

Overgeared 1471

Chapter 1471

[(Breaking) E-sports legend, Haster, has joined the Overgeared Guild?]

[There have been successive sightings of Haster in Reinhardt of the Overgeared Kingdom.

The video of him jumping over the walls with flying items resembling the 'God Hands,' famous for being a symbol of Grid, has been a hot topic for days.

An American expert who analyzed the video said, "I think Haster was chosen as Grid's successor..." (slander)

He might not be the successor, but the collaboration between the legendary professional gamer, who is considered the all-time number one, and Grid, who wrote a myth in Satisfy, is enough to make everyone's hearts flutter. Some people are concerned that there are too many expectations being placed on Haster, who was the victim of the 'hidden class hunting' and whose heyday has ended...

.....

...]

[Adventurers, please be on guard in small towns.]

[Is the boundary between the human race and hell breaking down as the Yatan Church claims?

Players are reporting that they have lost their lives after stopping by small towns and being attacked by the residents.

This is the first incident in a small village in the southeastern part of the empire. The residents of the village turn into monsters when it becomes dusk and they will attack travelers. Thorough attention is needed.

(Omitted).

These so-called 'ghost towns' are found all over the continent and thousands of victims have been reported in just four days...

.....

...]

As the world was buzzing with new topics every day, Haster was still struggling with the God Hands. Thanks to the items purchased from Grid, his lacking stats were supplemented to some extent. Nevertheless, his stats were basically focused on intelligence. It was hard to handle the eight God Hands armed with divine swords and Mjolnir as they swarmed with swordsmanship and Magic Missiles.

In the first place, the relationship between their attributes placed him at a disadvantage. The Red Sage had the Weapon Mastery skill that allowed him to handle all weapons and active skills that were useful in close combat, but it was actually more specialized in magic than close combat. However, he wasn't a magician, thus he didn't have many passive skills related to magic. One example was the slow magic

casting. One of his greatest strengths, his magic, was sealed against the God Hands, so it was hard to easily gain the advantage.

'This video... was it taken when I ran to the walls?'

Maybe the great human and demon war would start before he even got back to the expedition... Haster logged out while feeling such anxiety and he laughed when he saw that he had become famous these days. It was a video of himself running away while the God Hands chased after him in a frightening manner. The angle in which the video was filmed was exquisite and it seemed like he was leading the God Hands rather than being chased.

The video was taken by chance by a user who was filming the beautiful landscape of Reinhardt (rumored to be a garden that Queen Irene had grown). Thanks to this, rumors spread that he was 'a person whom Grid trusts enough to leave the God Hands to.'

The reality was that he was just being beaten up...

"I'm embarrassed."

Haster shook his head and moved to the training room. His mansion had large facilities such as a golf course, swimming pool, and tennis court. It even had a spacious indoor training room that was like a playground.

"Hoo..."

Haster used a real spear reproduced based on the spear in the game and entered a state of concentration with one deep breath.

'Correct my bad habits.'

The past few days had been more precious than gold to Haster. In the process of recording and watching the videos of him fighting against the God Hands, he realized that he had a very bad habit. At first, it was hard to perceive it as a bad habit. It was because it was the form he learned from his respected teacher. He never dreamed that it would actually be holding him back.

'I'm sure that Master didn't teach me the wrong way. It is just definitely an area I can't achieve right now.' Seal the existing form until the day when his master's intentions were grasped.

The movement of the spear that moved through the air was fierce. The legend of the past era was regaining his prime and he showed moderation and dignity in every action.

'I was worried he would give up after a few days. There is no one who is successful without perseverance.'

Youngwoo's lifestyle coincidentally matched with Haster's. He started the day with the sweaty uncle (it was elusive to say this person was a handsome man) at the same time and logged out at the same time, ending the day together. It was rather unpleasant, but it was also funny when he became conscious of it.

Haster matched his pattern to Youngwoo's routine in order to have more time against the God Hands. There was no other intention. Youngwoo liked people who worked so hard. It was true that he felt more affectionate after spending time together.

Just then, the ringtone of his smartwatch rang out. It was a new song by Laella that had topped the Billboard charts for three consecutive weeks. It was great to see her consistently releasing albums with the motif of a famous protagonist such as, 'She is a player who is one of the best magicians in Satisfy and a world-class idol in the real world. ~Is this the power of items?~'

Laella didn't have a regular tenacity and she often held concerts, if not broadcasts. He thought there was a reason she became a world-class idol and high ranker at such a young age.

"You did a great job today."

Youngwoo answered the phone and spoke with a big smile. Yura, who appeared on the holographic screen, responded with a beautiful smile.

"No one left today?"

-Yes, everyone is holding on really well.

It was ever since Haster was killed. Eight days had passed, but the hell expedition team was maintained without a single person dropping out. In the meantime, Kraugel's Space Sword had cut hell five times.

"Is there any chance that hell will perish before the great human and demon war begins?"

-Even if it is cut by the Space Sword, the terrain only changes a bit.

"....."

Yura's indifference to the fact that the form of the world was changed by a sword was hard for Youngwoo to understand. He thought that Yura's common sense was different. He didn't realize that his common sense of creating hundreds of items a day was completely out of touch with ordinary people.

-Jishuka's performance is amazing. Every time Luck's group loses their motivation, she will provoke them or encourage them to try again.

"Um..." The three generals of Ares. Lael had said that Jishuka seemed to have pretty high expectations for them. "It seems their personalities fit well."

-Yes, I think because they were from the LTS days. On the outside, they seem like enemies, but it is more like watching a trainer and dolphins. They get along quite well.

"What dolphins? They are monkeys."

Youngwoo unknowingly became irritated. He didn't seem to realize that his lips were sticking out. Yura laughed like she found Youngwoo cute and started to talk about what she had experienced today. It was as if she didn't want this moment to end.

Youngwoo also told his story. It had long been a daily routine for the two people. It was to end the day together.

After the failure at the No Offspring Tomb, Agnus challenged Grenier's mountain army and felt another big wall. He was forced to change course. He visited the East Continent where he was relatively free to work since it wasn't the realm of the Overgeared Guild. He raided villages and cities, massacring civilians and restoring his power.

He avoided the nations protected by the resurrected Four Gods as much as possible. He aimed at places still under the rule of the Hwan Kingdom. Fortunately, his activities were comfortable because no yangbans appeared. The prestige of the East Continent was different from before.

'It was smashed by Grid and Kraugel.'

Agnus deeply felt the existence of the two men who were ahead of him and looked back on his life. His days when he was crazy were restored without any denials. He was able to feel it. How many failures had he experienced? It was a fact that he was too incompetent and powerless to play a role.

"You are cut."

There was a call from Baal. It was a call that came when he was eager to grow, thus he was dissatisfied. If it was his usual self, he wouldn't have responded. However, that was a situation from before the great human and demon war. He wanted to receive a quest to kill civilians as he did before. He wanted to take the 'opportunity' that he had rejected in the past. Thus, he ran right over.

The situation that flowed was different from his expectations. Baal wasn't in a normal state. The ring finger of the hand holding the wine cup showed off a wound. In fact, it wasn't a wound. There were only faint traces of the blood that had been spilled.

Baal even seemed ecstatic. Baal explained to Agnus, who was looking dumbfounded, "I was accidentally cut when the Sword Saint cut through hell. It is the first time I have suffered such a deep wound. It is a very fresh and pleasant stimulus, so I am happy."

His saw blade-like teeth were particularly eye-catching today. He naturally had a bad smile. It was unpleasant to see that he didn't think it was a big deal.

"You are bluffing. You are someone who was killed by Grid in the human world."

Chepardea shouted after hearing Agnus' sarcastic words.

-The 'one' that was attached to you was just a tiny fragment of His Majesty. Croak! How can you say that to His Majesty?!

"Stop speaking nonsense. Baal, tell me why you called me."

-T-This impolite guy!

"Stop it, Chepardea."

Baal waved his hand to the agitated Chepardea like he was a nuisance and stretched out his neck. The thick neck with blue blood vessels sticking out stretched out. It stretched like a huge snake waking up from hibernation. The appearance was so bizarre and disgusting that Agnus couldn't help taking a step

back. Yet it was meaningless as Baal's face came right up to his nose. The neck stretched out by as much as seven meters.

"Do you know why hell exists? Oh, you don't know. It is so trivial that it is hard to predict."

The red-blooded eyes turned upside down like a tilted crescent moon. The blurry eyes shook like waves, like dots roughly drawn on a blood-stained photo. There was no focus. It didn't contain anything. There was no way to know what he was seeing even though they were facing each other.

"Go to Marbas."

Baal's long neck rose as it coiled around Agnus' upper body. The chill of his bones freezing and the heat from the evaporation of blood made Agnus feel pained. Agnus was barely holding onto his dizzy spirit when Baal's thin lips touched Agnus' ears.

"It is obvious that guy is my father's loyal servant. He will be watching for a chance to get in touch with you. I believe he will tell you the truth of the world and will be on your side. Be deceitful. Cheat, trample, and snatch things. Destroy the world where everything is set and insignificant, along with your enemies."

A new episode and quest were opened to Agnus.

There was a dark smile on Baal's face as he flicked his dark tongue. "Run as wild as you like and make me happy."

The force most shaken by the news that Grid had become a myth was the Yatan Church. The Yatan Church was standing on the side of the great demons, so from their position, Grid would be the biggest difficulty. He was a type of ultimate boss. As he grew stronger, so did the tensions of the Yatan Church. There were many people who were intimidated because this was a really serious problem. However, the servants who were the pillars of the Yatan Church were calm.

"What is there to be afraid of when the lords of hell are with us?"

War wasn't a problem that could be solved with the power of an individual. Grid was so special that he could handle hundreds or thousands of troops alone. The forces of his kingdom could take on tens or hundreds of thousands. However, the scale of the great human and demon war wasn't in the hundreds of thousands. It would be a massive war with 'at least' tens of millions of troops and the entire continent as the stage.

The number of Yatan followers had risen steadily over the past few years and recently it had grown so rapidly that it was hard to count. Moreover, there would be great demons who were powerful enough to destroy a kingdom alone. They would create an environment where the great demons could mobilize their demonic creatures. The great demons, who had been fighting lonely battles on the surface until now, would lead their armies and prove why they were called monarchs.

"We also have the chimeras."

The combination of demons and humans. The experiment of the second species succeeded too easily. Completely different beings, demonic creatures and humans, had become one to form a powerful

demonic human. Contrary to expectations, they didn't exert magic and force comparable to 'demons' but they were stronger than many knights. In other words, ordinary people could be used as materials to make senior demonic creatures. The biggest advantage was that they were easy to mass produce.

At this moment, the demonic humans were growing as they killed and devoured travelers all over the continent. They were the main offenders behind the ghost town matter.

"It is true that we have always been defeated so far, but we will be the final winners."

The Yatan followers cheered when the servants confirmed it. Their fear toward Grid was gradually decreasing.

Chapter 1472

The pollen blown on the breeze left green marks on the window frames. It was spring. Unlike the central part of the continent that suffered from cold winters, the southern part of the continent was warm. Children could be heard running around at the entrance of the alley. The expressions of the wives who watered the flowerbeds and chattered were calm. Laundry lines hung between houses and the houses smelled like people were living there.

The scenery of the village was ordinary and nothing special. The players had no doubts until the glorious moon revealed its presence in the dark sky.

Kiyaaaaah!

"S-Shit, what is this?!"

"Hiiiik!"

The boys who wanted to kick the ball, the girls showing off their flower garlands, the young people helping their fathers at work, the middle-aged people who were still soldiers in active service, the wives who greeted them with a kind smile, and the village leader who worked with a careful attitude.

The residents who seemed like ordinary villagers during the day suddenly turned into monsters. The innkeeper who asked with a nice expression if he had eaten just an hour ago now stabbed a kitchen knife in his back. The village chief, who asked him not to drink too much due to the request tomorrow, lit a fire at the entrance of the inn. His eyes were red and his skin was purple.

The identity of these villagers was the rumored demonic humans.

"What the hell? Was there something we missed?" the martial artist, who was stabbed in the back while eating soup, shouted nervously. He was a powerful person who gained fame in several regions and he fought back. He smashed his ultimate skill into the innkeeper's face.

The swordsman replied as the innkeeper's wife rushed over with a wok, "We didn't let our guard down. They didn't have the characteristics of a demonic human."

A magician fell down after being stabbed in the thigh by the innkeeper's daughter and son.

"Oh my god. The rumor about the demonic humans having learning ability is true. These sons of a bitches... they are becoming better at hiding their identity."

“Caviar!”

“Check the timing when calling someone’s name... Keok!”

“Kuaaack...!”

It took only five minutes for a party to be wiped out. This was despite the fact that they were a mid-sized party of eight players who were at least level 300. The attacks of the demonic humans were so sudden and effective. The moment they saw the scene of the innkeeper and his wife standing up like zombies in their black and white vision, they opened their eyes again at the resurrection point they set at different locations.

Some of them were in despair. The residents of villages and cities they had been based in for months and years had also been turned into demonic humans.

“T-This is crazy...”

“No way! I’ve lived in this city for years! I’ve spent a few nights with these people! These people originally weren’t demonic humans! Ack!Aaaack!”

The turmoil across the continent accelerated. Breaking news broke out that people of hundreds of villages and cities had been turned into demonic humans. The number of players that died jumped from thousands to tens of thousands in just a few days. Dozens of villages and cities were destroyed in the fierce battle between demonic humans and players.

