

## Overgeared 1251

### [Chapter 1251](#)

‘After all, they are all people.’

Races varied—they varied in skin color, physique, taste, ideology, laws, and regulations, and each of them should be respected as individuals with a different culture. However, the emperors of the past despised and discriminated against other races, calling them uncivilized and ominous.

And thus began a long history filled with countless pains and deaths.

“Let’s wait.”

The Hu race with short legs and a curved back—due to their innate physical characteristics, their pace of walking with canes was exceptionally slow. People turned a blind eye to them or grumbled about them always leaving the ranks, saying they were annoying.

However, Empress Basara was different—she ordered the procession to stop for a moment and clearly told everyone, “There is plenty of time to spare, even based on the movement speed of the Hu race. This is why I asked them to join us.”

Don’t slander others with impatience; the empire was the one who requested the Hu race to come—Basara once again reminded the others and bowed to the leader of the Hu race, who belatedly rejoined their ranks.

The leader of the Hu race had a rather complicated expression on his face as he spoke, “Thank you.”

“Don’t say that. We are the ones who should be grateful.”

The population of the Hu race was less than 1,000. It was the result of being isolated for many years due to the empire’s discrimination. Even so, they stepped up for world peace. Empress Basara truly admired their warm heart that didn’t resent the world, and the fact that they didn’t turn a blind eye to those who discriminated against them and persecuted them.

“Your Majesty, we are here.”

Basara was right—despite several delays in the march due to the Hu race, the empire and the five allied kingdoms were able to reach their destination within the set time. Haspachi Canal—it was one of the famous features of the Arc Kingdom. The river flowing through the center of the city was magnificent and calm, giving the illusion that time had stopped.

“Have all the residents been evacuated?” Basara asked after climbing a ridge and observing the city.

Kelpato, Duke of the Arc Kingdom, replied solemnly, “Y-Your Majesty, we used the army and evacuated all of them.”

Basara’s eyes were fixed on a corner of the city. “If my eyes aren’t incorrect, there are still people left.”

“They are people of the slums. We didn’t have the manpower or time to evacuate them. They are also a group who committed many crimes, so it is good to take this opportunity to punish them.”

“Their crime is hunger. It is this kingdom that has made them hungry.” Basara declared coldly and Immortal King Grenhal agreed.

“There isn’t a shortage of jobs in a canal city. Seeing that slums have been formed, the tax rate must be set very high?”

“I can’t say anything because it is an internal matter of the kingdom...”

“Enter the city immediately and evacuate the people.” Basara interrupted Kelpato’s words to give an order and the imperial army instantly entered the city.

On the other hand, Beast King Morse snarled at the soldiers of the Arc Kingdom. “Don’t you want to save the people of your kingdom? Aren’t you going to help?”

“We will do as you say!”

Kelpato had nothing to say, but the soldiers of the Arc Kingdom moved in an orderly manner. Morse, duke of the empire, immediately gave orders and acted like he was their boss. Spear Saint Rachel whispered to Kelpato, who had a stiff expression, “You shouldn’t defend crime for any reason. The gap between the rich and the poor is inevitable. There are even poor people in the empire.”

“Your Excellency...” Kelpato’s expression finally relaxed. He was tired of the idealism and pretense of the empress and the other dukes, so he was happy to have someone who understood him and sympathized with his position.

Rachel’s eyes were extremely cold as they stared at him. “However, you must absolutely obey the empress’ orders. Your situation isn’t important.”

“.....”

Empress Basara was friendly and gentle. The empire was changing due to her and the world was changing. However, could kindness alone change people? Absolutely not. If the empire merely treated people kindly, then the world would never change. It must be accompanied with power and strength.

“If you don’t obey the empress’ orders in the future then I will hold the Arc Kingdom responsible.”

“...I will keep that in mind.”

Just as he was intimidated by Rachel, a water column rose from the center of the canal. Then red mist spread and penetrated the city. It spread uncontrollably and hit the people who still remained in the slums. The people who inhaled the mist turned into monsters with a scream.

Rachel once again warned Kelpato, “Do you understand now? In the future, unconditionally obey the orders of Her Majesty the Empress.”

“Y-Yes, I will keep that in mind!”

Ronove, the 27th great demon—Kelpato already knew that this great demon could make himself into a red mist to spread a plague, but he never dreamed that the plague would turn people into monsters instead of killing them. The same was true for Basara and the dukes of the empire. The records of Ronove’s existence were too scarce.

This time, Basara captured the path of the red fog and shouted to the soldiers of the empire and the Arc Kingdom, "Leave it to the Hu race!"

At the same time that Basara shouted, there was the sound of bells. The bells were coming from the canes that the Hu race held. It was the precursor to the summoning of their indigenous god who the empire once defined as evil.

『 It is a bad mist. 』

The ringing of the bells continued while an apparition of the god, who hadn't opened his eyes, rose for a moment before disappearing and causing a strong wind. The red mist couldn't resist the wind and scattered in all directions, allowing the empire and Arc Kingdom's soldiers to be safe. The ritual of the Hu race in driving away the plague was really effective.

The imperial soldiers, who always thought the indigenous gods were evil due to the former emperor, Juander, were shocked. They had secretly felt reluctant about the Hu race despite Basara's attitude, but now they finally realized the wrongs they did to the Hu race and felt sincere appreciation.

"Sehee, I think it is your turn to go out."

"It is really fortunate."

The Hu race wasn't Empress Basara's only card prepared for Ronove's plague. Saintess Ruby was personally asked by Basara and joined the Ronove subjugation force. Her role was to heal the soldiers affected by the plague. To be honest, Ruby was afraid. It was because no matter how many times she experienced it, she couldn't get used to countless people struggling with pain.

Fortunately, the plague didn't spread. The Hu race's actions had saved countless people and relieved Ruby's burden.

"Hahat! What? Why isn't it forming fog? Does the 27th great demon want a frontal confrontation with us?"

"It seems the Hu race's ritual had an impact. I don't think he can turn into fog."

"Then we will strike."

The rankers and imperial dukes who joined the subjugation expedition were veterans who had experienced a large number of battles. They had fought against the 22nd great demon, Berith, and the 27th great demon, Ronove, looked shabby in comparison.

"The entire army, charge!"

"Waaahhhhhhh!"

People with classes that exerted power through a transformation usually had a large difference before and after the transformation. The purifying winds created by the Hu race's god prevented Ronove from becoming fog. This meant he was unable to cope with the attack of hundreds of thousands of elite troops, including the imperial dukes.

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Eccentric Duke Saleos—the force of a great demon in the 10s, who appeared in front of players for the first time, was beyond imagination. His appearance wasn't bizarre and was actually similar to a human. Instead, he oppressed players with a presence that was incomparable to the great demons in the 20s. The players who met his eyes couldn't bear this fear.

The commentators relaying the situation at Lilchard Fortress ended up sighing.

『 Ahh, look. There are less than 20 people who can stand upright against Saleos. 』

The faces of the people gathered at Lilchard Fortress were incredibly magnificent. Of the thousands of players, none of them were unknown. In particular, there were many highly praised unofficial rankers who rarely appeared in public, like Knight. Therefore, people couldn't easily think of them being defeated.

However, once it started, the situation went in a completely different direction than expected. Most people were neutralized before the fight even began. Additionally, Saleos' personality was unrelenting. Unlike other great demons, he didn't waste time speaking unnecessary lines and just effectively killed people. The number of opponents were thoroughly reduced by aiming for those who were incapacitated and weak. It was a completely different attitude from the other great demons who ignored humans just because they were human.

As a result, the top 18 rankers felt a crisis and became hard-pressed. They realized that their dreams and hopes would disappear if they kept losing more combat power and tried to stop Saleos' killing. However, there was a problem...

“...Cough!”

Saleos' mysterious power was a force that went against reason. He would win 'unconditionally' against any opponent in a contest. Saleos' crushed all the attacks that bombarded him with his power, and inflicted great damage on the target. The concept of fighting itself wasn't established.

“This... it seems that he makes a counterattack itself impossible.”

“What can we do if a surprise attack doesn't work?” Tarma gave a cold reply to the people who analyzed the situation. He had already failed in two sneak attacks and was wounded.

It happened as the atmosphere was cooling down...

Just then, a black shadow rose silently above Saleos' head as he was killing someone else. Then a giant scythe caught Saleos' thick neck and cut it. Death God Knight's ultimate technique—it was a hit that made the mouths of the top assassins drop open, including Tarma, and Saleos' neck seemed to be cut.

However—

“”Hup!””

The moment Saleos felt the cold metal touching his skin, he instantly took a breath. The giant scythe that should've cut off his head only cut half of his neck. Knight's eyes as he floated in the dark were filled with astonishment. Then Saleos' fist slammed into Knight's side. Knight's armor was shattered with a loud sound and he flew away. Knight couldn't easily get up again.

“This is crazy...”

What type of strategy could they use? The players who tried to overcome their fears and participate in the battle became as stiff as stone statues.

They had no fellowship from the beginning and they started to wonder if they should participate in this one-sided massacre. Rather than being obsessed with the rewards of a quest that couldn't be cleared, they thought it was better to run away now instead of dying.

What about the ridicule and accusations of the hundreds of millions of viewers watching the situation right now? It wasn't worth worrying about. What rights did cowards who fled and sat in front of the TV have to accuse them in the first place?

The players organized their minds and started to step back one by one, only to stop.

Step.Step.Step...

The reason why so many people had gathered—Sword Saint Kraugel, who was once hailed as the sky above the sky, silently crossed the battlefield. He slowly moved straight forward, his gaze fixed on Saleos who had overwhelmed thousands of rankers.

““Yes, it is an inevitable death. Accept it quietly.””

Saleos praised the human's courage for walking on his own feet and shot forward like a thunderbolt with raised fists.

Kraugel drew his sword. In a neat move, he swung his sword and struck Saleos' fist. It was obviously crazy to anyone who saw it.

Saleos was smiling with scorn until he felt a sharp pain in his fist. 'I was cut?'

The vision of Saleos' left and right eyes became angled. Saleos was aware of the awkward vision and turned his head. He saw that the 'world' behind him was split in half. ““Sword... Saint!””

## [Chapter 1252](#)

His left field of view went down and his right field of view receded. It was a change in vision that wasn't intended at all. The struggling Saleos looked back in doubt and witnessed a scene in which the world behind him had been split in half. At the same time, he realized something.

““Sword... Saint!””

It was the identity of the human being in front of him. Blood erupted from Saleos' flesh as he was cut in half from the middle of his forehead. The disgusting stench as Saleos' organs poured out suggested his death.

『 This is unbelievable...! 』

『 A blow was struck to the 19th great demon...! 』

After Muller, the title of 'Sword Saint' carried the same weight as history. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that most of the history of humanity in Satisfy was protected by the Sword Saint (Muller). Unlike

Pagma, who fought alone in a place no one knew, the Sword Saint had guarded people's side and fought with them. This was recorded in many histories and passed down orally. Now the world—

-As expected of the Sword Saint!

-God Kraugel!

There was no doubt that Kraugel would continue Muller's reputation. The sky above the sky—the pinnacle of humanity, who no one but Grid could resist, was qualified to bear humanity's expectations.

"Earth Dragon's Ascension."

How much had he grown in this period of time? Kraugel showed the miracle of performing Space Sword without warning. Nevertheless, he wasn't satisfied with cutting Saleos apart and linked the next sword technique. Sword energy surged from the ground to swallow up Saleos who was splitting into two halves. Saleos seemed like he would become a pile of ashes.

The 19th ranked great demon was on the verge of being raided by just one player. The world held their breath as they watched the historic moment that would never happen again. Then tens of thousands of blood vessels emerged from Saleos' pumping organs and started to tangle up together.

『...!』

-...!

It was like looking at a regression in time. Saleos' organs were restored to their original state and his body, split in half, was stuck together again. If the land he stood on wasn't soaked with blood, people would've thought that the scene of Saleos being split in half was merely their imagination.

Clap, clap, clap.

Saleos' first act after restoring his body was a tribute. He clapped briefly and laughed—it was a pleasant laugh, not a derisive one. "You are the Sword Saint. You are the one carrying on Muller's legacy? I'm going to have a fun fight for the first time in a long time."

Hell only had two enemies—one was Alex, and the other, Muller. The frustration and fear felt by the 33 monarchs who ruled hell were only caused by the two of them. What about Pagma, who defended the Behen Archipelago and prevented the great demons from entering? That guy's last spark was the work of Baal's whim and he was just a momentary trouble.

