

Overgeared 1171

[Chapter 1171](#)

Field magic made a specific range of environment advantageous to the caster. It was a magic that unfairly set abnormal conditions and was recognized as an absolute force and the sole possession of boss monsters.

Storm Demonic Energy Field was a field magic. It was an absolute power that only blessed the caster, caused various debuffs, and attacked everyone but the caster. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the power gained from a great demon had the greatest potential among the skills attached to the Rune of Darkness.

Yes, potential. The potential was the best. Nevertheless, there were drawbacks to the Storm Demonic Energy Field. The lightning bolts were uncontrollable, allies couldn't be identified, there was only 10,000 fixed damage, and the weather must be cloudy for immediate use.

The shortcomings might be highlighted because of the incompleteness of the skill but the conclusion was that there were many limitations to the Storm Demonic Energy Field. Therefore, the number of times Grid benefited from the Storm Demonic Energy Field in actual combat was low.

Now the story has changed. Due to the effects of the red phoenix heart and Duke of Fire, Grid's rune experienced an upheaval and became a perfect force for Grid. The Storm Demonic Energy Field was reborn as the Storm of the Fire God and the utilization was endless.

[Storm of the Fire God]

[You have realized the dignity of the newly born fire god.]

-Field Effect 1-

[Divine Flames]

Unleash the latent flames in the Red Phoenix's 9th Heart to form a storm of divine flames.

The storm will control a 200 meters radius area around the caster, increasing the healing effect of all allies (except the undead or demonkin targets), including the caster, by 20%. It will also reduce the healing effect of all enemies by 50%. Can't be resisted.

Once a target with a reduced healing effect attempts to heal, 'Rage of the Fire God' will cause 15,000 fixed damage and will potentially reverse the healing effect.

If the race is an undead or demonkin, they will be subject to extreme damage in the storm's rage.

-Field Effect 2-

[Fire of Willpower]

Strengthen the Storm of the Fire God with the formless will of Duke of Fire.

All enemies in the storm's range will receive the 'heart' attribute damage proportional to the willpower and strength stat. Fire damage that is proportional to the willpower and intelligence stats will be added.

The dual attribute damage will penetrate the defense and resistance of the target. However, it can't damage targets with the willpower stat. The target will suffer a high chance of being burned and will suffer from a fall in willpower.

-Field Effect 3-

Opens when the Red Phoenix's 9th Heart grows.

-Field Effect 4-

Opens when the Red Phoenix's 9th Heart grows.

-Field Effect 5-

Opens when the willpower stat reaches 2,000 points.

-Field Effect 6-

Opens when the race is changed to a half-god or god.

Resources consumed when the field is activated: 1,000 mana per second.

The time it takes to summon the field: Immediately.

Skill Cooldown Time: 20 minutes.]

It had taken 30 seconds to use Storm Demonic Energy Field when the weather wasn't cloudy. There was also the constraint that it could only be triggered with a 'storm,' leading to the fatal weakness that it couldn't be used indoors. However, Storm of the Fire God was different. It was possible to trigger it anytime and anywhere.

Despite its fire attribute, there were no penalties for rain or water. Since the flames of the red phoenix and Duke of Fire weren't common flames, they weren't vulnerable to the rule that fire was weak against water. If he had to choose one regretful thing, it was that the Storm Demonic Energy Field increased the caster's movement speed and gave the enemy more types of debuffs.

'It is easy to increase movement speed with Quick Movements and Storm of the Fire God has many types of fire-based debuffs, making it far superior in strength.'

The most important thing in combat was the management of health. It was absurd to say that a man who couldn't even manage his health would win the battle. Grid had watched combat videos of players praised for their control skills, such as Hao. The techniques and timing used to manage their health were exquisite. Yet in front of the Storm of the Fire God, everyone was equal.

Forget Hao, even Kraugel would be unable to manage his health in the Storm of the Fire God. What if he could seize the timing of taking potions or when a recovery skill was used? They wouldn't be able to recover properly and if they were unlucky, they would lose even more health.

Step.

"Ugh...!"

Step.

“Cough!”

Grid was clad in the storm of intense flames and stepped forward, causing the warriors of the Cho Kingdom to suffer. They were clearly frightened based on their shaky eyes. They felt like they wanted to step back. However, they didn't back down anymore and their expressions were firmly set in place. It was valor and loyalty reminiscent of the soldiers and knights of the Overgeared Kingdom.

'Isn't it a bit like my kids who abandoned their weapons during a war?'

Grid was reminded of his ignorant colleagues and shook his head, suddenly stopping in place. Most of the warriors and the king were already within the scope of the storm. Fortunately, all of them were still safe. It was because Grid had stopped the field effect at phase one.

Several of the charms secretly fired at Grid exploded in the air. This was the application of Formless Will. The current Grid easily cut down the charms with Formless Will since it was an attack that could be followed with his vision.

“...!?”

The astonished daoists looked like they saw ghosts when the attacks failed. Grid turned away from them and stared at the king. The virtues necessary to get the loyalty of the people in a lower status wasn't just power and force. Grid inferred the character of the king through the attitude of Han Seokbong in the past and the attitude of the current warriors. Thus, he gave the king a chance. Grid predicted how the Cho king would react. It was as expected...

“Everyone, withdraw!” the Cho king commanded. It wasn't an act to make Grid lower his guard. The wavering of the assassins in the shadows and the daoists behind the veil was accurately captured by Grid. There was resistance among the warriors by the king's side.

“You mean to meet the intruder who crossed the walls of the palace and doesn't even reveal his identity?”

“How can we withdraw? Your Majesty, please understand!”

The Cho king sighed as he looked into the air and declared, “Muyeong, you also go back.”

“...!”

Muyeong was the shadow warrior of the Cho king. For decades, he never left the king's side and ensured the king's safety. Muyeong appeared by the king's side. There were no experts in the hall right now and only Grid saw the place where Muyeong appeared from.

Muyeong silently stared at Grid before bowing his head to the king and leaving. The other warriors could no longer refuse. Even Muyeong, who had been by the king's side all his life, was commanded to leave by the king. What rights and qualifications did they have to stay? The warriors resented the unidentified intruder and followed Muyeong along with the assassins and daoists.

There were only two people left in the hall, Grid and the king.

The Cho king opened his mouth first, “The deep underground malice that desires the earth. The Five Seniors were concerned about this and gathered the yangbans together, telling them, ‘Block the passage of hell with your bones and flesh. It is the way to bring peace to the earth.’”

It was the contents of one of the most famous myths of the East Continent. Yubo, the poet of the Cho Kingdom, had written this poem in honor of the benevolence of the Five Seniors and the devotion of the yangbans. It was due to this poem that humanity respected the Five Seniors and the yangbans.

It was the same for the Cho king. He was born and raised in the East Continent before becoming royalty. He had also been grateful to the Five Seniors and the yangbans, feeling a deep respect and affection for them. Then after he rose to the throne, he slowly started to feel doubts.

“It isn’t just Yubo’s poem. All the myths on the continent describe the sacrifices of the yangbans. Moreover, this sacrifice was an act of benevolence. However, I don’t know about that. The yangbans smile, wave, and practice many services for the faithful but... I have seen them up close and know they don’t love or understand humans.”

The flames surrounding the intruder waved in a beautiful manner. The Cho king was dazzled and held the flames in his hand, causing him to feel warm. It was a warmth that unknowingly caused him to tear up.

“I was taught that the Five Seniors gave birth to the Four Auspicious Beasts. I learned that the sacred creatures took on the will of the Five Seniors and helped the yangbans block the passage to hell. That’s it.”

There wasn’t a single myth that illuminated the achievements of the Four Auspicious Beasts. All myths praised the Five Seniors and the yangbans, while the Four Auspicious Beasts played supporting roles. Yet what was the reality? All of the weapons of the sacred creatures, including the Red Phoenix Bow, contained the breaths of the Four Auspicious Beasts. The main thing blocking the passage of hell wasn’t the yangbans but the weapons of the sacred creatures.

“I saw the hypocritical yangbans obsessed with faith and started to have terrible thoughts. It was actually the Four Auspicious Beasts who sacrificed themselves, not the yangbans...”

The Cho king hoped that this wasn’t true. He was afraid that if his doubts were true, most myths would be distorted. He wondered if he could bear the sense of loss he would feel if he learned the world in which he and his ancestors were born and lived was false. Just then, the flames in the great hall were extinguished. The Cho king had relied on the warmth of these flames to speak with courage and was sighing with regret when the unidentified man touched his own face.

“...!!”

The king’s eyes widened. The strange intruder’s face was replaced by an appearance that was known to the Cho king. Intense eyes like a bird of prey and a tightly angled jaw—it looked exactly like the description heard from the people of Pangea.

“...I was told that the king of the West, who took away my old friend and his people, gave the impression that he would never be defeated. It was true.”

“I am Overgeared King Grid.”

The Cho king was confused but welcoming while Grid's attitude was blunt. It was natural. What was the impression that he would never be defeated? What was wrong with just saying that he was handsome?

'...This is a joke.'

The reason why Grid had an unclear impression of the Cho king was simple—in the past, the Cho king had ordered the execution of Han Seokbong and put Sua in prison. Grid knew that it was because the king couldn't withstand the pressure of Garam and had tried hard to protect Han Seokbong and Sua from behind, but Grid still felt resentment. Now it was even worse. He doubted the yangbans yet didn't try to resist...

'Well, it couldn't be helped.'

After all, the Cho king was weak. Unlike Grid, who could revive after dying, the king took care of others with only one life. Grid barely managed to control his mind and spoke in a softer voice, "...I'll start with the bottom line. The Four Auspicious Beasts were guardians of the land before the Five Seniors came here. They are the real gods, not the Five Seniors and the yangbans."

"..."

There was a dark shadow on the face of the Cho king. His eyes became dark when the doubts he felt became true. Grid asked, "I heard there is a force in the Cho Kingdom protecting me. Did you know that?"

"...Of course. I am the one who didn't want you to enter the hands of the yangbans after you protected and removed my friend and his people."

"..."

He was a man who shouldn't be hated. No, he was a person who couldn't be hated. Grid warned the king, whose face seemed to have collapsed, "Garam will be heading for here soon. He will hunt down and execute all the people who protected me. You won't be safe either."

"..."

'I am prepared,' the Cho king wanted to say this but he couldn't open his mouth. He actually hoped that such a thing wouldn't happen.

The king was lowering his head with a somber expression when Grid suggested, "Let's work together."

"...?"

"If you and I join hands, we can overcome the crisis."

"...!"

The Cho king was astonished when he saw the bow that Grid pulled out. The long-lost Red Phoenix Bow had returned with a much greater strength than before.

"Let us resurrect the red phoenix and make it the guardian god of this place."

Grid previously thought it would take a long time to complete the Red Phoenix Guardian quest. He thought it would only be possible at least after the National Competition. However, things had changed. The Strengthened Red Phoenix Breath was more than expected and the Cho king, one of the greatest powers on the East Continent, favored him.

“Don’t be afraid. You don’t have to do any hard work, we just need to revert it to the way it was.”

In fact, the person who was most afraid was Grid. He knew the reality of the Hwan Kingdom and was afraid of the suffering he would face in the future after becoming hostile to them. He realized at this moment that he didn’t need to be alone. He just needed to resurrect the red phoenix. The myth about the Five Seniors and the yangbans would be distorted and the world would find its own place. Unlike Garam, the people here weren’t stupid.

“The red phoenix will protect us and this land. So if you have the breath of the red phoenix, come and give it to me.”

“...?”

The Cho king’s head was filled with excitement when he became puzzled. It was absurd because Grid suddenly demanded a national treasure. From his point of view, he didn’t know what was going on and met a robber.

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“This is the key to resurrecting a real god...”

The breath of the red phoenix adorned the center of the treasure house. The Cho king faced the mysterious bead with a spark that never goes out and looked sad.

“The breath of the sacred creatures has been known to be a blessing bestowed upon those who ascend to become a daoist immortal. However, reality is different.”

The king had met one daoist Immortal. At that time, he was confrontational and didn’t want to bend over to the yangbans, but he seemed unable to resist the will of the Five Seniors. This meant the daoist immortals were also likely to be subordinates of the Five Seniors. It was unlikely that the breaths of the sacred creatures would be a blessing bestowed upon them.

“This breath is the same as the three breaths we kept in Pangea but it is different.”

“It is the same but different?”

“The breaths kept in Pangea were given by the yangbans under the name of ‘managing the Red Phoenix Bow.’ This breath is a unique national treasure that has existed since the days of King Geonguk in the past. It has a deep meaning.”

“The days of King Geonguk?”

“It was such a long time ago that even the Red Phoenix Bow didn’t exist yet.”

“It must’ve been the days when the red phoenix was real... did the red phoenix give it directly to your forefathers?”

"I suppose so. I didn't know this until now."

The records said:

The land enjoyed abundance due to the divine flames from the Red Phoenix Breath.

How did the red phoenix share its breath in the distant past? How much did it love the people of the land it defended?

'It is really sad that the red phoenix was forgotten.' The Cho king lamented as he held the Red Phoenix Breath in his hands. The Red Phoenix Bow was actually a tool for sealing the red phoenix. The breath was required to unseal the bow so it was necessary to make a decision. "Please... please resurrect God Red Phoenix."

