the needs of the gods. There wasn't much that Muller could do in such a world. He endured a lot of pressure alone.

Thus, he ran away. In the end, he wanted death. He rejected life because it was meaningless, not because he was bored. Then he caught a glimpse of the truth of hell and realized that death wasn't the end. He realized he couldn't even die and felt extremely desperate. He abandoned all his burdens and slipped into the dimensional gap.

He was a coward. He wanted to help his junior, if only to relieve his guilt.

"I'll do my best to feed you. I'll show you everything, even if it means killing you hundreds of times."

Muller took a proper posture. It was very slowly, as if telling Kraugel to watch and learn. "Come."

A god protecting the surface? Such a thing was impossible. Perhaps his junior misunderstood a mere human god. He could've mistaken Garion, the God of the Earth who reacted every time he split apart the land and mountains, as equivalent to the heavenly gods.

Nevertheless, Muller didn't deny Kraugel's words. It was because he sympathized with the argument that 'human beings aren't weak.' If many legends and transcendents were born in this era, the surface would definitely be safer than it was in Muller's days.

After hundreds of years, he felt relieved.

A sword power that made a cracking sound like a thunderbolt smashed toward Kraugel. It tore apart the dimensional gap.

Everything was an inspiration to Kraugel. It wasn't just at the level of improving his mood or senses. He received the system's help. Every time he exchanged sword strikes with Muller, the level of his swordsmanship related skills started to grow at an incredible rate. In particular, the skills related to the Matchless Swordsmanship exceeded the master level. It was a class effect caused by his encounter with the former generation Sword Saint.

Kraugel, who had taken a hard path so far, grew up normally for the first time. It was thanks to Grid's favor. It was a debt that must be repaid someday.

[The skill 'Matchless Swordsmanship' has transcended to reach level 11. A special function is created.]

[The skill 'Matchless Heart Technique' has transcended and reached level 11. A special function is created.]

It was around 20 days after he met Muller. On the surface, Grid's No Offspring Tomb expedition was in full swing.

"...Who would dare? Is this the 'god' you talked about?"

Muller's face hardened in the middle of teaching Kraugel.

The last worry left on the surface—he realized there was an anomaly in the No Offspring Tomb. It was possible because he had connected strands of sword energy to the No Offspring Tomb and his senses.

Muller had blamed himself for being a coward, but in reality, he was still a hero who cared about the world. He couldn't turn a blind eye to the moment when he had to step up. He put surveillance on the No Offspring Tomb in the first place because he wasn't prepared to turn a blind eye.

"This isn't the time to do this. We have to go back quickly. At this rate, the boundaries of all dimensions will be broken around the No Offspring Tomb."

"....."

Grid left everything related to Muller to Kraugel and Kraugel had no intention of taking Muller to the surface. It was because he thought it would be impossible to convince Muller. No matter the reason, this was a person who had been alone for hundreds of years. It wouldn't be easy to bring him back to the world. He thought it would be a waste of his heart and time to persuade them.

This was why he fought silently. It was in the hope of gaining even the smallest instructions. He hoped to appease Muller, who was bored because he couldn't meet a strong person other than himself.

Then the result? Far from a small lesson, he got huge gains. Additionally, Muller offered to go to the surface on his own.

It was the moment when Grid's advice that sometimes it was best to fight without saying anything matched the situation.

"There are so many things in the world."

"It isn't for nothing that people say they don't believe it, even if it is a novel."

They just need to watch the news for an hour to tell. It was a fact that there were more movie-like things in the world than in movies. In modern society, laws and ethics took precedence. Meanwhile, ancient humans were ignorant of even basic morals and did terrible things casually. Iwata's case was like this.

"I think I know why the Specter gave the residents of this place a new name like Staff or Sword. It must've been in the hopes of completely erasing the terrible past."

Skunk used the words 'resident.' The death knights and liches who inhabited the No Offspring Tomb couldn't be regarded as mere undead. From Iwata to Gajanara. It was the aftermath of peeking at the past of a total of eight executives. People who could've been ordinary if they had been born in the right world—Skunk sympathized with the ignorant victims who unintentionally became heroes and were forced to degenerate into villains.

It was the same with Grid. He didn't feel very comfortable.

Chreshler's thoughts were different.

-It is right to see the No Offspring Tomb as a huge prison. It is a collection of irredeemable garbage.

Chreshler didn't sympathize with the inhabitants of the No Offspring Tomb. Regardless of the reason, he interpreted it as a well-deserved punishment because they had accumulated sins. It was from the perspective of a religious person who was as devoted as a fanatic.

Grid and Skunk clicked their tongues.

'Did he forget that his body is buried here?'

'He might be trying to ignore it...'

Grid stopped walking.

A small room guarded by three executives—the perfect pincer attack between transcendents in such a narrow space was somewhat difficult even for Grid. After quite a hard fight, he broke through and moved along the passage. However, an unexpected object blocked his way.

Duguen! Duguen!

A huge, red lump of flesh that was beating like a heart. The same thing he had seen in hell was deep underground in the No Offspring Tomb.

Chapter 1746

Muller's brown hair reached just below his ankles and dragged like a cloak. It was a constraint that couldn't be ignored. It was like he took a penalty on himself. However, Kraugel hadn't noticed any major gaps in the last 23 days. He reaffirmed that Muller was a person 'close' to an Absolute.

'He isn't an Absolute.'

Kraugel's discerning eye was far beyond the ordinary. He had also witnessed firsthand Absolutes like Grid, Hayate, Marie Rose, the old dragons, and Zeratul. It was either fighting together with them or fighting them as enemies. There was no way that he couldn't distinguish between Absolutes.

'The only thing he has developed is his heart.'

Muller's 'status' fell short of an Absolute. He was at the level of a higher transcendent and the so-called 'Realm of the Absolute' couldn't be implemented. His 'energy' was at least equal or superior to an Absolute in terms of 'swordsmanship,' but that was it.

It was generally inferior compared to Hayate, who wielded the energy of a Dragon Slayer; Marie Rose, who wielded the power of a vampire; a dragon, who shot a Breath and used Dragon Words; and Zeratul, who mastered all martial arts. It was several times lower than Grid's omnipotence of being able to respond to any situation in real time using items. Just—

The 'heart' didn't seem to be lacking compared to any Absolute. This might be due to the characteristics of the class called Sword Saint. It was because the Sword Saint had a skill called Heart Sword. By moving his sword with his heart, he naturally sharpened it and reached the stage of Heart Killing Intent. It must've been a 'natural' growth process for Muller, who was the strongest of the Sword Saints.

'I wonder if he was able to keep himself from going crazy due to his advanced heart and mental power.'

Muller had been alone for hundreds of years in a dimensional gap, but let alone being crazy, he hadn't degenerated at all. It was amazing no matter how one looked at it. It was understandable if he interpreted as Muller enduring thanks to his specially developed heart and mind.

'That is also why he ran away.'

Satisfy's worldview was very hopeless.

The surface—a world where they never knew when the time bomb called a dragon would explode. Humans lived there and were threatened by all types of monsters. On one hand, they were targeted by the demons of hell. Therefore, they relied on the heavenly gods, but most gods weren't interested in humans.

In the first place, in Satisfy, gods were more like 'humans with eternal life and strong power.' Their mental state wasn't that different from humans, so they were too incomplete to be absolutely trusted and followed. Of course, the Gods of the Beginning might be different, but...

In any case, the world experienced from a human perspective was hopeless. Even hope disappeared after death. If a great hero died, they ascended to heaven and became a soldier of the gods. If an ordinary person died, they fell into a distorted hell and became the prey of Baal and the demons.

