

Overgeared 1381

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Shake shake!

She raised both arms at the start of the duel. The impact that followed the collision wasn't fully absorbed. For a short moment, Leraje was mesmerized. She couldn't believe the reality when she saw the sword marks on both arms. If she was the only person here, she would've stared blankly at her arms for a few minutes.

"...Wait, let's do it again."

Leraje was conscious of the gazes of the thousands of demons in the great hall as she politely requested it. At the same time, she concealed her arms using her wide sleeves. Transparent mucus oozed over the pale pink skin. The sticky mucus covered and erased the wounds.

Grid caught a glimpse of Leraje's healing ability through the gaps in her fluttering sleeves and grasped the truth.

'This is the reason why the power of the sword dance is halved.'

The wavelength created by the first part of Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. Grid hadn't been flustered when the mental image of Kill didn't have any effect on Leraje. The 10th great demon, Leraje—it was normal for the 10th ranked great demon to have a good body.

It wasn't strange if she was several times stronger than Hell Gao, who lost his body, was weakened and came to the human world. It wasn't surprising that she exerted a mental power or momentum that overwhelmed the mental image of Transcended Link Kill.

...It was just very shocking to see her blocking Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle with her bare arms.

She used the back of her soft hands that weren't even wearing gauntlets to block the dozens of blades from Link, the wavelengths of sword energy created by Transcend and Wave were blocked with her thin wrists, and she grabbed and twisted Kill with her bare hands...

It was amazing to see her read the trajectory of Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle and react to it, but the sight of her dealing with it using her bare body was even more incredible. Now he was convinced. Leraje released mucus from the skin and her characteristic seemed to be to half and block physical force.

'This is usually a characteristic of amphibians. Magic... She is an opponent who needs to be attacked using fire magic.'

Yura had told him that the demons must abide by their agreements. At the very least, Leraje couldn't harm Grid while the quest was active. However, she was a great demon and he would have to risk his life fighting her one day. He had to collect as much information as possible. Characteristics and skills were the basics. It was better to understand the personality. Even if they had the same stats, they showed different battle patterns depending on their personality. He should talk a lot with her.

“Do it again? Your words...” Grid was trying to speak when he shut his mouth.

[The quest ‘Confrontation with Leraje’ has been cleared.]

[Leraje’s Pledge has been acquired as a reward for clearing the quest.]

[Leraje’s Pledge]

[The 10th Great Demon, Leraje, hates defeat. Even if she loses the fight, she hopes it will be known that she won.

If you pledge never to say you have won against Leraje, she will reward you with a gift of gratitude.

Weight: 0.1]

It was a piece of paper asking him not to disclose the results of the duel to the outside world. The blank signature line required Grid’s signature.

“.....”

Grid confirmed the contents of the pledge and fully grasped Leraje’s personality. Hundreds of years ago, on the Behen Archipelago, Leraje was defeated by Madra and it was even Death Knight Madra. However, Leraje concealed the truth. She didn’t tell the demons that Madra was a death knight and she also concealed her defeat, calling it a draw.

At first, Grid thought she had dementia. Now it turned out to just be serious bluffing.

‘...It would be better to sign this.’

The main reason Grid accepted Leraje’s duel was because he coveted the quest rewards. It was difficult to refuse because he had to sign it in order to get a reward. The moment he refused, it would be meaningless to perform the quest.

‘There is nothing to lose if I go along with the bluff.’

Grid calculated the maximum benefits and signed his name on the pledge without hesitation.

[You have made the pledge with Leraje.]

[The gag order is triggered due to the contract with a great demon. If you leak the result of your fight with Leraje to others, you will be severely punished by the contract.]

[The right to terminate the contract belongs only to Leraje.]

Leraje confirmed Grid signed the pledge and spoke with a stiff expression, “Undefeated King’s successor. You don’t understand the nature of this confrontation.”

“.....”

The atmosphere in the hall was cold. There was doubt and confusion in the eyes of the thousands of demons staring at Leraje on the throne. They were great demon candidates who saw great demons as competitors. The reason they looked up to and respected Leraje was because they were attracted by Leraje’s saga of always winning.

However, now they witnessed Leraje's defeat. They were stunned by Leraje using both arms straight away when she said she would only use one arm. They started to doubt Leraje's strength. She was in danger of losing her Supreme King status, which was maintained only by victory.

Leraje was anxious and hurriedly continued, "My—ugh."

She bit her tongue and her skin turned red with shame. Yet Leraje tried not to show it and kept insisting.

"...The reason I applied for a confrontation with you was to conclude my fight against the Undefeated King. I assumed you were the successor of the Undefeated King, not anyone else, when participating in the fight. However, you were cowardly and used a technique other than the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship to destroy the essence of the confrontation."

Leraje raised both arms. The thin forearms that had been hidden by the wide sleeves appeared in front of the demons. There wasn't even the smallest scratch on them.

"Ohh...!"

The demons admired it. The sword technique used a moment ago by the human contained an incredibly strong power. They were sure that it would be hard for them to survive if they were targeted by the sword technique. Meanwhile, Leraje wasn't hurt at all after confronting the sword technique. Therefore, Leraje's strength really deserved its reputation. The doubts they felt disappeared and respect rose again.

"Undefeated King's successor. I, Supreme King Leraje, could've grabbed your neck and killed you instantly. I showed mercy due to the fight I didn't win. Be thankful for the circumstances and let's fight again with the right attitude."

"Yes! You cowardly human! Don't play tricks and fight fairly!"

Boo!Boooooo!

The demons started booing Grid. They called him cowardly or told him to fight fairly.

'Is this something demons should say?'

Leraje's castle—it was decorated like a banquet hall for human nobles and the atmosphere here was quite different from other places in hell. It was cheerful and free. It felt like Leraje's unique bluffing and stubborn persistence subtly distracted from the evils of the demons.

'...In any case.'

Now was the time to focus on the situation. Grid checked the quest window that reappeared.

[Confrontation with Leraje (2)]

[Difficulty: SSS

Fight against the 10th Great Demon, Leraje. If you make Leraje rise from the throne or use both arms within five minutes, it will be your victory.

However, the attack skills that can be used are limited to the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship.

Quest Clear Reward: Leraje's gift.]

[Would you like to accept the quest?]

“I will give you another chance. Come.”

A small, slender body that didn't match the huge throne—Leraje tried to be stern as she clapped her hands. The opportunity was obtained by him, but the target was trying to look her best.

Grid smiled at the absurdity and nodded. “I'm coming.”

[The quest has been accepted.]

“Sigh.”

Grid wasn't in a hurry. The opponent declared that she would sit still on the throne. There was no need for him to roll, run around, or catch her. He could just focus on attacking. Just one strike. He recalled and implemented the essence of the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship.

“100,000 Army.” Grid's waist twisted to the limit. On the forearm holding the sword, his veins bulged like they were going to explode. “Blockade Sword.”

A sword technique that dealt 100% attack damage to all visible enemies and gave the 'blockade' effect for three seconds. The scariest thing about the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship lay in the fact that it used the Blockade Sword as a starting point. The blockaded targets couldn't use any skills or magic for three seconds.

The Enlightenment Sword and Fire Dragon Sword had been combined into one item. The moment it moved in a half moon shape, the air was cut and an eerie sound occurred.

“...Eh?”

The demons lined up on the left and right of Leraje's throne. The bodies of the demons in Grid's field of view slanted. They were cut by the Blockade Sword. On the other hand, Leraje stopped it. She raised one arm in a leisurely manner. Her arm cut by the sword energy was glistening with mucus.

'Is it lacking?'

Grid was filled with a momentary anxiety. The Undefeated King's Swordsmanship was naturally an excellent skill, but its power was weak compared to the five fusion sword dances. It would be difficult to make her use both arms as long as the Blockade Sword couldn't cut the mucus.

At this moment—

[The hidden passive 'God's Command' has reset the cooldown of 100,000 Army Blockade Sword. If reused within three seconds, no resources will be consumed.]

A light of hope shone on Grid.

“100,000 Army Blockade Sword.”

“.....?”

Doubt rose in Leraje's eyes as she sensed the energy of the Blockade Sword again. Yet once again, she blocked it with one arm. The mucus covering her skin wasn't cut at all.

'It isn't magic seeing that Magic Contemplation isn't activated.'

Is it an inherent ability, so it isn't cut? It was tricky and annoying. Grid clicked his tongue and linked to the next sword technique without delay.

"100,000 Army Massacre Sword."

A sword technique that dealt damage equivalent to 3000% of his attack power to the target and all those within a radius of 30 meters. The damage even increased by 100% every time a target died, so the power of the Massacre Sword was terrifying.

"Eek!"

"Kuaack!"

Some of the demons previously cut by the Blockade Sword were killed by the Massacre Sword. Gradually, the stronger sword energy squeezed into Leraje's mucus. A line of blood flowed down Leraje's forearm.

[The hidden passive 'God's Command' has reset the cooldown of 100,000 Army Massacre Sword. If reused within three seconds, no resources will be consumed.]

"100,000 Army Massacre Sword."

Grid used the Massacre Sword again without any delay.

".....!"

Leraje's expression stiffened. Despair was on the face of some of the demons who barely survived the Blockade Sword and Massacre Sword. The demons who survived the previous sword techniques died and the sword energy that had grown more powerful cut at Leraje's forearm. Her bleeding increased even further.

"200,000 Army Crushing Sword."

[The hidden passive 'God's Command' has reset the cooldown of 200,000 Army Crushing Sword. If reused within three seconds, no resources will be consumed.]

"200,000 Army..."

"Wait."

Stop.

He was lucky. The damn God's Command. There was a 50% chance of triggering it, but he felt like it was actually only a 10% chance. Now it burst out three times in a row. The effect was great. Leraje had blocked the previous attacks with one arm, but now she reflexively raised both arms.

In the midst of the demons' silence—

"You... you aren't the successor of the Undefeated King." Leraje stared at Grid. Her shaking body looked very resentful. "Even the Undefeated King can't use the same sword technique twice. You... you aren't his successor. You are his teacher. Yes, you deceived me from the start."

Leraje was the demon of struggle who had to fight and win. Her reputation was damaged when she lost and this was directly connected to a decline in status. Moreover, losing to the same target twice in a row... it was something that absolutely wasn't allowed to happen.

"Me...! Are you mocking me? This confrontation is null and void! It is invalid!"

"....."

"....."

Leraje was wronged to the point of tears. She tried to refute it, but there were too many witnesses. It was impossible to deceive them twice.

[The quest 'Confrontation with Leraje (2)' has been cleared.]

[You are qualified to enter Leraje's treasure warehouse as a reward for clearing the quest.]

"...I was lucky."

It was easy for a winner to be relaxed. Grid was humble.

[Chapter 1382](#)

Grid had been convinced from the time that 100,000 Army Blockade Sword failed to cut Leraje's mucus. He knew he couldn't defeat Leraje in a normal way. If it wasn't for God's Command's triggering three times in a row, he wouldn't have won this fight with overwhelmingly favorable conditions.

"I was lucky," Grid honestly admitted it. It was easy for a winner to be relaxed. Now that he had won, it wasn't a loss to act humble.

"Uh...!"

Grid's attitude made Leraje even more flustered. She denied defeat while stomping her feet, yet this person humbly said it was thanks to luck that he won. It was a complete defeat. As expected, the demons on the scene started mumbling again. The eyes that were filled with envy toward Leraje not long ago were not filled with distrust. Some of them even laughed at her.

'It's ruined! Ruined!'

A surprising thing happened as Leraje increased the strength of her hands holding the armrest of the throne. The armrests were terribly broken, becoming dust and scattering. Grid's face stiffened.

'Is this real?'

Grid was a mythical blacksmith. He could instantly see what the material of the red throne was made of. Bloodstone—it was the strongest mineral in hell. The red throne made of bloodstone had at least the same durability as legendary rated items. Yet she simply crushed it to powder using her hands...

He wondered if he could endure it if she used skills with such power.

'I think a head-on confrontation would be suicidal unless I use Saleos' power.'

It meant that a fight itself wasn't possible. Did that make sense?

Grid was clicking his tongue at the absurdity when he saw the smoke rising over the dust.

'Ah...'. Grid realized something and his gaze fixed on the broken armrest. A cross section was pouring down. It was flowing down like it wasn't crushed by force, but corroded by some type of acid.

'It is like this.'

The mucus dissolved substances that were insufficient by halving physical force. In many ways, Leraje's ability was very powerful. The duration of Item Combination ended and the Enlightenment Sword and Fire Dragon Sword were separated. The Fire Dragon Sword had infinite durability and it was fine, but the Enlightenment Sword was greatly damaged.

