

## Overgeared 1371

### [Chapter 1371](#)

The people of the Overgeared Kingdom hadn't witnessed the process of Grid becoming a god, but they didn't criticize Grid.

The people's faith in Grid was more solid than the faith they poured toward Goddess Rebecca.

They didn't fully trust the propaganda trying to expose the reality of the gods, but they tried to understand and respect Grid's choice in demolishing the statues and temples of Rebecca. The reality of the angel (Sariel) who only existed in the myths empowered their efforts.

The response from the players was much more positive. Players had long been seeing the possibility of myth rated items and classes. They weren't puzzled or suspicious when they heard that Grid became a god. There was no envy and no jealousy. If someone was to get the title of the first myth then it would surely be Grid. Yes, the world hadn't changed. Even Irene tried to accept the sudden change of being called 'wife of a god.'

'However, things are actually changing.'

Grid frowned when he received news of the visit from the Judar envoys. It wasn't the church's own judgment. They came due to a revelation and this raised great alarm in Grid.

'The gods are paying attention.'

He thought that the gods weren't interested in the birth of the Overgeared God. It was because Grid hadn't seen any reaction from the gods since the disasters occurred in the Overgeared Kingdom on the day Grid became a god. The gods were silent and didn't cause a greater disaster as if daring him to 'stop the new punishment.' Even Rebecca, who often delivered 'words' to Grid when big episodes happened, was quiet. In particular, the blessings of the gods were still showing an effect.

Based on Raiders' reaction to the feeble power of a 'human body,' Grid hoped that perhaps the gods had decided to overlook it. Yet the visit of the Judar Church's envoys was enough to shatter Grid's expectations.

-So what did the envoys say?

Lee Jeong's training tools that sealed the eyes and hands didn't completely restrict Grid.

At the fifth ridge of the Chaos Mountains...

The blindfolded Grid was sitting and sewing while the God Hands and Fire Dragon Sword were hunting monsters with Noe, Randy, the Overgeared Skeletons, and Elfin Stone.

They were able to hunt the monsters in the early or mid 400s without Grid having to come forward. Of course, the speed was significantly slower compared to Grid hunting directly, but the efficiency didn't significantly reduce due to the experience buff given by Lee Jeong's training tools. Additionally, the level of his pets increased.

-They said they will accept you as a god, but you have to serve Goddess Rebecca like before.

-And?

-I haven't met them in person yet. They envoys were caught by the farmers in the fields while doing religious activities, so they haven't arrived at the castle yet. Sir Jude went to meet them just now.

-Caught by farmers?

Toban, an official of the Overgeared Kingdom, was the number one paladin of the Judar Church just a while ago.

Therefore, Grid understood the power of the Judar Church. If the paladins were high ranking enough to be included in the mission, then they were inevitably great talents. As the believers of Judar claimed, they might not be at the level of the world's strongest, but they weren't inferior to the dukes of the empire. Yet they were caught by farmers?

Lauel explained to the baffled Grid.

-The Judar paladins are strongest when enough wide area buffs overlap, but there are only five envoys. They didn't have enough skills and furthermore, it was the time when the farmers from Reidan were working.

-Ah...

Grid understood the situation. Farmers from Reidan—they were farmers who had worked under Piaro for over a year. They had been trained while experiencing all types of harsh labor. Assuming that the average level of the farmers was 300, the ones from Reidan were close to level 400, and their handling of farming equipment was comparable to knights. Additionally, there were a lot of them due to their origin as 'ordinary people.' Grid asserted that they were one of the best armed groups in the entire West Continent.

-The envoys of the Judar Church were unlucky.

-Yes...What should I do with them? Just soothe them and send them back?

-Um...

To what extent could he hunt while wearing Lee Jeong's training tools set? Grid fully tested it and had decided to visit the Tower of Wisdom. It was to report to Hayate that he successfully completed the gourmet cycle, as well as to deliver Nevartan's Necklace to the 3rd Seat, Radwolf. Still, there was no hurry. He could visit the Tower of Wisdom at any time.

He just didn't want to change his schedule to meet the Judar envoys. It would be unpleasant to sit face to face and talk to them. There was just one thing weighing on his mind—Hexetia. Grid wanted to hear about him indirectly.

-No, I will come back now.

Grid returned to Frontier using the return scroll and then used the warp gate. It was the essence of magic engineering that connected Reinhardt and Frontier. It was the work of Great Sage Sticks. The warp gates which had started to be installed throughout the kingdom were expected to grow the economy by dozens of times and dramatically expand the radius of the Overgeared Guild's activities.

\*\*\*

“What if I don’t follow the will of God Judar?”

At Reinhardt...

The envoys of the Judar Church had a soulless look on their faces. It seemed the shock caused by the farmers was great.

“Ah... Of course, God will be disappointed.”

The representative was blank for a moment before belatedly coming to his senses and answering. It was an unsatisfactory answer from Grid’s position.

“What happens if he is disappointed?”

“Judar is the god of wisdom and health. If you incur the wrath of God Judar, then a plague will occur in the Overgeared Kingdom.”

“My sister is the Saintess.”

“.....”

“Haven’t you heard? The plague from a while ago has already been handled by my sister.”

“...Even if the Saintess stops the plague, the people who have already fallen ill will lose their intelligence and the development of the Overgeared Kingdom will be hindered. That poor man is the living witness.”

The representative of the envoys pointed to Jude. They had been escorted by Jude and in this period of time, they seemed to figure out that Jude was an idiot.

“He was originally like this.”

“.....”

“There is also Great Sage Sticks in the Overgeared Kingdom. The people who fall ill and lose their intelligence can be re-educated and brought back to normal.”

“.....”

The representative shut his mouth. He got the chills at the perfect defense of the Overgeared King, who blocked everything to the point where it was meaningless when he tried to preach about the fear of God Judar. At first glance, the Overgeared King felt omnipotent. It wasn’t in vain that he had become a god.

The representative worried about it for a while before finally bringing out his last resort.

“...God Judar said it.”

“?”

“He said that if the Overgeared God refuses his will, then he will take back the blessing.”

It was a threat after all?

Grid smiled in a murderous manner as he checked the blessing of God Judar dwelling in Greed. A 15% increase in defense—it was a passive that was always maintained. It was a huge buff effect that was especially helpful for Grid, who had high defense. Rebecca's Blessing increased the speed of health recovery by 300%, while Dominion's Blessing increased attack power by 15%. If he lost all these buffs, then Grid's combat power would be significantly reduced compared to now.

"Is the will of Goddess Rebecca and God Dominion the same?"

"The three gods are one, so of course."

"I received the blessings of the gods because I punished the corrupted Pope Drevigo in the past. Isn't it shameful to take away the reward for legitimate work?"

"Please refrain from speaking such disgraceful things. Moreover, fighting for the gods is the obligation of humans. Calling it work is too much."

"Why is it the obligation of humans to fight for the gods?"

"Isn't it a natural duty for humans to repay the gods for their benevolence and care?"

It was too much to belittle the thoughts of the delegation leader as a fanatic. He wasn't particularly extreme. Most humans probably had this thought. It was the wrong idea. Gods weren't as beautiful as humans thought. It was possible for Yatan to destroy the world every cycle due to Rebecca's cooperation. It was unknown why they kept destroying the world, but Grid wanted to deny the claim that humans existed due to the benevolence of the gods.

However, what was the meaning in arguing with someone who didn't know the truth? Grid calmed his frustration and got to the main point.

"I want to ask you one thing. If I follow the will of God Judar... will the treatment of God Hexetia improve?"

Just then—

"Ugh...!"

The eyes of the representative rolled and turned white. Then a huge presence descended before Grid's eyes. The representative slowly rose with a white glow. The name above his head was changed to 'Judar.'

-Grid, young god born from human desires. Even if you give everything you have to Asgard, Hexetia's treatment won't change. Hexetia is in prison and shall be forgotten and destroyed.

Hexetia was the one who showed the private matters of the gods. If Hexetia hadn't helped Grid, then all humans on the battlefield of truth would've died in the hands of the angels. The Overgeared God wouldn't have been born and the private matters of the gods would've been hidden forever. For the gods, Hexetia was the traitor who weakened the faith in them. They couldn't possibly forgive him.

Grid confirmed Asgard's meaning and nodded. "Your blessings... there is no need for them anymore."

This was the end. God Judar left behind the human body he borrowed and returned to Heaven.

[You have lost the blessing of God Judar.]

[You have lost the blessing of God Dominion.]

“.....”

Why wasn't the goddess' blessing removed? Grid was surprised by the result but he wasn't pleased at all. He had no intention of indulging a god's whim.

“Braham.”

Grid abandoned the gods and visited Braham. A person who built up divinity like Grid—Grid was reliant on him, who might soon become the god of magic.

“Let's make a new mineral.”

This was something he had planned for a while. Just as Pagma and Braham worked together to create a new mineral, Grid wanted to create a new mineral with Braham.

“I'm going to smelt Greed and the divine stone into a single mineral so please forge it with Meteor.”

“...Do you have no conscience?”

Magic forging—it was the most primitive and effective way to apply magic to minerals.

The method wasn't complicated. He could forge the mineral with magic, not a hammer. However, the number of times was a problem.

“Do you want me to use Meteor 10,000 times?”

“You can't...?”

“I can do it. It will just take 27 years and 145 days. Can you wait?”

“.....”

He hadn't thought about the cooldown time. Grid's heart that was excited about the idea of combining Meteor with items cooled down.

“Is it possible to combine Greed with divine stone?” Braham asked Grid, who had closed his mouth in embarrassment.

“Yes,” Grid's expression was full of conviction as he answered.

The 3rd Seat, Radwolf—the survivor of the ancient giant tribe and the one who was praised as a wise warrior. The fusion of Greed and divine stone wouldn't be a dream if he could get help from the individual who gave birth to the magic machines.

### [Chapter 1372](#)

It would take 27 years and 145 days to use 10,000 Meteors. This meant that Meteor's cooldown time was 24 hours. Among all the magics that existed, it was the greatest magic with the largest range. It was rather strange that the cooldown time was so short.

‘Even if I try to support Braham by gathering items that reduce cooldown time as much as possible...’

Cooldown time reduction items were very rare. So far, among all the items created by Grid, the only item that had the effect of reducing cooldown time was the Red Phoenix Bow, but that effect was only applied to fire type skills. Most cooldown reductions came from titles or skills, not items. Even if he used all means and methods to get items with cooldown time reduction, Braham had another task of selecting wearable items.

‘In any case, let’s say I am lucky enough to get items that reduce cooldown time that fit Braham.’

Assuming that the cooldown time of Meteor was reduced by 20%, it would take around 22 years to use 10,000 Meteors. If reduced by 30%, it would take 20 years. Reducing the time further... it was really hard. 20 years—could he wait that long? It would be very hard to be patient. There was also no guarantee that Braham could use Meteor once a day as some accidents might occur in the middle.

‘...Won’t I go crazy waiting?’

Grid was seriously worrying about this when Braham emptied the teacups. He leaned back deeply in his chair and watched Grid with annoyed eyes.

“The Echo grandmother can only use Meteor once every two days.”

Echo grandmother—it seemed to refer to Jessica, the legendary great magician of the previous generation.

“There is no one in the world who can restore the magic circuits damaged during the release of magic as quickly as me. Every magician in the world should aim to reach my level, which is the ultimate level. You are having very useless concerns right now.”

“.....”

Grid was silent. He couldn’t understand Braham’s words. In the end...

-...What does this mean?

Grid delivered Braham’s lines to Lauel intact and demanded interpretation. The answer came immediately.

-It seems that Braham is already enjoying the maximum cooldown reduction effect.

-Ah...

Indeed, this was normal. Braham was the strongest magician in history. Using magic faster and more often than anyone else was a basic skill for him. The reason Braham could use Meteor once a day was because he was already enjoying the maximum cooldown reduction effect. It was impossible to reduce the cooldown beyond this.

“Additionally, Meteor isn’t a suitable magic to attach to battle gear.” Braham’s words continued as Grid was figuring out the situation. “Meteor is magic using the simple and ignorant principle of drawing down and throwing the stars from the universe.”

Braham was the only one in the world who would describe the great magic only a few people in history had used as simple and ignorant.

“It is magic that destroys the area it is thrown at and you’re going to use it? You... are you a great demon?”

“.....”

A chill went down Grid’s spine as he imagined himself using a weapon that was forged with Meteor. Every time he fought in the future, he would devastate the surroundings and eventually be called ‘The one who makes Yatan cry.’

“Then what magic other than Meteor would be the strongest, most efficient, cool, and great?”

Did it need to be ‘cool’?

