

Overgeared 1411

Chapter 1411

Haegak believed he had no limits. He had practiced martial arts all throughout his life to achieve his beliefs. He was determined to devote himself until he became the strongest being in the world, even if he needed to abuse himself forever. These were the followers of the martial god.

All of Haegak's body parts were used as weapons. His elbow became a blade and his hands became a spear. His head fell like a mace, his legs moved like a whip, and his fist that struck the sword was like a hammer. However, Faker and Kasim treated the shadows as weapons and soldiers. Even if one human turned his body into a weapon, he would still be swallowed up by the tsunami of shadows.

"You are cowardly and lowly!" Haegak escaped the bombardment of shadows by hiding in the cracks of the collapsed ceiling and criticized them. As a martial artist, he didn't admit that the assassins' way of hiding in the darkness and eliminating sound was a method of fighting.

His light footwork technique that wasn't constrained by terrain caused anomalies and overlapped acceleration. He twisted his waist and back and defeated the shadow weapons and shadows attacking in secret with the recoilless attack. Then Faker's dagger rose out of the shadows and collided with Haegak's hard shoulder. Blood splattered from Haegak's shoulder but the wound wasn't deep. On the other hand, Faker's right hand wielding the dagger was smashed.

'Strong.' There was no exaggeration in Faker's appreciation. Haegak was strong. His assertion that Lee Jeong was the weakest of the Triad was likely to be true.

Grid felt the same way.

'His level is just high...'

Grid crossed his arms and watched the battle quietly. The reason he summoned the knights wasn't out of fear of Haegak and the followers. It wasn't even because he doubted that he couldn't protect Zikfrector alone. He was just looking forward to the knights' growth.

Haegak tried to capture Faker, who was hiding in the shadows again, only to be stabbed in the back by Kasim's dagger. It was an attack that aimed at the spine but Haegak was fine. The power of Kasim's dagger was halved in exchange for piercing the strong self-defense of the body. It couldn't penetrate Haegak's tightly contracted muscles. Haegak's elbow shot back to strike Kasim's face. Haegak wanted to grab the ankles of the bleeding Kasim to bury him in the ground only to read the signs of the seed that Piaro had sown and fired a strong wind from his palm.

The momentum that was like a wild beast was so great that it caused Grid to shudder. Then it soon disappeared like flames. Haegak's right arm was bound by Zikfrector's rune before being cut off by Mercedes' sword wrapped in a silver aura. Mercedes was the owner of Keen Insight and had the excellent ability to detect the weaknesses of the other party. Her attack accurately captured the moment when Haegak's defense weakened.

Haegak's arm that was cut off with an eerie sound floated in the air. Thanks to this, Kasim regained his freedom and shifted his gaze to look for a shadow to hide in. It was a fleeting moment of time. It was before Mercedes could even recover the sword she swung.

This was when Haegak's recoilless attack was fired like a bullet. The amazed Mercedes set up her shield and stepped back. The sight of the shield made by Grid being dented proved Haegak's strength again. Still, Grid's evaluation didn't change at all.

'He just has his level.'

It was from attack power, speed, and stamina to the type and depths of the skills used. Haegak excelled in this area in many ways, but there was one aspect that was lacking.

This was what he sensed.

Lee Jeong's senses that were being trained after sealing both his eyes was directly linked to his evasion ability that neutralized most of the enemies' attacks. Meanwhile, Haegak's evasion ability wasn't absolute. He had better reflexes, but it meant his sense of danger was less developed.

'The feeling of pressure I felt when he took off his blindfold is less than what I felt from Lee Jeong.'

Lee Jeong had aroused a sense of awareness in Grid when he released his covered vision. On the other hand, the difference in momentum before and after Haegak wore the blindfold wasn't significant. Grid was convinced based on several reasons. In the next few years or perhaps even one year, Lee Jeong would've become stronger than Haegak. Of course, this was a story of when Lee Jeong was alive. The first of the Triad he met was Lee Jeong and he was lucky to be able to kill Lee Jeong.

Grid watched Haegak before shifting his gaze to another place and swung his sword several times. The sword energy that was fired cut down the followers of the martial god rushing to the castle. It was the combination of Barbatos' Vision and the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship. It was already close to a divine power. He blocked the support that Haegak was waiting for while gaining a large amount of experience and skill proficiency.

Grid maintained his serious expression and urgently spoke in the guild window.

-The people waiting in Bairan right now, immediately control the north shopping district. Quickly! Pick up all the secret techniques that fell there!

"...Keuk!" Grid gave off a solemn atmosphere and Haegak groaned. He saw the abominable angel with a halo still above their head who betrayed the god who created them and became Grid's dog. This disgusting angel rushed at him with a spear. "Fallen angel! You are more shameless and disgusting than the demons! It isn't enough to betray the heavens! You are even blocking the road of the apostles of the martial god!"

Did Haegak finally feel a sense of death? Sariel's expression was sad as he rushed toward Haegak, who had lost his composure and started to get caught up in his emotions. "The heavenly gods acknowledge only angels as apostles. You are just being exploited for your desires."

"Bah!" Haegak snorted at the pity in Sariel's eyes. Exploited for his desires. How could he not know this? The same went for Haegak, who was using the other party. The reason he was loyal and worshipped the martial god was simply because he wanted strength.

Zeratul, the martial god who mastered all martial arts in the world. Every time Haegak gained a secret technique from him, Haegak became stronger and more developed. Therefore, he served Zeratul. In the end, he was acknowledged and obtained the title of the Triad.

“The reason why the martial god uses me is because he needs my strength while I am acting on behalf of the martial god. So what if I’m not an apostle? I am an angel of the earth. I am fundamentally different and stronger than you, who was cast out of heaven.”

Haegak’s back started to wriggle. His swelling skin revealed its bright veins before erupting as two pairs of wings popped out. It didn’t seem capable of flying based on the damp wings. The feathers were like a bird that just hatched from an egg. Even so, Grid’s group was extremely vigilant.

After the four wings sprouted, the pupil of Haegak’s left eye split into three and he was far away from a human being. Based on his expressionless face, his emotions had been lost.

"Those wings..."

The wings that protruded from Haegak’s body seemed to be part of his body, but the reality was different. Grid’s Insight and his knowledge as a blacksmith showed that the material that made up the wings was ‘something that doesn’t exist in the human world.’

A greater sadness appeared on Sariel’s beautiful face. “Human life is fleeting and short. Therefore, gods don’t acknowledge or sympathize with humans. For them, humans are nothing other than consumables.”

Haegak kicked off from the ground. The man who watched the surrounding area by fiercely rotating his eye that was divided into three pupils quickly captured and avoided the magic shot by Braham and Zikfrector. Then he rushed toward Sariel.

Sariel floated in the air and blocked Haegak’s kick with a spear. He pierced through the ceiling and soared high into the sky, spreading out his wings to prevent himself from falling. Then he burned all the shadows in the castle. His wings exploded with a brilliant and pure white light to brighten up the surroundings. There was no place for shadows.

The invisibility of Faker and Kasim was forcibly lifted and Braham protected them with Shield. At almost the same time, Haegak’s fist fell on the shield. Faker and Kasim’s body were protected by Shield and flew out toward the collapsed outer walls.

Haegak didn’t follow them. He raised his just regenerated arm to block Piaro’s hoe and counterattacked with a leg that was bent like a scorpion’s tail. The kick that stretched out behind Haegak’s head was a perfect dead angle from Piaro’s perspective. He had to get hit by the attack and rolled to the ground. Of course, he wasn’t just helplessly hit. His mortar crushed Haegak’s body.

However, Haegak soon recovered.

“Is it converting a human into an angel? It is stinking.” An angel’s trait was to neutralize magic. Braham clicked his tongue when magic didn’t work on Haegak and reinforced Mercedes’s sword and shield. It wasn’t the enhancement magic that added magic power to an object to reinforce it. It was elemental magic that reinforced the attributes of the substances that made up the object to bring out the fundamental potential of the object. This would also work on angels. It had the disadvantage of greatly

reducing the durability of the target object but what could he do? Grid should be able to repair it or make a new one.

Mercedes' refined swordsmanship cut at Haegak's body again and again. Her movements that connected six strikes in one breath seemed to be disconnected. They were too fast to follow the motion with the naked eye. However, Haegak was also fast. The actions of the guy who attacked Mercedes also seemed disconnected.

'No way?'

The world of transcendence was a passive that triggered when Grid was in danger. Grid was unable to follow Mercedes and Haegak's movements and felt a bit of uneasiness because his world of transcendence didn't trigger. Mercedes' wounds continued to grow while the wounds on Haegak soon recovered. Therefore, the situation was bad. Should he intervene?

Grid was troubled and once again opened Barbatos' Vision. It was a good time to identify and judge if there were more followers running here.

".....?"

Grid flinched with surprise. New war god followers were entering Bairan and one of them had wings spread behind him. Seeing the blood dripping from his eyes and nose and the way he was staggering, it seemed he would die soon.

A memory flashed through Grid's mind. In order for an angel to exert power in the human world, the number must be set to three to form a Trinity. The angels here were Haegak and the dying follower. Then the last one...

Pillars of light fell from the sky. The pillar that struck both Mercedes and Haegak at the same time completely healed Mercedes' wounds while turning Haegak's body into rags. Haegak held his broken collarbone with both hands while his gaze followed the being who was descending along with the pillar of light.

Sariel—one of the seven angels who led the angel army. Haegak had overlooked Sariel. He had to overlook Sariel because originally, archangels were heavenly beings that couldn't be touched. An archangel was unknown to Haegak, so he couldn't be alert.

The price was great. Sariel's glowing spear pierced Haegak's chest. The combat strength of the Trinity was powerful enough to overwhelm everyone on the field.

[The Triad 'Haegak' has been killed!]

[Your level has risen by 2.]

[Your knight Kasim's level has risen by 1.]

[Your messenger Piaro's level has risen by 1.]

[Your messenger Braham's level has risen by 1.]

[Your messenger Zikrefactor's level has risen by 2.]

[Your messenger Mercedes' level has risen by 4.]

[Your messenger Sariel's level has risen by 10.]

[The Artificial Wing Fragment has been acquired.]

[The Martial God's Secret Technique Box (Legendary) has been acquired.]

[The Martial God's Secret Technique Box (Unique) has been acquired.]

"....."

The experience rewards varied depending on the active part one played. Grid's dull gaze turned toward Piaro and Braham.

Piaro quickly explained, "I wanted to give Mercedes a chance to develop."

Braham was dignified. "What do you want me to do against an angel?"

"....."

Grid was seriously worried if Braham could be active in the holy war to rescue Hexetia. Of course, it could be a pointless anxiety. The moment Braham recovered the power of a vampire, he would beat an angel to death without magic.

Chapter 1412

"It is finally over..."

The person who consumed the most mental energy during the battle was Zibal himself.

That looked good to turn things over, could he do it? That was a splendid pincer movement. Should he join in? The steel frame piled up like a wall over there seemed to interfere with Mercedes' movements. Should he put them away? Faker seemed to be in danger. Should he use Providence? Did he want to take out the magic machine? Would breaking the castle bother his allies instead? Etc, etc.

Throughout the battle, Zibal couldn't easily make decisions. It was because the level of the enemies and allies were one step above his own. Zibal was unsure of his judgment. He worried that his choices and actions would flow as the enemy intended. He was afraid that he might cause trouble while trying to help his allies.

Of course, he didn't just watch. Every moment he was convinced that the gap revealed by Haegak wasn't a trap, his attacks played a role. Every time he figured out the intentions of his allies, he would run immediately to help realize their intentions.

"Good work." It was shortly after the end of the Haegak raid. Zibal was watching from a distance as Grid introduced Zikfrector to his colleagues when Faker approached Zibal's side and spoke. "Thanks to you, I was saved twice."

Was it Faker's personality to come up and greet someone first?

Zibal had a somewhat puzzled expression and sighed. "I don't know why you are grateful for the guy who just watched the battle because he didn't know what was going on."

“No, you were good enough.” Faker confirmed the faces of the people who participated in the battle. The legendary great magician Braham, the legendary knight Mercedes, the legendary farmer Piaro, the archangel Sariel, Zikrefrector of the seven malignant saints, Shadow King Kasim, and Overgeared God Grid...

They were the strongest people of this era. It was difficult for even the most talented person to match them. It would be good if he didn't disturb them. Meanwhile, Zibal helped them several times. He definitely assisted. Faker had experienced it. Zibal's cooperation was better than his own and the performance was also higher. Sure enough, he was the leader of the Seven Guilds and a hero of the big country called the United States.

“I wasn't good at all...” Zibal showed a reaction like he disagreed.

Zibal couldn't adapt to the fact that when standing shoulder to shoulder with the supreme one, he could only play a supporting role in the battle instead of being the main character. He was used to it now, but he always felt sorry. Once he heard the praise, he remembered things that he didn't do well.

He had rushed to rescue the caught Kasim only to be hit by Haegak and have his ribs broken. He was trapped between the steel frame and couldn't move for a few seconds. If Braham hadn't used gravity to help, he might've had to summon Raiders to clean up the steel frames or consume Providence.

Zibal was red-faced thinking about it when Grid approached with his knights and messengers.

“Why does this guy look so agonized?” Braham frowned. He seemed to be criticizing Zibal for not being able to manage his facial expressions. The so-called fucking shit management... the day had finally come when he was treated like this.

Zibal's expression became gloomier.

