

## Overgeared 1751

### Chapter 1751

The Specter's face wasn't exactly the same as Rebecca's. The shape of the head, the eyebrows, the eyes, the nose, the mouth, etcetera—every aspect was subtly different from the figure of the Goddess in the portraits. In particular, the difference with the eyes was great. It was a murky ash color, unlike the Goddess' clear and transparent eyes. At first glance, she looked like a blind person.

However, the overall atmosphere was too similar. Unless a person looked closely, one couldn't help mistaking her for Goddess Rebecca's twin sister.

"...Why do you look so much like the Goddess?"

"Are you pointing out my appearance? You care about the trivial things."

The Specter covered her face with the mask again. It was a mask that looked like it was cut from someone's skull.

Beriache bounced off the Yellow Dragon's divinity and landed at the Specter's side. The instantaneous shockwave that occurred shook the Specter's robe, revealing a bizarre object. It was armor made of human bones. To be precise, the bones of the human gods who nourished the No Offspring Tomb were woven together like armor, wrapping around the Specter's entire body.

The Specter that Grid had once peeked at was finally revealed.

"I and the other 'first humans' all resemble the faces of the Gods of the Beginning. It was because they were the only ones who could be referred to."

[You have learned about the 'first humans.']

[The acquisition of new knowledge, which hasn't even appeared in the myth of the creation of the world, has increased your intelligence by 100.]

The value of information that hadn't been known so far was enormous.

The people at the scene—the intelligence stat of Grid and the Overgeared members had increased by a huge 100. It was a value comparable to leveling up 10 times for an ordinary player.

"The first humans..."

Skunk and the other explorers reacted greatly. They weren't interested in the stat that increased. They were just excited that there was an additional story that they could dig into in the future.

"Did your bad taste come from your desire to hide your appearance that resembles the Goddess?"

Grid emphasized the Specter's appearance again. It was an outright bad taste. He felt a deep disgust at the sight of the Specter wearing the bones of human gods.

"I was just looking for convenience. Obsessing over appearances and giving them meaning is a characteristic of humans and animals. Don't you think it is an inappropriate attitude for an Only One God?"

“Convenience? Are you using these bones to make it easier to use the divinity you have taken away?”

“That is about right.”

The Specter’s answer was a signal. The 310 God Hands suddenly attacked the Specter. They dug in with the intention of removing the bone fragments from the armor and helmet she was armed with.

“You have a bit of a naive side...”

The Specter cocked her head and swung her left hand.

Rattle.

There was the unpleasant sound of bone fragments rubbing together as demonic energy spread. It was demonic energy that left a trail in the direction that the Specter’s hand moved. It was black as if to not allow even a single ray of light, but it became contagious when it touched the God Hands. It chained back and forth between the God Hands and eventually spread out like a net.

It was in an instant. All of a sudden, the 310 God Hands were reduced to mayflies trapped in a spider web. They were tied up by the demonic energy and couldn’t move even a finger.

“Holy Light.” Saintess Ruby was among the Overgeared members and she used a skill. She targeted the demonic energy that had just captured all the God Hands. However, it didn’t work. Ruby’s face paled. “It isn’t... demonic energy?”

“.....!”

What was it if it wasn’t demonic energy? Ruby’s shocking remark puzzled many people.

‘Divinity.’

Grid was convinced of the identity of the dark energy that the Specter was using. It originated from Yatan, who was the ‘source of demonic energy,’ but it was divinity, not demonic energy. It was natural. It was expected from the beginning.

The Specter opened her mouth, “We need to restart the conversation.”

The dark divinity gradually condensed until it gradually took the shape of a club. The 310 God Hands were still trapped inside.

“I answered your question correctly.”

Grid asked about the identity of the Specter and he received the reply that the Specter was an apostle of God Yatan. The conversation stopped there. Grid wasted time pointing out the Specter’s appearance.

“In other words, I am a sinner who failed to defend the dream of the god I serve. I am a remnant of a hateful past and don’t deserve to exist. It is just that the distorted hell doesn’t allow me to die.”

There was a short introduction and the Specter immediately got to the point.

“Only One God Grid, my purpose is to restore hell. I think my purpose is the same as yours.”

“.....”

Grid guessed why the Specter's voice was so bizarre. He wondered if it had something to do with the dark divinity that spread through her nose and mouth every time she breathed.

'Is the divinity so powerful that the body can't handle it? Even though she is an Absolute?'

Yatan's divinity—it was one of the most important factors that created the world. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that it went beyond the source of demonic energy and was the source of the world. It was natural for it to be powerful.

It was just very shocking that it couldn't be handled even by the Specter, who had built up the hierarchy of an Absolute after devouring all types of myths. Besides, wasn't she Yatan's apostle? She would've received 'permission' to use Yatan's divinity, but she looked like this.

'How powerful is it...?'

Grid looked at the club in the Specter's hand. It was a club made of black divinity. The 310 God Hands gathered and gave it a golden color.

'It isn't helpful, so it is trolling now...'

Was it because he was influenced by Braham? Grid was lamenting that his God Hands had poop on them when the Specter's scratchy voice entered his ears.

"I have seen enough of your combat ability. Considering the 'relationship' you have with the world, such as gaining the favor of the mother and daughter, Beriache and Marie Rose, it is calculated that it would be better to cooperate with you than to eat your divinity. Do you have any intention of cooperating with me?"

"What type of cooperation do you want?"

"It is simple. Get out of here."

It was almost like sending him off. She seemed to want Grid to disappear right before her eyes.

"I heard your purpose is to restore hell?"

"Yes."

"I guess you've already prepared all the ways to achieve your goal, right? I can see that you don't need any help? Does it have anything to do with this thing here?" Grid asked as he turned around and pointed to the lump of flesh.

"That's right." The Specter didn't hide it.

Grid demanded clarification, "I've seen the exact same thing in hell. It is what is distorting hell. Yet trying to restore hell with the same thing? I can't believe it. What are you trying to do?"

"...You have a lot of questions."

The Specter refused to explain. She was reluctant to explain her plan because she remembered Muller's reaction.

"Seeing that you can't explain, there seems to be something that bothers you?"

“The humans who die can’t rest due to the distorted hell and are suffering. My purpose and means to save them are right.”

“I feel like I am being tortured when hearing this ugly voice. Hey, Specter! Don’t keep changing the subject and explain it! Why does a great being like you have such a twisted tongue? Did the Gods of the Beginning accidentally measure the wrong length of their tongues when creating the first humans? The Gods of the Beginning were once uncivilized and couldn’t even measure properly? Hah, truly. There is a reason why the world was a mess before Grid was born.”

“.....”

Huroi interjected when he saw that there was no progress in the conversation. It was with a shiny Vantner in the vanguard. It was an effort to disperse the aggro.

“...This is the third time in thousands of years that I’ve had the intent to kill someone for private reasons.”

There was no effect. The Specter’s gaze passed by Vantner’s bald head and landed precisely on Huroi. At the same time, a dark club fell toward Huroi’s head. It was with the swiftness of an Absolute.

Grid tried to catch up to it, but he was a step late. Absolutes who could move their positions as soon as they wanted were greatly influenced by ‘who moved first.’ The one who moved later was naturally at a disadvantage.

‘Why does the Yellow Dragon have a cooldown time of 12 hours?’

The new skill he just gained from his divinity being enhanced—Grid had evaluated the Yellow Dragon’s skill of protecting his troops as being a bit (?) fraudulent, but now he changed the evaluation. It was far from being fraudulent. The disadvantages were too big.

‘It will be okay. Huroi can endure one blow unconditionally.’

The club was about to hit the top of Huroi’s head. Grid struggled to calm his pounding heart. He remembered that Huroi had immortality. Nevertheless, it was hard to calm down. He was worried about the repercussions of the attack.

Currently, hundreds of colleagues were gathered around Huroi. It meant that there would be many casualties from the shock wave that would occur the moment the club hit Huroi’s head.

‘Dammit...!’

It happened the moment when Grid couldn’t hide his nervousness and gritted his teeth...

“.....!”

The Specter’s body suddenly stopped and coughed up blood. Someone’s will, which was as powerful as Dragon Words, pierced her heart. It was hard to understand from Grid’s perspective, but in any case, it was an opportunity.

The moment the Specter stopped, Grid arrived next to Huroi’s side and swung Twilight, causing it to collide with the club.

“I didn’t expect you to bring back the Sword Saint that fled to the dimensional gap... you are thoroughly prepared.”

The moment the Specter’s words were over—

“Gasp.”

“What...!”

The Overgeared members screamed when they realized that Grid and the Specter had collided above their heads. In particular, Huroi’s complexion was extremely pale. Grid and the Specter’s eyes turned toward the entrance. They saw two men standing there. One was the Sword Saint of the present day.

[The strongest Sword Saint of all time, ‘Muller,’ has appeared.]

The other was a Sword Saint of a previous generation. The world message that rose proved it.

Flash!

The spear of light fell one step late and hit the Specter. The Specter’s club started wriggling after it was struck lightly. It was because the God Hands trapped inside were resisting fiercely.

‘They can’t be digested?’

The inwardly surprised Specter judged that the harm was greater than the gains and ejected the God Hands from inside the club.

“The fact that you’ve been communicating with Muller... you must’ve known my plan.”

“?”

“What is with that expression? Are you still acting innocent even at this point? There is a side to you that doesn’t fit your hierarchy.”

The emotions expressed by the Specter gradually diversified. She mocked Grid, who was making an expression like he didn’t understand. Muller’s calf-like eyes widened.

“How did he provoke a wooden stone that is thousands of years old? Does the power of the god you serve have anything to do with mockery or name calling?”

“.....”

Kraugel couldn’t deny it. It was because he found Huroi near Grid.

“Yes... you know that I will build a hell here. Just like a mirror reflection of the hell that Baal distorted, the same hell will be erected here and eliminate the value of the existence of hell.”

“.....?”

“Do you think there is another way to purify hell? Can you say that my method is wrong, even if it is violent? If any of you can suggest a better way, then tell me. I will listen.”

The Specter reached the present point after searching for answers for thousands of years. Her convictions were strong and firm.

“In the first place, the surface might not necessarily perish if I build a hell here. Grid, as long as you are raising the level of the surface, there is a chance that the surface can handle the bloated energy that is on the same scale as hell.”

-This madman.

Chreshler expressed Grid’s feelings.

On this day, Sword Saint Muller, who was thought to be dead, emerged in a world message. The situation in many parts of the world, including the No Offspring Tomb, changed dramatically.

## **Chapter 1752**

Every name had a special resonance. Even the name of an ordinary girl would remind some people of their first love and make their hearts flutter.

The name of Sword Saint Muller had something that touched everyone’s hearts.

The strongest swordsman in history—some hailed him as the greatest legend of all time. There were countless people in the world who missed him, who was said to have died hundreds of years ago. It was due to the vague belief and sense of expectation that many things would’ve been different if only Muller had been alive. It was the belief that ‘killed’ Muller.

“Yes, this is right. I have always denied his death in my heart.”

It was shortly after the emergence of Muller spread to the world. The tower members gathered in one place. Now the tower members were no longer blind and trapped in a dragon’s jaws. They were members of the Overgeared World, which was taking control of the surface, and could react sensitively to situations that happened in the world.

“Muller’s swordsmanship transcends mine. It was a fact that I realized only after repeated training and becoming stronger. Even if Muller hadn’t mastered the Matchless Sword, he would’ve become the strongest Sword Saint. He is someone who can do well just by swinging his sword without any special techniques.”

Biban was very excited. He was genuinely happy that his respected junior was alive and there was also the vague expectation of the opportunity to test Muller’s skills. It was ever since he was convinced that he had transcended Muller in this lifetime—his growth had become stagnant.

Being a bit better than Muller—it was impossible for a swordsman to imagine a stage beyond that. He couldn’t see the way to go forward.

Yet in the future, Muller would give him the answer. Biban just needed to watch his back and move on. That was Muller’s position.

“The return of a hero is something to celebrate. However, now isn’t the time to rejoice. There will be many beings who will react sensitively to Muller’s appearance.”

Every hero who lived in the post-Muller era had experienced it at one time or another—it was to be compared to Muller in terms of skills or achievements. For villains who had existed since ancient times,

the reference point for heroes was Muller. Of course, all the tower members were from before Muller's time, so this was something they had never experienced.

However, they knew the situation through the words of Grid and Kraugel. In particular, there were many cases where demons compared themselves to Muller.

"Hell will react the quickest of all. In the worst case scenario, I believe Baal might invade the surface himself."

Baal couldn't die. He would be infinitely resurrected unless human fear toward him completely ended. This didn't mean he was invincible. Grid had proven it several times. Baal had already lost his life to Grid several times, so he must inwardly be nervous. He would yearn for more power and be more obsessed with new 'nourishment' than ever before.

The nourishment mentioned here naturally meant the death of human beings. Baal was a monster who could absorb and recreate the abilities of dead humans. He would dearly covet Muller's swordsmanship.

Biban cocked his head.

"Baal will appear on the surface...? Isn't that impossible unless he has dementia?"

Grid had fought Baal in hell and won. Of course, he couldn't guarantee a 100% winning rate, but he had a good chance of winning on the surface.

"Will he invade the surface only to be beaten to death by Grid?"

"The results might vary depending on the type of invasion. Is Baal's strength only in martial arts?"

Fronzaltz explained to Biban, who only thought simply.