Of course. Grid was a king and god. He should be elegant. He had to use cool skills and magic. Braham seemed to agree.

“Disintegrate.”

Unlike Meteor, which was a physical process to bring down the stars of the universe, Disintegrate was creating a spear of light using magic power. It manifested immediately and pierced the target with a great power. The only drawback was that only one target could be designated to be hit, but some degree of wide area effect could be expected with the ‘penetration’ effect.

“It is powerful and elegant magic.”

Gulp.

Grid swallowed his saliva. He thought about how a spear of light would fall from the sky every time he swung his sword and his heart was already beating quickly.

Then he became nervous and asked, “It won’t take 27 years, right?”

“It will take 10 years at a maximum and 7 years at the minimum. Disintegrate’s formula means there are times when it doesn’t deteriorate even when the magic is activated.”

It could be interpreted as ‘there is a probability that it can be used several times in succession.’

7-10 years was something that Grid could endure. Wasn’t it normal to wait when legendary great magic was being added to minerals? If Braham had rated Meteor as the best, then he would’ve waited 27 years.

“10 years... I’ll wait.”

“Good choice. As you wait, I’ll give you another magic you can use. So come to me as soon as you make a new mineral.”

Grid’s eyes widened. He overlooked it due to common sense that only one magic could be given to a mineral. However, Greed multiplied. After making a mineral, he could split it up and secure multiple magic minerals. One could be granted Disintegrate, while the other could be given magic that Grid could

use right away. The restriction that it would take 27 years to attach Meteor to a mineral was virtually no problem. Meteor was just an unsuitable magic to be attached to an item.

“Braham, how many magic can you use?”

“There are nine that maintain the form of magic. The remaining 116 magic follow my will and have abandoned the form and attributes.”

For Braham, magic was like breathing. The ‘way of magic’ that he created and embodied—in other words, the magic used in the conventional method, were all nine great magics. It was great, but Grid wasn’t curious about Braham’s greatness. He already knew that Braham was great so this was nothing special.

Grid asked directly, “So you mean there are 125 magics that can be given to minerals or nine?”

“...125.”

“So if I prepare 125 minerals, can you attach 125 magics?”

“Shouldn’t it be in moderation?”

“Yes...”

As expected, asking him to use magic 1.25 millions times was too much, no matter how high the affinity.

‘It is like being stuck in a room for years or decades at worst and forced to do labor....’

Grid belatedly had a guilty conscience. Then Braham said something unexpected.

“It is impossible to use magic without any consumption just because it is attached to battle gear. It depends on the magic, but most of the magic works by using mana as the resource.”

If resources weren’t consumed when magic or skills were attached to an item, then the dream of everyone in the world would be to ‘cover their body with artifacts.’ Players would be able to use the power of the magic battle gear to use infinite magic and skills.

“Additionally, some magics can only be activated naturally under certain conditions regardless of the wearer’s will. It is harmful to covet different types of magic battle gear. Do you understand?”

“Yes, I understand.”

Grid’s heart was moved. If there were no such problems, Braham would’ve used magic 1.25 million times for Grid.

“In any case... I will give you magic with as few side effects as possible to make the minerals.”

Braham used a ring made of magic to suddenly tie back his hair. He was busy because he had to study magic, so it was an order to get out.

“I will definitely make a great mineral.”



Braham had lamented that he couldn't control pavranium in his first encounter with Grid. Looking back on it, it was natural. It was because pavranium was a work made by Pagma and Braham. Yet Pagma distrusted Braham just because he was a vampire and monopolized control of pavranium.

'I will be different from Pagma.'

The new mineral they made would be shared with Braham. He would make Braham overgeared like him. Grid bowed and was about to leave the room. Just then, the ground tilted by such a little amount that it couldn't be measured with a ruler. An ordinary person, no, even those with very advanced senses, wouldn't be able to notice the fine shaking that spread throughout the entire body from the tips of the feet, yet Grid noticed it. Braham seemed to notice it too.

"Perception is twisted."

The coordinates of all the places were misaligned. If the warp gate was triggered, then someone might have an accident. They would fall into an unknown place. Braham was the Overgeared minister of magic and could stop the warp gates working using his authority, but he was still. It was because he knew it was a phenomenon that would soon stop.

It was as he expected.

[Your powerful sword of the Sword Saint has separated the world!!!]

[The earth god Garion has exerted his power. All things split in half are restored like it was a lie.]

These world messages appeared. In the aftermath of the world being split in half, perception was put back in place and the coordinates restored. Subsequently...

[Sword Saint 'Kraugel' has killed a half-god.]

The news that would make the world boil over arrived. Kraugel, the second person to kill a half-god after Grid, killed a half-god again.

'Did Kraugel decided to be completely hostile to the yangbans?'

Kraugel was Grid's friend before he was a rival. He was one of the few people that Grid admired. He didn't doubt that Kraugel would grow to his level or even surpass him. He thought that it would be quite annoying for the yangbans who were hostile to Kraugel.

'It is good. Thanks to Kraugel, I don't have to worry about the Hwan Kingdom for awhile.'

Was there another ally who was as strong and reliable as Kraugel? Grid's heart became much lighter.

\*\*\*

Grid immediately visited the Tower of Wisdom. There was no need to delay. He planned to deliver Nevartan's Necklace to Radwolf and increase affinity to get the moon night iron and Radwolf's help in creating a new mineral.

"What is it?"

Radwolf cocked his head. He seemed baffled by Grid's abrupt visit. It seemed he completely forgot that he asked Grid to retrieve Nevartan's Necklace. No, he probably didn't expect anything in the first place.

"I brought the necklace."

"Necklace? What necklace?"

"Nevartan's Necklace?"

"Eh...? Really? Did the Great Robber of the Red Night agree to a deal? Really?"

"....."

Based on this reaction, why did he give the quest...? Grid wanted to ask, but he held back. The presence of the giant magic machines lined up in Radwolf's workshop made Grid polite.

### [Chapter 1373](#)

The wise giants—the ancient civilizations boasted far-advanced technology and mystery. Modern people couldn't imagine or understand the principles.

'Hah... He really brought me Nevartan's Necklace.'

The 3rd Seat, Radwolf, had particularly good knowledge and insight among the few survivors of the giants. His knowledge might be considerably biased because he had been stuck in the tower for centuries, but he could be certain of one fact based on various circumstantial and grounded facts.

The Great Robber of the Red Night—this hateful thief would surely rob Grid and steal his treasures without Grid being aware of it. However, a reversal happened. Grid came back after succeeding in a trade with the great robber. Not only was he aware of the great robber's approach, but he also managed to persuade the great robber.

'He could've subdued with force... no.'

The mental image of the great robber resembled his cowardly personality. The great robber was able to hide his existence in his mental image and it was possible to wipe out his spirit without having to go out of the mental world. It was impossible to subdue him with force when he could disappear like the wind.

"This... it is genuine."

He had wondered if the great robber had scammed Grid. Radwolf suspiciously appraised Nevartan's Necklace and clicked his tongue. The necklace was undoubtedly genuine.

"What deal did you make with the great robber?"

The great robber was a unilateral predator. It was possible for him to steal Grid's treasures secretly. So why make a deal...?

"That..." Grid started to explain. He told the story of the outside world to Radwolf, who was confined to his workshop and rarely interacted with other people.

"Hah." Radwolf marveled when he learned of the events of the Drasion raid. "That thief likes you."

“...It seems so?”

Grid didn't want to have a good interpretation of the person who stole Hexetia's Short Sword, but he couldn't deny it. The great robber was friendly to Grid from the start. He appreciated and respected Grid for developing transcendence from a young age.

“Giving him the short sword... you did a good job.”

Hexetia's Short Sword was a dangerous object just like the Great Robber of the Red Night claimed. The owner of the sword was destined to be monitored by the gods. The only person who could deceive the gods' eyes was the Great Robber of the Red Night. If Grid had insisted on keeping ownership of the sword, then the tower would've stayed away from Grid.

The tower wasn't hostile to the gods, but they didn't intend to be exposed to the eyes of the gods. Some of the tower members had long doubted the tendencies of the gods. However, the tower judged that dragons were more dangerous than gods.

“Well... you've worked hard. Sir Hayate will advise you anyway, but let me say a word in my old age... I hope you don't make a mistake just because you are intoxicated with the status of a god.”

Radwolf had lived a really long time. He had witnessed quite a few people who claimed to be gods or were revered as gods. Their ending mostly wasn't good. The majority of them became drunk on the faith and walked the wrong path, only to be punished by someone. Even if they walked the right path, they ended up as a short myth for a challenger.

Despite being the main character of a myth, the weak human body was good food for someone. The representative predators were the childless specter, the Gale of the Great Forest, and the Mountain King of Grenier. The Mountain King of Grenier became a recluse after he attacked and was defeated by Muller, but the childless specter and the Gale of the Great Forest were still alive.

The childless specter, a lich king, had existed for more than 1,000 years. A human being who gave up on being a human and chose immortality in order to explore the ultimate magic. This was very normal like other liches, but the actions he showed were different. He collected myths. They were just the short, small myths of humans, but the person who devoured a few of them was enough to be called a monster.

A collection of contaminated elementals, the Gale of the Great Forest. Tainted by the madness of Raiders, who ate the root of the world tree, it was born and angrily floated through the forests. It gained reason and wisdom at one point and started also collecting myths for some reason. Fortunately, it had eaten fewer myths compared to the childless specter, but... it was very difficult to deal with because there was no 'tangible existence.'

“You should know it well after meeting the tower members and the Great Robber of the Red Night. There are really many unknown strong people in the world. Additionally, many of them are seriously twisted. They aren't all cute like Biban. It is common for them to be trash, assholes, and sons of a bitches. In particular, be wary of the childless specter, the Gale of the Great Forest, and the recluse of Grenier. If you act too conspicuously, you could become their target.”

“.....”

It didn't fit with the wild impression he gave, but Radwolf was a scientist. He distinguished, understood, and judged things according to knowledge and ethics, without being governed by instincts or emotions. So even worse than Biban... Grid felt sorry for Biban, but this seemed to be a realistic evaluation.

'The childless specter, the Gale of the Great Forest, and the recluse of Grenier...'

The ones Radwolf told him to watch out for must be dangerous without any exaggeration. Grid remembered these names and nodded. Then Radwolf threw Nevartan's Necklace roughly into a drawer.

"...You are keeping it quite roughly."

Radwolf had already said that Necklace's Necklace was nothing more than a simple souvenir, but Grid hadn't expected it to be handled so roughly. The desire to get the necklace back was simply out of pride.

'Short sword...'

Looking at Radwolf's attitude made Grid miss Hexetia's Short Sword even more. Radwolf saw his dejection and coughed before finally pulling out his gift.

"Here, take it."

[The moon night iron has been acquired as a quest clear reward.]

[Affinity with the 3rd Seat, Radwolf, has increased by 50 as a reward for clearing the quest.]

"Gasp..." Grid's eyes widened and his heart shook. Being fascinated by beautiful metals was a blacksmith's instinct. A silver metal—it wasn't as bright as mithril. Rather, it was dark.

'Is it sucking in the light...?'

The moon night iron was a mineral that blocked the 'status' of the target. The reason why the magic machines' fists could pierce a dragon's scales was due to the armor made from the moon night iron.

'If I mix the moon night iron and divine stone with Greed...'

The strongest metal that made self-judgments, moved on its own and neutralized transcendent beings would be born. Grid's cheeks were turning red with anticipation when he heard a voice.

"Stop." Radwolf read Grid's intentions and shook his head. "The reason I didn't discuss fusing the moon night iron and insane dragon iron, even after knowing you have the insane dragon iron and can control it completely, is because fusing them is impossible."

The moon night iron was a mineral that grew in the lands of the ancient giants. Now that the land of giants was destroyed, new sources of moon night iron were no longer available. Before discarding the old model magic machines, he had to recover the moon night iron. It was because the amount of moon night iron was so limited it needed to be recovered and re-used.

The reason why Radwolf didn't discuss the fusion between the insane dragon iron and moon night iron, when he wanted the proliferation of moon night iron ore than anyone else, was because the compatibility between the insane dragon iron and moon night iron was too poor.

The insane dragon iron absorbed the madness of Insane Dragon Nevartan and became a metal with the proliferation ability. It was a metal derived from the insane dragon. It had the worst resistance to the moon night iron.

“Ah...”

Why didn't Radwolf discuss fusion with the moon night iron despite admiring Greed which was created by mixing the insane dragon iron and pavranium? Grid belatedly realized it and became gloomy. Fortunately, the disappointment wasn't great. It was because he heard Radwolf's explanation just before his expectations reached the peak.