“You were great.” It was Piaro. He who was called the devil of the fields and had stopped the Seven Guilds' invasion of Reidan now spoke with a kind smile. “It was especially helpful when you lured Haegak to the place where I was sowing the seeds.”

Kasim added, “You moved natural features of the ground to increase the shadow area. Thanks to you, I was able to bother Haegak a bit more.”

Sariel clenched her hands and exclaimed with bright eyes, “I was watching! You were wonderful!”

“.....?”

Zibal's facial expression became ambiguous. He was wary rather than grateful to those who remembered and praised his few minor performances. It was necessary to be suspicious of excessive kindness. Zibal was feeling discomfort when he eventually grasped the situation. ‘Grid made them do it.’

He planned to lead the atmosphere by soothing it so he could distribute the items that Haegak dropped without shame. It was highly possible considering Grid's nature.

Someone reached out to Zibal who realized this. It was a big hand full with calluses. It was a hand of respect. He looked up and saw Grid smiling widely. “You have worked hard. Let's continue to work together in the future.”

“.....”

Zibal finally analyzed the situation properly. They saw him as a colleague and welcomed him. Colleague... a colleague...

Zibal turned to Zikfrector. Zikfrector had become Grid's messenger. Was it necessary for Zibal to stay by Zikfrector's side when he would be protected by the Overgeared Guild in the future? No. Those who were stronger than Zibal would protect him and those who were more competent than Zibal would take care of him. Zibal had already done his best. He helped Zikfrector get here and in return, he received many rewards.

'My work is all done. Zikfrector doesn't need me any longer.'

Zibal looked at Grid's hand. It was still extended for a handshake. Then Zikfrector's voice was heard. "Zibal."

“.....”

Zibal's gaming life was full of ups and downs. His unique talent made him one of the first rankers and he received everyone's expectations, but he was blocked by the wall called Kraugel and couldn't escape second place for many years. He created a huge alliance with the theory from MMORPGs that an individual wouldn't be able to go against it, no matter how powerful. However, this alliance was brutally crushed by the Overgeared Guild and lost its power. He was always close to being the best but it was a fate that he could never reach. It was torture.

The pained Zibal pondered on it. He had determined that he was incapable of leading the organization so he left the world and worked as an individual. He dreamed of a comeback and entered the empire, luckily standing out to Imperial Prince Edan. Then that damned Edan rebelled against the empire and he was forced to join Zikfrector before he could accumulate strength. Due to the influence of Zikfrector, he fought against the followers of the gods.

To be honest, Zibal often contemplated a career change. The benefits he got from Zikfrector (various skills and quests) made him follow Zikfrector and he came to know the truth of the world and supported Zikfrector... Zibal hadn't made a decision about whether to follow Zikfrector in the future.

In fact, the gods were actually deceiving humanity and the evil god and supreme god periodically destroyed the world. So what? This was just a game anyway. It was a game enjoyed by everyone in the world. The S.A Group wouldn't want this game to end. They wanted it to last forever so their stock prices wouldn't plummet.

Even the destruction of the world that Zikfrector said would come one day would happen hundreds or thousands of years later. Players wouldn't be able to witness the destruction of the world unless the S.A group intended to terminate Satisfy's service.

However, players would need to fight against the followers of the gods who were gradually starting their activities to prepare for the destruction of the world and experience all sorts of hardships. Still, this wasn't a problem for Zibal to worry about. It was enough to avoid the hardships he couldn't handle. In the first place, he wasn't Grid or Kraugel. He didn't have enough strength to overpower everyone alone and didn't have the power to control the continent.

“Zibal.”

Now he wanted to be comfortable. He would leave the hard fighting and duties to others and enjoy the game properly. Hadn't he worked hard in the meantime? In the future, he wanted to relax and enjoy the game among ordinary people. He didn't want to be under too much pressure anymore. He didn't want to be crushed by a sense of helplessness.

“Zibal, I need you.”

“.....”

Zikfrector's voice woke him up. The awakened Zibal saw Grid's hand still reaching out to him and Zikfrector standing beside him. Those who were fighting for world peace... it was a nice picture.

“Grandmaster, I want to rest. I don't have the confidence to participate in the fights in the future.” Zibal ignored Grid's hand and confessed directly. The battle between Haegak and the Overgeared Guild was a great help to clear his mind. Zibal wanted to finish it now.

Strength and honor. He realized it was pointless to be obsessed with such things. He desperately felt his limitations. Even from now on, he wanted to clear his mind and enjoy the game with ease. Of course, this didn't mean he would fall behind. Talent and habits didn't dissipate easily. After lowering his target, he wouldn't stop growing even if he was more relaxed than before. If a great demon came to the human world, then he had the confidence to maintain enough of a level to help.

“Grid, please look after the grandmaster. I hope you can liberate the body of the grandmaster and the souls of the other seven good people trapped in the abyss.” Zibal finished speaking and didn't hold Grid's hand.

Zikfrector spoke to him as he was turning away. “I don't need a subordinate.”

Zibal ignored him and took big strides.

“I want a comrade who will fight with me to defend the world.”

Zibal increased his pace.

“I want to leave my back to you with peace of mind in a battle.”

Zibal's feet didn't stop.

“I want to feel reassured when I wake up from my sleep and see you around me. Just like before... together.”

“.....”

Zibal finally stopped moving. He asked without turning his head, “Why are you clinging to me? I'm not strong enough for you to rely on.”

‘You should ask if he is gay.’ Grid picked a fight in his heart. Grid had raised his affinity with numerous NPCs so far and knew that a heavy atmosphere needed to be released with light words and actions. He might have difficulty with actual human relationships in reality, but Grid was sociable in Satisfy.

“The measure of trusting a person isn’t strength. I believe in your strong heart and faith.” Zikfrector declared. There were many opportunities for Zibal to abandon Zikfrector, who had fallen into a deep sleep due to the Curse of Sloth. Even so, Zibal didn’t leave. He spent hellish days being tracked by followers who were hard to withstand with his abilities. He might’ve wanted to abandon Zikfrector a few times when he was on the verge of death, but he corrected his mind and protected Zikfrector.

A person who could sacrifice himself to keep his word... there weren’t so many of them in this world that Zikfrector was trying to defend. “I have no intention of giving you any duties or assignments. I just want to be with you as a friend. I don’t want to lose the only friend who knows me as ‘Zikfrector.’”

“.....”

Zibal’s gaze shifted to Grid. Grid was still holding out his hand. This was crazy. What was this obsession with someone who wasn’t first in the rankings?

Grid laughed. “Friend, the Overgeared Guild will welcome you greatly.”

“...Do you want me to participate in the newcomers training course under Toban?”

“Of course, you will be in Overgeared Guild One. I’ve already determined the territory you will govern.”

“Territory... it is a troublesome thing.”

Playing the game seriously was already the way he was living. If he followed the grandmaster, then he was bound to go through several episodes related to the seven malignant saints and accelerate his rate of growth. The determined Zibal finally took Grid’s hand. “Let’s get along well in the future.”

“Welcome.”

The previous second place in the unified rankings and someone whose ranking was now private. The owner of the potential legendary (or ancient) class ‘Ancient Rider’ and the master of the magic machine, Raiders. Zibal Graven. He joined the Overgeared Kingdom today along with one of the seven malignant saints, Zikfrector.

Chapter 1413

“How much? What is the repair cost? How much is it?”

“It is 23.88 million gold. I ordered it from a domestic supplier and contracted it cheaper than the market price. It is possible because the workers cleared the schedule.”

Grid had been in a very good mood. He killed the followers, including the Triad, Haegak, and got a large amount of secret techniques. Zibal and Zikfrector also became allies so it felt like he had obtained the whole world. This was why he held a party.

Grid was happy and became interested in a system he had ignored so far. It was the king’s banquet. This was an event that invited up to 300 officials to serve alcohol and food to. He could improve the loyalty of the invited officials and dig into their personal histories. However, it needed a lot of money. It was a completely useless system from Grid’s position who had already captured people’s hearts. He didn’t need to hold such events. He was just in the mood for it today.

He decisively gave orders to prepare for a party. As a result, Administrator Rabbit came to him and said something ridiculous.

“23.88 million gold...”

This was the cost for the repair of Bairan Castle which collapsed yesterday. It was more than three times the amount he spent making the Magic Power Ejection Machine.

“An additional 24 commercial buildings were damaged. According to the testimony of the residents, the buildings were suddenly cut by something.”

“.....”

Grid was reminded of the time when he used Barbatos' Vision to cut down the followers in the city. Certainly... several buildings were damaged due to the flying sword energies. There were buildings where the corners were cut off and those where the ceiling was torn off. There were also buildings where the windows were broken. It seemed there was also a building split in half. The Undefeated King's Swordsmanship might have skills that only hit 'enemies,' but not all of them were like this. Additionally, it was impossible to be responsible for the aftermath of attacking the enemy.

Rabbit told him, “The good thing is that there were no casualties.”

Grid already knew this. Only the followers entered the area where people were evacuated. “Um... The followers are really strong. It is enough to cut down buildings with sword energy. It is great.”

“I agree. I even mistook it for Your Majesty when I first heard the testimonies.”

“I'm not a bad king who destroys the homes of other people.

“Don't you smash it often?”

“...In any case, we need to help the merchants with the repair costs. Take care of it so they don't feel sorry.”

“Yes, Your Majesty. Additionally, you need to pay 850,000 gold to Reidan's alchemy facility.”

“Why again? Have they already spent their budget?”

“No. Your messengers and knights asked them for new consumables. I think they've exhausted it all in this battle. Additionally, the same items need to be given to Lord Zikfrector and Sir Zibal...”

“.....”

Raids could make money. This was why the Overgeared managed raids throughout the kingdom by making separate raid teams. Still, raids also depended on the raids. If the target level was very high, then there might be a situation where there was a deficit.

Take Haegak for example. Haegak was strong. In order to raid him without much damage, it was necessary to maintain the best state and continuously consume the highest great buff medicines and recovery medicines produced by Reidan's alchemy facility. In other words, Braham, Piaro, Mercedes, Sariel, Faker, Kasim, and Grid had consumed items worth hundreds of millions of won in this raid. It was

cheap considering that the empire had suffered losses worth hundreds of millions of 'gold' during the Drasion raid.

'I'm speechless thinking about it.'

A normal kingdom was different from the Overgeared Kingdom. Even the Saharan Empire had to deploy and lose a large number of troops to stop the great demons. This was where astronomical financial losses occurred. The damage was much greater than the benefits of raiding. It was extremely serious.

'There are many cases where the Overgeared Kingdom is less likely to suffer a loss of troops, but it might be different in the future.'

Grid, his messengers, the Overgeared members, and the knights. If there was a situation where they raided enemies they couldn't afford, then the raid would become poison. Every time there was a raid, the nation's budget would be cut. He was already starting to get scared.

'The price of the materials used to make the medicine will rise as much as the medicinal products are consumed... this is a really crazy game.'

The S.A Group couldn't just watch as money flowed into players' pockets. It had always been like this under the excuse of inflation. Grid sighed as he signed the documents approving it. This one action caused 25 million gold to disappear.

"Find and remove all of Zeratul's symbols." After the discussion with Zibal, Grid was furious about losing 25 million gold and gave this order to Lauel.

"The Overgeared Shadows are already searching the kingdom. Do you want to instruct the Overgeared members and military to speed up the progress?"

"Huh? It's already started?"

"It is an operation that Faker has been conducting for a fortnight."

A fortnight ago was when Zikfrector just arrived in Bairan. Faker had already known how to avoid the tracking of the followers. The actual situation was different, but Grid had to interpret it this way.

"Too competent...." The amazed Grid murmured to himself. Recently, some publishing houses had proposed to publish his autobiography. If he accepted the proposal, then the title of the autobiography should be 'Overgeared King~ My colleagues are so competent that I can be leisurely.' These days, the title of the book should be long to attract attention well.

"Supplement the personnel and expand the scope of our search to across the continent."

The reason why Martial God Zeratul was so threatening compared to other gods was that he directly intervened in the human world. The followers who called themselves the apostles of the martial god might be weak compared to the angels who were the real apostles, but this was just a story from Grid's position. Those who weren't ranked players might not be able to fight with their followers normally so he wanted to minimize their area of activity.

“It is impossible to expand the search range at the current time. First of all, we can’t specify which ones are the symbols of the martial god. It is impossible to know what gods they are worshipping apart from the symbols of Your Majesty and Hexetia that we made ourselves, as well as the symbols of Goddess Rebecca which have been famous since ancient times.”

“Aren’t the Overgeared Shadows smashing the symbols of the martial god?”

“To be exact, it isn’t the martial god. It is the destruction of the symbols of all the gods except for the Overgeared God, Hexetia, and Rebecca.”

“Um...” Grid liked it. In fact, it was a natural process that should be done. Nominally, the Overgeared Kingdom was a god’s kingdom. It was better to worship no gods other than the Overgeared God and God Hexetia who was recognized by the Overgeared God. He also couldn’t touch Goddess Rebecca because of the Rebecca Church.

“Even if we preach the danger of the martial god and other kingdoms respond positively, it means nothing unless we can specify the symbol of the martial god.”

“Yes, there will be great resistance if we touch the symbol of the other gods. It will be a diplomatic issue.”

Not only was it impolite to intervene in the faith of other kingdoms, but it was also impossible. The convinced Grid nodded. “Then thoroughly search the Overgeared Kingdom.”