The dark elves were also involved. The elves of the world tree weren’t necessarily corrupted. It was the female and male elves known to have left the world tree in the wake of some incident. They were eroded by demonic energy somewhere and returned to their homeland. It was far from a valuable return. They were like the blades of a knife and with a strong intention to kill.

By the time the Overgeared Kingdom received news that the imperial army guarding the outskirts of the World Tree Forest had been wiped out by the dark elves, Basara had already dispatched new troops. The response was very swift, but Lauel’s expression was dark. “The empire has dispersed a large number of troops to hunt the demonic humans. In fact, it is safe to call it a civil war. There will be a limited number of reinforcements that can be sent to the world tree.”

The empire was the nation that was suffering the most damage from the demonic humans. Their problem was that the land mass was too big and there were too many people. There were countless villages in the empire and not all of them could be managed. It was impossible even for the empire to identify and manage villages that were set up without permission in remote areas in ‘real-time.’

Even if a village was found and cleaned up through periodic reconnaissance and surveillance, new villages were being built in another place at the same time. Thus, there was no end. The residents of these unauthorized villages could easily become the target of the demonic humans. They weren’t protected by the empire so it was easy for the Yatan Church to get close.

“Additional troops should be sent immediately. I don’t know what will happen if the world tree falls into the enemy’s hands. Therefore, I want to send some elite people who can act as quickly as possible.”

“Do you want to send a messenger?”

“Yes, please give permission.”

Lauel was on one knee as he lowered his head. He couldn't help bowing when facing Grid with a red aura around him. A noble character was felt from Grid. Lauel was overwhelmed by the boldness of the color that harmonized with the dark blue of Greed.

The first time he saw it, he was completely fascinated and lost his mind. The second time he saw it, he was half crazy due to envy. From time to time, he sent whispers to Skin Maker Guseha in the hope of implementing this feeling. It was a gift from the S.A Group and most people believed that Lauel had a large stake in the life of the master called 'Guseha.'

“Let's send Braham and Nefelina. They are the two who are the most free.”

Piario and Mercedes were commanders before they were a farmer and a knight. They attended strategy meetings and helped train the army. Asgard was likely paying attention to Sariel and she would become a target if she left the Overgeared Kingdom on her own without Grid. Zikfrector... his condition was too bad to trust him to do something.

“They have enough combat effectiveness, but... I'm a bit anxious.”

Grid thought reasonably and assigned the staff, but Lauel's response was subtle.

“If the two of them go, won't they be swept away by the atmosphere and burn the world tree?”

“.....”

Braham was the Duke of Wisdom, but he was emotional. Meanwhile, Nefelina was a dragon, but she was young. Besides, the relationship between the two of them wasn't very good. It was the perfect combination to get swept away by the atmosphere because they were strangely competitive.

Grid frowned at the thought of Braham's past trolling. “Then should I send Mercedes?”

“She is a bit... sometimes she can't distinguish the consequences...”

“.....”

Grid realized it once again. His messengers—

Each one of them had outstanding abilities and the potential to be even better, but their personalities were eccentric. This was a slightly serious problem because he was reluctant to assign them solo assignments.

‘Of course, it is changing, but... for the seventh messenger, I should choose an ordinary human.’

Grid pledged before suggesting another name. “Then Piario?”

“Yes, I would like to send all the Red Knights with Sir Piario and Sir Asmophel as the main axis. Before the great human and demon war, they should learn to cooperate as before. Additionally, Sir Piario's wife is an elf, so he will have feelings toward this mission.”

“Then do it.”

The seventh messenger chosen must definitely be a normal person...

Grid once again became determined.

“There is an urgent report from Siren.” Just then, a messenger came. “A large number of marine life have turned into demonic creatures and are attacking Siren.”

“Marine life? You mean monsters like the kraken?”

The messenger explained to Grid. “That... there are quite a few ordinary fish that have turned into demonic creatures.”

Laue’s face stiffened. “There will be cases where fishermen will be harmed. We need to strengthen the environment of the territory near the coast. What is Siren’s request?”

“They want 5,000 elite troops.”

5,000 troops was a small number for the current Overgeared Kingdom. It was possible to pick the elite troops on the spot. However, choosing people who could fight underwater was a separate matter. It had been 20 years since they formed an alliance with Siren. They had means of breathing in water, but being able to breathe didn’t mean they could fight well in the water.

‘There is no water pressure inside Siren. The problem is the process of moving to Siren.’

Siren said they were under attack. They were likely to be surrounded. In order to break through the siege and enter Siren, a combat power that wasn’t affected by water pressure or those experienced in water combat were needed.

‘Since a few years ago, Soldier has been raising the navy, but there is no practical experience. I can only send the early members, including Toon.’

In fact, the easiest solution was to send Braham. It was just that Siren originally demanded 5,000 people. It was too much to send Braham. His value wasn’t worth 5,000 troops, but 500,000 troops. Now that the boundaries between hell and the human world were gradually breaking down and various incidents were occurring all over the continent, he needed to consider where he sent his messengers.

“We will build the reinforcements around the members who didn’t participate in the hell expedition or who dropped out.”

“How many soldiers will you send?”

“They asked for 5,000, so I have to send at least 5,000. I will send all of the navy so they can accumulate practical experience.”

“This is good. Soldier whom I previously saw on Cokro looked very bored.”

It wasn’t necessary to send 5,000 troops as long as members such as Toon were sent. 2,000 would be enough. However, it was better to meet the request of the alliance as much as possible. They should show maximum sincerity to build greater trust and maintain better relationships.

“Let’s add Overgeared Skeleton Two to it.”

“Overgeared Skeleton Two?”

“Overgeared Skeleton Two can work independently after it became a lich. I have to test how far it can go.”

“You mean, the summons will be maintained even if Your Majesty isn’t around?”

“Yes, it can operate independently unless its health runs out or I reverse the summoning.”

A necromancer would be shocked to hear this. The Overgeared Skeletons were an existence created by the former third-ranked great demon and they had many special features. It was good to treat them as a miracle. He just honestly didn’t know if the summons would be maintained in Siren which was thousands of kilometers away from here. Thus, he wanted to check it out.

Lauel was worried. “I doubt that Overgeared Skeleton Two can be active alone without Your Majesty. If it shows a weak display in Siren, then it will shame Your Majesty.”

He didn’t doubt the power of the Overgeared Skeleton Two. A lich was one of the pinnacles of a skeleton. Moreover, Overgeared Skeleton Two had been armed with Grid’s items over the past few days. Lauel’s only worry was the AI of Overgeared Skeleton Two. Was it possible for it to make the best judgment and action with orders from its master?

Lauel didn’t want Grid’s power to look ugly during external activities. In particular, the people of Siren were different in culture and emotions so the spread of the Overgeared God Church was relatively slow. It wasn’t enough to show a good performance.

Grid directly asked Overgeared Skeleton Two, who was hammering hard, “Overgeared Skeleton Two, can I believe in you?”

[Yes... I will repay your expectations.] Overgeared Skeleton Two put down the hammer and replied while prostrating himself on the ground. Its attitude showed there was no need for long words. It was determined to show results.

The appearance of the skeleton spreading black magic power with shining eyes made Lauel’s heart tremble.

“Ugh...! This storm of magic power that makes the black dragon react!”

“Go away now.”

The moment the black-red flames were going to erupt from Lauel’s left arm, Grid frowned and waved his hands. He was trying to break it up before the conversation went on a tangent. Grid was very busy because he had to innovate the messengers’ gear. His work was still full and overflowing. At this moment—

[The morale of the allied soldiers has dropped significantly.]

[The stamina and power of the allied soldiers are reduced by 40%.]

“.....?”

Just then, strange notification windows appeared. Grid was flustered because it happened suddenly, while Lauel immediately started to investigate the situation. After a while—

“It is said that the churches of the three gods have started to incite things,” Lauel explained with a distorted expression after he grasped the situation. “They are making false claims that the demonic humans are caused due to the destruction of the gods’ symbols in the Overgeared Kingdom by the Overgeared God Church.”

“It isn’t enough to not join forces. Now they want to antagonize me?”

“The demonic humans, the dark elves, the transformation of marine life and some monsters to demonic creatures... I’m sure they are taking this situation as an opportunity. The more anxious people become, the stronger the influence of religion. The churches of the three gods are the only ones who can calm the current chaos. They will naturally use us in the process of recruiting members.”

“Has public opinion already tilted toward the three gods enough to shake the allied soldiers?”

Then, world messages appeared.

[The people’s faith in Goddess Rebecca has deepened.]

[The people’s faith in God Dominion has deepened.]

[The people’s faith in God Judar has deepened.]

Humans were weak. Few people lived alone. The more people experienced impossible things, the more they looked for supernatural things and the more they tended to rely on a god. It wasn’t difficult for the churches to handle them as they pleased.

“...Cults gain power for a reason.”

“Your Majesty?”

“I’m going to meet the pope.”

Grid, who had never stopped working throughout his conversation with Lauel, put down the hammer for the first time.

Lauel somehow felt a chill. In the open space outside the smithy, Haster was startled as he faced the God Hands. It was because the God Hands stopped moving in unison and released killing intent.

Chapter 1473

The Rebecca Church was conscious of their debt to Grid. He was the agent of the goddess who punished the corrupted pope and the warrior who unlocked the seal of the Holy Sword. He saved the lives of the Rebecca’s Daughters and saved the Vatican that was in a crisis. Most of the members recognized that without Grid, their church would’ve declined.

However, they didn’t openly worship Grid as a benefactor. It was because he committed a sin that was contrary to their doctrines. A human being who had become a god. A new religion was set up. He even took away Pope Damian, a number of elders, and the Rebecca’s Daughters...

The Rebecca Church went through great confusion. There was a heated debate. Some of the doctrine-driven members of the church argued that Grid should be punished immediately. Meanwhile, the others

who valued grace and reason as much as doctrine argued, “How can you forget his grace and harm Grid?”

Still, most of the followers had realistic thinking and asked, ‘What right do we have to discuss Grid’s punishment?’

It was a question that silenced both those who said they should punish Grid and those who said they shouldn’t punish Grid. It was because the essence was contained in the question. The Rebecca Church had no power to harm Grid. The same was true even if they worked with the Dominion Church and Judar Church.

The lack of power was a good thing.

The Rebecca Church sat on the fence. They didn’t respond outright to Grid. They used the pretext of being powerless to just express regret. Many members of the church cheered for Grid in their hearts. In the wake of the Archangel Sariel incident, there were believers who had doubts about Rebecca. Would the core members of the church betray the goddess for no reason?

Some senior priests condemned Damian and said he was punished by the angel for his evil heart, causing him to be expelled. The elders and Rebecca’s Daughters who left with Damian were blinded by wealth and corrupted. It was nothing more than cheap incitement.

There weren’t many church members who believed their words. The believers remembered the truth, faith, and good deeds Damian showed during his time as pope. It happened one day as the doubts and confusion among the church members deepened...

On this day, the believers gathered together to elect an interim pope.

-He will guide you.

Someone’s voice was heard high in the sky. It was a divine voice that was separate from the doubts in their hearts. They naturally bowed their heads. The voice was warm and they wanted to rely on it. Ahh, why did they doubt her for a moment? The believers regretted being so hasty.

A light fell in front of them as they prayed with their hands together. A figure with blond hair shone in the light. It was hard to tell if they were a beautiful woman or a handsome man. He introduced himself as the new Goddess’ Agent and he naturally became the pope. He was as warm as the goddess’ voice. He was also very competent and was described as the ‘second coming’ of 2nd Pope Chreshler.

The believers gradually trusted and relied on him. They recovered a bit of their lost faith. However, this time they doubted the pope’s actions.

“What do you mean by the demonic humans appeared due to the Overgeared Kingdom and Overgeared God Church?”

The demonic humans also occurred in villages and cities where the symbols were fine. Additionally, most of the symbols destroyed by the Overgeared Kingdom and Overgeared God Church were related to Martial God Zeratul. Of course, the symbols of the other gods were damaged, but at the very least, they didn’t touch the symbols of Goddess Rebecca. They kept this line. In other words, Goddess Rebecca’s

symbols were intact in places with the demonic humans. The pope's claim that the demonic humans occurred in villages and cities where the symbol of Goddess Rebecca was destroyed was clearly wrong.

"The Overgeared God Church won't sit by and leave alone the pope's distorted claim."

"We need to correct it right away..."

The situation that flowed became serious. The believers who were incited by the pope's claims were misleading the public. The aftermath was felt in real time. There were reports that people who had been cut off for a while were heading to the temples of the three gods.

The Overgeared Kingdom worshipped the Overgeared God and founded the Overgeared God Church. The Rebecca Church and Overgeared God Church were barely in a neutral state, but that tightrope seemed to be coming to an end. The aftermath would be big. They were afraid.

The pope looked at the elders who were pouring out their concerns and opened his mouth, "Are you members of the Overgeared God Church? Why are you, the elders of our church, representing their position?"

"This isn't an emotional problem. The moment the Overgeared Kingdom becomes hostile to our church, it will be inconvenient in many ways."