"...."

Grid stared silently at the breath that the Cho king was holding. It was a breath that had nothing special. It was just like every other Red Phoenix Breath that Grid had seen and touched. However, it was a special thing for the people of the Cho Kingdom. They believed that the present Cho Kingdom existed due to this breath. This was the reason why...

"I'll cherish it," Grid vowed.

"Hah..." The Cho king felt admiration. He read the determination in Grid's eyes.

"Seokbong... the people of Pangea will be happy."

"Who knows? I don't know."

A king of the West and a king of the East smiled at each other. It was a story that shouldn't have existed. If it wasn't for Grid, originally the empire would have crossed the Red Sea and waged war with the Cho Kingdom.

[The Gauss Kingdom that boasts a long history has been destroyed.]

[The Overgeared Kingdom has taken over the territory of the Gauss Kingdom.]

These world messages emerged. The Overgeared army, led by Piaro, Lauel, and Teruchan, had completely conquered the Gauss Kingdom. People clicked their tongues.

-Wow, it took less than two weeks to conquer one country? It was even without Grid?

-Why was there no Grid?

-He left the war to Lauel and wrote an epic on his own.

-I think that's right. Crazy...

-Is the Overgeared Kingdom now stronger than the empire?

-No, it isn't. Even if they conquered Gauss, the territorial difference is more than 10 times.

-What is the use of a large territory and large population? There's a lot of talent.

-Yes, the empire has a lot more talent.

-That's true right now but there are no legends in the empire. The Overgeared Kingdom will catch up.

-⇒ ⇒ ⇒ The four legends of the Overgeared Kingdom ⇒ ⇒ ⇒

-Wasn't it Grid, Yura, Piaro, and Mercedes?

-└ └ The Overgeared Guild now has three legends.

-Why? Are you leaving Yura out?

-No? Grid is a myth so it is three legends.

The dominance of a single force was likely to draw a lot of backlash. Many people expressed their concerns after the Seven Guilds attacked Reidan and self-destructed, causing the Overgeared Guild to become the number one guild. Experts argued that many disadvantages would occur if there were no forces to restrain the Overgeared Guild.

Now it was different. People didn't feel the need to bother to keep the increasingly growing Overgeared Kingdom in check. It was because the Overgeared Kingdom had shown excellent behavior over the years.

First, the Overgeared Kingdom didn't show unscrupulous behavior. They enjoyed the rights given to them but there were no exploitations of the powerless people, which was 'typical behavior.'

In today's society, where streamers with a large number of subscribers would use all types of incitement and social media to bury those with relatively few subscribers, it wasn't too much to say that the actions of the Overgeared Kingdom were 'model behavior' and they gained more support over time.

The power of public sentiment was huge.

-Since the territory of the Overgeared Kingdom has increased, the restrictions on becoming a resident will be loosened. I'm going to move to the Overgeared Kingdom right away.

-I'm not sleeping right now. My login restriction will only be released after three hours ⇒ ⇒

-Won't these three hours be a thrill? I heard there are already people coming to the Overgeared Kingdom to apply for immigration.

-How many tens of millions of people will be recruited in three hours?

-...It will be over in two hours. π π

-Don't be too disappointed. In any case, Lael will work to filter people out again. There will be some vacancies at that time.

-What do you mean by filtering people out?

-Lael doesn't accept players with a history of serious crimes.

-God Lauel.

-Sh...it... God Lauel is nonsense... A person who plays games might commit some crimes by mistake... Driving people away just because of that? Garbage... crap...

-Not even a king? How can they do this when Grid is still there?

-Yes, the next criminal.

The population of the Overgeared Kingdom nearly doubled after acquiring new territory. The good news was quickly conveyed to the Saharan Empire.

"The power of the Overgeared Kingdom is great. I was so worried that I couldn't sleep for a few days. Today, I'll be able to sleep better." Empress Basara smiled brightly. She had been exhausted since ascending the throne so the three dukes were relieved to see her smiling after a long time.

Immortal King Grenhal laughed. "Overgeared King Grid is the one who beat the followers of the war god and a great demon. How can the Gauss Kingdom stop such a hero's advance? The triumph of the Overgeared Kingdom was already scheduled."

Rachel frowned. "I heard that Grid was only temporarily in the vanguard before withdrawing? Duke Grenhal, you're a duke of the empire. How could you be so ignorant about the situation? Aren't you too lazy these days?"

"You are picky about everything. Don't you know that Sir Grenhal has been busy monitoring Prince Dulandal?" Beast King Morse scolded but Rachel's tough attitude wasn't broken.

"Isn't it true that he is duller than a year ago? I'm happy that we have a strong ally in the Overgeared Kingdom but we have to be alert. We don't have only one or two enemies. The dead King Nemesis was a man of great talent. We were struck by him and our feet tied. Fortunately, the Overgeared Kingdom won. If things went wrong then it would've been an indelible humiliation for the rest of our lives."

King Nemesis foresaw the war against the Overgeared Kingdom and sent an envoy to the empire.

Since the new empress Basara cited the release of the various ethnic groups in the name of the 'Era of Peace,' he asked for her to mediate in the conflict between the Gauss Kingdom and Overgeared Kingdom. He argued that a war would lead to a new war. In order to achieve the Era of Peace, the empire had to stop the advance of the Overgeared Kingdom.

However, the empire was unable to grasp the ankles of the Overgeared Kingdom and refused to mediate using all types of excuses. The empire self-inflicted shackles on themselves. Some of the excuses that they used in their refusal to intervene led to the empire losing justification to support the Overgeared Kingdom.

King Nemesis' plan was brilliant. In retrospect, King Nemesis guided the empire from the beginning to force the empire to place shackles on themselves. He completely stabbed the holes caused by the chaotic empire undergoing the process of a change.

"Nemesis was a great man. It really wasn't an ordinary talent. However, it can't be tolerated that the great Saharan Empire was played by one man. Has there ever been a genius in history who dared to play

tricks on the empire? Perhaps the empire is currently in the most precarious situation in history...?” Rachel was speaking with a serious expression only to close her mouth.

It was because Grenhal and Morse’s attitude when listening was too relaxed. Digging at their ears while discussing the empire’s crisis? It happened as Rachel was about to yell at them.

“Duke Rachel, look objectively.” Basara stepped in and restrained Rachel. Then she spoke with a somewhat embarrassed expression, “It is our empire that lost Piaro and the Red Knights due to the tricks of one man. It is our empire who changed rules due to the intervention of one man. The empire has never been perfect yet it has always been arrogant and left behind many missteps.”

“...”

Rachel closed her mouth. Certainly, the empire had never been a perfect nation. Nevertheless, they were arrogant. Rachel was too ashamed to raise her head and Basara smiled at her.

“That’s why it is as Duke Rachel says. We should all work hard. It is to build a new empire like never before.” The empire must be strong. Peace and prosperity like never before would be achieved. Basara reaffirmed her commitment.

“...?!”

Suddenly, a big earthquake occurred. The chandelier on the ceiling fell as the great hall shook.

“What is this...?!”

A natural disaster occurred in the capital? This had never happened in the long history of the empire. It was the worst omen.

The empress and dukes frowned.

“T-Tower of Eternity!” Suddenly, a knight rushed into the great hall with a pale face and shouted, “A meteorite fell on the Tower of Eternity!”

“...!?”

“W-Why... Why are you...”

Magician King Goldhit—she secretly supported the Gauss Kingdom and was dying at the end of her encounter with Braham. No, she was already dead and only her head remained.

“Braham! Why me?!”

The unwanted transcendence after death—Goldhit was unable to accept that she was forcibly turned into a lich and shouted with all her strength. She expressed the hostility and malice she accumulated over the course of more than a hundred years of living at the expense of children’s bodies.

However, Braham held her head tightly and didn’t even scoff. The insane man blew up the legendary magic tower that contained hundreds of years of knowledge and reacted with disgust.

“Why should I care about this garbage?”

“How many times have I said it? I...! I am Lilis’ disciple! The disciple of your disciple!”

The evidence was presented. Rather than delivering the secret of the enhanced magic to her, he killed her and turned her into an undead? He broke down the Tower of Eternity? She couldn’t believe it. She didn’t understand what was happening right now and why she had to go through it.

Braham’s fingers poked at Goldhit’s temple as she was becoming increasingly irrational and confused. Goldhit’s reason came back and Braham declared, “You have to die because you claimed to be the Magician King. Shouldn’t you be grateful instead of resentful? I made you a lich and gave you the eternal life you wanted. Why are you dissatisfied with being a lich?”

“T-This is crazy! Oof! Oof oof!”

“Hrmm.”

Goldhit’s mouth was gagged with magic power while Braham looked down at the ground. He felt a great deal of magic power far below the ground.

“The Abyss... it is the gateway that connects two continents...”

Curiosity was the power that caused Braham to act. His worries didn’t last long. Light engulfed his position and Braham soon disappeared. Of course, Goldhit was also with him.

[Chapter 1173](#)

“This is the feeling of being a novice.”

“Yes, I don’t know how long it’s been since I felt this helpless.”

The difficulty of the East Continent was more than rumored. They came here with thorough preparations and planning but there had never been a smooth day. Their determination to use the new stage as a springboard to leap forward was on the verge of dissipating.

“The difficulty of the quests is too high overall. I thought it would be something like a kobold when I was asked to hunt the monster harming the fields in front of the house, only for a cyclops to show up.”

“The quests involving monsters have a high difficulty. Here, the level of the monsters troubling the farmers is over 300.”

“Right. I think we need to sort between quests for the time being. Let’s gradually adjust to the atmosphere while refraining from quests that could lead to combat. The more information we gather, the better it is to deal with monsters. This is wiser.”

“Yesterday, a ranker said the same thing. Then he received the wood cutting quest and died shortly after.”

“...?”

“That person died chopping wood.”

“...??”

“The tree exploded.”

“...There is a reason Grid gave up.”

There was no one who wasn't aware that Grid had come to the East Continent. Indeed, many situations proved the history of Grid's visit to the East Continent. The inhabitants who praised Grid's achievements were gone but they still knew that Grid was quite active here.

Then Grid remained silent for a while. He went back to the West Continent and didn't return to the East Continent again in a few years—as far as they knew. Although there were arguments that the stage of his epic a few days ago was the East Continent, Grid had abandoned it for years.

“...”

“...”

After a few days of dying, the players who were gathered together to discuss things became quiet. What could they do on this land where even Grid was forced to stay away from for several years? It seemed they had come too quickly. Deep regret struck the players. However, the mood soon reversed itself.

“...Let's use strength.”

“I came all this way and can't give up. Let's hold on and make a small achievement.”

“No, let's just stay for a few years and get it over with! We will do what Grid can't and catch up with Grid!”

“Ohhhh!”

People who came to the East Continent would exceed the normal level. Players who experienced the difficulty of the East Continent were more motivated than despairing. They were filled with the expectation that they would be enormously rewarded if they overcame the hardships that even Grid couldn't overcome. They had a great opportunity to lay the groundwork for catching up with every player's goal, Grid.

“Wash your clothes in the stream? Okay! I accept!”

“Harvest strawberries from the strawberry field for a day? Okay, I'll do it!”

“Sending a letter to a friend... Huhuhu, how romantic. My role today is the cupid of love.”

“Y-You said to go to the back mountain and cut firewood? Hik! No! Pass!”

Kars was the centre of the Cho Kingdom's economy and was always lacking manpower. Hundreds of players took care of all types of chores, helping the people of Kars.

“...What are they doing when they come all the way to the East Continent?”

The doctor Hera—she was able to arrive unharmed in Kars thanks to Kentrick. She witnessed players doing chores all over the place but it wasn't a convincing sight.

Gust Ranger, Enthusiastic Shot. Hound Hunter of the Dominion Kingdom. Casey, master of the round cross-stitch, etc. It was absurd that famous rankers and promising players in the community who weren't ranked were doing chores that even children could do.

'Why bother coming to the East Continent and doing things like this...?'

Well, she guessed there were some connected quests. Once she thought about it deeply, her head became complicated. Hera shook her head and stopped paying attention to others. She focused on her own purpose. She remembered the boy who didn't have a single uncomfortable day due to a congenital disease and a client who felt guilty for not giving birth to a child in good health.

'I'm the only one who can help them.'

The identity of the child was really questionable. The man who wanted his son to recover didn't live in a city with shrines or doctor's clinics. Rather, he lived alone with his son in a ruin with no other humans. He couldn't be unaware of the Saintess' reputation to heal all diseases but he didn't think about contacting her. Maybe he couldn't show up in the world. She wondered if he was a person with a great deal of notoriety in the past. Even so, she knew the pain of losing a child and was unable to turn away from the client. She came to the distant East Continent for him.

"Kunlun Ginseng?"

"Yes."

Hera had toured Kars for four days. She visited all the herbalists in the city and asked how to buy or obtain the ingredients for the medicine he needed. Then she faced a challenge...

"Huh, you're looking for Kunlun Ginseng? Do you want to save the dead?"

The last ingredient was the problem. In the recipe provided by the quest, the difficulty of obtaining it was classified as 'atrocious.'

Hera replied, "Saving the dead... it doesn't seem incorrect. My client's physical condition is bad enough to be called dead."

"Are you planning to revive him as a jiangshi?"

"Revive him as a jiangshi? Haha, a joke like this..."