Radwolf suggested as Grid was trying to adjust his heart, “The moon night iron is a metal that only exerts its power if it is kept pure, but it isn't very durable. It is much more durable than steel or mithril, but it doesn't have infinite durability like pavranium or divine stone. Eventually, it will be destroyed.”

This was why it became more and more precious. Radwolf's ancestors couldn't stop worrying about the limited quantity of moon night iron. The land of giants fell and the source of moon night iron was destroyed, so it was natural for Radwolf to obsess over the moon night iron.

“The moon night iron is really inappropriate for armor. It just accelerates the consumption.”

Radwolf's eyes scanned the eight magic machines lined up in the workshop. The elbows and hands, knees and feet, as well as the horns and shoulders—the armor made of moon night iron only covered these parts. The luxury of covering the entire body of the magic machines with moon night iron couldn't be enjoyed even by Radwolf, the owner of the moon night iron.

“Since ancient times, the moon night iron has been rare and precious. Even before I was born, my ancestors had to think about ways to efficiently use the moon night iron.

Radwolf moved his hands through the air. It was a movement similar to the majestic commands of a maestro. The eight magic machines responded to the command. The magic powered weapons opened their eyes at the same time.

The eyes of the magic machines flashed in different colors according to the dragons' attributes. The magic machines stepped forward at Radwolf's command and pulled out different types of weapons. A sword, a spear, a single-edged sword, a bow, a rod, an iron whip, a gun, and a pair of knuckles—all of them were weapons made out of the moon night iron.

Grid realized it. The elbows and hands, knees and feet, as well as the horns and shoulders—these were all areas that could be used as weapons.

“My ancestors made weapons using the moon night iron and I agree with their judgment. You shouldn't be frustrated and disappointed with the moon night iron. Instead, you should use it to make weapons. It is a weapon that can even pierce and kill a god.”

Grid had vowed to make a divine sword. However, he became ashamed of his determination when he saw Hexetia's Short Sword. He questioned if he could make such a sword. However, this wasn't the case anymore. Grid's eyes burned with passion.

[Chapter 1374](#)

The moon night iron—Grid’s reward was small in size compared to the outstanding achievement. To be honest, if he knew from the beginning that fusion between the moon night iron and Greed (insane dragon iron) was impossible, then he would’ve asked to receive at least three moon night irons. However, the deal was already over. It was too late. He would be rejected even if he asked for it.

‘Unfortunately, it can’t be helped.’

He tried to soothe his heart, but it hurt. One lump of moon night iron weighed 800 grams. Once smelted, it would be reduced to 600 grams. Grid’s favorite type of weapon was a longsword, but it would be hard to make a longsword out of 600 grams of metal. The volume and center of gravity of the sword would be disappointing. In other words, it couldn’t be a luxurious product.

‘I also have to ask Braham to forge it separately.’

Since fusion of the moon night iron and Greed was impossible, the magic forging had to be done on the moon night iron separately. This would take away a large amount of Braham’s time. He couldn’t help asking Braham for a favor, but he felt very sorry.

“Hrmm...” Grid thought for a while before holding an intangible sword in his hand. It was a virtual sword that was the exact same shape and size as Hexetia’s Short Sword.

‘Link, Kill, Wave.’

He grabbed the sword. Grid performed the sword dance on this assumption and his movements were magnificent. The thousands of tens of thousands of repetitions of movements formed a unity with his body and soul. It was a beautiful and flowing sight that anyone would see and be fascinated with.

The mouth of the 3rd Seat, Radwolf, twitched. ‘It has gone beyond Pagma’s level.’

It was Pagma before signing a contract with Baal. He used the yangbans as a negative example and took on the mission of protecting the weak, but he gathered strength using any means and methods. He was a strong man who remained a legend.

However, compared to Grid, his level as a blacksmith and swordsman were low. The difference wasn’t the so-called talent. It was unreasonable to evaluate Grid as a genius when Pagma was born a yangban. Of course, Pagma’s talent was above Grid’s talent. The only reason why Grid could surpass Pagma...

‘It is the difference of being alone or together.’

The heart of the red phoenix, the shell of the black tortoise, and powerful magic—the materials and abilities that Grid integrated were difficult to obtain without someone else’s favor and help. It was a glimpse of what Grid had been doing so far. Unlike Pagma, who distrusted others and was alone, Grid achieved symbiosis by trusting others. Therefore, he was able to get help from others. It was just like helping Radwolf and receiving the gift of the moon night iron.

As Radwolf was thinking this, Grid analyzed the problems of the short sword. ‘The attack distance of a short sword is too short. The range of the sword dance is reduced.’

The range of Link and Kill was shortened. Compared to when he was using the longsword, he needed to take one or two steps forward to make it easier to hit the target. However, Grid didn’t favor such close-

quarter combat. Since he could use magic and the God Hands, it was naturally more advantageous and efficient to secure an appropriate distance to fight.

‘No... this isn’t necessarily the case any longer?’

Grid had learned Lee Jeong’s fists and grappling techniques. Mixed Throw Strikes and Turning the World Upside Down. These two skills could only be used by approaching the target and they caused stiffness and stuns. In particular, in the case of Mixed Throw Strikes, the next linked skill could be activated without any movements.

Of course, this was on the premise that the target was stiffened due to Mixed Throw Strikes, but if this condition was achieved, the five fusion sword dances could be linked without any preliminary actions. Grid could pull out the highest DPS in close combat.

‘Yes... in the future, I should prefer close range combat.’

In close range combat, the effectiveness of a short sword was higher than a longsword. He needed to get used to short weapons. Grid made this judgment and eliminated his regrets. He pledged to create the strongest short sword that was close to Hexetia’s Short Sword using the moon night iron.

‘Then someday, surely—’

He would save Hexetia. It was impossible to do right now, but it was a goal that must be achieved. He couldn’t turn away from the benefactor who was in a crisis from saving him and his precious people.

“Radwolf, thank you for presenting me with the precious legacy of the giants. I will use this treasure without shame.”

Grid had a firm heart as he stared straight at Radwolf. Radwolf was astonished by his gaze.

Grid, like Saharan, the founder of the empire, was a person who had the power and force to dominate the earth at any time. However, there had never been such violent ambition in his eyes. It was clear that he harbored an ideal high enough to put Saharan to shame.

‘There is a reason why Sir Hayate is attached to him.’

Radwolf smiled and nodded. “Yes. I hope the moon night iron will help you.”

Radwolf was speaking in a gentle tone without even knowing it. His brother, the 2nd Seat, Fronzaltz, would be surprised to see it.

\*\*\*

“Congratulations on becoming a god.”

At the top of the Tower of Wisdom...

Hayate, whom he met after a long time, greeted Grid with a smile as always. Grid’s expression was uncomfortable at the polite greeting. “I wonder if it is something worth being congratulated on.”

Grid hadn’t wanted to become a god. The desires of the people and Sariel made him a god.

"I am afraid." In the past, the reason why Grid didn't evolve into a half-god was because he didn't want to be hostile to the gods. Now he became a god instead of a half-god and he was destined to one day be hostile to the gods. "Some people won't like it."

"Is it Chiyou?" Hayate also knew Chiyou. Among all human beings, Hayate was the one who received the most attention from Chiyou. A god who wished to be destroyed so he prayed for the birth of a god killer.

"Yes..."

"Come, have a cup of tea." Hayate sat down with Grid and poured a cup of warm tea. A refreshing scent entered through Grid's nose and cleared his mind.

Hayate watched Grid drinking tea and opened his mouth a moment later, "I understand the fear you feel, but you don't have to regret becoming a god. You know that a true god comes from the aspirations of human beings. It isn't something that can be achieved just because you want it. What is the point of regretting becoming a god naturally? Additionally, it was Asgard's decision to treat you as an enemy, not yours. It would be better to become a god with greater potential."

"....."

It made a lot of sense. Asgard was already hostile to humanity even before Grid became a god. It forced Grid to treat Asgard as an enemy. Grid didn't become hostile to Asgard because he became a god. They were destined to be hostile in the first place. It was a good thing that people worshipped Grid enough to make him a god.

"Additionally, you are still qualified to be a god killer."

Grid's eyes widened. "I see... is it because I only have the status of a god?"

"Yes. You haven't evolved into the race called a god yet. If the people's aspirations pile up and accumulate, you will become a god killer before becoming a complete god... you will evolve into an absolute being with divine status. You aren't at a stage to worry about your relationship with Chiyou."

"I see..." Grid recalled Chiyou's lonely eyes and sighed with relief. Grid wanted to help Chiyou even if it meant killing him. It was because the favor he received from Chiyou was too great.

Hayate smiled when he saw Grid's heart. "You... are really beautiful."

"Huh?" Grid doubted his ears. Grid felt a crisis to his chastity and moved back while Hayate added, "Your heart."

"...I just have a personality where I can't stand debts."

A beautiful heart—it was an embarrassing compliment for Grid, who had been twisted for more than half his life. He couldn't raise his red face. Then Hayate added something else, "If you need strength someday, then tell me. I will help you."

"...Huh?" Grid once again doubted his ears and was so shocked he dropped his teacup.

The 1st Seat of the Tower of Wisdom. The only Absolute human in existence. Dragon Slayer, the dragon killer Hayate. He would help Grid after being away from the world for so long...?



“Aren’t you someone who won’t get involved in worldly affairs?”

“Of course, I won’t get involved in the work of the world.”

Hayate stopped the teacup and tea that Grid dropped in the air and returned them to their original position. It was the state of moving objects through the air.

“However, is Asgard part of the world?”

“.....!!”

Grid got goosebumps. He felt a huge pressure from Hayate’s eyes which were normally always mild. It felt like he was facing a great mountain covering the sky because the sky wasn’t very high.

“The reason why the tower has been fighting dragons for so long is to defend the world. We have been guarding humanity with the conviction that dragons are the greatest danger to the world. Yet this time, it is the gods threatening humanity, not a dragon...”

Grid felt distinct emotions from Hayate—it was an unquestionable outrage.

“I, the tower, am disappointed in the gods. I have no intention of letting them go.”

“Gulp.”

Grid’s heart thumped. The tower members—he was extremely excited at the thought of rescuing Hexetia right now with them. However, he soon calmed his heart. Asgard was a territory that couldn’t be invaded without ‘permission.’ It wasn’t a place to barge in even if he had enough strength right now. Additionally, he hadn’t figured out the strength of Goddess Rebecca and Martial God Zeratul. It wasn’t time yet.

Hayate’s thoughts were the same. “First, build your strength. For the time being, it would be better to live the same life as before while looking for opportunities.”

“...Is there no way to get stronger faster?” Grid raised a pure question.

It was his honest heart that he wanted to become stronger quickly as a larger battlefield approached. Hayate shook his head. “It is enough if you are the same as you are now.”

They were words that acknowledged and respected the path Grid had walked on. These short words warmed Grid’s heart. Grid abandoned his anxiety, rose from his seat, and bowed respectfully. “Thank you very much.”

“Thanks to you, the gourmet cycle went well. I should be thanking you. I look forward to seeing you again.”

## [Chapter 1375](#)

Three months passed...

‘If I connect Link with Kill, it will help increase the attack power.’

Damian, whose identity changed from the Rebecca Church's pope to Overgeared God Church's pope, had grown tremendously over the course of three months. He had already created the two fusion sword dances and he could sense that his fighting power had risen dramatically.

"Ick."

Pierce with Kill and dig into the gaps with Link.

Damian, who was pressing the field boss with a fusion sword dance also used by Grid, hurriedly set up his shield. The boss' fist, that had a steel-like wood tied to it like a gauntlet, crushed Damian's shield. Damian lost his balance due to his bent knees being unable to stand the pressure and literally rolled forward.

Vantner clapped and laughed when he saw Damian crawling under the boss' crotch. "Haha! It is really unsightly!"

"He just wants to live. What's wrong with that?" Jishuka scolded Vantner before pulling the bowstring and aiming at the back of the boss' head. No matter how hard, wood was wood. The wood attribute boss couldn't withstand the arrows of the Bow Saint filled with the breath of the red phoenix. The boss roared and writhed as it attacked blindly. Damian avoided their blind attacks, hid behind Vantner, and recovered his breath.

'It's difficult because I can't move while the motion of Link is maintained.'

Link was an attack that swung the sword dozens of times in one second. During that one second, the user's legs must be grounded and stuck to the earth. In order to effectively utilize Link, it was necessary to show such overwhelming attack power that the target couldn't think of counterattacking, or to have enough defense to ignore the target's counterattack. It was just like Grid.