In a world where there were no dreams and no hope—

Muller took a completely different path from Hayate. At first, they lived for others in the same manner. Then after learning the hopeless truth of the world, Hayate built a tower, while Muller fled. Was it because Muller was a coward? Rather, perhaps he accepted the situation more ‘realistically.’

Hayate lived every day with nightmares until he relied on Grid. He knew dragons better than anyone, so he feared them the most in the world. He endured purely with a hero’s willpower. He endured the pain caused by the weight of the responsibility he carried, hid the fear he didn’t dare tell others, and lived every day without finding hope. Yes, he just endured it. He would’ve collapsed if he hadn’t met the hope called Grid. His years of hard work might’ve been in vain. That was how precarious he was.

On the other hand, Muller quickly gave up cleanly when he realized there was no hope in the world. He didn’t try his best. In any situation, his calm mind and heart would’ve forced him to make the ‘right judgment.’ Even so, he still seemed to have a lingering attachment based on the way he kept the No Offspring Tomb under surveillance.

‘If he had remained in the world until the end like Hayate...’

He would’ve accumulated all sorts of achievements and experience and became an Absolute.

‘Definitely.’

Kraugel was thinking this as he stared at Muller’s back, only to suddenly come back to his senses. It was because he made eye contact with Muller, who turned his head.

“I won’t guess what you are thinking,” Muller spoke with his characteristic amiable expression and pretended to slit his neck with his finger.

Snip.

His long hair was cut off. It was the operation of sword energy that was used without a sword. The clear, sharp sword energy blurred the scenery and only cut off his hair.

“Don’t look at me with any type of faith. I’m not a trustworthy hero or a great person.”

Thus, he wanted to die even more. His past achievements with no future—he was ashamed to see people praising the meaningless things that were like used and discarded pieces of cloth.

“By the way, are you really going to follow me?”

Muller cut through the dimensional gap and a door to the surface appeared. The destination was unknown. It could be opened in the middle of the Red Sea, the lava-infested Trauka’s lair, or the high sky. Still, it didn’t matter where he fell.

Muller would head to the No Offspring Tomb. He was prepared to die, even though he had avoided it out of fear. It was because he knew what was asleep in the No Offspring Tomb. He didn’t know what the

Specter was trying to protect, but he knew the other thing for sure. He had seen it himself in the past. It was why he decided to leave the world.

‘Beriache’s body.’

The mother of the direct descendant vampires—the last gamble she made was to give birth to Marie Rose. She gave birth to Marie Rose even though she knew she would die. In fact, she died shortly after giving birth to Marie Rose.

Muller’s senses read in real time the process of a soul so powerful it had never been seen before falling into hell. Muller was the guardian of the surface at the time. It wasn’t an exaggeration to say that his eyes and ears were over the entire continent. The Sword Saint’s Super Sensitivity combined with his role allowed him to sense a lot.

He even knew that some transcendent being had got their hands on Beriache’s body. Muller sensed the ominousness and hurriedly pursued it to the No Offspring Tomb. Then he saw it.

The Specter—it defended its ‘territory’ from invaders, just like Grenier’s Mountain King, and he predicted that it would mutate naturally to become a myth predator in the process. In fact, the Specter that Muller saw was far beyond his imagination. It was outstanding in both force and background.

“What are you going to do with it?”

Muller’s past unfolded before Kraugel’s eyes.

[Something special has occurred due to the class effect of ‘Sword Saint.’]

[Your sword energy is communicating with Muller’s sword energy.]

[You will experience a moment from the past that Muller is remembering.]

It was a short past. In the dark underground area of the No Offspring Tomb...

Muller set up a sword barrier to avoid the persistent pursuit of the undead and stood facing a huge existence. No, it wasn’t huge. It felt dozens of times larger than it actually was due to the unrivaled pressure it gave off and a very ominous shadow on its body, but its size wasn’t much different from Muller. It was the average height of humans and the form was also human. Yes, it was clearly a human form. However, the darkness in its empty eyes was telling Muller that it was something different from a human.

“Sword Saint Muller. You are qualified to ask questions,” the being—the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb—opened its mouth. Its hand held someone’s rotting heart. It was Beriache’s heart.

“I am going to make a mirror.”

“Mirror...?”

“It is a mirror that is symmetrical to the body of King Daebyeol, who covets the souls of the dead and distorts the moon of hell.”

“.....??” Muller couldn’t understand the Specter’s words at all.

The Specter added, "It is easy to understand it as a tool to make the plans of the demon who betrayed my god go awry. I will recreate and offset the hell landscape that he dreams of here."

The Specter's fingertip touched Muller's forehead.

The Realm of the Absolute—it was a high-speed approach that made even Muller's Super Sensitivity react a step late.

Duguen!

An enormous amount of information flooded Muller's mind.

The huge red lump that was beating like a heart—the flesh of the 'body' that devoured the souls of the dead and distorted the hell moon was clearly engraved in his mind.

"This is a judgment that takes into account the relationship between King Daebyeol and Beriache. The moment they fall into the same fate and form a symmetry, they will be led by fate."

"Wait... this is a world of humans. It isn't suitable as a space to fulfill your personal wishes."

"A personal wish? You really don't understand the situation. No... you are denying it. This isn't my wish. It is the only way to save humanity. Even if this world ends, humanity in the next world will be saved."

"Don't make me laugh!" Muller drew his sword.

Kraugel experienced it from Muller's point of view. His swordsmanship, his will, his fighting style—the Sword Saint, who was called the strongest of all time, was truly amazing. He had transcendent qualities. He fought the Specter and became stronger in real time.

Kraugel experienced the whole process firsthand and absorbed a certain amount of experience. The Sword Saint's class quest, which hadn't been completed in more than 15 years of Satisfy time, entered the final phase. It was an opportunity to be recognized after competing with Muller for dozens of days. It was a precursor to a complete class change.

"You don't have to feel that much hate. I have prepared the minimum of safeguards. The No Offspring Tomb will soon be reborn as a world separate from the surface. If you don't wish for an apocalypse, pray to Yatan that the scale of hell can be handled with the No Offspring Tomb alone."

"It is really a 'minimum safeguard,' you damn demon bastard."

Muller's words became inappropriately harsh. That was how much he was pushed to his limit. His skills, which developed in real time, were overshadowed and dozens of spears were inserted into his body. He blocked the swords with the power of a Sword Saint, but that was his limit. However, the light in his eyes didn't die. Just like the protagonist of a male-focused manhwa, his big, clear eyes were burning with enthusiasm.

"What are the chances that the small world created by you, a mere apostle of a god, will handle the scale of hell created by a God of the Beginning? It isn't even 1%."

"Be mindful of the fact that there is even a small possibility. Sword Saint Muller, the hero who supports the world. My respect for you ends here."

Dark demonic energy appeared in both hands of the Specter. To be precise, it was divinity. An Absolute divinity inherited from the God of the Beginning, Yatan. The moment it touched Muller, it exercised the power to banish him outside the No Offspring Tomb.

It was a crushing defeat. The anxiety about the impending apocalypse and the frustration of not being able to stop it made the hero, who didn't know how to give up, feel despair.

"...It is the end."

The information instilled in him by the Specter revealed too much truth to Muller.

The disappearance of Yatan.

The distorted hell.

Heaven who stood on the sidelines.

The insane apostle of Yatan.

Muller would rather die.

He wanted to turn a blind eye to the turbulent waves that couldn't be stopped with his own ability. However, he also learned that death wasn't rest.

"....."

The hero's eyes, which had been shining like stars, died. He got up in a daze and stumbled away. He wandered the continent aimlessly. He saw many monsters and evil deeds that troubled people. As he helped them, a momentary light appeared in the hero's dead eyes.

His gloomy face slowly relaxed. He reassured people with a kind and benevolent expression. It was an amiable face that concealed his rotten heart. It was the same expression he showed Kraugel.