'It will be virtually impossible to raid Leraje.'

However, it might be easy to raid her if Braham was present. The 10th great demon was certainly a great existence, but it couldn't be close to Mir, the half-god. Her physical power was so strong that there was a high probability that she would be weak to magic due to the recoil.

As Grid was thinking, Leraje's expression distorted even further. 'I have become weaker.'

Two consecutive defeats left a stain on the history of struggle that had been built up over a thousand years. Her status fell and her strength weakened in proportion to the fall. The evidence was that the armrest she originally intended to turn into powder still maintained its form.

'Should I kill them?' Leraje's eyes gleamed with killing intent. The thousands of demons and the Demon Slayer. If she killed all those who witnessed today's events, the loss might be restored to a certain extent. But...

'Cowardly bastard!'

Leraje failed to act quickly. It was due to her deputy command Kalbaba and his men who were shedding tears of blood.

"You! Master of the Undefeated King! Cowardly hiding your strength and pretending to be the successor of the Undefeated King, proceeding with an unfair fight! Aren't you ashamed as a human being? Where are the morals and ethics that you humans usually cry out for?"

Kalbaba fiercely criticized Grid. He wasn't defending Leraje because of loyalty. In fact, he was analyzing the situation more objectively than anyone else here. The reason Leraje had an unfavorable confrontation was because she evaluated Grid's ability as one step below the Undefeated King.

In reality, Grid's sneakiness and cowardice was reprehensible in terms of human morals. He was actually much more powerful than the Undefeated King, but he covered up the truth to win in a despicable manner. The problem was that this was hell. Ordinary demons didn't have the concept of morality.

"You are using tricks and wagging your tail to defend your master... the 10th hell is truly gone."

"A group of losers. Kukukuk."

Leraje had invited various demons to this event. Those who should've been eyewitnesses to the victory and improve Leraje's reputation instead sided with Grid. They were demons obsessed with winner-

takes-all and focused only on the results. No matter what, Leraje was defeated in the end. Falling for the opponent's cowardly trick was just a sign of incompetence.

"These guys! If you have something to say, come forward and speak confidently! However, you need to be prepared to get your heads cut off!"

".....!"

".....!"

The demons were startled and shut up when Kalbaba couldn't stand their gossiping and roared at them. A chill went down Grid's spine. He was the close aide of the 10th ranked great demon for a reason. He didn't have a ranking, but the pressure he gave off was great.

'It isn't inferior to the great demons I've fought so far.'

Of course, this was only a story when compared to 'great demons in the human world,' but it was clear he was very powerful. He was one level ahead of Andras, who was Baal's subordinate. Grid glanced at Yura behind him. Her expression was stiff as expected. For her, who had an obligation to purify all of hell, she couldn't help shrinking back when more powerful demons appeared.

'Don't worry. I will help you.'

One of the reasons why Grid looked back at Yura and was concerned about her was that he personally experienced hell. Grid was worried and sad for her, who fought alone in this huge and terrifying world and was determined to fight alone in the future. Both reality and the game seemed harsh to Yura, so he wanted to help her. Perhaps this idea was the decisive moment in developing his heart for her.

"Is no one coming forward? Trivial cowards who distort the essence of the confrontation and say that the 10th hell is gone, you are shameless trash just like that human being!"

Kalbaba's anger as he yelled at the demons turned toward Grid again. He was noticeably quite angry. It was an atmosphere where he would apply for a confrontation just like Leraje.

'There is nothing good about continuing to fight here.'

Grid quickly made a decision. He didn't forget that this place was the middle of enemy territory. If he was swept up in the atmosphere and fought against Kalbaba, he would have to fight against the chariot corps that he led. Leraje was bound by the 'contract' that she couldn't hurt Grid, but it was impossible for Grid and Yura to cope with the demons of the 10th hell. There was a high probability they would die.

"First... I pay homage to the abilities of Supreme King Leraje."

So far, Grid had experienced and solved numerous episodes. He was accustomed to analyzing the character's personality and taking the situation into account to create a favorable development. It wasn't a problem to warm up people.

"Kalbaba, your master is worthy of being a ruler of hell. She is really strong. I would've lost if it had been a fair confrontation. This is why I acted cowardly after confirming that the content of the confrontation was overwhelmingly favorable to me. Yes, I admit that I am cowardly."

“.....”

“Look at your master being silent. Your master is the strongest, but she seems to be trying to understand the position of the weak by remaining silent. Shouldn't you be considerate of your master's position and refrain from causing a further disturbance?”

“.....!”

“.....!”

All the demons in the great hall, including Kalbaba and the chariot corps, were greatly shaken. As mentioned earlier, demons were obsessed with winner-takes-all. The conventional logic of hell was that the winner could seize everything and claim rights. It was shocking for the winner, Grid, to call himself weak and flatter the loser. The corners of the stiff-faced Leraje started twitching.

“Hmm hmm, Kalbaba.” Leraje spoke to Kalbaba, who was speechless because he was flustered by the unexpected reaction, “The words of the Undefeated King's master are true. I am fully aware of his position. He is certainly very strong, but he is fleeting compared to this body, one of the rulers of hell. I fully understand the feelings of the weak who cowardly hide their identity because they have to accept the confrontation. I, Supreme King Leraje, will show mercy as a strong person and forgive him.”

“Umm...!”

The demons of the 10th hell were quite different from ordinary demons. Fight, win, and prove their strength. Leraje practiced this simple and fair motto, and was extremely different from other demons. It was the same for her men. In other words, they could talk with each other.

“If this is Master's will, we will also forgive his cowardice!”

“I will forgive him!”

Leraje's castle was as huge and complex as a labyrinth. Leraje's subordinates watching from all over the castle repeated it in unison. The expressions of the demons who laughed at Leraje had no choice but to be contemplative.

“Hum hum, follow me. I am much, much, much stronger than you, but in any case, I was defeated in the confrontation. I will give you the gift I promised.”

Leraje's expression was bright as she got up from the throne and called out to Grid. Why did demons keep talking about cowardice...? Grid didn't like the way that Leraje and her subordinates handled it, but he followed her without expressing it. Then he found something in the treasure warehouse that captured him. Bloodstones that shone more beautifully than gold and silver treasures, a famous hell steed that released blue flames, the sword that the famous Zepar used for a time...

In the midst of all these rare treasures, the object that caught Grid's eye was an old, thin book. Behen Archipelago Record—this was a book about what Leraje went through in the Behen Archipelago.

“Why are you interested in this among all the treasures? It is my diary...”

I wanted to publish the great battle, but I met the Undefeated King and the contents were twisted, so I sealed it...

Leraje was blushing with embarrassment, but Grid just opened the book indifferently.

[The Behen Archipelago Record has been chosen as Leraje's gift.]

One of the two rewards he chose was an old diary. Other people wouldn't understand Grid's choice, but Grid had already estimated the value of the book.

'As expected.'

In the Behen Archipelago Record, the impressions of Leraje who witnessed Madra's swordsmanship were written. Madra's diary had many contents omitted because he became a death knight and gradually lost his sense of reason, while Leraje's records were detailed and full. It was enough to get a glimpse of the 400,000 Army Swordsmanship.

Meanwhile, in the 32nd Hell...

"Dammit! Damn Grid!"

Rose, who had been standing close to Leraje, was killed by 100,000 Army Massacre Sword and screamed after resurrecting at the resurrection point.

"How many times do you have to grab onto my ankles?"

Rose couldn't overcome her anger and screamed, attracting the attention of demons all around her. The 32nd Hell that lost its master. The demons were competing every day in real time for the vacant throne. Dark clouds fell on the road ahead of Rose as she caught the demons' attention by causing a useless disturbance.

[Chapter 1383](#)

Madra's diary that was held by Grid was an incomplete record. It was clearly written by Undefeated King Madra, but it was a diary written after Madra became a death knight. Therefore, the contents were confusing and the delivery power was poor.

In the first place, a death knight was resurrected as an undead using the bones of a person who already died. Using common sense, it was unreasonable to trust and rely on an undead's diary when the undead had significantly lower cognition compared to when he was alive.

'The end of the diary is completely unrecognizable.'

Madra was reluctantly resurrected as an undead and gradually went crazy after hundreds of years. In the end, he cried out strangely. There was no regularity in the sentences he left on paper or his words in the memories he left behind. Even Great Sage Sticks had failed to translate it.

However, Sticks didn't deny that it was writing or a language. He couldn't interpret it, but it was hard to see it as just crying. It wasn't strange to hypothesize that it was the language of the dead, just as the elementals had their own language that humans couldn't understand.

Indeed, his hypothesis was right. The Orb Made from Galgunos' Bones found in Talima proved this. The orb's whispers resembled Death Knight Madra's screaming.

'Sticks said he would study the orb to learn the language of the dead...'

It was true that it was stagnant. Sticks' research had been fruitless for several months. He had no idea at all about when Madra's diary would be interpreted. The Behen Archipelago Record he acquired now was enough to give Grid new hope.

"M-Must you see this?"

"Yes."

Leraje blushed with shame and showed reluctance, but she didn't have the right to veto it. She failed to stop Grid from opening the diary that contained her shortcomings.

『 The demonic energy of the hell night was removed and day came. The sky brightened and the hell moon dimmed. I was unfamiliar with the landscape of hell that had changed to become like the demon world and Marbas talked about the influence of divinity. Thus, I found out that a god visited hell. 』

A god visited hell. It was Hexetia in the days when he was jealous of humans. The myth that Grid knew was described from the perspective of a third party. The moment the first sentence of the Behen Archipelago Record was displayed, Grid's view gradually darkened.

He experienced what Leraje did.

"Invade the human world?"

Leraje frowned as she opened the official document that came from the First Hell.

"Is it necessary to send me to a place infested only with weak humans?"

The value of struggle shone only when fighting and winning against a strong enemy. Leraje had no reason or interest in harassing the weak, so from Leraje's perspective, the human world wasn't a very attractive stage.

"Huhu, if you don't want to be a toy, then don't show your feelings against Baal."

Marbas immediately restored the official document burned by Leraje and persuaded her.

"Baal has appointed you, so you should go even if you don't want to. Additionally, the human world isn't as weak as you think. The reason why the human world is between hell and heaven is because it is qualified."

"It is qualified? I wonder if that is really the right expression? If the gods don't protect the human world in order to accumulate divinity, human beings would have perished immediately."

"You can still say that after hearing that Hell Gao was defeated by humans and lost his body?"

"Hell Gao must be immersed in hellfire to show his strength. It isn't a big deal to defeat someone who is seriously restricted in the human world."

"Hrmm... You weren't part of the 'old human world,' so you couldn't feel the notoriety of the seven malignant saints."

“The seven malignant saints? Aren’t they beyond humans due to the power they received from the gods? No god has given power to humans since then.”

“Without divine favor, humans can train and transcend. Or they can build achievements and become legends. Transcendence and legends are the springboards to myths. A representative figure is the Sword Saint who took down Hell Gao...”

“Old man, that’s enough. The task will be completed even if I don’t work hard. So don’t install vain expectations in me.”

Leraje was skeptical no matter how she thought about it. The human world...

Old man Marbas kept saying it would be fun, but it would be a journey without any rewards. There was no anticipation or interest. Nevertheless, Leraje crossed the dimensional portal and headed for the human world with the other demons. Baal wished for it and she had to be obedient. For now, the only way to avoid Baal’s attention was to be a ‘boring chess piece.’

‘There are still many steps to take until I can confront Baal.’

The power of the struggle became stronger the more valuable a victory. She had the outstanding potential to meet Marbas’ expectations. Leraje felt her soul burning the moment she crossed the portal to the human world. It was worn down and torn. The side of her soul was obviously smaller. All her stats, including strength, declined.

“...Hrmm.”

Leraje had a headache from the air of the human world that was too clear and refreshing. She coughed and surveyed the 66 small islands. She had weakened, but she still had no expectations. She thought that anything that existed in the Behen Archipelago wouldn’t be her match as long as it was human or made by humans. The only thing that could be achieved here was a cheap victory. She wouldn’t be able to grow even if she won dozens or hundreds of times. It was a waste of time.

...This was a mistake.

“It is so annoying.”

Leraje felt ridicule when she broke through the first island filled with a large number of monsters. However, she was embarrassed from the second island. There were boxes that were tightly locked. There was the rule of the ‘boxes can’t be smashed’ and at least two of them had to be opened within three days to enter the next island. It was just a headache to find the right key for the boxes. In the end...