Damian had changed classes and his overall stats weakened, so it was difficult for him to properly use Link. He would be in danger if he was hit by the opponent while using Link. In short, it meant he would lose if he was hit. Of course, this was a story when fighting bosses with relatively high specifications. Unfortunately, all bosses of a similar level had higher specifications than Damian.

"This isn't going to work. I will quit before the next boss." Damian determined that he was currently unfit to take part in a raid.

It was the laughing Vantner who grabbed Damian, who was leaving the party in order to not cause any inconvenience. "Don't be like that. Let's do it together."

It was the privilege of those skilled in each field to join the raid team. Raid team members exclusively hunted some bosses that respawned across the entire territory of the Overgeared Kingdom. They devoted a certain amount of the items to the guild and received money distributed to them in return. It was a pretty excellent source of income. It allowed them to accumulate money while preventing unique items from leaking outside.

"You are now an Overgeared Guild member. We should make money together." Vantner persuaded Damian. The other Overgeared members nodded in agreement.

However, Damian refused. "I don't want to collect the distributed gold without doing anything. I appreciate your kindness."

It was a matter of pride. It was unacceptable for Damian, who was a famous ranker since the early days, who took part in every National Competition and he served as the leader of a mega-power called the Rebecca Church, to become a so-called 'distribution freeloader.'

"Tut. You can join at any time. I'll wait for you."

Vantner read Damian's heart and gave up on persuading him. He just wanted Damian to recover quickly and regain his confidence. Damian replied with a smile before returning to Reinhardt.

'Money... I need money.'

Damian grasped the most intrinsic problem of the Overgeared God Church paladin. It was that the protection of the Overgeared God didn't directly increase stats but rather increased the effect of items. For those with very powerful items, the protection of the Overgeared God was more helpful than the protection of any other god. However, this wasn't the case for a vast majority of people.

Ordinary people still called rare items 'graduation items.' Unless there was considerable financial support, it was impossible to obtain a unique item that matched their level every time. Therefore, most people were satisfied with rare items and it was difficult for rare items to have a dramatic increase in effect when receiving the Overgeared God's Protection. This was the realistic suffering of those without.

Damian was desperately experiencing a pain that was difficult for rankers, especially those of the Overgeared Guild, to feel.

'I have to hurry and pay off my debt...'

Damian's withdrawal from the Rebecca Church proceeded without any problems. From the moment the pope was killed by Rebecca's angels, the Rebecca Church distrusted Damian. There was no reason to stop him when he said he wanted to leave on his own.

Yes, Damian left. He put down the crown symbolizing the pope, the cloak of blessing, and the holy sword that symbolized he was the greatest pope in history. He returned everything he owned as pope and left empty-handed.

However, the Rebecca Church demanded more from him. They warned that everything he could enjoy, and everything he could become, due to being the pope, should be handed in. They said, 'It can't be helped. We have always been grateful to you and respect you, but it has nothing to do with this incident. You are the one who did the wrong thing. Taking away what you own instead of executing you for betraying the goddess is the last courtesy for you.'

Those damn guys confiscated all of Damian's assets and placed a negative number at the bottom of his inventory.

-159,885,103 gold.

It was a debt. It was a huge 160 million debt. In yen, it was 20 billion. This didn't mean that the profit gained from serving as pope was so great. Damian had never abused his position for his selfish desires.

The reason for his debt was the three Rebecca's Daughters, including Isabel. The Rebecca's Daughters whom Damian took away with him had an astronomical value to the Rebecca Church.

Damian was angry, but... it was bravado. In any case, he became a debtor.

'I'm glad I could keep the items I received from Grid, but...'

They were old.

Apart from his shield, the rest were items purchased a few years ago, so higher level items were needed.

"Hah..."

It was customary to provide the materials and a small fee when asking Grid to make an item. Recently, Grid was refusing the rewards, but Lauel accepted them separately and placed them in the treasury. It was based on the theory that the closer they were, the more accurate the calculations should be. Damian and the Overgeared members agreed. In the first place, there was no problem with the procedure because the Overgeared Kingdom's treasury was like Grid's personal safe.

'I can grind and get the materials for the item, but I need to pay off the debt first if I want to be able to afford the production fee...'

Every time he killed a monster or sold an item, the gold was automatically sent to the Rebecca Church. It meant he couldn't even touch his money until he dealt with the minus balance.

"Hah..." He could only sigh. He couldn't brag about having a negative balance in his inventory and he felt frustrated with the hardships that he couldn't tell to anyone.

'If I participate in the National Competition in this state, it will be hard to win a medal... It can't be helped. Let's sell my house first.'

He regretted that he bought a house that was too big while living alone. Life in a luxurious mansion was often lonely. He should remember his original intentions. Go back to the days when he played games in a small room.

"...Huh?" Damian was calming his heart when he hesitated because he couldn't enter the temple. Thousands of people were gathered in front of the temple. There were so many people that it reminded him of the time when the Overgeared God Church was first established. Recently, the number of visitors was greatly reduced due to the recognition that the Overgeared God Church was a 'religion for the rich,' so what was going on?

"Ah..." Damian was feeling confused when he identified the cause. The statue of Blacksmith Khan, that was said to be ordered by Grid a few months ago, stood proudly at the entrance to the temple. The statue of Khan smiled kindly like he did in his life and it was larger and more prominent than the statue of Grid, the master of the temple. It was a glimpse at Grid's heart.

"Khan..." Damian's heart was moved. He recalled the way Khan treated him kindly and missed him deeply.

'Please be happy in Heaven.'

“Damian?”

".....?!"

Damian was praying at Khan’s statue when he looked back at the voice calling his name. It was a familiar face. It was the program PD for a famous Japanese broadcasting station. He was the only who insisted that Damian was a traitor and Grid’s puppet by subtly editing in only the scenes where Damian praised Grid.

“Aren’t you happy to be able to serve Grid in a dignified way now?”

The PD smiled and approached Damian, who was frowning. It felt unlucky every time he saw this PD’s face. Damian asked without changing his expression, “Why are you here?”

“I heard rumors that a statue of Khan was built at Grid’s temple so I came to cover it. Doesn’t this seem right, but is actually wrong? Does Grid want Khan to become a god? Haha.”

"What is so funny?"

“It is funny. It was funny to hold a press conference to get revenge when an NPC died, but now to even deify one... at this point, it might be a type of mental illness. Oh. Don’t make such a scary expression. I’m not scolding you for dating an NPC. I’m just laughing. Why are you so angry?”

“Just stop it.”

Damian held back the words he wanted to spit out. Damian was about to turn around when the PD asked him, “Do you know a program called Player 55?”

Player 55—a survival audition program that selected 55 potential or already famous rankers to be watched, cheered on, and be sponsored by the broadcasting station and viewers. The top three players who received the most sponsorship from viewers could have broadcasting stations and various companies behind them as a sponsor.

The program was done with the intent of making the best player in Japan and boasted a tremendous audience rating.

“I don’t know it.”

“Aish, how can you not know the program that the media is talking about every day? Seeing that you are pretending not to know it, you must know it is a program that I made.”

“I really don’t know...”

“You know, yesterday the final winner was decided as Zelos.”

“Oh, I don’t know...”

“This fact hasn’t been revealed yet, but Zelos is going to participate in the National Competition as Japan’s representative.”

“.....”

“Additionally, a new program called ‘Legendary Player’ will air just in time for the opening ceremony of the National Competition. The purpose of the program is simple. We want to keep track of how many medals the proud Japanese player, Zelos, the winner of Player 55, will obtain in this year’s National Competition.”

“So?”

“Look forward to it. The moment Zelos surpasses your gold medal record, the record you left will remain in history as ‘the shameful record left by the traitor.’ I will make it that way.”

“.....”

“I.. I hated it so much that I shuddered every time I saw you talking about Grid. I’ve always loathed you. In the first place, it was wrong that you were the representative of Japan.”

From this year, the correct history would be written. Damian’s fists trembled as he looked at the back of the PD who departed after this declaration.

### [Chapter 1376](#)

“Keuk, why is there a sandstorm right now...?”

“Ignore it and chase him. We can’t miss him after finally finding him.”

“Today we will definitely kill him.”

The dark blue dopos fluttered lightly. A fierce sandstorm was blowing over the yangbans in the desert, obscuring their view, but their running became faster. It was difficult to stop a yangban even if the natural world took hold of everything.

‘Did he think he could get rid of us with just this?’

The yangban, Yeum—the right arm of Mir, who was chosen to be the guardian of the Blue Dragon Dao and was staying in Kaya. In fact, she thought this task was easy. She determined that even the rumored Grid wouldn’t dare to invade Kaya when Mir was guarding the Blue Dragon Dao. During her time in Kaya, she planned to study with Mir and focus on training.

Then half a year ago, a human other than Grid hid in Kaya—Sword Saint Kraugel. At first, he moved stealthily. He seemed to be looking for the secret technique of the former Sword Saint, Muller. Yet at some point, he started to move boldly and started to kill the yangbans.

The number of yangbans killed by him was three. Although they hadn’t yet taken off their gats and weren’t qualified to receive the humans’ faith, they were still great beings with half the blood of a god flowing through them. Yet they were killed by a mere human.

Yeum had no intention of forgiving Kraugel.

“.....?!”

Is it because she was immersed in her anger for a while? Yeum was running in order to break through the sandstorm quickly and belatedly noticed that one of the yangbans following her had disappeared.

“Stop!”

“.....!”

Yeum’s sharp cry stopped both parties.

“Ugh!”

The pressure of the sandstorm became more violent once they stopped moving. The yangbans were pushed back a few steps before barely stopping and they felt it when they were close to each other. They couldn’t see the companion right next to them. The sandstorm was this thick.

“Dat Byeol is missing.”

“.....?!”

The yangbans were confused by Yeum’s words and raised their senses. Then they realized that their number had suddenly been reduced from four to three.

“Did he get swallowed up by the storm and flew away?”

“No way. He must’ve become lost.”

“No...” Yeum looked back the way they came. She couldn’t see in front of her, but her keen senses hadn’t been lost. “He was hunted.”

“What?”

“The Sword Saint is here.”

“.....”

The sandstorm that was becoming more violent...

Dat Byeol and Kraugel were fighting in there right now. The scent of blood at the tip of her nose must be from Dat Byeol. The fight between the two men would’ve started with Kraugel’s ambush.

“That is ridiculous. Yeum, the word ‘hunted’ isn’t appropriate.”

The other yangbans denied it. Yeum’s words were like... it was like Kraugel knew beforehand that a sandstorm was coming and lured them here. No swordsman could have such foresight. Even if he predicted the appearance of this sandstorm by using daoism like a daoist, it was impossible to exercise his strength freely in this powerful sandstorm. Even they, who had better senses and vision than humans, couldn’t see ahead of them.

“Hup.” One of the yangbans filled with disbelief suddenly sucked in a breath. He thought he tasted iron in his tongue and then a hot, sticky liquid filled his mouth. “U-Ugh...”

The expression of the yangban hardened as he barely stopped his body from falling and grabbed the thing stuck in his neck. It was a sword. A cold sword was piercing his neck.

“...You!”

Yangbans didn't die easily. Even if they were stabbed in the heart, they just paused from the physical impact. He pulled out the sword that was stuck in his neck. Blood spurted like a fountain from the hole that suddenly opened up. The yangban who survived quickly unwrapped the soft sword that he was wearing like a belt. At the same time, he swung it like it was a whip and counterattacked.

However, the powerful sandstorm was exerting its influence on the thin sword. The yangban's soft sword could take all types of forms and attacked irregularly but its mass was low. It couldn't withstand the strong winds and shook, its trajectory twisted.

At this moment, the yangban realized it. Why did that mole-like bastard choose to fight in the sandstorm?

"Thunderbolt."

The condensed sword energy created lightning. It was a sight that suggested the springboard for acceleration had been laid. A hunter crouched in the sandstorm. Sword Saint Kraugel's body gained acceleration and he linked the next sword technique.

"Frenzy Sword."

An explosion occurred. At the same time, Kraugel turned into a beam of lightning and broke through the sandstorm, passing through the yangban's body.

"Cough...!"

Explosive sounds occurred in connection. Every time, Kraugel's body disappeared from the yangban's view. Then he would appear to the front, the back, or the side of the yangban and stab the yangban with his sword.

".....!"

The yangban forgot to even scream. Kraugel appeared and once again pierced the tattered body of the yangban before shaking off the blood on his sword. Just then, the dust that had risen due to the sandstorm repeatedly combusted and exploded.

It was a dust explosion caused by the heat and pressure of the thunderbolt called Kraugel. It was a series of explosions that seemed to recreate the power of great magic. It destroyed the space in the affected area of the sandstorm.

".....!!"