"The yang energy in the Kunlun Ginseng is great enough to invigorate the body. It isn't an exaggeration to say that the efficacy of the Kunlun Ginseng is enough to revive the dead. Of course, it is only possible with the appropriate knowledge and skills."

"...!"

A chill went down Hera's spine. She recalled the strange feeling she felt when she met her client and was filled with various doubts. Then she was suddenly awakened from her thoughts.

"Puhaha, I'm going to cry," the herbalist burst out laughing. He told Hera who was standing there with a stiff expression, "Well, it is true that the Kunlun Ginseng can be used to save the dead. Some evil daoists used the Kunlun Ginseng to make jiangshi and disturb the hearts of the public. This led to the royal family banning the distribution of it as private goods. However, as I said earlier, reviving the dead requires the right magic knowledge and skills. It is also the highest level of knowledge and skills."

"What does that...?"

“You are the one who will make the medicine with the Kunlun Ginseng? Your identity isn’t an insidious daoist and the medicine you make can’t revive the dead. So don’t be so scared.”

“T-This bad person! How do you treat your guests?”

The herbalist’s smiling face changed at once. His sharp eyes pierced Hera sharply. “I had to test you since you could be an evil daoist.”

“...”

“Well, it is hard to doubt you when you listen to the words of a man who sells herbs like me. Go to the palace. It can only be purchased at the palace. If the palace examines you and your herbal recipe and doesn’t find anything wrong, they will give you the Kunlun Ginseng. Ah, you naturally have to make the medicine in front of their eyes.”

“Thank you.”

Thanks to the friendly herbalist, Hera got the information and regained her composure as she headed to the palace. The soldiers obediently opened the path for her when they heard she was coming to acquire the Kunlun Ginseng. They guided her to the annex opposite the king’s hall.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

There were several experts active in the annex. In some buildings, blacksmiths were gathered to make weapons. In other buildings, scientists gathered to test the performance of artillery. In another building, doctors like Hera gathered to observe the appearance of patients, and other professionals minding their own businesses.

Gulp. Hera swallowed her saliva as she walked along an endless corridor with thick pillars. She noticed that the atmosphere of the soldiers and warriors patrolling was unusual. She seemed to know why the soldiers had guided her to this point without any special checks.

‘They are confident that they can respond no matter what happens.’

She had heard and experienced that the level of the East Continent was generally high but the level of the palace was highest among them. Even the acclaimed rankers on the West Continent would shrink back here and be treated as rats. Hera was thinking this when she heard something.

“The level is too low.”

It was someone’s sighing voice. The voice was unforgettable. It was as expected...

She turned her head and saw the unknown ranker called Kentrick who helped her a few days ago. A few blacksmiths were gathered together and were being admonished by him, “You haven’t fully unlocked the potential of iron. In particular, tell the blacksmiths making the sword to invest triple the time in smelting.”

“...?”

A 'warrior' from the West Continent was admonishing craftsmen? Hera stopped when she heard this and stared blankly at Kentrick. Kentrick's saw her and his words continued, "...This is how my friend would've advised you."

The pressure Kentrick gave off disappeared suddenly and ended with a polite attitude. He turned to Hera and looked very surprised.

"Hera, why are you here?"

"Ah... T-that... This is the only place where I can get the last ingredient for my medicine. I never thought I would be reunited with Kentrick here. Have you been well?"

"Yes, of course."

"By the way... Kentrick, what are you doing here?"

"It isn't a big deal. I have a friend who asked me to give advice to the blacksmiths of the Cho Kingdom, so I stopped by for a while."

Hera's eyes lit up. "A person who is good enough to give advice to craftsmen... is your friend Grid?"

"...That's right."

"A-Amazing! You are friends with Grid! I saw from the beginning that you're not an average person but you are more amazing than I thought!"

"Haha, I only know Grid a little bit... then I'm going."

Kentrick—to be precise, Grid disguised as Kentrick—hurriedly left. In a situation where he had to work secretly, it would be very troublesome if Hera had doubts.

"L-Let's go!"

The blacksmiths followed Grid. They already deeply respected Grid, who gave them advice during the short period of time waiting for the furnace to rise. They wanted to learn more.

"Sigh."

The smithy was located in the innermost part of the annex. He checked the condition of the furnace that had been slowly heating up thanks to the God Hands and warned the blacksmiths following him, "If she looks for me, tell her I have already left."

"Yes, I understand!"

"Hrmm."

Grid heard a satisfactory answer and slowly relaxed. The Red Phoenix Breath was the crystallization of fire. In order to smelt it, a high temperature should be maintained. It was a task that required tremendous stamina and long patience. This was why he had been cooling his head for a bit.

"...He is coming soon."

Grid had to finish everything before Garam came. Grid had to resurrect the red phoenix and the Cho king had to rally his forces to spread the truth. Only then could they resist Garam and the Hwan Kingdom.

“Cough, cough!”

Groan.

The blacksmiths sat down in pain as heat was emitted from the giant furnace. The average person couldn't withstand this high temperature that made it hard for them to even breathe. The basic condition of smelting the Red Phoenix Breath was a high temperature that wasn't accessible to everyone. This was why only Grid could strengthen the breath.

Grid ordered the God Hands to support the blacksmiths out and approached the furnace. Flames devoured the Red Phoenix Breath. The flames that flooded out of the furnace stretched in all directions, covering the entire smithy.

Meanwhile, the Cho king had summoned all his ministers and officials and was preaching the truth. “This is the reality of the Five Seniors and the yangbans.”

The followers of the Five Seniors denied it and denounced the king. Then blood was sprayed. There was no time as the Cho king tearfully started the purge.

At the Abyss...

Shortly before reaching the depths, Braham met with Biplonz and asked, “Are you the gatekeeper here?”

Then Goldhit's head being held in his hand started laughing.

“Hahat! Biplonz! He is a demonkin born here! He is much stronger than I am if he takes off his restraints! Braham! Even you will find it hard to deal with him... Kuock!”

Braham's face was dark as he used a whip made of magic power to hit Goldhit's head. Grid would've been shocked by the sight, let alone anyone else.

“You were born in a strange place after your previous life.”

“Previous life...? Do you know me?”

“Do you want to know?”

“...”

He naturally wanted to know. No, he had to. Born in the Abyss, Biplonz knew nothing except for the fact that he was a demonkin. Who he was, why was he born here with nothing, and what type of scenery did the outside contain? He had so much he wanted to know. Then why? He felt afraid when he was about to face the truth. It was a much deeper fear than the abyss-like darkness encroaching on the gap here.

Braham nodded. “If you're not ready yet, there's no reason to force it. Get out of the way.”

“...Yes.”

Biplonz got out of the way. He felt from the beginning that he couldn't win if he fought the opponent in front of him.

Thanks to this, Goldhit was going crazy.

“T-This damn thing...! There is a hydra underneath!!!”

She didn't want to die. She might only have a head left but she didn't want to die. Goldhit tried to convey her will but it didn't work. Braham entrusted himself to the darkness and was already falling over the edge.

[Chapter 1174](#)

“The opponent is a hydra! A hydra!”

The hydra wasn't just a monster, it was believed to be created by Evil God Yatan and had a level of regeneration that made it impossible to kill and poison that even a god feared. There were all types of legends and myths about it and it was beyond transcendent.

“Will you fight against a monster that has become a mythical being through the accumulation of lore? You...! You!! Stop it and go back now!”

The hydra's venom deals death to mortals but it brings eternal suffering to immortals. A long-forgotten god was poisoned by the hydra and it was so painful that he begged for death. He barely managed to die after thousands of years of hard work to be forgotten by humanity.

This was why Goldhit was having seizures. The hydra was even more sinister for immortals.

Braham whispered, “Do you know why the hydra doesn't die?”

“...?”

“It was because it hasn't met me.”

“...!”

Did he think he could get rid of a mythical being? It was an absurd delusion. Goldhit was looking at Braham with disbelief when she became shocked. A whirlwind of magic was rising around Braham. All the mana in here that had accumulated for eternity was responding to Braham's Mana Drain.

“I'm the only one who can blow up all nine heads at the same time.”

He didn't like it but Braham had to admit it—it was a fact that he had a high probability of losing if he confronted Sword Saint Muller. Braham's honest analysis was that it was hard to resist the Sword Saint's spirit with his image world, his infinite number of mana shields would be shredded by the Sword Saint's sword energy, and it would be difficult to fight back properly when there was a gap between spells.

It was called compatible natures. Their nature was very important. This was why Braham was convinced that he had a thorough advantage when confronting the hydra.

“Look at this large-scale magic that shows not a single gap.”

The darkness behind Braham started to crack. The transcendent magic was breaking even something that couldn't be destroyed.

'Is this real?' Goldhit's eyes widened. Putting aside her wickedness, she was excited by the fact that she could actually see great magic. If she was honest, she had been more thrilled than angry when Braham's Meteor destroyed the Tower of Eternity.

'Legendary great magic that can destroy even a hydra!'

Ahh, she wanted to explore the pinnacle. Yes, this was a good thing. Since she became a lich and enjoyed eternal life, she should take this as an opportunity to pursue the pinnacle...

It was the moment when Goldhit abandoned despair and felt aspiration. The scales shining like a noctilucence stone filled their vision and a tearing sound resonated in their ears.

"Destruction."

The legendary great magic was activated. The darkness was destroyed. Through the dark shards of glass, a monster with nine heads could be seen glowing red. A monster that led even a god to death... The nine heads were ripped off simultaneously and collapsed with a roar.

"...!"

The destructive power was more than the legend described. Goldhit was thrilled by the power of the great magic that was beyond her imagination while Braham laughed.

"Kukuk! Kuhahahahat!"

Hahahahahaha!

Hahahahahat!

His laughter echoed in the turbulent Abyss. At this moment, Braham was filled with excitement beyond what Goldhit felt. It was natural. He had eliminated the mythical presence with his own hands. It wasn't something that the damn Pagma, Sword Saint Muller, the Undefeated King, and even Braham himself in his prime, was capable of.

There was only one reason it was possible. It was because he borrowed the vast mana in the Abyss, which had accumulated over eternity. Braham was able to exert powers that were beyond his prime. It was even superior to when he drained the mana from the Red Sea. It was the greatest strike in his life and something he was never capable of again.

"A-Amazing...! It is amazing! Truly amazing!" Goldhit let out sincere exclamations of admiration. She even reused the honorifics that she had omitted ever since she was unexpectedly killed by Braham.

Braham stopped laughing and closed his eyes as his laughter echoed in his ears. He could clearly feel it. It was his own growth. No, it was evolution.

"..."

How much time had passed? By the time Braham had fully checked his physical condition and opened his eyes again, the echoes had come to an end.

“It is a bit disappointing,” he muttered as he searched around him with mana. The mana that had filled this place for eternity had vanished. It was the aftermath of Braham absorbing the darkness and using it as a magic resource. If he visited the Abyss again in the distant future, he wouldn’t be able to use such powerful magic again.

In honor of the ultimate strike that could never be accomplished again, Braham flew close to the hydra’s corpse. Poison was being emitted from the nine headless necks, causing more damage to the shattered ground.

“Hrmm.”

Braham experimentally deployed mana shields over the scattered rocks and confirmed that the virulent poison had penetrated the shield to melt the rocks. Goldhit was interested in the poison that didn’t lose potency even after the hydra died but Braham had no interest. “It is the same piece of meat when dead.”

Sure enough, it was best not to die. Braham reached an unusual conclusion and threw Goldhit’s head high into the air.

“...!?”

Goldhit had been full of aspiration only to once again be filled with despair. She shuddered as she started to fall into a pool of deadly poison and Braham asked her, “Do you know why I left your mana core in my image world?”

“P-Please...!”

“It doesn’t matter how full of aspirations you are, it doesn’t matter how much you die.”

“Please!”

“Even if the world perishes, you won’t be destroyed.”

“Shiiiiit!”

Goldhit’s head fell into a puddle of poison. It was the world’s most atrocious pain and indescribable in words. It spilled into Goldhit’s skin, her nerves, blood, bones, and brain in no time. Even so, she didn’t die. She couldn’t even scream.

Braham spoke bluntly as she stared at him with eyes full of resentment and begging, “This is revenge for my disciple.”

“...?”

“Didn’t you eat Lilis?”

“...!”

“I noticed with one glance that Lilis’ mana core, which had been captured alive, was attached to your mana core.”

“...!!”

“You are worse than a parasite. You haven’t accomplished anything with your magic power or body. You have only relied on taking things away from others.”

Braham reached into the air and pulled something out. It was Goldhit’s mana core. Goldhit’s entire life, which had been locked in Braham’s inner world, was revealed in front of Goldhit. This was Goldhit’s last hope and Braham shattered that hope. Lilis’ mana core attached to Goldhit’s was separated and destroyed. Lilis’ soul would’ve found freedom.

‘Stupid person.’

Braham threw Goldhit’s mana core back into his image world and recalled the centuries old past. There was a child who became his fourth disciple due to his useless compassion. He clearly knew this child wasn’t talented enough to use enhanced magic but he still taught the child. Braham felt the hatred and sorrow in the child’s eyes resembled himself.

‘You pretended to be strong but you didn’t change after all. You suffered in your later years.’

It was a truly pathetic person.