At present, the Vatican itself was within the territory of the Overgeared Kingdom. The Vatican had existed even before the creation of the Overgeared Kingdom and was legally recognized as an independent territory. However, the laws mentioned here were laid down during the Eternal Kingdom's rule. The Overgeared Kingdom could abolish the existing laws and eject the Vatican at any time if they wanted. Of course, the Vatican could be rebuilt in other kingdoms. However, it would be humiliating if they were kicked out.

They honestly questioned how many kingdoms would accept the Vatican. Now the influence of the Overgeared Kingdom reached all over the continent.

"Moreover, isn't this the time when the demons are moving? Why is there a need to increase the number of enemies when we are facing a common enemy?"

The pope was an example for everyone. Despite being so powerful and divine that he was called the second coming of Chreshler, he didn't go on a rampage. Even though he received the Blessing of Light from the goddess, he didn't have the sense and arrogance of a chosen person. He always had a learning attitude.

Thus, the elders could point out the pope's faults. They believed he would repent on his mistakes and solve the problem. However, the pope's attitude didn't change.

"Demons. A common enemy." The pope repeated and approached the window. He opened the high window and stood on the terrace.

"Wahhhhhhh!"

"Hooray, His Holiness! Hooray, Goddess Rebecca!"

Tens of thousands of people filled the square. There were a variety of races. They came from all over the continent. How long had it been since so many people gathered at the Vatican?

The people waved to them with a kind smile before whispering to the elders.

“They are far from the reason for our church’s existence.”

“What does that...”

“Our church is only for Goddess Rebecca. The reason why our church has fought against evil beings and served weak humans is to build Goddess Rebecca’s virtues and have Goddess Rebecca’s name spread widely throughout the world. Putting the blame on the Overgeared God and distorting the truth? Yes, that’s right. I used this as an opportunity to raise the power of our church and correct Goddess Rebecca’s lost reputation. I completed the mission of the pope. The elders have the responsibility to help me. How can you blame me instead?”

“The order is wrong. Goddess Rebecca exists for humanity and we serve her with gratitude.”

The old elder who spoke on behalf of the elders felt madness from the pope and shut up. He was a parish priest active in Titan, the capital of the empire. He served the goddess more honestly and faithfully than anyone else. He was so popular that he was once mentioned as a candidate for the pope. However, he just wanted to be a priest who prayed to the goddess. He stayed away from power. Of his own volition, he didn’t run for the pope position and he refused to hold a senior post. He recently accepted a senior position to lead the Rebecca Church on the right path. He was worried to see the believers doubt the goddess so easily. Therefore, he took the lead so he wouldn’t let them get lost.

“I believe Your Holiness made the wrong judgment because you are crushed by heavy responsibilities. I believe you made a slip of the tongue because you were excited by the cheers and support of the people. It is better for you to take a few days off and take care of yourself.”

It was dangerous. There was a temperament of fanaticism. The elder was seeing into the essence of the pope. He knew how to think and judge politically. He decided to detain the pope momentarily. However, this pope was called the second coming of Chreshler. This was in terms of force.

“The old man has spoken ludicrous words. You need to be corrected.” A light flashed. It was a light that stretched out in a straight line. This was the last sight that the elder from Titan saw.

“T-This is unbelievable!”

“W-What are you doing?!”

The faces of the elders turned white.

The people in the square were still cheering without knowing what happened above. The pope waved to them with a smile while an old man turned into a corpse and rolled around the pope’s feet. The scene that occurred was so unrealistic that the elders couldn’t properly accept the situation. Nevertheless, fear entered their hearts. They felt like they had seen the demon. A twisted fanatic who was close to evil.

On the other hand—

“What was that light just now?”

The people of the broadcasting station, who were filming the pope and people in the square from the opposite building, felt a strange difference. There was a white light that destroyed the view around the pope. Once they opened their eyes again, the scenery wasn't different from a while ago, but somehow, the faces of the elders standing behind the pope were frightened.

“Turn the camera back.”

“The light was so strong that it completely covered the screen. I can't capture anything.”

“This damn thing...”

Something must've happened. The viewers watching the show in real time as well as the station's filming crew felt a strange atmosphere. Only the people in the square didn't detect the change. It was because they couldn't clearly see the terrace from their position.

“Where are you looking?”

It happened when the filming team and viewers were feeling extremely frustrated...

The pope, who was looking down at the people in the square in a pleased manner, abruptly shifted his gaze to the sky. Dozens of cameras chased his gaze. An orange glow was spreading in the blue sky without any clouds. It was like a sunset. It was mysterious and beautiful.

“Grid...?”

The shooting team was flustered. The video conveyed to the viewers shook. Grid was gazing down at the pope in a cold manner. There was a clear sense of anger. The black eyes were red like a sun spreading the sunset.

“.....”

The people in the square belatedly realized Grid's emergence and became silent. The unapproachable dignity forced them to remain silent.

“I want to ask the pope.”

It was Grid who brought the silence and he was the one who broke it.

“You claimed that the cause of the demonic humans is my kingdom. You are guilty of defaming my kingdom with groundless claims and demoralizing the soldiers ahead of the war. Apologize.”

Every one of Grid's words were angry. His cold voice contained anger. The dignity that forced silence changed to a power that made heads bow. The people in the square reflexively flinched. It was both players and NPCs. No one dared to lift their heads. The shooting team's circumstances were similar. They were quite a distance away from Grid, but they were still weighed down by the pressure. The camera lens was lowered and viewers had to suffer from the inconvenience.

The elders were contemplative. Their expressions seemed to be saying, ‘You came.’

The pope was the only one who was nonchalant. He blurred the essence. He focused on and criticized Grid's actions, not his words. "Did you come to our church to receive an apology? Still, it is embarrassing that a man who claims to be a god can't control his anger and moves around so lightly. I didn't expect much since your level of heresy is too high, but you are much lower than I expected."

The pope's words quickened. He was trying not to show it, but he was very excited. He seemed to be enjoying this situation.

"Your intention of coming to our church on the day of the rally and expressing your anger in front of the many members of the church, showing off your power and force... it is to intimidate the church members and crush the spirit of the members. Is a god such an impure and violent being to you? Do you want to prove yourself? It isn't appropriate. You don't know God because you aren't a god. My church and I deny you."

"I am showing off my power and force?" Grid had been expressionless and now his lips curled up. It was so ridiculous that a laugh leaked out. He pulled a sword out of his inventory. It wasn't a famous divine sword. It was one of the low-grade weapons made in the smithy a while ago.

Grid threw it. He didn't mix in any techniques or skills. The sword flew like a flash, cutting the pope's earlobe and slammed into the wall. At the same time, the ground shook. Cracks occurred in the building that couldn't withstand the impact. The building was shaken.

"If I really showed off my strength, would the Rebecca Church still exist?"

".....!"

".....!"

At this moment, the Rebecca Church that had reigned as the largest and best religion for a long time, became an insignificant organization.

One sentence from Grid made it so. People sensed it. Today, the balance of power would change.

Chapter 1474

"If I really showed off my strength, would the Rebecca Church still exist?"

They were shocking words. He meant that the Rebecca Church could be destroyed at any time. A madness beyond the level of arrogance was felt. It didn't seem like sane words.

"How can you make such absurd remarks?"

A stir occurred among the church members who were weighed down by the pressure from Grid. They seemed to have forgotten their fear due to confusion. There were many church members who couldn't hide their anger.

Rebecca, the goddess of light, was a special presence. She created the world and created humanity. Even the noble gods of Asgard considered her a mother. It was why the Rebecca Church was able to reign as the largest and best religion. Who would dare to harm the Rebecca Church that was protected by the Creator?

It was physically impossible. The Yatan Church had proven it many times. The Yatan Church rose up many times and threatened the Rebecca Church, but the Rebecca Church escaped every moment of crisis. Grid was one of the proofs. Grid had fought for the Rebecca Church and indirectly helped the Rebecca Church by killing the Yatan Servants.

...The exceptionally faithful members of the Rebecca Church thought so.

They were half right. One of the reasons why Grid helped the Rebecca Church was Rebecca's divine message.

"Hiik!" The church members were staring at Grid with disgust when the ground shook with a deafening sound. It was the aftermath of the building tilting slightly.

"You threaten me with force immediately. Can't you restrain your emotions? Or are you not restraining yourself? No matter what, the world will be flooded with disaster if there is a god like you in the world. People will be careful about attracting your eyes." The pope never thought Grid would pull a sword out of nowhere with so many witnesses. He even insulted the Rebecca Church. The pope liked Grid's wild actions. The more disappointed the people were in Grid, the weaker their worship of Grid would be.

'Is this one of those divine swords?' The pope moved his blue eyes and looked at the sword next to his face. It was thrown with great power and buried deep in the wall. However, the sword was fine. From his perspective, it was a great sword. 'It doesn't look the same as the rumored divine swords. He recently created a new one.'

The pope didn't acknowledge Grid's divinity. Still, he didn't deny the fact that Grid's battle gear, which was called divine swords in public, was excellent. It was because Asgard coveted them. The pope thought that Grid was a replacement for Hexetia. The clear evidence was that the goddess hadn't recovered the blessing she gave him.

'They seem to have no intention of releasing Hexetia. This man will be the next blacksmith god. I need to correct it before sending you up to heaven.'

During Grid's journey of growth, there were blessings and favors from various gods, including Goddess Rebecca. The pope intended to correct Grid to maintain order in Asgard. There shouldn't be the illusion that he was equal to the other gods.

The pope pulled out the sword in the wall. His gaze was still fixed in Grid's direction when once again, a blade brushed by his earlobe. Blood flowed from his earlobe that was cut by the second sword thrown by Grid. A protective shield wasn't created so he was cut by the blade.

By this point, it was certain that the pope's identity was an angel. It wasn't a special fact. From the time the new pope was decided and his appearance seen, the Overgeared Kingdom had inferred the pope's identity. Just like Amoract was behind the Yatan Church, there were the angels behind the Rebecca Church.

'At first, I thought it was Sariel.'

Sariel had said that they had been kicked out of heaven and their body couldn't be replaced. In fact, a copy of Sariel was active in the Rebecca Church. The identity of the Templar was Sariel's copy. It wasn't strange for a new copy to appear again.

However, the pope was different from Sariel. The overall atmosphere was similar due to the blonde hair and appearance that was hard to distinguish between genders, but looking closely, there was a difference in the facial features. The facial line was a bit thicker and he was 10 centimeters taller. Sariel gave off a strong impression of beauty, but the pope was a bit more masculine.

“Do you see my wound?” The pope, whose earlobe was covered with blood, raised his hand high. “The Overgeared King has already proved his violence by destroying the symbols of the gods he should serve. He had finally revealed his true nature now. He committed a violent act without giving evidence that he isn’t the main culprit that caused the demonic humans or trying to persuade me through conversation. I am sad and angry at the attitude of threatening to destroy our church.”

“Boo!Booooo!”The congregation started booing Grid. They were NPCs.

The players who were members were sneaking out of the scene. Players saw the world objectively compared to NPCs. It was because they had been exposed to all types of media. It was rare for a player to blindly believe in the pope.

“Engrave his image in your mind. He isn’t a god. He might’ve obtained the equivalent of divinity, but he doesn’t have the sense of justice to wield it correctly. He is just a king. He will prioritize his own territory, not the territory of humanity or humanity’s safety...” The pope’s speech began. The clear and warm voice was engraved in the hearts, not the heads, of the church members. The contents of the speech were simple.

Grid isn’t a god.You must not believe in him or rely on him. You have to deny him who calls himself a god.If he shows violence against our church, I will protect you.So don’t be afraid to blame him

The contents were simple and clear. The pope was very good at acting and he gave people a kind impression that contained sincerity toward the church members.

Grid descended slowly. His eye level was aligned with the pope.

“Booooo!”The boos from the church members intensified.

There was a faint smile on the pope’s face. He looked triumphant and was convinced that Grid would step down from his intention of using violence here. There was a fact he overlooked.

“Your tongue is long.”

There was no point in people denying Grid. Grid had already proven his qualifications and became a god. Even if someone denied him now, his divinity wasn’t shaken. Additionally...

“You will die here.”

Grid’s power was beyond the pope’s imagination. From the time he denied Grid’s identity, the pope had misjudged Grid. The Fire Dragon Sword rotated in Grid’s left hand that extended into the air. It immediately aimed at the pope and fired a breath. At the same time, Grid was holding the Formless Sword in his right hand.

“Kuek...!” Angels ignored long-range attacks. The pope hadn’t felt the need to stop the breath, but he ended up groaning. It was because he was cut by the blade that penetrated through the explosion caused by the breath. He tried to block it with the divine sword he recovered earlier, but the divine

sword was broken in vain. He immediately pulled out the Holy Sword, but it was too late. The spiral blade wrapped around his neck and put pressure on it.

The pope's head was separated from his body. Artistry could be seen in the blood that scattered under the orange light.

".....?"

".....?"

The church members in the square doubted their eyes. The viewers couldn't shut their mouths. It was in an instant. The pope's throat was cut off in an instant and even the time—in seconds—couldn't be predicted. Considering his role and weight in the game, the opponent was likely to be a super named NPC, yet he was reduced to a corpse with one strike. They couldn't believe it even when they saw it.

"Kiyaaaaak!"

"Your Holinesssss!"

Belated screams echoed. The trees that grew on the mountains surrounding the Vatican seemed to shake faintly. The heals of tens of thousands of church members poured toward the pope. It was a rain of light.