Yeum, who was looking around after realizing another companion had disappeared from her side, was surprised by the explosion and jumped into the air. She only flew to look from the sky. It was just that her body was crushed by the storm and that chain of explosions accelerated through the storm and chased her.

Before Yeum could escape the influence of the storm, an explosion swept over her body. The devastating explosion shredded her clothes, burned her skin and broke her bones. However, Yeum didn't groan at all. She gritted her teeth and endured the pain with boiling anger. She glared through the storm that had briefly scattered from side to side due to the explosion.



She could see a man wearing a golden dragon dolo. Yeum's expression was disgusted and crazy as she saw the man stabbing his sword in the chest of a half-god. Just a few months ago, he was a man with a lacking heart and body. She didn't know when but he had built a new body and heart and created such chaos.

"You—! Just wait there!" Yeum barely squeezed out as the explosions continued.

"No, my mother is looking for me."

".....?!"

Kraugel turned around with an absurd excuse.

"Stop! I said stop!! This...! This rat bastard!"

The dazed Yeum doubted her ears for a moment before she woke up and shouted. She even spat out swear words. Nevertheless, it was useless. Kraugel had already disappeared beyond the storm. She would have to search for days again to find the guy hiding somewhere in the vast desert.

\*\*\*

At a canyon in the north of the desert...

Thanks to the help of super sensitivity, Kraugel barely managed to escape the sandstorm and bandaged his body. During the first attack against the yangban called Dat Byeol, he was stabbed in a vital spot and the wound didn't heal with just potions. He had to stop the bleeding with bandages for a while before it would proceed to recover.

"Too bad..."

He was lacking. His stamina and skills consumption was too great because he couldn't avoid Dat Byeol's counterattack. His original goal was to assassinate the three yangbans except for Yeum, but he had to be satisfied with two. He had squeezed out his last remaining strength to cut the neck of the second yangban.

'I even took advantage of the sandstorm...'

One chance a month. No, he unfortunately missed the chance that he wouldn't be able to get again in the future.

'Is this the price of ignoring Muller's secret techniques?'

Kraugel had already obtained several volumes of Muller's secret techniques, but he didn't learn them. Others might scold him as being foolish, but he had a solid goal. The goal was to make the world aware that the Sword Saint was him, Kraugel, not Muller's successor. Didn't everyone who played the game want to achieve the best feat at least once?

The best feat that the current Kraugel could aim for was to be at least equal to Muller. Only then... then he would be able to stand side by side with Grid.

'...Well, I am still improving steadily.'

Kraugel had even found Muller's secret technique that was hidden somewhere in Kaya. He achieved his purpose in coming to Kaya. Nevertheless, the reason he remained in Kaya and fought with the yangbans was to become stronger.

He noticed it when he first fought Yeum. Every time he fought with the yangbans, his super sensitivity stat went up very quickly. It was more than twice as fast as fighting named bosses or named NPCs. They were tough opponents, but...

Kraugel judged that training super sensitivity was necessary. Transcendence—think, judge, and move in 0.1 seconds. Muller said that this way, the consumption of physical and mental strength reached the highest level. The road to control was to polish his super sensitivity.

Control.

Perfect control. Satisfy's strongest combat class, the Sword Saint was the only class that had a perfect control of transcendence. Transcendents who accumulated their transcendent status and achieved the 'world' of transcendence couldn't withstand the recoil from using it, while the Sword Saint could endure it.

Muller's words that he glimpsed from his class quest were unquestionable information.

"....."

Finally, his wounds were healed. It happened when Kraugel stopped his meditation skill and got up from his seat...

-Do you like hunting yangbans? How many times are you going to send the world message that you killed a half-god?

He received a whisper. It was a voice that was nice to hear anytime.

-I just did what was needed.

-Amazing. Truly amazing. Where are you now?

It was Grid.

Kraugel answered without hesitation, -I'm staying in Kaya.

-Eh? I'm also coming to Kaya because I have something to see.

-.....

Kraugel fell silent. The moment Grid said the words 'something to see,' he recalled how Grid freed some of the Four Gods of the East Continent and had an ominous feeling. The Blue Dragon Dao sealed in Kaya—the weapon of one of the Four Gods flashed through Kraugel's mind.

-It's been a while since we've seen each other. I'll contact you when I get to Kaya.

-...Yes, let's meet when there is time. I am busy today.

-Wait, I will arrive soon...Huh?

Grid was confused. It was due to the notification window that stated 'the whisper target doesn't exist.' Kraugel hadn't been lying to Yeum. He really logged out because of his mother. He couldn't forget his mother's words last night that she wanted to eat rice cake soup after so long. It was morning in the United States. For the sake of his mother, who would wake up soon, and for the sake of protecting his taste buds, Kraugel planned to make the rice cake soup himself.

'Mir... Grid will challenge it even if I tell him how monstrous Mir is.'

He would definitely challenge even if he knew he was going to fail. Just like Kraugel, Grid was a person used to fighting opponents stronger than himself. He resembled Kraugel, who couldn't be afraid of failure. Then should Kraugel help even if it meant dying? Of course.

'I have to help.'

Kraugel laughed and carefully cooked the rice cake soup.

\*\*\*

'Was his connection access time finished?' Surely he wasn't intentionally avoiding Grid because he didn't want to play with Grid, right?

Grid was slightly suspicious of Kraugel, who logged out during their conversation. There had been the argument a few months ago. Grid had wanted to meet Kraugel in the National Competition for a rematch while Kraugel said that he would lose anyway. It was just a waste of time to participate in the National Competition.

Grid didn't agree with Kraugel's statement of defeat. However, he sympathized with the assertion that participating in the National Competition was a waste of time. The rewards of the National Competition hadn't changed from the past. The highest reward was a legendary rated item or a breath as a production material. It was compensation that didn't feel necessary from Kraugel's point of view, unlike Grid who could use the breaths to make myth rated items. Participating in the competition itself could earn additional income through corporate sponsorship, but simple wealth had no significance for a ranker like Kraugel. He was already one of the best in the world.

'It would be nice to increase the rewards of the National Competition.'

It was unlikely that it would be increased. It was only when the National Competition rewards were maintained at this level that top rankers like Kraugel would turn away from the National Competition, allowing mid-level rankers to play an active part. If the S.A Group was willing to increase the rewards to recruit top rankers then a monopoly problem would arise.

'...I have to give up the National Competition.'

A National Competition without Kraugel was meaningless for Grid. The breaths would be gained by the Overgeared members anyway. Grid sent a refusal to the mail asking if he would participate in the National Competition and quickened his pace. He would soon be in Kaya.

'First... until Kraugel comes back, let's try to figure out the atmosphere.'

Over the past two months, he had focused on hunting and gathering Mir's information. The conclusion was that Mir was one of the strongest opponents he had met so far. Honestly, it was a bit daunting alone. Mir was such a dangerous opponent that he didn't want to summon his knights and risk them.

Grid, who visited the East Continent to unseal the blue dragon and gain more power, dreamed of being in a party with Kraugel. It was just questionable if it would succeed.

### [Chapter 1377](#)

Before meeting the gourmet dragon Raiders, Grid had tried to contact Zikfrector. It was to ask him to become a messenger. It was judged that there would be a positive response as long as his task was consistent with Zikfrector's ultimate goal. Unfortunately, Grid couldn't ask Zikfrector. It was said that Zikfrector fell into a deep sleep right after visiting the Hwan Kingdom.

-I think the guys from the Hwan Kingdom played some tricks.

Zibal, the only player and liaison in Zikfrector's entourage, doubted the gods of the East Continent.

-They tried to persuade Lord Grandmaster to join forces and were rejected, so there is enough animosity. Isn't it said that the Curse of Sloth originated from the original sin? It is possible for the people of the Hwan Kingdom, especially Hanul, to intervene and deepen the curse.

It was a convincing enough interpretation. Grid felt sympathetic as well as intrigued by the change in Zibal. Originally, Zibal omitted any honorifics in regards to Zikfrector. He just referred to him as the grandmaster, but now there was an honorific. It seemed that his respect was increasing as he spent a longer time with the grandmaster. It was like the relationship between Grid and Khan, and Kraugel and Kirinus.

-...No, why do you care about what I call people? Cough, in any case, the time Lord Grandmaster is awake these days is too short and irregular. In extreme cases, he is asleep for a whole month. Therefore, there won't be a chance to talk to the grandmaster unless I'm around him all day. What? Take him to the Overgeared Kingdom? I can't do that. If he leaves the hideout created to avoid the guards, he will be targeted by Zeratul, and me and you will become X.

It turned out that Zikfrector's forces were also suffering a great deal.

Since leaving the empire, they had been followed by the followers of Zeratul, the Martial God. The seal that was installed by Saharan, the founder of the empire, to hide the presence of Zikfrector was said to have stopped working the moment Zikfrector betrayed the empire. It wasn't known if it was originally designed that way or someone from the imperial family did it but Grid thought it was likely to be the former. Basara wouldn't want Zikfrector to hold a grudge against her.

-Don't be nervous and just wait. I'll stick around Lord Grandmaster as much as possible and contact you as soon as he wakes up. What? You are asking me why I'm being so kind? What bullshit kindness? I was originally a nice person. Additionally, I saw what the angels did live on air. I was angry... I vaguely understood why Lord Grandmaster has been fighting against Asgard all his life. So... I will support you. Let's go to Asgard together one day.

Zibal—the only magic machines knight in existence. He was an indispensable talent for Grid, who had the ambition of producing magic machines. Grid noticed that Zibal needed Grid just as much as Grid needed Zibal. It was good for both of them.

-Furthermore, Lord Grandmaster gave me a warning for you when he woke up temporarily. Please listen. He said that if you are thinking about unsealing the white tiger and blue dragon, it is best to start with the blue dragon.

-Are you sure? The one protecting the Blue Dragon Dao is the strongest of the yangbans, but I should fight him first? What is the basis?

-This is what he said when he woke up. I didn't hear anything else. However, I trust Lord Grandmaster.

-Hmm...

Grid couldn't afford to ignore Zikfrector's advice. It was because Zikfrector was sure to be Grid's ally and he never talked about meaningless things. A few days later, Grid was able to confirm that there was a clear basis for Zikfrector's advice.

"A gate to the Pa Kingdom has opened."

It was when he visited the Cho Kingdom and Xing Kingdom to find restaurants before the gourmet cycle started. The Cho King and Xing King both mentioned it to Grid.

"Are you talking about a gate?"

"Yes, a few days ago, an auspicious light fell from the sky. Crows and magpies swarmed and placed the Magpie Bridge." [1]

"The Magpie Bridge was laid out along the light and stretched from Kaya to Pa. This means a gate connecting Kaya and Pa was opened. It is a story based on a legend, but..."

The Cho King and Xing King actually witnessed a myth. It was impossible for them to discredit legends. It was naturally the same for Grid. How could Grid, a legend and a myth, discredit a legend?

'Is some sort of warp gate connected?'

The opening of the Magpie Bridge that stretched from Kaya to Pa could be interpreted as a warp gate had been opened to move from Kaya to Pa. Grid heard this and realized why Zikfrector advised him to target Kaya first, not the Pa Kingdom.

'If I target the Pa Kingdom first because it is weak, I will be beaten up by Mir who will come from Kaya.'

The Hwan Kingdom had already lost two of the Four Gods. The remaining two couldn't be taken away and they would've become thoroughly alerted after hearing news that Grid had become a new god. Their defense was the gate opened this time.

"Can those in Pa go to Kaya through that gate?"

"It is impossible. If the Magpie Bridge had stretched out from both sides then they could've come and went freely. However, it only stretched from Kaya to the Pa Kingdom..."

'Isn't this a provocation?'

A structure where Pa was supported by Kaya, but Kaya wasn't supported by Pa. It seemed to be provoking him to enter Kaya. Or maybe they were convinced he wouldn't come in the first place.

'...It must be close to the latter.'

The ultimate yangban. He knew how confident this person would be even if they had never met.

Mir.

What was the combat power of this rumored yangban? He was born with the best martial arts among the yangbans and he wasn't lazy, unlike Garam. He scored the best in Chiyou's Test. He learned all the martial arts and above all, he completely absorbed the power of the Four Gods. This was the information about Mir that Grid knew. From this piece of information alone, it was easy to deduce that Mir was much stronger than Garam. It was natural to be full of confidence.

'Is there no chance for me to win?'

Grid first made the assumption that he was fighting Garam one-on-one. If he fought purely with no outside help, would he be able to defeat Garam? He had fought Garam several times so the simulation quickly produced an effect.

'There will be times when Garam will win.'