‘It isn’t enough to treat a person like me as a teacher. You even took this son of a bitch as a disciple.’

Once you are reborn, be my disciple again. Your life will be different. I will surely find you and give you a better life.

Braham murmured as he escaped the venom and collected the hydra’s by-products. Finally, he didn’t even glance at Goldhit as he approached the two doors. They were doors that had been covered by the hydra’s giant body. He felt a terrible demonic power from the left door and hundreds of millions of thoughts from the right door. They were the thoughts of all those living on the East Continent.

“...Kuek.”

As he approached the right door, the mass of thoughts finally exceeded the capacity of Braham’s brain and emotions. It was greater than the pain of the hydra’s venom but Braham endured it and opened the door. Grid was beyond this.

Grid didn’t make the habit of leaning on luck. Due to his good luck stat, his luck had improved but he would fall down at every important moment and break his nose. Thus, he was wondering if it would happen again this time. At the time when the crisis called Garam was approaching, Grid was worried that he would fail to enhance the Red Phoenix Breath. The result was...

[The Red Phoenix Breath has been strengthened!]

Fortunately, it was a success.

“Hah...” The tension that had been maintained throughout his work was released at once and he lost the strength in his legs. Grid stumbled and was about to fall down when he recovered his spirit. He had no time to rest. He had to quickly resurrect the red phoenix and recreate the Ideal Longsword that he lost after being killed by Garam. The Quick Movements buff attached to it was a necessity. Furthermore, he had guests to meet.

“May I come in?” The Cho king’s voice was heard outside the smithy. Signs of human existence had been felt for a while. The Cho king and his ministers had already been gathered in front of the smithy for an hour, waiting for Grid. It was just that they couldn’t approach due to the sound of hammering and the heat.

“Come in.”

The moment Grid’s answer was heard, the Cho king and his ministers poured in. Their appearance was miserable. Their faces were filled with anxiety and fear and they were covered with blood. Even the Cho king was in a disorderly state. It seemed the resistance of the Hwan Kingdom followers was very strong. “Is the revival of the red phoenix ready now?”

“Yes, it is all over.”

“...”

Finally, everything was ready but the king’s expression wasn’t bright. It might be for their future and time was running out, but his heart ached because he hurt his people with his own hands. Still, he couldn’t afford to feel guilty now.

The Cho king made a steadfast expression and followed Grid out of the smithy. A red carpet led to an altar in the garden with nothing around it. It was an altar that the Cho king had set up while Grid was working. Grid didn’t delay. He took out the Red Phoenix Bow where the Spirit of a Sacred Creature Resides and infused the Red Phoenix’s breath into it.

Duguen!

The heart of the forgotten god stirred. The Red Phoenix Bow started to pulsate as divine flames rose around it.

“O-Ohh...!”

“Ahh!”

The ministers and officials, who had been dubious despite standing by the Cho king’s side, were tearful. They were born and raised in the Cho Kingdom and instinctively knew—this warm aura was exactly like the aura that could be felt anywhere in the Cho Kingdom.

The guardian god who protected them and their ancestors was the red phoenix. The Red Phoenix Bow beating on the altar roared and released a column of fire. It was a huge column of fire that could be seen throughout the Cho Kingdom. The sky glowed and vitality started to circulate through the ground. All of the people of the Cho Kingdom were engulfed in unknown emotions as they were on the verge of a reunion with the forgotten god.

On the other hand, Grid’s expression was rotten.

[Most of the sealed power of the Red Phoenix Bow where the Spirit of a Sacred Creature Resides has been restored. However, the red phoenix is so deeply asleep that it can’t easily open its eyes.]

[There is 1 hour and 29 minutes remaining before the red phoenix opens its eyes.]

[Protect the Red Phoenix Bow so that the red phoenix can safely wake up.]

“Dammit!”

No one liked defense-style quests. This was because most defense quests pushed participants to the limit.

“...!?”

Suddenly, there was an explosion and the surprised Grid flew into the sky. He was concerned as he watched the explosion but he couldn't figure out what was going on because the distance was too far away. However, Grid wasn't alone.

“Noe!”

“Nyang!”

Noe appeared with spread out legs and became Grid's eyes.

“I-It is Garam! Garam is killing the soldiers!”

The Cho king's desperate voice was heard from the ground.

“It is said that Garam is breaking in through the outer door! I will personally lead an army to face him so hurry with the resurrection of God Red Phoenix!”

The divine flames were becoming so grandiose that the Cho king and his ministers could feel it. They knew that time was needed for the red phoenix to be fully resurrected and was prepared to fight to the death for their kingdom. However, they weren't Garam's opponents. Garam would thoroughly annihilate them.

“...Shit.”

Now it was 1 hour and 28 minutes remaining. Was it possible to hold on? It was naturally impossible. Even when he used Request to Stand With Me at the rabbit community, he had lasted less than 20 minutes. Nevertheless, he was the only one who could tie up Garam's feet.

Grid worried for a moment before taking off the skin mask. He was prepared to die. If he hid or fled, there would be no way to escape the quest failure and destruction of the Cho Kingdom. Thus, he would sacrifice his life for even a small hope.

“I will lure Garam to another place. Protect the Red Phoenix Bow in case of another attack.”

“W-Wait! Why are you going so far?”

Grid didn't turn his head when he heard the perplexed Cho king and lamenting officials. He just turned in Garam's direction and answered, “I promised to help you.”

“...!”

Grid disappeared with a flash of lightning.

The Cho king, his ministers, and all the warriors and soldiers, had red eyes as they bit their lips. The Cho king was the first one to restrain the warriors who wanted to chase after Grid. He was deeply angry at his incompetence and ordered with tears in his eyes, "Bring all the daoists and scholars of Kars here while the king from the west buys some time. We will do our best to help God Red Phoenix wake up faster."

"...Attention!"

[Chapter 1175](#)

A continent ruled by four kingdoms. The reason why the situation on the East Continent was unchanged for so long was simple. The resources and talents of the four kingdoms were too plentiful. It was no wonder since only four kingdoms shared a land that was the same size as the West Continent. Since all four kingdoms made steady progress and were vigilant against each other, it was difficult to change the structure of power.

"...!"

At the Cho Kingdom's capital, Kars...

The soldiers of the outer gates, who were thoroughly vigilant as soldiers of the Cho Kingdom, knelt in amazement. Step. Step. The sound of a god's footsteps got closer. The soldiers bowed so their foreheads touched the ground and the people who belatedly realized the situation also bowed.

"..."

Once a god crossed the gates, a red curtain was laid around the area. There wasn't the smallest breath from the street that had been crowded just a moment ago. The yangban Garam—as usual, he came unannounced and paralyzed the nation's capital. The soldiers and the people prayed.

May God bless us and bring us luck in the future.

It was just unfortunate.

Step. Step. Step.

Garam didn't respond to the public's prayers. No, he didn't even see them. Garam's transcendent vision only gazed at the entrance of the palace in the distance.

'I'll show you that you're just dogs.'

One of the Hwan Kingdom's unwritten rules was to not harm the royal family of the four kingdoms. They had considerable influence on the people and it was important to maintain their honor and fear toward the Five Seniors and the yangbans. However, today Garam was trying to break the unwritten rule. They were the ones who crossed the line first.

'Impertinent guys.'

Garam's finely combed hair fluttered. Today, he didn't have it in a topknot. He didn't reveal his left ear that had been cut off by Grid.

...Grid! Grid!! Grid!!!

He knew the fact that this force that was protecting that bastard was insignificant but he couldn't forgive the Cho king. Garam's footsteps became faster and faster when his eyes lit up. A column of fire shot up from behind the walls that surrounded the palace. The momentum was so great that the clouds evaporated and the blue sky glowed.

"...?"

Garam couldn't understand the situation. At first, he denied the precursor to the 'impossible.' However, it was only for a moment. He soon accepted the situation.

"You can't go forward anymore."

It had never happened since he became a subject of faith. The soldiers and people of the Cho Kingdom, who had never stood in Garam's way, now gathered closely to block him. They even raised their heads and gazed into his eyes.

"Hah..."

Garam watched the foolish people stepping on his shadow and burst out laughing.

"The more inferior you are, the more faithful you are to your instincts."

Garam knew the source of the unpleasant warmth that started to spread throughout the Cho Kingdom once the column of fire soared. It was the aura of the red phoenix who originally defended the land. This guy who had been struggling for a long time was starting again.

"Stop walking!"

As Garam continued to walk forward, the soldiers raised their voices and pulled out their weapons. The sword and spears that had been used as a tool for worshipping the yangbans were now aimed at Garam. This meant that the instincts engraved in the genes and souls of the Cho Kingdom's people had blossomed.

The warmth that spread from the red phoenix reminded them of the forgotten god. The one their ancestors served. The people of the Cho Kingdom felt the existence of the guardian god who had protected them and realized that Garam was their enemy.

"Kukukuk, you are all the same..."

Garam didn't hide his anger. He felt that some of the faith poured toward him had vanished. He dared to reveal his true self to the people of the Cho Kingdom who turned their backs to him.

"Now the reason for your existence has disappeared. I will punish you and you will perish."

The words of a god were final. Garam would soon become a god and he had no intention of going back on his words. Garam took immediate action and flames sparked in front of him. It was the application of the red phoenix aura.

'The power of the old god that you are thinking about will destroy you...'

Garam thought this as he made a brutal smile and shot the flames in front of him. All the soldiers and people in the path of the flames were pushed out like a tsunami and burned to death with horrific

screams. Dozens of houses and buildings on the street were swept away by the explosion, causing more casualties.

Kars transformed into hell. In the midst of the roaring flames, Garam shouted at the people of the Cho Kingdom, “Humans! Trivial, little things! Do you know who the peace and happiness you have enjoyed comes from? It is me! Me, Garam! You lived because I didn’t destroy you despite having the power the entire time!”

“Ugh...”

Some people choked while others couldn’t stand it and started to vomit. The disgusting reality of the beings always believed to be gods couldn’t be easily accepted by the residents of the Cho Kingdom.

“Isn’t that bastard completely crazy?”

The players gritted their teeth. For the past few days, they had lived with the people of the Cho Kingdom and had been told stories of the yangbans. People smiled and said he could live because there were great gods called the Five Seniors and the yangbans. Thus, they imagined a merciful god. However, reality was completely different. It was an awful arrogance and self-righteousness. This wasn’t a god, it was more similar to a great demon.

“The existence of a god is like this?” someone spoke from the middle of the crowd—it was Hera. She had never witnessed a miracle that could be described as a god’s mercy, thus she could speak with a slightly different perspective.

“Ah, I’m talking about the gods of Satisfy.”

Hera felt the stiff atmosphere and laughed. Even so, there were dark shadows over the faces of the players. She thought of the world message from a while ago. It was a message from an unknown person discussing a god’s qualifications. It was an obvious declaration of war toward the gods.

‘Did Grid find out the reality of the gods?’

The gods of Satisfy. No, the gods here on the East Continent were likely to be completely different from the gods they had believed in and relied on. Grid couldn’t tolerate them. Explosions were occurring non-stop. The beautiful and magnificent Kars was being destroyed by the gods they believed in.

“...”

The eyes of the players were frantically trembling as they became witnesses to the apocalypse. They were deeply anxious as they saw a dark future through Garam’s presence. A number of people sat there feeling dizzy from the fact that the Cho Kingdom could be wiped out in the near future.

“Dammit... this fu*king game.”

During the time when Great Demon Berith destroyed the Rotemon Kingdom, people could still feel hope because of the presence of the gods. They were able to endure because they believed that the gods would show up and help before the evil and malicious great demon destroyed humanity. Now they thought it might be a vain belief. Garam was proving that gods unconditionally couldn’t be relied on in Satisfy.

“...The end. This is the end of the game.”

Why? Why did Chairman Lim Cheolho create Satisfy if it wasn't to satisfy the players' hopes and dreams?

“Ah...!”

The confused players suddenly had wide eyes. It was because a mother and daughter in the area were on the verge of being attacked by flying fireballs.

“No!” Hera was the first to rush over but other players rescued them before her. This was the difference between a warrior class and a doctor class.

“Are you crazy? A doctor wants to face the flames?”

“Leave the rescue of the people to us and focus on healing them.”

The players gave Hera stern advice and scattered in all directions after entrusting the mother and daughter to her. The entire city might not be able to be saved but they wanted to help the people in front of them. They learned how beautiful and wonderful it was to help others after watching the videos of various rankers.

“This way! Ugh!”

“Shit!”

It was just that every action came at a cost. They needed the ability to overcome the crisis when saving someone from a crisis. The players failed several times. There were those who couldn't overcome the heat while trying to save a person covered in fire and some died from a stone falling while trying to save people from the rubble of a building. It was practically impossible for hundreds of players to save tens of thousands of people in the midst of a disaster.

Garam's creepy voice penetrated the ears of those who had fallen, “Unworthy people, you will die here today.”

The waves of flames centered around Garam burned more violently and stretched out. The sea of fire that engulfed Kars started to swell. It was like the Red Sea had been turned into fire.

“Ah... Uwahh...”

The players and people of the Cho Kingdom were desperate. Not a single person felt hope. Hera was the same. She closed her eyes tightly as she hugged the injured mother and daughter she had given medicine to.

‘They're all going to die.’

Even Kentrick would've noticed it by now and escaped...