Grid's gaze fell to the square. The Overgeared God's Observation triggered, destroying most of the heals. It was just that there were tens of thousands of heals. It was impossible to block the source. In the first place, he hadn't intended to block them.

Grid moved his gaze from the square to the building. They were still, unlike the members in the square. They didn't use any heals or buffs on the pope. They didn't attack or reprimand Grid. Some people looked down as if they were embarrassed and others sighed with relief. Grid stopped his intention to subdue them. 'There seems to be a story, but I will still eliminate the churches of the three gods.'

For complicated reasons, Grid hadn't opposed the Rebecca Church, Dominion Church, and Judar Church.

First of all, they were essentially good people. They were different from the reality of the gods. Most of the believers of the three gods took care of the people. They also played an important role in deterring the expansion of the Yatan Church. Additionally, the churches of the three gods were organizations that nurtured healers, which were rare in Satisfy. The weaker the power of the three churches, the more precious that healers became. Maybe they would become extinct. Finally, Grid had a deep relationship with the Rebecca Church. There were many bad memories, but there were also many good memories, so he didn't want to be hostile to them.

However, he realized it today. The churches of the three gods only existed for the gods of Asgard. The evidence was the pope's determination to damage the position of Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom in the face of the great human and demon war.

Asgard's influence was bound to affect the churches of the three gods. It was a landmine that could explode at any time. It was better to get rid of them. Of course, it wouldn't be easy. The forces were so widespread that it was virtually impossible to root them all out. There was a high possibility that public sentiment would be shaken. There would probably be a lot of backlash.

‘Still, I have to get rid of them. Disband them.’

He didn’t mean to commit a massacre. It was enough to damage the organization. He wouldn’t shy away from any killing that was necessary in the process. It would be painful not to get a healer’s help during the great human and demon war, but... as things stood, these guys wouldn’t have helped in the first place.

Flash!

Light burst out.

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

His transcendence was triggered. It meant there was a swift attack. In the accelerated moment, Grid struck the straight line of light with his sword. The Fire Dragon Sword in his left hand floated into the air. The moment the second sword was discarded, the Formless Sword became faster and more sophisticated.

It slid over the Holy Sword of the pope whose head was restored. Then he stabbed at the pope’s throat again. This time, the pope was fine. The power of the Formless Sword was minimized due to the curtain of light around his body. It was a strong self-defense using divine power. The Fire Dragon Sword moved on its own and stabbed the pope in the back, but it failed to achieve much.

“Eh...? Ehh?” The church members were baffled by the pope’s recovery that was like a lie. They knew he couldn’t die easily and used heals in hopes he was alive, but they didn’t expect him to immediately re-attach his cut off head and resurrect. They were more surprised than happy.

“You are truly a man with experience at killing angels. You are really skilled.”

An angel—an army built only for the gods of Asgard. They were called the invincible army because they had the protection that blocked all long-range attacks, including magic. They couldn’t die from arrows fired from blind spots. In order to kill angels, one had to approach and fight directly. It was a life or death decision without a war of attrition.

Grid was well aware of this fact. Thus, he abandoned the advantages of flying and descended to the ground. The need for that was gone now.

The pope spread out white wings. Feathers fluttered from six wings. The papal tiara fell off and the halo of light floated above his head. The name that was revealed was Michael.

Sariel had said that this was an angel with a high rank among archangels. Was it the gods’ first angel? Another name was a knight or enforcer. He had the most outstanding force after the archangels Raphael and Gabriel. He might be the best when it came to ‘killing’ skills. It was because he was at the vanguard of the angels. He had experienced the most wars and dealt out the most divine punishment.

“Who speaks of the gods?”

The moment Michael recited, the size of the Holy Sword increased along with a series of deafening sounds. It was the result of the continuous absorption of light that had stretched out in dozens of branches. By the time the holy sword was 5 meters long, no one at the scene could open their eyes. The light was so bright.

Thanks to this, Grid learned the hidden characteristics of a myth class. He didn't become blind in the face of the intense light that spread throughout the Vatican. There was no inconvenience at all. A god was a presence that touched the sun. It was natural for a god to not to suffer from the glare.

"Your approach to being a god is immensely wrong. A god must be born from the goddess or recognized by Asgard. It isn't done on your own. I am going to correct you. Let's convert you first."

Michael proclaimed and lowered his huge Holy Sword. The destructive power was unusual, thus Grid stepped back to avoid it. He immediately realized this was a mistake. Shards of light—they scattered in all directions and stretched out like spears that struck Grid or condensed into spheres that showed signs of an explosion.

Yet for Grid, mistakes weren't the end. He had many means to make up for mistakes. He also had the foundation of developing from his mistakes based on experience.

Grid didn't bother to use Shunpo. The principle of Shunpo was to move his body to a place he could 'see.' It was possible for a person with outstanding skills to read his gaze and predict the jumping point of Shunpo. Using Shunpo against Michael was likely to be a weakness instead.

Grid rushed in with the defense of the innovated armor of the Four Gods. He used Lightning God around his body to avoid the spears of light while minimizing the explosive damage of the spheres with White Tiger's Posture. It happened while he was moving through the air like this...

Michael once again lowered the sword of light. The space was cut and shards of light scattered again. It was the moment when this area fell under Michael's control. Thousands, tens of thousands. No, the infinite shards of light that contained destructive power restricted Grid's actions while the main body of the giant sword tore at Grid's flesh.

Michael's blue eyes moved to his left. The moment of contact with the sword of light, the afterimage disappeared and Grid appeared in the direction he was looking. The big sword of light was growing in real time. Unknowingly, the length reached 7 meters before it was swung at Grid.

The light erased the world. It glowed brilliantly and swallowed up all the scenery. The bright orange light surrounding Grid's body also lost its traces.

No.

"Sky."

It wasn't lost. It carved a small dot in the quiet world of light. The dot soon became a line. It spread like a wave. Grid was crushed in the shoulder by the sword of light, but he rushed forward by relying on the Shoulder Guards of the White Tiger with the Protection of the Red Phoenix. The heavy and sharp blade gradually dug deep into his shoulder blades, but he didn't stop. He just sped up.

Michael saw the fast approaching Grid and belatedly noticed that the sharp screams coming from the shoulder guards weren't screams, but a roar.

[Howling! Lv. 1]

[Summons the image of a howling white tiger.]

All enemies within range of the white tiger's howl will stiffen for at least one second to a maximum of seven seconds while allies will have their defense increased by 10%.

Mana Consumption: 2,000

Cooldown Time: 12 hours.]

".....!" Michael had been planning to act the moment Grid got a bit closer, but his expression ended up stiffening. It was because his body wasn't moving. He wanted to lower the sword even more, but he couldn't give any strength into his hands.

'The beasts of the east are interfering.'

Michael was upset, but he relaxed his expression instead of showing it. If his body didn't move, then he would use magic. He added magic to the divine power surrounding the sword of light. It was a miraculous event. It wasn't just the light surrounding the giant sword. All the light that filled the area had divine power replaced by magic power. Everything was linked using the Holy Sword as a medium.

Destruction.

It was the development of the great magic he often used when carrying out divine punishment and it could be described as a natural disaster. Michael expected a look of astonishment to fill Grid's face. He imagined Grid coughing up blood and falling down. It was from his own magic.

He didn't foresee his own suffering until the great divine punishment was destroyed at the same moment it was launched. Killing intent filled Michael's heart as Grid approached quickly using a mixture of magic power and silver thread. It was just the beginning. The former sword dance was just the beginning.

Grid was no longer wary of the gods. From the time he became a myth class, he was no longer afraid of the gods. In the world where light had faded, the orange afterimage expanded its range. Every time, there was a deafening roar. It was the sound of the Sky sword dance connecting the single sword dances. They cut through the wind and slashed at Michael. It was like thunder.

It was a true divine punishment.

Chapter 1475

Satisfy wasn't kind. It didn't explain everything to the user. The typical evidence was that many of those attempting to change to a hidden class failed their class change quests, and a legendary blacksmith didn't know the existence of the convenient 'automatic item production' function existed.

'Is this a characteristic of the myth class as well?'

Grid sensed a very important change as he sliced at Michael with the Sky sword dance. The balance of his body didn't collapse when using the sword dances. Things such as pausing the action, holding the sword with both hands, or adding force to certain parts of the body to cope with the changing center of gravity were all eliminated.

'I have the ability to be immune to physical abnormalities.'

Did this mean he ignored the physical laws to a certain extent? He was thankful. Grid's ability to use the sword dance was freer than ever. He wielded his sword with one hand, leaving his other hand free to block Michael's counterattack or tear off his wings. He was able to go backward while using Kill and turn around while using Link.

The scope of the actions of his sword dances were greatly expanded. The speed of linking sword dances together became faster and more natural. The inherent shortcomings of the sword dances, that existed no matter how many times he improved it, now disappeared completely.

Grid's sword dances were still elegant, but they were as simple as swordsmanship. It was very beautiful in harmony with the orange polar lights. It gave the impression of divinity.

Grid utilized time in a manner different from others. It was for the last dozens of days. Unlike his colleagues, he stayed alone in a smithy and completed the innovation of his divine swords. It was the result of spending the time when he couldn't go to the hunting ground as more precious than gold.

The cutting power of his innovated and more powerful divine swords had naturally increased. The 'Cutting' skill that was a symbol of Failure was now attached to all the divine swords. The performance of the effects themselves were enhanced. It was the reason why Michael's body could be cut and split apart so easily.

"Ugh..." The church members on the ground sobbed and groaned. They felt like Michael was a monster as he repeatedly regenerated nerves and muscles from his cut body while also reconnecting bones.

Pope Michael had spread out six wings and used the Holy Sword, revealing his identity as an angel. He was far from the noble image of an angel that the followers had imagined. It was a particular big problem when contrasted with the noble Grid. Good and evil seemed to be reversed. The cheering and encouragement of the church members toward Michael stopped. The baptism of heals calmed down. In the first place, Michael didn't need the heals.

'Even though I am blessed by the three gods—' Michael's thoughts were interrupted and repeated as his brain kept being split apart and regenerated. 'The blessings of the three gods are great, but he is so powerful?'

Michael was flustered. It was because he was completely overwhelmed. The Trinity was lost and a considerable amount of power was sealed in the aftermath of his descent, but his swordsmanship wasn't rusty. Yet he was being pushed back. His execution sword had killed numerous pagans for a long time, but it couldn't punish Grid. Grid didn't die even when he was stabbed. His arms weren't cut off. On the other hand, every time Michael allowed an attack, his bones were broken or something was cut off.

'Did the goddess acknowledge him as a god?' Angels couldn't cut the gods of Asgard. It was a law that couldn't be broken unless they were corrupted like Sariel. Michael had to suspect if Grid had become a god of Asgard.

He was mistaken. The reason he couldn't hurt Grid was simply because he lacked attack power. All the armor that Grid was wearing were new ones that had been innovated. He even made a significant number of them with Greed. It might be possible to accumulate impact and deal damage, but it was impossible to cut them.

The situation would've been the same even if the Trinity had been formed or he ascended to heaven to liberate the power of an archangel. Greed had become a myth in accordance with Grid's growth and it only allowed damage that could threaten a god or was equal to a god.

'No, the goddess wouldn't have done this without saying anything. This person hadn't been recognized by the goddess yet.'

Feelings had no effect on the principles of an angel's behavior. They moved solely on faith. Michael might be flustered and confused a thousand times, but his sword never slowed down. The reason he was wary of Grid was due to Grid's title of Angel Slayer.

It was after Sky was finished...

Michael restored his arm that had been cut off again by the two fusion sword dances and immediately counterattacked. The Holy Sword that was filled with a strong divine power struck Grid's chest. A brilliant white glow soared to the sky and seemed to cut through the sunset.

Grid endured the shock and lowered the Formless Sword in his hand. It was because Michael dug in deep for super close combat. It was a difficult distance to use the strength of the Formless Sword. The 1st God Hand flew over and held the Formless Sword in its hand. Meanwhile, Grid pulled out the Magic Power Ejection Machine. The magic power mixed with silver threat stretched out and wound around Michael's wrists.

Grid pulled and twisted the trajectory of the Holy Sword before inserting his knee into Michael's chest. Thanks to this, the Holy Sword missed Grid, but the particles of light released by the Holy Sword became knives and bombarded Grid. Grid didn't move. He connected the Enlightenment Sword with the Magic Power Ejection Machine and pierced Michael's abdomen. Michael modified the trajectory of the Holy Sword by breaking his wrist and stabbed the sword at Grid's neck. The God Hand holding the Formless Sword blocked it.

The attacks and defenses accelerated.

Grid and Michael didn't think. They immersed themselves in the movements learned purely by experience and pressed the opponent. Grid was assisted by the God Hands and ego items, while Michael used divine power. Dozens of blows were exchanged per second.

On the surface, it seemed that only Grid accumulated wounds. However, Michael wasn't invincible just because his limbs and wings regenerated as soon as they were cut off. Every time he was cut and regenerated, his health gauge was decreasing. Just—

'The utilization of that light is too high.'

The fragments of light that scattered from Michael's holy sword—they extended like a spear, bent like a whip, and exploded like a bomb. While annihilating the enemy, they gradually restored health every time they touched Michael's body. It was an unrivaled recovery ability. It was really an absurdly great ability. It gave Grid goosebumps at the thought of such a person falling in the middle of his allies. He wouldn't die, but would massacre a large number of troops in an instant.