If they fought 10 times, he wasn't sure that he would win all 10 times. Originally, combat was full of variables and Garam's stats were so outstanding. However, Grid had the confidence to win 8 or 9 times. He didn't know how much stronger Mir was compared to Garam, but it was hard to imagine that he couldn't fight at all.

In the first place, Grid... he was strong. No, he became stronger. It was many times stronger than in the days he fought Garam.

'Surprisingly, it might be worth trying.'

Confidence was directly linked to action. After the gourmet cycle, Grid went to the Tower of Wisdom and became addicted to hunting for a while. He leveled up himself and his pets before moving straight to the East Continent. It was determined that now was the right time since Kraugel was going on a rampage through the East Continent.

'First... until Kraugel comes back, let's try to figure out the atmosphere.'

A little while ago, there was the world message that Kraugel killed two yangbans. Kaya must be full of confusion at the moment.

'Is this Kaya?'

It was night when Grid arrived in Kaya. The road to get here was quite tough. Barriers were set up at every intersection as defense and the mountains and rivers were full of monsters. The public would never have access to Kaya. Kaya was completely isolated.

Grid's silver hair as he crossed over the wall was dotted with the night sky like the Milky Way. It was surrounded by the desert, but Kaya was bright at night, with snow always falling on the city. The moon touched the ground and the stars absorbed the light and illuminated the darkness.

However, it was difficult to spot Grid with this level of brightness. Grid took advantage of his high agility to secretly and quickly enter the city. He melted into the shadow under the snowy wall and headed straight. The destination was the castle in the center of the city. Mir and the Blue Dragon Dao were there. If he was lucky, he would be able to secure the Blue Dragon Dao without even meeting Mir.

Grid was speeding up only to stop in place. The moon touching the ground. A figure stood in the middle like a huge full moon was blocking the way. The man standing against the moon was a black shadow so Grid couldn't see his face or confirm his name.

Still, he instinctively sensed it. This was Mir. The strongest yangban whom even Garam was envious of.

"I wanted to meet you, Grid."

".....!"

The low voice was clear. Grid was surprised by the polite greeting and involuntarily stopped.

"Your divinity is special. It is from the aspirations of humans. You haven't abandoned the species of a human, but your characteristic isn't much different from Hanul or the Four Gods, so it is easy to notice. You will have to learn a new skill if you want to hide your energy."

"...Coming all this way to meet me. It is very friendly."

Grid didn't feel any hostility from Mir. Therefore, he was even more nervous. He recalled that it was more difficult against opponents whose intentions were uncertain.

"I'll check if you deserve to take away the Blue Dragon Dao." There was no kindness after this. Mir stepped forward and Grid entered the world of transcendence. Every time the blades of the two men collided, the wall shook. The snow accumulated on it became a snowstorm and scattered.

Grid's expression in the moonlight gradually stiffened and Mir's eyes shone as he avoided the magic Grid sneakily used. The battle was short, but seemed like an eternity.

"Gasp...Gasp..."

Mir spoke to Grid who was gasping from the aftermath of dozens of exchanges, "You are strong, but it isn't enough right now."

The ground Grid was stepping on shook and then rose up. Grid knew what this power was—Earth God.

Then Mir was engulfed in lightning and came in front of Grid. It was once again a familiar power to Grid—Lightning God.

Grid coughed up blood and his body rolled on the cold, snowy ground.

'Dying at the start?'

It was too strong. Beyond what he imagined. Grid coughed up blood and barely raised his body.

“You are too impatient.”

Just then, Sword Saint Kraugel approached.

### [Chapter 1378](#)

“I thought you ran away because you suddenly disappeared during our conversation.”

The recovery potions produced at Reidan’s alchemy factor were now called ‘secret medicine.’ Gulp. It was a smaller dose than ordinary potions, but the effect was much better. Grid swallowed it in one gulp and restored his health. His gaze was fixed on Mir even as he welcomed Kraugel.

Mir, who had just cut down Grid, was standing under the moon again. The remnants of Lightning God moved around him and burned the snowflakes.

“I just came after eating,” Kraugel told him.

“Did you eat well?”

“Yes.”

“Then you should digest it.”

This time, it was Grid who acted. He didn’t miss the activation timing of Earth God, which had a probability of randomly activating when his feet were on the ground. The ground that Mir was standing on rose. His body that was standing under the moon instantly floated to the top of the moon.

Grid and Kraugel didn’t talk to each other or develop plans. They judged and moved separately. Nevertheless, it was a perfect pincer attack.

Grid used Shunpo to appear behind Mir’s back and cut at Mir with the Fire Dragon Sword. Mir moved the Blue Dragon Dao behind him to block it and Kraugel used Earth Dragon’s Ascension. Mir easily avoided Earth Dragon’s Ascension, but this was the result that Kraugel expected. He used the recoil of Earth Dragon’s Ascension to rise above Mir’s head and connect with Meteor Sword.

At this time, Grid was in the middle of the two fusion sword dance, Linked kill. It was an attempt to attack during the gap that Mir briefly revealed while avoiding Earth Dragon’s Ascension. The Meteor Sword fell toward Mir’s head as he was blocking Grid’s onslaught. The powerful waves that crushed the ground made the land shake even more.

Grid and Kraugel each moved simultaneously. They thought it was possible to push Mir, but it was an illusion. Mir’s Blue Dragon Dao that was intertwined with the Fire Dragon Sword seemed to back down. Mir used a grappling technique to grab Kraugel’s wrist as he approached with Meteor Sword, turning it around.

It was the manifestation of transcendence. He split the 0.2 seconds that Kraugel perceived into shorter pieces and used it to easily deceive Kraugel.

“.....”

Kraugel crashed into the ground and was silent for a second.



He realized that the process of his sword suddenly turning around from where it was aiming at Mir's head and then him getting stuck in the ground was omitted from his memory and could only lament that his super sensitivity hadn't reached transcendence yet.

'...I'm too far behind.'

No, that wasn't it. Grid was too far ahead. Kraugel confirmed that he wasn't Mir's opponent at this stage.

"....."

Kraugel raised his head. Unlike himself, who had been mesmerized by Mir's transcendence, Grid was still fighting with Mir on the shaky ground. He watched from a distance and was able to follow the two people's movements and the intentions hidden in them. Yet the moment he got closer again, he wouldn't be able to read it.

Kraugel was watching the battle silently when it was Grid who crashed to his side this time. He rolled on the ground several times before rising and calling out to Kraugel, "What are you doing? Aren't you going to digest it?"

"You should start by changing from that weird look."

"How can you say that someone else's wife looks weird? You aren't Huroi, so what is with that tone?" Grid grumbled. Grid was currently using the skin mask. Since he was in the East Continent, he intended to accumulate achievements in Irene's form to build up her divinity.

"I'm not saying that Irene's appearance is odd, but that you are weird in Irene's form. Isn't it treating people as trash?"

"Huroi might be impolite, but he never calls people trash..."

"Right now, you are wearing a form that doesn't fit. Do you think you can show your original skills with shorter arms, shorter legs, and a subtly different vision from your original body?"

"....."

It was awkward. He had felt this every time he exchanged blows with Mir. The movements that his head and body remembered. There was a creaky feeling when carrying out the movements that he had taken for granted so far. He was caught by the subtle differences he didn't feel when he fought relatively weak opponents.

'It turns out my habits aren't suitable for a shorter body.'

Habits arose due to ease and being accustomed to it. Grid belatedly realized and took off his skin mask. In the first place, Mir had talked about his divine air and had identified him from the beginning. There was no reason to insist on keeping Irene's appearance.

"Sigh." Grid regained his original appearance and took in a long breath. The cold but fresh air seeped into his lungs and woke up his mind.

Meanwhile, Mir showed no interest in Grid's change in appearance. The words of the grandmaster who said that gods weren't bound by the outer appearance came to mind.

'In many ways... he is different from other yangbans.'

He wasn't frivolous or arrogant. There was a sense of weight in his words and actions. The impression he gave off was quite weak compared to the loud and intense impression that Garam showed when he first appeared. However, Grid instinctively knew that this made Mir trickier. He was stronger than Garam and there were no gaps.

'A middle stage boss of the East Continent... I can think of him like that.'

He was right below the gods of the Hwan Kingdom. Unlike the other yangbans, Mir could truly be called a half-god. He must be at least equal to the leader of the archangels.

"Overgeared God."

"....."

Kraugel had been nervous while admiring Mir just like Grid. Then his expression relaxed at the words. His tension was broken by Mir calling out 'Overgeared God' with a serious expression.

'Why is it the Overgeared God?'

He hadn't been convinced by the Overgeared Guild, the Overgeared Kingdom, and the Overgeared King, yet it even reached the extent of the Overgeared God.

Kraugel was clicking his tongue at Grid's awful naming sense when an eerie feeling came over him.

The handle was the tail of a dragon and the tip of the blade was slightly forked and open like a dragon that had lost its yeouiju.[1]

The Blue Dragon Dao's blade trembled in a dizzying manner like it was going to start moving, but it was instead covered with pure energy. So far, there was nothing to be surprised about. The reason why Kraugel felt threatened was...

It was due to the strong lightning that covered the sword blade. It wasn't a metaphor that the pure energy was like lightning. It really became lightning. The technique that Kraugel thought of when he invented 'Thunderbolt' was contained in it. However, it was more concise and perfect.

"You were born from human aspirations and will feel the duty to fulfill their desires, but you should know better than anyone. Just because you're a god doesn't mean you are omnipotent. If a god was truly omnipotent due to human beliefs, there would've never been a war between the gods. Hanul wouldn't have been driven to this place and the Four Gods wouldn't have been humiliated by being sealed. Your goal is to release all the seals of the Four Gods. I don't want to be disrespectful to a god anymore, so please give up."

After speaking, Mir swung the Blue Dragon Dao surrounded by lightning. It was a light movement, but the shockwave caused was huge. Lightning flashed and struck at Grid and Kraugel.

[There are no attacks that you won't recognize.]

Grid read the lightning and responded. However, the lightning was so fast that he couldn't completely avoid it and one arm was burned.

[You have suffered 28,900 damage.]

Kraugel couldn't read the lightning. Instead, the moment that Mir's shoulders moved slightly, he predicted the direction of the swing and reacted. It was just that the lightning was too fast and Kraugel's movements were relatively slow. Half his upper body was burned.

"....."

Kraugel's expression became darker as he suffered nearly 30,000 damage after being hit by the attack that was just a simple swing of the sword. Fortunately, he resisted the electric shock, but it wasn't really that comforting. Mir just stood in place and swung his Blue Dragon Dao while Grid and Kraugel had to avoid it with all their power. Reacting, predicting, and avoiding the lightning strikes that occurred every time Mir swung the Blue Dragon Dao caused a tremendous drain on their mental power and health.

"Gasp, gasp, gasp..."

Grid unconditionally triggered the world of transcendence every time Mir moved and it placed great pressure on his body. His stamina was rapidly consumed and his movements became somewhat dull. On the other hand, Kraugel lost his health, but still had some stamina.

'My role has become bigger.'

Grid and Kraugel's purpose wasn't to kill Mir. They expected from the beginning that it was impossible to fight Mir and win. Grid just wanted to test Mir's skills to set an agenda for the future. Kraugel couldn't turn away from such a Grid.

Yes, don't overdo it. It was enough to go back alive.

As Mir once again swung the Blue Dragon Dao, Kraugel triggered Thunderbolt and rushed forward. The lightning that passed by his cheek gave him a thrilling pain, but he persevered. He arrived in front of Mir in an instant, but Mir watched him with an unconcerned gaze.

"Sword Saint Kraugel, your skills are very good but they are useless against me who has absorbed the Blue Dragon's Breath."

The words were belatedly heard. Mir had already disappeared from Kraugel's sight. Kraugel was trying to chase after Mir when a notification window appeared in front of him.

[Your super sensitivity state has increased by 1.]

It was a tremendous growth rate. Mir's speed after using Lightning God and the Blue Dragon Dao was developing Kraugel's super sensitivity in real time. It was inferior compared to Grid, who already entered the world of transcendence, but it was a growth rate that was enough to motivate Kraugel.

The Blue Dragon Dao cut Kraugel's side and then moved to stab him in the back. Kraugel couldn't withstand the shock and fell forward, but the Blue Dragon Dao was already in front of Kraugel's eyes as he touched the snowy ground. This time, the Blue Dragon Dao pierced his chest.

Blood flowed as Mir approached Kraugel's side. Kraugel was able to see the sword scar on Mir's white neck. It was presumably a wound that occurred quite some time ago.

"Why didn't you learn Muller's secret techniques? Do you think you have more potential than Muller? If so, it is a terrible arrogance."