On the other hand, Alex' invasion of hell, and Muller's tenacity in sealing the bodies of the great demons who came to the world of humans, were very difficult and painful.

"In the end, the two of them are gone..."

Muller—the one who sealed even Hell Gao, the 9th great demon. Saleos would be reborn as a being beyond Hell Gao if he killed the man in front of him who followed Muller's footsteps. There was a deeper smile on Saleos' face as he rushed toward Kraugel.

Saleos' crushing fist was blocked by Kraugel's sword. Kraugel's sword had the power to cut anything but it stopped after only cutting Saleos' 'power.' Saleos' body couldn't be reached.

“What?” It didn’t come to a power struggle. Saleos frowned as he used his skills to push Kraugel into the defensive. “This is too easy. Muller’s swordsmanship is only this much?”

“...Muller.” Kraugel stiffened due to the blow to the side and felt the pain of his internal organs being squeezed. His eyes were usually restrained in their emotions but now they were filled with a rare anger. “I didn’t learn Muller’s swordsmanship.”

The first day he made contact with Satisfy, Kraugel was fascinated by the touch of the cold sword and there was only one path before his eyes. He decided he would be a swordsman and he did his best to see it through to the end. This was the result. Kraugel’s sword path was found and pioneered by himself. He didn’t follow a path that someone else had already built. Being compared to Muller was never pleasant.

“My name is Kraugel.”

A fierce silver sword energy encircled Kraugel. Kraugel’s health and defense were replaced by the durability, attack power, and defense of his own swords. The White Tiger Sword held in his right hand resonated clearly under the influence of ‘Poetry that Praises the Sword.’

“I’m not Muller’s successor. I am a new Sword Saint.”

[The +9 Alione’s Sword has been destroyed.]

[The +3 Imoogi’s Tusk has been destroyed.]

[The +8 Deceptive Two Swords have been destroyed.]

Dozens of swords in Kraugel’s inventory were sequentially destroyed. Every time Kraugel allowed Saleos’ attacks, the swords were damaged on behalf of Kraugel. Meanwhile, Condemnation Sword had its power increased by 11 times due to Poetry that Praises the Sword and it condemned Saleos. The more evil the target, the greater the power of Condemnation Sword.

The energy sword that pierced Saleos was white at the top and black at the bottom. The White Sword and Black Sword were successfully connected and the only thing left was the expression of the Twin Swords. Kraugel could turn Saleos’ body into a rag as long as he completed the combo.

However, Saleos’ body was restored immediately and his health gauge was still over 90%. On the other hand, Kraugel had already consumed half of his 40 spare weapons. The expensive unique or legendary rated weapons were permanently destroyed in exchange for dealing some damage.

Saleos’ destructive power frustrated Kraugel while Kraugel’s swordsmanship bored Saleos. “You are so weak.”

The black magic power spun like a drill bit in Saleos’ hand. Now it was this magic power, not Saleos’ power, that Kraugel’s sword would cut. Moreover, Saleos’ power would remain intact and crush Kraugel.

“Because you didn’t learn Muller’s swordsmanship.”

Saleos denied Kraugel and his attack struck like a thunderbolt.

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“I am Grid. Remember this well because I am the most persistent person in the world.”

Grid walked along a forced path. He unintentionally changed his class to Pagma’s Descendant, and was forced to walk the path of a blacksmith. This path was never smooth. Grid looked back on his path many times, trembling with anxiety and sometimes feeling sorry for himself.

However, he finally reached the final destination. He got off the path that had already been cleared and stepped onto a new path.

‘My’ path.

It was Grid’s path.

Then Muller? The question of the 13th great demon, Beleth, about following Muller’s path and carrying on his legacy, scratched at Grid’s pride. Grid didn’t want to be obscured by the shadow of Muller at every important moment.

‘I’m tired of it.’

Grid threw a bottle of empty potions behind him and started to perform a beautiful dance. The silver light at the tip of his sword gradually turned blue and scattered into petals. It was the moment when Transcended Link Flower dominated the battlefield.

Grid was the only one who could move freely here, at least during Transcended Link Flower. He used Blacksmith’s Rage and Quick Movements before jumping up from the ground, accelerating as he was surrounded by lightning. Grid planned to use a four fusion sword dance while Beleth was acting wary of the blue sword energy petals.

However, Beleth acted relentlessly. He moved with great strides to meet Grid regardless of the blue petals touching his body. It was enough for Grid to change his plan. “Flower.”

The basic concept of Flower was to leave marks on the target and then attack the marks. Beleth was covered in marks due to exposing himself to the petals of Transcended Link Flower and in return, two blades of sword energies would be hit each mark. It was a sword technique that exerted both physical and magical attack power. It was an opportunity to analyze Beleth’s vulnerability.

Just as Grid was feeling expectant, Beleth stared at the sword energies flooding toward him and waved his hand slightly. The sword energies that should’ve hit Beleth stopped at once and twisted their direction. Beleth’s power was to make ‘objects without a master’ his ‘weapon.’ From the time that the sword energy left Grid’s sword and was judged as a ‘projectile,’ it was already Beleth’s power, not Grid’s power.

“Kuek...!”

Grid was bombarded by the sword energies returned to him and retreated back while coughing up blood. The amount of health he lost was 207,090. This was the price for allowing himself to be hit three times. Beleth’s weapon damage was powerful enough to inflict 69,030 damage per hit. A chill went down Grid’s spine as he recalled the first time he was hit by Beleth’s fist. The damage he received was exactly 69,030.

‘Crazy. Is it fixed damage?’



It was also a fixed damage close to 70,000. The health and defense he gained so far didn't matter against this opponent.

It was a moment of desperation for Grid.

The dozens of remnants of the wall Beleth destroyed became weapons and hurtled toward Grid. His immortality would immediately be consumed if he allowed even two of these attacks... Grid attempted to use Shunpo but it failed. The Lightning God skill of the Blue Dragon Boots wasn't triggered, either.

Inevitably, Grid had to use Freely Move to avoid the sharp pieces of rocks and reach Beleth's side. His eyes shone through his fluttering hair like he was going to eat Beleth. "Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle."

Beleth's body still had marks on it. The power of Freely Move to avoid all non-targeted skills and approach the target was beyond imagination. It was almost invincible except for the fact that the cooldown time was very long.

"These little tricks..." Beleth was hit by Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle and bled for the first time. His white clothing that was clean without dust had finally become dirty. Beleth gritted his teeth and stomped his feet as hard as possible. "If you haven't followed Muller's footsteps, then get out of here, stripling!"

There was an earthquake and hundreds of stone shards soared from the shattered ground, striking at Grid, who was still in the air. Beleth had no doubt that these hundreds of weapons would lead to the death of the man in front of him—the very same man who dared to hurt him.

However, this human was as persistent as he claimed. Suddenly, flames appeared and burned the hundreds of weapons to ashes. The infinite sword energy that unfolded caught Beleth's attention. The human called Grid stood behind this unimaginable spectacle and grumbled.

"Okay, your weakness..."

The power to attack using all nearby objects as weapons—it was a threatening ability. Did this mean that the 69,030 fixed damage weapons could bombard indefinitely? No, Grid was a blacksmith and knew it—the damage of a weapon wasn't the only thing that mattered about them. A weapon might possess a strong attack power, but if it had poor durability, it would be destroyed before reaching the target. It was like the hundreds of stones in the Storm of the Fire God.

Grid smiled confidently and used Open Potential. He used the infinite sword energy to launch Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. It was at this moment that the infinite sword energy turned back in all directions and aimed at Grid.

"...Eh?"

It was the end. Grid realized that the infinite sword energies were reduced to being Beleth's weapons and was bombarded with them. After this, Grid consumed all sorts of survival and counter skills, but he still died in 3 minutes and 30 seconds. Grid had delayed Beleth for a total of 5 minutes and 50 seconds.

"...This is a scam!" Grid's scream echoed from the resurrection point.

Dammit, actually using his own sword energy as a weapon? He had to counter it properly.

Grid instantly summoned Sticks.

“Your Majesty?”

“Teleport!”

“...Yes.”

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『 I-It is shocking news. The supreme, Grid, died after six minutes of fighting the Berserk King, Beleth. The Reverse Summoning magic circle prepared by the Saharan Empire has become virtually useless... 』

Raiding the 13th great demon alone? In fact, it was impossible from the beginning. However, the world had high expectations because the other person was Grid. Many people believed that even if Grid didn't raid Beleth, he would be able to last 13 minutes. Yet the result turned out disastrous and the world was in turmoil.

The imagined scene of Beleth advancing to Henlutu Fortress, collapsing the Reverse Summoning magic circle, and destroying the Arc Kingdom, spread clearly in their minds. There was a moment of silence as terror encroached on the world. Just then, a stream of light fell from the sky. Grid, who died not long ago, reappeared. It was Sticks, the world's strongest mode of teleportation... no, it was the majesty of Overgeared King Grid, who led the sage.

“It is going to be different this time.”

““ ...Can't you understand who you are up against?””

Beleth's angry face became even scarier.

### [Chapter 1253](#)

Was it correct to say that five great demons had emerged? The reason why various media questioned this was simple: Sitri's hand. One of the five great demons who came to this world wasn't a great demon, but merely a 'part' of the great demon. The attention of the public was bound to move away from Sitri's hand.

What was the point of watching the hand of the 12th great demon when they could watch the 13th and 19th great demons fighting? People expected Sitri's hand to be the first to be defeated. The media of each country didn't pay much attention to Kalatan Fortress. Yet eventually...

The ratings of the broadcasters showing the situation at Kalatan Fortress started to soar. The broadcasters showing the situations at Kalatan Fortress, Henlutu Fortress, Lilchard Fortress, Peltrino Fortress, and the Haspachi Canal were inundated with requests from viewers to show more about Kalatan Fortress. They had no choice but to do so.

『 Hiiiiik!! 』

The ferociousness of the scene that was shown through the camera made even the commentators scream. Sitri's hand, which was as big as the fortress' walls, crushed the Rebecca Church's paladins like flies. The cameras shook from the earthquake that occurred every time it moved and the impact was delivered to the viewers.

“Kyaaaack!”

“D-Demon...! Demon!”

Every time the hand that covered the sky hit the ground, they witnessed their colleagues dying. The terrified Rebecca Church’s priests scattered in all directions and fled. The leadership of Damian, who was currently serving his third term as the pope with the enthusiastic support of the church, was useless. Sitri’s hand was red like the skin of a newborn baby. It beat, grabbed, and killed everything that moved. The sight was so terrible that their courage to fight was lost.

“Cruel bastard! What a cruel nature!”

Even the leader of the Templar, who spread out his white wings and made his identity known to the world, was shaken. The ring of light floating above the archangel’s head poured out an enormous divinity but he couldn’t stop the red hand from advancing.

The one-sided killing continued. The momentum of Sitri’s hand as it crushed the people of the fortress was so fierce that it seemed to be able to trample the whole continent without ever stopping.

-Isn’t this much stronger than Saleos? The ground is crushed every time the hand is swung.

-It seems that even Grid would be crushed in one blow.

-There might be an immediate death sentence at that time.

The paladins of the Rebecca Church were famous for their strong armaments. They had defenses and buffs that were slightly below the level of a guardian, and they were tankers who could take the lead on a battlefield. Yet even they were turned to grey ash as soon as they were crushed by Sitri’s hand.

This was a slaughter that went beyond the level of a deadly blow. Sitri’s hand that killed dozens of paladins and priests every time it hit the ground was reminiscent of a ‘final boss.’

“Isabel-chan, what should we do?”

Pope Damian had earned the nickname Zombie Demon King for surviving four hours in the Demon King Subjugation of this year’s National Competition. His confidence had risen sharply since then, but now he lost his spirit, just like when he felt despair against Drevigo. He watched the members of the church scattering and being defeated without following his leadership, and his eyes turned red.

As he was feeling depressed, Isabel held his hand. “It’s okay. The goddess will give us protection.”

Tremble tremble.

Isabel wasn’t aware of it but her hands were shaking like an aspen tree. She was also cowering before the ferocity of Sitri’s hand. Damian was ashamed to see that she was trying to reassure him even in such circumstances. Damian firmed up his heart and declared, “That’s right. It’s okay. There is me. This zombie demon king will protect the members of the church.”

Damian spoke while putting on the most handsome expression possible. He held Isabella’s trembling hand tightly and pulled out the Holy Sword. A golden flash swirled and scattered the demonic power that had fallen over the area.