Hera's skin gradually warmed up.

“Unworthy people? Why are you disregarding those who live with their faith?” someone's voice echoed from the sky.

The voice was heavy enough to suppress the incessant roaring of the flames.

“P-Perhaps?”

Hera and hundreds of players turned their attention to the sky. The remnants of lightning could be seen. Subsequently...

“200,000 Army Crushing Sword.”

A mighty willpower spread out and extinguished the sea of fire engulfing the city.

“Ah...”

Hera’s eyes shook. She saw the fragile human who vomited blood in exchange for the destruction of the sea of fire created by a god. He fell to the ground, black-gold hands supporting his drooping shoulders.

“Divinity.”

He became a god to stand up against a god.

“Transcended Link Kill Pinnacle.”

“Griddddd!”

It was like a conflict between stars. The world became turbulent when Garam blocked a series of meteor-like attacks from Grid.

“N-No!”

The players screamed with regret. The moment that Grid finished the actions of his sword dance, he would be struck by Garam’s soft sword and fall. However, their expectations were wrong. Grid’s sword dance wasn’t over yet. “Transcended Link Kill Pinnacle!”

“...!?”

“Transcended Link Kill Pin—ugh!”

“Cough!”

Garam, who wanted to hold out against Grid’s onslaught, gradually fell into a defensive position and finally flew away. His bloodshot eyes were only chasing Grid as he pierced through a few burned houses and barely stopped.

“You! Yoou!”

The energy of the blue dragon spread out and Garam shot forward toward Grid while covered in lightning. Once again, Hera and the players realized what their role was.

“We have to evacuate the people!”

“Okay! Let’s go to the palace!”

Their hopes and dreams could be achieved on their own. There was no need to rely on others from the beginning. The players learned from Grid and lost their anxiety about the future. Satisfy's ending was set? No, they could change it. Chairman Lim Cheolho must've known this.

"Hurry!"

Hera and the players placed the injured people on their backs and ran with all their strength. Some of the forces following Garam blocked their way but the players somehow cut them down. Like Grid, they were doing the best they could.

[Chapter 1176](#)

Among the single sword dances, Transcend required a very wide range of actions. Momentum and dignified behavior was required in order to depict a transcendent being, but this was hard to express while widening his strides. In addition, it needed to be accompanied by exaggerated gestures.

This was why Grid didn't favor Transcended Link Kill Pinnacle. If it was Linked Kill Pinnacle, the sword dance was convenient to use because the sword dance naturally linked the stabs and slashes of Link and Kill. However, Transcended Link Kill was designed to maximize the power of Transcend and it was accompanied by an inevitable delay. The more pressing the battle, the more difficult it was to find the timing of use. However, the story was different if he borrowed the power of Divinity.

"Transcended Link Kill Pinnacle!"

The four fused sword dances unfolded sequentially without any delay. Their power threatened Garam, who had already activated the power of the red phoenix and was pushing his resilience to the limit.

"You...! Cough!Cough!!"

Garam easily blocked the first Transcended Link Kill Pinnacle, barely managed to escape the second Transcended Link Kill Pinnacle, and was blown away by the third Transcended Link Kill Pinnacle. He immediately activated the blue dragon's power, hitting Grid again and coughing up red blood.

Chill. Garam got goosebumps. He couldn't see why he was late to handle the second Transcended Link Kill Pinnacle when he so easily blocked the first one. His right hand holding the sword was trembling frantically. He felt a lot of pain in his abdomen and when he scanned his left hand, he saw a lot of blood.

'Can my recovery keep up?'

Everyone saw him being hurt deeply and driven on the defensive by a human. It was the biggest shame of his life. The history of this day should be erased.

"Cough, cough!Kuaaaaaah!!!" Garam roared like a wild beast as he nervously struck at the God Hands rotating around him in a dizzying manner. The currents around his body spread through the area as he dropped a move that would turn the area into a pile of ashes. It was intended to obliterate all humans who witnessed his humiliation.

However, his intentions were for naught. It was because the players did their best to protect the people of Kars. Dozens of people's lives were saved when battle gears and magic were used to prevent a single lightning strike. This caused Garam's face to distort like a demon.

“Trivial—cough! You!!” In the midst of this extreme wrath, Garam was calm. He recalled the load that occurred when the power of the sacred creatures was used simultaneously and first activated the energy of the blue dragon. Then he waited and raised the power of the red phoenix to the limit as Grid blew away the attack made of intangible winds.

It was intended to maximize the recovery power of the red phoenix in his body. Grid maintained a constant distance from Garam and summoned the Storm of the Fire God. It was a storm of intense flames that engulfed the area. Garam sensed the aura of the red phoenix from the storm and burst out laughing.

“Hahat! Kuhahahat! You’re really ridiculously stupid!”

The reason why the flames of the red phoenix never goes out was because they had a strong vitality. Yes, vitality. This meant that it was a beneficial power according to its use. This was very tasty prey for Garam, who activated the aura of the red phoenix.

‘I’ll eat it!’

Garam took a deep breath. He planned to absorb all the red phoenix flames summoned by Grid and use them as his vitality. However...

‘What?’

The nature of the flames sucked deep into his lungs was different. No, the purity was different. The pure red phoenix flames contained a strong willpower. The willpower showed a terrible killing intent toward Garam.

‘Red phoenix...! Is it the red phoenix?!’

Garam stared at the pillars of fire and then glanced back at Grid. The presence of the red phoenix preparing for resurrection was strengthening. Garam’s Red Phoenix Breath was being assimilated into its essence. Garam realized that the red phoenix was rejecting him. He could no longer fully use the aura of the red phoenix until the red phoenix was fully sealed.

A painful burst of shock caused Garam’s eyes to shake. Garam’s lungs that swallowed the flames were torn apart.

“Ugh...!” Garam cursed and held his breath.

The moment he exhaled, his blood burned and his heart felt like it was exploding. Finally...

[The target is under the influence of the Storm of the Fire God and his recovery attempt has failed.]

[The effect of Rage of the Fire God has cursed the target with 15,000 fixed damage and reversed the healing effect.]

Grid’s face became rosy as he checked the notification windows. Unlike Garam who failed in recovery, Grid saw hope as he recovered from his wounds by drinking a potion.

‘Garam has noticed the effects of Storm of the Fire God. He won’t be active during the storm.’

He could buy time by maintaining a distance from the storm while ensuring that Garam couldn't leave the storm. The mana consumed in exchange for maintaining the Storm of the Fire God wasn't a problem. Grid had the Ring of Absurdity and the inherent ability of Storm of the Fire God itself had the effect of increasing the healing effect of allies by 20%, including the 'caster.'

That's right—the effect of mana recovery potions also increased while maintaining the Storm of the Fire God. Based on the potion recovery, the cooldown, and the mana cost, Grid would be able to maintain the Storm of the Fire God for at least 40 minutes. Those 40 minutes would be hell for Garam.

[The scholars and academics [1] of the Cho Kingdom are accelerating the resurrection of the red phoenix.]

[The time remaining to resurrect the red phoenix is significantly reduced.]

[The time remaining to the resurrection of the red phoenix is 54 minutes.]

'I can do it. I can hold on.'

As always, Grid wasn't alone. All the people of the Cho Kingdom, including the Cho king, had the same aspirations as Grid and were doing their best to revive the red phoenix. Hundreds of players were also helping him.

'Garam, the path you've walked is wrong.'

This is the way I'm walking. The difference between you and myself, who is helped by so many people, proves it.

The moment that Grid gained courage...

"Daring to make that expression..." Garam's eyes widened as he glanced between Grid blocking his path and the pillars of fire soaring behind Grid. Steam rose around Garam's body. The power of the black tortoise, who presided over water and death, started to quench the heat of the Storm of the Fire God.

"...!?"

Grid saw the power of the black tortoise and his expression stiffened. He quickly raised his sword as Garam appeared in front of his nose and attacked. The soft sword swept over Grid's cheek. "I am a god. You can't restrain me with anything but death."

The flames split from side to side and looked like the wings of the red phoenix. Looking at Garam's appearance, who could deny that he wasn't a god? The soft sword passed by Grid's cheeks and penetrated his left collarbone.

"Kkuk...!"

The aura of the black tortoise was a poison that corroded objects and withered life. The durability of all of Grid's armor, including Valhalla, was greatly damaged by Garam's blow. The dark energy ejected from the spinning Garam as he recovered his sword struck Grid and blew him away.

Grid looked like a mess as he crashed into the ground and rolled several times. His pained face was covered with sweat and the blood flowing down from his mouth made him suspect he was poisoned. Garam's mouth curved up because he didn't know Khan's will made Grid completely resistant to poison.

"Today, I will become perfect."

Grid was really qualified to be a god. If Garam succeeded in getting rid of Grid and prevented the resurrection of the red phoenix, he would prove that he was a real god. Spit. Garam spat the blood in his mouth and raised his sword again. He denied that he felt a bit of fear a little while ago. He prepared to become perfect by slashing the neck of Grid, who witnessed him in a terrible state.

"Come to think of it, you are a necessary existence for me, Grid."

Be the sacrifice to make me complete. That is who you are.

Garam made a deep smile and lowered his sword. At the same time, Grid's body surrounded by flames split into several copies. It was Belial's power of Queen's Distortion activated in combination with the flames of willpower. It was a great technique that dazzled the eyes and minds of others.

Garam's soft sword swung faster than the eye, drawing a circle to cut down all of Grid's clones. However, they weren't cut due to Berith's Automatic Transformation. Grid was spared a fatal blow thanks to the metal shield that was automatically generated in real time, reducing Garam's damage.

"You're really tenacious." Garam had regained his composure at the thought of victory. Now his expression once again changed. Grid's attitude of enduring to the end without giving up offended him.

"You can never beat me. Why don't you give up? Do you really think you can beat me?"

"...Not even once."

"...?"

"I never thought that I could beat you."

"Then why..."

Garam was intrigued by Grid's honest confession and paused for a moment to listen. He suddenly felt something strange. The blood flowing from Grid's mouth was red.

'He wasn't affected by the black tortoise's poison?'

How could he resist the poison of a god who presided over death? He was truly sinister. Dragging this out longer wasn't good. This guy still had strength remaining. Garam felt anxiety.

"Keen Insight." At this moment, Grid contemplated Garam's state.

"...!?"

There was an unpleasant feeling like every detail was being dug out. Garam felt like this for the first time in his life and instinctively changed the trajectory of his sword. However, the change was one of the future paths that Keen Insight had read. A move that integrated attack and defense—one of Garam's secret techniques was smashed by Grid's blow that carried Mercedes' power.

[1] Two different words are used, both mean scholar but the first one is more referring to an educated person who doesn't covet riches and cherishes loyalty and principles. The second means those who learn and acquire knowledge from others, records, or experiences

[Chapter 1177](#)

"I know that everything in the world was born in my will. All things exist only for me."

They were words that Garam heard as soon as he was born.

"The reason I created you is for you to help me, so that you may live for me just as all things do."

Hanul's words were clearly imprinted on Garam. Garam had never forgotten it, even if the weather was clear or cloudy, whether he opened his eyes or closed it. In the tens of thousands of seasonal changes, Garam recalled these words and worshipped them. Only then did he believe that his existence was meaningful. Then one day...

"It seems wrong." Garam saw a brother who contradicted Hanul's words. "Even the little birds and powerless deer know that their lives are precious. We work hard every day to survive from bigger birds and mighty beasts."

It was Pagma, the incomprehensible person who made crude objects and gave them as gifts to his siblings. This stiff-necked person dared to talk to Hanul in such a manner. "Hanul, you say that all things are born according to your will and all things exist for you, but if that is the case, why do those little children take care of their own bodies? I think Hanul is misinformed. I think that all things exist not for Hanul but for themselves."

"You!"

"Hanul, if this beautiful feast is all for Hanul... rather than talking about how yangbans are better than beasts and humans, why not take care of everyone equally? Then won't all things naturally honor and love Hanul, living for Hanul?"

"Pagma! Shut up!"

Garam felt a great anger toward Pagma. He established an eternal hostility toward Pagma. Why did he want to deny Pagma's words so much? Why did he hate Pagma so much? Garam realized it the moment he faced Grid.

'...I knew he was right.'

I am me.

He was a being with his own will. He wanted to think for himself, choose for himself, and live for himself, rather than by someone's coercion. However, he didn't dare express this. Unlike Pagma, who left to correct what was wrong, and Grid in front of him, who came back to correct what was wrong, he only became obsessed with becoming a god and ignored his own desires. A god—he felt that if he became one, he would be able to shake off his fears and become perfect.

'These guys...! What is so great about you?!'

How dare they resist providence when they weren't even gods?! The yangbans weren't going to change the way they did things!

Garam advanced forward through the Storm of the Fire God. He cut Grid with the sword covered with the deadly poison of the black tortoise, forcing Grid to the brink of death. Then Garam entered a realm he had never known before. He incorporated all the skills, experiences, and learning he had accumulated since his birth, into a single move.

This was a glimpse of a god killer. It was the blow that Chiyou, who taught the yangbans out of a desire for his own extinction, had eagerly discussed.

"...!"