“I understand. By the way, are you going to open the secret technique books?”

The attention of the Overgeared members was focused on the secret techniques. Grid had secured 23 secret technique books in this battle. One of them was legendary, two were unique, six were epic, and 14 were rare rated.

What skills would there be? It was an exciting thing.

Grid answered with a smile, “Right now.”

Grid’s office was spacious but not fancy. It wasn’t an exaggeration to say that it was magnificent. Lael made it like this because he said that Grid would be the most powerful person on the continent next to the emperor. Grid thought it was a useless expense when he spent only approximately four days a month in the office. Now his thoughts had changed. The pile of documents stacked up in every corner like a mountain was evidence.

Dammit, there were too many things. Most of the internal affairs were managed by Lael but Grid still needed to listen to the appeals of the people and create weekly quests.

‘It is time to teach Lord about the work.’

Grid had been amazed by the blue orichalcum brought by Lord.

Zibal wondered, “Really? You are going to give it to me?”

There were 23 secret technique books stacked on the table. Grid announced that he would give one of the secret techniques to Zibal in front of all his colleagues. Grid had no intention of learning a secret technique. It might be different if the skill that came out had a high compatibility with his current skills, but Grid wasn't particularly greedy for new skills.

He had many skills now and had the right to synthesize skills two times as a privilege gained from his epic rewards. It was much more efficient to invest in his colleagues considering the future. Grid was going to give priority to the people who participated in the Haegak raid this time. The top priority was Zibal.

"If it wasn't for you, then Zikfrector wouldn't have survived. He wouldn't have become my messenger and the seven malignant saints would become a mess. I am very grateful to you. Thus, I want to give you a gift."

To add one more reason, it was a type of respectful treatment for his predecessor. The former second ranked player had joined the guild, so Grid wanted to give a gift to buy his friendship.

There was naturally no objection from the others. Zibal was the master of the magic machine and was destined to become the leader of the Overgeared Magic Machine Division that would be established in the future. The Overgeared members (who weren't yet aware of this fact) knew that his role was very important.

"Thank you..."

Grid was too kind to Zibal who couldn't fight well in the battle but after refusing several times, Zibal finally accepted the favor. At the same time, he remembered the days when he was the leader of the Seven Guilds.

'If I thought like Grid at that time then the possibility of the alliance being disbanded would be much lower...'

There was no remaining obsession with the Seven Guilds. Zibal just realized now how Grid could be the best. He felt like he had found the person to learn from.

"Once again, Zibal and the messengers will be given top priority for the secret techniques. Then it is my knights and the high ranking members of the guild. It isn't just limited to this time. In the future, the first choice for the secret techniques will be given to the messengers and knights. Of course, there are exceptions. Just like in this case, I will take care of people who were highly active in the raid. Do you have any objections?"

"No."

"Not here."

This was a matter agreed upon and decided by the 10 meritorious retainers. They knew the potential of Grid's messengers and knights more than anyone. It was good for everyone to give them priority for growth. What secret techniques would come out? As everyone held their breaths and watched, Grid took out wet wipes and started to wipe his hands.

Zibal was feeling curious when Peak Sword told him in a meaningful manner, "God Grid has only one weakness."

"Weakness?"

What was Grid's weakness? Even if he had a weakness, what was the relationship between the weakness and wiping the hands with wet wipes?

"He has dirty hands."

"....." The questions that filled Zibal's mind were wiped away by the words 'dirty hand.'

"I'm opening it." Grid wiped his hands with a pious expression and held a secret technique book in his hand. It was a rare rated secret technique book. He was the type of person to save delicious food for last.

Zibal grasped Grid's tendencies to a certain extent as Grid opened the secret technique book. The skill that emerged was called Rock Rolling. It allowed large objects to be moved and rolled regardless of the strength level. The cooldown time was one hour.

"...Not bad," Grid muttered while it was hard to read everyone else's expressions.

Lauel agreed. "The cooldown time is too long, but it can be useful in special dungeons or wars where blocked paths are often found."

"That's right." Grid nodded solemnly and opened up the next secret technique. The skill that came out this time was Warrior's Heart. It was a passive skill that increased the skill proficiency speed by 1%. Since it was a permanent skill with no cooldown time, it was clearly a good skill even if the effect was low. This felt a bit too low, but it was better than nothing. It was a skill at this level.

"...This is very good," Grid muttered while it was hard to read everyone else's expressions.

This time, Lauel was also silent. Then Regas laughed awkwardly and agreed. "It is good. It tastes like training."

"....."

Since then, Grid opened the remaining rare-rated secret techniques. The results were all a failure. They weren't bad, but there was nothing good. Even so, the Overgeared Guild members weren't shaken. Their level was too high to expect much from the performance of rare rated skills. From the beginning, there were no expectations for the rare rated secret techniques.

"From now on, it is the real one." The moment Vantner spoke, Grid wiped his hands again and opened an epic rated secret technique. The result was a complete failure.

The atmosphere became awkward. Grid shut his mouth for a while before suddenly handing a secret technique book to Zibal. "How about trying the luck of a new colleague? Do you want to open it once?"

"It should be someone other than me..."

The value of the secret techniques was too high. Additionally, if he put his hand on a secret technique about the epic rating and it was a failure, then he wouldn't be able to raise his head. Zibal was about to refuse because it was too much of a burden when he observed the atmosphere around him.

Everyone in the room was avoiding his gaze. Some of them had sorry expressions.

Zibal noticed it immediately. 'Is this putting it on me?'

The moment he got a failure, Grid's failures would be forgotten and the arrows of criticism would focus on him?

"Huh? Zibal, open it."

"....."

Zibal felt huge pressure from the smiling Grid. He wanted to avoid it, but it didn't seem like a situation that could be avoided. "Then just one time..."

Zibal thought that Grid couldn't be such a small-minded person, but he still opened the secret technique with a shaken expression. Just then, a brilliant light filled the office. The admiring Overgeared members cheered while Grid murmured, "It is thanks to my sacrifices..."

Grid wanted to escape from the stigma of having dirty hands.

Chapter 1414

They got a huge profit from the Haegak raid. The value of the skills gained from the secret technique books exceeded the 25 million gold spent on repairing the castle and the consumables. It was a festive atmosphere but Grid's expression was the worst, as if he was facing a rash caused by poop.

"No matter what, this is a rash caused by poop."

Even if he had to use an analogy, this was too...

Grid sighed as he stared at Vantner, who was talking nonsense.

'It feels like the odds are changing in real time.'

Grid had the hidden stat called good luck. It even exceeded 850 points. It was a figure that exercised a significant influence on positive probabilities. However, Grid always got failures. No, it was an exaggeration to call it a failure. The secret techniques that were picked weren't bad, but they were too ordinary to meet Grid's standards.

It was an unconvincing result for Grid. He wasn't expecting to only get jackpots, but what did it mean when he couldn't even get a single jackpot? Was the good luck stat pointless? Of course, it could be interpreted that the worst situation was avoided thanks to the good luck stat. However, this interpretation made Grid seem too shabby. Nevertheless, it was acknowledged that Grid really had dirty hands.

'I don't have dirty hands. This is manipulation.'

So far, Grid had made dozens of myth rated and legendary rated items. Moreover, as proven against Leraje some time ago, God's Command popped up well in every important moment. He couldn't have such dirty hands...

There were only good memories in the head of Grid, who was in denial. Memories of the times when he created tens of thousands of normal items just to obtain dozens of legendary items and crises where he almost died because God's Command didn't trigger were erased. He perceived himself as a victim. It wasn't unreasonable. It was natural to suspect manipulation when he saw Zibal open several jackpots in front of him.

'The odds were reduced when I opened the secret techniques while they seemed to increase when Zibal opened them.'

This couldn't simply be regarded as bad luck. It seemed obvious that the different accounts had different odds.

'Damn S.A bastards, how long are they going to keep me in control?'

Grid was drinking cold water to cool down the flames soaring in his chest when Lauel asked him a question, "Your Majesty, you really don't want it?"

Zibal had opened a total of four secret technique books. It was one legendary, one unique, and two epic rated secret technique books. Great skills emerged from all of them. In particular, the legendary rated skill 'Gravity Formation' was particularly overwhelming. The user could fully control the gravity in a five meter radius around them. However, the duration was very short and the caster was somewhat affected by the gravity (based on level 1). It was a skill that required wits and control skills beyond common sense.

Even Zibal, who was called a genius, didn't covet Gravity Formation. He gave it up even though he had the first choice. Lauel wished for Grid to take Gravity Formation, but Grid didn't even look at it. He announced that he would give the messengers the first choice, but he actually wasn't confident that he could perfectly control Gravity Formation.

Eventually, the owner of Gravity Formation became Mercedes. Braham could use gravity magic so Gravity Formation was meaningless for him. Meanwhile, Sariel and Piaro guaranteed that Mercedes could use Gravity Formation better than them. Observing and adapting to gravity that changed in real time... it would be easy for Mercedes who had Keen Insight.

How far could Mercedes control Gravity Formation? Additionally, what about the power of the other messengers and Zibal who learned new skills? In order to check it, everyone started to move to the training ground.

Only Grid sat quietly in place. To borrow Vantner's expression, he looked like he seen a rash caused by poop.

"Grid?" Lauel was worried.

Lauel understood the emotions that Grid was currently feeling. To be honest, Lauel would've also suspected manipulation if he was in Grid's position. The results of when Grid opened the secret

technique books were clearly separated from when Zibal opened them. If this wasn't the case, would Grid be forced to leave the legendary secret technique book to Zibal to open?

'We can go to the headquarters of the S.A Group.'

Grid could publicly denounce them for manipulation of the probabilities and even go to court to reveal evidence of the operation. It might take a lot of time and power, but Grid had power and influence. If other players were hurt the same way Grid was, then public opinion would be beneficial toward Grid.

Grid spoke to Lauel, who was planning to hire a law firm, "I'm not going to the training ground. I have something to do. No matter how I think about it, this was the right timing."

"Indeed... are you starting?"

Fighting against the S.A Group that no one had confronted so far?

'Is he aiming for domination of the real world?!' Lauel replaced the current situation with the development of an anime he had once seen and his eyes shone.

Grid got up from his seat and nodded. "Yes, the sacrifices are sufficient."

"Gulp."

"I will go straight to the smithy."

".....?"

Did he want to sacrifice the bad luck from opening the secret techniques to aim for a myth rated item? It was the consequences of the luck of a dog, no, a player.

"Cut! Perfect! Really good! Every time Sehee-ssi smiles, the entire shot feels brighter! I'm a bit worried about whether I can convey this feeling to the audience intact!"

Kim Jangcheol was excited. He was one of South Korea's best CF (commercials) directors and had filmed many stars so far. It was just that this was the first time he felt so excited. Shin Sehee, the biological sister of the world-class player, Shin Youngwoo—her acting talent was as outstanding as her beauty. She was filling the gap of Yura, who was reluctant to be on TV these days.

Kim Jangcheol was certain. The moment the CF filmed today was aired, the best companies in all fields who only used the best top stars so far would be eyeing Shin Sehee. It was a great opportunity for Yura to reduce her activities.

"I'm flattered. Then I'm going now. You've worked hard."

"Right away? The advertiser said they wanted to treat you to a meal..."

"It is a day of volunteering."

"Aha! Yes, I understand! I hope to see you next time!"

Sehee's good deeds had become a topic a few days ago.

She had been doing good deeds for a long time and it seemed to be fate that she had become the Saintess in Satisfy. The donation amount increased every year and the volunteer work was steady. It was even a hot topic once it became known that she had been visiting an orphanage since middle school. It seemed that she was greatly influenced by her parents.

"It's great. Really excellent!"

Beauty, ability, awareness, and character. It was the birth of a new star in all aspects. Director Kim Jangcheol felt great pride that he could capture her most beautiful moments and show her to the world.

"Sehee!" Her old friend, Yerim, welcomed Sehee outside the studio. The sports car parked in the parking lot was very conspicuous. All the money gained from being the Saintess' Knight was poured into this car. Every time Sehee saw Yerim, her brother's old self came to mind.

"I didn't expect you to come with me again," Sehee got into the car in a relaxed manner and responded to Yerim.

She didn't know what was going on, but Yerim had been participating in volunteer activities these days. It had been like this for three consecutive weeks. It was a new record. The unidentified meteor that was gradually approaching Earth kept appearing and disappearing and she was worried that the sun would rise from the west tomorrow.

Yerim laughed meaningfully. "Hoyoon oppa."

"Hoyoon...?" Who was this? Sehee cocked her head in confusion and Yerim added, "The oppa who volunteers with you at the orphanage."

"Ah..."

It should be a volunteer. In particular, there were many young people at the facility that Sehee regularly visited. Sehee went to such a place. They weren't girls. She was chased to every facility she visited by male volunteers. The information was too easy to leak. Perhaps it was for this reason that Toon oppa's nerves were very sharp recently. Even now, he was following behind the car with a motorcycle. That thing protruding from the leather bag... it couldn't be a gun, could it?

"That oppa, he just needs to exercise for three months, reduce his body fat, and take off his glasses and he will become extremely handsome. My handsome detector is telling me this."

"So that is why you are eagerly doing volunteer activities recently."

"Yes, I'm going to make him fall for me. Then he will start exercising and work hard to look good."

"I know your heart, but your skirt is too short. It will be hard for you to clean up and play with the kids."