'He would've been a great help in the great human demon war if he was on the same side.'

Grid had never seen the 3rd ranked great demon. Therefore, he had no choice but to compare Michael to Baal or Marie Rose rather than the 3rd great demon. Compared to them, Michael's impression was a lower rank given his weakened condition. However, Grid couldn't easily perceive Michael. The combat characteristics that focused on mass slaughter and recovery were optimized as 'weapons.' It made him wonder if hell feared Michael most among the angels.

'I have to kill him here.'

Today, Michael was an enemy of the Overgeared Church. If he wasn't killed here, he would surely be a disaster for the Overgeared Kingdom. He didn't want to encounter Michael one day when visiting Asgard to rescue Hexetia. If the archangels ranked 1~3 formed a Trinity... it would be hard to see any chances of winning. Therefore—

[Storm of the Fire God has been triggered.]

Grid tangled together with Michael and set up his own domain. It wasn't just his surroundings. The entire sky was stained with his color. The Red Phoenix's 9th Heart and the Formless Will of Duke of Fire resonated with the Overgeared God's divinity. The incomplete Storm of the Fire God was completed after Grid became a god.

[The divine flames will be expanded to the extent of your senses.]

[All allies except for the undead or evil eyes will have their healing effect increased by 30% and reduce the healing effect of all enemies by 60%. Once a target with a reduced healing effect attempts to heal, 'Rage of the Fire God' will cause fixed damage equal to 5% of the target's current health and there is a high chance of reversing the healing effect.]

[If the race is an undead or demonkin, they will continuously receive heavy damage in the range of the storm. This effect is maintained while Storm of the Fire God is used.]

[Fire of Willpower has been added to Divine Flames. All enemies in the storm's range will receive the 'heart' attribute damage proportional to the willpower and strength stat. Fire damage will be added that is proportional to the willpower and intelligence stats. The dual attribute damage will penetrate the defense and resistance of the target. However, it can't damage targets with the willpower stat. The target will be burned unconditionally and there is a high chance of their willpower falling. This effect is maintained during Storm of the Fire God.]

[The Divine Flames and Fire of Willpower overflow. The range of influence of the flames is extended in proportion to the field activation time. This effect is maintained during Storm of the Fire God.]

[The Red Phoenix's 9th Heart has resonated with the red phoenix in the east. You can make a rain of fire by bringing down the will of the red phoenix. The amount of damage and recovery from the rain of fire is affected by the red phoenix's stats. 20,000 mana is consumed for every descent. Cooldown Time: 10 minutes]

[The Red Phoenix's 9th Heart has completed after the growth and strengthened the willpower of the red phoenix. If you want, the main body of the red phoenix can be manifested. However, if the summoned red phoenix dies, then a severe penalty will be imposed on both you and the red phoenix. 10,000 mana will be consumed when summoning. Cooldown Time: 12 hours.]

[Your undying willpower will influence your allies. All allies in the range of the storm are significantly less likely to gain an abnormal status. It lasts for up to 3 minutes and consumes an additional 5,000 mana per second during the duration. Cooldown Time: 3 hours.]

[Every time your allies resist an abnormal status, you and your allies will gain a buff skill. However, it doesn't stack with buff skills of the same type. The buff duration time depends on the type of buff.]

[The Overgeared God's mental world can be manifested for a moment. Target up to four items in the area of the storm. It will enhance or weaken the power. The enhancement figure is affected by the stats of the most powerful item you've ever created. The weakening figure is affected by the stats of the weakest item you've ever created. It lasts up to 10 seconds and consumes an additional 20,000 mana per second during the duration.]

"Um?" Michael naturally cocked his head. It was because the light of the Holy Sword became so weak it was to the level of nothing. It was like the flame of a candle just before going out. Additionally, Grid's momentum had become stronger. He was almost intimidated by the calm gaze. It was a very amazing experience. There were only two gods in Asgard who could make an archangel shrink back.

"This... it is really amazing. I felt it when I punished the seven malignant saints a long time ago, but I know the reason why the goddess is so obsessed with humans..."

Michael's blue eyes shone, but his excited voice wasn't able to continue to the end. Cold moonlight soaked his body.

"Ah." The vision of both eyes fell. It was slowly at first and then quickly. Michael belatedly realized that his bisected body was falling. The fall of an angel symbolized corruption. It was a thing he didn't want to experience even if it was just a symbol.

For the first time, the halves of Michael's face were filled with instinctive disgust. His composure was shaken, but his judgment and actions were swift. He was an angel among angels. He wasn't affected by emotions. Nerves and muscles grew from each cut surface of his body.

Bones connected with each other again. In the Storm of the Fire God, the fragments of light struggled to maintain their shape to facilitate the regeneration of the last remaining wound. It happened in an instant. The recoil took place immediately.

".....?!"

Michael's face once again distorted. Along with creation, recovery was one of the original powers of the goddess. Among the powers that the goddess bestowed to the archangel, this one was quite close to the original. Yet it was denied?

"You, don't, tell, me..."

Michael was reminded of the worst possibility.

.....Had there ever been a god who was complete without Asgard's recognition apart from Chiyou? Michael failed to recover, but he didn't give up.

No, for the angels, recovery and regeneration weren't a matter of giving up or not. It was done naturally. His cut off body parts were reattached or regenerated and his wounds were restored. It was

slowed down and denied by Storm of the Fire God, but it repeated the same task. His spirit flashed and Michael foresaw his ending.

'This' would die.

His body that barely maintained its form. Grid's fusion sword dances kept cutting it. It was regenerated, cut, regenerated, and cut again. During the time when Storm of the Fire God was in its best state, he used Item Combination and stacked up the fusion sword dances. On the other hand, Michael's sword failed to touch Grid's body.

"Eh...?"

"T-This?"

The 30 dark metal hands locked onto Michael's flesh and spun like windmills. It was an informal type of sword dance. His flesh was crushed. The speed of cutting and crushing was faster than the speed of regeneration. It was a devastating sight. The shocked viewers and church members in the square asked themselves.

Was the angel weak? No, he was strong. He was superior in many ways to the great demons they had seen many times. Just—if they didn't think carefully, they would remember him as weak. It was because strength was relative. Compared to the person who slaughtered him, it was infinitely shabby.

The world was silent.

'My preparations were negligent.'

Michael's body finally reached its limit. His flesh that was cut off was no longer restored. However, Michael was calm. For angels, death wasn't the end. To paraphrase, it was like throwing away a piece of clothing.

'Now that I've figured out the opponent's level, I'll have to make every effort next time.'

Michael concentrated his divine power into his broken body. He intended to explode his body to threaten Grid's life. Many of the church members swept up in the explosion would also die... he decided it was better for the future if he died with the minimum of dignity.

The explosion was fast and powerful. The transcendent shockwaves struck Grid and the buildings of the Vatican turned to ashes... or it should've been like that.

'.....?'

Michael's soul that slipped out of his exploding body stopped thinking. The eyes of his soul shook as they stared at Asgard that was on the other side of the ominous orange sky. It was because it was a black darkness that greeted him, not a bright light. His home felt far away.

Grid had summoned the Saintess Ruby before departing for the Vatican. She had left hell for a moment and joined Grid. The divinity that was different from the goddess' divinity formed a barrier to protect Grid and the church members. It also returned Michael's soul to his vanishing body.

The force that couldn't be resisted shocked Michael. He intuitively sensed that the 'opportunity' he enjoyed like a right taken for granted had disappeared and he despaired. He belatedly doubted and resented the fact that the Templar never showed up.

It was useless work. White feathers fluttered around the pillar of ash that soared particularly high.

[Michael, the 3rd ranked archangel, has been destroyed.]

This world message appeared.

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".....?"

The viewers questioned it. They thought the broadcast was lagging. It was quiet. The broadcasting team on the other side of the screen was silent. They stood still, as stiff as a wooden statue. It was a sight witnessed by the viewers of all broadcasting channels around the world.

The viewers who were puzzled soon laughed. Wasn't it their own hands on the keyboard that were stopped? They were called 'keyboard warriors' in modern times due to their excellent keyboard skills, but for now, the screaming of the keyboard had stopped.

The chat window was silent as if it was responding to the silence of reality. Just like the on-screen broadcasting staff, the viewers' bodies and heads were briefly stiffened. A belated thrill shot down their spines. It was a bigger thrill than when taking drugs.

Michael—the moment he wielded the Holy Sword with a cut off head and revealed that he was an angel, the reaction of the broadcasting staff and viewers was the same. The power of the Holy Sword that condensed mighty divine power and increased its size literally foreshadowed the end. Through the sight of the light particles spreading out like spears and magically exploding, people peeked at the transcendence they had never known.

Angels were beings that players couldn't kill. They came to that conclusion at the very beginning. It was a conclusion naturally induced from Michael's transcendent force that released hundreds of attacks in a single blow. People speculated that Grid would suffer a crisis. Yet when they came to their senses, a completely different result was in front of them.

-...Grid is a god.

-...Grid is a god.Grid is a god.Grid is a god.Grid is a god.

The chat window, which had been paused for a long time, started to update quickly. The silence of reality was broken. The broadcasting staff came to their senses and shouted belatedly in excitement while media all around the world poured out breaking news.

Saintess Ruby—after receiving Grid's call, she arrived at the Vatican just before Storm of the Fire God was used. To be exact, Grid was waiting for Ruby. For the perfect finish, he saved Storm of the Fire God until she arrived.

'She is a stubborn person.'

Grid had earned 18 levels as a reward for destroying Michael. He was level 463 and he instantly reached 481. It was an astronomical amount of experience that couldn't be gained naturally. It was right for Michael to give limited rewards since he was weakened.

Yet Ruby, the Saintess, completely destroyed Michael. Michael's exit from the worldview caused the disappearance of all sorts of quests and episodes that were intended to occur. The potential rewards were changed to experience and granted to Grid.

Moreover, Grid had the enlightenment effect. Additionally, Ruby rejected the party request. Thanks to this, Grid gained 18 levels, but he didn't feel good. Ruby's growth was important. He couldn't believe she had given away the opportunity to gain so much experience.

Ruby read Grid's disapproving gaze and sent him a whisper.

-Can't I grow on my own now?

It was true. Ruby took advantage of Turn Undead and wide area percentage heals with a high probability of killing evil beings in a single blow and her hunting speed was at the top in the Overgeared Guild. Of course, there were spatial restrictions, but Ruby was able to grow quickly on her own without her brother's sacrifice. It wasn't false confidence, but a proven fact. Recently, it was confirmed directly in hell.

-I know what you mean, but...keep in mind that I am your older brother. Don't even think of yourself as a burden.

Grid read Ruby's growth using his insight and found that it wasn't empty words. Nevertheless, he added a few words as he descended to the ground. His inventory was full of Michael's Holy Sword, the halo, feather, and various jewels. The halo and feather resembled the items obtained after killing Raguel, but they were completely different. There was a difference just from the name.

[Angel's Halo]

[Rating: Myth

A halo that glows above the angel's head. Now it has lost its life and its purpose is unknown, but it seems to be of great value.

Weight: 0]

[Angel's Feather]

[Rating: Myth

A feather that has fallen from the wings of an angel. It is white and clean as if it can't be stained in any way. The usage isn't known, but it seems to be of great value.

Weight: 0]

These were the information of the halo and feather that Raguel had dropped.

[Halo of Massacre]

[Rating: Myth

A halo of light that has evolved by resonating with the divine power of the 3rd archangel, Michael. The light is strong, but its purpose is unknown. Still, it seems to be of great value.

Weight: 0]

[Feather from the Wings of Massacre]

[Rating: Myth

A feather dropped from wings that have evolved by resonating with the divine power of the 3rd archangel, Michael. The usage isn't known, but it seems to be of great value.

Weight: 0]

These were the information of the halo and feather that Michael had dropped. Unlike Raguel, Michael's soul had disappeared and everything was lost. Based on that logic, he had dropped his 'real' halo and feather.

[This item has a hidden function!]

Along with this notification window, the information on Michael's halo and feather was updated.

[Halo of Massacre]

[Rating: Myth

A halo of light that has evolved by resonating with the divine power of the 3rd archangel, Michael. Creates a specialized divine force that allows for a faster and more effective performance. Since Michael has disappeared, ownership can be transferred to another angel.

Weight: 0]

[Feather from the Wings of Massacre]

[Rating: Myth

A feather dropped from wings that have evolved by resonating with the divine power of the 3rd archangel, Michael. Accelerate as you get closer to the target. Since Michael has disappeared, ownership can be transferred to another angel.

Weight: 0]

'This...' Grid's eyes widened. He could see the essence of the halo and feather from the fact that ownership could be transferred. Grid pulled out the Angel's Halo and Angel's Feather and overlapped them with the Halo of Massacre and the Feather from the Wings of Massacre.

[Do you want to strengthen the Halo of Massacre?]

[Do you want to strengthen Feather from the Wings of Massacre?]

The information of the Angel's Halo and Angel's Feather was updated along with the system message asking these questions. The 'unknown usage' was changed to 'used to strengthen halos and feathers.'

'Sariel has a powerful means of growth.'

A deep smile spread on Grid's face once he learned how to use the halo and feather. He was thrilled at the thought that Sariel's wings and halo could be upgraded every time he destroyed an archangel.

'It would be better to give this sword to Sariel.'