“Uhh... I want to go home.”

Leraje was eliminated five times from the second island. After the sixth challenge, she could barely enter the third island. She heard the ‘hungry’ signal from her stomach and started to write her diary in an even more depressed manner.

『 Humans devised and installed magic to protect the islands but it is very clumsy. As the trapped demons were confused, I, Supreme King Leraje openly crossed the archipelago. The demons looked up

while cheering and the humans felt fear. The arrogant gods in Heaven who couldn't sit by and ignore my existence were also shocked.]

“.....”

The first chapter of the record ended and Grid's first experience of the past was also over. He took his gaze away from the book for a moment and glanced at Leraje.

“Huong~ huong~”

Leraje hummed like it was awkward and hurriedly made irrelevant remarks. She stroked the back of the hell steed with blue flames flying like a mane for no reason. Once she was kicked by its hind legs, she stopped humming and crouched down in the corner.

“...It is the original that hasn't been edited yet.”

“Yes, it seems so.”

“I'll make an edited version soon, so give me back the original.”

“I'm sorry, but I can't do that.”

How much distortion did she want to add? The entire record of her meeting with the Undefeated King might be deleted. Then the meaning of gaining the book would disappear.

“Would you like to pick the next treasure?”

The persuasion wouldn't work so Leraje gave up. She sat looking at the wall and changed the topic.

“Yes...”

Reading the diary in front of the owner was quite rude...

The Behen Archipelago Record was placed in the inventory. Grid was anxious that he might not get the remaining compensation if he refused this request and made Leraje angry. This treasure warehouse was owned by Leraje. She had the authority to issue an eviction order at any time and he couldn't provoke her more than necessary.

“Do you have anything to recommend?”

The greatest presence in the treasure warehouse was the fire maned horse, but Grid didn't have much interest in it. It was because Grid already had Overgeared Corn. Overgeared Corn's rough personality was already hard to bear. Nothing good would come of picking the violent horse who even kicked a great demon. He didn't covet the bloodstone either. Bloodstone was definitely a great mineral, but there was no reason to feel greedy for it as long as he had Greed.

‘It isn't unique like the moon night iron. It is compatible with demonic energy, but it is unnecessary.’

There were many ways to make good use of it, but it wasn't enough to choose as a reward from Leraje.

‘Zepar's magic sword is also a pass.’

Zepar wasn't a demon, but a demonkin. He was a low-ranked demon king who rose to 13th place in hell. His current ranking had fallen quite a bit. Even so, it was clear that he had a good position in hell. However, Grid had Iyarugt who fought with Zepar. He was currently loaned to Peak Sword, but in any case, Grid didn't need to covet Zepar's magic sword when he had the one with Iyarugt's sealed soul.

'...It is funny to see it now.'

Grid was looking around the treasure warehouse and wondering what reward would be good when he suddenly smiled. He couldn't believe he didn't covet anything from the treasure warehouse of the 10th great demon. He wondered if he had so many things.

'I might have to build my own treasure warehouse soon.'

If he owned so many treasures that it exceeded his inventory and warehouse allowances, he might need to build a separate building. Grid thought about it and realized how rich he had become. He remembered the days when he was poor and deeply felt it.

"W-What?! Why are you smiling?!" Leraje shouted as Grid was looking at the treasure warehouse. She thought that Grid was laughing at her due to the contents of the diary he read a little while ago.

At this point, it was pitiful.

Grid spoke to her as she pulled down the wide brim of her hat and tried to hide her red face, "I just smiled because I had another thought. Did you think I was smiling because of you? I'm not a person who can't understand the subject enough to laugh at someone stronger than me."

He wasn't talking with any special intentions. Grid was just annoyed with Leraje who kept screeching next to him. He honestly conveyed his position so she would stop shouting. The frankness captured Leraje's heart.

"Hum hum, I am indeed much stronger than you~ really~ stronger. I like the way you honestly admit it and your cool tone."

[Affinity with 10th Great Demon Leraje has risen by 1.]

".....??"

A great demon was absolutely evil. They were the unconditional enemy of humanity. He couldn't get close to them even if the sky was split in two. He believed this through his many experiences. So why did affinity rise?

"You... are you really a great demon?"

"What is your intention behind this question? You are taking too much time to pick. You don't seem to have a discerning eye for treasure. I will help you. Then what about this? This shield was obtained 159 years ago in a one against one million war..."

"It is garbage."

This was a great demon, right? Grid stared with dull eyes and Leraje coughed and avoided his gaze.

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The magic chandelier in Leraje's treasure warehouse shone softly. This place was quite large because it accommodated the loot that Leraje earned every time she fought and won. It was just like a large museum. Even so, Grid's footsteps didn't stop at all. He glanced at the hundreds of treasures that filled the place and passed by without any regret. His attitude was like seeing stones.

'Kalbaba said that these are all rare treasures... he really has poor vision.'

It resembles me.

Indeed, the strong seemed to have a connection. Leraje was chasing after Grid and feeling proud for some reason when she suddenly stiffened. She was reminded of the only time when Grid stopped. The Behen Archipelago Record. That guy stopped walking just once to pick her diary.

'Don't tell me that he is interested in me?'

This was the only way she could understand why he coveted her diary over numerous treasures.

'Why is he interested in me...? Ohu, it is natural to be interested due to the yearning heart.'

Grid just wanted to see the entries about the Undefeated King. However, it was natural to misunderstand from Leraje's position. It happened when she arbitrarily came to this conclusion...

"This..."

Grid finally stopped walking. Out of the hundreds of treasures, the item that finally caught his attention was placed in the most secluded corner. It was neglected instead of exhibited. In the depths of the corner, the identity of the item covered in dust was nothing but a piece of cloth.

It was a faded, old cloth. It was so wrinkled that it was no different from a rag at first glance. It felt like the caretaker of the warehouse used it to clean the shelves and threw it in a corner. However, Grid's discerning eye recognized that this cloth was special.

[Cloth Left Behind by One Who Departed]

[Rating: ???]

A cloth left behind by someone unknown when they left hell.

Weight: 10]

"T-That is a rag," Leraje responded immediately. She called it a rag like it wasn't a big deal, but her floundering limbs and wide eyes showed a different story.

'Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal.'

[You have failed to observe the targeted item.]

"Ugh!" Grid felt sharp pain from his eyes and stepped back. His eyes were bloodshot. This was the second time that he failed to appraise something and felt pain from the backlash. It was proof that this cloth was special.

'Open Potential.'

[Please specify the skill to increase the rating.]

'Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal.'

[The potential of Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal has been opened and the skill 'Blacksmith's Appraisal Comparable to a God' has been activated.]

Blacksmith's Appraisal Comparable to a God was undoubtedly an appraisal skill with the best function in the worldview. Yet the first time he used this skill, Grid tasted failure. It was because the target of the appraisal was the martial god's secret technique.

'I couldn't appraise the secret technique because it is taboo to touch the one god.'

There wouldn't be a second failure. No matter the owner of this piece of cloth and how great they were, they couldn't be comparable to Chiyou. As if in response to Grid's conviction—

[You have succeeded in the appraisal.]

The detailed information of Cloth Left Behind by One Who Departed was updated and appeared in Grid's piece of view.

[Beriache's Underclothing]

[Rating: Legend (transcendent)]

Durability: 117/519 Defense: 450

★ The skill 'Impenetrable Skin' is activated.

★ The skill 'Worn but Not Worn' is activated.

★ The skill '???' will be unlocked when certain conditions are met.

The underclothing worn by the vampire progenitor Beriache, during her days as a great demon.

A garment made by Beriache weaving her magic power like it is thread. It is comfortable to wear since it changes according to the user's body shape.

Conditions of Use: Beriache, Beriache's blood, a great demon with a ranking of 3rd or higher.

Weight: 10]

"...Crazy." A sound of admiration burst out of Grid's mouth. Beriache's Underclothing was classified as 'underwear.' This meant it could be worn with armor, but its defense was abnormally high.

Additionally...

[Impenetrable Skin Lv. 1]

[Passive

Immune to damage below a certain level.

* Damage over a certain level is reduced by 10%.]

[Worn but Not Worn]

[Passive

The body becomes as light as a feather.

You can move more lightly.]

There were two passive skills attached to it.

'Impenetrable Skin... I admired it when I saw Kraugel using it.'

Impenetrable Skin was a high-class passive skill. However, the description for Worn but Not Worn was vague. How much did it increase agility? It wasn't clearly stated how fast it would be. It just described it as 'lighter,' so it was difficult to know the correct effect unless he experienced it himself.

'Plus, the other skill could be poisonous.'

It was just the defense and Impenetrable Skin already made it worth it.

"I want this as the second gift."

The progenitor Beriache—she was the 3rd great demon, but she was expelled from hell for doubting God Yatan. He wondered why the clothing of Braham's mother was in Leraje's treasure warehouse, but this wasn't very important. It was enough if Grid owned it.

'I want it.'

It was natural to wear it directly. He also wanted to improve his understanding of it to help increase his underwear making skills. If he could make better inner clothing, then he would naturally speed up the proficiency of his tailoring skill.

"...You are a pervert."

Leraje sent a disgusted look at Grid who showed his blatant desire. To anyone who saw it, it would look like Grid was coveting women's underwear. Grid didn't care. The other person was a great demon. Affinity might've increased, but it was only by one.

It wasn't a good relationship. In the first place, it couldn't be good. She was born a great demon and there was a high probability she would be an enemy when they met again. Thus, there was no need to resolve the problem of being misunderstood as a pervert.

"I will use it well."

"Wait." Leraje grabbed at Grid who was reaching for Beriache's Underclothing. "This clothing... it is the relic of my idol. It is a precious thing. I wish you would choose something else."

"I think it's been left too roughly for something that is cherished."

"It couldn't be helped. All the rulers of hell must regularly present treasures to a ruler higher than themselves. You might not believe it but there are rulers above me. If this cloth is conspicuous, they might want to take it away. I was forced to disguise it as a rag."

Leraje, the bluffer who claimed to be the greatest ruler of hell, actually confessed honestly. It seemed Beriache's Underclothing was a very precious thing to her. Of course, this wasn't something for Grid to care about. As mentioned earlier, she was likely to be Grid's enemy.

Ignore her, get the treasure, and leave.

Nevertheless, Grid took his hand off Beriache's Underclothing. "What is your relationship with Beriache?"

Expanding on the story meant finding out more information. More information could help him. Perhaps Leraje's story would have greater value than this legendary transcendent item.

"My specialty is struggle and victory, but I'm also in control of love."

"...Huh?" A great demon was talking about love.

Leraje blushed and lowered her head when she saw Grid's reaction. "Don't laugh. I also know that I am different from other demons. Therefore, I was always confused."

She instinctively yearned for love. She felt a desire to fulfill the love of others. It was a hard desire to fulfill. The demons of hell had no interest in love. Leraje never discussed love in front of anyone and was always lonely. "I wasn't understood by anyone and didn't fit it. Beriache was the only one who understood me. She didn't laugh at my desires, but cheered me on. Thanks to her, I gained the courage to fight, win, and rise to where I am today."

"....."

Grid recalled how much Braham and the other direct descendant vampires loved and admired the progenitor Beriache. If Beriache was absolutely evil like the other great demons, could she have taught her children love? Would she have criticized Braham for harming his kin? Could her fourth child, Noll, be able to inherit the trait of 'kindness' from her? In retrospect, Beriache was fundamentally different from normal demons. This was why she doubted and denounced Yatan, only to be expelled from hell and inflicted with the Curse of Sloth.

'Beriache must've been treated as a mutation by the demons.'

The demon who understood and was able to empathize with her was Leraje, who now stood in front of Grid...

Grid's vigilance faded when he realized this. He listened seriously rather than unconditionally doubting Leraje.

"She told me this before she left. In order to change this hell which is ruined by evil and killing intent, she will surely come back. If... if she really can't come back, then she will send someone who is better than her."

"....."

Beriache dreamed of transformation as well as revenge. Grid hadn't met her in person and would never meet her, but he didn't think her goal of changing hell was ridiculous. Marie Rose and Braham—her children (other selves) were proving it. She deserved a transformation.

“This clothing is a token of my reunion with her or a gift to her other selves. I can’t give it to you. I’m sorry for not keeping my promise to give you any treasure. Please understand.”

Her words were understandable. Leraje confessed everything and bowed her head while believing that Grid would give in. Yet contrary to her expectations, Grid held Beriache’s Underclothing tightly in his hand.

“...I’m disappointed.”