"The ability of the dead that Baal acquires isn't necessarily limited to combat strength. It was right to say that he has an unimaginable number of tricks."

Baal had manipulated the Evil Dragon Bunhelier to his liking. He was someone who deceived an old dragon, so it wasn't known what type of cards he had.

"It might be easy for him to sneak to the surface and kill Muller without anyone knowing."

"Then what... what do you mean?"

"First of all, we need to ensure Muller's safety. For example, provide a place for him to reside where Baal can't find him."

"You mean the Overgeared World?"

"Not the Overgeared World. It is slowly covering the surface and it is far from being secretive."

Baal had the means to hide his presence from Grid and infiltrate the Overgeared World. It was no longer a safe place.

"Apart from the Overgeared World, where else is safe and secretive?"

“.....”

The faces of the tower members darkened. They all looked at Biban with pitying eyes.

Betty was the only one who remained expressionless and she told Biban, “Here. The tower.”

It was a building that combined the magic, knowledge, and technology of previous generations of legends. The Tower of Wisdom was perfected by overlaying the mental world of an Absolute afraid of dragons, and it was the most secretive and safe place in the world.

There were dozens of places like this in the world. They could immediately escape if the location of the tower they were currently staying in was discovered. Hayate hadn't wanted to be targeted by the dragons and had completed it with the help of the giant brothers.

“I want to recruit Muller to block the variables while increasing the power of the tower at the same time.”

We will recruit a new member.

No one objected to Hayate's unconventional declaration. Muller was well qualified. On the contrary, it was a position where the tower should respectfully receive him. They hoped Muller would consider the situation of the world and accept their proposal.

“In the future, we will...”

Hayate explained the subsequent policy. He selected dragons who might be interested in the emergence of Muller and planned a strategy to tie them down. They started planning to fight the dragons they had avoided for so long. It was something created by Grid. It was only after meeting Grid that Hayate truly became a Dragon Slayer.

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Imagine that two Earths suddenly appeared one day. The Earth where another 'me' exists and who lived the same life in the same environment as me. The moment we face it, we will definitely be in great confusion. Eventually, we will try to distinguish the real from the fake. It is only when we confirm that we are real that we will regain stability.

It is highly likely that all sorts of scary and horrible things will happen along the way. Furthermore, the demons of hell are so destructive compared to humans. The moment they face the same self, they will deny it and bite at the other self.

“Two hells... eventually, they both will be offset.”

The Specter didn't speak at length. Her emotions were worn out over the course of living for thousands of years and she dried up.

It was difficult in the first place. The more she spoke, the more her vocal cords melted away from the seething divinity. Her voice gradually became more cracked and it eventually stopped. Still, this was enough. Grid and the others figured out the Specter's target. There were many people with extraordinary brains in the Overgeared Guild.



“If you recreate hell, can you copy Baal as well?” Grid reacted seriously for the first time. He showed interest as if he thought the Specter’s plan was plausible.

The Specter nodded. “Of course... that is the only way the plan makes sense...”

King Daebyeol, Hanul’s first son, and Beriache, Yatan’s third child—it uses the bodies of two Absolutes as the materials for the phenomenon. This was just superficially, but in fact, the Specter planned to turn the ‘souls’ of the two Absolutes into materials. It was only then that the impossible became possible.

“Hmm...”

Muller had saved Huroi by using Heart Sword. The hero of heroes had saved a life the moment he returned to the world after hundreds of years. However, he was currently sullen. He watched as the ‘god’ listened to the Specter.

“It is a terrible story, but it is pretty cunning...”

Muller noticed at once that Grid was a great being. It wasn’t because he was fascinated by the beautiful divinity. Based on the Hero King’s fighting energy, he got a glimpse of the achievements that Grid accumulated before becoming a god. He felt respect even before they exchanged any words of greetings.

He was deeply impressed by the great man of the later generation who had reached a level that he himself hadn’t reached. Thus, he wanted to respect Grid as much as possible. This was why Muller felt great regret when seeing Grid’s attitude of listening to the Specter’s nonsense.

The Specter’s plan to create a new hell and offset the existing hell. The plan seemed quite plausible, but it had a fatal flaw. It was that the hell would be built here in the No Offspring Tomb. Of course, the No Offspring Tomb had evolved into a dimension separate from the surface, but its scale was much smaller compared to hell. It was virtually impossible to reproduce hell with just the No Offspring Tomb. The Specter’s magic would likely invade the surface. If even a part of the surface turned into hell...

The No Offspring Tomb, hell, and the surface would become entangled without being able to maintain their independence. All three dimensions would become battlefields. At this time, even if the surface was fortunate enough to escape destruction, it would surely be reduced to ruins. It was why Muller couldn’t agree with the Specter’s plan despite longing for the purification of hell due to his wish for death.

Sacrificing others for their own purposes—it might be obvious for the Specter, but it was unthinkable for Muller.

“1...” Muller’s large hand on his sword trembled. They were hands full of calluses at every joint. The calluses that still remained distinct despite the hundreds of years he wasted in the dimensional gap proved it—during Muller’s time as a Sword Saint, he had never wasted a single moment as a swordsman. Therefore, he could speak with confidence.

“I might cut your god...”

The cooperation between the Only One God Grid and the Specter. It would be a shortcut that led to the destruction of the surface. Someone had to stop it.

“Even if it means being hostile to you and all of them,” Muller declared as he looked at Grid, the Specter, Kraugel, and the Overgeared members in turn.

At this moment, he was overcoming a vague fear. He was prepared for a terrible end. He shouldered the duties of a hero that he once abandoned in the past. The circumstances forced it. Just then—

Grid, who had been silently listening to the Specter, opened his mouth, “You... surprisingly, you don’t know much about Baal.”

At the same time, his eyes directed toward Muller were very deep.

“Will they try to eat each other just because there are two Baals? Rather, I think they will find it interesting and cooperate.”

“Even so, it is only a temporary cooperation... they will surely betray each other in order to achieve greater supremacy.”

“What if we all die during that temporary cooperation?”

“All progress and evolution only happens when risks are taken. If you don’t do anything because you are worried about the worst... what is the value of life?”

“Is the destruction of the surface something we need to bear for the future?”

“Even if we all die and the surface perishes, it is a noble sacrifice. After hell is purified, the surface in the next world will surely be safe. Humans in the next world can live comfortably without fearing death...”

“It is a failure.”

“.....?”

“You failed to convince me.”

From a certain point, Grid had been fighting to protect the things that were precious to him. Everything he valued existed in this world, not the next world.

“There will be no destruction as long as I am here.”

[Only One God Grid is writing the 24th epic.]

[The beginning of the epic begins with the god’s will to protect the surface.]

“Are you going to fight me to the end...? Do you truly believe that you have a chance?”

“A chance? I don’t think the odds are high.”

Grid summoned thousands of battle gear. It was a call using Request to Stand With Me. Among those who responded to the call, one was Biban, the owner of a dragon weapon.

“Sword Saint Muller.”

A procession of swords that miraculously appeared...

“Feel free to use it.”

It became the perfect force of the strongest Sword Saint in history.

### **Chapter 1753**

'It is really amazing.'

Muller recognized it instantly. The 3,295 swords that formed a spiral procession centered on him all had the same origin. It could be seen based on the spirituality that each sword had.

Only One God Grid—it was a spirituality created by the temperament of the god of the surface who stood in opposition to the Specter. The weapons other than swords that were mixed in the procession? He wasn't interested in them. He was a swordsman.

It was said that a Sword Saint could handle even the branches of a tree as a sword and wasn't bound by weapons, but this was half correct and half incorrect. There were clear limits to what a swordsman could do without a sword. It was just that the enemies who fought Muller didn't realize the difference.

"Sword Saint Muller... don't be reckless. You felt frustrated... to the me from a long time ago... to you, who have tasted this and kept quiet... is there a chance of winning?"

The Specter's cracking voice contained deep pain, loneliness, and resentment. It was reminiscent of a sick person who was about to die. Nevertheless, he was afraid. In the past, he had no choice but to run away.

At that time, all Muller had was a crude iron sword. He was active in the pre-Pagma era. The strongest Sword Saint of all time was born in the middle of the Dark ages, when the skills of the blacksmiths had regressed from generation to generation due to Hexetia, who envied and hated Bultar.

"Friend, let's rest in peace this time," Muller whispered while stroking the old sword hanging at his waist. The crude iron sword that had been with him all his life was eventually reborn as a legendary weapon and rose to the rank of a treasured sword, but it was nothing compared to the divine swords in the procession of battle gear.

The Specter was also aware of this fact.

"Berache..."

The Specter realized that the meeting between Grid and Muller was an unpleasant variable and the Specter's will moved Berache's body. At the center of the huge space, the pretty little girl, who had been standing beside the Specter and quietly attracting the attention of the Overgeared members, suddenly disappeared.

Katz shifted his gaze and chased after the faint scent of blood. It was toward the entrance opposite to where the Overgeared members were standing.

He saw two Sword Saints standing side by side. The Sword Saint of the present era, Kraugel, hurriedly created a sword curtain, while Sword Saint Muller of the previous generation stretched out his hand lazily toward the process of battle gear.

The disappeared Beriache appeared by Muller's side. As if to make full use of her small body, she appeared from below and thrust her left hand upward. Beriache's sharp nails brushed against Muller's chin and cut the skin.

He couldn't respond?

It happened as people were lamenting after witnessing Muller allowing an attack without even flinching...

'He didn't respond. He saw that he didn't have to avoid it.'

Grid's face was filled with joy. He had fought a fierce battle with Beriache earlier and he knew Beriache's tricks. She used flashy linkages, but most of the linkages were based on falsehoods. It was a method that forced movement with an incredibly threatening first strike before stabbing through the gap that was exposed. She might seem like a wild beast, but it was actually very systematic.

However, this collapsed in front of Muller. A swordsman among swordsmen who trained for hundreds of years and swung his sword tens of thousands of times a day. A hero among heroes who never turned away from tough situations and fought lonely battles.

The period of time he wasted when trapping himself in the dimensional gap was enormous, but Muller's effort and experience were unmatched. Combine this with his talent and it was sublimated into a miracle. It was to the extent that it was a wonder even for Grid, who overshadowed the years.

Discerning the trajectory and intentions of the enemy the moment they moved? It was natural for Muller. Therefore, he had no unnecessary movements. Relying on his Super Sensitivity, Muller moved awkwardly through the Realm of the Absolute. With a very slow feeling, he gripped a sword that was as transparent as frost.

It was a sword with three spiritualities.

One was like the other divine swords and had a spirituality with the will of a God Killer—he felt the will to punish heaven.

Another was the spirituality of the one who made the sword—he felt the desire for the owner of the sword to be safe.

The last one was the spirituality imprinted by the owner of the sword—he could feel the will to destroy everything that stood in the way.

'The owner of this sword must be as violent as a gorilla.'

Due to personality problems, there must be fatal problems on the path of a sword. There was a relationship, so he would give a bit of help.

Muller put more power than necessary into the hand holding the sword. He subtly imprinted a gripping method that might help the owner of the sword. It contained a wish for the gorilla to be reborn as a human. Just then—

Beriache's left hand, which had just grazed Muller's chin, was cut diagonally. She had already been badly wounded by Grid and lost most of her magical blood to Katz. The being who maintained the status of an

Absolute easily allowed a fatal injury. It was a severe price for failing to make a first good move. It was the peak of a 'late start' that Grid dreamed of.

The transparent sword let out the cry of a tiger. It was as if it wasn't bad to be handled by a new master.

The aftermath was great. Beriache's attempt to counterattack as soon as her left hand was cut once again failed in vain. She wasn't good enough to create a gap in Muller, who was using the White Tiger's Posture, without using blood magic. Rather, she received big cuts on her neck and waist. She stretched out her arm to deflect and was stabbed repeatedly by the incoming sword.

'Out of all the swords, he grabbed Mercedes's White Tiger Sword first.'

Grid felt admiration. He felt there was no better choice to kill Beriache's momentum.

'The relatively lacking energy and body are being supplemented by items.'

Kraugel's eyes shook violently as he watched Muller's change from right next to him. At this moment, Muller was an Absolute. He completely achieved the realm he had been vaguely close to by relying on a single White Tiger Sword.

The system also recognized it. The epic proved it.

[The greatest swordsman in history responded to the god's will.]

[After witnessing a world that had already gone through several destructions, he pointed the sword bestowed by the god toward the enemy of humanity, who had established a twisted ideology.]

[He stands on the god's side to protect the surface and is the sword that executes the god's will.]

[An Absolute sword that will never bend again.]

[He is worthy of the god's sword.]

"...Um?"

Muller cocked his head. In fact, Grid's epics were treated as divine words and had such a distinct presence that even non-player characters could perceive them. It seemed to be perceived as the same concept as a divine message.

"Well... it is pretty much right."

Muller seemed to want to refute something, but he quickly gave up. It was accurate to say that he had no time to pay attention to other things. He put down the White Tiger Sword and reached into the procession of battle gear again. This time, he unexpectedly grabbed Failure. It was the upgraded version of Failure used by Jude, but it was still clearly inferior compared to Grid's relatively recent works.

Beriache's small body circled in the air as she regenerated her severed left hand in the shape of a hook and wielded it. She paid the price when the hook was caught on the small blade that sprang up from the back of Failure. Her whole body was lifted up and she was thrown down miserably. It didn't mean much because an Absolute ignored the laws of physics. Beriache immediately regained her balance. She stood calmly in the air as if she was standing on the ground.