Grid's face was white. In a world separated by 0.1 seconds, he felt a strong threat from Garam's dark sword that was completely unavoidable. He knew that the defense of the damaged Valhalla, the indomitable effect that still remained, and his immortal power, would become meaningless as soon as he was stabbed by Garam's sword that suddenly flew toward him.

[Death is coming.]

His transcendent senses were warning him. It was the ultimate form of a god's will that had the power to make the concept of stats and the rules of the system meaningless.

'Request to Stand With Me!'

Grid had no time. He recalled the lives and futures of the millions of people he now carried on his back and instinctively thought of a knight. An absolute skill that wouldn't put the person into any danger if they lent it to him. The continent's greatest knight who had 'Keen Insight' that even the gods were wary of.

A legend—it was Mercedes.

[The power of Duke of Virtue is requesting help from your knight, 'Mercedes.']

[Mercedes is happy to respond to your request.]

[Mercedes' Keen Insight is implanted in your eyes.]

The landscape that Grid could see changed. He found a road he couldn't see before and shifted his stride to the side while lowering his upper body. At the same time, he swung the Enlightenment Sword. It was a move that integrated attack and defense. Garam's move, which could be considered as 'perfect,' collapsed from Grid's blow that contained Mercedes' power. Garam's sword, which should've pierced Grid's heart, was shattered and torn from Garam's grip.

"Kuek...?" Garam's eyes shook. It wasn't the pain that came from his tattered right arm that shocked him. Grid's deep eyes were bringing a pained confusion to him.

'Isn't this unbelievable?'

Everything was dug up. His destiny and life were thoroughly analyzed. A mere mortal. He was being stripped bare by human eyes.

“...It isn't possible!”

The stronger the red phoenix became, the more difficult it was to control the Red Phoenix Breath and it suddenly exploded. A hole was created in Garam's lungs and his blood started to evaporate. The pain transcended imagination but Garam didn't show any signs of it. He used the Black Tortoise Breath to restrain the Red Phoenix Breath and the White Tiger Breath was used to block the holes in his lungs.

Meanwhile, Grid was indirectly peeking at Garam's state. It was the power of Keen Insight.

[The effect of the 'Forgotten God's Curse' will disperse the target's concentration and action.]

[All recovery effects are forbidden and all reaction speeds are reduced by 58%.]

[All of your skills that are currently active, except for Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle, will be sure to hit the target and will result in a critical hit and weak spot attack.]

Grid didn't move randomly once the notification window first popped up. Keen Insight gave Grid full information on the target's stats, skills, and condition and recommended behavior based on them. The term was 'auto.' It was similar to when blacksmiths used auto production when making items, all his movements were taken care of.

All of Grid's sword dances slammed sequentially into Garam who had been weakened by the interference of the red phoenix. Garam didn't dare to resist. It wasn't just because of Keen Insight.

[Keen Insight has found your restrained power.]

[The effect 'Ecstasy of Desire' has been awakened in the Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires.]

[Your attack power will increase by three times for 20 seconds and evasion rate will reach 99%. However, defense is zero.]

It was a conditional passive that had a low probability of activating when fighting an enemy with a higher level than himself, allowing him to enter a 'selfless' state if his health dropped below a certain point. It had been suppressed due to the danger. Now that it was activated by Keen Insight, Grid's attack power was far beyond Garam's attack power.

Garam couldn't dodge Grid's attacks and his health gauge continued to fall, dropping to the bottom in an instant. He tried to resist somehow but his vicious counterattacks never hit Grid. The remnants of Braham's magic carved through the sky like a galaxy as Grid's sword dances never stopped.

All the people of the Cho Kingdom witnessed the scene and temporarily lost their senses.

“...Beautiful.” Hera, who was taking care of patients in the palace, heard the sudden explosion and murmured as she looked up at the sky.

“A god killer...” The scholars and academics who rushed over at the king's call to revive the red phoenix couldn't help gulping.

“Pangea's Duke of Virtue!” The officials who were grateful to Grid since he rescued Han Seokbong's family and the people of Pangea and secretly helped him were stunned.

Finally...

“Please... please give strength to Grid.” The king prayed earnestly. He wanted to rush out with his warriors to help Grid but he was obliged to defend the resurrecting red phoenix. He had to stand still in preparation for an attack from the Hwan Kingdom. Just like Grid who was tying up Garam’s feet, the role of the Cho king was also important. The Cho king was forced to pray for Grid without leaving his spot.

Then he was suddenly engulfed in doubts. ‘Who am I praying to?’

Was it meaningful to pray to the gods who deceived humans? Could the red phoenix respond to prayers when it wasn’t resurrected yet? It happened when the Cho king was filled with increasing confusion...

One of the young men fighting in the distant sky flew toward the palace and crashed.

“P-Pangea’s Duke of Virtue!”

“King Grid!”

The people of the Cho Kingdom knew that Garam was a god. Since a human couldn’t handle a god, all the people of the Cho Kingdom knew that the existence who had just fallen to the ground was naturally Grid. They thought the presence chasing him down from the high sky would be Garam. However, reality was different. The bloody figure revealed by the scattering smoke was Garam, not Grid.

“Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle.” The identity of the person who descended while surrounded by blue-black petals was Grid.

Contrary to everyone’s expectations, Grid was overwhelming Garam. It was only for a moment...

“Ah...!” The Cho king placed his hands together and started to pray again. He didn’t pray to the Five Seniors and the yangbans, who had deceived humans, or the red phoenix who hadn’t resurrected yet. The subject of the new prayer was Grid. He glimpsed the birth of a new god through the appearance of Grid who caused Garam to crash.

On the other hand...

‘Kuk...! Damn!’ Grid’s face was rapidly hardening as he rushed toward Garam on the ground.

[The duration of Ecstasy of Desire is over.]

[The duration of Request to Stand With Me is over.]

[The effect of Keen Insight will be wiped out.]

It was because he heard a series of bad news. Once the auto effect that originated from Keen Insight stopped, Grid subtly slowed down as he descended. This was a great opportunity for Garam.

“You!” Garam had experienced a one-sided humiliation from Grid for two minutes. He had been unable to find gaps in Grid. Now he quickly captured the changes in Grid and started to fight back. He maintained the effect of the Black Tortoise Breath on his breathing, and the White Tiger Breath suppressing his wounds, while opening the Blue Dragon Breath. He broke through the petals and flew toward Grid, stabbing his sword.

“Kuock!”

First, the difference in stats was the decisive reason why Grid couldn't win over Garam. Even if Grid had higher stats than his level, it couldn't be compared to the stats of a named NPC who reached the realm of a half-god. Of course, it was possible to narrow the gap with all types of buff skills, Duke of Fire, and Fenrir's Strength. However, this was a story that was only possible when the buffs were maintained.

The gap between the end of the buffs and the reuse of the buffs was a fatal weakness for Grid. Grid failed to hit Garam with Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle and allowed a counterattack, causing him to plunge to the ground. Garam immediately followed him down, trampling on Grid's neck.

“Those who are ignorant and weak always discuss hope. You seem to think that resurrecting the red phoenix will resolve the current situation but it is a big mistake.”

“...?”

Grid's body twitched. Garam slowly removed his feet as Grid struggled like a worm to raise his head from the ground. Grid could finally raise his head and reflexively turned his gaze in a certain direction. Then he saw it...

There were two men floating above the palace. They were dressed in a blue dupo and stood with their arms folded as they bit the smoking pipe in their mouths. They looked exactly like Garam.

“Yangbans...!”

It was also clear that they had passed Chiyou's test. Like Garam, they were in the process of becoming gods.

‘This can't be...!’

There was no hope. Garam was merely one of the problems. Grid lost hope and a dark shadow crossed his face.

Then a familiar voice was heard. “If you are ignorant and weak and don't even feel hope, then you are just trash, just like these guys.”

A huge spear of light fell from the sky and pierced the bodies of the two men standing with arms crossed.

“...!?” Garam's face was filled with amazement. He was more shocked than when he was overwhelmed by Grid.

The spear pierced them and the yangbans fell while bleeding. A handsome silver-haired man appeared along with the wavelength of magic. The red phoenix who was being resurrected, the people of the Cho Kingdom, and the yangbans struggling to heal their wounds...

Despite clearly knowing that all of them were focused on himself, the silver-haired beauty was merely watching Grid.

“Nasty worms are twisting.”

“Braham!”

Braham didn't speak for a long time. He stared at the two yangbans struggling to heal and reached out to use poison. It was magic that poisoned the target. It was magic that couldn't be used against a half-god. However, Braham's poison now contained the hydra's venom.

"Cough!" The two yangbans fell down, bleeding and with foam coming out of their mouths. Garam, all the people of the Cho Kingdom, and even Grid, looked at Braham with an expression of incredulity.

[Chapter 1178](#)

The child of Shizo Beriache who became a legend—Braham Eshwald, the greatest magician of all time, had experienced a wide variety of things in his life. Along with his obsession with knowledge, he was able to become the Duke of Wisdom because he studied through experience.

Yes, countless people praised Braham's knowledge. No one could deny that his level of knowledge was the best in the world. However, there was an interesting fact—it was extremely rare for anyone to say that Duke of Wisdom Braham was wise. The arrogant and passionate Braham had a lot of knowledge and experience but he often let his emotions get ahead of his sense of reason.

'Doing something like this again!'

Grid was filled with worry, not joy, when Braham inserted the spears of light into the yangbans. Grid remembered—this time, Braham had promised to follow Grid's will. He would protect the house like a dog...

Braham had said exactly that. It was dangerous for Braham to follow Grid to the East Continent when the power of the Hwan Kingdom and the condition of the East Continent couldn't be fully measured. He knew his death would hurt Grid and promised to remain on the West Continent.

'Then why did he come now?'

Grid viciously scowled at Braham. He resented Braham for not believing in him and breaking the promise. The fallen yangbans stood up and rushed toward Braham.

"N...!" Grid trembled and raised his ragged body. He attempted to use Shunpo to help Braham, regardless of his condition, but he failed.

"Cough!"

Poison spread around Braham and the poisoned yangbans lost their momentum and fell, bleeding and with foam coming out of their mouths

"...o?"

Grid's mind was filled with confusion. Braham was one of the strongest legends but that was a story of when he was in his prime. The present Braham was greatly weakened while both yangbans were in the realm of a half-god. The fact that a half-god was poisoned wasn't convincing.

'Are they yangbans who haven't passed Chiyou's test yet?'

No, that wasn't it. His high insight stat told him that Garam's skills might be better but in terms of 'status,' they were equal to Garam. Nevertheless, they were poisoned.

'Don't tell me?'

Grid had a creepy hypothesis and confirmed Braham's details.

[Name: Braham Eshwald

Race: A true blood vampire who has lost his eternal life

Class: Legendary Great Magician

....

Title: Duke of Wisdom

....

Title: One who Became a Legend

....

Title: Master of Mana

....

Title: Resurrected

....

Title: Myth Usurper

* You have defeated the hydra, who has taken part in many myths, and engraved your name onto every myth it appeared in. (the mythical hydra has the formula 'later beaten by Braham'.)

* You are qualified to upgrade your class rating to 'myth.'

* The special stat 'Deity' is opened.

* Attack power and magical attack power will significantly increase during battles with mythical monsters.

* If you encounter a mythical presence, there is a normal probability of overwhelming them.

Title: Embraced the Hydra's Poison

* You have analyzed the hydra's deadly poison, which contains death for a mortal and eternal pain for immortals, and melted it into your mana. Although it isn't comparable to the deadly poison of the hydra, it is unique to the world.

* The power of all poison-based magic has greatly increased and there is a very high probability of ignoring the target's poison resistance.

Level: 500 (▼)

Strength: 178 Stamina: 2,190

Agility: 607 Intelligence: 9,210

Dignity: 3,511 Insight: 5,943

Willpower: 7,800

* It is a body that is recovering after hundreds of years but Braham will adapt quickly. Up to level 600, the experience gained is increased by 2000%.

....

* Currently considers everyone as insignificant apart from player 'Grid' and his family. [Players outside of 'Grid' can't build up affinity with him.]

"...!!"

Gaining 100 levels in such a short time?

'Did he annihilate the Gauss army by himself? Eh?'

Grid, who suspected a bug after seeing Braham's unbelievable growth, checked the list of titles again.

'Hydra? He entered the Abyss?'

Myth Usurper was a higher-grade title than the Glimpsed the Myths title held by Grid. Grid noticed this fact and his heart jumped significantly. A deep emotion that other people couldn't understand swept over him.

'Alone... I'm not alone.'

It had been since declaring he would become a god—Grid hadn't shown it but he had been worried he would become a solitary entity. He had a nightmare of being alone in a world where no one else was present. Then at this moment, all his anxiety was washed away. He had an eternal companion in Braham. This person would remain by his side. Braham gained the title Myth Usurper and seemed to be telling him so.

Grid was feeling emotional when Garam leapt forward. As if Grid wasn't present, he flew in Braham's direction, holding the short spear in a reverse hold against his chest. A chill went down Grid's spine. It was because this was the operation of the sword used by Grid in the auto state created with Keen Insight.

"Braham! It is dang...!"

It was before Grid's warning could be completed. There was a flash of lightning as Garam appeared in front of Braham and wielded his short spear. It was a confusing blow from Braham's point of view. From his perspective, Garam looked empty-handed only to suddenly stab him. Thus, Braham's reaction was somewhat slow.