"Really ~ this is why it is so short."

"....."

"Don't worry too much. All of this is just practice before I finally get with Youngwoo oppa. I'm a single-minded dandelion."

“Stop being a reed now.”

“I don’t~ want to?”

Yerim reapplied her lipstick at the traffic lights. Looking at the color, she was going to make a decisive move today. However, he would look at her thighs instead of her lips. The director would end up giving her a tracksuit...

Sehee shook her head as she anticipated that Yerim’s victory would face a bigger crisis than expected.

Once the signal turned green, Yerim stepped on the accelerator. She wanted to show off the exhaust sound of the expensive Italian supercar in the middle of Gangnam. This caused Sehee’s upper body to be pushed back and she felt great fatigue. Her schedule had been busy since morning so fatigue had accumulated. Still, Sehee didn’t show it.

She would become a more diligent and good person for the sake of her brother, who was solely focused on Satisfy. Her activities were helping her brother’s external image.

‘It is finally the day to use this.’

The moon night iron—a mineral that formed in the lands of the ancient giants, it temporarily blocked the other person’s status. It was perfect as the material for his new sword.

‘The Blood Sword is impossible to use as a main weapon.’

He realized it when fighting Haegak. The time the Blood Sword maintained its form was too short. The Magic Power Ejection Device made it practical, but it was impossible to rely on just the Blood Sword. He needed more strong weapons. Of course, it would be a tough fight. He needed to break through two probabilities to create a new sword.

First of all, the tempering success of the moon night iron. The same tempering process might have different results. General tempering would only make the target minerals harder, while the ultimate tempering unlocked the maximum potential of the target minerals.

A typical example was the strengthened breaths of the four gods. In order for Grid to target a myth rated item, he had to make the best moon night iron and apply the result. This wasn’t the end. Even if he tempered the best moon night iron, he had to break the odds again when making a weapon using the moon night iron. The use of high rated materials wouldn’t necessarily lead to a myth rated item. If he was unlucky, then he could create a legendary rated item. Therefore, he had to break through two probabilities.

“The sacrifices are sufficient,” Grid deliberately spoke to himself in a loud voice. He hoped his voice would be transferred to those who were monitoring him. “If you do manipulation again this time... I can only openly publicize the serious probability manipulation problem...”

This was an obvious threat. The S.A Group could only feel aggrieved from their perspective of complying with regulations. Probability manipulation? Each account had a different probability? They weren’t a junk game company from the early 21st century. The leading S.A Group wouldn’t do such inferior things.

The operations team monitoring Grid prayed that Grid would make a great item. They didn't want to be falsely accused. They had an ominous feeling. The Grid they had seen was the type of person who had good luck only after enough misfortune. This seemed to be the fate of a person called Grid and it had nothing to do with the system.

'I don't think there are enough sacrifices yet.

The moment the operations team was thinking this—

Ttang!

Grid started hammering.

Chapter 1415

Training the body, honing swordsmanship, and measuring talent. They took pride in their talent until they were sent to the agricultural fields. Then they had a taste of hell. The training that was so severe that it changed common sense seemed to be torture.

Still, they endured it. It was a patience that was possible because they learned from the steadfastness of the ground that embraced the crops that changed every season. It was only by seeking instructions in nature, exercising with the farmers, and following the knight's principles that they felt the evolution of their talent. It wasn't until they showed worthy swordsmanship and indomitable faith that they could make a pledge of loyalty. As such, the process of becoming a knight of the Overgeared Kingdom was very difficult. It was only when they had formally completed training as a farmer and knight under Piaro and Asmophel that they could dream of qualifying.

"Gulp."

The Overgeared Knights Division. The strongest knights division that could form a double wall with the Red Knights of the Empire were so nervous that they gulped. They felt greater pressure than when they fought the war against the Gauss Kingdom or against the great demons.

The senior knight Royman spoke again, "Maintain your tension but don't be afraid. Fear will cause you to shrink back from the flames."

"Yes!" The knights responded powerfully and set up their shields. Currently, they were surrounding Grid's smithy. This was because Grid was making a new sword.

The knights vividly remembered that day a long time ago. On the day when the Fire Dragon Sword was born under Grid's hands, the huge smithy exploded. It was speculated that even the hot furnace couldn't withstand the internal heat from the Fire Dragon Sword. After the incident on that day, Administrator Rabbit rebuilt the smithy so it was more majestic and sturdy.

'It might not be enough.' Rabbit wasn't very relieved. He had been serving Grid for nearly 20 years and had seen that Grid's growth never stopped. 'His Majesty's blacksmithing technique should've evolved even further. This time, the entire district might explode, not just the smithy.'

If he was asked about the correlation between the development of the blacksmithing techniques and explosions, he would be forced to keep his mouth shut. There was quite a backlash against the fact that

half of the knights' power and 80% of the magicians' power was used to prepare for the aftermath of this explosion.

However, Rabbit insisted and people couldn't stop him. Even if it was only 1%, the possibility of there being an explosion in the aftermath of Grid's new sword being created meant Rabbit couldn't be stopped. It was the duty of the bureaucrats to protect the nation's property and people.

Ttang!

In this state where tight tension was maintained, Grid's hammering was faintly heard. It was already a sound that didn't stop for three days and nights.

"It will end soon." The magic tower's master, Laella, failed to decline Rabbit's request and had to dispatch the magicians. She muttered to herself as she sat on the terrace of a cafe near the smithy, drinking coffee. Grid would soon be forced to log out due to the limit on connection time. Based on Grid's pattern, the production of the new sword would soon come to an end. The average time that Grid took to create a new sword was three days.

"We can finally see the finished product."

Peak Sword sat opposite Laella and laughed as he drank persimmon punch. What type of effect would Grid's new sword boast? He was filled with expectation and had already been excited for a few hours.

They were laid back, unlike Rabbit. They weren't concerned about an explosion occurring. The explosion that occurred when making the Fire Dragon Sword was the result of the powerful internal heat from the Fire Dragon Sword. Grid wasn't creating a weapon of fire beyond the Fire Dragon Sword, so that wouldn't happen.

'The weapon that Grid makes this time should be a wind or ice one.'

Peak Sword wanted Grid to make a wind attribute type weapon. The versatility of wind attribute weapons that assisted in ranged attacks and acceleration was demonstrated in this year's National Competition. Many people were impressed by the appearance of the ranker, Oasis, who was part of Ares' army and who actively used the wind. Oasis was one of the best rookies at this year's National Competition.

'He didn't even use the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship.' It seemed he had no intention of showing the world his true worth yet. Few people seemed to know that Oasis was related to the Undefeated King except for the Overgeared Guild. 'Even so, he won two silver medals and finished in the top 32 in PvP.'

Oasis' personal skills were great and the power of the sword that controlled the wind was outstanding. The US media attached the title of 'New Hope' to him.

'He has enough qualifications... well, he is a bit worse than Coke.'

Even if Oasis used the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship, he was slightly inferior to Coke. Peak Sword thought this, but it was true that he was uneasy. According to the information acquired by the Overgeared Shadows, Oasis had currently acquired up to 70,000 Army Swordsmanship. It was a bit pitiful compared to Grid who could use the 300,000 Army Swordsmanship, but that was a story when compared to Grid. Everyone was equal before Grid. Anyone was a novice when compared to Grid.

“Huh?” Laella made a flustered sound as Peak Sword’s thoughts were drifting.

“What is it?”

“Grid had to log out.”

“What?” Peak Sword opened his friends list and frowned. Grid wasn’t connected as Laella had said.

“Perhaps it is the worst result...”

“It seems so...”

Three days. In terms of time, Grid should’ve completed the creation of a new sword. He didn’t experiment with the performance but logged out silently... it could only be interpreted as a failure. There was an uproar in the guild chat window.

-Did Grid log out?

-Don’t tell me...What should we do about Grid...

Grid was still bitter about the secret techniques. Now that even the production of the new sword failed, the Overgeared members were very worried. The entire Overgeared Guild had the atmosphere of a house of mourning.

[A glass of soju with chicken feet?]

“I’m tired, but I can’t drink...”

Shin Youngwoo logged out and frowned. It was because the message sent by Peak Sword that didn’t contain any emoticons. He was stuck all day in the smithy without logging out. His mental fatigue was very serious. He was very hungry, but...

First, he had to sleep. Youngwoo threw his body on the bed and slept.

The next day.

“Watch your mouths,” Lael once again reminded the members once it was almost time for Grid to log in. “The person who brings up the new sword in front of His Majesty... I will throw you into Cokro dungeon no matter the reason.”

Hell Gao now appeared with seven fire stones. In order to safely raid him, Grid or all the Overgeared Guild’s raid teams had to be dispatched. Throwing someone there meant killing them. The Overgeared members heard Lael’s voice and realized he was sincere, causing them to seriously answer in the guild chat window. They were determined to never bring up stories related to crafting items. At this moment—

[The guild master ‘Grid’ has connected.]

This notification window appeared in front of all the Overgeared Guild members. Regas greeted him in an energetic manner.

-Welcome! Let's have an exciting time today!

Killing intent appeared in Lael's eyes. "Faker, move out."

What? Exciting? 'Excit'ing? At this point, wasn't it almost a rebellion?

A whisper arrived in front of Faker who was trembling.

-I sent Regas to Cokro Island. He looked a bit wronged, but he obediently went into the warp gate.

"Did you see him enter the dungeon?"

-Yes.

"Thank you. Tell your subordinates to keep a good watch."

Just as Lael's upset mood died down, Vantner's message followed.

-Oh~? Grid is here? Have you been to the gumiho nest on the East Continent? I had a wonderful outing there yesterday...

"Faker."

-Vantner has already been secured. I am sending him to Cokro Island right now.

-Ack! What is this? What is the matter with this jerk Faker? Hey, you crazy...

"Sigh..."

He dared to say the word 'wonderful' in front of Grid. He didn't have much sense...

Lael was sighing when new information was delivered to Lael.

"His Majesty isn't leaving the smithy."

"....."

In the Overgeared Kingdom, Grid's smithy was a divine land. After Khan's death, no one could step into this divine land without Grid's permission. Thus, they could only observe. Lael and the Overgeared members could only cheer for and protect Grid from a distance as he worked in the smithy.

Grid had been in the smithy for six days. He still didn't appear today. The mission of the Overgeared knights and magicians to minimize the damage of the explosion instead changed to Grid's escort mission. In the midst of their anxiety and worry—

Ttang...

Hammering was heard. Then the worst notification window appeared.

[The guild master 'Grid' has logged out.]

The worries of the Overgeared members deepened.

“It is a failure again...”

“This is a really big problem.”

A blacksmith could disassemble items. After the disassembly, the materials used for making the item could be extracted. However, every time it was extracted, the amount of material was reduced or the quality was lowered. Grid had already failed twice in the production of the new sword and was likely to have lost a considerable amount of material.

It wouldn't matter if the material was the breaths. The rewards that the Overgeared members got from the National Competition were the breaths so there was a lot to give to Grid. Then if it was something other than the breaths... the situation would be terrible.

“We really can't do anything to help?”

The Overgeared members continued to wait in Lael's office. If there was anything Grid needed, then they would run to obtain it. However, they couldn't help Grid. The ingredient for the new sword was the moon night iron. It couldn't even be obtained by Grid...

[The guild master 'Grid' has logged out.]

Another three days passed. As always, Grid who was stuck in the smithy ended the connection. The morale of the Overgeared members and the entire Overgeared Kingdom dropped to the ground. Grid was the center and pillar of the Overgeared Kingdom. The moment rumors that something changed about him started so spread, the people were shaken.

Time passed by helplessly. Ten days and then a fortnight passed. It was the time for the season to change.

[Overgeared God Grid's divine object has appeared.]

Then a world message appeared.

[The myth of the Overgeared God is strengthened.]

[All stats of the Overgeared God Church's believers will permanently increase by 10 and the penalties incurred when wearing items will be slightly reduced.]

“...I'm tired.”

A sword lit up the smithy in the darkness of the night. It was a sword that emitted a cold light like the snow reflecting moonlight. The sword was made from the moon night iron that had been smelted and tempered for over half a month. There was nothing it couldn't cut. In other words, it was called 'Falling Moon' in the sense that it could even cut the moon. Most myth rated items were named by the system. It was severely unpleasant from Grid's perspective.

“I was going to name it the Scorched Earth Sword...”

[A myth rated item is produced, permanently increasing all stats by 30!]

[Reputation throughout the continent will rise by 1,000.]

[The faith of the Overgeared God Church followers and all the blacksmiths in the world has deepened.]

[Some of the restrictions on a god's authority will be lifted as people deepen their faith in you.]

[The usage of the reputation points has increased.]

[The sun carriage is now available along with the golden carriage. The sun carriage is a mobile store run by Venice, the god of money.]

"Huhu."

Normal players frequently used the golden carriage because they could purchase good consumables and items. However, Grid made items using his own power. The consumables were provided by Reidan's alchemy facility. The golden carriage was just meaningless for Grid. He only purchased the 'Sweet Candy' that could only be purchased five times per account.

It meant he had more than 230,000 reputation points to play with. A new store was now available.

A deep smile appeared on Grid's face as he summoned the sun carriage to confirm the list of items sold. The pain of spending 23 days to produce the new sword and the complaint over the new sword's name had disappeared.