Muller stood in front of her. He was holding Gujel's Sword, not Failure, in his hand. His momentum was different from before. The skills and stat boosting buffs attached to Gujel's Sword brought Muller's skills and physical body to a perfect level.

All the achievements and secret words contained in Gujel's Sword were replaced by a different status. It was because assimilating with a sword beyond just communing with it was one of the powers of a Sword Saint.

In this place that the whole world was paying attention to due to the epic—

The Absolute who borrowed the power of items descended.

Flinch.

Beriache's hand stopped as it was reaching out for Muller's neck. The sword that Muller drew in his mind was effective.

Beriache was cut by an invisible sword that she wasn't sure was real or an illusion, and recognized that her head had fallen off. She couldn't move for a moment. It was only a fraction of a second, shorter than a single blink, but the aftermath was huge.

It was enough time for Muller to swing his sword 10 more times. There was nothing that a Sword Saint couldn't cut.

Beriache's small body was swept away by the surprisingly powerful sword energy and was defenselessly torn apart. It was fatal damage. She was a mere corpse and was unable to use some of her powers, such as scattering into fog. Additionally, she lost her blood, so she suffered considerable obstacles when trying to regenerate through blood magic or blood transfusion.

"It is painful to humiliate the deceased."

Muller expressed his uncomfortable feelings and landed on the ground. It was set against the backdrop of Beriache's body being divided into dozens of pieces. It was an intense look.

All of the Overgeared members couldn't shut their mouths.

Grid also felt a tremor in his heart. He was thrilled by Muller's performance, which was stronger than expected.

Only one person (?)—Chreshler was the only one who kept his composure and did his job. He quickly opened the coffin and flew toward Beriache.

-Mother-in-law! Come into my arms!

The undead who died in the No Offspring Tomb was unconditionally resurrected. They had to be purified in the Divine Wood Coffin before they were resurrected.

"...So it is like this."

Grid gave a short explanation while avoiding the eyes of his colleagues. It might not be worth explaining, but he was embarrassed by Chreshler. The mere fact that he had been caught working with such a coffin made him want to hide in a mouse hole.

“The tricks end here.”

It was before the Divine Wood Coffin touched Beriache’s corpse...

The will of the Specter recovered Beriache’s body.

Duguen!

The red flesh, which had been frozen since Beriache’s recreation, started to beat again. It was much more intense than the first time Grid saw it.

“Muller...”

The Specter was greatly conscious of Muller. It was the dispersion of aggro. It was a great opportunity for Grid. At this time, he secretly sent the 310 God Hands to another place. Of course, it wasn’t possible for him to deceive the Specter’s senses.

The Specter ignored it even though it was obvious. She clearly remembered Grid grumbling about the hundreds of hands moving on their own, saying, “They are beyond useless and they are just disturbing me.”

In fact, the God Hands weren’t a threat to the Specter. Even if the number of God Hands increased to the thousands, they couldn’t touch a single tip of the Specter’s hair. The power of the Specter was usurpation. She was the first in the world to usurp myths, and had the unique ability to steal the divinity and power of other gods and make them her own. In other words, it worked against the God Hands, who were classified as Grid’s power.

“The last resort. To save the world... human beings will find rest... the only way, to end it... if you refuse. There will be no more you... you don’t have to... respect me...”

[The enemy of humanity has defied the will of the god.]

[She stood up to the god with the power and authority built up over the years.]

The epic narrated the Specter in her entirety. It was different from the traditional method of disparaging and distorting Grid’s enemies in order to praise Grid. It was evidence that even the influence of the epic couldn’t undermine the status of the Specter.

[An apostle of a God of the Beginning.]

[The enemy of humanity, who endured for eons to achieve a single purpose, declared to the god.]

“Only One God Grid. Your myth... I will have it.”

The Specter’s dark divinity expanded and dominated the space.

Everyone, including Grid, started receiving all sorts of penalties.

The No Offspring Tomb—this place was on the surface, but far from the Overgeared World. It was the middle of enemy lines.

It was thanks to Hell Gao—no, to be precise, it was on a different level from hell where they were able to overcome the penalty thanks to Muller’s arrangement.

Thus, he would smash it.

“.....?”

“.....?”

Everyone apart from Grid looked up at the ceiling in a confused manner. They seemed to hear a faint roar from afar. Soon, faint moonlight started to seep through the cracks in the ceiling. It should be impossible. Moonlight entered the No Offspring Tomb, which was located deep underground.

“What did you do?” the Specter asked Grid, who was standing in the moonlight that slowly spread through the thick darkness.

[God gave an answer.]

“Overgeared Battle...

“The Tomb of the Gods! Specter, you will soon be buried there too!”

“.....”

[...You will be buried in the Tomb of the Gods.]

Huroi interjected to try and cover up Grid’s remarks. Then meteorites fell consecutively. It was Meteor, triggered by the super-large flying ship, the Tomb of the Gods, from the sky outside the No Offspring Tomb. The 310 God Hands sent by Grid earlier executed a direct bombardment.

The God Hands implemented Grid’s stats in a quite similar manner. Therefore, the bombardment executed by the God Hands was incomparable to the bombardment by the Overgeared artillerymen.

## **Chapter 1754**

The position of an apostle of a God of the Beginning was definitely great. It made one wonder how many higher hierarchies existed in the whole world. Nevertheless, it was rude to limit the Specter to just an apostle of a God of the Beginning.

A place where an enemy of the surface caused it to be reborn as a separate dimension—the Specter that set up this No Offspring Tomb, which resembled the Overgeared World, was definitely unique and an Absolute.

In the first place, there were dozens of myths that she had usurped. It was right to see her as special among the gods.

The problem was that in Satisfy, a god didn’t mean an omnipotent being. It didn’t matter how great the Specter was. Additionally, she might’ve been the one to build the No Offspring Tomb, but it was impossible for her to understand everything that was happening in the No Offspring Tomb in real time. It was just like Grid.

Moreover, this incident occurred outside the No Offspring Tomb, not inside it. How could she figure it out in advance and defend when the No Offspring Tomb was deep underground and it was being bombarded from above?



'What type of ignorant power is this?'

The Specter's emotions had long been worn out. It happened naturally after enduring eons of time. However, at this moment, she was upset. Throwing hundreds of meteorites from a ridiculously huge airship? The destructive power of each meteorite was comparable to hundreds of artillery shells.

Due to the overwhelming mass, the distance of hundreds of meters between the No Offspring Tomb and the surface was being overshadowed. It was because the strata that had been tightly deposited over the years was collapsing helplessly.

"You... it is a pity in many ways."

The lonely eyes behind the mask—the Specter stared at the unfamiliar moonlight for some time before confiding her honest feelings. She felt very regretful about Grid's versatility, who provided Muller with thousands of new swords and even operated a super large flying ship.

"It isn't to the extent... that I don't want to kill you. The years you have accumulated are similar to mine. If you have tasted deep despair... you would be able to sympathize with my ideology... you would've gladly joined forces with me."

"....."

Grid didn't respond. It was because he felt the true heart of the Specter. He was afraid he would feel sympathy if they exchanged a few more words.

'She is crazy.'

The ideology of the Specter was twisted. The purpose of purifying hell was purely noble and it was true that it would be beneficial to humanity if her purpose was fulfilled. It was just that the method was wrong. To put it mildly, she was the same as Pagma. She was even an upgraded version. She was someone who he should never sympathize with.

Then the ceiling, which had been damaged by the meteorites, was quickly repaired. The moonlight that was falling like light on Grid gradually faded.

The No Offspring Tomb was a world of ghosts. As long as the Specter's will refused it, there was a limit to destroying it through physical means.

"Jishuka."

Once again, the setting sun fell on the world encroached upon by darkness. It seemed to use Grid as the horizon and rose from Grid's fingertips. It was Twilight.

"Let everyone except for Ruby and the 10 meritorious retainers escape."

The power loss would be too great if hundreds of Overgeared members were wiped out here.

"Yes."

Jishuka didn't doubt Grid. Surprisingly, she had an obedient side like a puppy. She used a demon-like expression that Grid didn't show to urge her colleagues, who were feeling that it was a pity.

"I don't have the hobby of harming humans. Even if you invaded my territory... even though you slaughtered my subordinates..." the Specter spoke in the busy atmosphere.

There is no need to rush, so don't get hurt and leave slowly.

At first, it seemed kind, but no one was fooled.

"You tried to kill Huroi."

In the end, Peak Sword criticized the Specter's attitude as a pretense.

"That human deserved to die."

The Specter confirmed it and her consciousness once again focused on Huroi. Huroi got the aggro unwillingly and he glared resentfully at Peak Sword. Grid ran through the wide space and approached the Specter, swinging Twilight. The rising Twilight that followed the movements of the sword dance was blocked after several collisions with the Specter's dark club.

"If my plan fails to be carried out... humanity will suffer worse than destruction."

Craters occurred on the ground around where Grid stood. Did some of the meteorites that bombarded the Tomb of the Gods squeeze through the ceilings and fall? Some of the Overgeared members had such absurd thoughts.

The spectacle created by the power of the Specter slamming the club was that unrealistic.

'Did she feed Beriache's corpse with her own blood?'

Grid remembered the monstrous power that was released from the little girl's corpse and broke out into a sweat. He tried to smile to pretend to be composed, but he was gritting his teeth so tightly that he ended up with a twisted smile.

The Specter didn't smile.

"Don't worry. Maybe I... I can't kill you."

The ghost's dark divinity was intertwined with Grid's orange divinity. It was like the feeling of a hand digging. The Specter's power of an usurper was examining the history of Grid's divinity. It was like it was wondering what to eat first.

The agony lasted for a very long time. It was because some of Grid's myths were incredibly great. The life that Grid had experienced flashed through the Specter's mind. It was a short life like most human gods. It could be compared to a mayfly. However, it was very dense. It was to the extent that it was equivalent to a life accumulated over thousands of years.

'...I can't take this away.'

The Specter took back her club. The pressure that had been weighing on Grid's entire body was released like it was a lie.

"You have also seen and experienced a lot of despair."

It was natural. Originally, Grid's life was marked with despair. He just didn't get frustrated and got up every time. He even caught a glimpse of the truth of the world.

The distorted hell—he was obliged to restore hell for his beloved wives and son.

Heaven who stood on the sidelines—Grid was determined to rescue his precious person who was being exploited by the arrogant gods, who didn't do anything. Of course, it didn't mean that he suffered greater despair than the Specter. To the Specter, hell was everything and her pride.

To put it bluntly, the Specter was an entity who had been deprived of everything. Her position was much worse than Grid, who might have everything taken away. The future of the 'failed Grid' was the Specter. Nevertheless, the Specter respected Grid.

Apart from the total amount of despair that Grid suffered, she was deeply impressed by the way he cut the neck of a half-god while declaring that he would rather become a god. He lit the last flame of the dying fire dragon and became a Dragon Knight, allowing his immense potential to be seen. Didn't Chiyu guarantee it?

"Even after going through so much despair... you still can't sympathize with my ideology?"

"Yes. From my point of view, your way of doing things is wrong."

Grid stretched out the Blockade that was held in his left hand.

A dull sword—it had a form that was purely faithful to the function of a sword. It amplified the power of basic strikes while having the effect of accumulating skills in proportion to the number of times it blocked the enemy's attack. It was the latest divine sword made in preparation for the battle against Zeratul.

[Blockade]

[Rating: Myth

Durability: Infinite Attack Power: 15,880

- ★ Increases the power of normal attacks by a minimum of two times to a maximum of five times.
- ★ Every time an attack hits an enemy or an enemy's attack is blocked, the 'tempered' effect will be obtained. However, it is limited to a single attack and the effect is reset when the target of the attack is changed.
- ★ The accuracy rate is decreased by 30% for targets of a certain level or higher.
- ★ The skill 'Up to Here' is created.

A divine sword made by Only One God Grid to target Martial God Zeratul.

The learning effect was maximized by giving free authority to Greed, which was used as the material. Greed's own judgment is sometimes a disadvantage, but in terms of potential, it might surpass all other divine swords.

Conditions of Use: Grid

Weight: 1,900]

[Up to Here]

[Passive.

Every time the sword is 'tempered' 30 times or more, it randomly blocks on enemy skill based on the accumulated information. Prioritizes the blocking of persistent passive skills.

Duration of the blockage: Random.]

Blockade was a divine sword that opened up new possibilities for Grid.

Items with free authority—it was made experimentally, but it had more effects than he expected. The disadvantage of moving contrary to Grid's will often wasn't very fatal. If Blockade went against Grid's will, it was because it carried out the habit of 'defending Grid.'

If Grid attacked, it didn't move forward and instead held on to urge defense. It would cause the attack timing to be missed, but Grid was adept at handling dual swords. He moved both hands freely so he could wield the sword in the other hand if Blockade decided to troll.

'In any case, it has a great compatibility with the Motley Flail.'

Of course, in terms of potential, the Motley Flail was the best, but...

Blockade had an unconditional beneficial effect while demonstrating attack power that was incomparable to the flail. It had an incomparable high expectations value.

"Wait... there is no need to fight."

The Specter's broken voice continued faster than before.

"I have decided not to hurt you."

She refused to fight. It was because she saw a glimmer of hope in Grid's potential. Someday—

She really hoped that Grid would understand her one day. It was okay if he didn't understand in the end. In the unlikely event that her plan failed, Grid could remain as her next hope.