Grid spoke to the frowning Leraje, “There is no need to be disappointed. It is right for me to take this clothing.”

Grid asserted. It was absurd nonsense from Leraje’s point of view.

“You have the right? Do you want to claim that you are her other selves? You... do you take me as a fool?”

“That isn’t it. It is just that Beriache’s other selves are by my side.”

Grid touched Elfin Stone’s Ring. A bloody storm started blowing. It was blood energy. The energy that Leraje had always missed dominated the area and Elfin Stone appeared.

“Ah...” Leraje was surprised by Elfin Stone’s red-brown eyes. Then she glanced at Grid with amazement. Grid was taking off his armor and putting on Beriache’s Underclothing.

Just then—

[Beriache’s Underclothing has detected the blood of the Blood King.]

[The hidden skill ‘Blood Master Lv. 1’ is activated.]

The hidden function of Beriache’s Underclothing was revealed. If one day he could make underwear exactly the same as this, he would greatly increase the fighting power of all direct descendant vampires, including Braham and Noll. Grid was convinced of this. Leraje stared at him blankly before smiling. “I see. You approached me on purpose.”

“.....”

Did he approach her?

This time, a notification window that his affinity with Leraje had increased by 20 appeared. At this point, Grid was worried.

‘Isn’t it too much of a hodgepodge?’

It was common sense to get acquainted with different races such as the water clan, vampires, orcs, elves, etc, but now it was a great demon after establishing a friendship with an archangel...

He wondered if this was really okay. He was very worried that he might be known as an opportunist.

[Chapter 1385](#)

Underwear that changed to fit the body—Berache's Underclothing became full-body tights that revealed Grid's muscular body.

'It is comfortable to wear.'

A notification window emerged in Grid's vision as he recalled Elfin Stone with a complicated expression.

[The effect of 'Worn but Not Worn' has occurred.]

[The weight of the armor you are wearing is halved and speed related penalties caused by weight are suppressed.]

".....!"

Grid's eyes widened with surprise.

'This... maybe this is a better skill than Impenetrable Skin.'

Weight was proportional to the content of the materials. Heavy armor was naturally stronger and had more defense than light armor. The reason why people were obsessed with light armor was the penalties caused by weight. The heavier the armor, the slower the speed and the more limited the movement. Thus, defense had to be compromised to some extent.

However, the effect of Worn but Not Worn eliminated the need for this compromise.

'By my standards, it is possible to increase defense by over 30%.'

If he added the effect of Impenetrable Skin to it, he would be able to withstand the lightning that Mir shot.

'Isn't this really huge?'

His shoulders naturally moved up and down. Grid was feeling joy when he suddenly had a question.

'Was it really okay to use Mir as the standard? Are single digit great demons stronger than Mir?'

First of all, a great demon had overwhelmingly high health. The weaknesses of human-type NPCs had always been their health and defense. Still, Mir's overall combat power should be above a single digit great demon. Mir was the intermediate boss of the East Continent. Apart from Baal, who could be called the intermediate boss of hell, he didn't think the single digit great demons could be Mir's opponent.

Now he wasn't so sure. Leraje was only 10th ranked and she could endure the damage of the five fusion sword dances with her bare body. Of course, her ability to reduce physical attacks meant she might be able to exert a higher defense at times than single digit great demons, but even without this, Leraje's combat power far exceeded Grid's expectations. First of all, she had the unusual visual acuity to read all of the five fusion dances.

"Leraje, you said that there are several rulers above you?"

"Yes, it is unbelievable, but it is true.

"Are they much stronger than you?"

If the answer 'yes' was received then it would be quite troublesome. To be honest, his motivation would probably be somewhat dampened. Leraje gave an unexpected answer to the concerned Grid.

"It depends on compatibility. Among the rulers with a higher rank than me, number 5 and 6 don't specialize in magic so I can fight and win. However, the other rules are hard for me to beat now... Ah!"

Leraje was talking only to shut her mouth in surprise. She glanced left and right for a long time before trying hard to look calm.

"My weakness isn't magic. Don't misunderstand."

"...Yes."

"Really!"

"I know?"

"Shit! It is ruined! Ruined!"

"....."

Why was a braggart unable to lie? Based on the way that she was hitting the ground resentfully, she couldn't hide the fact that she confessed her weakness.

'In the first place, it is an obvious weakness.'

Grid couldn't help clicking his tongue at the naive Leraje.

"If only I had beat you today! I would've fixed my record of a draw with the Undefeated King to a victory and I would've challenged 8th place!"

'Hmm... She is the great demon of struggle.'

She had the characteristic of becoming stronger the more she fought and won. It would be one of the strongest characteristics if supported by talent and hard work.

'This is why Beriache had expectations of Leraje and showed kindness to her.'

In the Behen Archipelago Record, Leraje was planning to go against Baal. Perhaps the reason why she followed Baal's orders until she had the strength to fight Baal was also for Beriache?

'If so, she might be a great ally...'

Aside from the fact that Grid built up affinity with Leraje, her attitude when facing Elfin Stone was very favorable. If she met and cooperated with Braham in the future, just imagining it...

'...No, I can't imagine a scene of the two of them cooperating?'

Why could he only imagine Braham harassing Leraje? Grid was frowning when the ceiling started shaking. Due to the structure of the castle, Leraje's great hall was above the treasure warehouse. It seemed that something huge had fallen.

"They have no manners."

Leraje's eyes which had been gloomy since her weakness was revealed sharply narrowed. She pushed Grid behind her and emerged from the treasure warehouse, running straight to the great hall. Grid followed her. As he got closer to the great hall, he sensed a terrible smell and heat. Finally, he heard the breathing of a wild beast.

"You, Krucha!"

Leraje seemed to know the intruder's identity. The moment she entered the great hall, the demon with the title of 'Deputy Commander of the 8th Hell' started laughing bizarrely. He was someone with a very heavily bent back. His jaw was about to hit the ground. Nevertheless, he was over 3 meters tall and had rugged muscles. His shoulders were relatively narrow compared with his back and his head was a dog's head. The thing that stood out was the flames overflowing from two large fists. They were familiar flames.

'Hell fire.'

Hell Gao was wearing it...

"Krucha was originally the leader of the 9th Hell Army. Once Hell Gao lost his body, he abandoned the 9th Hell and came to the 8th Hell where he became Barbatos' subordinate.

It was Yura's explanation. She had been waiting for Grid outside the castle and ran inside when she heard the turmoil.

"Barbatos is the 8th ranked great demon?"

"Yes, he is a sniper. I don't know when and where he will snipe from so you have to be especially careful when fighting with Barbatos' subordinates."

As Yura progressed through her class quests, she had been reading the records of the former Demon Slayer, Alex. Barbatos was an exceptionally difficult opponent among the great demons because he could snipe from dozens of kilometers away. The assassination ability of the great demon who grasped the location of the target and accurately sniped them was the strongest among the great demons.

"Grrr... Kukuk, kukungkung!"

Krucha stared at the whispering Grid and Yura before laughing wildly.

"Leraje! Grrrrung, keok! Seeing the Demon Slayer here, I guess the rumor that you lowered your tail to the Demon Slayer is true, bark bark! I see! Bark! Grrrr!"

"Uncivilized son of a bitch. You need to keep your snout closed. Every time you open your snout, you give off a bad smell and it brings trouble to the people around you."

The reason Leraje invited Grid here was to hold a festival for herself. As a result, it became a nightmare instead of a festival. Even so, she still treated Grid with a smile. Now her gaze toward Krucha was filled with contempt and disgust. The overbearing pressure and killing intent that suited her status as a great demon finally appeared on her face.

"Grrrr!!"

Krucha's dog face crumpled. He alternated looking between Leraje and Yura and the saliva dripping from his tongue flew in all directions.

"Yip yip! Leraje, kill the Demon Slayer right away."

"A son of a bitch is barking. How dare you command me?"

"Grrrung! This is Barbatos' order! If you don't kill the Demon Slayer right now, it shows that you are working with the Demon Slayer! Yip!"

'This...'

Yura was in danger. The two of them had no chance of victory against Leraje. It happened the moment Grid judged this and sent an eye signal to Yura to run away...

"Barbatos' intelligence must be reduced to the level of a dog from staying with you. Now that the 9th place is vacant, my next highest ranking opponent is Barbatos. What rights do you have to command me when you are the subject of a competitor, not a superior?"

"Competitor? Kukuk, bark! You are Barbatos' competitor? Ku bark bark! A loach who can't even handle the heat of my flames?"

The flames around Krucha's hands grew bigger and ran wild. The soaring flames quickly heated up the great hall.

"Uh!"

Grid was used to the heat, but it was different for Yura. Grid reflexively took a step back to cover her with the heat insulation cloak while glancing at Leraje's condition. Leraje's smooth skin was cracking. Her mucus was rapidly drying due to the heat.

'Her power is sealed.'

Leraje's greatest strength that Grid had experienced was her mucus. The mucus had the power to decrease physical attacks and corrode objects. If it was lost then it was safe to say that Leraje's combat power was halved.

It was as he expected. Krucha's furious onslaught increased the number of wounds on Leraje's dry body. At first glance, he seemed to be randomly swinging the fire claws, but it actually contained the wild senses. He instinctively saw the opponent's weaknesses and targeted them.

'Strong.'

Kalbaba, the deputy commander of the 10th Hell, was skilled enough to be comparable to the great demons who came to the human world. Now Krucha, the deputy commander of the 8th Hell, was one step above Kalbaba and this made Grid tense. His speed, destructiveness, and above all, his combat senses, were all excellent. He effectively used all types of things to pressure the other person instead of just relying on physical ability.

Wouldn't it be too hard for Leraje when pushed against a monster like that?

Grid's thoughts matched Kalbaba's thoughts.

“Leraje!” Kalbaba had been watching the situation for a while, but couldn’t stand it anymore and intervened. He helped Leraje who became helpless in front of the high heat and aimed a spear at Krucha.

“Grrrung!”

Krucha avoided the spear by bending his waist 90 degrees and grabbed the spear by reaching back. He twisted his waist and threw it back at Kalbaba.

“Ugh!”

Kalbaba stopped the returned spear with a shield and was pushed back 10 steps. Krucha became proud. “Will I become the master of the 10th Hell if I kill you here?”

It was a remark that crossed the line. The atmosphere became worse and Grid and Yura were even more flustered. The situation was awkward because they were in a position to be threatened and hunted by the demons here, but the demons were fighting among themselves.

‘Either way, this is a good opportunity.’

It was a chance to accurately gauge the demons’ skills. Grid and Yura focused on the battle, but their focus soon broke. It was due to the intervention of another being.

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

“?”

There were no existences threatening Grid. Leraje and Krucha were busy fighting each other.

Then what was this warning?

Grid’s eyes widened and he hurriedly jumped. At the same time, a dark hand stretched out from the ground where Grid had just been standing. It missed Grid, who was its original target, and just grabbed empty air.

‘What is this?’

It was a hand that exuded a creepy and ominous energy. The tip of the cloak was burned just by being near the black hand.

Yura exclaimed, “It is Barbatos’ sniping!”

Subsequently, four more black hands appeared from the front, back, left, and right of Grid, who was floating in the air. If Grid hadn’t used Shunpo immediately after seeing the warning window that appeared again, he would’ve been caught and melted down. Grid was feeling tense when he received a forced quest.

[The quest ‘Barbatos’ Sniping’ has begun.]

[Barbatos’ Sniping]

Difficulty: SSS

[The 8th Great Demon, Barbatos, has targeted you.

Barbatos' sniping won't stop as long as Krucha is alive.

Defeat Krucha to survive.

Quest Clear Conditions: Krucha's death.

Quest Clear Rewards: Barbatos' Vision (5)

Quest Failure: Level -5.]

'Vision?'

It was a type of reward he was seeing for the first time, but it wasn't hard to understand the reward.

'Can I see from a long distance like Barbatos?'

Grid gulped. It was because if he could see from a distance and take advantage of it, the utilization of the rain of battle gear would rise dramatically.

'It doesn't matter where I am.'

As long as he could see it, he could release a rain of battle gear without being there directly. It was like a heavenly god pouring rain down on earth.

'I must be sure to clear this quest.'

Grid drew a brilliant future and his motivation rose.

[Chapter 1386](#)

There were games where field of view wasn't important, but it was particularly emphasized in Satisfy. It was because some wide-area skills worked using 'range of vision.' The Undefeated King's Swordsmanship was a prime example. Long-ranged skills that attacked by 'specifying a target' like Request to Stand With Me's battle gear rain were also larger and the utilization increased when there was a longer field of view. If Grid had a third vision then his power would work even in places where he wasn't present.