Chapter 1416

[Falling Moon Sword]

[Rating: Myth

Durability: Infinite Attack Power: 1

★ No matter the target, it must be cut. Ignore effects such as defense, evasion, counterattacks, reflection, damage reduction, ignore damage, and other effects. The amount of damage applied is calculated by adding up all of the user's stats and multiplying it by the target's level. A critical hit will be dealt unconditionally and all the buff effects of the target will be eliminated, making them unable to use buffs for three minutes.

★ It can be swung once every 10 minutes.

This is a new product made by Overgeared God Grid tempering the moon night iron for 23 days and nights.

A blade emitting cold light that destroys all concepts.

Weight: 500

Conditions of Use: Grid]

Grid's total stats was approaching close to 58,000. Of course, this was when all the non-combat stats such as dexterity, dignity, and political power were added. Strictly speaking, it meant nothing. What was the use of having stats at least three times higher than the other rankers?

Stats that affected combat were limited and non-combat stats were excessively subdivided. A typical example was that Grid's political power stat was still only 800. It was very low compared to the average political power stat of a player engaged in political activities, so it didn't exert much power in managing internal affairs.

Although the 'all stats increase' benefit of creating items was the basis for creating the current Grid, recently Grid had been somewhat disappointed by the benefits. He felt it was a shame and thought it would be better if the points were focused on necessary stats rather than all the useless ones. Of course, this was greed without a conscience. He knew there was no possibility it would be realized.

Still, he made the Falling Moon Sword with the obsession that couldn't be abandoned. It was a weapon that made full use of his surplus stats. It was perfect for Grid. It was worth spending 23 days stuck in the smithy. Of course, it wasn't completely satisfactory. He could only wield it once every 10 minutes and the name was too shabby. Considering the beautiful appearance and eerie power, the name 'Scorched Earth' was more appropriate than 'Falling Moon.'

'What is this naming sense? Tsk.'

The S.A Group... there was really nothing satisfactory about them. The only thing they did well was creating a virtual reality world that was exactly the same as reality, processing and implementing the world that was wider than Earth as an open field that billions of users could enjoy together, and providing complete freedom...

'...They are amazing! S.A!'

Dammit, he wanted to scold them without mercy, but it wasn't possible. It was true that many people, including him, were happy due to the virtual reality world they created. It wasn't that he was saying good things because the Falling Moon Sword was myth rated. The S.A Group was a great company to be grateful to. It was a company that had acquired nation-level resources and power for a reason.

"Um..." Grid calmed his excited heart and turned his attention to the sun carriage. The appearance was like a condensed sun. It was normal to be unable to look directly at it because it was too dazzling but Grid could see everything in the carriage without discomfort.

[Thank you for visiting the sun carriage, an open market for all the gods in the world (*~U~*). The market's cutie ♥Venice♥ doesn't discriminate against customers. It isn't just Asgard. All the gods in the world can use it! ʼʼ]

[Take the reputation gathered by human worship as wealth and buy the goods sold by other gods or sell your own goods. ("● _ ●"❀)]

"...Hah." It was once again a ridiculous introduction.

Venice—one of the gods of Asgard, she was a potential enemy of Grid, but she felt very different from normal gods. He wasn't just referring to her tone when speaking. It was a business for all the gods in the world... she was unlike other gods who were closed up and did activities in Asgard, the Hwan Kingdom, or the East Continent, and her open mind was amazing.

Of course, Grid didn't trust her. 'She isn't doing this to get along with the gods.'

The introduction pointed out that the 'reputation gathered by the worship of humans' or 'faith' should be used as wealth. Meanwhile, the power of a god was directly related to faith. The more faith that a god had, the stronger they were. A typical example was the martial god. All the gods in the world coveted faith. Venice established and opened this market by using the psychology of such gods.

'Will all the fees that occur when trading with the sun carriage enter Venice's pocket?'

Grid made this guess and frowned. He felt that Venice wasn't a simple existence and felt a great sense of caution. Then his expression gradually changed as he checked the items registered in the sun carriage.

[Anonymous' Power]

[Summon a large number of dark clouds to the designated area for heavy rain. The clouds can be removed at any time and will remain for up to 10 days. Try sending down heavy rain when the humans who serve you are experiencing a drought! You can build up enough faith to earn back what you spent!

Can be used once.

Seller: Anonymous

Price: 8,000, commission not included]

[Anonymous' Power]

[Create a great earthquake in the designated area! It is perfect for punishing humans! Instead, Garion might be scolded! Venice isn't responsible. (^ ^)

Can be used once.

Seller: Anonymous

Price: 8,000, commission not included]

[Anonymous' Power]

[You can send a divine message to certain humans. The effect also applies to humans who don't serve you. Isn't it really amazing? However, the harder and more complicated the contents of the divine message, the greater the cost! Be careful with the use! (^ ^) / ♡

Can be used once.

Seller: Anonymous

Price: 45,000, commission not included]

[Zeratul's Secret Technique Box]

[A box containing Zeratul's secret technique~ Zeratul claims that it contains one of the best rated ones he has ever made... ㄱ (-_ -) ㄱ Is it necessary for those who can't fight? ☹☹ The pricing is set by the seller himself. Don't swear at Venice!

Seller: Zeratul

Price: 150,000, commission not included]

[Anonymous' Item]

[A hypnotic, scented tobacco. A human who smells this scent for more than five minutes will become a puppet! Doesn't it seem like something made by a demon? Surprisingly, no! The sun carriage doesn't handle the objects of great demons. (~ ~ ~)

Hypnosis Duration: 20 minutes.

Can be used once.

Seller: Anonymous

Price: 30,000, commission not included]

Various gods were selling their power or things. All of them except for Zeratul were anonymous.

'Why is Zeratul using this place?'

He might be a fake but the martial god was the martial god. It was much easier for Zeratul to build up faith than any other god. He just had to sit still and faith would accumulate. Grid didn't understand why he was selling things on the market.

'Don't tell me... he just wants to brag...'

Even Venice said that Zeratul's selling price was a rip-off. It was highly likely that he was just showing off seeing that he was a god with no need to put things up for sale to gain faith.

'Don't look at what Zeratul has posted.'

The secret techniques were items with a source. It wasn't worth buying with reputation points that were extremely difficult to collect. The problem was that the Secret Technique Box was a random draw.

".....!" Grid's appearance stiffened as he looked down at the list of items.

[Hexetia's Hammer & Anvil]

[These items were confiscated when the traitor, Hexetia, was imprisoned. I bought it on impulse because it came at a low price at auction, but there is no place to use it (♨ ♨).

Seller: Venice

Price: 35,000, commission not included]

"Hexetia..."

The blacksmithing god who was imprisoned for helping Grid. The things he had cherished all his life were being treated as nuisance in this place. The price was 35,000. The price was very cheap considering they were the symbols of Hexetia. It was simply shabby compared to one-time items or goods registered for tens of thousands of points.

Of course, it wasn't cheap from Grid's standpoint. Perhaps it might be different if the faith of the Overgeared God Church could be used as wealth like reputation one day, but Grid could currently only build up reputation by making myth rated items or raids.

Nevertheless, Grid didn't hesitate. He willingly paid the reputation points to purchase Hexetia's hammer and anvil. The divine objects of the blacksmithing god would be of great help to him. It didn't matter even if they couldn't help. They were items to be returned to Hexetia anyway.

'I will take care of your things. I'll give them back to you after rescuing you.'

[35,000 reputation points have been paid to purchase Hexetia's Hammer & Anvil.]

The two items were delivered to Grid's inventory along with the notification window. He was about to confirm the item information when he heard someone's voice.

-Oh my, oh my?! I was wondering what type of thankful customer you are. It turns out it is you?

It was easy to infer who the owner of the voice was. 'Venice.'

The god of money. The god most merchants served. The buff effect that occurred when serving her was known to be advantageous during item trading. In particular, the effect of reducing fees was excellent.

"Do you know me?"

-Of course! A god born from the desires of humanity! Grid, you are famous among us. Huhu, there is no need to look nervous. The sun carriage is open to all the gods in the world. Even if it is a god hostile to Asgard, I won't leak information or apply poison as long as you are a customer of the sun carriage.

"I'll believe you."

-Use the sun carriage often. If you want to sell things, then don't you think I'm pretty good?

"I understand."

Grid didn't want the conversation to last long. Gods were good at concealing their hearts so it was hard to expect a useful conversation. Rather, it was possible that he might be the only one to leak information. Grid wasn't very interested in conversation and Venice noticed it.

-Then see you later~~

"....."

Venice left. Grid confirmed the information of Hexetia's hammer and anvil and was relieved. It was because the performance was much better than Grid's hammer and anvil. It was natural since it was used by the blacksmithing god.

'It is different from the hammer I saw before. Is it new?'

It was very good. In particular, the effect of doubling the speed of item production was the best. If he had this hammer then he wouldn't have needed to use 23 days to make the Falling Moon Sword. However, it wasn't at the level to be called fraudulent. In the first place, a limit was set for production items. The production probability of high ranked items couldn't be increased infinitely.

Ttang.Ttang.Ttang.

Grid immediately started production. This time he was making a belt that would help him use the Magic Power Ejection Machine more quickly. The completion was very fast thanks to Hexetia's hammer and anvil.

'Shall I go?'

Grid finished his work in the smithy and summoned the messengers. It was time to go to war with hell, which could potentially collude with heaven. The goal of this itinerary was to capture the hells in the 20s. Grid believed it would be possible. After all, the grandmaster and Nefelina were on his side this time. Moreover, Leraje was more cooperative than expected.

Chapter 1417

Satisfy's hell was different from the eight hells that people commonly thought of. There was the sky and the ground and day and night. Thanks to their nature, some demonkin formed a civilization. In Satisfy, it was easy to think of hell as a world ruled by demons, not humans. It was just dangerous because there was no concept of morality or laws. All sorts of unethical things occurred throughout hell except for a few safe zones. The slaughter was brutal and matched its name of hell.

"I'm nervous," Piaro confessed honestly. "Hell... The place where the souls of those who build up sin throughout their lives fall. It is said that the souls will suffer terribly to pay the price for their sins, reflect on themselves, and cleanse themselves. There are also some souls that will become evil spirits. It might not be true with His Majesty, but those who visited hell without the blessing of the goddess of light will be possessed by an evil spirit. Can we be active in hell without the blessing of the goddess?"

It was extremely rare for a human to go to hell alive. It was safe to say there were almost none. Of course, Piaro hadn't been to hell. Therefore, he could only blindly believe in the wrong information.

Mercedes carefully advised him, "Piaro, you have seen and heard for yourself that the gods we believed in aren't correct."

In order to be safe in hell, there must be the blessing of the goddess of light. In other words, the goddess of light was omnipotent everywhere in the world. Of course, the Rebecca Church was the source of these unfounded claims.

"The hell that Piaro knows is the hell described by the Rebecca Church and the Rebecca Church isn't credible. The actual hell will be different."

Mercedes had been a member of the Rebecca Church since the Rebecca Church had been the national religion of both the Saharan Empire and Overgeared Kingdom, but that wasn't the case anymore. There was Zikfrefector, who rebelled against the gods to protect the world, and Sariel, the archangel who was expelled for discussing the sins of the gods. She heard their stories and couldn't trust Rebecca and the Rebecca Church.

"Um..." Grid closed Leraje's diary that he had been reading and faced Piaro and Mercedes. "Mercedes is right. It is possible to survive in hell even without the blessing of the goddess. For example, accumulate demonic energy or get the help of the Demon Slayer... additionally, I've been to hell several times and have never seen an evil spirit."

There were 30 minutes left until Yura's scheduled arrival time. He could afford to hang out and have a conversation, but he had no intention of just talking. Rather than reading the diary, Grid started to control the God Hands directly. Grid dispersed his consciousness to improve the hunting efficiency of the God Hands while talking to Piaro and Mercedes.

The monsters started dying at a noticeably faster rate. The conversation was also progressing. This level of versatility was too easy for today's Grid. The accumulated talent eclipsed the absence of talent.

"Still, it is hard to see the Rebecca Church's claim as completely wrong. Hell is as wide as the West Continent and the types of demonkin are more diverse than the species there. Maybe there is a place in hell where the souls of the dead are governed. There could be evil spirits."

In fact, some demons collected the souls of the dead as loot. To be exact, they were the souls of the dead after signing a contract with the great demons. Pagma's soul that had been screaming in Baal's grasp... Grid had witnessed it.

"If we see an evil spirit... won't it be dangerous without the blessing from the goddess?" Mercedes seemed somewhat nervous at Grid's words. Like Piaro, she was different from usual. It wasn't bad. Hell was an extremely dangerous place. Grid had been to hell a few times but it was still an unknown place. Every zone had its own environment and characteristics so it was impossible to adapt to or predict it. It was good for these two people to have appropriate tension.

Grid turned to look at his other messengers. Nefelina was haggling with Rabbit to increase the food she would receive in exchange for going to hell and Zikrefector was sleeping in the middle of the path with a quilt. Braham was harassing Sariel, saying he needed to investigate the angel's ability to neutralize magic.

Did it look like a group of people just about to go to hell? There was no tension at all...

"The possibility of danger is very high. It is impossible to fight against evil spirits without divine power. We happen to not have divine power."

In the first place, the concept of divine power was vague. No religion could generate divine power apart from the Rebecca Church, Judar Church, and Dominion Church. Typically, most people thought that divine power came from a god's divinity, but in Satisfy, divine power was no different from something exclusive to Rebecca. Considering the myth that even Judar and Dominion received light from her, divine power was a concept close to Rebecca's personal power.