[The communion of sword energy has ended.]

[You have experienced Sword Saint Muller's past.]

[The Sword Saint class quest is completed.]

[Your strength, agility, and willpower stats are greatly increased and the power of class-specific skills enhanced. The number of swordsmanship you can create has increased.]

[Great power comes with great responsibility.]

[You will have to shoulder the responsibility of your predecessor.]

[Analyzing the situation of the world.]

.....

...

[Help the Only One God 'Grid' to protect the surface.]

[If you fail, the world you used to know will come to an end.]

“I made a mistake. The empathy between sword energies... I unintentionally told you too much.”

The two Sword Saints emerged from the dimensional gap and had descended to the surface before they knew it. They ran non-stop and got closer to the No Offspring Tomb.

Muller’s expression was dark. The amiable expression he was trying to make disappeared and gloominess hung over it.

“Ignore it. You don’t have to shoulder the responsibility just because you know the truth.”

It was the advice of a loser who ran away. It was advice given as a human being, not a Sword Saint.

Kraugel shook his head. “I am going to bear it.”

“You?”

“I am just sharing the burden that someone else is already carrying.”

“Someone else...?”

“Didn’t I tell you that there is a ‘god’ protecting the surface?”

Kraugel’s obsidian eyes captured the image of the old hero. He thought it was somewhat dwarfed compared to the heroes of the present age.

“Grid—he is the hope that bloomed without your knowledge.”

He was about to add the words ‘my friend,’ but he held back.

Chapter 1747

The red lump of flesh—it received the souls of humans who fell to hell and inflated its flesh, and was the moon projected in the sky of hell and the cause of the distortion of hell. It used the countless eyes made from the swallowed souls and drove everything in hell crazy.

“...What is this?”

Why was it here? Grid couldn’t understand what was happening in front of him. He was just overwhelmed with a huge sense of déjà vu.

The shape and characteristic of the red flesh. The size and structure of the space where the flesh was located. From the air flow to the temperature and humidity. Everything matched what he had seen and felt in hell.

‘Don’t tell me that this place... is it hell?’

It was to the point where an absurd question popped up in his mind. He suspected that after wandering through the ever-changing labyrinth of the No Offspring Tomb, he had crossed into hell.

“Is it possible that we crossed dimensions without knowing it?”

-I didn’t feel that way at all, but...

Chreshler responded like it was nonsense.

“This place is the No Offspring Tomb.” Skunk immediately denied it. He was a legendary adventurer and he couldn’t mistake his current position. Adventure-related skills and indicators that only Skunk could see showed that this was the No Offspring Tomb.

“...As expected, it couldn’t be trusted.”

Grid frowned and his divinity flared up like wildfire. The Yellow Dragon seemed to be breathing fire from its mouth. As people said, one of the advantages of a myth class was its ‘coolness.’ It represented some of its owner’s feelings and set the atmosphere.

“I’m ashamed that I was almost deceived.”

Hunting the executives and experiencing their past—Grid gradually developed a certain belief while doing this. It was the belief that the Specter was something close to good. It was because it seemed to be trying to restore the distorted hell. No matter how he looked at it, the Specter who visited and captured transcendents to prevent them from dying, and managed the No Offspring Tomb, was fighting for the world.

Based on the fragmented conversations it had with transcendents, it was possible to tell that it hated Baal terribly. Its overriding goal was to restore hell to its original state, so it was clearly at odds with Baal. As a result, it was beneficial to humanity.

Of course, there were cruel and cold aspects to it. No matter how much karma the transcendents who went crazy had unintentionally accumulated, the Specter ignored their human rights and ethics and turned them into the undead. It also deserved to be criticized for hunting human gods.

However, Grid wanted to believe it. He vaguely hoped that he would gain a reliable ally in this hopeless world. All sorts of circumstances fueled expectations.

It was ridiculous. Grid’s swollen heart shriveled like a balloon with holes in it. In an instant, he lost all expectations and faith in the Specter. How could he trust a lunatic who recreated hell on the surface?

He even felt betrayed.

“Is it thinking of restoring the lost hell by recreating it on the surface, rather than reclaiming the hell that was lost to Baal?”

It was a reasonable doubt. The forces of hell were tremendously powerful. Baal, who had been defeated by Grid several times, would be much stronger now than he was back then. There were also the variables of the red flesh and Asura. Considering that Amoract and many other great demons were hostile to Baal, it made no sense for the Specter to face hell alone, even if it was much more powerful than Baal or Grid.

The executives and soldiers of the No Offspring Tomb and the evil gods with the statues turned upside down? They were obviously powerful, but they could be offset by the strength of the army led by Baal.

Every time Grid fought Baal and won, it had to be taken into account that Baal was ‘alone.’ Baal didn’t wage a war against Grid. He just insisted on fighting one-on-one and enjoyed it for his personal amusement. It hurt his pride, but it was an objective fact.

On the contrary, Grid worked with Bunhelier and Nefelina to attack Baal...

'I'm becoming angry for some reason.'

Grid became embarrassed after objectively comparing the power of hell and the No Offspring Tomb, and he trembled. His divinity spread even more. The coiled up Yellow Dragon soared to ascend.

-It is a hero's spirit.

Chreshler unknowingly praised it.

"Ohh..."

Skunk was thrilled.

Even to a legendary player, Grid was a person from a different world. This was even though he was a member of the Overgeared Guild and watched Grid closely.

The embarrassed Grid coughed.

"In any case, it is good that we came to the No Offspring Tomb."

This disgusting, ominous red flesh. It must be destroyed.

Grid used a skill. He combined Twilight and the Fire Dragon Sword, and combined Cranbel's Horn and Gudel's Fang. He intended to use a six fusion sword dance to destroy the flesh.

At this moment—

"In the past."

A voice was heard. A harsh voice, like the breathing of a wounded beast, rang out in all directions. It echoed terribly even considering the size and structure of the space. To add a bit of exaggeration, he got the illusion that his brain was shaking.

"I remember feeling unfamiliar eyes. The gazes were from so far away that it was hard to fathom the distance."

Only the voice was heard. It didn't show itself. It was impossible to identify the location even when Grid maximized his senses.

'It isn't here.'

Grid didn't assume that he 'couldn't find' the other person. Just like all his stats, the insight he accumulated over the years were a testament to his hard work. It was the same for his status as a god and his qualifications of an Absolute. He used all his abilities and powers, but he couldn't find the other existence? It couldn't be. The owner of the voice simply wasn't here. It was just a magical tool playing the role of a speaker.

"Now I know the identity of the gaze I felt."

The Specter—the owner of the voice was clearly the Specter.

"Uhh..." The white-faced Skunk trembled. He just heard a voice, but he was experiencing a status abnormality. It wasn't fear or confusion. He was overwhelmed. He was overwhelmed by an enormous

pressure that was difficult to interpret as just a difference in status and he couldn't even move a fingertip. He had been reduced to prey.

-In terms of the momentum alone, it is more than Marie Rose...

Chreshler muttered in a rare dark voice. He felt a very powerful origin and history. An entity who had hunted countless transcendents and human gods, with the God of the Beginning, Yatan, as its source. The Specter had a background that meant it 'naturally' had to be powerful. He had an intuition that it would be a tougher opponent than what he was prepared for.

It was the same for Grid. However, he couldn't care about failure or defeat. Valhalla of Infinite Affection was thickly covering him in his mental world. The ultimate goal of rescuing Khan by all means that was instilled in him gave him an unbreakable will. No desperate situation could frustrate Grid. Thus, he became the hope and lantern of humanity.

"Specter, what is your purpose?" Grid asked in a straightforward manner.