"Kuek!"

Back and forth, left and right, up and down.

No matter where he went, a black hand would rise from a dimensional gate without warning and persistently aim at Grid. This form of sniping that he had never experienced before consumed his mental power and physical strength.

'Damn, what is this bullshit skill?'

A sniper where he couldn't determine the sniping point... wasn't it telling him to just open his eyes and be attacked? It was natural for a person in his position to swear. Grid was running and cursing when he suddenly questioned it. 'Why is he targeting me?'

Barbatos' subordinate, Krucha, was fighting with Leraje. Additionally, the reason Krucha was fighting Leraje was due to Demon Slayer Yura. Barbatos' sniping priority should be Leraje or Yura. So why was he aiming for Grid?

'It's fortunate that he isn't targeting Yura, but I don't understand it.'

The ideal situation was for the sniping target to be Leraje. She was slowly regaining the dominant position in the fight despite previously being pushed back by Krucha. She seemed able to deal with Krucha and Barbatos' sniping at the same time.

'The aggro should be on Leraje so I can easily kill Krucha... Ah, that's why he is targeting me.'

It was clear. Barbatos knew that sniping Leraje wasn't efficient. Rather than ignoring the opponent two ranks lower than him, he was wary. He suppressed a demon's aggressiveness.

'Leraje seems to be special. The reason for not targeting Yura is because he has determined that Yura's fighting power isn't threatening to Krucha.'

Named bosses with intelligence would identify the player's combat power and decide the hunting order. There were bosses who set the strongest player as top priority. For example, Elfin Stone appeared every 24 hours and kept using Extreme Blood Transfusion on Grid. On the other hand, there were bosses who set the weakest players as top priority. Barbatos seemed to belong to the former.

"Hell Leap."

As Grid analyzed the situation, Yura opened a small portal connecting hell and the human world. Originally, this was a Demon Slayer 'movement' technique, but Yura knew how to apply it differently. She overlapped the portals in front of the gate where Barbatos' sniping occurred and distorted his aim in a completely different direction. The black hand reaching out to Grid was sucked into the portal opened by Yura and then appeared in a remote place.

'This is dangerous...'

Grid's heart sank despite receiving help. He thought that Yura's performance would cause Barbatos' aggro to shift. It was as he expected. Barbatos' sniping started targeting Yura, not Grid. The evaluation that Grid had a higher risk than Yura seemed to have changed.

"Avoid it!" Grid's transcendent senses noticed the gate forming behind Yura's back and he screamed urgently. Yura didn't notice it until the moment the gate was opened behind her. A black hand emerged from the gate and grabbed at Yura's body violently.

"Yura!" Grid's expression distorted. However—

She was fine. Yura's expression was calm as she was held by the black hand. The jade magic power flowing over the surface of her silver armor emitted a strong light.

".....?!"

The black hands contained terrifying demonic energy. Grid's cloak had just been slightly touched by the hand, but it was eroded by demonic energy, reducing its durability and deteriorating its function. Yet the demonic energy scattered in front of this jade magic power. It was suppression, not purification. The

Demon Slayer's magic power suppressed the demonic energy in a way completely different from divine power. The sight of her intact appearance without any wounds flustered Grid.

Yura brushed off the remnants of demonic energy and explained, "As I said earlier, Barbatos was a tricky opponent for Alex. Thus, Alex researched and evolved."

These evolved abilities were passed down to the current Demon Slayer. Demons who fought Alex and lost once would be pushed in a battle against Yura, even if they were great demons. It was just like how Barbatos' sniping couldn't hurt Yura's body right now.

"Ohh!!" The true value of the Demon Slayer that was often revealed made Grid feel admiration. The fact that Yura was unharmed and had enough potential to solve the difficulties in the future made Grid's face shine brilliantly. Of course, the bright expression was soon erased. It was because Barbatos' sniping once again aimed at Grid. Grid avoided three sniping attacks using his transcendent senses and looked up.

'He is a really dirty and annoying guy.'

Grid was being attacked one-sidedly by an enemy whose location was unknown and his physical strength was continuously being consumed. This was the worst. Unless there was a limit to the number of times Barbatos could attack, he would eventually be exhausted first.

The most hopeful thing was that Barbatos' sniping cooldown time had been identified. It was two seconds for a single shot, five seconds for two consecutive shots, and nine seconds for three consecutive shots. He didn't know about after this since he hadn't experienced it, but it was likely the cooldown time would be twice as much.

Every time he dodged the attack, he was exposed to remnants of demonic energy. Grid drank a potion to heal his consumed health and shifted his gaze to Leraje. Her small feet were just trampling on Krucha's face. The reason she wore such high heels didn't seem to be due to a complex about her height. It was to use them as a weapon.

Krucha was stabbed by the sharp heel and screamed. There was a hole in his forehead and blood flowed out. "I can't believe you're using a dirty trick based on gender! It is despicable! You deserve to be called the role model of all demonkin! Grrrr!!"

"I still have a long way to go from your master, who hides and shoots like a coward."

"Yip yip! That's right! You still have a long way to go compared to Barbatos!"

Were they insulting or praising each other? It was difficult to interpret even though he spoke the same language.

".....!"

Grid was clicking his tongue with amazement, only to become startled. It was because he made eye contact with Krucha.

'Dammit, this son of a bitch dog.'

Barbatos used his subordinate's vision to locate and snipe the prey. The most important thing to avoid Barbatos' sniping was to not be seen by Krucha. Grid took advantage of the temporary gap in Barbatos' sniping to hide, but he was found too quickly by Krucha.

'I wanted to catch my breath for a second.'

Grid's gaze turned to the entrance of the great hall and he changed his position using Shunpo. At the same time, a black hand appeared where Grid had been hiding just a moment ago. Grid sighed with relief after passing another crisis while Leraje and Krucha once again engaged in a fierce battle. Every time their fists or kicks cut through their air, there was a sharp explosion and the shockwave generated shook the great hall.

'Amazing.'

The reason why Leraje wasn't pushed in this fight, despite having her mucus dried by fire and losing some power, was due to her excellent combat skills. She was like a martial artist who had trained all her life and knew how to use her body as the most ideal weapon. Her obsession with victory must've constantly honed her.

'...Isn't this angle good?'

Was it because he was too absorbed in the battle with Leraje? Perhaps it was in preparation to block Kalbaba's surprise attack, but Krucha suddenly revealed a gap. He was very puzzled when he couldn't find the hiding Grid. Grid was behind him in his blind spot. It was such a big gap that Grid was convinced that if he did a sword dance and approached using Shunpo on the final step, he would be able to deal a serious injury.

'Now is the best time for a surprise attack.'

In the end, Grid couldn't withstand the temptation and took a step forward. Then Barbatos' attack flew toward him, as if it had been waiting. Once again, transcendence was triggered, but Grid failed to avoid it. It was a sniping shot that predicted where Grid would step, so it was physically impossible to immediately react and dodge. Grid's right foot was held by a black hand and burned black.

[The +1 The Arrogant Blue Dragon's Boots have been eroded by demonic energy.]

[It is an item with infinite durability. It isn't damaged.]

Fortunately, his boots were fine. It was a myth rated item made from Greed, so there was no decline in its function due to damage. Just—

[You have suffered 2,540 damage.]

[Demonic energy is eroding your wound.]

[You have received an internal injury. Some organs contaminated by demonic energy won't work properly. There is an additional 30,000 damage accompanied by the 'poison,' 'bleeding,' 'can't take potions,' and 'confusion' abnormal statuses.]

[You are immune to poison.]

[Bleeding resistance has failed.]

[Resistance to 'can't take potions' has failed.]

[Confusion resistance has failed.]

Just because the armor had infinite durability didn't mean it could absorb all of the impact that followed an attack. Grid's feet in the boots were damaged by demonic energy. The demonic energy penetrated deeply through the wound.

"Cough!"

The physical condition of his 'five organs decaying' brought great pain and crisis to Grid. In particular, the 'confusion' state was a big problem. Confusion made controlling himself difficult. Grid's body staggered like a broken doll.

'Do I have to experience this every time I allow a hit?'

The 8th Great Demon, Barbatos. He was so great that he was likely to raise questions like 'perhaps he is a target that can't be attacked.' Wasn't it too much to win against a sniper who fired from an invisible place and caused a fatal injury to the target? He once again thought about how great Yura was to be immune to such an attack. She was one of the few hopes that human beings could purify hell.

"Grrrr!"

".....?"

The eyes of the collapsed Grid widened. It was because Krucha was looking this way. His nose sniffled loudly, as he seemed to laugh at Grid.

'That son of a bitch... he was determining my location with his sense of smell.'

This was why it was meaningless to avoid his gaze. No matter how hard he tried to hide, he would be detected by Krucha's sense of smell and be shot at by Barbatos. At least, this was the case if Grid was a normal player.

"Youngwoo-ssi!" Yura used Hell Leap and flew to Grid's side. Grid avoided hitting the ground with her help and his shaking hands struggled through the air.

"Calm down! First recover from the confusion!"

Legends were immune to most abnormal status conditions. Additionally, Grid was the very first player to become a legend. Therefore, status abnormalities, especially those affecting the mind, must be unfamiliar concepts to him. He wouldn't be able to adapt to the inability to control himself and blurred vision caused by confusion.

Once again, Barbatos attacked. Yura held the still floundering Grid in her arms and was hit instead. The black hands didn't hurt her. It didn't matter how strong the demonic energy exuded by the black hand. It was all scattered by the jade magic power. However, the story changed when the black hand turned into a sharp awl.

A black awl penetrated deep into Yura's side. This new form of sniping focused on physical attacks rather than demonic energy and it had the power to penetrate Yura's defense. Just as Alex evolved from his experience fighting Barbatos, Barbatos had evolved as well.

"Ugh...!"

Blood flowed from Yura's mouth. Even so, she didn't let go of Grid. Rather, she hugged him tighter. The time remaining until Hell Leap was available was only two seconds, but it felt like two hours.

'I have to protect him.'

She couldn't always receive help. Moreover, this was hell. It was her domain. It was the place where she should be active. She gritted her teeth as she turned her gun into a sword and used Hell Leap that just became available. She threw Grid instead of herself into the dimensional portal.

After that, she rushed at Krucha. She also figured out that killing Krucha was the only answer to stopping this one-sided sniping. However, Krucha wasn't an easy opponent. The reason he confronted Leraje was because he had the strength to be the master of the 10th Hell.

He was afraid of Hell Gao, whom he wasn't sure when would return, so he didn't aim for the vacant seat of the 9th Hell. Still, he was confident that he could fight and win against the living Leraje. For such a monster, Yura's attack wasn't very threatening. Yura hadn't fully grown and the opponents she could challenge were demons in the hells in the 20s.

"Have you come to be killed by me? Grrrr!!"

He blocked Yura's sword by swinging his flaming fists and showed a sly smile. He reached out to hold Yura's small face. He was just about to raise the heat of the flames to burn Yura when it happened...

Flap.

A red cloak slowly fell from the air.

".....!"

Krucha's expression crumpled like a piece of paper. The smell of hundreds of different types of blood paralyzed his sense of smell.

'What is this?'

His excellent sense of smell turned into poison. Due to the smell of hundreds of types of blood piercing his nose, Krucha was confused by the body odors of Leraje, Kalbaba, and even Yura right next to him. It was impossible for him to locate the position of the human who had disappeared somewhere.

"Drop Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave."

A dragon descended from the ceiling and pierced Krucha. Barbatos' sniping stopped for the first time.

Chapter 1387

[Drop Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave]

[Five sword dances have been sublimated into a single field.]

It contains the momentum of a new god piercing the sky and descending like a dragon, subduing the heavens and earth.

Specify a target in the field of view and charge at it. Deals 4,000% physical damage three times (up to five times) to the target and all enemies within the radius of 10 meters (up to 50 meters) around the target. Inflicts an additional 8,000% penetration damage to the target.

The target that is pierced will enter an 'unrecoverable' state. The pierced target and all enemies within range will be 'disarmed.' Additionally, there is a high probability that they will suffer from 'loss of balance,' 'collapse,' 'bleeding,' and 'despair.' This completely ignores any resistance to status conditions

The power of this skill will increase when used at higher altitudes. The target's critical hit resistance is ignored and it will unconditionally be a critical hit. If the target's status is low, there is a very high probability of an instant kill.

★The effect of Braham's Fire, Enchant Weapon, Detect Force, and Shield are applied.