'The reason why she is worried about the Saintess is because she is worried her things will be taken away.'

"We have to avoid encountering the evil spirits."

"Not necessarily. It is because we have Yura. The Demon Slayer in hell is much greater than you think. So there is no need to be too worried."

From the position of Leraje who was dreaming of rebelling, the Demon Slayer was very important. It was said that she had helped Yura a lot recently. Grid couldn't easily guess how much Yura had grown who used the information provided by Leraje as a stepping stone. The last time they met, Grid was much stronger than her, but now the gap would've narrowed a lot—at least in hell.

'She has learned the skill of absorbing demonic energy...'

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting a long time." Some time passed. The bargain wasn't successful, so the angry Nefelina was biting Rabbit's collar, while Braham was excited by new knowledge and started to pluck at Sariel's feathers. Just then, Yura finally arrived at the scene.

"It took me too long to open the hell gate due to the demonkin's checks."

"There is no need to apologize. I am the one who should be apologizing. I suddenly scheduled it without notice."

Yura was somewhat flustered by the atmosphere of the scene. She thought the atmosphere would be solemn as the messengers of the god gathered ahead of the hell conquest, only to be flustered because it was more like they were in the middle of a market. She couldn't take her eyes off Zikfrector lying down on a quilt while Grid asked her, "What do you mean by the demonkin checking the hell gate? Is that possible?"

The hell gate. It was a pathway between hell and the human world. This was one of the Demon Slayer's unique skills. An ordinary human being had to get the help of the hell gate to go to hell.

"Demons and demonkin who can detect the emergence of the hell gate have appeared. The moment I open the hell gate, they can specify the location and track it. I wouldn't have been able to escape from hell without Glant's help."

"What...?" This was a very serious problem. It was purely thanks to the hell gate that Yura could freely come and go from hell. This freedom would be suppressed the moment the hell gate was kept in check. "No, this... Doesn't it take just seven seconds, not a few minutes, to activate the hell gate? Yet you are worried about tracking. Does that mean they have the ability to teleport?"

"That's right. The moment the coordinates are specified, they can teleport anywhere in an instant like Braham or Sticks."

"They are using the magic of a great magician..."

There were many types of demons and demonkin. It wasn't strange at all if some were born with magical abilities.

Grid's expression darkened sharply. He might've scolded the messengers who weren't nervous, but he actually wasn't worried about this trip to hell at all. It was because the members were all so impressive. Now he heard Yura's words and there was suddenly tension.

"The coordinates will be specified the moment I open a gate in the human world. There is a high possibility the moment we cross the hell gate and enter hell."

For reference, the hell gate could only be used by two people and the cooldown time was 30 minutes. It meant that it wasn't possible for the eight people here to enter hell at the same time. There was the concern of being attacked once two people went to hell.

Grid worried about it before making a decision. "I will go first and reduce the number of enemies as much as possible."

The messengers weren't weak. Several of them were stronger than Grid, but their lives were finite. It was natural for Grid to go there first.

"Yes, who are you going to take with you?"

"Um..." Grid observed the messengers. Mercedes looked enthusiastic, while Piaro was looking forward to it. Braham scoffed like he wasn't interested and Sariel grinned. Zikfrector was also getting up and folding the quilt.

"I..." Grid's finger pointed to Nefelina. She had Rabbit's hand in her small mouth and was chewing on it. "I'll go with Nefelina."

"I am going." Nefelina said as she spat out Rabbit's hand covered with saliva. She was conscious of the honor of a dragon. She was like a kid when alone with Grid, but...

"I have to keep an eye on you or you might cause trouble."

"Just honestly tell me that you want to rely on the power of a great dragon."

"Um..." She was still a hatchling. A hatchling was too great to be scolded. Grid shut his mouth as he called back Noe, Randy, the Overgeared Skeletons, and the God Hands. Of course, the God Hands floated around himself and Nefelina instead of being placed in his inventory. He wouldn't be afraid of any surprise attacks that come flying when going through the hell gate if he had the God Hands.

"We will go first and create a safe area, so open the hell gate in the same position."

"Unfortunately, I can't open the hell gate at the same position. There is always an error with the dimension movement coordinates."

"Does this mean the next gate might open in a completely different location?"

"Yes, but it will still be in the 32nd hell."

"This isn't easy."

Yura told Nefelina, "First of all, Miss Nefelina, please drink this tea. It will purify a bit of the demonic energy of hell."

"Eek. It is bitter."

"You are young and don't know the taste of tea...."

"Grid, you should be polite to me."

The space was twisted and torn while Grid and Nefelina were bickering. Sinister energy appeared in the air in front of the two people. It was the hell gate. Grid put his foot on the door and spoke to his colleagues, "Be careful. We'll meet safely later."

"I wish you luck."

Rabbit and the knights saluted at the same time to send off Grid. Grid and Nefelina disappeared from the scene.

Fire soared with an explosion that shook the ground. It was just as Yura warned. A surprise attack flew the moment he crossed the hell gate. Grid and Nefelina's eyes shook.

"Hahaha! I finally got the Demon Slayer who is like a rat...?" The excited demonkin quickly shut his mouth. He found that the appearance of the humans who appeared was different from the target. "You aren't the Demon Slayer. Bait?"

"What does it mean by sending bait? Does she think we will deplete our strength if she continues sending bait?"

"Humans are weak and have a small amount of magic power. The Demon Slayer is a human, so her common sense is low."

"There is fire but no meat."

".....?"

The demonkin who had mastered high level magic and were talking rationally cocked their heads with confusion. They noticed the nonsense mixed in with their conversation.

"Huup!" There was the sound of someone sucking air. The blazing fire was being sucked by something.

".....?!"

The moment the flames were cleared, the demonkin were shocked. It was because the humans who should've become ashes were fine. A child with puffed up cheeks was staring at them.

"Graaaaaa—!" The child made a strange noise and opened her mouth. A huge pillar of fire was shot. The dozens of demonkin gathered together were hit by an even hotter fire. Some demonkin disappeared without a trace.

"Meat... my meat is gone."

Grid stared at Nefelina who was muttering to herself with a shocked expression.

Chapter 1418

The demonkin's surprise attack wasn't simple. Grid lost 30,000 health even though he knew and prepared for it in advance. The power of the hellfire that made Greed scream and the demonic energy that suppressed the essence of life clearly reminded him why this place was called hell.

'If the material for the God Hands and my armor wasn't Greed then it would've definitely melted. Then what is this?'

He didn't see it incorrectly. Nefelina 'inhaled' this massive spell. She sucked in the demonkin's magic like a hiker at the top of the mountain breathing air deep into his lungs. He lamented that Nefelina's status window couldn't be seen.

“The demonkin on the outskirts are weaker than I thought.” Nefelina poked the demonkin’s body with a stick she had picked up from somewhere. The bodies of the demonkin who were swept away by the fire she inhaled and breathed out again were either completely charred or scattering as ashes.

Grid asked between the soaring gray ash pillars, “How did you do that?”

“What?”

“It isn’t a Breath. What magic... is it?”

Nefelina had the appearance of a 12 year old girl but her actual age was younger. They had been together for a long time and he even talked to her casually. Grid must be quite shocked based on the way his eyes grew larger and his words became polite.

“It isn’t magic. I just spat out what I ate.”

The trivial answer made Grid’s expression become serious. The ability to absorb something and release it with greater power, not just neutralize it. If this wasn’t Nefelina’s inherent ability but a ‘species characteristic’ of the dragons, then it meant that the dragon’s strength exceeded what Grid imagined.

Of course, it is well-known that the dragons were the strongest species in the world. The S.A Group had emphasized a few times that a dragon wasn’t a monster made to be killed. He even met with Gourmet Dragon Raiders in person and experienced his power.

Grid had no plans to challenge the dragons. It was just important to keep in mind in case he was caught up in the ‘whims of a dragon’ like with Raiders. What if? If a dragon really entered the Overgeared Kingdom one day...

Grid had to stop it. It was inevitable, unavoidable and inescapable. It was a deserved duty.

“You just ate and spat out magic... Is this a common ability of all dragons?”

“Yes. It is because dragons dominate the elements. It is beyond the level of a blessing. It is just that one dragon can’t dominate all elements. That... It is a concept of talent. It is easy to see from the color of the scales when you are born what elements you will dominate. For example, the red dragon Trauka can dominate fire, not water. Of course, he can’t dominate it but that doesn’t mean he is weak to it.”

“Based on your interpretation, the magic that Trauka can devour is limited to the fire attribute? Water attribute magic can’t be swallowed but this doesn’t mean he is weak to the water attribute?”

“Correct. Still, you can’t blindly believe in the color of the scales. It’s easy for dragons to change the color of their scales.”

“I see...” It was fortunate. It seemed like he wouldn’t have to worry about Braham’s magic being useless every time. There was a good chance it would be invalidated but...

‘There isn’t a 100% chance that Braham will be a folding screen when fighting a dragon.’

He was already distressed by Braham becoming a folding screen every time he met an angel...

Grid was feeling relieved when he had a question. “Nefelina, are you actually a red dragon?”

"No, if I was a red dragon then I couldn't have swallowed that murky fire."

".....?"

Nefelina's blue hair turned black. "I am a black dragon. Black and gold dragons can dominate all the elements."

".....?!"

"I am special just looking at my talent. This is why I am able to pledge to avenge Bunhelier."

"I-I see. You are great." The polite Grid once again sealed his mouth. He was happy to learn that his dragon was a genius dragon.

Nefelina turned her hair color back to blue, spread out her wings and looked around. "However, this place is strangely quiet. I don't see ordinary demonic creatures."

The demonic energy of hell was constantly being generated. It was normal for hell to be infested with demonic creatures and demonkin. Yet this place was still calm.

Grid asked Nefelina with a frown, "Was the reason you wanted to come to hell related to the demonic creatures?"

"The demonic creatures and demonkin are good food for me. The more demonic energy a black dragon absorbs, the harder their scales become. It is the same as a gold dragon getting harder when they eat minerals."

"So the black dragon's original home is hell?"

"No, it isn't about a lair in hell. If I absorb too much demonic energy then I will be as evil as the bad dragon Bunhelier. Moreover, I can't go between hell and the middle world at will so it is appropriate to visit in special cycles. This alone can alert the great demons and make them treat me like my father."

'Were both Bunhelier and Nevartan black dragons?'

He learned a lot of facts. The strangely talkative Nefelina made Grid proud. It felt good to be trusted.

"Nefelina, for you, I'll succeed in subjugating the hells."

"Don't be flippant."

"....."

Grid smiled brightly as he patted Nefelina's head and started moving. Nefelina's expression behind him wasn't so bad.

The castle of the 10th great demon, Leraje. This was the final gateway to entering the heart of hell and was one of the most important strategic points in hell. Marbas frequently visited to check the defenses. He said, "I heard that you invited the Demon Slayer to the castle a while ago."

"I called because she is notorious but I was disappointed."

“So you saved her and sent her back?”

“Should I, King Leraje, have my hands stained with blood?”

“Haha, no. You shouldn’t do so. It is only when the small fries are handed over to small fries that the small fries will have a chance to grow.”

“That is what I mean.”

Marbas smiled while drinking and asked a new question, “It is said that the Demon Slayer was in a party. Who was with her?”

Marbas didn’t get rid of his smile but the eyes behind the wine glass were cold.

Leraje shrugged as she glimpsed his eyes reflected by the tableware. “I wasn’t interested. How can I remember an insignificant human being?”

“I see...”

Then a boring conversation ensued. Marbas maintained a gentle smile during the conversation while Leraje frowned with increasing arrogance. It was because she felt it was a bit like an interrogation. However, she couldn’t drive Marbas out of here just because she was upset.

Marbas was different from ordinary demons. He was born around the same time as the demons of the beginning and had existed for thousands of years. He suppressed his instincts and lived only by serving Yatan. He never competed with any other great demon and just managed hell. He thoroughly prevented hell from perishing before Yatan opened his eyes again.

He was acting on behalf of Baal. The man who received Yatan’s trust was called the last bastion of hell and he was an inviolable territory.

“An idle old man has taken up too much time.” The useless conversation was still in progress when Marbas got up from his seat, his silver necklace making a clinking sound. He placed a hat decorated with white feathers on his head and said goodbye with a smile. “I’ll be going. I’ll see you soon.”

“Don’t come back again.”

“Haha, don’t be heartless.”

“Bah.” Leraje scoffed and waved her hand, causing the door of the audience chamber to open. It was a command for the guest to leave.

Marbas left the castle after he was driven out and talked to himself while touching the necklace. ‘That child... I don’t feel any divinity or divine status.’

Leraje was accused of contacting an unidentified god who visited hell not long ago. Some senior great demons started suspecting her and they commissioned Marbas to investigate. It was difficult from Marbas’ perspective. If it was revealed that Leraje was conspiring behind the scenes, Marbas would have no choice but to kill her. However, Leraje was unexpectedly prudent. There were no traces of Beriache anywhere in the castle. In addition, the necklace and feathers of divine power didn’t detect anything.

“If it is true that Leraje contacted a god then she likely didn’t know that the other person was a god. I don’t have to doubt her at this stage.”

Marbas smiled as he lowered his hat and headed to deliver the facts to the familiars of the high level great demons.