Tricking the opponent by hiding the weapon—the move used just a few minutes earlier by Grid in Keen Insight mode was now used by Garam and it caught Braham's ankle. The basics of spearmanship followed. Stab at a straight line from the shortest distance, followed by a succession of stabbings. This

quickly forced Braham onto the defensive. He desperately tried to protect himself by casting shields but continued to be pushed back before he could chant spells that would cause a reversal.

"It is called compatible natures. You are just like a scarecrow if your mouth and hands are sealed," Garam arrogantly spoke like he was teaching. Then a smile appeared on the face of Braham, who had been deploying shields with a flustered expression. It was a smile that contained the height of arrogance that surpassed even Garam's.

"You are naive, unlike Pagma. The yangbans aren't cunning at all. No, aren't they stupid?"

"...?" Was this person associated with Pagma? Garam narrowed the gap.

"Grease."

"Earth Break."

"Ice Wall."

"Giga Raiden."

Braham's voice echoed. Braham was indeed intertwined with Garam but it was actually an illusion. His voice came from all over the place like he had dozens of bodies. It was the active use of Alarm magic.

"...!"

Some areas of the ground became slippery while others turned upside down. Then a huge flash of lightning fell from the sky the moment Garam was trapped in an ice barrier. Originally, it was magic that should've been absorbed by the Blue Dragon Breath.

However, the atmosphere caused by the ice barrier raised Garam's suspicion. Garam used Shunpo to escape from the ice wall and stood in the sky. The entire view of the palace, which had been reduced to a stage of war, was captured in his vision. It was to find Braham's body. However, he couldn't sense Braham anywhere. He just detected a heat that seemed to burn his skin.

"...!" The startled Garam used Shunpo again but it was too late. A huge explosion struck Garam. Garam appeared almost simultaneously on the ground due to Shunpo. The majesty of a half-god could barely be found because all the skin torn open by Grid's preceding onslaught was now blackened or bruised. Garam realized that he had been misled and stared at Braham. "It turns out that you're like a demonkin who relies on deception."

"If it was Pagma, he would've started to feel suspicion from the moment I showed a gap and would've escaped the trap. Now that I see you, I think I understand why Pagma left the Hwan Kingdom. He fled to the West Continent because he was frustrated with living with ignorant and inferior people."

"You...!" Garam's eyes rolled because of the words.

"In the end, it is all because of you guys!" However, it was Braham who was furious.

"...?"

"You released that damn bastard Pagma onto the West Continent! Pathetic bastards! My life was ruined because of you!!"

“...??”

Garam was puzzled by the unexpected words but still moved. He had already fully penetrated Braham's combat style.

'He is someone who dominates the battlefield by predicting the enemy's path and laying traps. I can't get caught up in his way.'

He didn't have to be caught in the trap. It was a problem that would be resolved if he avoided the direction created by this opponent.

'I have to close in using Shunpo at an unpredictable moment and hit him.'

Duguen.Duguen.

Garam heard the unfamiliar sound of his heart beating loudly. The awkward tension was unpleasant and he struggled to maintain his composure. He didn't want to admit it but this silver-haired man was great. He didn't use the excuse that he had been too injured by Grid or that he was being held back by the red phoenix's curse. He would've never been vigilant even if he was in perfect condition.

'So how long are you going to stay still?'

Garam stood away from Braham and stared at his brothers, who were still trembling with blue faces. They were also half-gods. They were immortals who could drive out poison at any time, regardless of the curse of the red phoenix. Garam felt irritated because they continued to act pained instead of expelling the poison.

He thought they were playing tricks to get out of a troublesome fight. His patience reached the limit and he finally directed killing intent toward his brothers. One of them cut off his poisoned right arm while the other cut off his poisoned ankle and shouted at Garam, "Endure! Harang is traversing the Cho Kingdom just like us! She will notice this and come here soon!"

"...What?"

Garam's expression was stiff. Through the scene of his brothers cutting off their arm or feet because they failed to drive out the poison, Garam realized that the silver-haired man's skills were higher than expected. However, there was someone who was even more nervous and anxious and it was Grid.

"Sigh...Sigh..."

As Braham was buying time, Grid regained some of his stamina. He took deep breaths as he approached the center of the battlefield.

'There is no guarantee that Braham will win.'

Grid knew Braham's character. He enjoyed trampling one-sidedly against his enemy instead of fighting them and didn't use high grade magic. Braham was the one who used basic magic to destroy Tallos, who was Amoract's agent in the Yatan Church. Now it was different.

He used great magic from the beginning and consumed two high grade spells while dealing with Garam. For Braham, who was qualified to be a myth, the yangbans weren't easy opponents. What if a new yangban joined this situation? Braham would die.

[The time remaining to the resurrection of the red phoenix is 39 minutes.]

'I need to give Braham some time to run away.'

Braham wasn't the one who promised to resurrect the red phoenix and defend the Cho Kingdom. Braham had no obligation to sacrifice himself. Above all else, Grid regarded Braham's survival as more important than the resurrection of the red phoenix.

"Noe!"

Grid attracted the attention of the yangbans by summoning Noe, who he hadn't used so far, and commanded the light elemental to use Flash.

"Grid," Braham faced Grid with the yangbans between them and spoke meaningful words, "your greatest strength is your virtue."

"...?"

—!

The moment Grid was feeling confused, a certain roar was heard beyond the outer walls of Kars. It was a familiar cry for both Grid and the yangbans.

"The red phoenix?"

Everyone's eyes shifted over the outer wall. Then they witnessed something with their transcendent vision. They saw a woman pulling a bow and summoning the image of the red phoenix while her colleagues helped her. They had just arrived at Kars and blocked the way of the yangban Harang.

"Your parents! They only have 50 more years to live!"

Some lunatic was yelling bullshit at Harang. Hanul, who had existed since the chaos before the beginning, would only live for the next 50 years. How dare a mere human judge the lifespan of an absolute god?! It was clear that these words of profanity couldn't be forgiven, even if they wouldn't have an impact on Hanul.

The furious Garam and the other yangbans gritted their teeth. Their aggro that was focused on Braham finally turned to the lunatic in the distance, Huroi. It was an ultra long-range wide-area aggro that crossed the scope of common sense.

"Looking away?" Braham cast magic toward Garam's party.

"I won't forgive... Ugh?" Harang, who should've joined Garam's party, was blinded by Huroi's words and was chasing after him when she was shot by Jishuka's arrow.

"It hurts...? What? An attack from a human?"

“Don’t be so pretentious. All my friends here are at least stronger than me. You will be outstripped here.”

“Hey, hey, Jishuka. She is still a god so you should be polite. What do you mean by outstripped?”

“You still have a tough mouth. Rather than getting married, can you even have a relationship? Anyone with a tough mouth, regardless of whether they are a man or a woman, won’t be popular with the opposite sex.”

“Do you want to become toilet paper?”

The meritorious retainers who had gone through a long period of training gathered around Jishuka. There was only one reason why they crossed the Red Sea when they should be busy preparing for the National Competition—it was to help Grid. They couldn’t turn away from Grid after witnessing the unusual epic.

“God Grid! We have come!!”

The battlefield entered a new phase with Peak Sword’s cry. Grid had a gut feeling...

‘This is the end.’

The red phoenix would be resurrected and the Cho Kingdom would be protected.

[Chapter 1179](#)

“Haha! Kuhahahahat!” Garam watched the situation and exploded with laughter. It was because Grid’s reinforcements who appeared and stood in Harang’s way were ordinary humans.

“Hundreds of thousands of humans can gather and they will be as insignificant as dust. What is the point of relying on less than 10 people?” Garam mocked Grid, “You’ve lost any idea on basic concepts just because your momentum has increased a bit recently. There is nothing that you can expect by relying on humans. Humans might struggle but they can’t block the path of a god. Harang will be here soon and you will die.”

It was Braham, not Grid, who mocked Garam with a twisted smile, “You wouldn’t exist without humans.”

“What?”

Braham laughed. The most glamorous smile was derisive as he glanced at the yangbans, who judged the value of living creatures. “There is no comedy when a parasitic man who relies on human faith regards humans as insignificant.”

“...It is the exact same provocation as before. It is Hanul who created us and Hanul who gave us the qualifications of a god. Human faith is just a means to make us more complete.” Garam was refuting it sarcastically when he suddenly shut his mouth. He finally noticed that Braham’s claims couldn’t be denied.

Braham shrugged. “If, according to your logic, humans are insignificant then you will also be insignificant. Well, you are just a trivial thing.”

“You! I am tired of being scolded by a human!” Garam blushed and shouted as he realized he undermined his own value while discussing humans. It was a silly reaction.

Braham’s expression became mischievous. “There is no room for rebuttal. You are just a sick dog that can only bark at someone taller than it.”

“...!”

“It is funny that you people mistake yourselves as gods just because you are a little bit stronger than humans.” Braham’s gaze was focused on the cut off ear peeking through Garam’s matted hair. “The image of a god is unchanging.”

It was human habit to embody it the more they understood and remembered. It was because the abstract eventually faded. Humans remembered, preached, and prayed to thoroughly shape the object of faith. It was through them that the image of a god was immutable.

“If you were a real god—” Braham watched the yangbans who cut off their arm and foot to get rid of the poison. “If humans truly regarded you as gods, these insignificant wounds would already be gone.”

However, it wasn’t that way. Human beings were obligated to follow because they were afraid or deceived by false myths, but they didn’t serve with genuine faith. Why? Why didn’t the yangbans foresee the situation? Could they be true objects of faith when they didn’t respect and support humans? Braham didn’t have any doubts.

‘They would’ve done it at first.’ It was just that after many years, they forgot their position and made mistakes over and over again. Maybe the humans let them down first.

“...” Garam kept his mouth shut. He wasn’t angry nor did he deny Braham’s words. He merely looked at Braham with a serene gaze and analyzed the situation. He intuitively felt that the moment he intervened, he would fall apart.

“Gru, Naeun.”

“Uh.”

“Speak.”

They were the yangbans who cut off their arm and foot to avoid the poison. They often argued with Garam but now they were showing a rare docile attitude. They determined that Garam, who had achieved a high performance in all of Chiyou’s test, would be able to overcome this crisis and acknowledged him as the leader.

“I will deal with the silver-haired man. You guys deal with the black-haired man behind him while waiting for Harang to join.”

Normally, he would’ve changed the opponent. He would’ve thrown the dangerous silver-haired man to Gru and Naeun while he dealt with Grid and gave Harang the finishing blow. However, this time he really had to be careful. He had to take the tough role. If Gru and Naeun were defeated before Harang joined, Garam would also be in danger.

“Um... I’ll do so.”

“I know.”

Gru and Naeun responded after a moment of worry. In fact, they thought that Garam and the three of them would join forces to deal with the silver-haired man. They saw him as someone who wasn't ordinary, unlike the black-haired man who had been half-dead since the first time they saw him.

‘...Grid. It is the name of the creator of the reproduced Red Phoenix Bow, which was a hot topic last time.’

‘Garam has been playing for a long time but he must be persistent to live until now.’

Gru and Naeun had arrived at the scene even before Braham showed up and saw Garam turning this man into a rag. The Cho king deceived the Hwan Kingdom thoroughly enough to prepare for the red phoenix's resurrection and he must've prepared a trump card. Even if the red phoenix's curse grabbed Garam's ankle, it would be difficult for him to drive Garam to this extent if he was just an ordinary human being. Of course, this was a story for when he was in a perfect state.

Gru and Naeun placed Garam behind them as they released the soft swords tied to their waist at Grid. Gru had lost his right arm and Naeun had lost his left foot, but they took a swordsmanship stance without losing balance.

“You will die before Harang arrives.”

“This is better for you, maker of the reproduced Red Phoenix Bow.”

Gru leaned his upper body deeply forward to touch the ground while Naeun grabbed his shoulder and climbed onto his back. It was a swordsmanship that a human couldn't attain even if they trained all their lives. The moment Grid revealed a gap, Gru's soft sword moved in an arc.

The rocks on the ground soared like a typhoon was occurring. Grid's vision was disturbed and his heart was pierced by Gru's soft sword. He was already more dead than alive due to Garam and couldn't respond to the speed of the half-god.

“Hap!” Naeun used the reaction that occurred when Gru launched his sword movement to fall toward Grid's head, stabbing his sword toward it. He thought this human was completely settled. Of course, this thought ended with Gru's scream.

“Kuaaaaak!”

“...!?”

Gru's scream happened just before Naeun's sword pierced Grid's head. Naeun was feeling doubts when Grid disappeared from Naeun's vision.

‘Shunpo?’

A chill went down Naeun's spine as he landed on the ground and turned his gaze in Gru's direction. Grid clutched Gru's sword piercing his chest with his left hand while acting in a wild manner.

“Ohhhhhh!”

Rather than allowing Gru to recover his sword, Grid thrust the sword deeper into his chest as he advanced and advanced. He recklessly approached Gru as he stabbed and swung his sword wildly like a wounded beast at the edge of a cliff.

“Get away now!”

Naeun temporarily took back the White Tiger Breath that had been used to stop the bleeding at his ankle to operate the Blue Dragon Breath and Black Tortoise Breath to strengthen his speed and attack power. He immediately flew to Grid and stabbed his back.