“The Holy Father is a zombie... demon king?”

“Ah, no, I’m going to kill that zombie-like demon king.” He realized his mistake and lost momentum while trying to correct it.

“In any case, believe in me.”

Damian was determined to fulfill his responsibilities as the pope. Isabel and the other Rebecca’s Daughters struggled to reduce the casualties despite the chaos. Damian reminded himself that he was the one who should protect them and concentrated his divine power onto the Holy Sword.

Sitri’s hand, which had been threatening the archangel like it was chasing a fly, suddenly turned toward Damian. Sitri’s hand was full of dark demonic power. For those who were faithful to their instincts, the divine power of the pope was the most disgusting thing. It was natural for Damian to be the first target of the great demon when he had the ‘divinity of Rebecca.’

“H-Hajimemasite.” (Nice to meet you)

The opponent was just a hand but it felt like Damian met its eyes for some reason. Damian smiled awkwardly and waved while sweating. Then Sitri’s hand started going on a rampage. Its fingers swept the earth and it ignored the archangel and Templar as it rushed toward Damian.

“H-Hiyaaaack!”

It felt like the castle was going to collapse. Damian screamed as the red hand filled his vision and he swung the Holy Sword. Then a pillar of divine gold shot up and struck Sitri’s palm. Sitri’s hand stopped moving for the first time since its arrival. The black demonic energy that it was emitting like smoke scattered like a lie and disappeared. Of course, this was only for a moment. The movement of Sitri’s fingers resumed, and the demonic power rose once more.

At the same time, a gunshot rang out. A green bullet penetrated Sitri’s palm through the gap in demonic power that hadn’t been fully restored. This caused Sitri’s palm to shortly pause. Yura’s cry permeated Damian’s ear, “It’s okay! Keep continuing like this!”

“H-Hai!” (Yes)

The pope and the Demon Slayer—the strongest combination that didn’t exist in history started to engrave wounds on the hand of the giant great demon Sitri, who was nicknamed Demon God.

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Storm of the Fire God was Grid’s mental world. To be exact, it was a side effect of the Red Phoenix’s mental word. However, Grid bore the Red Phoenix’s 9th Heart and he made it his own. It meant that Storm of the Fire God was a world that existed because of Grid. All the concepts that existed in it were expressed in Grid’s mental world so it was naturally Grid’s possession.

However, Beleth intercepted the infinite sword energies and used it as his weapon.

‘How is this possible?’

It didn't make sense according to common sense. Why did he lose ownership over something in his mental world? As Grid was filled with unanswered questions, he flew and narrowly escaped the flying debris of the wall. Then he swung his sword.

Beleth's heel aimed at Grid's chest only to be blocked by a dark blade and bounce off. Grid blocked Beleth's successive attacks with the God Hands and pulled back while gritting his teeth.

'Look at this. He can't touch the God Hands.'

The God Hands belonged to Grid—it was undeniable that they acted on their own after leaving Grid, yet Beleth didn't use the God Hands as his weapon, so why did the infinite sword energy...

"...Ah!"

Grid's doubts were becoming deeper, only to suddenly disappear. He recalled the events of the day when he obtained the infinite sword energy.

[The power of the Absolute is flowing into the Red Phoenix's 9th Heart.]

[A new field effect, 'Infinite Sword Energy,' has been added to Storm of the Fire God.]

The system definitely stated it—the infinite sword energy in the Storm of the Fire God was the power of the Absolute. In other words, it was the power of the first seat, Hayate, not the power of Grid. Grid was only borrowing Hayate's power for a while.

'I see. This was why Beleth was able to use it as a weapon. Hayate, the real owner of the infinite sword energy, isn't here...'

Grid was reminded of Beleth's inability to touch the 'flames' of Storm of the Fire God.

'In the end, I can't use the infinite sword energy.'

So what could he use to take down such a monster? Grid was deeply troubled only for his body to gradually turn white. Finally, Lightning God triggered.

It was only possible due to the passive skill Automatic Transformation and the help of the God Hands in stopping the projectile attacks. If it wasn't for Automatic Transformation and the God Hands, he wouldn't have been able to attack and defend against Beleth dozens of times, and there was no possibility for Lightning God to trigger.

Grid, who had been passive during this battle, flooded toward Beleth with lightning. He had fully glimpsed Beleth's limitations.

'All of Beleth's attacks are classified as physical attacks, not magic.'

Beleth had never used magic before. Unless magic flew from somewhere and was used as his weapon, the only objects that Beleth could use were the fragments of the ground and the walls. This meant he couldn't hit Grid while Grid was in the Lightning God state.

“...!”

It was as expected—all of Beleth's attacks that used the fragments of the city walls as weapons simply passed through Grid's body that had turned into lightning and Grid received no damage. A flustered look appeared on Beleth's face for the first time and it gave Grid joy.

"Divinity."

He had to hold on for 13 minutes?

"Open Potential."

No, he would kill this great demon. Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle, that was canceled in the previous battle, swallowed up Beleth. If the screaming Beleth hadn't poured out black magic power, Grid would've won as he predicted.

"Cough...! Cough!"

The Lightning God state made Grid immune to all physical attacks, but he would take twice the damage from magic attacks without any defense or resistance. Beleth's black magic that shot through him was truly devastating. Once Grid collapsed, he couldn't stand up easily. Beleth slowly took a few steps to the ragged Grid who was coughing up blood.

"You have a lot of talent for a human. Ronove and Dantalion would've suffered a crushing defeat if they had met you."

There was no more anger in Beleth's expression. A human capable of destroying great demons in the 20s—Beleth was very satisfied that he could put an end to the guy who might be as strong as Muller in the future. It happened the moment he pointed his finger at the heart of Grid, who was released from the Lightning God state...

"...!!"

The ground that Beleth stepped on suddenly disappeared. Beleth was unprepared and disappeared deep into the ground. Grid, not missing the timing and chance, laboriously stood up, then he spat out toward the very deep pit, "This is why you should be careful with your feet."

A skill to change the terrain—the deceptive effect of Earth God prolonged the struggle between Grid and Beleth. Now there was only one minute remaining...

The sight of the supreme, Grid, fighting against the 13th ranked great demon, alone, brought a great thrill, and many other emotions, to the world.

#### [Chapter 1254](#)

Kraugel always had one goal—going beyond his limit, transcending one's own limit to face the true limitations. It was about reaching the peak.

'There is no need to be shaken.'

The reason he was weak was because he didn't learn Muller's swordsmanship...

Kraugel silently let Saleos' provocation go as the great demon stepped on him. It was because he knew—the moment he followed Muller's footsteps, he would lose his qualification to discuss the limit.

Kraugel's desire was to 'transcend' Muller. If he was going to be overshadowed by Muller anyway, he would've taken the easy road of following Muller's path from the beginning.

[The reputation of the Sword Saint is in danger of falling.]

[The world doesn't tolerate the Sword Saint's frequent defeats.]

[In order to maintain the Sword Saint's reputation of being the strongest in swordsmanship, you must memorize the Matchless Heart Technique.]

The Matchless Heart Technique—it was the trace of Muller obtained from completing the Sword Saint class quest. It was said that Muller obtained it from the previous Sword Saint and it also discussed infinite sword energy. Kraugel consumed sword energy with every skill he used. The stronger the skill, the more sword energy that was required. From Kraugel's position, the shortest way to become the most powerful person was to obtain the Matchless Heart Technique.

However, if Kraugel learned the same technique as Muller, then he would become the 'second Muller' rather than 'Sword Saint Kraugel.'

[You have already suffered a few defeats. A new defeat will cause your qualification to be doubted...]

Kraugel skipped the rising warning windows and used True Clouds. The blue clouds of sword energy stretched out temporarily and took away all of Saleos' senses. Kraugel raised himself up in the gap and flew into the sky.

""Hahat! Do you have no shame?""

Saleos overcame the chaos caused by True Clouds in just one second and identified Kraugel's position. He immediately jumped out of the range of True Clouds and chased after Kraugel.

"" ....!?"

Saleos was flying forward with great force only to stop in a flustered manner. He was confused because a sword was floating in the place where Kraugel was supposed to be.

""This human tricked my senses?""

Saleos once again confirmed that the energy felt from the sword floating in the sky resembled that of Kraugel and gritted his teeth. A chill went down his spine as he determined the location of Kraugel who had escaped like a rat. A strange and ferocious roar echoed from the ground, reminiscent of the roar of a beast of immense size.

Saleos, who lived without fear as one of the most powerful beings in the world, shrank back for the first time in his life. The waves of sword energy swept over his vision as he hurriedly twisted his body and crossed his arms.

"Bunhelier's Scream."

The evil dragon Bunhelier—it was a sword technique created by expressing the obsession of the being who plagued him for a long time. Kraugel's new ultimate technique took advantage of all attributes. It

dealt peak damage even if the target's attribute was 'nothing.' It utilized the potential of swordsmanship to the extreme to reproduce the irrational power of the dragon.

""Kuock...! Kuaaack!"" He felt like he had been struck by the damn Rebecca's divinity. Saleos screamed and shuddered as he suffered the pain of his skin peeling off and his muscles being ripped off.

『 P-Perhaps? 』

The broadcasters from various countries were dumbfounded after noticing that Kraugel was going to die earlier. Now they finally woke up. The viewers had clenched fists and couldn't talk in the chat windows. All the broadcaster's live chat windows stopped updating. It was a time when all the people of the world were focused on the beginning of the reversal that would remain in history.

""This... it isn't enough!"" Saleos cried out struggling with the pain. The sight of him staring at Kraugel with red eyes reminded them of a demon. No, he was a great demon. ""More...! Make it more interesting!""

Did he finally get rid of the pain? Saleos' momentum was different from before as he moved his rigid body. Every time he narrowed the distance to Kraugel, explosions broke out that caused the sky to distort. If he fell to the ground like this then one corner of the continent would be blown up. On the other hand...

“Gasp...Gasp...”

The screen zoomed in on Kraugel—standing in the center of the True Clouds, his chest heaved and his eyes shook as he stared straight ahead. His cramping arms and legs touched the hearts of the viewers.

『 Is this the aftermath of using the skill? 』

『 It is a skill that frightened the 19th great demon. It is serious and the penalty will naturally be high. 』

The commentators didn't dare say what was going to happen. Even if they didn't say it, all the viewers knew what would happen in the future. According to Saleos, Kraugel hadn't made as much progress as Muller. The limit of the 'incomplete' Sword Saint was here.

The moment that everyone thought so, a pair of wings, made out of light, appeared behind Kraugel's back. They were unspoiled, pure white wings that were gradually dyed with darkness, causing it to lose its purity. Saleos' fists finally reached Kraugel and they were swung at an invisible speed. His fists transcended the physical concepts and stretched out dozens of times, penetrating and tearing at Kraugel's body.

Viewers witness the terribly scattered remains of Kraugel and their hearts sank.

"" ....!?"

Saleos stopped the offensive. He realized that he had not felt the sensation of hitting anything with his fists. That's right—the Kraugel that Saleos tore at was just an afterimage left by Kraugel, who raised the full potential of Quick Command to the fullest extent and managed to avoid all the attacks directed at him. He returned to his spot and drew a full moon with his sword. It was a sword that dealt critical damage on Saleos, who was still suffering from Bunhelier's Scream and exposed weaknesses.



“Yo... u...”

Saleos' body was once again split in half. His organs spilled out from the cut. Then tens of thousands of blood vessels once again started to tangle together. It was an immediate process of restoration, just like when he was cut by Space Sword.

Kraugel didn't just watch quietly. “Transcend Storm Sword.”

It was a multi-hit skill that inflicted dozens of hits within a specified area. The storm of sword energy tore at all the blood vessels that wanted to restore Saleos' body and rendered his restoration useless.

Thump!

“...Yo... u”

Saleos' body once again collapsed and the blood vessels emerged again.

Flash!

The use of the strongest wide area skill ‘Heaven and Earth Rupture into Nothingness’ once again disrupted Saleos' restoration. Kraugel still had many techniques left. They were the essences of Kraugel's experiences when he had overcome as many trials and tribulations as Grid.

“...You!”

Saleos failed to restore his body once again and felt anxious, causing him to detonate his magic power. He only relied on his strength to suppress others and hadn't learned magic. Right now, he just exploded his innate magic power. Even so, it was more destructive than great magic.