Administrator Rabbit’s role was important so he always looked worried. He was worried that Grid would hate himself. This farewell was probably a way to ease the burden of his heart. On the surface, he said that Grid’s group was so fierce that he chased them here because he was worried they would cause an accident again.

‘I have to make the golden walnuts a priority.’

Rabbit’s fatigued appearance caused Lael to feel worried.

‘I have to find him a successor quickly.’

There were many talents in the Overgeared Kingdom. There were even those at the level of a genius. Due to their work, the present Overgeared Kingdom existed but Lael just recently realized the blind spot of this system. It was hard to find replacements. Just like no one could take over Lael’s role, the talents in each field, including Administrator Rabbit, had been fighting alone for over 10 years. It was really difficult to find and cultivate talents so that these people could accept a successor with ease. Currently, it was best to use all types of elixirs to support existing talents.

“Are you okay?”

An hour and a half after Grid left, the last group finally crossed the hell gate. Lael was deep in thought after seeing them off only to come to his senses by a sudden voice. He met Zibal’s gaze. Zibal’s sword that blocked a monster’s claws was stopped in front of Lael’s nose. Lael laughed awkwardly as he watched the monster turn to ash. “I looked away for a moment. Thank you.”

“...What level are you?” Zibal and Lael’s relationship was deep. As a representative of the United States, he was active several times in the National Competition. Before joining the Overgeared Guild, Lael relied on the Seven Guilds. In other words, Zibal remembered that Lael used to be one of the most promising talents. No matter how he looked at it, Lael’s decline until he couldn’t even notice a monster’s surprise attack came as a major shock to Zibal.

Lael answered, “I am... level 350. Haha, I’m ashamed.”

“.....”

Was he a modern slave? Zibal imagined all sorts of things and was shocked again. Lael looked at him in a meaningful manner.

He remembered that Zibal had been the leader of seven big guilds. He might be the chief culprit behind the alliance disbanding due to his greed but he was a charismatic and natural leader. After the collapse of the alliance, he matured a lot and consistently showed a good performance in the national competition. Even the high level US representatives recognized him as a leader. In addition, he obtained the grandmaster’s trust.

'I will watch him carefully over the next few years.'

The southern province governor position that had been vacant for 10 years was likely to have found its master.

Zibal got goosebumps for some reason when he saw Lauel's smiling appearance.

Chapter 1419

The levels of the demonkins detecting and tracking the hell gate were at least 460. It was very high from a player's perspective but they weren't classified as 'elite monsters.' In their base area, level 460 meant an average or below average level that wasn't special. The red-skinned demon Glant speculated that their origin was the land soaked in moonlight, the 14th Hell. The demons and demonkin of the 14th Hell had high intelligence and were known for their proficiency in magic.

".....?" Yura's eyes widened as she entered hell. She had been prepared for the surprise attack of the demonkin but it was Grid and the messengers who welcomed her, not the terrible hellfire.

"How did you come here in advance?" Yura's dimensional movement skill was currently level 2. The coordinates of the hell gate she opened were so unstable that even she didn't know where it would appear.

Nefelina told the surprised Yura, "I am a great dragon. Why can't I do what the demonkin can do?"

Braham scoffed like this arrogant attitude was ridiculous. "It was thanks to me."

"It is true that your magic helped but the main thing was my insight. If I hadn't detected a change in the wave of mana, wouldn't your magic have been useless?"

"I can detect it as well. I was just a few seconds behind you because I'm in a bad condition."

"I don't understand it. Why do you have a sense of competition with me? For me as a dragon, you are just a trivial existence."

"You have no right to call yourself a dragon when you are just a hatchling. In my prime, I fought and survived the fire dragon. Don't you think it is too much to treat me like a trivial thing?"

"What? That is impossible. Are you lying to me because you want to die?"

"You both did a good job. Both of you were great." Grid smiled awkwardly as he soothed the two people. The pride of the messengers was so high that it was easy for them to bicker if Grid didn't mediate.

What did Grid go through for two hours? Yura felt sorry when she saw the fatigue on Grid's face.

"A type of wave occurs just before the hell gate opens. It is a very slight change but Nefelina detected it and Braham used magic to teleport here faster than the enemies."

"I see."

She had been worried about the worst case situation where they were attacked separately. Fortunately, they gathered together safely. Yura comforted herself and looked back at Sariel who crossed the hell gate with her. The gazes of Grid and the messengers shifted to Sariel.

The demonic energy of hell was eroding Sariel. The ends of the large white wings started to turn black. Yura gulped and was ready to use Hell Regulation. In fact, Yura's role was very important in this expedition. Sariel had a high probability of running wild in hell because he was banished from Heaven. It went beyond just being rejected by hell. One of the few ways to stop Sariel from running out of control was Yura's Hell Regulation.

"I'm fine." Sariel smiled as he grabbed his chest and gasped for breath. "The god's trial... I will surely overcome it."

A trial. It was an accurate description.

Grid wasn't here to play. Hell was the only place where he could quickly grow the messengers who had an average level of 550. It was also the home of the great demons who dropped excellent treasures. Just as Mercedes grew rapidly stronger every time she wrote a chivalric code, Yura grew rapidly every time she cleansed hell.

The hell subjugation expedition was a necessary process to strengthen the fighting power of the Overgeared Kingdom. Grid didn't want to exclude Sariel from this important schedule. He was one of the stronger people in the Overgeared Kingdom. He was a target who needed to be developed intensively. Rather than looking at the situation, he hoped that Sariel could overcome his limitations. He wanted to stop the experience of that hard-earned power rotting away...

"Why are you looking like that?"

"Nothing. I was thinking of the past for a moment." Grid felt a strange displeasure when he recalled the case of Braham being nerfed the moment he was resurrected. Grid frowned and spoke to Sariel. "Once again, tell me straight away if you can't stand it. Yura will be here."

Hell Regulation was one of the Demon Slayer's ultimate abilities and was a spatial skill that temporarily paralyzed the function of hell. It meant she could control Sariel who had a probability of running wild in hell.

"I am thrilled that the Demon Slayer who makes all the demons of hell tremble with fear is looking after me. God, your grace is warmer than light." Sariel suffered terrible pain but he was still smiling.

Grid was proud after feeling Sariel's determination while Yura blushed. She was ashamed. The Demon Slayer feared by the demons was Alex, not herself. Yura was fully aware that her skills were still lacking. She knew she wasn't qualified to hear this from Sariel.

"...Sariel."

"I will listen to God."

"Turn into a woman."

Grid mistakenly thought that Yura blushed because of Sariel's appearance. He was alert because Sariel was so beautiful as a man that even a man's heart would pound when seeing it. Long eyelashes and large eyes that seemed to be sprinkled with gold. Anyone would be fascinated looking into these eyes.

"I will follow God's will." Sariel changed his appearance without saying a word. For an angel, the body was nothing but a trifling concept. It was easy to change the gender.

"This looks good." Grid was relieved to see Sariel whose skeleton became smaller and her body curves changed dramatically. He didn't see Yura and Mercedes pouting.

"Ohh, ohhh...." It was due to Piaro. The admiration he felt after entering hell attracted Grid's attention.

"How about it? Didn't I tell you?"

"Yes, Your Majesty. Hell isn't a place where it is completely impossible for humans to survive. It seems to be well developed here."

"Being a demonkin doesn't mean they just do hunting and gathering."

Hell had a city. The wise demonkin formed a society in the neutral area. Grid had personally experienced the food culture there. It was rare but there were a few dishes made using grain.

Piario told him, "I think it would be great to grow toxic plants and grains on this land. There might be toxins but the more toxic the plants, the better the efficacy in medicine."

Grid's face became rosy. "Does that include the herbs used to create a medicine?"

"That's right, Your Majesty. There are many poisonous varieties of herbs that can be used as potion ingredients... If we grow them here, we can expect the efficiency to be 20 times those grown in the human world."

"20 times...!"

Grid's heart thumped. The biggest disadvantage of the potions produced by Reidan was their high price. The performance was excellent enough to be distributed to key people but the production costs were too high. This would make it possible to reduce the spending.

Piario was already excited by the new environment. He became even more excited after hearing Grid's response and took out his hand plow. "Then I will start plowing now!"

"Ohh!"

"...What's wrong with them?"

In conclusion, Piario didn't start plowing. The reason he visited hell wasn't to farm. Grid almost forgot after he was swept away by the atmosphere. Fortunately, Nefelina tackled him and he was able to come to his senses.

"Piario, the task is the first priority."

“I, Your Majesty’s sword, shield and grain provider will give my life to realize Your Majesty’s great cause.”

Piaro also calmed down. The two embarrassed people took the lead. They marched to the 28th Hell. Hundreds or thousands of demonkin and demonic creatures who had levels in the late 300s and early 400s blocked the path forward but they couldn’t stop the two people’s progress.

The elite demonkin and demons that occasionally appeared in the middle were quite powerful but Grid and Piaro were stronger. There was no need for Yura and the messengers to go forward. The two people directly broke through the enemy line and entered the castle of the 28th great demon.

“Demon Slayer, are you crazy enough to crawl to my feet? It is good. Thanks to your insanity, I will be able to show off my skills to the world. I will cut off your head and hang it from the gates! Kuhahaha!”

The 30th Hell and 29th Hell had already been subjected and purified by Grid and Yura.

“Now! Fight, Demon Slayer... eek! Who are you? My opponent is the Demon Slayer! These guys! Ack! Kuak!”

The 28th great demon was a bit stronger than the 22nd great demon Berith who appeared in the human world. It was the difference between the human world and hell. Even so, it was the 28th great demon. His physical power and magic power were stronger than Berith but the quality of his abilities was inferior. It wasn’t difficult for Grid and the messengers to kill him. The level of the messengers was so high that they received less experience, but they got excellent items. The two that stood out the most were the legendary rated twin swords and cloak.

‘It isn’t at a level that the members here can use.’

The performance was a lot lower than Belial’s Staff. In retrospect, Belial was likely a special named monster among the great demons. Wasn’t Belial the first one to invade the human world, proving that hell was real and bringing fear and despair to human beings?

‘The nickname was also gorgeous... The level and ranking were low but Belial was special. In any case, it would be good to give these items to the guild members.’

In the past, he might’ve opened an auction to gain more than the original price but it was different now. Rather than getting money from the pockets of the guild members, he needed to provide support to increase their strength. This way, his own strength would increase.

There was also the beauty of reciprocating. The Overgeared members regarded Grid as the best and made concessions and gave him support. He planned to pay them back steadily.

‘Money can be earned any time I want.’

Of course, this was on the premise that less money should be sucked into the alchemy facility. However, the most unfortunate thing right now was that the rune hadn’t absorbed any powers. The Rune of Gluttony. It was a rune that had a chance of absorbing power after killing named demonkin, demonic creatures, demons, angels, half-gods and gods. If it wasn’t for the rune then Grid wouldn’t have grown to this point. It wasn’t just Grid. Presently, those who were qualified to be called the strongest each had a rune in their possession.

'In the past, I basically absorbed a power whenever I killed a great demon...'

However, this wasn't the case anymore. At some point, the number of times a power was absorbed was reduced. Recently, the probability had become very bad.

'Have I become so strong that the S.A Group changed the odds?'

It was unlikely. It wouldn't be so blatant if it was really manipulation.

'They would've tried to hide it as much as possible if it is manipulation. For example, increasing the odds when killing a relatively weak enemy while lowering the odds when killing a strong one.'

However, the situation was the opposite. Grid was more likely to absorb a power when killing the strong.

'It might've originally been designed as the more power that is absorbed, the less it is capable of absorbing... If there are too many different types of powers that are absorbed then there might be a conflict with each other.'

He was checking the condition of the rune when Yura's voice was heard.

"It is regretful that we didn't bring Sehee. It is only by showing her completely eliminating the great demons that the demons will shrink back and be unable to act rashly."

The Demon Slayer's Hell Purification wasn't omnipotent. The hells she cleansed couldn't be invaded by great demon candidates and were proclaimed a neutral zone, but this wasn't permanent. If the purification was permanently maintained then hell would be peaceful due to Alex's actions in the old days.

Hell Purification was simply an opportunity. It was an opportunity for the demons who wanted peace. It was only by quickly establishing the statue of Yatan that the purified zone would become a complete neutral zone. If the statue wasn't established during the purification period then demons would start to invade the territory again.

Creating a neutral zone wasn't an easy thing to do. Demonkin attempting to enter the purification zone were hunted down by demons. In order to make the neutral zone, Yura had to defend the purification zone for a certain period of time. This was why Yura wanted the power of Saintess Ruby. The Saintess could permanently destroy the soul of a great demon and prevent reincarnation. Her deeds would be considered horrifying by the demons and make them passive. It could also keep them away from the purification zone.

However, Grid ruled out Ruby from participating in this expedition. The level of hell wasn't that easy. Hell was a place so dangerous that he couldn't even bring the 10 meritorious retainers here. Objectively, Ruby's level meant she had fewer opportunities to go to hell. Rather, she would be a burden and could put the messengers at risk. At least in Satisfy, the lives of the messengers were 100 times more precious than Ruby's life.

"It will hold us back if we try to fight while defending Sehee. If she wants to join this party then she needs to gain at least 60 levels."

Buses only drove when they could afford it. Grid, the messengers and Yura. For now, it was ideal to maintain these members.

“In addition, there is no need to be obsessed with purification. It is better for the great demons to keep appearing rapidly. Thus, we can kill them again and get more rewards.”

The situation was different from when it was just Grid and Yura. Now they were together with the powerful messengers.