The Specter was sincere. She truly hoped for the restoration of hell. She didn't have the bad hobby of harming something valuable. However, Grid refused.

"I have to smash this place."

"....."

"I can't afford to leave this danger."

It had already been declared through the epic.

I will bury you with the Overgeared Battleship.

Grid wasn't forced to act according to the epic, but the reason why the epic was written in the first place was because it was Grid's will.

“Okay... then I’ll defend this place.”

It was a position where neither side could back down. The Specter would surely turn this place into hell.

A plan that had been prepared for thousands of years—she couldn’t give up on the only way to restore hell now.

“Come.”

The Specter’s black divinity rose like a tidal wave. It took the same form as the Yellow Dragon and devoured the charging Grid.

Grid broke through. He blocked the Specter’s club that moved in unbelievable trajectories with Blockade while doing the sword dance with Twilight. He took several strides, just as he did when he became a legend. Some of the status that he had built up with the epics was getting blurred every time he got closer to the Specter. The power of usurpation was attempting to devour the comparatively trivial content of Grid’s epics. Every time, Grid was weakened in real time. Close combat came with a heavy pressure.

‘It is one of the greatest monsters.’

Why did such a monster exist as a boss monster that couldn’t be negotiated with? Grid frowned and clicked his tongue as he felt his fingers start to be torn by the black lightning that exploded every time the club and Blockade collided. The fact that he would have to fight against the powerful enemies that infested heaven and hell was daunting.

‘This is a really damned worldview.’

It was to the point where he could feel the malice. He could easily guess what the personality of the development team would be like.

“Isn’t it okay if we cut this?”

It happened at a time when Chairman’s Lim Cheolho’s ears were starting to itch...

Suddenly, a voice caught the attention of Grid and the Specter at the same time. They saw Muller standing next to the huge mass of red flesh. He still had Gujel’s Sword in his hand.

“I will cut it.”

Grid was faster this time. He moved to Muller’s side before the Specter and blocked the Specter’s attack that was aiming for Muller. The two crossed swords were blocking the dark club.

“...Stop it.”

A person who was called a hero was cowardly catching her off guard? A man who claimed to be an Only One God was cowardly taking advantage of the opportunity?

The meaning conveyed in the Specter’s weak cry was conveyed to Grid and Muller.

Muller’s big eyes shone brightly. “It is a villain’s accusation. It is high praise.”

The Specter wasn’t aware of it, but from humanity’s point of view, she was a villain.

A drop of blood spurted from the center of the red flesh. Things went out of control after that.

The sword of the Sword Saint, which targeted the red flesh, split the entire No Offspring Tomb in half. It was a sword that cut the world.

## **Chapter 1755**

Space Sword—it was the Sword Saint’s secret technique that cut the world. Countless people had experienced it directly or indirectly. If there was a sudden earthquake or the sea split apart, it was likely that Kraugel had used his ultimate technique.

However, very few people witnessed the usage of Space Sword from ‘right next to him.’ One of them was Grid.

Grid felt a strange sense of pride. From Kraugel to Biban and Muller—there was the belief that he was the only person in the world who witnessed the ultimate technique of the Sword Saint of three generations.

Grid’s vision tilted diagonally. It was the aftermath of the ground of the No Offspring Tomb being overturned after being cut by Muller’s sword. There was a loud roar followed by the strata collapsing. The number of rocks falling from the collapsed ceiling rose sharply and the wide walls of the space cracked.

Even though her world was falling apart, the Specter didn’t even give it a glance. Behind the mask, her eyes were only focused on the red flesh. The flesh made from Beriache’s heart contained the souls of those who shouldn’t die. It was the souls of beings that the Specter had worked hard to filter out over the long years.

She could feel some of them slipping away. They were sucked into hell.

“You... made Baal strong... more and more in real time... be aware. You are adding power to the distortion of hell. As a result, you are doing harm to the surface. A mortal sin... it is right to suffer from guilt.”

There was a chill in the resentful voice. The dark divinity froze like frost and formed countless fragments. Each one of them sent out a sharp energy like Grid’s divine swords.

Then meteorites slammed down through the cracks in the ceiling. The long-ranged bombardment from the Tomb of the Gods was continuing.

[Divine punishment fell on the deep underground that was hoping to be reborn as hell.]

[The god’s newly acquired treasured sword slashed down and the stars dropped by the Tomb of the Gods tore through the wounds.]

The underground that hoped to be reborn as hell—the epic spread the truth of the No Offspring Tomb, which had been shrouded in a veil, to the world. Grid informed people of how important it was to punish this place and imprinted on them that the Tomb of the Gods played a big role. The justification for the Tomb of the Gods to be completed as a ‘moving Overgeared World’ was accumulating step by step.

The meteorites that fell toward the Specter's head exploded and flew in all directions. The divided world was rapidly being restored. Even Garion, the God of the Earth, was able to immediately restore the land of the 'surface.' There was no way that the owner of the No Offspring Tomb wouldn't be able to immediately restore the No Offspring Tomb's wounds.

The same was true of the red flesh. The flesh which had been cut in half along with the No Offspring Tomb, was quickly restored as one. Obviously, there were losses. The value of the flesh that had lost a few souls had declined somewhat. It was to the point where she wondered if it would be insufficient to restore hell in its entirety.

'No... it is still fine right now.'

The Specter calmly examined the situation. There was one conclusion. She had to expel Grid and Muller from here. From her position of firm conviction, Grid and Muller were those who couldn't be harmed. She naturally couldn't kill them. It would just be helping Baal. However, they were too noble to use as a material to recreate hell like the other human gods, or to use as nourishment for herself.

'The longer they live, the more beneficial it is for the world.'

From the standpoint of humanity, the Specter was a villain, but it was because her 'method' was wrong. They might have different viewpoints, but the Specter's 'inclination' was infinitely close to good.

A paradise to comfort the dead—it was only natural that she was influenced by the warm heart of Yatan, who established hell, and became an apostle.

"I, here..."

The Specter's club grazed Muller's thigh as he jumped swiftly. It was the moment when the Sword Saint's left leg was fractured. The layered sword energy couldn't fulfill its duty of self-defense.

'How did he withstand such power?'

Muller was staring at Grid like he was a monster, only to click his tongue.

"She won't back down a single step."

It was because he felt the determination of the Specter, who was standing with the red flesh behind her.

An Absolute fighting with their back to the wall—there seemed to be no room to break through. Grid was also briefly overwhelmed. There was one fortunate fact...

"Stop!"

It was that the elite members of the Overgeared Guild were preventing a large army from joining—the dozens of death knights and liches serving the Specter, and additionally, the thousands of undead and local troops that couldn't enter the space and lingered at the entrance.

It was because the incredibly powerful group that consisted of the 10 meritorious retainers, including Jishuka, as well as Eat Spicy Jokbal, Zibal, Hurent, Haster, Saintess Ruby, Pope Damian, and last but not least, Sword Saint Kraugel. The camp that centered around the unstoppable light coming

from Vantner's bald head was basically a natural fortress that obstructed the enemy's view. Additionally, Eat Spicy Jokbal had set up a small dungeon. It was a dungeon with a labyrinth that dispersed and isolated the enemies.

Breaking through the elite of the Overgeared Guild, who actively utilized the structure of the dungeon, was a difficult task even for a group of transcedents. Even if they eventually broke through, it would take an enormous amount of time.

"It is an amazing power. Their activities must've played a big role in the peaceful background of the world."

A world where everything had changed—Muller returned to the world after hundreds of years and saw the vitality of the people. He could feel that all of them didn't become frustrated by the hopeless future and lived steadfastly like heroes.

Grid, who was in front of him, and those who followed Grid, created a world that Muller couldn't create. His respect for Grid soared like it was natural. If they could thwart the Specter's plans today—  
If they could maintain the world—

It seemed like Muller would bow deeply in front of every statue of Grid that he would encounter while wandering the world.

"That's right. The world could be at peace thanks to them."

A warm smile spread across Grid's face. It was a smile that naturally appeared when he thought of the precious people who had always been with him. Determination was overlaid on the smile.

"I have a duty to make sure their hard work isn't in vain."

It wasn't inferior in the slightest in comparison to the Specter's determination. If the aspirations of the Specter had accumulated over thousands of years, then the aspirations of Grid had accumulated through thousands of connections. It was different, but it wasn't lacking.

'Go.'

Grid's concentration reached the limit in an instant. It was possible when he remembered the scenery of the smithy. By imagining the hammering that he had repeated tens of thousands of times, he induced the trance that he usually fell into when making items. This wasn't the power of an Absolute. It was an ability that Grid/Shin Youngwoo had subconsciously trained in.

Grid and the Specter became intertwined. Every time the sunset spread by Twilight pierced the Specter's dark divinity, cracks appeared in the skeletal mask and armor that the Specter was armed with. Every time Blockade collided with the Specter's club, the surface of Blockade heated up. It turned redder and redder like metal being tempered.

The moment the Specter's club broke through Blockade's defenses, a screaming noise came from Grid's body. The barbs of the dragon armor repeatedly absorbed and dissipated the club's destructive power, but it couldn't do anything against the lightning that squeezed through the gaps in the barbs. It was black lightning. It was the most basic passive skill possessed by the dark divinity.



[The small remnants of divinity that destroyed the world are destroying you.]

A divinity that destroyed the world—it was ‘Yatan’s divinity’ as defined by the system. It felt like it was telling him not to forget that Yatan had almost destroyed the world several times.

‘It seems like there is always a story behind the scenes.’

Based on the truths revealed so far, it was difficult to conclude that Yatan was an evil god. It was also true that Yatan had already destroyed the world and Rebecca recreated it several times. Grid couldn’t understand or trust the Gods of the Beginning.

The Specter was the apostle of Yatan and also couldn’t be trusted. Apart from her ideology, he doubted her existence itself.

Win—he would be sure to defeat her.

Dark red blood poured out of Grid’s mouth, nose, and eyes as he became determined again. The Specter’s divinity infiltrated him despite all means of defense and was destroying his body. It went beyond reducing health, and evaporated his blood and turned his bones into powder.

There was a limit to the pain that players felt, but the mental shock received was enormous. Grid’s entire body trembled due to a pain that was greater than the actual pain he felt. His combat power was also weakened.

[The power to usurp myths has obscured some of the myths you have built up.]

[Your status will drop temporarily.]

[Your status will...]

.....

...

Many of Grid’s abilities were based on his high status. The drop in status nullified his various stats and passive skills. It even damaged his transcendent abilities. However, Grid’s concentration was strong. The Specter’s attack had reached the point where it was gradually unreadable, but Grid didn’t shrink back.

First of all, he believed in Sword Saint Muller. Muller was keeping a sufficient distance in order to avoid being consumed by the Specter’s divinity, and he understood his role properly.

He intercepted from a distance attacks that Grid couldn’t respond to due to being weakened by the aftermath of the entanglement with the Specter. It was possible by handling the sword energy like it was magic. The Specter was aiming for Grid’s vital points even in the midst of Muller’s interference, only to stop.

It was the aftermath of Muller’s Heart Sword stabbing at her heart. It was a fleeting moment for Grid, who had lost his divinity. Grid couldn’t grasp the gap that the Specter revealed for a moment.

A myth usurper—she was the opposite of a ‘god.’ A power she built up in order to get revenge on Baal ironically came to be aimed at another Absolute. Muller thought it was natural that the more she

fought, the more Grid was at a disadvantage. He tried not to regret the opportunity that Grid had missed. At this moment—

The Specter shook off the Heart Sword and attacked Grid again. To her surprise, Grid responded. He accurately blocked the Specter's blow while in a ragged state. There were 10 God Hands who just returned hovering around him. They were using the Artificial Senses that he didn't need to use since becoming an Absolute.

"...It is a formidable power."

It just wasn't exposed before because it was so dull. The Specter felt admiration throughout her fight with Grid. She hadn't expected to see a god who stood firm even when fighting head-on with herself, who weakened his divinity.

It was possible because his weakened muscles were replaced by Duke of Amplification and Saleos' Power, his slow speed was replaced with Freely Move and the Blue Dragon Boots, his lost defense was replaced with the dragon armor and White Tiger's Gaiters, and his stopped recovery was replaced by Doran's Ring.

Grid actively used items and skills against the enemy who became much stronger than him the more they fought. During the cooldown time, he used consumables and didn't fret. He kept his focus and looked for an opportunity.

Then now—

The opportunity came.

[Blockade has been tempered 30 times and the effect will occur.]

"Up to Here."

In any case, it was a passive skill. There was no need to shout the skill name. However, Grid shouted it. It was also a declaration that he would definitely stop the Specter's plans.

['Up to Here' has blocked one skill of the target. Passive skills are given priority.]

".....!"

The divinity of the Specter, which was digging into Grid's divinity and eating it, gradually lost momentum and was pushed away. It was the aftermath of the paralysis of the power to usurp myths.

[You have recovered your status.]

Grid regained his rights. After not giving up and making repeated efforts, the qualifications he rightly obtained were expressed in the six fusion sword dance, the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship, and the Falling Moon Sword.

[Critical!]

[You have inflicted serious damage to the target!]

[Critical!]

[You have inflicted serious damage to the target!]

[Critical!]

[You have inflicted serious damage to the target!]

Through the cracks in the shattered mask, the Specter's wide eyes met Grid's eyes. In the face of an unexpected crisis, she could still see hope.