The rankers who grasped Saleos' characteristics during Kraugel's battle and rejoined the front lines were swept away by the blast and collapsed. On the other hand, Kraugel used Sword Curtain and Impenetrable Skin to endure the explosion. Then he successfully linked the next attack to the side of Saleos' body.

Jajinmori—the thousands of blood vessels trying to restore Saleos' body stretched out like rubber bands as half of Saleos' body was hit by the ultimate kick and was blown away dozens of meters. In the end...

“Kuaack!!”

Saleos gave up on restoring his body. He cut off his blood vessels himself and the two halves of his split body stood up. Then he hit Kraugel at the same time from the left and the right. Kraugel had already used White Light Steps. After inducing the movements of both halves of the split body to overlap, Kraugel used Heart Sword and cut them at the same time.

Saleos lost 20% of his health and was the first to notice it. Did this person call himself a new Sword Saint? If he met this person a bit later then it would be too late.

“...I would've lost.”

Twitch, twitch.

Thanks to the overlapping movements, Saleos' bodies finally reconnected.

“Pant...Pant...” Kraugel was experiencing the chronic disease that Grid had suffered before visiting the Tower of Wisdom. His stamina was completely lost and he couldn’t hold on any longer. He sank down in his place.

“” ...Not Muller, but the Sword Saint.””

Step.

Saleos knew this was the end and took a step forward. “”The name Kraugel, I will remember it.””

Step.

At his second step, he reached Kraugel and punched. Immortality was lost. Kraugel received the big hit and his health was fixed to the minimum. The time allowed for the collapsed Kraugel was only five seconds.

“Run away!” Most of the rankers who only joined Kraugel to complete the quest, such as the Black and White sisters, had already abandoned the fortress and started to run away.

“Kraugel!” Some rankers who joined Kraugel to protect the players’ homes and rights, including Knight, remained in their place until the end. Even though they knew they were going to die, they charged Saleos in order to give Kraugel time to recover.

“”Kuhahahahat! Your courage is admirable!”” Saleos burst out laughing. He had experienced the strength of the new Sword Saint and from his point of view, the intervention of other humans was insignificant. It was funny. Saleos laughed as he smashed the heads of the rankers like watermelons every time he swung his fists.

The rankers felt despair at their limitations, the commentators gave up on relaying the situation, and the viewers left the TV to head for their capsules. It was because they wanted to use their own weak power to save Kraugel. Then they stiffened like stone statues. It was due to the shouts of the commentators.

『 ...Epic! 』

“...!”

The viewers rushed in front of the TV again. The screen showed the ‘rain of battle gears’ bombarding Saleos. The supreme one, Grid, was descending through the rain of battle gears. Was it because many people were witnessing it, just like his first epic? This time, the system didn’t hide the identity of the epic’s protagonist.

[Overgeared King Grid is writing the seventh epic.]

## [Chapter 1255](#)

Pagma’s Descendant, Duke of Wisdom, Duke of Virtue, Duke of Fire, legend, transcendent, and Hero King—every title, state, or position achieved by Grid was a concept that originally existed, and they didn’t deviate from the rules of the system. However, Magic Swordsman of the Epics was different. This system was born on the basis of Grid’s achievements and was a concept only for Grid.

Now—

[Overgeared King Grid is writing the seventh epic.]

Overgeared King Grid was a concept created by Grid himself. He called himself the Overgeared King, and the world didn't overlook it. In the end, the system recognized the concept he created. Grid was the Overgeared King, Overgeared King Grid.

[The beginning of the narrative starts with the comforting of the frustrated humans.]

"You aren't weak, you just don't have enough time."

[He was also an underdog, so he affirmed it.]

The rain of battle gears that poured toward Eccentric Duke Saleos. Dozens of battle gears flew toward him with a fierce spirit and Saleos was busy avoiding them. He kept changing his position and posture while aiming at the man who dared to smash him with battle gears.

However, it wasn't easy. There were too many of them. Every time Saleos swung his two fists filled with the 'unbeatable power' and smashed two weapons, dozens more would fall and cut him. It was only Saleos who received damage.

"Damn." It was best to avoid this rain. There was no need to struggle against the heavy rain of battle gears that would stop after a while.

Saleos hid his body behind a wall that hadn't yet collapsed. Grid descended along with the rain of battle gears while his sharp gaze chased Saleos. Then he shouted to all the players who were awaiting their deaths in Lilchard Fortress, "Hold on, struggle!"

[Defeat starts from the moment you give up.]

[He reminded humanity that a crisis was just a hurdle to be overcome.]

[The moment when his gaze collided with a great demon, humanity remembered.]

[They compared their feelings the first time they encountered a great demon, to the feelings of today, when they encountered five great demons.]

The basis of Satisfy was the already established worldview and NPCs. However, players were the key to moving and changing Satisfy. Grid's epics so far had involved the world and the NPCs. It wasn't strange that it would now involve players.

"Ah..." The two billion players who had access to Grid's epics through the television, Internet, or Satisfy recalled the past. The unforgettable moments of the great demon raid unfolded in their minds like a panorama. Now, looking back, they hadn't been able to resist Belial, the weakest great demon at all. Yet today, they fought against great demons who were far stronger than Belial. They got a glimpse of it for a moment.

Yes, they had grown. They might have been frustrated every time, but they endured and became stronger. Then they would become even stronger in the future.

“Despair... there is no reason for it.” Knight used his broken scythe as a cane to rise from his spot. Other players, who had also fallen down and were waiting miserably for their deaths, gritted their teeth and raised their bodies. Grid’s epic was encouraging them.

“Transcend.” Grid’s bombardment of sword energy destroyed the walls of Lilchard Fortress as he descended, revealing the appearance of Saleos, who was hiding behind it.

Saleos had consumed a considerable amount of physical strength in the battle with Kraugel and his face was very tense. The rain of battle gears that he wanted to block with the city walls once again hit him. The God Hands mixed in with the rain and attempted to restrain his limbs.

Saleos’ movements were restricted and the speed at which the wounds were inflicted on his body became faster. The combination of the thousands of battle gears and the God Hands exerted the greatest power imaginable by humans.

““What is this cowardly power?!”” Different species had different limits. Even Muller, the greatest of humanity, relied solely on the power of ‘swordsmanship.’ Then what was this? It was the power to pour out thousands of battle gears at the same time like it was a divine power.

““How can a human...?!”” Just then, a sword struck Saleos’ heart. However, it was unable to penetrate Saleos’ solid skin. It shattered and disappeared.

Then the flying farming tools tore at his skin, scratched the flesh, and dealt him pain. They even moved again, avoiding Saleos’ hand, and attacking one more time. Not all of the thousands of battle gears were a threat, but a few of them definitely threatened Saleos. It was a force that was clearly superior to Sword Saint Muller’s Control Sword. Pushing him to the defensive without even touching him?

Saleos’ eyes full of confusion and hatred were fixed on the black-haired man in the sky. The humans scattered around the fortress were chanting his name.

“Grid!”

“Grid!”

‘Didn’t I hear that, at this age, humanity has declined?’

Povia, Braham, Pagma, Alex, Muller, and Madra—over the past hundreds of years, humanity had produced new legends and each of them had a great power to watch out for. Yet times had changed and humanity had declined. Saleos had laughed when he heard that Belial was rampaging alone among the human race. Now, many years later...

Saleos made contact with the mighty legends called Kraugel and Grid. Humanity, which had been in decline for hundreds of years, had grown to the point where they could no longer be ignored. Saleos was able to quickly determine the cause.

“Raise your weapons and fight.”

[He knew his own limitations and cheered for humanity.]

[He responded to the wishes of humanity in the rain of battle gears falling to the earth.]

[His presence encouraged humanity.]

““The Hero King... I see. You are Muller’s successor...”” A presence who inspired fighting spirit in the humans who were awaiting their demise. Saleos watched Grid while striking at the rain of battle gears and finally grasped this person’s real identity after seeing the purple fighting energy.

Grid maintained his distance until he finally used Shunpo and narrowed the distance to Saleos. Saleos didn’t know the concept of Shunpo that many players now knew about.

““The transcendent status...””

The hero of heroes—the Hero King meant an existence that would become the peak of humanity, or was the peak of humanity, thus it wasn’t surprising that Muller’s successor had become a transcendent.

““I see. This irrational power has overcome human limitations.””

Saleos expended his power to block the white, transparent sword that was aimed at him. Due to this, he couldn’t avoid Grid’s fusion dance and felt a sharp sense of strangeness.

““This swordsmanship...?””

Was Muller’s swordsmanship this type that was as gentle as dancing? No, it was someone else’s swordsmanship.

““...?””

Saleos crushed eight weapons at the same time and was about to attack Grid, only to be shocked. It was because he felt the energy of a god from the storm of hot flames rising around Grid.

““The red phoenix?””

Wasn’t the red phoenix defeated and sealed by the gods who were driven to the east? Why did its energy appear here in the west? It was even from a human!

““Your identity...”” Was it because of the field of sparks? The rain of battle gears stopped. Saleos was finally able to breathe and attempted to talk to Grid. The 19th great demon was intrigued by this trivial human being. However, Grid wasn’t interested in the 19th ranked great demon. “XX, I should’ve fought you instead.”

““.....?””

“You are weak compared to Beleth.”

How much had he suffered while fighting the Berserk King? He barely lasted 13 minutes against the monster who felt invincible. The moment the time for the Reverse Summoning Circle was up, he immediately summoned Sticks to return to the Overgeared Kingdom before he was killed again. Grid remembered it and once again trembled. Looking back, he thought it would’ve been better to give the empire the role of delaying Beleth. Grid unfolded his infinite sword energy.

Saleos was suspicious of Grid’s statement but he still smiled. ““Indeed, you are Muller’s successor.””

It was interesting to know that two Sword Saints had been born in one age. He was already looking forward to the increase in fame he would gain when he defeated both. Saleos' fists were filled with the 'unbeatable power'.

"Flower Revolve." Grid calmly demonstrated a counterattack.

Sticks had grasped the power of the Eccentric Duke and recommended Grid to join this battlefield. Grid had no intention of competing against him in a foolish way. No matter the 'unconditional strength', it could be blocked using a counterattack skill. Saleos was hit by the power of his own fists and staggered. Then Grid used his infinite sword energy to carry out one of his ultimate attacks.

"Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle."

Additionally, he followed up with Transcended Link Flower, Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle, and Transcended Link Kill Pinnacle. Grid overcame his resources constraints and continued to link the strongest sword dances. Saleos consumed a large amount of energy and quickly turned into rags.

Saleos' face was full of confusion.

"Pagma? What is this? You? Why do you have Pagma's Swordsmanship?"

Grid ignored the tedious question of whether he was Pagma's successor and used the Storm of the Fire God while trying to maintain his mana. Then the rain of battle gears, that had stopped in the blue sky, once again attacked Saleos. After that was 300,000 Army Swordsmanship Stealth Sword.

Grid used Open Potential due to Divinity and made an invisible attack. The sword that suddenly appeared caused a great deal of damage to Saleos. At the same time, it exposed Saleos' weakness. Saleos was puzzling over when he had been hit when Grid appeared in his field of view.

Chill.

Saleos was engulfed in an instinctive terror. Hero King, transcendent, successor to both Pagma and Muller, and with the power of a god—he noticed that this hybrid felt completely opposite of the pure Kraugel.

"100,000 Army Massacre Sword."

"...!!!"

Truly, this was a terrible hybrid. He never thought even Madra's swordsmanship would come out...

Saleos exposed his weakness and was dealt a serious wound.

"Ah." Grid was slightly lacking when it came to the power to finish him off. It was the side effect of using 300,000 Army Swordsmanship Stealth Sword which made it impossible to recover sword energy for three seconds. He had maintained Storm of a Fire God for a long time because he wanted to release all his sword dances. This meant he didn't have enough mana. It wasn't that Grid's resources calculation was wrong. It was something that occurred because Saleos was so strong.

Saleos had lost 40% of his health when Grid arrived at the scene. Grid had judged that he could finish off Saleos by investing all his skills. However, Saleos was hit by 100,000 Army Massacre Sword, and his

defense rose sharply from the moment his health fell below 10%. This was why Grid failed to finish him off.

“Can you Become the King of the Dead?” Noe was somewhat helpless against great demons. Grid had to summon the Overgeared Skeletons and Randy. Then he triggered the light elemental to blind Saleos while climbing onto the back of Overgeared Corn. He was trying to focus on restoring resources while dragging out the time as much as possible. However, it was too greedy to want to grab the 19th great demon’s ankles with just the God Hands and his pets.