"It is the salvation of the world through the restoration of hell," the Specter answered. It was an immediate reply without any worries. It was hard to see any ulterior motives or hypocrisy.

"Is it about creating a new hell rather than reclaiming the distorted hell?"

"You are distorting it. The hell that I will create here is a means to restore the real hell, not a new one. Only One God, stop speculating."

"You have a long tongue even though you aren't Huroi... I don't understand anything at all. In any case, the bottom line is that you are going to make this place hell, right?"

Grid wasn't a good person. His intuition was more like a learned ability. He ignorantly relied on his immense experience and the information he had built up from it. Perhaps that was why his intuition was telling him even more accurately—he had to destroy this red lump of flesh right now. He couldn't be misled by the sophistry of the Specter.

'An object that distorts hell. There is an object on the surface that is exactly the same as the object that Baal cherishes the most.'

Sitting on the sidelines? It was a foolish thing. It wasn't a situation where he could fathom the intentions of the Specter.

"Serve Dragon Pinnacle Wave Kill Link."

Grid shot forward like a beam of light. By the time Skunk and Chreshler noticed this fact, a shadow was about to pierce the red flesh. It was Grid's figure. Along with the sound of skin exploding, a series of creepy cutting sounds followed. The mangled red flesh released blood darker than its own color in all directions. The subsequent shock wave of the sword dance shook the huge space and made it seem like it was about to collapse.

However, the red flesh that had been targeted was still floating in the air. The blood that had been pouring out quickly subsided. The health gauge had been greatly reduced, but even that gave off an ominous feeling. The thing that was revealed behind the cut gauge wasn't blank space, but a gauge with

a new color. There were probably a few more bars of health left to withstand the six fusion sword dance.

“...It is great.”

It wasn't just Grid who was agitated. The Specter's close to silent sentiment was the proof.

“You have enough strength to make my plans go awry. I can see why the irresponsible bystanders considered you special and gave you blessings.”

Irresponsible bystanders—the word ‘blessing’ helped him infer their identities. It would be Rebecca and Chiyu. Grid was still enjoying the effect of Ultimate Martial Art after becoming an Only One God, and the God Hands hadn't lost the Goddess' protection.

“You... I could've used you.” The tone was as if it was dealing with something pitiful. The Specter whispered to the lump of flesh after making Grid's mood even worse, “Open your eyes, Beriache.”

Beriache—it was the moment when an absurd name popped out.

“.....?”

Grid doubted his ears.

“.....!!”

Skunk was shocked.

-Mother-in-law?

Chreshler was restless and didn't know what to do. He seemed to be looking for a mirror.

The blood that the red flesh spilled started gathering together at a single point. It gradually took the shape of a woman and a chill shot down Grid's spine.

[The direct descendant vampire, 'Ruson,' has sensed his mother's presence and cheered.]

[The direct descendant vampire, 'Tiramet,' has sensed his mother's presence and is trembling.]

[The direct descendant vampire, 'Latina,' has sensed her mother's presence and is thrilled.]

[The direct descendant vampire...]

.....

...

Ruson, Tiramet, Latina, Cray, Yetima, and Elfin Stone—they were scattered all over the No Offspring Tomb to help the Overgeared members and reacted in unison.

[The direct descendant vampires will serve their long-missed mother.]

[The authority of the 'Blood King' is temporarily suspended.]

They were out of Grid's control. The ball of blood in front of him suddenly took a complete human form. No, it was the shape of a vampire.

[The progenitor of the vampires, 'Beriache,' has descended.]

[The direct descendant vampires are chasing after Beriache's presence.]

"This... what?"

Grid felt a chill all the way down to his butt. It was because he could vividly feel the smooth, silky feeling of the undergarment he was currently wearing.

"Her soul is unfortunately caught in hell, but... this is enough to buy time. I'll be there soon."

To make matters worse, the Specter declared it would visit soon. Would Marie Rose look like this when she was in middle school? Grid stared blankly at Beriache for a moment before hurriedly shouting, "Chreshler! We have to use all our strength before the direct descendants and the Specter..."

-Greetings to my mother-in-law.

"....."

Let's subdue Beriache as soon as possible.

Grid made a judgment and was about to shout this, only to close his mouth. It was because the Divine Wood Coffin approached Beriache and bowed to her.

He truly wanted to kill Creshler.

Chapter 1748

Each person should live by relying on themselves—it was a command that Grid left to the apostles. It meant they shouldn't follow him and should take care of themselves. It had always been that way. Grid didn't bring his knights and apostles with him when he went to dangerous places. It was an attitude like they were a nuisance.

At the outskirts of Reinhardt...

"I have become a god, but it still isn't rewarding," Braham, the God of Magic and Wisdom, lamented.

He sat on a large and handsome statue of himself installed on a cliff. It was a transcendent sight.

"Now I also have an immortal body. Then isn't the fact that I still can't accompany Grid proof that I'm not trusted? This is a treatment that goes beyond worry."

An apostle was a being who served their god. It was right for them to take on the danger that the god had to go through. However, it was shameful that he was left behind without being able to go to the No Offspring Tomb. He felt a great sense of sadness.

"The No Offspring Tomb is home to myth predators. You going there is no different than a rabbit entering a tiger's den."

"Tsk..."

It was the moment when Zik expressed the facts and made Braham even more uncomfortable...

There was a thunderous roar from far away and the sky turned pitch black. Then it split apart. The dimensional gap that appeared was as red as the belly of a beast that had just been slaughtered.

“...It is completely different from what has appeared so far.”

It happened after Kraugel left in search of Muller. At this point, dozens of dimensional gaps had already been destroyed and the world had suffered from all sorts of aftermath. The emergence of monsters was the smallest and most trivial thing. The collapse of the laws that protected the world caused all sorts of mysteries to occur. Sometimes they were beneficial mysteries, but even so, confusion was inevitable.

This was why the apostles were busy. The seven apostles, including Braham and Zik, were solving all types of cases in various parts of the continent. In other words, the apostles were fully responsible for the tasks that would've normally been solved by the Overgeared members.

Braham had been the only one complaining about this, but now he laughed. He looked quite happy as he raised his chin in a proud manner.

“It is Muller. No, is it Muller's ‘traces’?”

The mysteries caused by the dimensional gaps violated common sense. They made knowledge useless. Thus, they were mysteries. It was no wonder that shadows reproducing Muller, who fought with Kraugel, and Kraugel, who fought with Muller, suddenly appeared and threatened the surface.

“It is a chance to regain the honor that I have lost.”

Swordsmen had an advantage over magicians—this was in an ordinary situation, but it was a law that didn't work on Braham.

The only exception was when he was compared to Muller. Braham didn't see a chance of winning against Muller. Of course, this didn't mean he had fought Muller in person. It was the result of a virtual fight produced based on various information. It wasn't even done by Braham himself, but through the mouths of rich people.

If the strongest swordsman of all time and a legendary great magician fought, who would win? The scholars analyzed their powers based on their achievements and held several virtual confrontations that always ended in Braham's defeat.

Braham couldn't deny it at all. His defeat was obvious even when he calculated it himself. Yet now, hundreds of years later, Braham became a god. The opportunity to erase the shameful record of the past had arrived.

“Zik, I would appreciate it if you could bring people over.”

“I will summon knights who are skilled in a sword formation. This is the best way to offset Muller's sword energy a little bit.”

“No, anyone is fine. I just need a lot of people. That way, I will be seen trampling on Muller and have it recorded in history.”

“.....”

Zik's expressionless face shook slightly.

Braham, who was obsessed with personal success even after becoming a god, seemed amazing in a way. He swallowed back the words that rose in his throat and turned around in order to leave.

"Wait," Braham suddenly called out to Zik, "I can't be obsessed with fame and hurt the people. I was pathetic. My words just now are invalid, so I hope you stay."