It entered properly—the sword dug into the gap of Grid’s armor that was woven like dragon scales, ripping at Grid’s internal organs. It might not be an instant death but the impact was so large that the person would naturally be unable to move. However...

“Kuaaaaah!”

Grid didn’t stop. He roared even louder as he chopped at Gru together with the black and gold hands holding weapons. Gru couldn’t bear it and abandoned his sword to try and move away, but he failed.

“Link!”

“Nyaang!”

An identical copy of Grid and a cat-like monster risked their lives and Gru’s retreat path didn’t easily open.

“N-Nauen!”

“...!”

The shocked Naeun regained his senses. He faced Gru’s eyes seeking help and realized that the situation was far more serious than he expected.

“Get lost!!” Naeun exerted his power. The wind moved as hundreds of attacks were thrown at Grid. Yet all the attacks were scattered by an invisible, intangible blade.

‘What?’

Nael was appalled by the incredible sight when Gru’s groan filled his ears. The eerily silent blade pierced his heart.

‘T-This is impossible?’

How could the sword of a human pierce the body of a god that was harder than a great mountain since birth? Naeun was daunted when he realized that Gru didn’t just falter under Grid’s pressure, Gru fled with all his might. At the same time, Gru—skewered by the Enlightenment Sword—sank down like a broken doll. His pupils lost their light and were empty. No emotions could be seen in them.

“De...ad?”

To a human? Naeun’s two hands, which had been bold enough to cut off his limb in order to handle the poison, trembled like crazy. Fear—the first and last time this feeling struck him was when he watched

the Five Seniors seal the old guardians. He took a few steps back from the blood-covered Grid gasping for breath and examined Garam's situation first.

Garam had risen into the sunset-filled sky and was engaged in a fierce battle with the silver-haired man. He was so focused on his battle with the silver-haired man that he didn't even notice Gru's death. This time, Naeun's gaze turned to the distant walls.

Like Garam, Harang had achieved excellent results in Chiyou's test yet she was still unable to cross the gates. There were less than 10 humans with different abilities but it was hard to find gaps in both their attack and defense. The biggest problem was the reproduced Red Phoenix Bow.

Was it blessed by the red phoenix? Every time there was a roaring boom, arrows surrounded by divine flames appeared and raged. Each arrow fired contained a power reminiscent of a meteorite and it was absurd. The flames of the red phoenix, who sprinkled a rain of fire to defy the Five Seniors, was imbued in the Red Phoenix Bow.

'What is this...?'

There was no hope if this continued. Yes, hope. This was the lowly word that incompetent humans used when trying to endure reality. He never thought he would use it. He felt shame and blushed.

'Garam, that bastard...! He gave us the bomb!'

It was certain. Grid was stronger than the silver-haired man. He was a transcendent and grew beyond the definitions of a human.

The convinced Naeun raised the aura of the blue dragon to the extreme. He had to survive, even if it meant the deep sin of fleeing. 'Go to the Hwan Kingdom and communicate the situation here...'

It happened the moment Naeun jumped forward. In the process of defeating Gru, Grid had consumed all his skills and resources, including immortality. Now he muttered with stiff shoulders, "Skill..."

A notification window filled his blood-stained vision.

[The duration of immortality is over.]

[The effect of the title Protagonist of Two Eras has instantly restored health and mana by 20% each.]

"...Creation."

Things were bad. The 9th Red Phoenix Heart helped with stamina and recovery but he was on the verge of exhaustion. All his skills were disabled because he had poured everything he had at Gru. New skills were needed even if this skill was his last blow.

[Skill Creation has been used. Are you sure you want to use it?]

It was a choice that required prudence. It happened just as Grid's mind was about to answer yes...

"Hell Summoning."

The space where Grid was located was cut off from the world. The sunset sky where Naeun was floating was dyed black. The tens of thousands of eyes covering the red full moon blinked and welcomed Grid and Naeun.

“Condemnation Sword.”

Hell—in the cursed space that defied divinity, Naeun’s weakened body was struck by a green sword of light. In the black scenery, blood splashed over the silver armor and reminded people of red roses scattered on the snow.

“It has been a while.”

Was he so happy to be together? Yura’s bright smile as she gently descended and held out her hand was like timely rain in Grid’s impoverished heart.

[Chapter 1180](#)

[A target can’t be specified. The skill isn’t triggered.]

[A target can’t be specified. The skill isn’t triggered.]

“Hey, hey, hey! Is this right? Are you okay?”

“Shut your mouth and focus!”

“Uwah!”

[You have suffered 23,900 damage.]

[You have recovered 11,450 health thanks to Guardian Knight’s Nature!]

[The aura of the black tortoise is corroding your armor.]

[The durability of the Felisman’s Wisdom Armor has decreased by 219.]

The advantages of targeting skills was the excellent hit rate. Compared to non-targeting skills of the same level, there was a disadvantage of being less powerful or having a longer cooldown time but it ensured stable damage dealing. Non-targeting skills were a disadvantage from the perspective where a skill was wasted if they missed or they had to act to defend, evade, or counterattack.

Yes, the best way to induce a war of attrition was to use targeting skills. One of the absolute reasons why it was detrimental being alone in a one versus many battle was due to the number of targeting skills coming from the numerous opponents. It was possible to kill the lone side depending on the reserve of targeting skills, even though the specifications of the majority side might be more disadvantageous. Although there were exceptions such as Grid, who made them ‘stuck if he attacks’...

[A target can’t be specified. The skill isn’t triggered.]

Here, another exception appeared. The yangban Harang—since encountering the Red Phoenix’s Blessing in Jishuka’s Red Phoenix Bow, she started to overuse Shunpo to thoroughly neutralize all the targeting skills of the meritorious retainers. The process of triggering a targeting skill was simple—put the target

within the range required by the skill, target the opponent, and activate the skill. After that, perform the required action of the skill and hit the target. Then let's think about it in reverse...

"Keok!"

It was impossible to trigger the skill if the opponent couldn't be targeted. This was the case now. Harang moved between the meritorious retainers using Shunpo and became an 'unhittable' target beyond someone with a high evasion. Of course, this was only a story when using targeting skills.

"...!"

Vantner struck the wall after failing to launch the skill Shield Smash, which would've caused the target to become stiff for 0.5 seconds and slow for 1 second. Harang was using this gap to restore her breathing only to hurriedly cross her arms. Steel wristlets collided with a greatsword. The weight of the 1,000 ton greatsword was so great that it blew Harang's body away hundreds of meters.

"Stay focused." Chris, the strongest greatsword user in Satisfy—he reached out to Vantner who was coughing up blood.

Harang, who had flown into the distance, reappeared and kicked him. As her toes neared Chris' temple, the wind pressure swept through Chris' hair. An explosion occurred. It was a real explosion, not a metaphor, but Chris' head didn't explode. The arrow that Jishuka fired in advance hit Harang's side and caused an explosion.

"Hah... It's absurd." She flew away due to the arrow just before Chris was hit by the kick. She was slowly feeling the limits of her patience when a red devil fell behind her. It was Regas, shrouded in the light of the Asura. Most players leveled up by constantly hunting monsters weaker than themselves. It was necessary to hunt more monsters that gave the right experience value, making them level up faster.

Meanwhile, Regas' growth methods were very special. He had always enjoyed great challenges since Satisfy opened and never caught a monster with a lower level than himself. He always fought opponents who were much stronger than himself, losing, losing, and losing. Once he finally knocked them down, he made a rapid development. Perhaps Regas was the only person more familiar than Grid when it came to fighting people stronger than himself.

"Kuk?" Trying close combat with this weak human flesh? Harang's face was stiff as she tried to dodge and counter Regas' strikes. However, her slender shoulders were exquisitely caught between Regas' hard thighs.

"Haap!" It was a skill he had trained in to beat opponents stronger than him. Regas moved his back and twisted Harang's shoulder in a bizarre direction. Then Pon's red spear flew like light and pierced Harang's chest.

"Ugh...!"

Stagger. The body of the person who was going to be a god was about to fall. Fire Dragon Trauka's curse imbued in Pon's spear was something that couldn't be endured by a half-god, who wasn't even a god.

"Cough, cough!" Pon, who bled more from the recoil than the collapsed Harang, finally collapsed under the pain.

“This idiot!” Vantner hurriedly flung himself forward and reflexively raised his shield, which encountered Harang’s knee. She had risen after falling and tried to blow Pon’s head away.

“Let’s die together.”

It happened the moment that Harang’s knee passed through Vantner’s shield with huge strength and fell in the direction of Vantner and Pon’s heads. A sharp thorn rose from the pool of Pon’s blood and stabbed Harang’s knee.

“...?!”

The surprised Harang stepped back and was seized with a creepy feeling. She realized that the blood flowing from her chest, which had been pierced with a spear a little while ago, was wriggling like a living worm. It was a late awareness.

“...!”

Harang’s wriggling blood turned into a blade, cutting from Harang’s chest to her abdomen. She was attacked by her own blood? The out of the ordinary phenomenon strained Harang. She could no longer use Shunpo excessively. She was worried that the moment she used Shunpo, the aftereffect would cause the previous wounds to reopen and the blood from the wounds would attack her again. She couldn’t help resenting the red phoenix’s curse that took away her recovery.

‘The red phoenix... I will definitely seal you today.’

It would be a deeper abyss than before so that the red phoenix could never open its eyes again. Harang decided and glanced at the faces of the humans surrounding her. It was to find out the identity of the shaman who dealt with blood. Then she surprisingly determined the identity of the shaman.

“Damn...”

Blood control—it was the Blood Warrior’s ultimate technique that controlled the target’s blood or converted it into a weapon. If the target’s level was lower than the user’s level, it was a fraudulent skill with a 100% success rate and stability. However, the story was different in the opposite case. Not only did the success rate drop significantly, there were great side effects even if it succeeded.

Just like right now. In exchange for controlling the blood of Harang who had a much higher level than him, Katz started bleeding and faced the limit of his mental strength. Harang sensed that he was the blood shaman and didn’t miss this opportunity. She used Shunpo and reached Katz’ side.

“Where are you going?” Jishuka and Chris predicted her behavior and attacked her to try and protect Katz. However, Harang had the Blue Dragon Breath. She accelerated and dodged Jishuka and Chris’ linked attacks. She fully appeared behind Katz and her sword descended.

Nevertheless, her sword didn’t cut Katz’ back. It was a speed she never experienced before. Faker emerged from Katz’ shadow and his daggers moved in a flash. The astonished Harang couldn’t help panicking. She gave up attacking and focused on defense. Even so, Harang’s clothes were cut open. The Master of Swiftiness gained Lantier’s skills and Faker’s speed had grown enough to threaten the person using the Blue Dragon Breath.

‘These people...?’

Why were they so strong? They were talented people that it wouldn't be strange if they rose up. All this talent followed a single man. It was likely to grow into a force that even the Hwan Kingdom couldn't ignore.

"Gru, Naeun, you have to kill him."

Harang glanced inside the palace where the black-haired man had started to suffer from the cooperation between Gru and Naeun. Then she moved as far away as possible from Faker. Then just like always, she acted to interrupt Euphemina's magic casting. Unlike her peers, Euphemina failed to play an active role and her cheeks bulged. "Hey, you! Why do you keep trying to suppress me? Why did you attack me from beginning to end?"

"Your magic looks dangerous," Harang gave a blunt answer to Euphemina who couldn't do anything.

"Ah... Hehe."

"..."

Euphemina couldn't help giggling.

Vantner shook his head and helped support Katz while Faker permeated back into the shadow. Pon, Regas, and Chris were on alert as they prepared to move to assist their colleagues at any time. It was a rather troublesome position for Harang. It was a formation that neutralized the strength of Shunpo.

'It is tricky because they are good at predicting my path.' Harang coldly analyzed the situation. 'It is true that I'm far superior in every respect but there is a big gap in experience.'

Harang's practical experience was practically nonexistent. She had few quarrels because no one dared to attack her. Her personality was different from Garam and she didn't start any conflicts, so she never made any enemies. The only combat she experienced was Chiyou's seven trials.

'Experience... it is experience.'

Harang suddenly burst out laughing. A god was an almighty being. It was ridiculous to know that her lack of experience was grabbing her ankle and that she was losing to humans.

'No.' Harang shook her head. She just sensed that Gru had died and was convinced. 'We can't be gods.'

It was a fact she had started to feel some time ago. She thought that the structure of the yangbans, who despised humans while seeking faith from humans, was fundamentally wrong. The reason she didn't dare to raise any questions was because she was afraid of Hanul. All of them were designed to act like this according to Hanul's meaning.

'...You have a deep will but I think you'll pay the price for not believing in us or being vigilant.'

Harang had this idea as the sky was divided into two. One side was glowing with the flames of the red phoenix while the other side was covered with the darkness of hell. Neither side welcomed the yangbans.

'There is no need for you.'

This was the yangbans. Harang was thinking this when a wounded person fell at her feet. "H-Harang... S-Save me..."

"Haha..." A person who wanted to become a god was begging for his life in front of insignificant humans? It was a really fleeting existence. Harang once again laughed and shifted her gaze. She saw a man who carried true faith. He was much more deeply wounded than Harang yet there were no signs of anxiety or fear. He clearly knew who he was and what future he was going to create.

"A god." Harang defined Grid.

"Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle." Grid didn't deny it. His new god killer dominated the space and destroyed Harang.