Michael's sword was an excellent weapon compared to Raguel's Spear, which was myth rated, but could only be used as a material for extracting divine stone. It was comparable to Grid's divine sword, assuming it was used by an angel.

"Excuse me... Oppa?"

"...Yes, speak." Grid was about to check the condition of his rune after the holy sword, only to smile kindly. He had goosebumps on his arms. He was worried that he had a silly expression on his face because he was too happy. He was belatedly conscious of people's eyes and hundreds of cameras and quickly controlled his facial expression.

"....." Ruby was embarrassed by her brother's way of speaking, but she didn't show it. She knew that her brother was in a position to be conscious of people's eyes. "You know, I've become an object of faith. Is this perhaps..."

"....."

Ruby whispered with her mouth close to his ear. Grid quickly realized why his sister was whispering physically. It was because the Rebecca Church members were flooding toward the two of them. The number was in the tens of thousands so there was pressure, as if a barrier was approaching them.

Ruby was pushed by them and ended up standing close to Grid. The church members surrounded the brother and sister and bowed in unison. "Thank you for saving our lives!"

The moon always floated in the sky, but it gave off a different impression every time. Some days it was glorious and holy, some days it was round, and some days it was red and sinister...

Human beings would feel differently even when seeing the same things. Michael's appearance that the church members saw was enough to shake their faith in the goddess. The image of the angel that they read about in the Bible and hoped for was an infinitely noble and sacred being.

It didn't match the one who had a calm face and repeatedly regenerated every time he was cut with a sword and blood and organs poured out. It became even more distant from the demonic attitude of trying to slaughter the church members, who served the goddess without hesitation. Michael's choice to blow himself up at the end drew a line in the faith of the church members. Rebecca's unexpected neglect as she silently watched Michael's death was enough to break their faith.

The believers looked back on their lives. Who helped them when the church was in a crisis? Who saved them and humanity whenever the great demons invaded? It wasn't the goddess.

A new faith was born out of a broken faith. It was the Overgeared God and his sister Ruby, both who were as good as traitors, which protected the lives of the church members. They were the gods that the church members dreamed of and hoped for.

[The legend of the Saintess who leads humanity in good faith has begun.]

[Her accomplishment of punishing pure evil and good by necessity should be worshipped.]

[Many of those who have served Goddess Rebecca will make the Overgeared God and the Saintess their new objects of faith.]

“Ah...” Ruby didn’t know what to do.

Her vessel had yet to be completed. She couldn’t accept the sudden changes and heavy responsibilities as calmly as her brother. Grid held his confused sister’s hand tightly. “It’s okay. You can do well.”

Grid knew Ruby better than anyone. She was a smart child from an early age. She was an excellent talent in every way and had a good heart. Wasn’t she chosen as the Saintess not long after starting Satisfy? Since then, she had followed him well. At times, she was the one who led her older brother. Ruby might be oblivious to it, but Grid often relied on her. She was well-entitled to lead and take responsibility for people.

‘Sometimes when I am overwhelmed, she can help me.’

Grid knew it was necessary to get rid of the churches of the three gods, but he hesitated because he was afraid ‘healers’ would die out in this world. Now there was no need to worry if there was a religion that worshipped the Saintess as a goddess. Hadn’t he already experienced it? The believers were influenced by the god they served. Just as the Overgeared God Church members acquired and practiced the sword dances, the Goddess Ruby Church (?) believers would acquire and use heals and buffs.

‘Goddess Ruby Church...’ Grid was both happy and sad.

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Grid’s prediction was wrong. The name of the new religion was the Sanctity Church, not Goddess Ruby Church. The system focused on the image of the Saintess.

‘It is worse than I expected.’

Grid was upset when he saw the world message. His complaint was that the object of worship wasn’t clearly indicated. The churches of the three gods and the Yatan Church were named after the gods they served. The Overgeared God Church originated from Grid. Why was it that only the Sanctity Church was symbolic? He was sorry for his little sister because it felt like Ruby’s name value was left out.

‘I would rather it have been Goddess Ruby Church...’

Grid clicked his tongue with regret, but people’s reactions were completely different.

『 A new religion has just been born! It is worshipping Saintess Ruby, the famous younger sister of Grid, as a goddess... 』

『 The Overgeared God Church and Sanctity Church have absorbed a large number of Rebecca followers and the structure of power is rapidly changing... 』

-Wow, the name Sanctity Church looks a bit fancy.

-It is like a fairy in comparison to the Overgeared God Church.

-So the siblings are gods?Huh?The siblings are gods?

-Yes!The siblings are gods!

-God siblings ㄷ ㄷ Even their last name is Shin ㄷ ㄷ ㄷ [1]

-Wow Great Wisdom Shin-ssi;; The foresight of Grid's mother to marry a Shin is great;;

-No, Koreans should go to the Korean community.

-I should stop watching the broadcast and rejoin as soon as possible.I'm going to build up achievements and form a religion.

-Me too ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ Once I become a god, my colors will be a bright aurora.

-My personal color is white, so it should be white...

-Did we eat something wrong as a group? ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ Let's aim for being a legend first.

Until a few years ago, there were many people who shouted about the game balance every time Grid played a unique role. That time had already passed. There was nothing a player couldn't do. From a certain point, people saw hope from Grid. It was while experiencing the fact that Satisfy was an ideal different from reality. People had certainly experienced their own growth. They learned that they were rewarded for their efforts. They felt like they should focus on their own growth instead of questioning others.

-Everyone, hardcore level up!

-Gain items.

Those who saw their future from Grid's appearance had some of their anxiety about the upcoming great human and demon war changed to motivation.

The players belonging to the Yatan Church and three gods camp felt very urgent.

Grid hated complicated work. So as always, he left the aftermath to Lauel.

Lauel appeared with knights as protection and organized the remnants of the Vatican. He recommended conversion to the followers who still had lingering attachments and expelled those who refused.

However, all the high ranking priests with the reputation or strength to be the center of the church were detained.

The holy grounds and properties of the Vatican were naturally confiscated. After the great human and demon war, he planned to gather architects and convert the Vatican to the headquarters of the Sanctity Church. The Rebecca Temples outside the Overgeared Kingdom were also targeted.

Lauel dispatched troops to every area where a temple was located and took the temple by force. If it was far away, he received cooperation from his allies or isolated them politically. Lauel had long been famous for his lack of blood and tears. The man who was always smiling in front of Grid was cold-blooded enough to kill tens of thousands of prisoners. The moment he decided to completely disband the Rebecca Church, he was unstoppable in his work. Everything went quickly.

Fortunately, the players of the Rebecca Church were cooperative. Heals were no longer exclusive to the Rebecca Church, so players had no reason to defend it. He was very happy to take this opportunity to increase the influence of the Overgeared Guild.

[The other person is in a place where they can't receive whispers.]

'Has she already gone back to hell?'

Grid returned to Reinhardt.

The moment he saw the world message that the Sanctity Church was born, he sent a whisper to Ruby, but couldn't reach her. He had been planning to send her some comfort about the fact that the name of her religion would be the Sanctity Church...

'Still, the expedition will be difficult if Sehee is away for a long time.'

The expedition members must've been waiting for the Saintess to return. The difference between having a healer in the party and having no healer was very obvious.

'Will they party in hell all the time?'

He heard about it from Yura. The expedition, focused around Yura and Sehee, promised to stay in hell once the great human and demon war was over. Among them were Jishuka and Kraugel.

Grid was slightly uneasy. 'Jishuka has a lot of firepower in hell thanks to the Breaking Evil Arrow, but why Kraugel?'

Wasn't it better to solo play in the East Continent? If Kraugel was in hell for a long time, hell might one day perish...

Grid was worrying about the power of Space Sword when he arrived at his destination. It was the main temple of the Overgeared God Church.

"Why did you come here directly? If you called me, then I would've rushed over."

Sariel had to be wary of Asgard's gaze. They were forced to spend their time in Reinhardt. To be exact, they stayed at the temple of the Overgeared God Church. Rather than buffing visitors, they prayed and built up their divine power. Their faith would soon become Grid's faith, so the more they stayed in the temple and received people's prayers, the better it was for Grid.

'Sariel is even wearing a coronet.'

Necklace, earrings, and rings—Sariel had colorful trinkets hanging around their neck. At first glance, they were items that seemed expensive. It seemed that the visitors who were interested in Sariel had presented Sariel with gifts. The gender of an angel was classified as 'neutral,' but Sariel's appearance, words, and deeds were that of a young woman. She was even a beautiful woman comparable to Mercedes or Marie Rose, so he understood the feelings of the visitors to some extent. Additionally, Sariel was friendly to everyone and had good accessibility.

"It is good extra income." The moment Grid entered the temple, the church members sealed off the entrance and withdrew. Since he was recognized by the public as the 'god of battle gear,' there were symbols of all types of battle gear in the massive temple where only Grid and Sariel were present.

Grid saw the jewelry boxes and clothes piled up behind Sariel and pulled out the gift without any burden. "Then take this."

"This is Michael's... he has been destroyed." Was she thinking about her past memories? There was a flash of regret on Sariel's face as she received Michael's halo and feather. Nevertheless, her big eyes weren't shaken. "God, you have done something really big."

Sariel had said Michael was the best angel when it came to destroying and killing. She said that when they went to war with Asgard, he would be as much as a rival as the 2nd archangel. She added that it was lucky they were able to destroy him in advance.

Grid had doubts. "Why did Rebecca leave such an important fighting power alone instead of helping?"

Grid hadn't shown it, but he had been wary of Asgard's intervention during his fight against Michael. Yet Asgard showed no reaction, let alone intervened. They watched silently as Michael died and the Rebecca Church collapsed. There was also no news about the Templar, an organization that had been led by a copied angel from generation to generation.

"It wasn't that they couldn't help, but that they didn't help?"

"I'm sorry, I can't answer. I lost my memories of the gods when I was expelled, so I don't know their intentions."

In the beginning, when Sariel joined as Grid's apostle, Braham and Lauel had tried to get information about Asgard from her. However, Sariel lost a significant amount of her memories related to Asgard. In particular, the memories of the gods had become so blurred that she didn't even remember their appearance.

Braham speculated that Sariel had a restriction on her. It was natural for there to be a restriction. The gods wouldn't have expelled an archangel without taking any measures, especially since Sariel was an angel who exposed the gods' sins. They would've wanted to kill her, not just banish her.

'The reason she wasn't killed... it could be due to a punishment, but it should be because they wanted to use her spare flesh.'

According to Sariel's vague memories, the archangel's spare bodies remained permanently unless the soul was extinguished. There would be many uses. An example was the Templar. It was a disgusting story.

[Your messenger 'Sariel' has become the new owner of 'Halo of Massacre.']

[Your messenger 'Sariel' has become the new owner of 'Feather from the Wings of Massacre.']

[Your messenger 'Sariel' has increased all stats by 10%.]

[Your messenger 'Sariel' has acquired new skills and magic.]

[Your messenger 'Sariel' is slightly less affected by demonic energy and would have a smaller chance of running wild.]

Sariel absorbed Michael's power. It was mysterious and beautiful to see the halo with two light sources floating above the flowing, blond hair. The wings became eight. It was an awe-inspiring sight when the four pairs of wings spread wide.

"...Um?" He got a clue to free Sariel from the demonic energy. Grid was delighted by the better than expected results when he suddenly felt doubts and cocked his head. It was because there was a gradient of a pale orange color at the tip of Sariel's wings. Weren't the wings of an angel pure white?

"Huhu, the messengers are influenced by their god. I am your angel, so I am tinged with your color.' Sariel was pleased after noticing the change. Her bright smile was beautiful.

Grid smiled and handed her the Angel's Halo and Angel's Feather. It was like a type of enhancement stone. It was a material used to enhance the halo and feather. "Now use this to enhance them."

"Yes." Sariel also applied her standards to her master. The evidence was that she uncovered and pointed out the sins of the gods. However, she obeyed absolutely unless her master committed a crime contrary to her reason. Like Mercedes, she followed Grid's command without hesitation. It meant she tried to strengthen the halo right away, only to fail.

".....?"

"Oh my, it isn't easy."

".....?"

The Angel's Halo crumbled into powder.

Grid stared blankly for a moment at Sariel's innocent smile.

No, you are an angel. Angels are a symbol of good luck, but you failed from the beginning.

"I will try the wings enhancement..." Sariel had failed only once. It wasn't polite to treat her as having a stinky hand already.

However, Grid didn't like Sariel's innocence. Seeing the way she was smiling so happily despite failing at strengthening the halo, it seemed she would laugh even if she wasted the feather. That... he was depressed just thinking about it. Grid didn't want to be sad. If he couldn't hope for empathy, then he would rather take on the responsibility alone. He was convinced he would be less depressed.

[The Wings of Justice have been successfully enhanced!]

[The wings of your messenger, Sariel, have evolved into the Wings of Righteous Massacre!]

The name of Sariel's halo and wings was 'justice.' Grid learned a new fact after seeing the system information and his heart seemed warm. He seemed to glimpse Sariel's essence. On the other hand, he also felt guilty. The modifier of justice was completely inconsistent with 'massacre.' In any case—

[Your messenger 'Sariel' has increased agility by 5%. Additionally, the power attached to the wings is enhanced.]

Grid's enhancement succeeded. The Overgeared God's Techniques grew to the myth class and the buff of 'enhancement probability increasing' had also been upgraded.

'I need to experiment with this.'