"....."

Zik glanced up at the sky. There were as many as three of Muller's shadows that emerged from the cracks in the collapsed dimensional gap.

-Mother-in-law is very beautiful. You look exactly like Marie Rose when young. No, Marie Rose must look like mother-in-law, right? Hahaha! You look so young that I was momentarily mistaken.

"When will that disgusting monster leave the world...?"

The Divine Wood Coffin standing beside Beriache kept talking nonsense. One of the few saints in the history of humanity—Chreshler was the one the first pope chose as his successor purely based on talent. He proved his predecessor's discerning eye. As if to repay the trust of the first pope, he accumulated countless achievements, including a strong force, and maintained the title of strongest pope for hundreds of years. He was naturally classified as a great man.

Chreshler might be perverted, but Grid tried to respect him. However, he ran out of patience at this moment. It was because after defeating the executives of the No Offspring Tomb and growing using them, it seemed like Chreshler would soon become an enemy. Chreshler's attitude toward Beriache was like a puppy welcoming back its owner after a few days, so Grid's suspicions were perfectly justified.

"You are my son-in-law."

It was after someone bloomed from the red lump of flesh. Beriache was silent for a while before finally opening her mouth. No, this wasn't Beriache. It was just Beriache's dead body. It was a pale, expressionless face and two empty eyes whose thoughts can't be seen. No life could be found anywhere.

Nevertheless, she opened her mouth. She clearly looked at Grid and recognized him. It was different from Chreshler's corpse, which had been only a puppet.

'Why is she different?'

Beriache's soul was in hell. The corpse in front of him was just an empty shell, so how did it recognize her and talk to her?

'Is it the power of the Specter?'

Injecting the soul of another into a soulless body. He thought it would be easy for the apostle of Yatan. Grid thought that someone else was 'acting' as Beriache. It was a reasonable doubt.

-.....

Chreshler seemed to have the same doubts. He calmed down his mind that had been deceived by the name 'Beriache' and quietly returned to Grid's side.

-This can't be real. It doesn't make sense to pretend to be alive. Look at my own corpse. Wasn't it a soulless corpse like a doll?

"Why did you do that when you know so well?"

-What? Ah... Wasn't I just greeting my mother-in-law? I was just keeping human morality.

"That isn't a person, right?"

-You are holding the dead to the standards of the living? My mother-in-law was a vampire during her life. Why does it matter when she is dead? Don't you feel sorry for her?

"I mean you."

-.....

Chreshler finally shut his mouth (?). From the time when he destroyed his own corpse. No, it was the distant past when he became a coffin. He himself abandoned humanity.

Grid's point was valid...

-But... if I abandon even the doctrine of humans, then I'm no different from a beast.

"....."

Skunk covered his face as he looked at the back of Chreshler, who was muttering bitterly. It was an effort to suppress the anger that boiled deep in his heart. What was this shamelessness? He didn't even understand sarcastic comments and reacted like that?

Skunk had sincerely admired Chreshler, unlike Grid, but now the things covering his eyes were slowly peeled off.

"Still, Chreshler is pretty good. At the very least, he didn't go crazy or cause much trouble. You will meet more transcendents in the future so try to adapt."

Grid gave comfort that wasn't really comfort. It was an attitude that treated most transcendents as lunatics greater than Chreshler.

A beautiful voice pierced the ears of the shocked Skunk—Beriache spoke while looking at Grid, "Seeing that Marie Rose couldn't come here, she still seems to be a virgin. Why hasn't she become pregnant even after getting a great Blood King like you? Has she forgotten her position and responsibilities and became shy?"

'What?'

This was a fake, not Beriache—Grid's belief in this statement started to waver. It wasn't because she discovered his identity as Blood King. Grid had the direct descendant vampires. Anyone with deep knowledge of vampire history could easily infer that Grid was the Blood King. However, no one could show the conviction that Marie Rose 'couldn't come' here.

Yes, it wasn't that Marie Rose didn't come here, but that she couldn't. The reason was that it became difficult to control blood. She withdrew alone despite being worried about Grid. She handed over the Divine Wood Coffin in the hopes that it could be of some help.

"You... are you really Beriache?"

"Yes. The moment I sensed the resurrection of my body, a part of my soul in hell dwelt in this body. I am incomplete, but I am me."

The way she talked like he was a child. Beriache's style of talking resembled Marie Rose. The only difference was that it was insipid without any emotions. It wasn't known if Beriache was joking or serious.

Beriache also didn't have even a faint glimmer of goodwill toward prey. Was it because she wasn't interested in Grid? The probability of that was small. The Blood King project was Beriache's aspiration. It was right to say that Beriache's current interest was all focused on Grid, who had become a Blood King.

'It is because she is a corpse.'

Grid interpreted Beriache's emotional attitude as inevitable. As her expressionless face proved, she was unable to express her emotions because she was a corpse. Blood magic spread around Beriache. It resembled a butterfly spreading its wings. It was beautiful apart from the bloody smell.

"It seems that control of this body belongs to the one who resurrected it, not me. My father's faithful servant is still alive."

This was the end. Beriache briefly explained that she had no choice but to become an enemy and used magic. It was spectacular. The Realm of Domination, Blood Field, various blood weapons and tails, etcetera—the ultimate skills of the direct descendants were used at the same time. It was so fast and simple that it could be called casual.

"The weakness is here."

In the midst of the dizzying storm of blood, Beriache tapped her forehead with small, slender fingers.

"Originally, it is a weakness that would've been covered by bloodstones, but there isn't a single drop of blood in this corpse's body. The blood that you are seeing and feeling now is nothing more than a fake reproduced with pure magic power. Even so, the fact that it acts as a medium for blood magic is surprising."

Grid was also using the Sanctuary of Metal. He offset Beriache's field magic while also slashing the blood weapons with the rain of battle gear.

"It is great. I have heard of your high reputation from hell, but it exceeds my expectations."

"Are you being held captive by Baal in hell?" Grid tried to talk. Beriache's body might be hostile to him, but her soul was favorable. He wanted to take advantage of this opportunity to get as much information as possible.

"No, I am with Amoract."

“Amoract...?”

The 2nd Great Demon, who had her face covered with a white cloth and was chained—she was an impressive existence who was one of the Three Evils of the Beginning, but attempted diplomacy with Grid. Amoract’s location was so special that Grid always kept it in mind when thinking about the purification of hell.

“My soul was intercepted right before it fell into the hell where Baal resides. She tried to absorb me in order to find the strength to confront Baal, but suffered a disaster.”

“A disaster...? Do you have anything to do with the chains that binds her?”

“You got it right. Yes. My last spell should’ve originally bound Baal, but it ended up tying her up. Baal didn’t seem to know what was going on.”

“.....”

Was Braham’s trolling genetic? Grid seriously suspected it and shook his head. The reason why Amoract was chained was due to her greed, not Beriache’s intention. It wasn’t Beriache’s trolling, but the result of Amoract’s own actions.

“It is hard to maintain my consciousness. Three facts... keep these in mind.”

Beriache’s busily moving small, thick lips gradually slowed down.

“Amo... ract... don’t trust... against me... don’t get hurt... my father’s faithful servant... I’m afraid... what it will do...”

The words that barely ended—it was silent after that. Could it be that the connection to the soul was severed?

Beriache’s corpse, whose expression became cold, started to silently attack Grid. It was while expanding the Realm of the Absolute.

The Three Evils of the Beginning—Beriache was bound to the same hierarchy as Baal and her power was terrifying even as a soulless corpse. The Specter’s ability to restore the corpse so it could use the abilities of its lifetime was too great.

In any case, Grid also started the full-scale battle.

Chapter 1749

“The world... it has changed a lot.”