Saleos quickly broke through to Grid, grabbed Overgeared Corn, and swung Grid and Overgeared Corn into the sky at the same time. Then he gathered strength in his body to chase after Grid. He placed the power of unconditional victory around his entire body and was now like an invincible being.

At least, until he was cut off by Kraugel. “Mole... Ascension.”

Kraugel had only recovered enough stamina to wield his sword once and used a very insignificant skill compared to Earth Dragon’s Ascension. However, it aimed precisely at Saleos and succeeded in hitting him. The power was too terrible to deal any damage to Saleos but the ‘unconditional victory’ power he had placed on his body disappeared due to the power of a Sword Saint.

As a result, Saleos’ kick to Grid’s chest didn’t play a significant role. Grid’s counterattack cut Saleos’ neck. Saleos was aware of the great consumption of his health and landed on the ground. Waiting for him were hundreds of players, including Knight. If it wasn’t for Grid, all of them would’ve died. Now they used the last of their strength to unfold their ultimate techniques. It was the moment when all players became one.

“”Kuek... Kuaaaack!!””

[He is the lantern of humanity.]

## [Chapter 1256](#)

The decisive difference between named NPCs and named monsters was their health. Assuming they had the same level, the health of a named monster was 100 to 1,000 times higher than the health of a named NPC. This didn’t mean that named monsters were stronger.

It was easy to understand considering the legends of the past generations were NPCs. Named NPCs polished their ‘technique’ and they were skilled in defense, evasion, and counter-attacking through the application of technique. They fully realized that their health was limited and they were careful in battle.

On the other hand, named monsters were extremely reluctant to waste time on passive actions. Named monsters focused on attacking and crushing the target instead of consuming their strength on defense, evasion, and counter-attacks. They believed in their innate physical ability (health) and fought more aggressively.

This was a difference in combat style. It wasn’t easy to tell which was superior between named NPCs and named monsters. Both were tough opponents for players, but Grid was the exception. He possessed a powerful attack and was more comfortable dealing with named monsters than named NPCs. It was easier to hit named monsters compared to named NPCs where it was easy to miss.

“Kuaaaack!” Saleos was struck by hundreds of players and took a rare defensive stance.

However, there were too many attacks against him. Saleos' power that exploded only blew away dozens of players, and Saleos' thick arms only blocked a few attacks. After consuming most of his health fighting Kraugel and then Grid, he instinctively said goodbye to his physical body.

“This isn't... the end. Cough, cough!”

For a great demon, death wasn't the end. Their souls reincarnated forever and their bodies were just temporary dwelling places. He would be resurrected soon after he lost his body. Additionally...

“The day I reappear before you... I will be more and more complete.”

The reappearance of a great demon meant growth. Why had they died? During the time they searched for a new body, they analyzed the reasons for their failure and grew.

“Gulp.” The players inserting weapons into Saleos' body gulped. Saleos' dying eyes didn't lose their spirit and this forced the players to become nervous. They were even more afraid because they knew his threats weren't a bluff.

A symbol started to be engraved on the forearms of all players. The players were surprised by the stinging pain and looked at their forearms to see two blood red eyes carved like a tattoo. It was Saleos' sign. It was a curse in return for killing one of the top 20 great demons.

On the day that Saleos was resurrected, all the players here would be tracked by Saleos. They were going to die terribly. The players were terrified after reading the information of the mark and unknowingly stepped back.

“The great demons really talk a lot.”

There was a pure white unicorn that was beyond beauty. If the name wasn't Overgeared Corn, Grid on its back would've been praised by everyone as he descended from the sky. He pointed his sword at Saleos who was staring at him.

“You will die here. You can't appear before our eyes twice.”

“Kukuk. Kuhahahat! The person who became the Hero King doesn't know much about the great demons...?”

Saleos was laughing like it was absurd when his expression stiffened. His eyes, full of killing intent and hope, changed to despair, and his expression distorted in a vicious manner. It was due to the light falling from the sky. It was an artificial light full of magic power. It was a remnant of Mass Teleport.

“Is this real...?”

Goosebumps occurred on Saleos' skin stained with blood. He knew the identity of a person who emerged from the light of Mass Teleport. It was impossible not to know. How could he not recognize that dirty filth that was a curse and a disaster?

“...Saintess?”



It was a power different from Rebecca's divinity. The miracle of humanity that cut off the reincarnation of the great demons and threatened the agreement between Yatan and Rebecca was the most hated and feared object of the great demons.

""Hell Summoning!""

Hell was divided into 33 zones and each hell was different, just as the human countries were different. Some great demons were proud of their hell, while some were ashamed. Saleos belonged to the latter. The 19th hell he ruled was extremely shabby. It was a space filled with only beauty and there wasn't a single stream of hellfire flowing through it. This was the result of Baal's mockery since Saleos didn't have the qualifications of a ruler. He had to expose his humble territory to humans...

Saleos shivered with disgust but he still showed his shame. This showed how menacing the Saintess was to him. He had no intention of welcoming eternal rest.

Lightning struck and darkness filled the world. All the players at the scene—except for Grid and Kraugel—were eroded by various debuffs, and they collapsed helplessly to the ground. It happened when the hell moon adorned the blackened sky...

"Hell Regulation." A new beam of light appeared and destroyed Saleos' humble hell. It was Yura, who came after defeating Sitri's hand with the Rebecca Church.

""These humans!""

Saleos struggled as he was driven to the edge of the cliff but it was meaningless. He was already dying. Grid's sword pierced Saleos' chest. Great Demon Saleos had nowhere to escape and died miserably in front of countless humans. His dark soul stained with malice and anger was destroyed by Saintess Ruby.

[The raid of the 19th Great Demon, 'Eccentric Duke' Saleos, has succeeded!]

[The soul of the 19th Great Demon, 'Eccentric Duke' Saleos, has been destroyed and won't be able to reincarnate!]

[The position of 19th hell monarch has temporarily become vacant.]

[Apart from Grid, all players who participated in the Saleos raid will be given the 'Followers of the Lantern' title.]

[All players who participated in the Saleos raid will receive different compensation based on their performance!]

[Grid has obtained the raid's 1st place prize.]

[Kraugel has obtained the raid's 2nd place prize.]

[Kirinus has obtained the raid's 3rd place prize.] (Yes, the raws really say Kirinus even though he was never mentioned in the raid at all)

[Yura has obtained the raid's 4th place prize.]

[Knight has obtained the raid's 5th place prize.]

[★ Saintess Ruby has obtained extraordinary rewards in exchange for annihilating the soul of the great demon!★]

[Other personnel will be given equal compensation.]

“Waaahhhhhhh!”

The screams of the players pierced the sky. Saleos’ mark on their forearms disappeared.

“God Grid!”

“God Kraugel!”

“Hahahat! The best! You are the best!”

Someone started it, and soon they all rushed to Grid and Kraugel. Grid and Kraugel were surrounded by cheering people, and they smiled and bumped fists.

[The seventh page of the epic has been completed.]

[Your status has risen to the next level with the completion of the epic.]

[Resistance to skill damage has slightly increased.]

[Resistance to weapon damage has slightly increased.]

[The chances of triggering a skill based on probability has slightly increased. However, it doesn’t affect skills attached to items.]

[The title ‘Lantern of Humanity’ has been created.]

[Your Deity stat has increased by 1.]

[Lantern of Humanity]

[\* Stamina +500

\* Special effects will occur when you’re on the same battlefield as the Followers of the Lantern. It is affected by the number of people following the lantern.

You are the one who brought unity to humans with your outstanding strength and courage.

You are the hope of millions and should never disappear easily.]

‘It is amazing.’

Grid had signed a contract with Orc Lord Teruchan and had a stamina stat coefficient 1.8 times higher than the average. Each point in stamina increased his health stat by 54 and his defense by 2.1.

The title of Lantern of Humanity was special, especially for Grid, who had his health increased by 35% by Duke of Virtue. It wasn’t an exaggeration to say this title was worth dozens of levels. Moreover, the rise in his transcendence status also increased his skill damage resistance, weapon damage resistance, and the chances of activating a probability skill.

The effect of his transcendent status this time could be felt in many ways by Grid. In particular, the skill damage and weapon damage resistance were a few things that reduced fixed damage so Grid's fear of Beleth was reduced slightly.

'Now it should come out to be around 55,000...'

However, this was still too high. It still wasn't enough to raid Beleth.

'I have to build up as much transcendence as possible before we meet again someday.'

Grid recalled his hurried escape from Beleth and shuddered before shaking off his imagination.

'I still need a lot of time.'

The epics were a really great power. Since his transcendence built up every time an epic was achieved, Grid's most urgent task was to gain the perfect transcendence.

There had to be an end even for the transcendent realm. The existence of an absolute above transcendence was the proof. Just as leveling up didn't lead to the acquisition of a new skill, there were sometimes stagnant areas in transcendence. Nevertheless, Grid judged that the end could be seen in the next few years.

"Oppa!" Ruby rushed to Grid who was locked in his thoughts. She had been very worried for Grid who had to deal with the 13th great demon by himself and she was relieved to see her brother was safe. Her eyes were unknowingly red.

"You must've been worried." Grid stroked his sister's head with a smile and turned his eyes in Kraugel's direction. His transcendent senses were classifying Kraugel as a strong person of this era. Kraugel's level must be around 350, so Grid thought he was truly great.

'Sooner or later, he will be a strong person who transcends the era.'

Grid had goosebumps when he arrived at the scene and witnessed Saleos' status. Would it have been possible for him to push the 19th great demon to this state if he was the same level as Kraugel? It would've not been possible.

"You've suffered."

"...You as well."

Grid greeted Kraugel with a smile and he responded in a similar manner.

This was it.

Grid's blacksmithing skill was needed to fully enjoy the effect of Poetry that Praises the Sword but even so, Kraugel didn't make a request of Grid. He wasn't a member of the Overgeared Guild. He couldn't be indebted to his friend and rival every time, and in the first place, he didn't have such an idea. He would be grateful his entire life just for the White Tiger Sword.

"Then I'm going. I wish you luck." Kraugel exchanged brief greetings and turned to leave, only to be caught by Grid.

“Shouldn’t we talk about what we’ve been doing?”

“I’ve been listening to your news.”

“...Is your mother healthy?”

“Fortunately, she is.”

Ah, it was time for a meal. He needed to log out quickly before she headed to the kitchen. Kraugel was in a hurry only to abruptly stop. It was because he remembered something he needed to tell Grid. “It would be better to be careful of Agnus. The creator of that ring has fallen into Agnus’ hands.”

“...?”

Kraugel was pointing to the Ring of Absurdity on Grid’s finger. It was confusing information for Grid, who knew that the creator of the ring had died hundreds of years ago.

### [Chapter 1257](#)

There was a very specific parameter for the growth type class, Death God—the soul gauge. Since becoming a Death God, Knight was able to quantify and read the target’s soul.

‘This is the soul of the supreme one.’

Grid’s soul gauge, visible only to Knight’s eyes, was a huge 68. It meant it would take 34 minutes to place a mark on Grid’s soul to lead him to death. It was huge considering that the average person’s soul gauge barely surpassed 10. It meant that it was virtually impossible to fight against Grid and win, from the perspective of a Death God, who had weak battle endurance. The weight of this soul was truly extraordinary.

‘I think that Grid’s roots in this world are truly deep.’

It was because the soul grew larger with numerous achievements and developing one’s presence. It was completely different from Saleos, who had an infinite soul gauge because he was born with a soul that was eternally reincarnated.

‘To me, he is an opponent I will never be able to fight in my life.’

Well, he didn’t want to fight Grid in the first place. Knight recalled what happened when he was hired by Merchant King Kir and quickly left. Grid and his colleagues were smiling and responding to the cheering crowd. For them, he was only an uninvited guest. He wasn’t entitled to share their joy.

-Good work.

“...!”

The sudden whisper surprised Knight and he stopped. He looked back and saw Grid. This time, in a manner that everyone could hear, Grid spoke to Knight, who was doubting his ears, “You’ve worked hard, Knight.”

Knight himself seemed unaware of it but his reputation was very high. There were few players who didn’t know Knight after he defeated Alexander in a PvP competition in Russia a few years ago. The

intelligence organization of the Overgeared Kingdom had also been paying attention to him. His repeated class quests were to give people approaching the end of their lives peace without any pain.