“That is true.”

Grid wondered, “By the way, the Demon Slayer’s reward is only for the first time cleansing the hell?”

“Yes.”

“It is a bit of a pity...”

The Demon Slayer could learn new skills or get stats every time they cleansed a hell. It was a reward that was limited to once per hell. It was actually shameless to think this was a pity. There were 33 zones in hell. The difficulty of the condition of ‘must purify a hell’ was too high so the growth was slowed down. However, in terms of potential, the Demon Slayer was a tier 1 class.

‘By the time she purifies the 25th to 23rd Hells, Yura will be stronger than me.’

Of course, it was still limited to hell but it was something to look forward to. Grid was also a person. He wanted to be a passenger rather than a bus driver.

—Just like now.

“This time I will come out.”

“You won’t have a chance to be active.”

The appearance of Braham and Nefelina as they entered the 27th Hell made Grid feel at ease. Their stats might’ve been reduced by the hell environment but the tea given by Yura mitigated the penalties to some extent and they could fully use their skills. The combination of these two people was stronger than the combination of Grid and Piaro. They opened the road to the castle of the 27th Hell.

‘I’m comfortable, very comfortable.’

Just watching increased his experience. Sariel also made a great contribution as she slaughtered the demonkin and demonic creatures. While the other messengers fought the great demon. Due to the curse, her stats rose in hell and she was powerful enough to scare the demons.

Chapter 1420

Dog’s Mouth. This was what ignorant bastards called the 20th Hell. This place where rocks that melted into fire formed barriers was the site for a myth. This was what people often thought of as the entrance to hell, the gate of hell guarded by Cerberus.

“It is Ronove again?” The bleak voice heard in the great hall belonged to the 20th great demon, Eligos. It felt like winter was coming, but hell had no winter.

“Yes... He lost his body and his castle was occupied.”

“I thought it would be different this time?”

Eligos sat on the throne in dark armor and the pressure he gave off was as fierce as a flame and as sharp as a blade. The vicious chill made all the demonkin tremble. An existence that gained the darkness that symbolized wickedness and evil.

The black knight Eligos who denied life. He was one of the strongest in hell and death was the only path he walked. This was why he could reign as the master of Dog’s Mouth. There were many great demons who praised and worshipped Dog’s Mouth as the real hell but all of them died without taking away Dog’s Mouth from the Black Knight.

“He disappointed me twice.”

The 27th great demon Ronove was greatly disgraced in the attack on the human world a few years ago. He said he would release red fog to create a plague in the human world but he returned as a rag. He had told the demons who mocked his ridiculous appearance that the reason for his defeat was the intervention of a small god.

A small god. The indigenous god of a particular region. They were very weak compared to the gods of Asgard but considering that most of a great demon’s power was sealed in the human world, Eligos turned a blind eye to Ronove’s defeat. He ignored it when Ronove still claimed to be his right arm.

It was a mistake. He should’ve killed Ronove. In hell, not the human world, Ronove was defeated by humans and had his castle taken away.

“Don’t give Ronove a chance to be reborn.”

“That guy has tarnished the honor of the lord!” Eligos’ subordinates shouted.

Grrr. The cerberus also breathed roughly in what seemed to be agreement.

Eligos nodded. “Go and find Ronove’s soul. Then seal all the gates to the river. His soul will suffer forever.”

“Yes!”

The reason why Dog’s Mouth was called the real hell was because it was the gateway where the souls of the dead gathered. It was the place that was the background of a myth for a reason. There wasn’t an exaggeration in the rumor that Eligos’s authority was second to Baal.

Eligos frowned as he watched the hundreds of demons and demonkin leave to search for Ronove’s soul.

“Marbas will come soon...”

Marbas, who claimed to be a devoted servant of Yatan. He drifted through hell in the name of Yatan and hell, breeding demonkin and demonic creatures. The ignorant ones saw Marbas as hell’s guardian but Eligos didn’t like Marbas very much. He questioned if Marbas’ power actually helped hell.

Eligos remembered it clearly. Marbas had used his breeding power in every area where the former Demon Slayer, Alex appeared. He said he did it to get rid of Alex but what was the result? Every time

Marbas used the power of breeding, Alex grew rapidly. He didn't dare cross the Dog's Mouth but in the end, he became strong enough to challenge Baal. It was truly a strange thing.

'No matter how I think about it... I would rather Marbas not come.'

A world message popped up whenever a great demon was killed. If the great demon was killed in hell then it even specifically stated this.

The world was in turmoil.

"Youngwoo-ssi, do you know the details of the three hells that have been cleansed in the past three days?"

"Did the Overgeared Guild finally start the hell expedition?"

Hundreds of reporters surrounded Shin Youngwoo as he came out of the house for a morning jog. There was a diversity of people. It might be a global era but the sight of so many foreigners gathered in a small city in South Korea was new.

'I have to admit that reporters are diligent.'

The hundreds of reporters who kept asking questions had something in common. They spoke Korean directly instead of using a translator. The only difference was that some people were proficient while others were unfamiliar with it. They were trying in many ways to win more favor with Youngwoo.

'I can speak English now.'

It happened after Jishuka moved to South Korea. Just as she studied Korean to communicate more with Youngwoo, Youngwoo also studied Portuguese and English. He was too busy to study it separately but he used the time when he was exercising or eating. Simple conversations soon became possible. As he gained various knowledge and studied in Satisfy, he felt familiar with the process of studying itself. His overall understanding also increased. Studies that weren't easy no matter how he tried to wrap his head around it in the old days were now accomplished relatively easily.

'Apologize after...'

Youngwoo's gaze turned to the building next to his. He was looking at Jishuka's penthouse. It had been a long time since he had spoken English and he missed her. Originally, Jishuka's pattern of living was aligned with Youngwoo. She woke up when Youngwoo did, they shared meals and spent the same amount of time lying in the capsule. Even the time they went to bed was similar. He used to get a 'good night' message as he lay in bed.

Throb.

Youngwoo's heart hurt. Youngwoo liked Jishuka but he also liked Yura. They went on a date every weekend and feelings accumulated. He didn't have the courage to reject Yura who publicly confessed as the world watched. His heart wanted to share love with two people but it wasn't allowed. Perhaps it might be allowed when the sun rose from the west but for now, society would bury him... It would deal more damage to the two of them than to him.

'Dammit.'

"Youngwoo-ssi?"

"Um... The Overgeared Guild is currently doing the hell expedition. We are aiming to occupy all the hells in the 20s during this schedule."

"All the hells in the 20s...! If this succeeds then won't the scale of hell be greatly reduced?"

Youngwoo answered, "That won't happen immediately. We don't have the power to keep occupying them. They will soon be taken away by a new great demon."

"It is hard to say that you don't have the power. I recently heard a rumor that Zibal of the United States has joined the Overgeared Guild. Isn't the power of the Overgeared Guild very full?"

"At the present time, hell is a field that rankers can't enter. Less than 10 people participated in this expedition."

"Hah... The difficulty of hell is much higher than the experts predicted."

"Well, the experts' predictions are sometimes wrong."

"Hahaha!"

Laughter burst out from everywhere. For the past few years, experts from around the world have repeatedly tried to predict Grid and failed.

Questions and answers went back and forth in this more relaxed atmosphere. Youngwoo didn't hide information about hell. He wasn't afraid of being harmed by the disclosure of information and he hoped that his information would be helpful to someone. Youngwoo was hoping for the overall growth of the players. He was seriously considering selling the Grid items that had previously only been sold to the Overgeared members to the outside world.

The enemy of humanity was too strong to dream of monopolizing them.

"10 people..."

Grid's interview where he said he raided the 28th, 27th and 26th hells with less than 10 people stimulated rankers around the world. A challenge was sprouting in the hearts of rankers. Of course, there were no fools who thought that hell was easy. The people that Grid mentioned would include Piaro, Mercedes and Braham. Everyone in the world knew the reputations of Piaro, the farmer who had long defended the Overgeared Kingdom, the beautiful Mercedes who guarded the Overgeared Kingdom beside Grid, and the legendary great magician Braham.

"They are monsters who can complete the tasks of 10 people alone."

"In my opinion, I think they are equivalent to 20 people. Have you forgotten the four heavenly kings of the Demon King's Subjugation?"

“Compared to that time, the rankers have improved a lot. It is relatively common for people to have unique rated classes.”

It was two years in real time and six years in Satisfy time. For high rankers, who weren't ordinary rankers, six years was a time to achieve many things.

“Indeed, that is the case... Using simple calculations, 60 high rankers will have firepower similar to Grid's part. 30 people can take the part of Piaro, Mercedes and Braham while the other 30 will take the share of Grid and the Overgeared Guild members.”

Players had felt the weakness of numbers in every great demon raid. No matter how many people were present, they were worse than the power of a single strong person. However, the high rankers had grown rapidly in recent years. They were reborn as strong people who put the concept of numbers to shame. At this point, if the great demons invaded the human world then they were certain they could damage the great demon without the power of the Overgeared Guild.

“Uh, I think 60 people is enough.”

“Gather people. Let us challenge hell.”

A small number of high rankers started to gather people. There were many applicants. Who wouldn't be greedy to raid the great demons who dropped the best rewards?

Grid's interview about sweeping through hell with only 10 people gave the rankers great hope. The problem was that no one knew how to enter hell. Tarot, who was once a crony of Kir, said they would go to hell after dying in the Blackening state but he was naturally ignored. Not everyone could use Blackening and it was too expensive to pay the admission fee with their lives.

“Gasp, gasp... I'm going crazy.”

Tenacity, obsession and reversals. They were Grid's favorite words. He didn't know how to give up. All the difficulties and adversities had been overcome through hard work. However, this time was an exception. It wasn't at a level that could be overcome with effort.

“Don't you think we should retreat?”

The castle of the 25th hell was special. It was a castle larger than a mountain that was made of black crystals. From a distance, it was very mysterious and beautiful. Then once they came close up, it was horrible. It was because the cross-section of the crystals reflected and refracted light, causing motion sickness. Their balance was lost and nausea appeared. It was a physical problem that couldn't be solved by abnormal status resistance.

Thanks to this, Grid's party suffered. They weren't able to exert their full strength due to their confused vision and mind. Sariel almost went berserk several times.

“Keuk! Retreat first!”

The cautious nature of 25th great demon Dantalion also played a part in harassing the party. Dantalion didn't engage in a frontal war with Grid's party. He used the refraction of light to deceive their eyes,

repeatedly did surprise attacks and gnawed at the party's health little by little. He used a variety of strategies and tactics as if to prove that the rumor he had all knowledge in the world was true. It felt dirty.

"Cough!"

"Piaro! Ugh!"

"Youngwoo-ssi!"

The longer the battle became, the more they were caught by their weaknesses. The hatchling, the incarnation of the seven malignant saints, the great magician who was a direct descendant and the legends of various fields...

Most of Grid's party was covered with wounds. The only one who was fine was Nefelina. A flying spear flew toward Nefelina's heart but it couldn't pierce her skin and just fell to the ground...

"This isn't an ordinary black crystal. I can't fight back because it keeps scattering my magic power." Nefelina touched the inner wall that reflected her figure and concluded it was meaningless to keep being stubborn. "We should retreat as Grid said."

At this moment—

""You can't leave.""

A young boy, an old man, a young woman, a young man with big and bright eyes...

It was the appearance of a monster with various people's faces looking in every direction. Every black crystal contained his bizarre appearance.

""There has never been a single being who has come to my castle and survived. Your lives will end here. I will capture the hatchling alive to dissect and use as research material.""

The voices of the elderly, the young people and the boy overlapped. Every voice had a different way of speaking. Thus, it was hard to hear.

"Kill!"

Grid used a sword dance. The inner wall made of black crystal caused confusion so he thought of breaking down the inner wall and escaping. However, once again, the skill wasn't triggered.

[Your mana has scattered.]

[Your mana has scattered.]

[The skill activation is cancelled.]

'Dammit.'

This... it was really dangerous. He had no choice but to use his secret method. Grid made a decision and glanced at Yura.

Yura nodded and used a skill. "Hell Regulation!"

A jade light flooded out from her and cleaned the demonic power. The combination of Dantalion's knowledge and the black crystals couldn't resist the Demon Slayer's magic power. This allowed Grid to use his sword dances and the messengers to use their magic and skills. The huge castle shook like it was going to collapse. However, it didn't collapse. The black crystals were hit by the magic and skills of Grid's party but they weren't greatly damaged. Rather, it threatened the party by reflecting back some magic and skills.

Dantalion's faces in the black crystals started laughing. "You still don't understand? This castle is the strongest fortress in hell and it was made of thousands of years of knowledge and skills. It is an absolute boundary that can't be invaded by any power, status or mental image. It is impossible for all of you to survive here."

".....?!"

Dantalion's faces were talking excitedly only to suddenly harden like ice. It was because the black crystals, made of thousands of years of accumulated magic arts, were making eerie sounds. A cold sword of moonlight was reflected in the snowy sky...

The black crystals couldn't reflect the light of the sword that neatly cut and cracked the wall made of black crystals. It was a sight that seemed to defy all providence.

"Open the path before I break it all down," Grid threatened.

Of course, it was just a bluff. The Falling Moon Sword was a weapon that could only be used once every 10 minutes but the only person who knew this fact was Grid.

"Go on your way."

The bluff worked. The black crystals turned opaque and stopped reflecting and distorting the light.