Skill Usage Conditions: Have a sword type weapon equipped.

Skill Resources Consumed: 900 sword energy. 5,000 mana.

Skill Cooldown Time: 2 hours and 30 minutes.]

It wasn't an exaggeration to say that Drop Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave was a one shot, one kill move. If he fell from above 20 meters, the maximum damage would exceed Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. Unlike Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle, which was based on the combination of Link and Kill, the damage of Drop Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave wasn't dealt sequentially and there was no fear of it being blocked in the middle.

Of course, Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle had the effect of 'weakening enemies in the area when it is used' but the utility of Drop Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave wasn't inferior in comparison. It was because the sword dance Dragon at the center of the fusion sword dance was a 'charge.' The sword dance that pierced the target when it was activated could be used in various situations.

".....!!"

A huge shock followed right after his sense of smell was confused. Krucha couldn't understand what he experienced. He belatedly realized that there was a huge expression before he was crushed and felt a terrible pain.

"Keok... Kukekeok..."

What happened? Krucha lay on the ground with his neck pierced and tried to grasp the situation, but it was impossible. His eyes that lost their light couldn't move and his thoughts stopped. He even dropped the weapon in his hand. It wasn't just him who was mesmerized.

"Did you see it? That is the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship."

"T-Truly great. Now I understand why Leraje praised the Undefeated King."

Leraje and Kalbaba were amazed by the momentum of Drop Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave. They murmured to themselves as they glanced between the bloody Krucha and Grid.

Drop Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave was so excellent that Leraje misunderstood it as the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship. There were only two ways to deal with it. Move as fast as Mir using Lightning God or negate Grid's damage with overwhelming stats like Baal. It was just these two methods.

'Predicting' and reacting to it like Mercedes and Kraugel wasn't a good method. They might be able to predict it, but it was hard to react to. It was just like Kraugel being hit even though he knew Mir would shoot lightning.

"What are you doing? Are you going to just watch?"

Grid urged Leraje as the defenseless Krucha was struck with Kill and then Pinnacle. Then the blankly staring Leraje and Kalbaba quickly stepped forward. Like most great demons, Leraje regarded higher ranked demons as competitors rather than colleagues. It was even more so for opponents who could apply for a 'ranking battle.' Leraje didn't want to miss this opportunity to get rid of one of Barbatos' subordinates. It matched Grid's aim of eliminating Krucha.

"Yiip!!"

The impact that occurred when Krucha allowed the attack was a shock, but the aftermath was too big. Krucha couldn't recover and was hit by Grid and Leraje's pincer attack several times. By the time he barely managed to get up, his body was already a rag. The blazing hellfire around both hands had faded.

"G-Grrrr! You...! Are you really a human?"

Surprisingly, there weren't many demons who could feel divinity. Unless they were old or demons who had been targets of divine magic, most demons just felt instinctively disgusted when confronted with divinity. They didn't understand the concept of divinity and the source of their disgust. It was natural since they were born in hell where divine power was exterminated. They hadn't encountered it before. Moreover, if the other person had just started to accumulate divinity, then it was hard to recognize it.

"....."

Leraje's offensive stopped. She was someone who hadn't noticed divinity even when Hexetia visited hell. Now she was looking at Grid with a questioning gaze like Krucha.

"What? It seems like you aren't human?"

Grid laughed. He was no longer afraid of Barbatos' sniping. Krucha had lost his sense of smell due to Malacus' Cloak and his eyes were pulled out by Leraje, so he could no longer function as Barbatos' 'vision'.

"A god."

".....?!"

"A death god who will kill you."

“...You!” Krucha’s blood-covered face distorted. He appeared in a crazy state as he started swinging his fists randomly. He seemed to have completely lost his sense of reason. However, Grid was alert. He didn’t miss the faint smile on Krucha’s face.

Just then, a black hand appeared through a gate. Barbatos’ sniping had resumed. Once again, the target was Grid.

Krucha was a demon. He had served the 9th Great Demon and the 8th Great Demon. Naturally, he was born with a sense of slaughter. In particular, his senses to detect prey were excellent among the demons because he was a beast-type demon. It was easy to locate his prey even if he lost his eyes and sense of smell. This fact—

“What?”

There was no way that Grid wouldn’t know it when he had experienced so many life or death battles. Grid was fully wary of Krucha’s senses. He wasn’t careless even after Krucha lost his sense of smell and vision.

“.....!!”

Krucha was stunned. His senses detected that his prey was over there and Barbatos’ sniping was directed there, but the prey’s voice was heard from right next to him. It was the effect of Decoy. It was something that couldn’t be used when Krucha’s vision was still intact.

“Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle.”

Blue petals fluttered through the air. A series of stabs and slashes smashed into Krucha. The blood he spilled became tangled in the sword energy to make a red web and Grid repeatedly linked the sword dances several times.

“Ku...ock!” Krucha didn’t fall easily. He was persistent as he aimed to defeat Leraje and become the ruler of the 10th Hell.

‘Is it not enough?’

Grid was a bit anxious. He had already used most of his attack skills and was tired from Krucha’s persistence. However, he wasn’t flustered because he knew that Krucha was at least level 550. This was the subordinate of the 8th Great Demon. It was natural that this opponent would be hard to defeat with Grid’s current specs.

This was why the quest rewards were huge. The closer to impossible a result was, the higher the value of the rewards. The system must’ve analyzed that Grid was unlikely to complete this quest. Perhaps it analyzed that it was impossible. It couldn’t have predicted that players would get acquainted with and cooperate with a great demon at this point.

“Tenacious beast.” Leraje’s small fist literally smashed into Krucha’s snout. His long jaw was oddly twisted and dozens of sharp, hard teeth fell out.

“Wh...at?” Krucha was shocked. He was more shocked than when he was seriously injured by Grid who he thought was just a human.

Leraje scoffed at him. "Don't you know that the reason you could compete with me was due to the power you received from Hell Gao?"

".....!"

Krucha belatedly realized that Leraje's skin had become smooth again. The moment that the hellfire around Krucha's fists weakened, Leraje's mucus was restored. She could exert her full power.

"I feel pitiful every time I see you think you are strong from your own ability, when it is actually a power gained from someone else. I knew that your expression when you realized the truth would be exactly the same as it is now."

She was powerful enough to erase the despairing Krucha from the world. Krucha's head that was struck by her fist literally disappeared. Krucha's body struggled several times after losing its head before turning into gray ash.

The power to yearn for victory and to win. The absolute power that caused her to win until she met the Undefeated King was worthy enough to astonish Grid and Yura. It was just like how Grid's Drop Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave stunned Leraje and Kalbaba...

[The quest 'Barbatos' Sniping' has been cleared.]

[Barbatos' Vision (5) has been transplanted to you as a reward for clearing the quest.]

[Barbatos' Vision (5)]

[It is Barbatos' fifth eye. It has a field of view that can extend up to 10 kilometers.]

Skill Resource Consumption: 2,000 mana per second.

Skill Duration: Up to 30 seconds.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.]

".....!"

Grid reacted immediately. He instantly activated Barbatos' Vision which was added to the skill list and could see the summit of the mountain rising just 10 kilometers away. He met a pair of eyes. It belonged to a gentleman wearing a sleek suit and a fedora.

"What can you do?" the gentleman mouthed these words as he read the anger in Grid's gaze.

"Request to Stand With Me," Grid responded. He announced that he was a much better sniper. He responded to the provocation with a much larger provocation.

Battle gear rained down. Thousands of pieces of steel were planted on the dark mountain that didn't have a single tree.

Barbatos, the gentleman who was bleeding from the unexpected attack, and the 8th Great Demon, had wide eyes. He realized that his vision had gone to the worst opponent.

Chapter 1388

The colorful light that refracted through the stained glass mysteriously dyed the statue of Goddess Rebecca. It was a brilliant and holy sight, but the priests kneeling below it weren't dazzled. The priest looked up at the statue with a cold gaze before taking off his crown and rising from his seat. This last prayer was actually a ritual putting an end to his faith.

Dark clouds appeared in the weeping sky. The light was concealed by the clouds and darkness enveloped the temple. Thunder was heard. Then the moment that lightning struck, there was a close-up of the Goddess Rebecca statue on the screen.

Exquisitely cast shadows erased the statue's smiles. The benevolence she showed so far was nowhere to be found and she felt endlessly cold. She seemed to be staring at the priest who left behind his crown and sword and left. Even so, the priest didn't shrink back or hesitate. He walked confidently to the end with a straight walk.

The corridor of the huge temple was very long and the dark clouds cleared as he walked. Once outside, the priest saw a huge sun that seemed to welcome him and give him new blessings.

"....."

The priest unbuttoned his coat. He took off the pure white robes that were a symbol of the Rebecca Church and wore armor instead. It was armor engraved with the crest of a sword and hammer. The camera close to him turned and captured his new appearance on the screen from head to toe. The moment his gaze met the camera, a caption introducing him was placed at the bottom of the screen.

Damian. The leader of the Overgeared God Church.

The opening video for the 6th National Competition became a hot topic. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the status of the pope was a symbol of absolute power that all players envied, yet Damian chose to abandon it to become the leader of the Overgeared God Church. People couldn't help going crazy when this person, who had been in the spotlight these days, was the finale of the video. In particular, they displayed a high interest in the 'sword dance' Damian would show.

Following the 5th National Competition, Grid also declared his absence from the 6th National Competition and they were looking forward to seeing his swordsmanship through others. Starting from the brutal killing of the PvP championship candidates in the 1st National Competition to the fusion sword dances during the Demon King's Subjugation...

How much could Damian reproduce?

『 The reason why Damian gave up his position of pope to become the leader of the Overgeared God Church will be revealed soon. 』

『 How powerful is the status or class of leader of the Overgeared God Church? People expect that it is the best since he has the protection of the supreme one, Grid, but is it really true? 』

『 Yes, this year's Damian will show the greatest performance ever. As we all know, the biggest advantage of the Overgeared God Church is that it can raise the power of Grid's items to the limit. If he

is the leader of the Overgeared God Church, then he should be heavily armed with items made by Grid. It is also the latest product. 』

“...Pfft!” Damian, who woke up in the morning and drank milk, sprayed milk from his nose. It was frightening to realize that public interest was greater than necessary.

‘It is currently still worthless.’

It wasn’t just the Overgeared God Church leader. All members of the Overgeared God Church had great potential. It was just that to unlock its potential, they had to build up enough proficiency in the sword dance. Like the analysis of the experts, they also needed Grid’s items.

However, Damian currently had nothing. He was only up to the two fusion sword dances and his Grid items were the sword and armor he purchased in the past and the shield he was gifted last year. People’s expectations that Damian would show the greatest performance ever was completely different from reality.

“In the first place, they didn’t tell me that such great weight would be placed on it...”

He thought that shooting the scene had taken exceptionally long, but he never guessed it would be the highlight of the video. Wasn’t this the first time since Grid and Kraugel that a particular individual was highlighted in the opening video?

‘How did I get treated like such a great person? There are also Jishuka and Chris. Why is it me...?’

This must be the Grid effect. The aggro of the Overgeared God Church was more than imagined. Damian sighed as he thought about it, but he was more humble than necessary. He needed to be more confident in himself. It was purely Grid’s power that killed the fallen Pope Drevigo. It was Damian himself who became the Goddess’ Agent and rebuilt the Rebecca Church. Additionally, Grid greatly helped Damian in becoming pope, but Grid wouldn’t have been able to help if Damian wasn’t qualified. It was also purely thanks to Damian’s efforts that the Rebecca Church had greatly improved.

Damian might not know it, but the world saw Damian as a big figure who was the next Grid or comparable to Kraugel. He even had the record of an outstanding performance as the ‘Zombie Demon King’ in last year’s National Competition. Therefore, he had enough qualifications to be the finale of the opening video.

“Sigh.”

However, he was feeling depressed, so it was extremely normal to sigh. Damian had just become the leader of the Overgeared God Church and didn’t have enough money to make item production requests to Grid, so he was several times weaker than last year. There was a very high probability that he wouldn’t meet people’s expectations. Maybe every event he participated in would undermine the prestige of the Overgeared God Church.

‘It would be better if I didn’t participate.’

As he had been thinking about whether to participate or not, his judgment was blurred due to the broadcasting station official he met.

‘I didn’t even sell my house.’

Damian sighed repeatedly before his expression suddenly fell.

'Is there any need to worry about this?'

He had lost all his abilities he enjoyed since her days as a pope, but he was a priest of the Overgeared God Church. He had inherited Grid's sword dances.