At one time, he was employed as Kir's guard. He performed some activities inconsistent with the purpose of the Death God class but in the end, it was in an effort to make a living. The Overgeared Kingdom decided it was better to maintain a favorable relationship with Knight rather than antagonizing him. He was a dangerous opponent to be hostile to. Additionally, the Overgeared Kingdom had many NPCs and tended to rely on the Death God's characteristic of giving a 'painless rest.'

Grid and Lael still vividly remember Khan dying in pain. Therefore...

"Aren't you very reliable? I hope we can be allies the next time we meet."

This was why Grid had an eye on Knight. Regardless of Grid's intentions, it was a helpful act for Knight. As a previous employee of Kir, Knight had been anxious about becoming hostile to the Overgeared Kingdom. This made Knight feel relieved.

Knight bowed his head slightly. "It is an honor."

There was no further conversation. Knight had originally dreamed of being a knight but he witnessed the process of people being destroyed by his curse. Thus, in the end, he gave up on his dream and accepted the path of a Death God. Knight kept a distance from other people unless he hated them. He had to be alone all the time.

Grid quietly watched Knight's lonely back leaving before shifting his gaze. He looked around at the reporters flocking like bees and called Huroi over.

"How is your family? If you want to be a parent that your children aren't ashamed of, you shouldn't ask questions that aren't courteous."

Huroi greeted the reporters politely (?) before starting the interview as Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom's spokesman. Some of the reporters had ugly expressions on their faces, but Huroi didn't care.

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Unlike what the world thought, it was a relatively bland battle. The invasion of five great demons was repelled in just two hours. Who would've imagined it? Even Grid hadn't expected it. He might've lost 41.2% of his experience along the way, but experience could be recovered at any time. The fact that the Overgeared Kingdom had no casualties gave Grid great comfort.

"It is all due to Her Majesty the Emperor."

Haspachi Canal—Grid approached Basara and bowed deeply. It was a greeting of heartfelt respect. It was all thanks to Basara's thorough preparations that humanity was able to fight easily against the invasion of the great demons. She wasn't merely an idealist, but a truly competent empress. Her level far exceeded everyone's expectations.

"The world would've been shaking at this moment if Your Majesty the Empress hadn't come forward to act."

“I’m ashamed. It is your merit, the Overgeared King, not me. If it wasn’t for you, all my plans wouldn’t have been successful.” Basara gripped Grid’s large hands tightly with her small hands. She was blushing while shaking. “I... Our Saharan Empire is grateful for your existence. The existence of Your Majesty itself is a blessing to humanity. I hope you will continue to stand on the side of humanity in the future.”

Just looking at the procession of pilgrims to Grid’s statue in the Behen Archipelago, Grid’s reputation had already surpassed the average person. Now he was reborn as the lantern of humanity through this event and Grid’s reputation had reached a divine level. People perceived him as almost a ‘god.’ Of course, there were many people like Basara who thought of him as the opposite sex.

“There are many things I want to talk to you about. Why don’t we go to the barracks and talk? It will be just the two of us and it will be comfortable.”

“Haha... I would like that, but Your Majesty the Empress, you have to go back to the empire and take care of your people.” Grid carefully removed Basara’s burdensome hands and glanced around. Jishuka had a blatantly dissatisfied expression while Yura was staring at a distant mountain with clenched fists. Mercedes also had a colder expression than normal.

Basara’s subtle courtship was burdensome for Grid, who had neither time nor opportunity to form an alliance with Basara. A relationship and marriage with the empress...

It would surely have a tremendous effect but Grid had no intention of selling his mind and body. Yura, Jishuka, and Mercedes already occupied his heart and Grid was even struggling to establish a relationship with them.

‘Still, I’m happy.’

He was grateful and happy to have someone like him. The world had been full of resentment during his days of hate, but now the world was infinitely beautiful. Therefore, he wanted to protect it. Grid was once again filled with determination and told his party, “Let’s go home.”

“Yes.”

“Yes.”

Grid, the 10 meritorious retainers, and his knights approached Sticks.

‘Where is this, who am I?’

In the past few hours, Sticks had used Mass Teleport close to 10 times all over the Arc Kingdom and was close to exhaustion. He was dazed with exhaustion and he declared with a sigh, “We’re departing.”

Grid’s group disappeared from their spot. The scene was still full of troops from the empire and allied kingdoms, but people somehow felt it was empty. Grid’s presence was that great.

“Kukukuk. Your Highness, who used to be my lantern, has been reborn as the lantern for thousands of people. The world is pathetic and ridiculous for only knowing Your Majesty’s true value now but what can I do? This is the limit of ordinary beings.” Lael greeted Grid’s party with one hand covering his face. He was smiling but his eyes were subdued.

Grid was worried that there were some difficulties he couldn't mention. He wondered, "Have your hemorrhoids relapsed?"

"...I have hair loss but I've never had hemorrhoids."

"Hemorrhoids are one of the most common diseases that modern people suffer from. It is normal if you work under extreme stress every day. It isn't something to be ashamed of."

Grid had seen the business card of a colorectal surgeon in Lauel's wallet a few days ago and Lauel couldn't deny it anymore. He was aware of Ruby's gaze and blushed. The smiling Jishuka poked Grid's side. "He is doing this because of jealousy."

"Jealousy?"

"My king now belongs to everyone else~ something like this?"

"...?"

Everyone looked back at the voice. Pope Damian was standing there. Damian smiled broadly and greeted everyone, "It has been a long time since we've gathered together like this. It is nice to see all of you!"

"Damian, why are you here?"

Damian was virtually a part of the Overgeared Guild, but he was also the pope, the leader of the Rebecca Church. It was shortly after a great battle was over and the place he should be at was the pope's office, not the Overgeared Kingdom. His job was to care for the church members.

Damian saw Grid's somewhat reproachful look and explained with a bitter expression, "There were too many injured people."

Damian's gaze was focused on the medical clinic in the castle. There were numerous signs of life. Most of them were members of the Rebecca Church.

"This..."

Not everyone was in a good state. The enlightened Grid glanced at Ruby and she rushed to the room like she had been waiting.

Grid comforted Damian, "You've suffered..."

How hurt had he been by the sight of the dying church members? Grid was worried about Damian's mentality. It was obvious that Damian was suffering from a great sense of guilt. Fortunately, Damian's heart was in a stable state. "It was small compared to the burden on Grid. I am used to it."

Damian smiled brightly and said goodbye to Grid's party. "Then I'll be going back to my church members."

The moment the battle was over, Damian had led the church members to visit Reinhardt. It was because Reinhardt had a well-equipped medical facility, Saintess Ruby, and the largest Rebecca Temple. They could focus on treating the injured members.

Damian hurried to leave but Grid grabbed him and asked, "What level of rewards did you receive?"

"It is the second place reward."

Yura was the one who got the first place rewards. Damian answered honestly and Grid reached out a hand. "Give me your rewards."

"...!?"

They were shocking words. To be honest, Damian felt like he had met a robber. Even so, he didn't ask questions or refuse. He just took out the rewards and handed them to Grid. He owed so much to Grid that he felt he needed to repay Grid. The rewards that Damian obtained were Sitri's Nails and the Demon God's Cells.

"Apart from that, I gained a title and a rune power, but they are attached to me..." Damian explained and Grid told him, "Okay, go and look after the church members. If you need anything, then tell me immediately."

He continued, "Then before going back to the Vatican, stop by the smithy. I will make an item for you using this."

"...!"

Damian was thrilled. He was genuinely thankful for Grid's kindness by trying to help him every time. He had to understand how much his presence and the Rebecca Church had helped the Overgeared Guild. The friendship between Grid and Damian, as well as the exchange between the Overgeared Guild and the Rebecca Church, would continue.

### [Chapter 1258](#)

"Everyone has suffered a lot. Show me what you've received."

Grid invited the 10 meritorious retainers and the knights to sit at the round table. His face showed his pride in his colleagues. How could he not be proud when they subdued the great demons invading all areas of the Arc Kingdom and contributed to the peace of the world. Grid found it very reliable that his teammates could fight and win against the enemies of humanity without him.

"First, the Dantalion raid team."

"I will give this to Your Majesty."

All the knights, except for Jude, and all of the 10 meritorious retainers, except for Yura, Vantner, Huroi, and Regas, laid out their loot on the round table. The reason why Yura was excluded was because she was part of the Sitri's hand subjugation team, while the others were excluded because their contribution ranking was outside the top 10 places. The common rewards for those who weren't in the rankings were comparatively poor so they couldn't boast of it.

[Dantalian's Knowledge Fragment]

[Upon opening it, you'll learn a rare to unique rated skill.

The contents of the skill you will learn are random.]



“This is amazing...”

First, the right to acquire a skill caught Grid’s eye. It was randomly acquired so the chances were high that only a rare rated skill would appear, but the rating was a secondary problem. Everyone liked having one more skill. It was different for Grid who had many skills, but the value of a skill acquiring right was astronomical for the 10 meritorious retainers.

“Shit, I’m envious...”

Vantner grabbed his bald head and lamented.

The destructive power of the allied party led by Braham, Piaro, and Mercedes was incredible. Dantalion was only in a rush to survive and Vantner had no chance to be active. Regas only showed a high attack power when linking combos and he didn’t have enough time to make a contribution. Meanwhile, Huroi’s taunting skills were overshadowed by Braham’s great magic.

Braham saw Grid watching the regretful Vantner, Regas, and Huroi, and snorted. “I don’t need any skills.”

A thin and old book—Dantalion’s Knowledge Fragment was placed in front of Grid.

“All my achievements are Your Majesty’s achievements. The loot I gained is all yours.” Piaro also gave Dantalion’s Knowledge Fragment to Grid.

Grid read their intentions and smiled. He returned the fragments to the two men. “It doesn’t make sense for me to accept it. This is a book that belongs to the person who acquired it.”

“I see...”

Braham regarded Dantalion’s Knowledge Fragment as trivial. Therefore, he didn’t pay special attention to it or carefully observed it. Piaro’s ability to identify objects was ordinary and he didn’t notice there was something else about Dantalion’s Knowledge Fragment.

On the other hand, Mercedes had Keen Insight and knew from the beginning. This was why she didn’t give Grid her knowledge fragment. She opened her mouth for the first time, “Your Majesty, every book has a hidden page.”

“...!”

The stunned Grid used the Legendary Blacksmith’s Appraisal skill. Then—

[This item has a hidden function!]

[The information about the target item has been updated.]

[Dantalian’s Knowledge Fragment]

[Upon opening it, you’ll learn a rare to unique rated skill.

The contents of the skill you will learn are random.

★There is a very rare probability of obtaining legendary rated skills.]

“...!”

“...!”

The eyes of Grid and the 10 meritorious retainers widened. Braham, Piaro, and Mercedes took great pride in their skills and weren't impressed by the value of the book. However, the hearts of the 10 meritorious retainers were very excited. A legendary skill...! The probability of getting it was perhaps only 0.001%. No, it might be smaller. Even so, the possibility made them full of anticipation.

“Damn, let me gain a legendary skill!”

“Let's acquire a legendary skill!”

The depressed Vantner and Huroi tried to cheer up, and cheered for their companions. Now was the time for cheering, not jealousy.

Duguen, duguen! The hearts of the 10 meritorious retainers were thumping. Grid also cheered for his teammates. “It will be a big jackpot.”

“Okay!”

Jishuka, Pon, Faker, Pon, Chris, Euphemina, Katz...

They didn't have any hesitation. They opened Dantalion's Knowledge Fragment while Grid supported them. At the same time, light wrapped around the heads of the people who opened their book. A green light appeared above some people's heads while others had a blue light. The 10 meritorious retainers looked like they were eating shit.

“The legendary skill is bullshit...”

Forget the legendary rating, not even a unique skill came out. The seven people who opened the book only got rare or epic rated skills. The comforting thing was that all seven players had earned one combat skill. It wasn't a bad result. It might be lower rated, but it was more useful to have a combat skill than a legendary rated fishing skill.

“Wow, I got a binding skill.”

“I got a mastery skill.”

In particular, the joy of those who obtained skills with high utilization was multiplied.

Braham spoke in this turbulent atmosphere, “All skills are equal underneath my magic.”

Braham thought the 10 meritorious retainers, who were happy to get cheap skills, were pitiful. He clicked his tongue and opened Dantalion's Knowledge Fragment. If he couldn't transfer it to someone else, then he would just read it for fun. Even if he got a new skill, he had no intention of using it. A light swirled above Braham's head before permeating him. It was a gold light.