The sharp criticism was filled with emotions. Kraugel figured out who made the sword scar on Mir's neck.

'What if... what if I give up on being stubborn now?'

Could he compete with Mir for a moment? Kraugel was shaken for a moment when a voice entered his ears.

"What is that bullshit?" It was Grid's voice. His gaze as he approached Kraugel's left side while using the five fusion sword dance intersected with Mir's gaze who was standing on Kraugel's right side. "Kraugel will go beyond Muller."

".....!"

The words were filled with conviction. These words caused the troubles that had been rushing like a wave and tormenting Kraugel disappear like snow melting.

".....!" Mir had experienced Grid's sword dance at the beginning of the battle and hadn't felt too much interest in it. Now he was shocked. Both Kraugel and Mir noticed it. Grid's sword dance had become sharper, more accurate, and more powerful than what it was just a few minutes ago.

"Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle."

A mental image of destruction manifested itself and the entire space was filled with an overbearing deterrence. It was enough for Mir, who was using Lightning God, to shrink back, and Kraugel predicted Mir's actions. He used 'Loop Sword' against Mir who was trying to accelerate away and pulled him to the side. The price was terrible. He lost all his remaining health from the immediate counterattack and entered the immortality state.

However, Mir also paid a great price. He was hit by Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle that was released from the combination of the Enlightenment Sword and Fire Dragon Sword. Mir's eyes widened with surprise from the pain that was beyond imagination before a smile appeared on his face.

"I'm looking forward to... the future."

Then Mir's flames were overlaid on the Storm of the Fire God created by Grid. They were flames mixed with poison and lightning. The flames caused a fierce explosion when they collided that engulfed Grid and Kraugel. After that, Mir persistently attacked the two of them. All resistance from Grid and Kraugel was neutralized and the two of them were eventually killed.

"...I need to become stronger to challenge the remaining Four Gods later," Grid murmured.

Now all he had to do was free the white tiger and the blue dragon. Due to this pressure, Grid was naturally obsessed with the East Continent. Now he neatly arranged his goals. Grid was able to immediately realize what he needed to do. A more correct and rational plan was made.

On the other hand, Kraugel became obsessed with Mir.

'We fought for less than 30 minutes, yet I gained two points in super sensitivity. I've lost experience, but it is much more difficult to increase my super sensitivity than to gain levels.'

It was a very ignorant method, but he thought that insisting on fighting Mir would help him grow rapidly. They worked together, but had different goals. In any case, the result was the same. They would continue to become stronger and stronger.

### [Chapter 1379](#)

Grid recorded the entire encounter with the yangban, Mir, from the moment of their meeting up to the point of his own death.

"This is real and isn't fake?"

At Shin Youngwoo's house...

The smile disappeared from the face of Jishuka, who arrived just in time to see Youngwoo log out. The shock she received was so great that Jishuka, who bought a roasted sweet potato and came to play, put the sweet potato she was trying to feed to Youngwoo into his nose instead.

It wasn't enough to operate large-scale field magic (Earth God) and a unique barrier (Storm of the Fire God) at the same time. He could carry out high speed movements without any advance action (Lightning God) and shoot lightning from the sword...

The fighting power of the yangban, Mir, was more overwhelming than any other enemy Jishuka had ever encountered.

"Isn't it pointless to analyze the patterns? Using field magic to destroy formations, moving at a speed that can't be followed with the naked eye, while applying a large-area debuff and a unique barrier... how can we kill such an attacker?"

What means could they use to surpass such a ridiculous monster? It was impossible. At the current time, he was completely invincible. Jishuka was complaining only to suddenly shut her mouth. It was because Youngwoo (Grid) popped into her mind as she listed Mir's strengths. Field magic, unique barriers, and speed that was difficult to follow were all characteristics of Youngwoo.

"Now that I'm seeing you... do you have no conscience? Indeed, from the time you received the love of both Yura and I, you built a wall of conscience."

"...Your Korean has improved a lot."

"I am Korean now, so I should naturally do well."

It had been a year since Jishuka naturalized here. She had become accustomed to the sentiments of South Koreans, who were somewhat cautious compared to South Americans. Therefore...

"By the way... how are you with Yura these days?"

Jishuka was once so passionate and bold that she decided to immigrate because she wanted to be close to Youngwoo. Now it had weakened. The self-confidence of 'Youngwoo's heart doesn't matter, it is

enough if I like Youngwoo' and 'there isn't a man who wouldn't fall for a woman like me' had long disappeared.

Youngwoo was the first to take care of his family and be considerate to others in any situation. Her heart for Youngwoo had grown excessively as she watched his gentleness for the past year.

One morning, it was a day when she had breakfast with Youngwoo's family as usual without showing that her body and head were heavy due to illness. Youngwoo had quietly followed her home and wrapped his scarf around her. He took her home, bought medicine, and stayed with her all day. He was the best player in the world and had a greater responsibility than anyone else, causing him to value time more than gold, yet he wasted a whole day taking care of her.

Looking at him, Jishuka had realized something. If she became his family member, she would never be lonely and would be happy forever. From then on, it became difficult. Jishuka wasn't satisfied with merely being by Youngwoo's side. She became depressed when she watched from the window as Youngwoo went out to meet Yura every weekend.

"What about her? It is the same. Eating, dating..."

"Did you sleep?"

"...What are you saying all of a sudden?"

"Have you kissed?"

"....."

"Hands as well... you must've held it."

At first, Youngwoo took it as a joke, but his expression soon hardened. He read the melancholy in Jishuka's expression and the darkness in her eyes. He wanted to comfort her. She was strong, imposing, and beautiful every day, so he wanted to embrace the weak figure that she rarely showed.

However, he endured it. It was more difficult than stopping any addiction, but he was able to endure it because Yura's face suddenly appeared.

He made up his mind and opened his mouth, "Why are you making that expression because of me when you are loved by everyone in the world? Take this opportunity to look back. Jishuka, there is no reason to like me. You are just clinging to the emotions you felt in the hard moments when you were helped by me. Maybe you care about what you owe for the Red Phoenix Bow."

"Don't speak so rudely."

"....."

"Who are you to measure my feelings? I am the only one who can deny my heart. It is your freedom not to accept my heart, but you have no right to judge and deny my heart. Just say no if you don't like me. Why make people so miserable?"

"...Sorry, I was too short-sighted."

“As long as you know and are sorry. In any case, I knew your heart, so I’ll stop talking about it in the future. We can’t be lovers, but we can be friends like we are now, right?”

“.....”

“Oh, I should go and rest early today. I’ll continue to devise a strategy to help you when you challenge Mir again some day. Additionally, don’t forget to turn on ventilation mode when you enter the capsule. You might fart because you ate a lot of sweet potatoes.”

“...Uh, yes.”

Youngwoo also liked Jishuka. How many people in the world could dislike her when she was capable, responsible, bright, strong, and beautiful? In the beginning, Jishuka was Youngwoo’s benefactor. If she hadn’t led Grid to the Tzedakah Guild and allowed him to make good friends, Youngwoo’s status might not be much different from Agnus.

However, it was Yura, not Jishuka, who had a greater place in Youngwoo’s heart. He saw her courageous confession in front of the world and as they walked, talked, ate together, and watched movies together, Youngwoo realized that he had great affection for her.

He saw her pretending to be strong when she wasn’t as strong as Jishuka, and saw her pretending to be bright when she wasn’t as bright as Jishuka. This made him want to be with her more and more. He wanted to stand by her side so that she could be really strong and really bright.

He felt sorry for Jishuka. No, feeling sorry was just an excuse. She deserved to meet a man who was much better and nicer than him. It was better to help her clear up her feelings as soon as possible, rather than stick to ambiguity. He had known it for a while, but he kept putting it off because he didn’t have the courage.

“.....”

His heart was shaken before it soon became empty. It felt like the heart that had swelled up after meeting Jishuka was torn apart. It was painful. It hurt. Youngwoo felt bitter pain as he watched the back of Jishuka walking helplessly out of the building. He wanted to rely on alcohol. He wanted to become drunk so he could forget the whole day.

However, he knew. The harder it was, the more he had to keep his spirit up. He had to keep busy.

“Why do I have to go through this type of pain...?”

Youngwoo leaned blankly against the window for a long time before moving quickly. As usual, he went to the capsule and lay down. It was the moment when Overgeared God Grid came to Satisfy.

\*\*\*

After the fierce battle with Mir, Grid left for hell.

Sometimes alone and sometimes with Yura, he hunted demons and focused on growth. His heart wanted to concentrate on blacksmithing first. He wanted to create a new sword based on the inspiration from using Hexetia’s Short Sword and the problems he realized while fighting Mir.

However, it was still premature. The 'Overgeared God Grid Statue' needed to gain at least six more levels to give a dexterity buff similar to the full level 'Hero King Grid Statue.' If he made an item before that, there was a high probability that he would get a result that was worse than before. Additionally, Braham's mineral magic forging was far from over. He judged that for the time being, it was better to hunt and level up his Tailoring skill.

"Oh my~ that is pretty underwear~ are you making it to give to us as a gift?"

Grid wore Lee Jeong's training tools set while sewing and felt like an old sage cutting rice cakes in a room with no lights on. It was difficult. It was hard. He stabbed his fingers dozens of times and the stitching was ugly.

However, the moment he finished a piece of underwear after the hard work, the proficiency of his Tailoring skill increased remarkably. It was the synergy created by combining the double skill proficiency effect attached to the Gourmet Dragon's Needle with Lee Jeong's training set.

Grid had been smiling happily at the rewarding results. Then he heard these words and looked like he was chewing on shit.

"I would be crazy to give this to you."

He was speaking to the succubi. He thought he was likely to be misunderstood as a pervert if he went around with them while they were only wearing underwear.

'I need to get in contact with a skin maker as soon as possible.'

At first, he attempted to dress the succubi. However, the succubi were a race that hated wearing clothes. He could forcibly dress them by giving them an order but the moment they were dressed, they lost motivation and this caused an overall decline in stats. The smartest method was to attach skin to the succubi's underwear to make it look like something other than underwear.

"Then you made it to give to this sister~?"

"I don't think it will suit her~? Master's taste is different from this sister's taste~"

The succubi compared the underwear to Yura. Yura's face turned red when she saw the shape of the underwear.

Grid hastily explained. "This underwear doesn't reflect my taste. I might be making underwear, but I have to make it in various shapes and types in order to quickly improve my dexterity and Tailoring proficiency..."

Unfortunately, Grid didn't have long to explain. Just then, the ground shook and a demon army started to flock from beyond the horizon. What was with this massive army?

Grid was startled and took off the blindfold covering his eyes. The first thing he saw were chariots led by three-headed rhinoceroses. The demon shooters on the chariots pulled the bowstring in unison.

".....!"



Grid's expression stiffened when he saw the arrows flying through the sky. It was because the speed at which the arrows were fired was unusual.

"Get back!"

Grid determined that the succubi wouldn't be able to avoid them and stepped forward. He used Link to open a sword curtain to block the arrows.

Tatang!

Yura was also shooting. The magic bullets she fired already killed three shooters. Even so, the chariots didn't lose their momentum. There were a lot of them. Hundreds of chariots rushed toward Grid.

'Isn't this dangerous?'

During the times when he left hell, Grid left the succubi in hell. It was because he wasn't ready to take them in front of people. The succubi welcomed Grid every time he returned. Unlike what he thought, they waited without betraying Grid. Since then, they had been together and friendship accumulated.

"Elfin Stone!"

"Blood Field."

In fact, the smartest way was to abandon the succubi. The most damage-free way to avoid the chariots was to summon pets like Noe and Randy before using Shunpo to flee with just Yura. However, Grid always had a stupid streak. He mobilized Noe, Randy, the Overgeared Skeletons, and the vampires to confront the advance of the chariots head on. If a pet died in the process, there was a penalty before they were summoned again, but he accepted it.

It was a clash of strength and strength. The chariots led by the three-headed rhinoceroses and Grid's forces collided head-on, shaking the battlefield.

Grid was very busy. Priority was given to protecting Elfin Stone whose Blood Field weakened the enemy. The spear attacks of the riders on the rhinoceroses were blocked as he worked with Noe and Randy to counterattack and kill them. The Overgeared Skeletons and succubi were to the side, mocking or bewitching the riders.

Grid could feel the advance of the chariots losing their momentum, but it wasn't enough to relax. The power of the chariots was too great. The demonkin he met in the hells in the 20s couldn't be compared. It happened the moment when the wounded Noe and Randy made pained sounds...

Clap clap clap!

The sound of applause was heard from outside the area of Blood Field. Grid shifted his gaze and was startled. The title of the demon who clapped was 'Deputy Commander of the 10th Hell.'