...Grid's sword dance had always been the strongest. Damian still remembered the sword dance Kill that defeated Hurent in one blow. Of course, these days, rankers wouldn't die from a single sword dance. If it wasn't one blow, then it would be two blows. If it wasn't two blows, then three blows. If three blows didn't work, then why not try four?

'Yes, it is a meaningless worry.'

He could win against anyone. In particular, players who were contestants of Player 56 or 55. He couldn't be lacking compared to the new rankers who gained popularity through the power of TV. If he wasn't as good as them, it was a problem of his quality, not his new class.

Damian gained confidence in his thinking and worked hard in the first event of the National Competition held a fortnight later.

"Gasp...Gasp..."

He lost various buff skills and recovery skills. Damian lost everything he had enjoyed so far and realized how difficult it was to compete with others with just one passive skill and a few attack skills.

'Isn't this why Grid was scolded?'

The reason why so many people mocked Grid during the 1st National Competition was that there was no control. Once he experienced Grid's position at that time, it was more than he couldn't control it rather than there being no control.

If the blacksmith part was removed from Pagma's Successor, it should be considered a melee damage dealer, but there were no defense skills and no charging skills. The sword dances could be used as an evasive move, but it was natural that the practicality was inferior compared to an actual evasion skill.

'It isn't clear when hunting low intelligence monsters, but it is a weakness that can be attacked when fighting people.'

It would gradually improve in the process of learning a new fusion sword dance, but the current Grid's sword dances that were available were too passive. It was absurdly weak in combat against individuals. There were no special advantages apart from the very high attack power. Rather, there were many disadvantages due to the long preliminary movements.

As Damian stood on the podium with a trembling expression and the gold medal was placed around his neck, cheers burst out from everywhere. It was a lot of adversity, but he eventually got first place. He wandered through the labyrinth and slaughtered all the participants he encountered with powerful swordsmanship. The problem was that it was much harder than expected.

『 Um... Damian has won the gold medal as everyone expected. 』

『Still, how should I say this? It was a series of very rough fights, right? It was a battle where Damian's unique color couldn't be seen. 』

『I agree. Originally, Damian used his nimble shielding to suppress the opponents, seal off attacks, or restrict the movements with divine magic. Then he uses his refined combat skills to take down the target. Meanwhile, today it is like... Um...』

『What else can be said? It is just disappointing. Disappointing. How can this be the ability of a PvP winning candidate? Thanks to the accumulation of numerous combat data, the combat guidelines these days are very high quality. Even level 200 warriors don't fight like that these days. I think Damian has fallen a lot unless he is purposely hiding his skills. Well, that might be a stretch. How much would he have regretted letting go of the pope position? In the future, Damian can only go downhill. 』

Being at the top and staying there consistently wasn't something that could be done with just passion and ambition. Some people misunderstood it as Damian losing his passion. The skills that Damian showed weren't so good.

The Overgeared Kingdom was busy preparing for Prince Lord's coming of age ceremony...

"In the end, it happened." Prime Minister Lauel received the unpleasant news. It was news that rebellions were occurring in various parts of the Orc Kingdom. It was as he expected.

Originally, orcs were a primitive species that lived in tribal units. The new orc lord, Teruchan, hoped to build a kingdom and Grid helped him create the Orc Kingdom, but most orc nobles took the kingdom as a prison rather than a fence. In tribal societies, they could reign like kings. Then in the kingdom, they were bound by various laws and regulations. It was natural to be stuffy.

The dissatisfaction of the orc nobles continued to build up and orc players showed signs of exploiting this. The reason why this couldn't be prevented because of the high number of orc players. It was physically impossible to monitor and manage them one by one.

'They must have been waiting for this time.'

Most of the main power of the Overgeared Kingdom was away due to participating in the National Competition. It was also a busy time due to Prince Lord's coming of age ceremony. Due to the lack of manpower, it would take quite a lot of time and money to put down the rebellion.

'I have to minimize the number of tribes that succeed in gaining independence...'

If the orcs split back into tribal units, then the orc players would gain too much power. Most of them were Chinese players. If they dominated the tribes and increased their influence, then it wouldn't be good for the Overgeared Kingdom.

It happened as Lauel frowned and started to sort out the list of Overgeared members to be sent to suppress the rebels...

“Why is your expression so serious? I heard the news that the orcs have rebelled. Isn’t it a problem that Teruchan can solve?” Grid finally emerged from the smithy that he spent the past few days in and visited Lauel’s office. The soot on his face offended Lauel, who was already sensitive.

“Currently, you aren’t just the king of a country anymore. Shouldn’t you pay more attention to your appearance when you become a god?”

“Looking human is more likable.”

He might be called a god, but it was still at a level similar to an honorary position. Grid swallowed down these words and checked the list that Lauel was writing.

“I think Laella and Zednos will suffer too much if they follow this list.”

“Still, it can’t be helped. We have to thoroughly defend the capital until the coming of age ceremony is over, so it is difficult to recruit more troops. By the way, did you finish making it?”

“Yes, I think Damian will be very pleased. Hmm, I will go for a bit...”

“Where are you going?”

“Where else? I’m going to quell the rebellion.”

“There is no need. Does it make sense for you to be gone when the coming of age ceremony begins in just three days?”

“Three days is enough.” Grid opened the map of the orc kingdom and pointed to the south and north. “Tell the kids to go over here. I will take care of the rest.”

“...Do you have 10 bodies?”

There were a total of 43 rebellion sites in the areas Grid said he would take charge of. It was impossible to subdue them all in three days unless he had 10 bodies. However, Grid was behaving in a relaxed manner.

“It is because I have good eyes.”

“.....?”

“In any case, I’ll be back. Deliver this item to Damian.”

“No, wait... Your Majesty! Hey! Now isn’t the time for you to do this!”

Lauel tried to stop Grid and even spoke informally, but it was useless. Grid laughed like Lauel’s reaction was cute and threw himself through the warp gate.

Chapter 1389

Now there was no one who treated Satisfy as simply entertainment. If there was such a person, they would be a fool lagging behind the times.

“There is no second chance. I have to take this opportunity to gain great results and live up to expectations.”

The world's largest sports industry where one could enjoy enormous wealth and fame.

The Chinese government had recently made significant investments in Satisfy. First of all, a number of Chinese players changed their species to an orc. Then they secretly approached the orc tribe leaders and used money and power to get close to them. Additionally, the best intellectuals of each field were recruited to design thorough and brilliant plans.

If Orc Lord Teruchan hadn't built a kingdom— No, if he had been the slightest bit lax in managing his kingdom, then it wasn't an exaggeration to say the entire orc race would've fallen into the hands of the Chinese government by now.

Within the fence of the Chinese government, the orc would be protected by their unique breeding power and hundreds of millions of soldiers would be raised. A great China nation would've been born in Satisfy.

However, the Orc Kingdom became a de facto subordinate of the Overgeared Kingdom and management became very thorough. Additionally, the force and charisma of Orc Lord Teruchan that could pressure a tribe repeatedly blocked the intervention of the Chinese government. As long as Teruchan, who was loyal to Grid, was alive, the Chinese government's ambition to turn the Orc Kingdom into a second China would be hard to achieve.

This was why this opportunity was very large. It was a season when the National Competition and Prince Lord's coming of age ceremony overlapped. Most of the main powers of the Overgeared Kingdom were gone or tied up, so it was an opportunity to eliminate Teruchan and absorb the Orc Kingdom.

-We can't mobilize all the rankers. The apparent reason for their obsession with becoming an orc is to gain achievements in the National Competition, so there is no way to prevent them from participating in the National Competition.

"We can't stop it or there is a possibility of exposing China's inner thoughts to foreign countries."

-Yes. You shouldn't let your guard down because the troops mobilized for the rebellion will be low in terms of quality.

"Haha, of course. You can rest assured that my confidence is based on sufficient evidence, not carelessness. It is time. I'm hanging up now."

Ttiring.

The man ended the holographic call and adjusted his glasses. The smile on his face became cold like it was a lie.

"XX carelessness... Do you think that it makes sense to warn those willing to fight against the Overgeared Guild to not be careless?"

He couldn't let his guard down even if they urged him to let it down. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that one needed to be prepared to quit the game if they wanted to fight against the Overgeared Guild. The man gritted his teeth and laid down in the capsule.

Once he opened his eyes again, he became one of the few players in the game with the 'War Commander' class, Havis. War Commander—it was a class that gave wide area buffs and increased

mobility whenever he gave an 'order' to the army he commanded. The class had a tremendous influence in war, yet the rating was surprisingly 'normal.'

However, it was clear that it required choosing the career of a soldier and being promoted through four ranks from a captain of tens, a captain of hundreds, a captain of thousands and a general. Therefore, the difficulty of changing classes was much higher than ordinary hidden classes. In the first place, the rank in the military wasn't only proportional to their performance but also the length of service. This meant there were few commander-level players.

In conclusion, it meant that Havis was a high-quality human resource. The Chinese government paid a huge price to hire him for the rebellion. It was such a large sum that Havis didn't dare refuse. It was an amount worth bearing the risk of losing everything he built up in exchange for being hostile to the Overgeared Kingdom...

'If the rebellion succeeds, then I will even get twice the compensation.'

He had to succeed. It would be hard, but...

"...It is more than I thought?"

Havis' eyes widened when he entered the command barracks with determination. It was because there were 30 commander-level players including himself. There were individual differences depending on the leadership stat and their level, but the average number of troops that each person could command was 4,000. If there were 30 people, it was a huge 120,000. It meant that 120,000 troops could first be gathered in the capital before the tribes that weren't recruited to the rebellion could support Teruchan.

'Is this the potential of China?'

Havis thought that the number of commander-level players participating in this rebellion would be seven at most. It might be different for someone who started Satisfy for the purpose of making money like himself, but most players weren't likely to be tempted by the Chinese government's money if it meant being hostile to the Overgeared Guild. In fact, this was actually the case. All but five of the 30 commanders were Chinese. They were talents raised by the Chinese government.

'If they can raise this many commanders, the training of other classes must be enormous... It is worthy of being a powerful country.'

Given China's capital and thorough preparation, it seemed to be one of the top two most powerful countries. A deep smile spread on the mouth of the admiring Havis.

In fact, he had predicted a 60% probability of the rebellion succeeding. 3 million troops would march on a large scale to attract the attention of the Orc Kingdom while at the same time, 30,000 troops buffed by seven commanders operated separately, moving quickly and stealthily through the capital and to the palace using the underground waterway that had already been sought. If they could destroy Teruchan and his guards within two hours, then they would win. If they didn't destroy them before reinforcements arrived, they would lose...

In a way, it was a gambling strategy. It was because there was no chance of victory in a battle of power. Teruchan had 500,000 troops stationed in the capital and the tribes that chose to follow him had around

1 million troops. If these 1.5 million troops were given time to defend the city, it was hard to break through even with 3 million troops.

The biggest problem was the combat strength of the Orc Lord, Teruchan. The Chinese players didn't yet have the power to face someone who could leave the city for a short period of time, slaughter their enemies, and then return leisurely. Allies would continue to die and morale would fall. In order to win the war, it was important to isolate Teruchan in a narrow place without the protection of his large army, then killing him when he was all alone and by himself, with the full force of all their available troops.

'I was wondering if it was possible to do that with 30,000 troops...'

Break through the defenses of the underground waterways and Teruchan's bodyguards with 30,000 troops and raid Teruchan? Despite the commanders' buffs, the probability of success was only around 60%. Yet contrary to expectations, the number had increased to 120,000. In this way, it was safe to say the odds were 100%.

'We can split up the troops and do diversionary activities.'

If it wasn't for the National Competition, the main powers of the Overgeared Kingdom would come as support. This meant that it would be a daunting task, even with 120,000 people. However, it wasn't the case anymore. There was also a small chance that Grid would move. He had already lost his mentor called Khan during a National Competition, so he wouldn't be able to hastily leave.

'It doesn't matter even if Grid moves.'

It was said that China was already prepared for this response. Spies were planted in the procession carrying various materials for use in Lord's coming of age ceremony and the congratulatory delegations of other countries. The moment Grid was seen in the Orc Kingdom, they would turn into terrorists. They might not be able to harm the Overgeared Kingdom, but they would create enough of a commotion to make Grid nervous.

Could Grid ignore the commotion?

'He will definitely return to Reinhardt immediately.'

He would recall the painful memories he didn't want to suffer twice. Yes, there would be only victory in this war... Havis confirmed it and exchanged looks with the other commanders.

"Don't delay any longer. Let's start."