On the way toward the No Offspring Tomb, Muller witnessed all sorts of unbelievable things. First of all, the people were very brave. Until hundreds of years ago, monsters were a living disaster. Apart from a few hardened warriors, the majority of people held their breaths and feared monsters. In order to cross a big mountain, they had to hire mercenaries or risk their own lives.

However, for the people of this time, monsters were treated as prey on the same level as wild boar. Various humans slaughtered monsters with their own abilities and used the corpses as trophies. Even a weakling with only one wooden sword considered the slime in front of the village as

something to be hunted, not something to be avoided. It was as if his life was infinite. He approached the slime with clumsy movements and attacked it.

At this point, Muller wondered if the people who had been killed by monsters in the past were reincarnated and were getting revenge on their enemies. Of course, it was a crazy idea. The souls of the dead were bound to a distorted hell.

“Has the human species itself evolved aggressively...? After being trampled on for thousands of years, they finally want to rebel against fate?”

From beginner villages to high level hunting grounds—the sight of the enthusiastic players was incomprehensible to Muller, an old man. It made him think hard.

“Or is it the influence of the ‘god’ you spoke of?”

Kraugel followed after Muller and was experiencing a rapid change of scenery. It was as if he was on a high-speed train. It was only after maintaining the buff effect with skills and potions, and enduring the sharp drop in stamina, that he managed to keep up with Muller’s speed.

Therefore, while Kraugel couldn’t look around properly, Muller had already seen it hundreds of times—there were statues and stone images depicting a god he had never seen before. The statues of Goddess Rebecca, who had been mainstream during Muller’s time, had become very rare, while the unidentified statues were common in every kingdom or region. It must be the image of the god that the Sword Saint of this era spoke like he served.

“Both are correct.”

Kraugel confirmed all of Muller’s speculations.

The evolution of humanity—if players were classified as human beings in this world, then Muller’s theory of evolution was exactly correct.

Divine influence—it was also true that the existence of the Only One God Grid promoted the growth of players. Looking at the people sweeping through the hunting grounds right now, they were armed with items made by the Overgeared Empire. They were items that were created directly or indirectly by Grid.

[Your stamina has reached its limit.]

He had run thousands of kilometers without stopping. Just because he ‘ran,’ his persistence and willpower stats increased. The aftermath was great. Finally, Kraugel’s breathing was disturbed and his legs weakened.

“.....”

Sword Saint Muller was accelerating even further. He used Control Sword as if showing off, caused the sword to fly and boarded it. He stood on top of a sword that shot forward like a beam of light and resembled a daoist immortal. He quickly moved away from Kraugel’s field of view.

Kraugel became nervous at the thought of missing out on this. Muller was a variable who had come down to the surface. He had to be kept under surveillance and controlled. Additionally, as the Sword Saint of the present day, he had a desire not to be defeated by the previous generation.

“.....!”

Kraugel was trying to restore stamina by using the methods he had learned and realized something. It was the fact that Muller was floating two swords. He immediately drew Twilight and deployed Control Sword, targeting Muller’s sword that had become a dot. Then he barely managed to get on board. There was no sense of stability, unlike Muller. He was almost hanging on. However, he used his excellent sense of balance to gradually raise himself above the sword.

Control Sword had a habit of chasing targets through high-speed movement. This allowed Kraugel to pursue Muller without losing sight of him, even if he couldn’t close the distance.

‘He is quick-witted and has excellent senses.’ Muller smiled happily as he shifted his gaze and confirmed Kraugel’s appearance. He could vaguely understand why many swordsmen were eager to have students.

“Spread out.”

The moment Jishuka gave the order, the Overgeared members scattered in all directions. It was to widen the distance from the old hero who had been resurrected. At the same time, the rain of arrows dropped down and weakened the hero. The nature of the Breaking Evil Arrows was different from ordinary divinity. Rather than resisting the evil energy with divine energy, it violently and persistently destroyed the evil. It gave off a chilling sensation.

“Don’t attack, stand by.”

Based on the previous pattern, the corpse of the old hero went on the defensive if it took more than a certain amount of damage at once. This was the reason why the Overgeared members tried to rush at the corpse that was staggering after being hit by the rain of arrows. They intended to attack as much as possible and widen the gap while trying to defend. They had a lot of fun with the same method in the previous nine raids.

However, for the first time, Jishuka gave the order to wait rather than charge. It was because her eyes met the corpse’s.

“He is trying not to show it, but he is definitely conscious of me.”

It was a completely different response from before. It suggested the possibility of a new pattern emerging. As expected, Jishuka’s prediction was correct. The corpse, who was in the same crouched position as before and seemed like it would use the same defensive skill, instead aimed at Jishuka and attacked her.

Not a single person was flustered. The waiting personnel moved in unison and became a barrier to protect Jishuka. Originally, the more troops the archers had with them, the stronger the archers were. They could take advantage of the opportunities their allies gave them to unleash overwhelming firepower.

The larger the number of troops that were led by Jishuka, the stronger she became exponentially. She not only strengthened and restored allies with the aura of the Red Phoenix, but she had excellent

leadership. She was the former guild master of the Tzedakah Guild and her leadership skills were among the best in the Overgeared Guild.

Was it due to her confident expression and powerful voice? Jishuka's charisma had the power to control the group. The Overgeared members under her command fought several times better than usual.

"Fire the explosive magic!"

Jishuka's arrow pierced the corpse's ankle and spread a chill. The corpse's feet and the ground cooled in an instant. Jishuka's arrow was represented by the attributes of fire and Breaking Evil, and it had now digested more attributes. They were attributes obtained in the course of the Bow Saint quest. Among them, the cooling and lightning attributes gave her wings.

The arrows of the Bow Saint that contained a chill had to be avoided. The freezing couldn't be avoided by blocking it. The arrows of the Bow Saint that contained lightning couldn't be responded to.

All sorts of explosions occurred around the lower half of the cooled corpse. It was a large-scale linkage. It was so powerful that the corpse of the old hero died again.

'But it will be resurrected soon.'

It seemed that they had to kill the gatekeeper in order to move forward, but it would just resurrect again after being killed. Unless it was possible with a skill, they had to find a solution, but the explorers couldn't find any hints. At this moment, the wall that the old corpse had its back to—

In other words, the wall that stood in the way of Jishuka's group collapsed. It was a mosaic wall that resurrected the corpse of the old hero. Was it the emergence of a new enemy?

Jishuka was calmly examining the situation when she frowned. "Katz?"

The one who broke through the wall and appeared—it was Katz, the Blood Knight clad in red blood like it was armor. The exact class name was Beriache's Knight, but it was usually called Blood Knight due to the problem of tone.

"Uh? How did everyone get here?"

Jishuka's group was agitated. The Overgeared members swarmed out from the collapsed wall. Katz, the other members of the 10 meritorious retainers, and the groups they led all joined the scene.

"There is a point where the labyrinth connects," Katz answered briefly before aiming his sword at the staggering corpse, which had been badly injured by the previous bombardment. Then something strange happened. All the blood from the corpse started to be sucked into Katz' sword. Katz' sword was encased in the condensed blood and became enlarged like a greatsword. Then it made a strange noise.

"As expected of Jishuka. You subdued this monster without any casualties..."

Katz gave a short exclamation before swinging the huge sword. The corpse, who was resurrected repeatedly even after being killed nine times, was beheaded. The corpse was deprived of its blood by Katz and turned into a mummy. Now it could no longer be resurrected and turned to ashes.

"What...? How did you do that?"

Jishuka's group was in turmoil. Katz took the lead and started explaining, "A class quest has occurred."

"A class quest?"

"Beriache was resurrected."

"...Uh?"