'10th Hell?'

Why did a demon from the 10th Hell appear in a hell in the 20s? The demon shouted toward the puzzled Grid, "It is amazing that you have inherited the swordsmanship of the Undefeated King! Now! Get in next to me! Leraje, one of the 33 monarchs who rules Hell is waiting for you!"

Leraje—the great demon who appeared in the Undefeated King’s diary. Grid recalled this and exchanged looks with Yura. Yura couldn’t make a hasty judgment.

A great demon. The 10th ranked great demon was inviting players to her castle. The foreshadowing of a hidden quest was obvious but it was also clear that there would be risks. In the end, the decision was up to the party leader, Grid.

“...Okay, let’s meet her first.”

The deputy commander’s chariot that was led by 10 rhinos—Grid and Yura climbed on top of something that could be called a fortress. The deputy commander glared at Yura, but didn’t drive her out. On the other hand, the succubi were stopped. “The lower classes of the 32nd Hell, get out.”

“Go and wait with Glant,” Grid ordered them.

“Depaaart!”

After saying farewell to the succubi, the chariot carrying Grid and Yura left for the 10th Hell.

### [Chapter 1380](#)

Blank.

“...Shuka!”

Blaaank.

“Jishuka!”

Jishuka’s condition had been strange since two days ago. She was like a mesmerized person. She couldn’t focus on anything and just stared at the air. Her symptoms didn’t improve even in the middle of the hunting ground.

“Hey, Jishuka! Are your ears blocked?”

“What a surprise! Speak more softly!”

“Keok!”

Vantner fended off the stone thrown by Jishuka only to scream. It was because Jishuka’s knee attack caught him in the side. He staggered, raised his head again to blow away the monster’s head, and asked Jishuka, “What is going on with you these days? Why haven’t you been able to focus? It isn’t easy for people to give you a bus ride. Do you want to forcibly get off?”

“I hunt more mobs than you, but I am catching a bus?”

“You are a damage dealer and I’m a tanker. The speed at which you hunt mobs is bound to be faster.”

“So this is a team project. What type of bus is it?”

“.....”

Vantner had no words to refute it. The one who claimed he was a bus driver wondered if this was actually a bus. Jishuka changed to the Bow Saint and showed strong attack power despite her lowered

level. In particular, if she used the Red Phoenix Bow, then she overpowered damage dealers who were over 100 levels higher than her. He couldn't help thinking about Grid.

Jishuka once again kicked the side of the thinking Vantner.

"Keok, why did you hit me?"

"I think you just had a bad thought."

"Is it a woman's intuition? Damn, that intuition sucks. I was just thinking about Grid? Why is it not enough when liking someone... Keok!"

"Don't talk about Grid!"

"....."

It was only after the third kick that Vantner shut his mouth. Over the past two days, he noticed that it was Grid that caused Jishuka's bad condition.

"Did you get dumped?"

Jishuka glared at Vantner who asked in a straightforward manner. She wanted to believe that what she experienced a few days ago was a dream, and wanted to find words to deny it, but unfortunately, she couldn't find it. In the end, she had to confirm it.

"Yes, I was dumped. It is hard, so don't be noisy and go and drive the mobs."

"Hmm..."

Vantner didn't comfort Jishuka. From the perspective of a third party, the relationship between Grid and Jishuka was ambiguous. Contrary to her appearance, Jishuka was adept at dating and showed affection to Grid, but she didn't exceed a certain line. She immigrated to South Korea to stay next to Grid, but she didn't know how to increase progress and just hung around.

It was around half a year after she immigrated. Vantner and the Overgeared members had been amazed when they saw Jishuka kiss the driving Grid on the cheek and said it was a really happy and thrilling experience. She immigrated all that way just for a kiss on the cheek? Wasn't this an act exchanged with a friend one hadn't met after a long time?

...It was hopeless. The future was bleak when seeing that she was excited just to kiss his cheek, rather than launching an aggressive offensive against Grid, who was probably a late bloomer. Jishuka wasn't able to make progress for a long time. Due to this, Grid couldn't grasp how sincere she was. Their relationship that was a bit too close to be friends and too elusive to be lovers might continue for years to come.

Everyone thought so.

'...Yet she was dumped?'

Vantner was competent. Additionally, he was popular due to his hearty and pleasant personality. He might be bald, but he had a charm that attracted people. He unfortunately didn't have any dating

experience, but he always took the role of dating counselor for his friends. He was the so-called love doctor. He noticed that this incident was suggesting a positive change.

“Hmm, hmm, I see.”

“What? I feel bad.”

Vantner’s smiling attitude after hearing that someone had been dumped was enough to stimulate Jishuka. She was clenching her fists and trembling when Vantner patted her on the shoulder. “You are finally starting to be loved.”

“...What?”

“Don’t you think there is a reason why Grid has dumped you now when he always treated you so ambiguously? Grid has developed feelings for you. He started to feel sorry for maintaining the ambiguous relationship and as a result, he let you go for your own happiness.”

“What dog-like nonsense is this?”

“Baby, love is like a dog. In particular, when inexperienced people are in love, they make choices like fools.”

“Then what... Grid dumped me because he likes me and he is going to regret it now?”

“He will regret it. If he misses you like this, he might have lingering feelings for you forever.”

“I-Is that so?”

Jishuka’s eyes widened as she returned her bow to her inventory. Vantner grabbed her as she was about to leave to search for Grid. “Are you a fool? The reason Grid didn’t accept your heart and let you go is because he likes Yura better than you. In the end, he chose Yura instead of you. What are you going to do when you find him right now?”

“Then what should I do?”

“What else? Don’t hide the sorrow and melancholy you feel, but express it. Every time Grid sees you lose your energy, he will regret it more. He won’t be able to bear it and will eventually come back to you. If he doesn’t come? Then you can run a new strategy. First of all, the love doctor will design a plan that will induce jealousy. Grid currently has a greater liking for Yura because he is dating her every week. The moment my plan is carried out, things will be reversed.”

“.....”

Jishuka didn’t hear Vantner’s words starting from the middle.

Grid, who would feel regret and hurt...

From the moment she heard this, Jishuka became depressed and distracted. She was distressed as she imagined Grid struggling because of herself. Therefore—

“What type of love doctor are you when you haven’t even dated anyone~ are all the doctors in the world frozen and dead?”

She smiled brightly on purpose.

“Let’s go hunting. Hurry and drive the mobs over.”

“...Sigh, so frustrating.”

Vantner had been watching Jishuka since he was a teenager. He knew the captain’s personality so he noticed the choice she made in this moment.

“Sun Guard!”

Vantner expressed his anger with his entire body. He wasn’t a performance artist. Monsters flocked to him as he reflected sunlight off his bald head, while Jishuka’s arrows shot them down in turn. Thanks to Vantner being at her side, Jishuka’s growth rate exceeded the transcendent Grid when he was at the same level.

\*\*\*

All living things had their own status. Among them, the demons were judged using status. Out of tens of thousands of demons, only 33 accumulated enough status to become ‘rulers of hell.’ Then out of the 33 great demons, only nine could turn hell inside out alone. In that sense, Leraje’s status was somewhat ambiguous.

Ruler of the 10th Hell. She was obviously strong. In the vast hell, there were only a handful of beings who could stand above Leraje. Yet if one asked Leraje if she could overturn the situation of hell alone, this clearly wasn’t the case. She was very strong, but her strength was somewhat inferior to compete with the single digit great demons.

Fortunately, the single digit great demons were located deep in hell. In the ‘surface’ areas, Leraje’s status was already at the top of the pyramid of hell. This allowed her to reign like an emperor of the rulers of hell and there were countless demons who envied and followed her.

Leraje wanted to revive the expectations of the demons who followed her. Thus, she developed a habit.

“Ever since the birth of me, King Leraje, only the word ‘victory’ and ‘winning’ have been on the path I walked.”

"Ohhhh! As expected, Leraje is the best!"

"Kyaak! Leraje! Too cool!"

...It was the so-called bragging. There were nine rulers above her, but Leraje always called herself ‘the best.’ She instilled the fact that she was the best into the demons who believed in her and followed her. In fact, it wasn’t a big exaggeration.

“Just one time.”

Gulp.

Leraje’s eyes had always been overflowing with confidence and ambition. Now, in a rare manner, they sank and the demons couldn’t help gulping.

“There was only one time when I didn’t win.”

“Gasp...”The demons were frightened. Out of the thousands of demons gathered at Leraje’s castle, there was only one demon who wasn’t surprised. It was Rose, the only great demon ‘candidate’ among the players.

‘Is this so surprising? She is obviously in 10th place. She must’ve lost after challenging the 9th great demon in the ranking battle.’

Wasn’t that why she was 10th?

Leraje noticed her thoughts. “You... are the rumored child who was born at this time.”

“Yes! I am called Rose! I became a demon with the blessing of Amoract!”

Regardless of whether it was a deception or not, Rose was very sincere toward Leraje. She acted like she was serving the most precious being in hell. She was prepared to slam her head into the ground in a bow. Then Leraje’s firm face twitched a bit.

“Hmm, Amoract... Yes, I’ll remember.”

Leraje looked at the group once again. She closed her eyes and opened then again as if she was recalling the past.

“No matter who I compete with, I always have the habit of winning. I am sure to win. The one who left a record of a ‘draw’ with me, one of the 33 rulers of hell... it was surprisingly a human.”

“.....!”

“.....!”

The eyes of the demons widened. They started to murmur the name ‘Muller’ among them. Leraje denied it.

“The human who reached a draw with me wasn’t the Sword Saint. His name was Madra... yes, Madra.”

Madra—it was a name Rose had heard of. He originally wasn’t a famous figure. Like Pagma, he was a legend belatedly known to the world thanks to Grid.

“He was called the Undefeated King!”

“The Undefeated King!”

The commotion among the demons grew. The Undefeated King—a king who never lost. Wasn’t it a title that could challenge Leraje?

“He deserves to be undefeated. It might’ve been a fight in the human world, but... I was overwhelmingly at a disadvantage, but... it is commendable that he barely survived the fierce battle with me. Huhuhut.”

“Ohh!” The demons admired it. They thought this human was certainly great to be praised by King Leraje. It happened when their attention was focused on the Undefeated King.

“Deputy Commander Kalbaba has returned from his mission!”

The ground shook and the proud chariot army of the 10th Hell returned. However, there were two humans standing on the chariot of Deputy Commander Kalbaba. The demons were filled with killing intent. They read the energy of the infamous Demon Slayer.

“Calm down.”

Leraje restrained the demons with a single word. The demons who had been rushed toward Yura immediately bowed and took a step back. There was a smile on Leraje’s face.

“Let me introduce you. That man is the successor of the Undefeated King.”

“.....!”

“.....!”

The eyes of the demons staring at Yura belatedly focused on Grid.

“I, Supreme King Leraje, will have a fair fight with the successor of the Undefeated King in order to express my condolences to the Undefeated King, who couldn’t handle the wounds inflicted by me and died, as well as restore my record of total victory.”

“Uwaaaaahhhhh!”

The atmosphere in the great hall heated up. It was an absurd feast of bullshit and an unconvincing development from Grid’s perspective.

‘What? Is this why she invited us?’

What draw when she originally lost to ‘Death Knight’ Madra? Did she have dementia or something? He thought there would be a special event, but his expectations were shattered. He came for nothing. It was a type that shouldn’t be crossed.

Leraje spoke to the disappointed Grid, who was looking for a way to retreat, “You, successor of the Undefeated King.”

“.....?”

“Unlike when I fought the Undefeated King in the past, this is hell. It is advantageous to me and disadvantageous for you. Thus, I will set some conditions. Hmm... Yes, I will sit still on this throne. Additionally, I will only use one arm. It is also a fair duel. I won’t take your life.”

“.....”

“Five minutes. If within five minutes, I rise from the throne or use both arms, it is my defeat. Otherwise, it is my victory. Will you accept this duel?”

Leraje, the great demon of struggle—she had to fight and she had to win. The more she won, the stronger she became. She told the Undefeated King, ‘It is only by turning my defeated record into victory that I can gain more power.’ Now that the Undefeated King was dead, she had no choice but to cling to Grid, who inherited his skills.

“...I understand.”

Grid nodded after confirming the contents of the quest that popped up in front of him. At the same time, a quest with a time limit of five minutes began. Grid didn't delay. He used all his buff skills, started the five fusion sword dance and triggered Shunpo the moment the action of the sword dance reached the end.

"...Wait, let's do it again." Leraje's eyes widened before she politely made a request. She was still sitting on the throne. However, the mark of Transcended Linked Kill Wave remained on both her arms.