It was impossible to covertly proceed with such a large-scale rebellion. Thus, they promoted the rebellion on a larger scale and took advantage of it. The eyes of the Orc Kingdom and Overgeared Kingdom would be focused on the main army which had already started advancing yesterday. In that gap, they would move this special force they had on standby and carry out a surprise strike.

Wang Wei was the commander-in-chief and he explained the outline of the operation, "No matter how much the main army draws attention, we will be bound to stand out if there are 120,000 troops in the detached force. We'll divide into groups of four and move separately. As you can see on the map, there are some places with a narrow viewing angle due to the structure of the fortress..."

The commanders saw the high odds of victory and were full of motivation. They were focused and engaged in active discussions. It was useless. They overlooked three facts.

First, the Overgeared Kingdom had succeeded in commercializing the warp gates. Secondly, the eyes and ears of the Overgeared Shadows led by Lantier Faker had already reached this place. Third, Grid could bombard them from a very long distance.

“All forces, gather!”

At the end of the operational meeting, the commanders gathered 120,000 troops. The appearance of the orc army forming a green wave on the plains was truly spectacular. Yes, it was spectacular. It stood out too much.

“We’ll be moving from now on...!”

“.....?”

“.....?”

The commanders and soldiers all cocked their heads when Wang Wei suddenly shut his mouth as he was shouting at the soldiers. A huge 240,000 eyes followed the direction of Wang Wei’s trembling gaze.

“.....!”

“.....!”

They all exclaimed in unison. The reason was the thousands of battle gear pouring down from the sky. A rain of battle gear—Overgeared King Grid made a declaration as he bombarded the large army of 120,000 orcs.

“Damian’s condition is a bit strange, right? I really can win this.”

Zelos participated in the National Competition as a representative of Japan. He was a high ranker placed 98th in the unified rankings and he was heating up Japan. The Japanese people were fascinated by the young ranker who was handsome and stylish. His popularity was evidenced by the fact that he was the final winner of the audition program, Player 55, which was ranked first in national viewership.

The PD of Player 55, Seichi, smiled and encouraged Zelos, “Of course. You won this time and got a legendary item right? On the other hand, Damian is just a washed-up has-been. He is nothing if he isn’t the pope. He is just an old hikikomori and only became the pope in the first place due to Grid.”

Damian lacked social skills and never cared about broadcasts. On the rare times he appeared on TV, he always praised Grid. PD Seichi instinctively hated Damian. He thought Damian was a national disgrace. He didn’t know how happy he was when he got the information that Damian was ‘expelled’ from the pope’s position.

“I know that you hate Damian, but calling the Zombie Demon King a washed-up has-been is a bit...”

“No, it is real. It wasn’t a choice. He was forced to become the Overgeared God Church leader. He really has lost everything.”

Of course, there was no way to ignore the power of the Overgeared God Church. However, Damian didn't have enough time to grow. It was obvious that he could only use a few sword dances. No matter how many items he used, there would be a limit.

'I don't know about next year, but this year, he is several levels below Zelos.'

This was why he advised Zelos to play in PvP. It was as if fate had created the showdown between Zelos and Damian. In three days, the Japanese people would witness it with their own eyes in the PvP event on the final day of the National Competition. It would be the moment when a new Japanese icon was born.

'The star made by me, Seichi, will represent Japan.'

He imagined the wonderful programs he could make in the future with Zelos, who defeated Damian and became the new face of Japan...

'By next year, I'll be the director of the Entertainment Bureau.'

A smile spread across Seichi's face as he dreamed of a brilliant future.

"This..." In the game, Damian was very surprised to see the parcel that arrived in front of him.

Chapter 1390

They were in jeopardy. The tower carefully built by the great power was teetering like it would collapse in the face of the disaster that came without notice.

"Ah... Ahhh..."

"T-This is unbelievable."

The commanders stared at the orcs dying miserably from the rain of battle gear falling from the sky. It was unreal. Was the ridiculous sight of hundreds or thousands of weapons pouring down like rain really done by a human?

'Overgeared... God...'

The new title for Grid passed through the minds of the commanders. God—it was a very noble title for a human, but it wasn't awkward when placed before or after the name 'Grid.' The rain of battle gear that punished the soldiers was that great.

"...Grid!"

The commanders lost their minds until the terrible smell of blood brushed the tip of their noses. Then they simultaneously raised their heads.

Havis ran to the front, shouting as he blocked the weapons attacking the soldiers, "It is done by Grid! Hurry and find his location first! Don't shrink back! If we step back, it is easier to become a target! Move forward! That way! Don't mess up the formation due to confusion!"

Grid must be nearby. The rain of battle gear that accurately aimed and shot at the orcs demonstrated that his gaze reached the battlefield.

This was Havis' judgment and he commanded the army perfectly. He opened a wide area buff to calm the soldiers and increase their agility. Then he scattered them in all directions. The shield soldiers protected their allies as much as possible while they searched the terrain for places where Grid could be hiding.

Thanks to his excellent commanding ability, the order was kept despite the soldiers being scattered. The movement path of the scattered soldiers was perfect as they searched. They stretched out aiming at points where Grid was suspected to be attacking from. However, no one completed the task. Grid was not found in all the locations predicted by Havis.

Flap. A flag waved to show he wasn't here either.

".....!!"

Havis was surprised to hear the last report and raised his head reflexively. A clear sky without clouds filled his field of view. The sky was empty as well. Grid was nowhere to be found.

'Yet the battle gear keeps pouring down.' Havis was suddenly engulfed in doubts. 'So where is the other person's location?'

The marching route of the detached force was decided at today's daytime meeting. Additionally, the same side couldn't blindly trust each other so they changed their routes several times. They were found and then sniped. However, the important sniping point couldn't be found.

"It can't be."

Was he watching from a distance? Was it from a distance they couldn't recognize from here?

'...No, that is ridiculous.'

It was impossible unless he had the skill Clairvoyance that was the exclusive skill of the Bow Saint. There was only one Bow Saint in the world, Jishuka.

'Even if he can see from a distance, it is impossible for the skill to reach here.'

There was also a limit to ranged attacks. The range of influence was usually limited to tens of meters. In the first place, the formula for using skills at an 'invisible distance' wasn't established.

'Grid is obviously hiding somewhere nearby.'

Skills with a range of 'within your field of view' were very rare. It was because such effects were usually attached to legendary skills. It was natural in Havis' common sense that there was no link between skill and vision. He couldn't even imagine it. Therefore, he was sure that Grid was lurking around here. The judgments of the other commanders were the same.

-Grid has appeared in the north-west part of the Orc Kingdom. I'll say it once again. Grid has appeared in the north-west part of the Orc Kingdom.

Wang Wei immediately reported it to the top. Soon, acts of terrorism would occur throughout Reinhardt in order to shift Grid's gaze.

“Grid! There will soon be a riot in Reinhardt. Is there a reason for you to waste time in a place like this? Shouldn’t you worry about your son?” Wang Wei shouted toward the invisible Grid. Unfortunately, there was no return answer. The battlefield was still. No one opened their mouths, except for the groaning soldiers.

However, Wang Wei wasn’t nervous. Rather, he waited a while before using magic. “Detect!”

Flash!

Wang Wei was often at risk of being assassinated since he was in charge of the army. Therefore, he had artifacts to detect the presence of assassins and to cancel stealth magic. Now he expressed the artifact’s ability to neutralize invisibility.

“As expected...”

There was a deep smile on Wang Wei’s face. It was because there was no one around even though he used Detect magic. It was proof that Grid, who had been hiding around here with the ‘invisibility cloak,’ must’ve hurriedly left this place.

“Huhut, it might just be a bunch of graphics, but it is still Grid’s child. Start the march again!”

It was worthwhile to be thoroughly prepared with the help of the government. They got rid of Grid without having to fight him, so it wasn’t hard. It happened the moment when Wang Wei mistakenly thought he fought and won against an enemy—who wasn’t even present—and issued the order to march again...

“Huh? What is that?”

“Are my eyes wrong...?”

The soldiers murmured to each other. They said strange nonsense like a ‘wave’ was coming or something. This area was a plain. How could the group collectively see such an illusion? Well, it was understandable. They were suddenly attacked by an improbable attack so it wasn’t strange if they lost their minds.

The frowning Wang Wei and Havis turned their gazes toward the soldiers. Then they saw it. The blue wave that appeared on the horizon and was coming this way. It was a wave like the soldiers said.

“What is this...?”

Why was a wave occurring in the middle of the plain? Wang Wei and Havis’ doubts stopped here. The speed of the wave hitting them was dozens of times faster than they perceived. The moment the wave passed over them, their heads were cut off and they disappeared.

[Experience has been acquired.]

[Experience has been acquired.]

[Experience has been acquir...]

.....

...

At Rupa, a fortified city in the Orc Kingdom...

“Surely this isn’t going to be nerfed...” Grid stood on the walls of a city in a somewhat primitive landscape and murmured to himself with a blank expression.

It was because the combination of Barbatos’ Vision (5), which allowed him to see up to 10 kilometers away, and the Undefeated King’s Swordsmanship showed a power beyond expectations. The enemy that surpassed 100,000 was forced to be helpless. Even Grid, the one behind the massacre, felt creeped out as he watched them dying without knowing who or what they were facing.

‘Since my experience has risen so much, it can be said that almost all the troops were wiped out.’

He used the help of God’s Command to use the Undefeated King’s Swordsmanship a total of nine times. Before that, he even used Request to Stand with Me. The maximum duration of Barbatos’ Vision was over and he could no longer see the battlefield. Nevertheless, Grid confirmed through his experience gauge that the 120,000 troops had been pushed to the brink of destruction.

It was around 10%. He had gained experience equivalent to one month of hunting. Considering that the amount of experience given by NPCs was overwhelmingly less than the experience given by monsters, this was a huge increase.

‘I think the enlightenment effect played a big role.’

What type of bonus occurred by linking the top skills? Grid had this thought while turning back to the warp gate.

Step.

He took a step into the warp gate and a notification window popped up.

[Overgeared King Grid has entered the capital, Reinhardt.]

The warp gate made by Sticks was really useful, except that there was a limit to the number of uses per day.

“What about the riots?” Grid cocked his head when he entered the palace and found knights busy moving around.

The senior knight, Royman, politely greeted him and replied, “Sir Amosphel found some people behaving weirdly and arrested them. The situation is just perplexing because there are so many of them and no evidence that they tried to commit a crime. Of course, we can’t doubt Sir Asmophel, so I am going to seek out experts good at interrogation...”

Grid’s eyes widened. “Asmophel? Is Asmophel back?”

It was on the day that Braham became a member of the Overgeared Kingdom...

After losing to Braham, Asmophel devoted the next few months to training. He didn't have a desire to become stronger because he lost to Braham. Rather, he had a vague sense of enlightenment and wanted to grab onto these strands of enlightenment.

Grid watched such an Asmophel silently. He considerately allowed Asmophel to fully concentrate on training. Asmophel misunderstood Grid's consideration as indifference and became depressed, but Grid didn't know this. Grid believed in Asmophel, who had the 'Determination of the Number Two.'

Determination of the Number Two—it was a passive skill that had a chance of activating when Asmophel fought someone and lost. The passive skill had an extremely bad activation probability, but it was the catalyst for Asmophel's growth. Every time it was activated, Asmophel gained a new skill and his stats rose permanently. This was why Grid had so many expectations for Asmophel. He didn't stop Asmophel, who wanted to leave on a training trip.

Then after months, Asmophel returned.

'How much did he change?' Grid was looking forward to it, happy about reuniting with a friend, who had been away for a long time. Royman guided Grid to Asmophel's location.

At the same time, at the 32nd Hell...

An unexpected bigshot visited the place that was known as the Overgeared Hell Branch. It was such a bigshot that it surprised the demon, Glant, who had lived for a thousand years.

"What happened?"

"This is Grid's base, correct? I think I have the right to come here often to play."

Leraje, the 10th Great Demon—she was extremely pleased after joining forces with Grid to kill Barbatos' subordinate and was much more favorable to Grid than expected.

"What are those succubi?"

"Grid's subordinates."

"Hmm, using the demonkin of the 32nd Hell as subordinates. The level of the subordinates is too low to match him. I'll lend you my chariot soldiers, so take them with you."

".....!"

Leraje's chariot corps were incomparably stronger than the succubi. While the succubi could only hide behind Grid every time he fought demons, Leraje's chariot soldiers could fight together with him.

Yura nodded coldly. "I understand. I will deliver it."

Grid's influence in hell was growing.