"She told me that the 'blood' that activates the immortal corpses is a fake that can be destroyed."

It was just after the direct descendant vampires suddenly disappeared as they were fighting together with the groups. Katz heard Beriache's voice. It was a voice that told him how to overcome the current situation. It was a phenomenon similar to the 'divine messages' experienced by priests.

"We have to hurry. Grid seems to be in danger."

Beriache had told him.

Help Grid kill me.

At the same time, at the deepest part of the No Offspring Tomb...

"Beriache... did she release a deadly poison in that short period of time...?" the Specter muttered as it felt the body of the sinner, or the old hero who guarded the entrance of the labyrinth, disappearing.

Should it call it a 'daughter receiving her mother's character, behavior, and habits'? It was the same as Marie Roes, who suddenly appeared and threw the Divine Wood Coffin. It was somewhat intimidating. However, the composure of the Specter, who had existed for thousands of years, didn't shake in the slightest. It just felt a bit interested.

"You hoped for revenge and entrusted your body to me... now you suddenly changed your attitude..."

What hope did she see in Grid?

The Specter couldn't wait to check it.

Step, step.

The Specter hastened its pace. It rushed down the endless flight of stairs and finally arrived at the most important place. It was the place where the great being, with no intention of waking up, slept. It was the heart of the world called the No Offspring Tomb. It was also the source of hell.

"Great God, there is only one step left to restore the world you have made..."

For eternity, there was a being who lived solely to serve God. It knew that its service was the only way to save the future of humanity. Its faith had never been shaken.

"I will never fail."

The apostles of the Gods of the Beginning—the first and greatest being among them left to greet the god of this time.

Chapter 1750

Don't trust Amoract. Don't be hurt by 'me.' Finally, fear the Specter.

Grid took Beriache's three pieces of advice to heart. He had been suspicious of Amoract from the start. In the first place, wasn't she the Great Demon of 'Conflict'? She was someone who made him feel tense even with her face covered with a cloth. She was insidious in many ways and lacked grounds to be trusted. This was why the proposal to cooperate was pending. He just couldn't refuse it directly because he was in a bad position.

'Of course, I am aware that I shouldn't be hurt by Beriache.'

Marie Rose had the power to use the abilities of the targets whose blood she sucked. She proved it in the battle against the Evil Dragon. She seemed to prove that there was no limit to the target as she wielded the power of Dragon Slayer Hayate. It would be the same with Beriache.

Of course, Marie Rose was Beriache's ideal, so Beriache would be relatively inferior. Additionally, the Beriache in front of him was just a corpse, not the real one. This didn't mean that the power of a vampire could be ignored. Grid wanted to avoid the experience of being hit even once by the ignorantly powerful six fusion sword dance.

'I don't want to become sick from the side effects.'

He didn't express it in front of people, but the mental power consumed just by operating the Realm of the Absolute was too much to bear. His body moved as desired beyond the user's perception, so his brain was quickly overloaded. There were gaps in his consciousness.

Allowing a powerful attack from an Absolute at that time without any preparation? He had experienced it before in the battle against Zeratul and he almost screamed and cried. The pain of his face being crushed and his arm being cut off was horrible. It was to the point where he forgot how to distinguish between reality and the virtual world for a moment. It wasn't an exaggeration. It was hard to ignore even a small wound. The rankers who used expensive capsules and set their sync rate higher reacted more sensitively to pain.

Just then, the tip of the canyon that formed the Sanctuary of Metal shook. It was the aftermath of being hit by Beriache's kick that Grid had evaded. If it was a canyon made of ordinary metal, not Greed, it would've gone beyond shaking and collapsed.

'This tremendous power... in terms of strength, she is a step above me or Baal.'

Was it just pure physical ability? It was hard to believe. Beriache's body was as small as a real middle school girl.

'Maybe it is the default setting.'

The Specter might've raised Beriache's corpse already in the state of 'sucked blood and took the power'...

Chill.

The hypothesis he devised to convince himself of the corpse's strength caused Grid to feel goosebumps. It was because the Specter depicted in his head was too omnipotent. Well, it was

understandable enough. This was an apostle of a God of the Beginning. The Specter was a being who served the 'god of the gods' and accumulated an enormous amount of years.

Let's assume that Braham had accumulated thousands of years.

...It was terribly scary. It was only natural that the Specter was an object of fear.

'I have to subdue Beriache's corpse before it arrives.'

Grid had no intention of avoiding the Specter.

From Marie Rose to Yeo Yulan to Beriache—high status transcendents and Absolutes who moved the world warned of the danger of the Specter. Grid empathized with them, but he had a duty to understand the purpose of the Specter. They had to meet despite the risk.

'It is just a corpse. I can win easily as long as I don't get hurt.'

Grid called the hundreds of God Hands to his side. They were armed with swords and shields and escorted him. The hundreds of thousands of barbs that made up the dragon armor were smoothly adsorbed on Grid's hard body and the mental images of the Sanctuary of Metal were projected and overlaid with Valhalla.

Using the authority of the Yellow Dragon, he exhaled the Breath of the White Tiger. At the same time, he also used defense-related skills like 'Automatic Transformation' along with the power of the runes. It was Grid's self-proclaimed Overgeared tortoise mode. It meant he wore items like a tortoise wore its back shell. He ignored the skills that were comparable to the items. In any case, he was confident that he wouldn't shed a drop of blood.

'I definitely learned from my fight against Zeratul.'

His attack power was already sufficient. It was even more so now that he could freely activate God's Command using the authority of an Only One God, i.e. 'Designate Skill.' Maximizing his defense to the point it was excessive was balancing things from Grid's perspective. It was even more so against an Absolute.

Grid wielded the five fusion sword dance. It was used reflexively. It was to respond to Beriache's flamboyant technique of reaching out and grabbing at him. If he failed, he could link it with an immediate blow. Beriache's attacks never ended with a single blow. It would be linked, no matter which route she took. The fusion sword dance was a must if Grid wanted to counterattack as well as defend.

'The pressure is amazing.'

The strength of the corpse was clear.

A body that didn't need to breathe—Beriache's spectacular combo was used in a way that ignored physical restrictions. She didn't need to breathe, so there were no interruptions in her movements. Additionally, she was very tenacious. She thoroughly attacked the opponent's vital points, regardless of whether her joints were twisted or broken in reverse.

It was the complete opposite of Zeratul's martial arts, which pursued orthodoxy, which was separate from his personality.

The God Hands scattered in all directions.

Beriache's limbs fluttered as she approached with the momentum to fall into Grid's arms. It was in the direction where the God Hands and battle gear were falling. It was an unreal sight. The shockwaves that belatedly occurred in concentric circles looked beautiful as they were dyed with orange divinity and red blood.

-Marie Rose looks just like my mother-in-law.

The Divine Wood Coffin trembled.

He seemed to recall his struggles against Marie Rose when he was alive.

-Of course, mother-in-law is stronger. In the past, Marie Rose fought with suppressed strength because she liked my good looks and honest personality. Looking back, it was a sincere game. We interacted across races.

'How can he beautify the fact that she was weakened by the Curse of Sloth?'

Chreshler's nonsense broke Grid's immersion.

It helped him. Beriache emitted a formidable presence like other Absolutes. Now her figure in Grid's field of view was restored to normal. Grid's consciousness had been focused only on Beriache, but now he started to look at the entire battlefield.

-It should be like this.

Chreshler's voice, that was laughing happily for some reason, shook Grid.

-The object you need to see isn't the person in front of you, but yourself. You are the one who is the center of this world. How could you be conscious of something else?

At this moment, Grid was helped by a good man. The experience that had been relatively lacking due to this compressed growth over the years was adequately fulfilled through enlightenment.

-All flows are made according to your will. Put the whole situation under your control.