Colors rarely seen on the surface pushed away the darkness of the No Offspring Tomb. It was the aftermath of the Specter's hair, which was brighter than gold and closer to infinite light, fluttering alongside the fragments of the broken mask.

The first humans—the Specter was the 'standard.'

The Gods of the Beginning took her as the model when creating human women. This fact didn't impress the Specter in any way. The Specter was nothing more than a being created using Rebecca as a model. However, the Specter fought for humanity. She didn't feel sorry for the humans, but she tried to save them.

It was for a simple reason. She was the apostle of the great gods. That was all.

"My ideology. The reason why you can't sympathize with me... I understand."

Her efforts to restore hell—she was weighed down by the huge responsibility she shouldered alone and endured it without getting frustrated. It wasn't because she loved humans. The Specter simply understood and carried out God Yatan's will. It was different from Grid.

Therefore, the Specter noticed at this moment what she hadn't understood. She peeked at the myths that Grid had built up and realized it. All of Grid's myths had a connection. Affection for someone was contained in it.

"What I lacked... was everything to you."

What the Specter saw was the 'future.' Even if it meant sacrificing the present, she wanted to restore hell to make the world a better place. What Grid saw was the 'present.' He couldn't tolerate sacrificing the present for the future. It wasn't the difference between the wise and the foolish. It was just the difference between loving this world or not.

That's right—the Specter's macroscopic plan could be fulfilled because she was a solitary being.

"...There is no way I can persuade you."

Grid wasn't stupid. He was trying to change the present even though he knew it was difficult. It was to protect the things he loved, sincerely.

"Challenge the impossible. Is this... romance?"

The Specter was worn out after thousands of years of existence. Her heart had become harder than the deposited strata of the No Offspring Tomb, and she was different from other humans. She was never moved, no matter how strong the stimulus.

Just then, her heart trembled, even if it was very slightly.

Passion and romance—wouldn't the current Grid be similar to when God Yatan declared that he would create a paradise for the dead? It was why such an absurd idea came to mind.

'His skills are outstanding. Wouldn't it be okay to entrust the fate of the world to him?'

One of the weights that were tightly bound to the Specter's heart shook like it would come off. It was a weight with the same weight as the surface's future.

'Even if I don't achieve my goal, won't he solve it for me?'

Additionally, the pendulum with the weight of the future of hell started to shake. However, it never fell off. The weight of the responsibility she bore as the apostle of Yatan didn't even waver.

'...What a vain hope.'

The restoration of hell—the result was to pull humanity out of the pit of despair. The Specter's only driving force had been maintained for many years. It might shake, but it didn't collapse.

"Only One God Grid."

The skeletal armor worn by the Specter was woven together from the bones of the human gods. It contained the myths of the human gods who were hunted by her and whose souls were trapped in the red flesh. In other words, it was a concept that didn't disappear as long as the myth wasn't extinguished.

The armor and mask, which were cut by the six fusion sword dance, the Falling Moon Sword, and the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship, gradually recovered. The light hair and thin white garments that matched the Specter's noble appearance disappeared again. The darkness that had retreated once again came back.

"...It is a pity."

The reason why the Specter glimpsed hope from Grid for a moment and was shaken. It was because she noticed that Grid's fanciful wish was far more correct than her own twisted ideology. It was a pity that she couldn't pin her hopes on this absurd wish. The Specter couldn't throw away the duty she bore, and her club contained a greater weight than before.

A buzzing sound was mixed with the flashing lightning around the club. The meteorites that previously fell from the Tomb of the Gods was turned to powder. The fragments of divinity that spread like frost started vibrating. Each one had a greater destructive power in terms of energy than Grid's divine swords.

The essence of the Specter lay in destruction. It was because she was the apostle of God Yatan, who repeatedly destroyed the world for some reason.

"....."

Grid didn't bother with any further conversations. It was because he was constantly being affected by the Specter's sad eyes. He gradually started to understand her position.

At this rate, it felt like he would really start listening.

'I can't do that.'

He would be killed. She was an opponent with no answer if she wasn't killed.

Grid cleared his mind as much as possible and did his best with the intent to kill. His status was intact and he was almost equal with the Specter. He responded to all of the Specter's attacks with the Realm of the Absolute.

[You have suffered 91,100 damage.]

[The small remnants of divinity that destroyed the world are destroying you.]

[The hit to the head has activated the 'Stealth' effect of Cloaked Dragon Cranbel's Head.]

Every time they exchanged blows, Grid suffered a lot of damage. It was because the black lightning and divinity fragments spread by the Specter's clubs were basically judged as wide-area attacks. Great damage occurred even when Blockade stopped the club.

However, there was no reason to shrink back. The Specter was also covered in blood. Even an Absolute couldn't easily handle the six fusion sword dance, which he wielded successively due to God's Command.

Grid's divinity contained in Twilight steadily pierced the Specter's black divinity and finally separated her armor from her body. There was just one problem.

'She is so resilient.'

He couldn't estimate when he would be able to knock her down. It was a law that an Absolute was only complete in their own realm. The Specter's resilience easily exceeded that of Zeratul's party when they descended to the surface.

'Her learning ability is also considerable.'

The number of times the Specter's club and Blockade collided had noticeably decreased. The Specter noticed that the reason for her authority being sealed was due to Blockade.

'Still, it is fine.'

[The attack effect has activated the 'Dragon's Blessing' effect of the Cloaked Dragon Cranbel's Head.]

[The effect of being hit has activated the 'Dragon's Blessing' effect of the Cloaked Dragon Cranbel's Head.]

[Obtained a 'Symbol of Strength.' This attack has a 'crushing' effect.]

[Obtained a 'Symbol of Authority.' Take away the enemy's chance to attack once.]

[Obtained a 'Symbol of Life.' It will absorb the next damage taken.]

[Obtained a 'Symbol of Eternity.' The duration of the beneficial effects has increased.]

A helmet that reproduced Cranbel's head—the pair of large horns on the helmet flashed red, green, blue, and gold, significantly increasing Grid's combat endurance. Each symbol had tremendous value. In particular, the Symbol of Authority was the most effective in the current situation.

The movement of the Specter paused, as if she had been hit by Muller's Heart Sword. Of course, the power was weaker than Muller's Heart Sword. The duration went down to 0.001 seconds because of the target. However, there was Muller here. This had significant value when linked to Muller's Heart Sword.

"....."

The problem was Muller's stamina. The Heart Sword was willpower. Naturally, it consumed a great deal of mental strength. Muller tried not to show it, but his heavy breathing showed that he had reached this point. The number of times he helped by firing the sword energy was noticeably decreasing.

'Should I call just Braham? No, I can't.'

Grid had no intention of calling the apostles. It was because their lives were finite. Of course, Braham was an exception, but he was very uncomfortable about calling Braham. What if Braham's myth was stolen by the Specter? An uncontrollable situation would really happen.

'Nefelina needs to grow up.'

Time always made Grid nervous. He had an infinitely short life compared to other Absolutes. He was overcoming it with the strength of his relationships, but it was still regrettable. If he had lived a long time like them, he could've overwhelmed them all.

The Specter's actions stopped. She was stiff for a long time, which couldn't be compared to before. It was in seconds.

As if in response to Grid's wishes, Ultimate Martial Art occurred. This was his sixth chance. The probability of triggering Ultimate Martial Art wasn't bad. It kept giving Grid hope.

'I can do it. I can do it.'

Grid once again used the ultimate technique on the stunned Specter. The Specter's health was greatly reduced.

"Grid!"

"Oppa!"

Yet why? Jishuka and Ruby, who had been helping Grid recover by using the Red Phoenix Bow and Heal while blocking the enemy's advance, let out screams.

"...Huh?"

Grid realized it one step late—the fact that his upper body and lower body were separated. On the contrary, witnessing his legs staggering with his upside down vision was a truly terrible experience.

"You were hiding a trump card."

Muller's gulping sound could be heard from close by. He was holding Grid in his arms before he knew it, but his big calf-like eyes had somehow lost their light. Grid felt a certain sticky touch and raised a hand to wipe his cheek. A large amount of blood had spilled. It was blood that dripped from Muller's gaping chest.

It was a little while ago...

The moment that the Specter was cut by Grid's sword, the dark divinity that slashed Grid ended up slashing Muller's chest as well. In fact, it was correct to say that Muller jumped in. It was so that Grid didn't shatter into pieces.

"As you can see, I won't be able to hold out for a long time."

Immortality—the legend who got a five second grace period spoke with his back to Grid.

"I will be responsible for the rest, so leave with your friends."

Muller didn't use the term 'subordinate.' He recognized right away that Grid respected his juniors and the members of the Overgeared team as equal to himself. Muller was quietly holding an old iron sword, not the dragon weapon, in his hand as he quietly took a stance. It was because he sensed the end. He couldn't bring borrowed items to the underworld so he put them down.

"I don't intend to kill you... no. Leave. This is the end of our relationship," the Specter said.

There was the feeling of persuasion. She was prepared to let Grid and Muller go.

Muller refused. "An opportunity that will never come again... how can I miss it?"

The strongest Sword Saint couldn't maintain his breathing and barely managed to speak. The Specter's figure was projected onto his gradually blurring eyes. The Specter that had turned into rags—it wasn't comparable to Grid or Muller, but her condition wasn't perfect either. Some of the destroyed armor hadn't been repaired. The damage inflicted by Grid was that great.

The divinity that had been divided into fragments was changed into a giant scythe that cut through Grid. It was a trump card that became a great burden.

"A god spoke. If this is your will, I will do it."

[There was a treasured sword that has been tempered with the spirit of a hero.]

[He, who was known as Sword Saint 'Muller,' was prepared to meet his end as the sword that exercised the god's will.]

The Absolute treasured sword obtained by Grid—it was the moment when the epic spread the name of the treasured sword to the world.

[Sword Saint 'Muller,' who is highly respected by humanity, has greatly increased the value of the 24th epic.]

[Your existence has become more distinct.]

In the Sanctuary of Metal, the transparent Valhalla that was overlaid on Grid's armor—Khan's final work and Grid's mental image—took on a lifelike form.

"Sacrifice."

Heavy footsteps rang out. It was the noise generated by Grid's lower half, which had its form restored through Greed. Immediately restoring a broken body by replacing it with Greed—it was the power of Grid.

"There is my share."

Grid was worried about the safety of his apostles, who should've been wielded as his force, and this caused him to repeatedly fight alone. There was no way for him to sacrifice the relationships he had acquired so far.

[In the aftermath of your increased presence, the presence of your mental image, 'Valhalla of Infinite Affection,' has become stronger.]

[The greatest blacksmith after you can feel you through his work.]

-Gr... id?

From far away—

Grid heard a nostalgic voice that he had never forgotten for a moment. A smile spread on the face of the red-eyed Grid.

Ttang...

A faint hammering sound echoed in the wide space.

[An unknown angel in Asgard blesses you.]

[The durability of all the items you are wearing will be restored.]

[The enhancement value of all items you are wearing will temporarily increase by +1.]

"Serve Dragon Pinnacle Wave Kill Link."

Grid moved. He pressed down on the weary Specter with a surprisingly powerful momentum. Rather than confronting the Specter's club with Blockade, he focused on slashing the Specter by striking it with Twilight. The repercussions of the battle were so great that the destruction was faster than the restoration.

Then it ended.

"...You. Please bear it by all means."

The Specter knelt down. Surprisingly, the expression that seemed to have no regrets made Grid's heart heavy.

[You have defeated the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb, who usurped countless myths and tried to establish a second hell due to twisted ideology.]



The hard fight was over. The latent danger to humanity was gone...

[The Duke of Virtue will show mercy to the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb.]

### **Chapter 1757**

Grid's fusion sword dance was a chained form. It was a fusion sword dance by combining two or more sword dances and it was difficult to expect a complete skill effect unless all parts of the sword dance hit the target.

The beginning and the middle—this was the basis for the Specter easily withstanding the bombardment of the six fusion sword dance. She blocked most of Grid's sword dances midway through.

Even at the moment when the Pinnacle sword dance trajectory was allowed, the next sword trajectory would be read and evaded or defended against in advance. The opportunity for Ultimate Martial Art to manifest was suppressed. It was possible because of the power of an Absolute to stretch the concept of time and ignore the laws of physics. It was done with ease due to her power weakening Grid in real time.

Yet at this moment, their positions were reversed. Grid regained his status due to Blockade's effect, while the Specter weakened rapidly. It was the aftermath of feeling threatened by Grid and the trump card she used becoming useless due to Muller.

"...You. Please bear it by all means."

Eventually, the voice squeezed out by the kneeling Specter contained her last will. Her thousands of years of hard work seemed to have become futile.

Surprisingly, the Specter was calm. It was because she acknowledged the man in front of her, who had ruined her plan. There was a vague belief that it would be good to leave behind the rest of the work. She also felt relieved that she could finally rest.

It was a fact that the Specter herself had been trying hard to ignore. She had been exhausted for a long time. It was natural. Did she endure the years of eternal life with such a huge fate alone?

'Just... I just feel it is regrettable.'

The Specter recalled the existence buried in the deeper part of the No Offspring Tomb.

God—a part of the only god she served was locked here. He never woke up, as if ignoring reality.

'The price of the sin of not reclaiming the world you loved... I will soon die and receive a punishment I will have to endure forever.'