[Braham has acquired the legendary skill, 'Shadow Stun.']

[Shadow Stun]

[Active

The target's shadow is constrained by magic power, making the body of the target immobile. The probability and duration of the skill are affected by the caster's power.

Skill Cooldown Time: 5 minutes.

Skill Mana Cost: 2,300]

Braham's eyes shone brightly. "What? It isn't bad."

"...Is this real?"

"This is a really bullshit game."

Braham, the strongest person in the person who didn't envy people, was lucky enough to gain a legendary skill. Before the release of Satisfy, the 10 meritorious players had played mobile games with a light heart. Some of the 10 meritorious retainers shivered as they recalled the old nightmares of losing a lot of money on gacha. They had a complete mental breakdown. Indeed, all gambling games should disappear from this world.

Grid sensed the atmosphere and coughed as he used the appraisal skill on the next loot. Dantalion's raid team gained a total of four loot. First, Dantalion's Knowledge Fragment. Second, Dantalion's Hair. Third, Dantalion's Staff. Fourth, Dantalion's Sword.

Dantalion's Sword was the first place reward and Dantalion's Staff was the second place reward. They were both legendary items. Both Dantalion's Sword and Dantalion's Staff boasted exceptional performances, just like 32nd Great Demon Belial's staff. They were more powerful than the legendary weapons produced by Grid. Their pure stats were somewhat inferior to the new weapons produced by Grid, but they weren't inferior in terms of functionality.

The staff amplified magic attack power every time magic was connected without any delay. At the same time, when using magic, there was a chance of Dantalion's knowledge flowing out and other skills could be activated simultaneously. Linking magic 'without any delay'—the problem was that it was almost impossible to do this. That's right—it was just like how Belial's Staff made 'triple casting' possible. However, since there was no one capable of doing it, the skill wasn't utilized. It was highly likely that Dantalion's Staff couldn't be used properly... if it wasn't for Braham.

"Would you like to exchange it with this?" Braham had won the first ranked reward in the Dantalion raid. He might've received Dantalion's Sword that was more powerful than Dantalion's Staff, but he was unhappy. Therefore, he finally suggested an exchange to Mercedes.

Mercedes had no reason to refuse. She had received second place in the raid and gained Dantalion's Staff. Now, she nodded happily and became the owner of Dantalion's Sword while Braham got Dantalion's Staff. Dantalion's Sword was aggressive instead of defensive, so it was completely different from the White Tiger Sword. This meant that she could swap between the two weapons depending on the situation, and both Braham and Mercedes had become stronger. In particular, Braham, who had also acquired a legendary skill.

Grid was filled with great joy and finally looked at Dantalion's Hair. It was a material item classified as a 'cloth' that had been obtained by the knights and 10 meritorious retainers, and they each gained 3~15

pieces. Grid had trained his tailoring skill by making underwear every day, and he wondered what items to make with the pieces. It was at this moment...

[Mercedes has acquired the legendary skill, 'Enhancing Strength'.]

[Piaro has acquired the legendary skill, 'Overflowing Wave'.]

[Enhancing Strength]

[Passive.

The strength stat will increase permanently by 10%.]

[Overflowing Wave]

[Active.

Causes a wave of energy like a tidal wave, dealing 1,500% physical attack power + water attribute power to all targets within a 30 meters radius.

Skill cooldown time: 10 minutes.

Skill Mana Cost: 3,000]

"Should I quit the game?"

"....."

The atmosphere in the room once again became turbulent. The 10 meritorious retainers were glaring fiercely as they were convinced they were being ridiculed by the S.A. Group.

Grid rushed to change the subject. "Yura, what are the rewards that you earned?"

"This is it."

Yura had won the first ranked reward in the Sitri raid. The rewards she received were Sitri's Nails, Sitri's Cells [1], and Demon God's Core. Sitri's Nails were classified as a crafting material and Sitri's Cells were used to add options to production items. On the other hand, the Demon God's Core...

[Demon God Core]

[Rating: Myth

??]

[You have failed to observe the targeted item.]

"...?"

It wasn't classified as a material item or equipment item. It was just a black and sinister jewel. Grid was flustered when the appraisal failed and Yura told him her speculation. "I think this is a quest item."

"Quest item?"

"Yes, perhaps it is an exclusive item for a Demon Slayer."

Yura had felt it when she fought Sitri's hand. The only one who could eliminate it was the Demon Slayer. If it wasn't for her, Sitri's hand would've devastated the Arc Kingdom until it self-destructed. Demon God—Sitri seemed to be on a higher level of standing compared to the usual great demons, and was most likely a problem for the Demon Slayer to solve.

"Um..." Grid was convinced after hearing the explanation and carefully returned the core to Yura. "I say it every time, but be sure to call me when you are having a hard time, got it?"

"Yes."

"Good."

Grid shared the list of rewards he received from Saleos with his colleagues and then rose from his seat. After issuing the order to disband the meeting, he took all the production materials he collected from his colleagues and moved them to the smithy to make items, only to suddenly stop.

'I don't think I have time to relax?'

Talima, the dwarf city—it was located in the territory that belonged to the Fire Dragon Trauka, who didn't allow foreigners to visit. However, the Yatan Church successfully sneaked into Taliam and summoned the great demons there. In this regard, Empress Basara wondered about Trauka's absence.

Grid didn't mean to miss this opportunity. Sitri's hand that used to occupy the Ether mine had been raided. Grid should go to Talima to learn new blacksmithing techniques and secure some Ether Diamonds. He originally wanted to take action after making his colleagues' items but he didn't think there was time to spare when he didn't know when Trauka would return. He had probably become too lax due to the idea that he could move any time and anywhere using Sticks.

"Sticks!" Grid hurriedly called for Sticks.

Sticks still hadn't recovered from his fatigue and struggled to use Mass Teleport. Due to this, Grid fell to the volcanic area near Talima and started a new adventure.

"Grid!"

Meanwhile, Damian visited the smithy after completing the treatment of all the church members with Saintess Ruby.

"Grid? Excuse me? Grid~? Are you there? G-Grid...?"

Grid didn't answer no matter how much he called. Damian cried after searching all the smithies in Reinhardt but never finding Grid.

## [Chapter 1259](#)

It was said that a dwarf's obsession transcended death—the saying wasn't an exaggeration at all, but instead grounded in reality. The dwarves' life expectancy was only three times that of humans, but there were some dwarves who lived longer than elves. It was because they couldn't die until they completed their work... it was a case of surviving and exceeding the limits of life.

'...They forget to die while making items.'

They wouldn't have ordinary personalities. Grid had learned about the personalities of the dwarves through Ke.

'I need to prepare my heart.'

Many things might happen to cause his blood to boil but he had to be patient. Interacting with the dwarves was one of his long dreamed about goals.

Clack!Clack clack clack!

The heat of the volcanic zone quickly reduced the health of the Overgeared Skeletons. Once they melted and disappeared, Grid stopped trying to summon Noe and Randy and looked around. Lava was flowing from the crater like a tsunami. It continued to swell on the mountain with a high slope. Noe and Randy wouldn't be able to endure here long and would be recalled.

'I wanted to level up the kids but it will be hard.'

The average level of monsters in the volcanic zone was 360. The elite monsters were only level 400. It was much lower compared to the average level of monsters on the final ridge of the Chaos Mountains. Grid had reached level 415 after fighting against Berserk King Beleth and raiding Eccentric Duke Saleos, so he didn't feel anything special about the volcano's monsters.

However, it was different for the Overgeared Skeletons, Randy, and Noe. For them, the monsters here were good prey. It was unfortunate that the land was dominated by a high heat and wasn't a suitable hunting ground for them.

'Well, this is better.'

He should focus on his original purpose. The reason he came here was to meet the dwarves, not to level up the kids. Grid ignored the monsters and ran at full speed. The heat of the volcanic zone didn't threaten him since he was a legendary blacksmith. Shunpo had a higher probability of activating than before, so while some rankers would've taken half a day, Grid arrived at the top of the mountain in just 30 minutes. The panoramic view of a huge crater spread out in front of his eyes.

"Sigh."

He let out a sigh of admiration at the city located in the crater. It was a small city that was enough for 10,000 households to live in. Most importantly, there were no signs of lava anywhere in the city. It meant that the waves of lava constantly flowing from the ridge didn't come from this crater but was caused by some type of magical phenomenon. Was it a type of barrier?

'There is a reason why people can't easily enter it.'

Talima's disconnection from the world wasn't just due to Trauka's existence. The dwarves did it themselves. Grid realized this as he jumped from the top of the mountain. The surrounding landscape quickly changed and the view of Talima instantly appeared in front of him. Just before falling to the ground, Grid opened the dragon wings and landed lightly.

Talima—the city that was any blacksmith's dream, unfolded before his eyes.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

"...?"

Grid savored the smell of iron that appeared from the moment he entered the city and stopped walking as he cocked his ears. The hammering from a shabby smithy grabbed his attention.

'A craftsman?'

Someone who would be treated as a VIP in any kingdom was working alone in this shabby smithy? The intrigued Grid stopped as he was trying to open the smithy door.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

Then he heard the sound of another blacksmith craftsman hammering from the smithy next door.

'Are they rivels?'

The reason they were working in such a poor environment despite being craftsmen was because the competition against the blacksmith next door wasn't over yet...

'Is this the obsession of the dwarves? Well, I would be the same.'

Grid listened to the hammering and nodded in a convinced manner as he created the plot of a movie. Then he started doubting his ears. It was because he could hear the hammering of craftsman level blacksmiths from the smithy next door and then the one after that.

"...Crazy."

There was no blacksmith in the world who didn't know how special Talima was and how talented the dwarf race was. Every blacksmith had fantasies about Talima and the dwarves. Grid was naturally the same. He had expected to see many craftsmen when he came to Talima.

However, it was in the dwarf castle, not this shabby smithy. 'Is the entire city full of craftsmen?' Grid glanced at the dwarf castle standing tall in the center of the city and focused on the sound in his surroundings again.

This was the entrance of the city. There were 20 smithies placed together and hammering could be heard from seven of them. Additionally, the hammering of advanced and intermediate blacksmiths were heard from 13 smithies.

'They aren't all craftsmen...'

This was normal. Advanced blacksmithing could be achieved using dexterity and experience. Dwarves were gifted with innate dexterity and any of them could reach advanced blacksmithing. However, a craftsman was a realm that could only be achieved by making a few masterpieces. They were legendary rated items.

Unlike Grid, who became a legend by reading a book and had a relatively high probability of producing legendary items, advanced blacksmiths had a probability that was close to 0%. Therefore, they required high luck and creativity to grow to the craftsman level.

'In retrospect, it is really...'

He felt sorry for the other blacksmiths for his existence itself. Grid was reminded of the Overgeared Kingdom's blacksmiths who were dreaming of being craftsmen even at this moment and smiled bitterly. He approached the smithy he identified first and stood by the window. The scenery of the small smithy was revealed through the wide open window—a dwarf was pounding steel on an anvil in front of the furnace that showed traces of time, the burning desire in his eyes no stranger to Grid.

'It is a desire I've seen through Khan.'

Was he dreaming of becoming a legend? A strange blacksmith whose name was unknown. Nevertheless, Grid cheered for him.

'Please become a legend.'

The birth of a new legend was entirely possible. Khan had already proved that there could be more than one of the same legend. Grid wanted more legendary blacksmiths to be born. He gradually let go of the desire to monopolize this special status. The weight on his shoulders was too great. He was fighting for world peace to protect his loved ones and he needed someone to take his spot as blacksmith—a person who could make and repair items for his colleagues.

'I am the happiest when making an item but I have no spare time.'

One day, after finishing all his work, he would retire and would like to have a small smithy like this, hammering on steel all day. Grid moved to the center of the city with this small wish.

However, there were still no people on the streets. All the dwarves had their own smithy. They were immersed in making items. He occasionally saw dwarves putting their newly made items on stands before returning to their own smithy again. There were no outsiders and no customers, so the stands were overflowing with items. However, they didn't seem to care at all. Machines operating all over the city were farming, producing, and distributing food on their behalf. They would never starve to death, so they weren't interested in money.

"7 million gold?"

...No, they seemed to care a lot about money. The price of this epic item was at an unconscionable level.

"This is too much money."

Items made in less than an hour using common steel had a price tag of 7 million gold. Grid clicked his tongue as the dwarf left and turned his attention to the other stands. There were no special items. Most of those on display were epic rated and cost a minimum of 5 million. Products that cost 10 million were also noticeable. 10 million gold was equivalent to 12 billion won.