The Rebecca Church was the center of the world and Chreshler was the pope. People all over the continent worshiped him, regardless of status. Even the kings knelt down to him and called him Your Holiness. Nevertheless, he was below a god. A pope was nothing more than the servant of a god. An Only One God? Even the pope couldn't step on his shadow.

It was more like turning away. It was because believing in a god other than the Goddess as an Only One God was blasphemy in itself.

-Don't get immersed in insignificant individuals. That is your position.

[The most powerful pope in history, 'Chreshler,' has acknowledged you again.]

[Your existence has become more distinct.]

It was different from a rise in status. There was no growth such as the addition of stats or skills, but Grid's divinity had become thicker.

The body of the Yellow Dragon swelled up. If the original was the size of a large serpent, then it now looked like an imoogi. It completely covered Grid's entire body even when coiled, and the head was positioned in a high place. It felt like it was looking down in the direction Grid was facing.

Nothing changed. Beriache's momentum still remained. Just like a corpse, she seemed to have no interest in divinity from the beginning. She didn't even pay attention to the Yellow Dragon that breathed out divinity like fire and just attacked Grid relentlessly. There was a loud and seemingly unstoppable offensive like a waterfall.

So what?

'It doesn't hurt.'

The barrier built by Automatic Transformation and the God Hands was mercilessly peeled off, but it just looked like a crisis from the outside. Grid's true self-defense was the Breath of the White Tiger, the dragon armor, and Valhalla overlapped with mental images.

Grid was safe. He could bear it even if Beriache's attacks never stopped. The problem was that in order to get rid of her before the Specter arrived, he had to penetrate through the attacks and fight back...

'Let's wait.'

Grid decided not to be nervous. He didn't use the fusion sword dance and waited for the right time. The moment he was waiting for came quickly. Beriache showed some changes. Once the blood flowing through the cracks in the space reached a certain amount, it triggered new blood magic.

It was different from the field magic that she used so far. It wasn't even making battle gear using blood as the medium. It was summoning magic. It was magic that summoned the direct descendants who were trapped in the labyrinth and unable to arrive in time.

It was an opportunity.

The blood that surged like a raging wave every time Beriache swung her hands and feet, and killed the momentum of the sword, stopped flowing for a split second. Grid aimed for this gap and swung Twilight. The direct descendants who arrived just in time were swept away by the sword energy of the six fusion sword dance and their heads cut off, but he didn't care at all. This was what he had been aiming for from the beginning.

'They will be resurrected anyway.'

They didn't die as long as they belonged to him. He would rather not have them if they were under Beriache's control.

"Don't get too attached to a corpse," Grid whispered as he made eye contact with Beriache, whose upper body was cut in half and whose neck was bent to the side. He judged that he had completely grasped the victory.

He wasn't conscious at all of the fact that Beriache's blood splattered on his face and he just wiped it off. This was a mistake. The problem was that he didn't fully understand Beriache's power.

[The blood of the progenitor, 'Beriache,' has penetrated your body.]

[Various blood cells have been destroyed.]

[The abnormal status of 'fatal bleeding' has occurred. You will lose 5% of your health per second.]

[Resistance has failed.]

"Keuk...!"

Grid felt impatient.

He could feel the fluid rising up his nasal passages. A nosebleed would soon occur. It would be dangerous if his blood was sucked. He made this judgment and hurriedly adjusted his helmet. He pressed it down deeply enough that his vision became a bit difficult.

It was meaningless. A vampire's most basic power was to 'handle blood.' The blood spilled by Grid moved according to Beriache's will. It floated toward her red tongue, but it didn't reach in the end.

It was because a stronger binding force took away the blood that was heading toward her. There was a man in the direction where the blood was spreading like fog.

It was Katz. Currently, he was on a class quest.

Beriache's soul—in other words, Beriache's main body granted him an 'authority' that a corpse couldn't compare to.

"Don't worry about getting your blood sucked and fight to your heart's content, Grid."

Grid trusted Katz. He lifted his restrictions without inquiring about the circumstances. The 310 God Hands around him spread out like wings in unison. They abandoned their shields and armed themselves purely with weapons.

Grid's feet had been fully attached to the ground throughout the battle in order to fully enjoy the effect of the White Tiger's Breath. Now they rose into the air. He abandoned the spatial constraints that he had been forced to care about before He even used his health, which was falling in real time due to bleeding, as a weapon. He entered a fluidization state and accelerated after activating King of the Mountain. This maximized the power of 'Serve Dragon Pinnacle Wave Kill Link.'

Beriache's corpse was slow to respond. Twilight pierced Beriache's small body and cut it. However, the opponent was a corpse. She fought back without any reaction despite being fatally wounded. The 'Blood Field' that she had been maintaining earlier was repairing her wounds in real time.

"....."

Her small hand reached out toward Grid's neck. It was intended to break his neck bone. It was a speed equal to a flash of light. It was so fast that the air around it condensed. The wind hovering in the space abruptly stopped and made a strange sound. It was a sound that wouldn't reach an ordinary person.

It was literally in an instant—Beriache’s hand changed its trajectory dozens of times. Following her hand gestures, the red blood whirled and ate away at Grid’s divinity.

Finally, two small hands dug through the gap in Grid’s armor and spread them apart. The sight of the corpse maintaining its expressionless face while all ten fingers bent in a strange direction gave Grid goosebumps.

Flash!

Then a spear of light pierced Beriache’s hands. The storm from the sword dance occurred one step late. He said it was one step late, but it was less than 0.1 seconds. Subsequently, the falling meteorites repeatedly crushed Beriache’s small body and sank it into the ground. Additionally, a lot of battle gear poured down. The hundreds of God Hands went on the offensive in an instant.

Eventually, the Blood Field repairing Beriache’s wounds faded. It was magic using artificial blood created by the Specter. The body’s low-grade resources were being sucked into Katz’ outstretched hands. It was a phenomenon caused by Beriache’s will.

The target of the corpse changed. The moment she popped out silently from underground, the place where she appeared was behind Katz, not Grid.

“No!” the startled Grid shouted.

Just then, a pillar of orange light fell onto Katz’ body from above and the position of the Yellow Dragon wrapped around Grid was shifted to Katz.

“.....?”

“.....?”

Both Grid and Katz were stunned. Beriache’s hand, which had already dug halfway into Katz’ chest, was bounced off by a repulsive force. It was the repulsive force from Grid’s divinity.

[The ‘Yellow Dragon Myth’ that is a part of you is derived from the wishes of the guardian gods.]

[If you want to protect someone, the Yellow Dragon will respond to your wish.]

[The cooldown time before it can be used again is 12 hours.]

“.....”

Did the evolution of divinity happen like this?

‘It is a bit... a bit fraudulent?’

It was the moment when Grid had a bit of a guilty conscience...

Step.

He heard unfamiliar footsteps. He could tell just from this. There was an overwhelming presence that transcended Beriache. It was the Specter.

“Beriache. You gave up your heart out of your own free will. Why are you interfering...?”

The Specter's voice was like scratching metal as it expressed its doubts and this caused the people in the space to stiffen. Grid hurriedly turned and was agitated when he saw the Specter. Surprisingly, the Specter wasn't an undead. For some reason, it was wearing a mask made from split up skulls.

The problem was the long blonde hair that peeked out from the robe that deeply covered it. It was blonde hair that seemed to be made of light. Grid remembered seeing such a 'color' that couldn't exist in the human world. It was from some heavenly gods.

"You... what are you?"

"I am the apostle of God Yatan. You must've seen it in the 'past'?"

The Specter took off its mask and all the Overgeared members, including Grid, held their breath. Even Chreshler was frozen like ice. It was because the Specter's face resembled Rebecca, the Goddess of Light.