Cracks started to form in the Specter's hard soul. It was to prepare for her imminent death. The Specter planned to tear her soul to shreds and weave it into chains. They were chains that would be the force to bind the being who would take her soul. It was a technique learned from Beriache.

Hundreds of years ago, the Specter went to Beriache. It was with the intention of taking her body and soul as she was about to die due to giving birth to Marie Rose. She believed that Beriache would

naturally cooperate. Beriache gave birth to Marie Rose out of the intention of getting revenge on Baal, and the Specter was one of the few beings who understood it.

Unexpectedly, she was rejected. Beriache didn't give up her soul, which was more important than her body. She said it would become a tool to restrain Baal, even if it was imperfect. As a result, it became a tool to bind Amoract... in any case, this was what the Specter learned. Maybe if she failed one day, she could also help bind Baal.

'Baal. It is my death that you have been wishing for, and it will be a terrible curse to you.'

The Specter's soul was on the verge of being torn apart. Just then, the six fusion sword dance that was mutilating the Specter stopped like a lie. It was just before the final step of decapitating the Specter. Due to this, doubts formed in the eyes of the Specter who had escaped death.

"Why... did you stop?"

Grid affirmed that the Specter's ideology was wrong. He declared that he would stop her plan, even if it meant killing her. The reason for the pause was unknown.

"....."

Of course, Grid couldn't explain it either. It was the system forced by the Duke of Virtue.

'No, is it really forced?'

Maybe the Duke of Virtue just responded to his hesitation. Grid thought from a new perspective and slowly opened his mouth. He spoke honestly so that the situation created by the Duke of Virtue wouldn't be in vain. "I feel sorry for you."

".....?"

"It is hard being alone. You have reached this point because there is nothing you can do."

"I know that the weight of the responsibility borne by you alone is great. You would've gone this way after repeated agony. There was no malice."

Grid's words and the meaning—they were completed only after going through Huroi's mouth. Huroi's bloodshot eyes were staring at Grid's back as he was active among the elite of the Overgeared Guild. His figure was ragged as usual. This time, even half his body flew away. The legs made of Greed unnaturally supported his upper body.

Huroi thought that Grid's constant self-sacrifice, due to the great responsibility he shouldered, was somewhat similar to the Specter. He understood why Grid was showing mercy to the Specter. Thus, he was able to grasp the true meaning of Grid's words and fully convey them.

"Why don't you cooperate with me? The condition is that you follow my way."

"I will share your burdens and guide you."

"....."

It wasn't something that happened just once or twice. From a long time ago, Huroi had always represented Grid's will at official events. His will was heavily packaged and spread. Even if Grid barked loudly, Huroi would paraphrase it to the level where it could be translated into human words. It was even unconditionally in favor of Grid.

There was a strangely passionate side to it. However, Grid felt the need to adapt.

'It is enough to affect the epic. It is right to leave it entirely to Huroi.'

Huroi's value was infinitely special. It was a value that was hard to identify physically, just like Lael and Skunk. Ever since the past, Grid had actively utilized this type of talent. He identified and acknowledged his own shortcomings, and borrowed the strength of others.

"There is no need for your pride to be hurt. Just because you have abandoned your ways doesn't mean you are denying yourself. You have lived for a long time, so you must know? Everyone makes mistakes. Everyone lacks something. In order to overcome mistakes and fill in our shortcomings, we need to cooperate with others or seek help. That is life."

"....."

This time, Huroi didn't open his mouth. It was because he saw Jishuka with a happy smile on her face as she proudly looked at Grid. Grid, who was even more embarrassed, hesitated and scratched his head.

The Specter looked up at him and opened her mouth, "I... I never made a mistake."

'Look at this stubbornness?'

Grid frowned and his face hardened.

"It wasn't a mistake. I just sinned..."

Those who shouldn't die—it wasn't just Iwata. The Specter had arbitrarily judged countless humans and turned them into the undead.

She didn't trust the limitations and weaknesses of the human gods and hunted them. This was even though she knew their goodness. She was worried that they would surely die one day and become Baal's nourishment, so she usurped their authority. She wanted to create a second hell to restore hell, but at some point, she became similar to Baal.

"For this, I... with you and with others... a new... start? Huhu... No one... starting from myself. It is unacceptable..."

The Specter laughed dejectedly. She twisted her face, which had been expressionless the whole time. It wasn't a smile. She was silently screaming and sobbing.

The reason why she was able to run nonstop this entire time—it was because she believed her ideology was right. Then today, she was terribly denied and admitted that she was wrong. All the weights that had been binding her strong heart fell off and terrible self-loathing filled its place. Now the Specter...

She couldn't move on.

"Kill me." It was the moment when the Specter spoke decisively...

“I will bear the sins you have committed.”

“.....?”

The lower body made of Greed bent while making a strange noise. Grid became eye level with the Specter and stared straight into her eyes.

“I was just convinced. You have to live. If you are with me, it will definitely benefit the world.”

The epic was still working. It continued even after the phrase about how the Specter couldn't handle the divine punishment and collapsed. It caught the world's attention by capturing some of the conversation between Grid and the Specter.

“I also hurt a lot of people. There were many causes where I harmed them out of sheer malice, not conviction like you.”

“.....”

“I've done despicable things.”

“.....”

“That is how I came all the way here.”

“.....”

“Is there a law that says you can't do the same? I think you will be much better than me.”

The reason why Grid had taken on responsibility from a certain point was simple—it was because he became stronger.

It was from the time he became aware that he shouldn't wield his power recklessly. He went through several situations where he had to step up. Then he reached the present. Thus, he believed that even the Specter could change. It was because unlike himself, she was driven by conviction rather than malice. He was sure that she would become a much better person than him.

“Now, let's go together.”

Grid held out his hand. It was a hand containing so many calluses that it could be compared to the hand of the greatest swordsman in human history. Each of these appearances gave the Specter confidence.

Finally, the skeletal mask was completely torn apart and revealed the face of the Specter. It was a face resembling Rebecca, the Goddess of Light. The beautiful, sacred face was twisted again. It was due to a lot of intense emotions.

“I can't... do this...”

I have only one god.

Then why? Why did she grab this man's hand?

[I forgive you for your sins.]

[The sinner wept at the god's words and bowed her head deeply.]

.....

...

[You have won the heart of the Specter as a reward for completing the epic.]

[The Specter of the No Offspring Tomb is the apostle of the God of the Beginning, Yatan. She will be the key to guiding you to the essence of the world.]

[As a reward for winning the heart of the Specter, the possibility of the No Offspring Tomb being incorporated into the Overgeared World has opened up.]

[You have won Muller's heart as a reward for completing the epic.]

[Sword Saint Muller is a hero among heroes and revered as one of the greatest legends of all time. He will become your best helper.]

[The status of the 'Tomb of the Gods' has risen significantly due to participating in the great epic. It will become part of the Overgeared World as a reward for the increase in status.]

[Due to the Tomb of the Gods joining the Overgeared World, the status of the Overgeared World has increased. The power of the gods of the Overgeared World has been greatly enhanced.]

Naturally, there was no increase of his own status. Grid had become an Absolute after accumulating transcendence and he was already complete. This didn't mean that Grid's growth was over. Muller's involvement in the epic made Grid's presence even more distinct. Thanks to him, Grid connected with Khan for a moment.

The strengthening of the Yellow Dragon myth, being blessed by Khan, etcetera—the increase in presence was of much greater value than the rise in status. There was a lot of room to become stronger in the future.

As a reward for completing the epic, he had also fulfilled his dream of having a 'moving Overgeared World.' He didn't gain any experience points since he didn't kill the Specter, but he had already gained seven levels in the process of fighting the Specter. This meant there was no reason for him to feel regret. Above all—

He got new companions in Muller and the Specter.

'The epic... it is a bit fraudulent.'

He was thankful that it reversed all sorts of situations and gave him so many benefits every time it occurred. The conscienceless Grid was feeling pleased while Ruby was focused on healing her brother.

The Overgeared members and the undead army were taking control of the situation. They stopped fighting and shared common words...

"Oppa." Ruby, who left for a while after completing Grid's treatment, returned to his side after a short period of time. She had a very subtle expression on her face. She seemed to have exchanged handshakes with the undead, just like the other Overgeared members. It must've been strange from a

Saintess' point of view. "The Specter says there is something she wants to show you. But she wants only me and Oppa to follow?"

"It makes sense about me, but why you? Sehee, did you perhaps..."

"Huh?"

"Did you campaign for it as my little sister?"

"What? T-That is impossible?"

"Aish, you can be honest with me. This cute girl."

"N-No, that's not it." Ruby was genuinely flustered. She had always worked hard for her brother. She had never borrowed her brother's name for her own advantage—Grid naturally knew this and was just teasing her.

'Is the Saintess related to Yatan?'

The Saintess was a unique existence. She gave heals and blessings without borrowing the power of the gods.

"Let's go."

The fact that Grid obtained the Specter meant he had gained information he didn't know before. It would be worth more than anything he could've imagined.

## **Chapter 1758**

'Ahh, in the end, it turned out like this...'

'...huh? Don't tell me?'

'No... as expected, this won't work either.'

'Isn't this unbelievable?'

During the short time in solitary confinement, Yeo Yulan aged quickly. Even though she already ascended and became a daoist immortal, light wrinkles appeared on her face.

It was from the point when she discovered that Grid had stepped deep underground.

She was anxious when an overwhelming demon suddenly appeared and attacked Grid. She read the signs that Grid was gradually gaining victory and felt like her life was shortened by ten years. Then she noticed the appearance of the Specter and was on the verge of fainting.

The aftermath of experiencing very severe emotional ups and downs were great.

"....."

Yeo Yulan caught her breath and her mind gradually stabilized. Her ability to sense energy was among the highest among the transcendents. It was impossible that she couldn't read the spirits of the Absolutes who fought without hiding their presence. She felt the words of the Absolute and even the intentions in his sword.

“Grid broke the Specter.”

The exhausted Yeo Yulan was speechless after being overwhelmed by repeated frustration, joy, and despair. Her bountiful hair, which had been finely combed and stuck with a hairpin, was on the verge of becoming scattered. Her dapo, which was free of wrinkles, was sweaty and disheveled, leaving no place to look at her in a pleasant manner. It wasn't a suitable appearance for a daoist immortal, who should have exemplary grooming and demeanor.

However, Yeo Yulan didn't care. She was just happy.

Finally, she smiled brightly like a human being and closed her eyes. She listened to the words spoken by Grid that were being written in the scripture that would be handed down forever, as if savoring their meaning.

[I know that the weight of the responsibility borne by you alone is great.]

[I feel sorry for you who deviated from the norm with no malice after repeated anguish.]

I understand you. I expect you to be righteous. Therefore, I forgive you for your sins.

The will of the Only One God—it seeped into the whole world like rainwater and embraced the Specter with such a meaning. There was a warmth that even touched Yeo Yulan's heart.

What would the Specter feel? Sure enough, the Specter bowed her head.

It was the best outcome for Yeo Yulan. She was someone who defined the heavenly gods as her greatest enemies, so from her perspective, Grid and the Specter were indispensable beings to the world. She felt joy because they joined forces without hurting each other.

‘I must go and see the two of them soon.’

Yeo Yulan was accustomed to the rule of the gods. The Peach Blossom Spring, the home of the daoist immortals, had long been ruled by heaven. It was common for the gods of Asgard and the gods of the Hwan Kingdom to use the daoist immortals according to their tastes.

Thus, Yeo Yulan knew the essence of the gods. Gods weren't very different from humans. Their personality and attitude changed according to the situation or need, rather than always being the same.

Grid wasn't an exception. It was true that Grid was good, but Yeo Yulan understood that he couldn't be free from all desires. Therefore, she was in a hurry.

The thing buried underground—depending on its value, Grid would inevitably suffer from greed. Yeo Yulan planned to go to his side in advance to give advice and center him.

‘I know it is presumptuous, but someone has to do it.’

Yeo Yulan had seen too many gods. She had witnessed in real time several gods degrading to human beings for all types of reasons. One of them was Only One God Chiyu. It was a sight that she never wanted to see again.

Creak.

Once she opened the door and came out, she found two liches waiting for her. The rest of them must've left to help the Specter.

"Open the way obediently. I can handle the two of you, even if it is with my bare hands."

All of Yeo Yulan's swords, daoist treasures, and amulets were confiscated when she was put into solitary confinement by the will of the Specter. However, she didn't lose her spirit and she directly faced the transcendents of the old era.

"Wait a minute."

Grrrrrrung.

The lich's words, which sounded like the breaths of a wild animal, stopped Yeo Yulan.

'Is it trying to buy time until reinforcements arrive?'

There was no choice but to fight.

Yeo Yulan made this judgment and chanted something. She used her mental image as paper and carved words with the intent of making an invisible amulet. Yeo Yulan's fingers stretched into the air and a transparent wave was generated from it. The intangible amulet was completed as the Formless Sword.

"I'm in a hurry so I won't show mercy," Yeo Yulan declared and quickly dug into the gap between the liches.

It was a surprise attack for the liches, who were communicating with someone through the crystal ball. They were startled and the mana shields they belatedly set up couldn't block Yeo Yulan's sword.

"Groan... What is this? I was asking Grid if I could release you, but you attacked me...? I heard that the minimum condition for ascending is nirvana, but that seems to be a myth judging from your attitude of rampaging?"

"...You were asking for permission from Grid, not the Specter?"