'No pushovers would fall for this price.'

Disappointment appeared on Grid's face as he looked at the products on display. The price range was too conscienceless and the quality of the item itself wasn't good. Most of the epic rated items were of medium quality and the unique items rarely seen were inferior ones.

'I heard that the roadside stalls of Talima display unique items.'



The rumors were true but they didn't meet his expectations. His fantasies about Talima were about to be broken.

Further exploration would just be a waste of time. It would be better to go straight to the dwarf castle to greet the king and ask for a lesson on egos. Grid made this decision and placed his hand on the stall to leave. He roughly held old gauntlets that were lying under loose armor.

"Huh?"

[This item has a hidden function!]

After arriving in Talima, Grid had used his appraisal skills more than 300 times. Finally, he found a special item for the first time. Grid was filled with some anticipation as he confirmed the updated information of the gauntlets.

[Gauntlets Longing for a Hunt]

[Rating: Unique

Durability: 5/203 Defense: 108

\* Accuracy will increase by 5%.

\* Attack speed increased by 10%.

Gauntlets with the ego of a hunter.

It maximizes the wearer's hunting efficiency.

\* The characteristics of the ego increases PvE hit rate by 20% and the probability of attacking the weakness in PvE by 10%.

Conditions of Use: Level 200 or more.]

"Wow."

It was a really good item. It increased the attack hit rate against monsters by 20%. It also increased the probability of hitting weaknesses so monsters with a higher level than the wearer could be more easily hunted. The low level limit was also very helpful for players just starting the game.

'This has a purchase value of around 10 million gold?'

There were many rich people in the world. Billions of won were spent in Satisfy, the world's leading cultural and economic market. Countless people invested hundreds of billions of won. The price of an item wasn't important for a low level player who started the game late but had sufficient funds. They could buy items to improve their hunting efficiency.

"...?"

Why place such a good item in a corner? It was so dusty that he almost passed by without seeing it.

Grid cocked his head and doubted his eyes. The price attached to the gauntlets was only 100,000 gold.

'I-I have to buy this!'

It was a bargain if he sold it. He could gain 100 times the profit. It was like finding a home shopping ad that said three 100,000 won pants would be sold for 29,999 won if bought within five minutes. Grid ran excitedly into the smithy.

[You have entered a smithy.]

['Pagma's Descendant' class effect is activated. Blacksmith NPCs who have at least mastered the Advanced Blacksmith's Craftsmanship will recognize you and worship you.]

Grid shouted, "Owner!"

"What?"

"This! I'll buy this!"

Since they had been neglected for many years, they were exposed to the wind and only had 5 durability left. He had to buy it and repair it first. There were many things that could become rusty and useless after a bit more delay. The impatient Grid pulled out 100,000 gold. The grumpy dwarf who approached the cashier had bright eyes at the sight.

"Hoh? You know the value of this? It has been 100 years since I've had a proper customer... Eh?"

The blacksmithing hammer held in the dwarf's hand fell to the ground. Tut. For a blacksmith, the hammer was a sacred tool, yet this dwarf dropped it so easily. It happened as Grid was clicking his tongue...

"P-Pagma's Descendant!"

The dwarf stretched out long fingers that didn't match his short figure and shouted at Grid with a disbelieving expression. It was extremely loud, like a steam train. The shockwave it created was huge.

"What? Pagma?"

"Pagma is back?"

"Where is that bastard who is worse than a dog?!"

Dwarves from all over the area surrounded Grid.

Grid's expression crumpled like a piece of paper. 'Who else did Pagma hit in the back of the head here?'

### [Chapter 1260](#)

"Pagma! You have no such thing as shame!"

"Did you come back to die?!"

'The interest is hot.'

The dwarves were famous for devoting themselves to their work. He heard that the dwarves were the type to turn a blind eye even if a madman suddenly popped out naked. There seemed to be only one exception. A crowd appeared the moment Pagma's name emerged.

"Everybody, out of the way! It is my job to kill Pagma!"

“Let’s torture him for 10 years instead of just killing him!”

“I will drop a hammer on his little toes.”

“.....”

New dwarves were constantly gathering. It had been a long time since the room ran out in the small smithy. Grid was pressed back against the checkout counter and calmly grasped the situation.

‘Should I escape?’

Why were they raging against Pagma? Grid’s experience was too rich for such questions and confusion. He knew that most of Pagma’s actions, while for the sake of justice, had betrayed or injured others. There would naturally be resentment.

‘Sigh.’

However, he hadn’t expected Pagma to even make trouble in Talima, a blacksmith’s holy land. He planned to communicate with the dwarves using the relationship between Pagma and Milepeu (dwarf craftsman).

‘I have to give the dwarves some time to cool down before getting closer.’

It was the moment when the sighing Grid was about to pull out the sword to use Restraint...

“Hey, you guys! Calm down!” The first one to recognise Grid’s identity and the owner of the smithy, Morain, shouted at the dwarves to calm down. “Have your eyes become rotten from making failed works every day? Look closely at him! How can you see Pagma from this ordinary yet unknowingly charming face?”

“.....!”

“Certainly...”

The dwarves in the front row who were close to Grid were the first ones to calm down. They grunted as they stared closely at Grid’s face.

“His appearance is ugly compared to the beautiful Pagma.”

“Yes, Pagma was trash, but his appearance was charming. On the other hand, this person is only vaguely charming.”

“His skeletal frame is bigger and his eyes are as sharp as an eagle. He looks like he is going to eat a mouse.”

“.....” Grid’s eyes twitched. It was unpleasant to hear evaluations about his appearance when it was hard to tell if they were praises or curses.

‘What does it mean that I look like I’m going to eat a mouse?’

Still, he thought it wasn’t bad to be evaluated as charming. It was also a very high evaluation considering that he was being compared to Pagma. Based on the murals and memories of the past, Pagma had a beauty comparable to Kraugel.

Now Morain held the cheeks of the smiling Grid and set it so it could be seen well by the dwarves. Then he declared, "I told you in the beginning! He isn't Pagma, but Pagma's Descendant! Your eyes are all clogged up!"

"Pagma's Descendant...!"

The dwarves who rushed over after hearing Pagma's name finally regained their sense of reason. Now all the dwarves had calmed down.

"Indeed, that Pagma died in the Behen Archipelago."

"Yes, Pagma is no longer in this world. No matter how evil he used to be, even he can't crawl out of hell..."

Grid was baffled when he saw the dwarves' disappointed expressions.

'They miss him while also feeling resentment toward him?'

The moment Grid had this thought...

"Dammit... I should've beat that guy."

"What if he just died comfortably? He should've died in terrible pain."

Grid quickly gave up his previous idea. He sighed again as the hundreds of dwarves, including those pressed against the window, stared at him. Grid knew it because he was a legendary blacksmith. He could tell that they were appraising everything about him.

"Aren't his skills pretty good as Pagma's Descendant? The sword he is carrying is among the top 10 swords that I've seen so far."

"I like the balance between the shoulder guards and gaiters. There is the energy of two gods? I would covet it if it was a trio."

"Isn't he better than Pagma?"

"I want to take apart those boots."

Gasp, gasp, gasp.

The dwarves' breathing became harsh. The items Grid made directly were stimulating the dwarves' sense of craftsmanship. Those who had lived for hundreds of years witnessed numerous masterpieces, yet they were still impressed by Grid's level of work. It was natural. Grid's equipment included myth rated items. His works were comparable to any other masterpiece.

Of course, not all dwarves felt admiration. A few dwarves scoffed.

"They are all dead things. There is no soul at all. There is only a glossy surface just like the garbage that Pagma made."

"It is because he is Pagma's Descendant that he can't achieve any rapport with his works?"

Grid, who had been proud of the dwarves' assessment, frowned. It was normal to be displeased when the works he poured all his passion and effort into, the materials he collected after risking his life, and the skills recognized by the blacksmithing god, were denied. The soul and rapport—Grid noticed that the concept they were discussing was the 'ego' he had been longing for.

"It doesn't matter if you swear at Pagma, but... I can't listen to my work being demeaned."

Grid didn't need to lower his pride just because he was in a bad position.

The moment he gave up his pride, he himself would be denying all the experience he had accumulated and all the effort he had expended.

"Do you deserve to evaluate the work of others?" Grid declared coldly and the atmosphere became heavy.

The mature transcendent status dominated the space, causing the dwarves inside the smithy to step back with amazement. Nevertheless, a few dwarves didn't back down. They were the ones who demeaned Grid's work. To be exact, they were craftsmen who had 'experienced an obsession surpassing death.'

"Didn't you also evaluate our work?"

A dwarf craftsman's gaze fell onto the gauntlets held in Grid's hand. "You would've observed and evaluated all our work until you selected an item from the stands. It is natural to evaluate all works. You should quit being a blacksmith if you don't want to be criticized."

"At least I don't sell my conscience to do business like you guys."

"Conscience? Is it a conscience?"

Tang!

Something reminiscent of a lion's mane—Pelot, the owner of this hairstyle that highlighted his bigger face even more, became furious while arguing with Grid and threw his hammer. Grid wasn't wary at all. It was because Pelot's throwing skill was only at a rudimentary level and there wasn't any killing intent in the throw. The trajectory of the hammer was just a simple threat and it slightly brushed Grid's shoulder.

'Isn't this too sloppy to be called a threat?'

Grid snorted and stayed still. Then the God Hands came out of his inventory and blocked Pelot's hammer on behalf of Grid.

"This...?!"

The eyes of the dwarves widened and Grid smiled.

'I also have a great ego product.'

The current God Hands were the result of enhancing pavranium, the best of Pagma's legacy. Grid's pride in the God Hands was unmatched and he took the dwarves' response for granted. However, the dwarves' intense reaction didn't stem from admiration.

“Y-You son of a bitch...!”

“You...! Did you come here to mock us?!”

“His wickedness is just like Pagma...”

The calm atmosphere started to heat up again. The dwarves were staring at Grid with eyes filled with deep disgust and resentment. It was the same as when they misunderstood Grid as Pagma.

‘...Uh?’

Grid was stunned. The harsh reaction of the dwarves alarmed him.

‘Perhaps?’

All sorts of questions were raised in the mind of the pale-faced Grid. Was it right that the ego in the pavranium was created purely with Braham’s magic? Considering the level of the golems who appeared during the invasion of the Eternal Kingdom, wasn’t the ego contained in the pavranium particularly outstanding? What did Pagma do to gain the grudges of the dwarves? Additionally, how did Pagma use his Granting an Ego skill?

Grid got goosebumps. A great fear struck him. Grid wanted to turn away from the truth. However, it was already too late. Pelot saw the God Hands and cried out, “You! Pagma’s Descendant! The seed of disaster left behind by Milepeu...! You dare to argue about conscience in front of us when you are imprisoning the soul of the empress!”

“.....!” His concern became a reality. Grid’s legs weakened as his heart sank. He sat in place and looked at the God Hands hovering around him with trembling eyes. “Pagma... Pagma, he...”

Braham had directed great anger toward the yangban Garam. He accused Garam of ruining his life by releasing Pagma to the West Continent. Until now, Grid had thought it was a bit of a leap. However—

“This bad seed...”

...Grid was very sympathetic now. Of course, Pagma was aware of all the sins he had committed and regretted it. At the last moment, he carried all his karma. It was also true that he saved the world. Nevertheless, could he be called a hero? Wasn’t it actually poison as Braham said? Wouldn’t the world have been calm even if Pagma’s poison hadn’t been released on the West Continent?

“Pagma’s Descendant! Die!”

“We curse you!”

The dwarves were furious enough to lose their temper and they pulled out their hammers. At this moment, the hammers in their hands weren’t a sacred tool, but a weapon. However, the dwarves weren’t a race that focused on combat. Only a handful of them were warriors and they protected the royal castle.

The dwarves in this place were all civilians. Hundreds of them were gathered and Grid could slaughter them in a flash if he wanted. However, Grid lowered his sword. There was only one action he could do.

“I’m sorry!”

Grid screamed as he kneeled on the ground the dwarves became wide-eyed.

[The new class quest 'Another Path from Pagma' has opened.]

[Would you like to accept the quest?]

[★This is a quest with two diverging points.]

[If you refuse the quest, the contents of the previous class quest will be changed.]

Notification windows opened up in front of Grid.

'Accept the quest.'

Grid naturally chose a different path from Pagma just as he had done so far.