He would be stuck at the smithy for a while anyway. This trip was because he couldn't sit back and watch the provocation and incitement of the Rebecca Church. Grid's original plan had been to focus on his blacksmithing work until the great human and demon war.

Grid handed over Michael's Holy Sword to Sariel, who was more delighted that she had done something for Grid rather than about herself becoming stronger. Then he left the temple.

Choices came with sacrifices. The moment Grid chose to conquer the Rebecca Church, the other forces watching him took drastic action.

"Start the magic blocking array."

The dark elf army that had been waiting at the entrance of the World Tree's Forest. They were waiting for the reinforcements that would've been dispatched from the empire after the empire heard the guard troops had been attacked. The personalities of the dark elves were very cautious and they planned to enter the forest and occupied it cleanly only after removing any possible variables.

Flash!

The geometric patterns carved throughout the forest emitted light and disappeared. It was the moment when magic was prohibited.

Dududududu!

The dark elves' keen senses detected faint vibrations. The king of the dark elves launched Clairvoyance in order to see the imperial army in the distance. The imperial army seemed to notice something unusual and slowed down, but it was too late. They were within range. The dark elves borrowed the power of the darkened elementals and pulled their bows in unison.

"It is time to correct the order of the forest."

After getting rid of these troublemakers, they would condemn the women who dared to banish them. The red eyes of the dark elves were filled with killing intent. The elementals, that were as dark as their skin, danced.

Chapter 1478

The reason players loved and respected rankers, such as Grid, was because they gained a lot from the rankers. Even if they were one of the so-called geniuses of the century, their talent would be useless if there was no basic knowledge. Even historical geniuses used the knowledge of others as a foundation and guide to develop their own knowledge. The talents of a genius shone even more brightly due to the inherited knowledge.

The same was true for players. For players, pioneers like Grid and Kraugel were like living textbooks. They watched these people play, learning and developing themselves. Resh was one of them.

'I'm glad it is a pattern in my memory.'

The dark elves' shooting was very threatening. The arrows, covered with stealth and tracking magic, were shot from a distance that couldn't be identified with the eyes and boasted a nearly 100% hit rate. Fortunately, Resh succeeded in hitting the arrow. He got the idea from Jishuka's PvP during the National Competition. He referred to the weakness of her invisible arrows and the battles of the high rankers who attacked her to narrowly avoid the shot. It was an expression of brilliant talent.

"Uwack!"

"Cough!"

Unlike Resh, the circumstances of ordinary soldiers were disastrous. They were hit in their vital points without detecting the arrows and turned to gray ash. The problem was that the number of arrows was too high. Invisible arrows poured down like rain. The soldiers simply weren't at a level to cope.

'Shit!'

At the entrance of the World Tree's Forest...

Resh and the knights arrived at the forest without taking a break, only to sense the strange energy that suddenly spread through the forest and they stopped the troops. They saw that there was an ambush and tried to regroup the ranks. However, the enemies didn't give them time. This was the result now as a baptism of arrows were fired from a ridiculous distance.

"Retreat! Step back while holding the formation!"

Resh—he was once the knight of Prince Dulandal. Then Dulandal reconciled with Basara and his affiliation changed to the Red Knights. The prestige of the Red Knights wasn't as good as before, but he was the first player to join the best knights division on the continent. It was once a big topic and he was spotlighted. His outstanding skills were made known and he built an international reputation.

He played as if he hadn't gained this fame in vain. He swapped weapons from a sword to a spear to block as much of the rain of arrows as possible. Meanwhile, he commanded the soldiers to retreat outside the range of the sniping.

The dark elves responded as expected. They stopped shooting arrows and dropped a great deal of magic toward the head of the shield soldiers. Resh didn't panic. It was relatively common for archers and magicians to form this combination in a war. This strategy was also demonstrated in the Overgeared Guild, which had the best archers and magicians. Resh predicted it and had the means to respond to it.

“Open Armor.” The red armor, linked to Empress Basara’s red energy, howled. A flame-like red energy formed a spherical wall to prevent the magic bombardment. Red energy had the power to intervene in and control substances. The functions differed according to the characteristics of the user. Resh’s Red Armor combined powerful dispel effects along with physical defense. It seemed to reflect his life as he lived as a knight.

“Enter now!” Resh was at the forefront and the soldiers soon gathered their motivation. There were other Red Knights behind the bold wedge formation assault. Resh led the soldiers to endure the bombardment of the dark elves, while his seniors sneaked into the forest.

The forest vibrated and chain explosions were occurring.

‘Good! No?’ Resh, who entered the forest with the soldiers, stiffened like a stone statue. It was because the situation in the forest had already been cleaned up when he expected a long battle. The 6th Knight, 11th Knight, and dozens of Black Knights were all over the ground, covered in blood. Dark elementals were eating their bodies.

Dark elves—they had the elves’ flexible muscles and archery while their corrupted elementals had demonic energy. They were once elves, but they weren’t protected by the forest like the elves. Still, they could use explosive magic power and strengthen their bodies in conjunction with the elementals. They were much more powerful than imagined. They were elves specializing in combat.

“Sir... Resh... lead your troops and leave,” the 6th Knight gave an order as he barely shook off the elemental and stood up. Resh had a hunch that it was his last order.

The single digit knights, a symbol of the empire, were particularly shabby today. Nevertheless, their nobility felt sublime. The Red Knights reorganized by Empress Basara were different from those led by Duke Limit. They followed the chivalric code at all times and under any circumstances. They prioritized it even over the empress’ orders.

It was because this was what the empress wanted. The knights that Empress Basara wanted weren’t knives to be used as needed. They were the watchdog and adviser to keep the empire, or empress, from going on the wrong track. Perhaps it was due to that that the present Red Knights were considered the weakest in history. It was natural since the first priority for selection wasn’t strength. Even so, they were more noble and sublime than anyone else. They weren’t something that others could disparage and ridicule.

“The Red Knights aren’t a big deal. It wasn’t a rumor, but a fact. It is true that the empire isn’t as good as it used to be.”

“Those high-nosed women chose incompetent human males over us. It is deplorable.”

The dark elves on the giant trees mocked while laughing.

Resh swallowed down his anger and asked them, “Have you already occupied the world tree?”

It was a question from someone who was going to die anyway. The dark elves shrugged and answered like it was a gift. “Our revenge hasn’t even begun.”

'Indeed...' Empress Basara was competent. She wouldn't participate in a fight that was obviously disadvantageous. It didn't mean that unfavorable fights would be avoided. Some fights meant deploying combat power in order to give the empire an advantage.

It was the same this time. Despite the lack of troops due to the demonic humans all over the empire, the empire sent enough support to help the elves and win the battle.

The problem was that the reinforcements were supposed to join the elves. The dark elves had launched a surprise attack on the World Tree's Forest. It was thought that the dark elves would advance to the world tree before setting up their battle lines. It was hard to predict that they would abandon the advantage of a surprise attack and wait here.

'I never thought we would be hit separately. It would be nice if the elves joined us, but that probably isn't possible.'

They might've noticed the unusual situation here, but they wouldn't be able to leave the world tree without hesitation. The most important mission for elves was to protect the world tree.

"...I don't think I can follow your order." Resh stood by the 6th Knight. He put away his spear and pulled out his sword and shield as he gazed at the hundreds of dark elves on the old trees. "Lord Phoil, lead the troops out while I hold them back."

There were four reasons to make the sacrifice. First, Resh's Red Armor specialized in neutralizing enemy attacks. If the purpose was to simply hold out and buy time, his efficiency wasn't bad compared to the 6th Knight. Second, Resh was a player and could resurrect after death. The other knights and soldiers were different. For them, death was the end.

Third, it would be a great benefit in the long run if the single digit knights and troops could be saved in return for sacrificing his life once. It was highly likely the empress would praise his meritorious achievement. He didn't know what hidden rewards would be waiting. Fourth, Resh didn't want to lose any colleagues.

"Hurry," Resh pushed the back of the 6th Knight and urged him. However, Phoil didn't budge.

"I know that your death is different from ours. Then what if I sacrifice you for that reason? Should we rely on you and avoid our responsibilities as a senior every time there is a crisis?"

"Now isn't the time to be saying such depressing words."

"What a bunch of bullshit."

Resh and Phoil's conversation broke down.

The dark elves, who had been watching silently, suddenly laughed. In particular, the dark elf with the golden name above his head laughed blatantly. "Do you think you can live just because you want to? You will all die here. You just don't know it."

A chill occurred around the dark elf king and the forest started to freeze.

Deep shadows appeared on Resh and Phoil's faces. They noticed that this dark elf's strength was in a different dimension. They realized they couldn't survive here. The soldiers gathered around them and

lined up. It was a protective formation. It was the last tribute to the two knights who tried to save the soldiers at the expense of themselves. Resh and Phoil felt the soldiers' determination to die and smiled bitterly.

Phoil shouted. Even if this was to be their tomb, he encouraged the soldiers to take one more enemy with them as a companion.

Then the dark elf king caused a tidal wave of ice. The soldiers shrank back in an instant. The wave of ice soared above the old trees and covered their field of view, causing them to despair and lose their fighting spirit.

'Super named...'

It happened as Resh sensed his vain end...

"It is great." Before he could feel frustrated, the voice of a stranger was heard.

Blond hair fluttered. Red petals were spreading. Resh, the knights, and the soldiers smelt a clear floral scent. Time seemed to have stopped. In the face of the wave of ice covering the sky, the blond man pulled out his sword. They didn't see his swinging action, but they saw his still back. It wasn't only after a late flash of lightning that cut the wave in half that they became aware of the passage of time again.

"You will be a great knight," the man spoke with pride as he turned his head.

Resh and the knights recognized the face that contained a sad smile. "Sir Asmophel...!"

The fragments of the cracked tidal wave poured toward the ground, causing earthquakes. The dark elves on the swaying big trees started shouting and pouring magic and arrows toward Asmophel. However, not a single magic or arrow reached Asmophel. It was because the best Red Knights in history, who arrived a step late, neutralized all attacks with their swords, spears, and shields.

Asmophel was always invincible when he was with his colleagues. Anytime, anywhere, it was a victory for their nation. It was originally an honor that he would never get back.

"The vice-captain is always so fast."

Yet Asmophel managed to regain that honor. It wasn't a result that he dared to want for himself. His colleagues gave him a chance. They told him to survive like it was hell and to atone for a bit longer.

"You know, I don't forgive you. I can't forgive you!" Singuled roared as he shot past Asmophel. His powerful weapon fell on the giant tree in the middle of the enemy camp. Every time he moved, he released a sharp airwave that started to tear at the flexible and tough muscles of the dark elves.

Amelda and Kentrick passed by Asmophel without speaking. Dante squeezed Asmophel's quivering shoulder slightly as he passed. Piaro stood next to Asmophel and changed the terrain of the forest, causing all the big trees to fall. He forbade the enemies from using them as cover. Amelda, Kentrick, and Dante initiated the massacre.

It was an overwhelming sight. The knights and soldiers saw how the empire could've reigned as ruler of the continent and was thrilled.

'If Grid hadn't helped them reconcile, history would've been different.'

The remnants of the empire that would've eventually drifted into ghosts. How did Grid embrace them? It wouldn't have been possible with just power and force.

Resh realized Grid's greatness as he wielded his sword with a powerful shout. He blocked the dark elf king's ice that targeted Asmophel. A battle alongside historical figures would be an invaluable experience for him.

Grid was a person. He seemed to leave no gaps in everything, but it wasn't that he didn't feel fatigue. He just endured it with his mind. It meant he needed a break from time to time. That was why he decided to activate auto production after coming back from beating Michael and working in the smithy again for quite some time.

'Let's check again.'

The items made with auto production had their limitations. They were less likely to have higher effects compared to manually crafted items that took a relatively long time. However, there was no disadvantage in the rating. Grid wanted to at least create items for the knights.

The knights of the Overgeared Kingdom weren't simple. Take the senior knight, Royman. She was good enough to be called the 'first sword' in any other nation. She consistently trained under Piaro and Asmophel and gained the title of great swordsman a few years ago. Her talent was particularly outstanding among her colleagues, but in addition to her, the level of the Overgeared knights was also very good. The top 30 were similar to the Red Knights of the empire.

Of course, they weren't equal to the Red Knights in their prime. The Red Knights of the golden generation had geniuses such as Piaro, Asmophel, Winfred, Singuled, and Dante. The next generation of Red Knights, regarded as the last golden age, had a monster called Mercedes.

In any case, Grid was making weapons and armor for the knights himself. He felt a strong sense of fatigue in the process. Therefore, he activated auto production in order to rest and once again confirmed the information of the Rune of Gluttony.

[★ The power engraved in the rune can be used as a resource to enhance your mental world.]

A line of explanation was added. The rune had changed after absorbing Michael's power. The mental world of the Overgeared God was indirectly embodied in the Storm of the Fire God. It meant there was a means to grow his mental world, which was far inferior compared to Braham or Hayate's mental world.

Chapter 1479

A new feature was added to the Rune of Gluttony. It could be used to enhance the mental world. There was a premise that the powers imprinted on the rune would be used as a resource, but it wasn't a big penalty. The power in the rune didn't necessarily show off outstanding prestige. The power gained in the early days or by killing the lower ranked great demons were less valuable.

Grid thought this new function was good because the fuller the rune's capacity, the less likely it was to absorb a power.