"Serving Grid from now on is the last order left by the Specter. Damn, the six ribs that have just been cut won't stick together. Did you put a non-recovery technique on the Formless Sword? The viciousness of your actions is more like a rascal than a daoist immortal."

"....."

Was it because the owner they served had changed? A bit of personality started to appear in the tone of the liches.

The even more embarrassed Yeo Yulan put away the Formless Sword and asked, "I apologize. More than that, what did Grid say? Of course, he is going to release me, right?"

"He said to lock you up."

"What?"

Yeo Yulan looked like she couldn't understand it at all. She forgot for a while because she was excited after witnessing the upheaval in the world of the No Offspring Tomb. It was that she stood in Grid's way



and wielded her sword. From Grid's point of view, there was no reason to show favor to Yeo Yulan yet. Yeo Yulan was the only one who felt a sense of familiarity with Grid.

"It can't be! Something is wrong!"

""Are you going to defy the will of the supreme being?""

"No, that isn't it. I just want you to double check."

""You want to let me hassle Grid...?""

"No, I have to meet him."

Yeo Yulan tried to persuade them, only to shut her mouth. She realized it. It was a loss to say anything in this situation. She was battered and exhausted.

'It is a big problem.'

I have to stay by his side to center him...

Yeo Yulan's anxiety grew bigger. She couldn't help feeling even more worried when thinking of the state of the crazy coffin who accompanied Grid.

However, she couldn't resist. If she defied Grid's will from the beginning, then she could never enter his sight. She returned to the room with a dark expression while not knowing anything about Grid. For example, the fact that Grid would never shake and that there were already many people who could center him.

\*\*\*

The underground of the No Offspring Tomb was deeper than he thought. From the location of the red flesh, it was possible to go down another 10 floors. It went without saying that the scale was enormous.

'Each floor is the size of a city.'

It was a sight that showed the sincerity behind the Specter's plan to turn this place into hell.

'It is a futile plan.'

No matter how large the No Offspring Tomb was, it was only a small part of the surface. This scale alone couldn't fully contain the hell that was as big as the surface. If the Specter recreated hell here, the hell she created would've stretched beyond the No Offspring Tomb and across the surface.

'I have goosebumps.'

Not so long ago, Grid never thought that the No Offspring Tomb would be such an important place. He couldn't even guess what was buried. It was natural that information was lacking.

'If I hadn't thought about raising the status of the Overgeared Battleship quickly and delayed coming here... it would've been really out of control.'

Wouldn't he have regretted hitting it only after something happened to the surface? It was awful to think that he might've needed to fight against two hells. If the two Baals worked together to do

something crazy, it was likely that all of the surface, except for the Overgeared World, would've been destroyed. Of course, there might've been a quest to collaborate with the Specter, but...

'I wouldn't have trusted the Specter...'

-What's wrong?

-Huh? What?

Grid had been walking while staring at the back of the Specter's small, round head. Then he came to his senses when he received Ruby's whisper. Ruby said with a somewhat pale face...

-It looks like you are going to kill the Specter...

"....."

He must've stared like he was going to catch and eat her without realizing it. It happened as Grid felt the need to be careful and was about to control his expression...

"God Yatan. He was kind... just like you."

A video unfolded in front of Grid and Ruby's eyes. It was at some point in the past. The Specter had a bright expression, unlike now, and she was staring at someone's huge back.

He was a man with long hair flowing down his back. No, it wasn't hair. The black divinity overlapped and made him look like he had long hair. It was like Grid. He even had a tremendous presence.

"He always... lamented... this world. It is wrong."

The Specter's voice, which was like scratching iron, was being cut off more frequently. It was the price for excessively using Yatan's divinity, which she couldn't fully handle, while fighting Grid. Ruby offered to heal the Specter, but she refused. It was the price she had to pay.

'Will Mercedes also put a strain on her body if she uses God's Descent often? Thinking of Mercedes makes me miss Irene and Yura. I am worried that Basara will overdo it again while taking care of state affairs.'

Grid always missed his precious people. The fortunate thing was that Jishuka participated in this expedition. Jishuka was the only one of Grid's lovers who had a meek side, so he was most worried about her when he couldn't see her.

'On the outside, she looks to be the one who is least lacking something.'

Looking back, there were many lacking parts.

It happened when Jishuka came to South Korea and met Grid for the first time. Didn't she get drunk and fall asleep on the street without knowing how scary the world was? Yura was the same, but...

'Is it possible that they have liked me since then? Did they actually exceed their drinking capacity while competing with me?'

He felt it was possible for Jishuka. Yet Yura... there was a high possibility that she deliberately pretended to be drunk and was dragged along with Jishuka.

'Both of them have been cute since back then.'

Grid was happy after realizing the truth too late. To Ruby, her brother looked like a madman. It didn't seem normal to smile alone while the Specter was showing them a scene from the past. Nevertheless, the Specter didn't really care. Her barren emotions had somewhat recovered thanks to Grid, but she was still far from normal. She didn't feel it was strange even when Grid showed emotional ups and downs that didn't fit the situation.

In the first place, she knew that Grid was paying attention to her. Grid's concentration was beyond the ordinary category. He was able to think about something else while focusing on the situation.

"There were threats to human beings in the world... he pointed out that there were too many."

Then Grid and Ruby's consciousness were sucked into the moment in the past that was being shown in front of them.

It must've been in the past.

"Hmm?"

Then why—

"You are interesting beings." Evil God Yatan looked at them and smiled.

The faces of Grid and his sister stiffened.

#### Chapter 1759

There was nothing difficult about conceiving the image of a god. Goddess Rebecca resembled a human being. Therefore, when humanity first witnessed the heavenly gods, they didn't panic and accepted their appearance.

The only exception was Yatan.

The Evil God who created hell—humans imagined that Yatan's appearance would be close to that of a monster. In fact, the image of Yatan in the murals recording the myths was depicted as bizarre and ominous, just like demons. However, the appearance of Yatan that the siblings saw in person was far from a monster.

Like other gods, he was infinitely close to a human being. He was even a man with a heroic appearance. He was a handsome man with a cool smile that matched him very well.

'This is... Yatan?'

Grid who had fallen to a certain point in the past. He was inwardly surprised as he stood facing Yatan. He had also suffered from prejudice. He didn't think Yatan was a monster, but he thought Yatan would look similar to the demon lords in the Demon King's Subjugation event. This was even though he knew that Yatan might actually be good. Just as human beings were created based on Rebecca, he thought the demons were created based on Yatan.

'His appearance is fine, so why did he make the demons look that way?'

Wasn't the reason why the demons became crooked due to their inferiority complex about their appearance?

Grid's speculation was serious. It was because he also experienced a time when his self-esteem was low due to his appearance.

"....."

They were on top of a green hill. It overlooked a small village surrounded by crude wooden walls. The houses huddled together were plain and shabby. Perhaps it was the houses made of a mixture of cow dung and straw that evoked the faint scent of the countryside.

'How long in the past is this?'

Grid was composed even in the midst of a very sudden situation. He thoroughly inspected everything around him while being wary of Yatan. It was to be prepared for possible dangers.

Yatan stared at him with dark eyes colored with interest. The first one to speak was the young Specter.

"Who are you?"

It was a clear voice. It was different from the Specter that the siblings knew. The young Specter, who stood alongside Yatan, wasn't sickly at all. It was nice to see the small face without the slightest shadow on it.

'It is obviously the past before hell was distorted. In the first place, here... is it hell?'

The neutral areas of hell—the areas inhabited by the demonkin, not demons, had a landscape that wasn't much different from the surface. A considerable number of demonkin tribes built towns between clear skies and green meadows, living by their own laws and morals. Maybe the hell of the past was exactly the same as the surface.

"The two of you are unusual... are you dragons using Polymorph?"

The young Specter gradually started to become wary of Grid and Ruby. It was because Grid's armor and Ruby's clothing couldn't be made with the technology of this era.

Grid's armor was made from dragon scales. He didn't look like a male human.

"There is no need to be vigilant. One is like me," Yatan calmed the Specter, who was gradually panicking.

"Huh?"

"A god."

Yatan smiled as he looked between the Specter and Grid.

"Did a relationship connected to the future lead you here...? Eve must've liked you very much."

"Me?"

The young Specter, Eve, had wide eyes. She looked at Grid in a bewildered manner.

I have good favorability toward him in the future and led him here?

The overall atmosphere is quite nice, but it is a bit far from my taste...

Finally, Eve's cheeks puffed out. If it wasn't for the words of the gods she served, she would've screamed, "Don't talk nonsense!"

Grid felt bitter. After seeing the Specter of the past, the Specter of the present was even more pitiful. Such an ordinary girl spent thousands of years alone and lost her emotions, turning into a monster who only wanted revenge...

It was really pitiful.

"Yes, why did Eve send you here? No matter what story you tell to me in the past, the future won't change... I think she wants me to deliver something to you, rather than you to me."

"She was just trying to convey to me who you are. I think some type of miracle was achieved due to her earnest heart..."

He couldn't change the future by changing the past. It was a declaration that took away the hope that just sprouted, but Grid wasn't shaken. It was because he thought it was natural.

"Is that so...? It is a world that needs an 'explanation' about me..." Yatan cocked his head and pondered on it.

Grid looked at Yatan and spoke with the feeling of grasping at straws, "In the future, hell will be distorted."

"Hmm?"

"Baal... your son betrayed you by taking advantage of a gap in your cycle."

"Yes... as expected, it is right."

"Did you expect this?"

"That child... he didn't want his home to become a paradise for the dead. It is inevitable."

"You neglected it despite knowing this?"

"It isn't neglect. It is trust."

"Baal didn't repay your trust. So right now, to Baal..."

"We created the world."

Kill Baal right now.

Yatan interrupted the words that Grid was about to say. "It wasn't to oppress anyone. We let the world flow, just as water flows naturally."

"Isn't that too irresponsible? Due to the distorted hell, the dead are suffering for eternity without being reincarnated. What are they guilty of?" Ruby couldn't just listen and interjected.

"Do you think the concept of reincarnation is correct?" Yatan calmly questioned her, who was somewhat agitated.

“Huh...?”

“Do you think it is right for a creature who has already gone through one life to be reborn and go through another painful life?”

“Is there any law that says they will only go through a painful life? Wasn't the concept of reincarnation created by your Gods of the Beginning in the first place?”

“It wasn't a concept we made. We only accepted it. Most of the souls in this world have been reincarnated from the beginning. Well... of course, I agree with your claim that there is no law that says they will have to go through a painful life.”

“.....??”

“I see the cycle of life and reincarnation as necessary. However, I often wonder if I am wrong. It is really painful when I see people suffering all the time during their tens, hundreds, or thousands of reincarnations...”

“.....”

“I understand a bit of Baal's feelings about imprisoning the souls of the dead in hell.”

“I think you are misunderstanding something,” Grid interjected, “Baal took over the river of reincarnation simply to play with souls.”

“Huh, he will be punished.”

“You should kill him.”

Grid's expression was cold. It didn't matter if this past wasn't connected to the present. He just wanted to see that bastard Baal die.

“It won't work.”

Yatan shook his head. The dark divinity that flowed like long hair fluttered and left an afterglow.

“It is as I said earlier. I have no intention of oppressing the world. I don't kill of my own will.”

“The one who has repeatedly destroyed the world can speak well.”

Grid frowned and clicked his tongue.

“I don't intend to leisurely have a conversation. What is the cycle of the Gods of the Beginning? Why do you keep creating and destroying the world?”

“You...!”

The young Specter showed hostility. She took a step closer to Grid and held a club made of 'energy,' not Yatan's divinity. Grid glared at her coldly. “This isn't the place for you to step in.”

“.....!!”

Eve's legs weakened and she fell to the ground. Grid's high dignity and divinity crushed her. She might be an apostle of a God of the Beginning, but she didn't have much experience and was no match for Grid.

"I will ask you instead," Yatan, who had been observing each of Grid's actions with interest, asked in a heavy voice, "Where are you from?"

"You are saying meaningless things again... didn't you notice that I came from the future?"

"I am talking about the world."

"It is the surface."

"No."

".....?"

"I feel like your origin is completely far removed from the worlds I know."

".....!"

A chill went down Grid and Ruby's spines. They sensed the meaning behind Yatan's words.

"Are there more like you? Did Rebecca recognize you?"

"....."

"If so, the cycle is simply an escape."

"...Wait, something is now a bit... the shock is so great in many ways that I feel like my mind is a bit blank. Can you explain it slowly and in detail?"

"Rebecca has ■■'s ■■ from the beginning... Huh?" Yatan, who had been saying something inaudible with a bitter expression, lamented, "This ■■ is fast..."

This was the end.

A bright light enveloped the entire world and the minds of the siblings bounced back to the present.

\*\*\*

"....."

The complexion of the siblings after they came to their senses was fine, as if everything had been a lie. Khan's final work got rid of the sweat that had just dripped down, and Sehee evaporated it without a trace with her passive purification skill. They didn't even realize because they did it as naturally as breathing.

"God Yatan. In order to rule out... elements... that posed a threat to people from the beginning..."

"Stop."

She didn't even realize that the siblings had gone to the past. The Specter shut her mouth as she was talking about Yatan.

Grid asked her, "Is Rebecca higher than Yatan?"

"That... it is great disrespect. That question... the two of them. Naturally, they are equal."

"Next question. I heard that the world has been repeatedly destroyed and created. Did you witness the end as well?"

"...Yes."

"Did Yatan really destroy the world?"

"I don't know," the Specter answered immediately, "I've never seen it myself..."

It was as if she was denying it.

"Oppa..." Ruby grabbed Grid's hand. She knew it wasn't a good thing to delve deep into the Gods of the Beginning for the inhabitants of this world.

The same was true of Grid.

"Yes... I can't wait to see for myself Yatan who is buried underground."

"....."

Grid regained his composure and spoke mildly.

The Specter guessed from his attitude that he had experienced something she didn't know. She quickened her pace without speaking further.

At the deepest part of the No Offspring Tomb...

A towering temple could be seen in the middle of the darkness.

\*\*\*

"83 liches, 161 death knights... apart from that, there are 13,000 undead and 8,000 local troops..."

The Specter's closest aide—Jishuka was shocked after reading the contents of the report posted by the 'Biggest Staff.' It was because the undead force joining the Overgeared Empire was stronger than expected.

The Biggest Staff puffed out his chest and declared proudly, ""You don't have to count the number of undead. They are such miscellaneous soldiers. We can raise more as long as there are corpses. Just count it as gaining thousands of troops.""

"Haha..." Jishuka laughed awkwardly.

The liches and death knights obtained from the No Offspring Tomb were different from ordinary undead. Most of them were transcendents in their lifetime. In other words, it was like dozens of strong individuals with the bodies of transcendents suddenly popped out from the fog.

They obtained that much power overnight, so Jishuka really couldn't feel it. She was worried if they could control it properly.



““You don’t have to worry. There is no need to harm innocent people in order to obtain corpses. All of the No Offspring Tomb, including the Specter... from now on, we will move only according to the will of the supreme one.””

The undead of the No Offspring Tomb were beings who had accumulated great karma and sins in their lives. They were inherently dangerous, so the Specter disciplined them thoroughly. Thanks to this, they had a habit of being loyal to their master, almost like the Overgeared Skeletons.

Jishuka nodded. “As long as Grid chooses to trust you, we will trust you too. I hope you repay our trust.”

““Ohhh...!””

“W-What? What is it?”

Jishuka couldn’t understand the attitude of the Biggest Staff, who was suddenly thrilled. The red light of the Staff’s eyes shone as he looked at her.

““I was reminded of how great you are after hearing how familiarly you call the supreme one. From now on, I will always follow you with a lowly attitude...””

“It is because Grid and I promised to get married. Okay, I look forward to working with you in the future.”

““Ohh... I thought you were more beautiful and dignified than any human being I have witnessed in hundreds of years. It turns out you are the bride of the supreme one.””

“Hey~ I am the bride-to-be. What bride~~”

“.....”

Jishuka, who had been wary and nervous about the undead just a moment ago—all of a sudden, she was laughing and chatting...

The Overgeared members realized it.

The undead who joined as colleagues at this time—in many ways, they weren’t ordinary.

Chapter 1760

“.....”

Sword Saint Muller was deep in thought. He revisited the battle between Grid and the Specter and tried to understand Grid’s intentions.

‘Why did he bother sparing the Specter?’

The Specter had lost her emotions. She had lived for too many years as an apostle of a God of the Beginning. It was natural for her to have a different point of view than humans, and it was possible that she would unintentionally threaten humanity again.

‘In the first place, the Specter isn’t very weak compared to Grid.’

To be honest...

The Specter was stronger than Grid. Even considering that the No Offspring Tomb was the realm of the Specter, didn't Grid get help from many people, including himself? It was hard to guarantee that Grid could definitely control her if the Specter started to run wild.

'It is true that the Specter is pitiful, but... it would've been better to neatly get rid of her.'

The strongest Sword Saint in history stood with both eyes closed. The Overgeared members were hovering around him with serious expressions. They killed the sound of their breathing and footsteps and struck all types of poses.

It was to capture themselves and Muller in a screenshot. It was the treatment of a male superstar.

"....."

Muller's thick eyebrows twitched. In his 'pure' state, he wasn't an Absolute, but he possessed absolute self-sufficiency based on his senses that had reached the peak. He naturally read the signs of the people busy moving beside him without making a sound.

'Each one of them must be a famous hero...'

Muller didn't find it ridiculous. Aside from Grid, all the Overgeared members were amazing. There were not only legends and transcendents, but also masters of their field. They were naturally those who valued their reputation. However, what they did together wasn't much different from the innocent youths in the countryside.

'How can those who are fighting against the fate of the world as Grid's close aides be so bright?'

Muller was wondering this when he suddenly realized it.

'Is this Grid's true ability?'

It was the power to reassure those around him and provide a peaceful 'daily' life despite the harsh reality. Perhaps Grid believed that he could make the Specter like them? This might be why he took away that swift sword that should've originally cut the Specter's neck.

'He is really a great hero...'

Muller was a hero of heroes. He was the treasured sword that protected the people and was one of the few who had been called the 'Hero King' throughout the ages. It was a shameful title for Muller. He was simply a swordsman and couldn't become the focal point to lead people.

It was an irresistible force.

Some people of noble status were inclined to shun Muller as long as his will was to look out for humanity. In the first place, there were dozens of kingdoms and countless forces on the surface. Origin, status, affiliation, ideology, politics, etcetera—there were many people who shunned Muller for all sorts of reasons and excuses. Some even interfered with him. Achieving 'great unity,' which should've been the basic premise for saving the surface, was simply impossible with a swordsman's ability to cut down the enemy.

However, Grid achieved it. His statues, standing tall throughout the continent on the way to the No Offspring Tomb, proved it.

'It isn't possible just because he is a god.'

Muller knew that Grid was originally a human. It was a fact that was naturally revealed through Grid's words and meaning. The great unity that Grid achieved wasn't because he was a god. Perhaps it was possible because it was 'Grid.'

'A great man to... respect...'

The faces of countless people flashed through Muller's mind. He never forgot the faces of those who worshiped him as a great man, trusted him, and cheered for him. All the years when he had been hiding in the dimensional gap, he thought about their faces every day and felt guilty.

He didn't dare to resent them. He was just sorry.

'It would've been nice if the hero in charge of my time had been Grid instead of an ordinary person...'

Muller's face, which had been stiff due to the behavior of the Overgeared members, trembled. The heart demon he had been enduring since he met Kraugel was tormenting him again. It was the aftermath of admiring Grid, a real great person, unlike himself. He got a bigger heart disease as the images of the people who adored him in the past overlapped with those who adored Grid. His agitation was on the verge of running wild.

"It is because of you, crazy bastard."

"Didn't you take photos as well?"

The Overgeared members whispered when they saw Muller's complexion deteriorating rapidly. In particular, Pon pointed to Vantner. Secretly taking photos beside Muller, who was deep in meditation—Vantner was the first one to start it. It was in the midst of the commotion.

"Sir Muller," Zibal spoke to Muller.

He had the experience of serving a prince who dreamed of rebellion, and understood the concept of a mental disorder from a heart demon. He had seen high ranking NPCs suffering from the imperial family's secret assassinations being killed or vomiting blood before dying.

"I don't know how you feel, but please control your mind."

Zibal was also someone's hero. Young people in the United States used to cheer for him enthusiastically. This was why he had a special heart for Muller, who was like the symbol of heroes.

The other members of the Overgeared Guild weren't much different. They realized that the situation was unusual and moved busily. They tried hard to help Muller somehow, such as taking out rare elixirs.

It happened as the commotion was growing...

Duguen!

The red lump of flesh—the thing that had stopped beating since Grid defeated the Specter suddenly started beating loudly again.

“.....!”

“.....?”

The eyes of the undead, as well as the Overgeared members, were all glued to the flesh. Jishuka, who was examining the No Offspring Tomb’s information in detail, asked the Biggest Staff, “What is this? Didn’t that stop working?”

““That’s right. It stopped working the moment the Specter swore to the supreme one to destroy it...””

The puzzled Biggest Staff replied like he was also curious and stood in front of Jishuka.

It was as if protecting her. He was trying to score a lot of points with the supreme one’s bride-to-be. The situation was unusual.

““Something... is coming.””

It happened before the Biggest Staff finished speaking. There was the sound of skin bursting and bones cracking. At the same time, the huge ball of red flesh split in half and something popped out of it. It was like a beast that tore apart its mother’s belly.

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

It was the moment when the true adversary of humanity appeared. A grotesque monster to some, a handsome gentleman to others, or a giant beast to someone—the man looked at each one of them and then his eyes shone when they fell on Muller among the Overgeared members.

“It was true? It was stated in Grid’s epics. Isn’t it both a great weapon and a weakness? They give away too much information.”

“Baal...!”

In an instant, the Overgeared members raised their weapons and lined up as if to protect Muller. At the center of them was Jishuka. She loaded the Breaking Evil Arrow and aimed at Baal’s forehead with a smile.

“What, is it you? Did you already know about ‘that’?”

“Bow Saint Jishuka. You are asking an obvious question.”

The red flesh made by the Specter was a reproduction of the red flesh in hell. The Specter insisted it would become the material for another hell. Therefore, Baal’s senses were naturally connected to the red flesh created by the Specter. It was a fact that the Specter overlooked. She had unknowingly been on the palm of Baal’s hand from the very beginning.

“I am going to become two? I cheered for Eve’s tenacity while anticipating the unimaginable chaos that would arise. To be honest, I stayed on the sidelines because she is a tough opponent.”

““How dare you say the name of the Specter?””

The Biggest Staff was furious. The undead of the No Offspring Tomb had been trained by the Specter for a long time, so they naturally hated Baal. They recognized him as the ultimate enemy who must be destroyed one day.

Baal chuckled.

“I’m deeply moved. The toy I threw away a long time ago is showing his teeth at me with the force to bite me.”

““What nonsense are you saying?””

“Are you asking because you don’t know? Albern, all the pain and sorrow that you went through in your life was what I gave you.”

The undead of the No Offspring Tomb were reaped by the Specter, made into immortal bodies, and trained. They were both heroes and sinners in the past. They had an incredible career of saving and destroying the world.

Baal was behind it. One of Baal’s long-standing hobbies was to bully talented people.

“Know that it was purely through my intentions that you were ultimately able to save and destroy the world.”

““ ...You!””

The Biggest Staff, Albern, couldn’t just hear this and cast magic. Rather than feeling nervous about seeing the 1st Great Demon, he was ready to beat Baal to death right away.

It was after the No Offspring Tomb expedition. It was a scene that proved the strength of the Overgeared Guild, which had grown exponentially.

Baal also admitted it. “The Sword Saint of the present era who cut a god, the Bow Saint, and Beriache’s Knight...”

Baal pointed them out one by one. In turn, it was Kraugel, Jishuka, Katz, Zibal, Chris, Faker, Vantner, Hurent, Haster, etc. He was identifying the strongest talents one by one and was wary of them. This was a completely different attitude from the past when he was only wary of Grid.

Finally, Baal pointed to the trembling Huroi and said honestly, “I will be the only one to lose if I deal with you one by one here.”

There was a limit to how long he could act before being caught by Grid...

“Get out of the way. I’ll just take Muller,” Baal muttered such words and squeezed through the cracks in the flesh to fully reveal himself.

Sword Saint Muller was the aspiration of humanity. In other words, he was the Grid of a past era. He was feared by demons, yet highly valued by Baal in many ways. Baal had long been eager to get his hands on Muller.

Baal released his power from the beginning. The No Offspring Tomb, which had the habitat of hell thanks to the red flesh, allowed him to show the majesty of the 1st Great Demon for a while. It took him

an instant to break through the Overgeared Guild and the undead to reach Muller. He didn't care about the numerous wounds he suffered in the process.

Wounds weren't a big problem for Baal, who resurrected even when he died.

"Muller, I am finally going to get my hands on you."

Baal's voice whispered ominously and awakened Muller's consciousness.

Cough.

He vomited dark red blood due to the internal injuries he obtained from his heart demon and swung his sword at the great evil standing in front of him. It was a slash filled with incredible power and it was hard to believe he swung it in his unhealthy state. It was from the shoulder to the waist.

Baal's upper body was cut diagonally, but he just laughed. "Yes, this is it. This is why I want you."

"....."

Muller's arms drooped. The Space Sword he wielded in a state where it wouldn't be strange if he died right away was his last strength.

Baal dodged the Breaking Evil Arrow, blocked Kraugel's sword with his demon sword, and grabbed Muller's neck. The labyrinth improvised by Eat Spicy Jokbal tried to tempt him, but he destroyed it with force.

Muller thought about it.

As expected, it was dangerous. The Overgeared Guild was great, but it was somewhat lacking compared to the Specter. Grid would have a hard time handling her if the Specter betrayed him.

'I won't be able to stay with you... as expected... she should've been killed...'

It was the moment when Muller was feeling regret...

The ceiling collapsed and a presence with a very strong aura fell behind Muller's back. It wasn't just one, but seven of them. Muller noticed that some of them were strong enough to rival him and was so surprised that he regained his fading consciousness.

"At this point, can't we come forward?" the God of Magic and Wisdom spoke in a very disgruntled tone.

"God will praise us," the strongest person in the previous world agreed.

"Baal, how dare you appear here..." the surprisingly beautiful gorilla spoke human words.

Kraugel rescued Muller with Faker's help in the midst of Baal's panic and whispered an explanation to him, "They are Grid's apostles."

"...Hah."

Muller's worries melted away like snow.