It was just shortly after killing Michael. One of the reasons why Grid was in a good mood after the successful Michael raid was the new feature of the rune. However—

'Is this right?' Grid gradually had doubts. He hesitated without trying to strengthen his mental world. His experience with Braham and Hayate's mental world had alarmed him. Braham's mental world accumulated knowledge, while Hayate's mental world released infinite sword energy...

Their mental worlds contained their essence. Grid's essence was a blacksmith. Of course, 'Greed' was also a characteristic that represented Grid. It wasn't strange that the Rune of Gluttony, that grew from absorbing the power of others, would become the material for Grid's mental world.

'If I have to prioritize it, I would prefer blacksmithing over the rune.'

He grew because he was a blacksmith, allowing him to get the rune. The origin of Grid's ability to fulfill his greed was his blacksmithing ability.

'This... the more I think about it, the more it is like a landmine.'

He had an ominous feeling that his origin would be weakened as soon as he strengthened his mental world with the rune. Of course, this was just a conjecture. It was only a guess based on 'intuition.' It was highly likely that it wasn't a trap. Nevertheless, Grid found it hard to shake off his doubts.

'Look back on my recent life.'

Everything was resolved smoothly. His hard work was rewarded with too much luck. He was literally lucky. He even forgot about the concept of misfortune for a moment.

Was this the life of a man called Grid? No, absolutely not. In Grid's life, luck and bad luck always coexisted. Based on his current results, the total amount of good luck was higher, but after the initial luck, his luck became worse than anyone else. It wouldn't be strange if his recent good luck caused a rebound.

'Most of the misfortunes happened when I was careless.'

Grid wasn't overly confident in himself. He had long been aware that he wasn't smart. He had the experience of his nose being flattened due to being careless and rushing. Therefore—

'Using the rune to artificially enhance my mental world... I'll put it off until I have confidence.' Grid made a choice. He resisted the temptation that was too sweet. 'My mental world right now is pretty strong anyway.'

He had experienced how powerful it was to enhance an item through the Michael raid. Of course, it couldn't stand a chance when meeting enemies who were overwhelmingly strong without items or who could easily neutralize an incomplete mental world, so he hoped for the mental world to be strengthened. The mental world was a very important concept. It wasn't a matter to be hastily decided. Moreover, Grid had fought and won against strong enemies without a clear mental world. It was funny to suddenly be impatient now.

Grid turned a blind eye to the eye-catching flashing visual effect of the new mental world enhancement function and confirmed Michael's Power.

[Michael's Power]

[Enhance your weapon with a powerful divine power.

A total of three enhancements are possible, with each enhancement increasing the attack power by 20% and doubling the attack distance.

Each attack will scatter remnants of divine power. Deal fixed damage proportional to the weapon's attack power to targets touched by the light remnants.

Divine power cost: 5,000 per second.

Enhancement duration: 1 minute.

Cooldown Time: 3 hours.

★If the user has no divine power then other resources will be consumed. However, the increased weapon attack power from the enhancement will be reduced to 15%.]

'It is great looking at it again.'

Grid had no divine power, thus the total increased weapon attack power from Michael's Power was only 45%, not 60%. Grid's weapon boasted distinctive attack power, so it was even more regrettable. Still, Grid didn't care.

Michael's Holy Sword grew in size every time divine power was added. It endured without retreating in the face of Grid's divine swords, but the greatest strength wasn't the power of the weapon itself, but the ability to dominate the space. Every swing occupied a distance of 8 meters and completely incapacitated the target by spreading particles of divine power within range.

If Grid's health and defense were at a level before he transferred to the myth class, it wouldn't have been strange if he died from that baptism of light. Even if he avoided the Holy Sword, the particles spread around him exploded and bombarded him. It was due to this bombardment that Grid overestimated Michael's strength during the battle.

In particular, Grid's attack speed was faster than that of Michael without the Trinity. He was confident that his destructive power when using Michael's Power would be higher than Michael's.

'Of course, I can't control the remnants of power as delicately as Michael does, nor induce a variety of functions, but.. this is enough.'

Michael used the remnants of divine power as a spear, bomb, or heal. Michael's Power, that was attached to this rune, didn't support these functions. It was a pity, but obsession was meaningless.

[★ The power engraved in the rune can be used as a resource to enhance your mental world.]

As Grid glanced at Michael's Power, the rune's description flashed faster. It was a temptation. It blamed the penalty of his lack of divine power and whispered that Michael's Power should be used as material

to strengthen his mental world. It was like a shortcut to get stronger much faster. This increased Grid's doubts even further.

'It is a trap no matter how I look at it.'

He couldn't forget how sneaky the S.A Group was. Was it a two-faced strategy? It wasn't strange for them to make a theme song for him on the surface, just so that he would let down his guard, before stabbing him in the back. This was the period when he should be most vigilant.

"Open Rune of Gluttony."

Grid calmed down, came to an open space, and took out the Fire Dragon Sword. He used Michael's Power in view of Haster, who was fighting with the God Hands. The Fire Dragon Sword was covered with orange mana. He used mana to enhance the weapon. It was a concept often referred to as aura, but it was dyed with Grid's color.

Flinch.

Haster felt a vast energy and turned his gaze to Grid. Grid enhanced the Fire Dragon Sword for the second time. A red energy covered the aura. It soon blended in and increased its size. This time, blood surrounded it instead of mana.

[The strength of Michael's Power is amplified by stacking two resources. The weapon's attack power will increase by an additional 10%.]

".....!" There was a hidden feature. He was glad. It was a very grateful thing. The penalty for the lack of divine power was significantly reduced. Additionally, the resource needed to maintain the enhancement was 'mana' and it was less burdensome.

Grid smiled deeply as he enhanced the Fire Dragon Sword for the third time. Orange aura and red blood mixed together and swirled around the Fire Dragon Sword. Then a red energy rose like a light. Fighting energy was formed.

[The strength of Michael's Power is amplified by stacking three resources. The weapon's attack power will increase by an additional 20%.]

"Hah..." Grid used Michael's Power to increase his weapon attack power by a total of 75%. Not only did he overcome the penalty of not having divine power, but he also turned it into an advantage. Above all, he liked it because it was cool.

"Grid...?"

Grid's mouth twitched while Haster's face stiffened. Haster had an ominous feeling when he saw the God Hands stop moving. He was worthy of being a legendary professional gamer. He had good senses.

"One hit. You can avoid or block it." Grid swung the sword.

Haster was approximately 8 meters away, but the sword covered in aura, blood, and fighting energy stretched all the way to him. "Crazy!"

Wasn't this the skill that the angel called Michael previously used at the Vatican? He had watched it live and remembered it.

Haster made an incredulous expression and leaned back quickly. Haster's white, stricken face was like a poodle. It was the aftermath of the wind pressure. The sharp aura, sticky heat of the blood, and the pressure of fighting energy was added and the air cutting sensation was unusual.

".....?" Haster narrowly escaped the attack, but a chill ran down his spine. It was a huge sword light that stretched out in a distinct fan shape. A slight sound was heard from the remnants of light. Haster had the highest hearing ability and quickly realized what this meant. 'Explosion!'

He hurriedly moved his body and triggered the power of the seven malignant saints. It was for defense. However, it was still on cooldown time. It was consumed fighting the God Hands. There was an earth-shaking explosion. The aura that was as beautiful as a sunset, the blood that was as gorgeous as a zinnia in full bloom, and the fighting energy that rained down sharply like a thunderbolt, covered Haster. He wondered if a body on a crashing plane was like this.

Haster was swept away by the series of explosions and flew far away, rolling around.

[Your health has fallen to a minimum, so sparring mode is terminated.]

"....."

Was this how a training scarecrow felt like? Haster stared blankly at the sky, beyond the rising warning windows, and swallowed down his sorrow. Indeed, it was disgraceful that he was the only one to receive one-sided help from Grid. Instead of borrowing the God Hands, purchasing items, and receiving help, it was right to help as a sandbag.

Haster was sufficiently convinced, but he couldn't help feeling sad...

Meanwhile, Grid was smiling.

[★ The power engraved in the rune can be used as a resource to enhance your mental world.]

Even though the rune information window was closed, the description of the new feature flashed again.

[Do you want to enhance your mental world?]

[If you enhance it now, the bonus for being the first player to open the mental world enhancement system will greatly increase the probability of success.]

Additionally, there was an extra bonus. This was beyond the level of temptation. It was compelling. At this point, Grid was convinced. 'This is 100% a landmine.'

His experience wasn't built up in vain.

Grid got rid of his dejection and chose 'No.' The information window of the rune was folded up like trash and thrown away. He laughed at the shameful condescension of the notification window that said it was a chance of great success, not 'unconditional great success.' Then—

[The player's first mental world enhancement opportunity was denied.]

[The myth predators are interested in you.]

[The specter of the No Offspring Tomb is paying tribute to the spirit of the person who leaves the comfortable path and seeks trials.]

[Your incomplete heart, body, and skill are looking for balance.]

“Um...” Completely unexpected messages appeared. ‘Sometimes you need to look back on the road’ was a saying for a reason.

Grid made a satisfied expression after testing Michael’s Power and returned to the smithy.

“What is this?” Did Grid really come out here just to hit him once? There was nothing else? The sandbag left behind, no, Haster got up and muttered to himself. Then he started cleaning up the empty clearing that was ruined in the aftermath of the explosion. He thought he should clean up the mess since he was a dependent and borrowed the small space. He felt a sense of shame.

It happened as the mesmerized Haster was focused on cleaning up...

He heard a sound from behind the smithy. Haster’s keenly developed hearing heard footsteps. It was a faint sound that the hearing of an average person could never capture. Even if they heard it, they would’ve thought it was a common sound.

Haster also considered it a trivial sound. Even so, he reflexively turned his head. Therefore, he was startled to find that the real identity of the sound was made by a person falling from the sky.

The ultimate body with precisely developed muscles—the middle-aged man who fell from the sky seemed skinny at first sight, but his physique was amazing. On top of that, he was wearing a sword. In total, he must weigh at least 100 kilograms. Yet he fell to the ground with almost no sound?

The unidentified guest stared at the vigilant Haster. “Now even the cleaner is hearing the noise I make? The more I see, the crazier it is.”

In the future, this kingdom could even play the role of the tower... no, this went too far. The identity of the man who came and spoke to himself with hard to understand words was Sword Saint Biban. He came in order to bring Hayate’s gift. It was the deciphered language of the dead. Hayate was the absolute who looked at the world from the top of the tower and he knew exactly what Grid wanted.

‘It is better to be a cleaner than a sandbag...’ Haster was once again left alone and tried to comfort himself.

Chapter 1480

Ttang.Ttang.Ttang...

Back in the smithy, Grid overcame his mental fatigue. It was different from the concept of recovery. It wasn’t such an exaggerated thing after seeing through the trap hidden in the mental image enhancement and feeling the existence of the myth predators. It was a level of holding on and waiting for the forced log out time. It was comforting that his stress had been relieved in the process of testing Michael’s Power.

“.....”

Grid was absorbed in the blacksmithing when he was startled by something detected with his developed senses. He smelled the faint scent of wax mixed with the burning white phosphorus wood.

‘Wax?’ The smell of ammonia also grazed the tip of his nose. It was a smell that didn’t fit the smithy. It might be weak, but it was right to classify it as a bad smell.

Grid turned his head without stopping his actions. A familiar middle-aged man was entering the smithy. It was an impressive-looking man with thick eyebrows and strong eyes. Looking at the sleek muscles of his arms, he might seem young, but in fact, he was an old man who had lived for hundreds of years.

“Biban!”

A tower member who had done a lot for Grid.

The 1st Seat, Hayate, acquiesced to the presence of the insane dragon iron and Nefelina while giving him the infinite sword energy and dragon scale as a gift. The 3rd Seat, Radwolf, gave him the magic machine production method and the moon night iron. He also gave a lot of advice. However, Biban particularly helped with the Undeclared King’s Swordsmanship. He generously taught (?) Grid the Matchless Heart Technique and allowed it to be gifted to Mercedes and Piaro.

“Welcome. I’m glad to see you after so long.” A smile appeared on his face. The grinning Grid put down the hammer and greeted Biban.

“Haha, how have you been?” Biban also smiled brightly.

It would be frightening if anyone who knew him saw it. The founder of the Matchless Style, Biban was famous for having a temperament that was violent like the Matchless Swordsmanship and for his difficulty in being caught, akin to flowing water. Biban rarely revealed feelings of affection toward others. He paid respect and praise to Muller, who was a greater talent than himself, but he had never shown such a proper and careful attitude.

“The quality of your work has become even better. I can see that you’ve been working tirelessly.” Biban looked at the items displayed in the smithy and sincerely praised ‘Blacksmith Grid.’

“Biban as well...” Judging from the smell of wax and ammonia, he still seemed to be trying to clean the tower. Grid respected him for fulfilling his responsibilities. Grid was trying to express his thought to show favor and praise, only to close his mouth in surprise. He quickly looked for another word to add, but he was too late.

“Um...?” Grid stopped talking and made a subtle expression, so Biban sensed something suspicious. He cocked his head as Grid continued, “...I guess you’ve grown. Biban, the last time I saw you, I thought you were just a great man. Now I’m seeing you after so long and I feel respect toward you. I realize exactly what it is like to feel respect and fear.”

“.....”

As Grid’s words continued, Biban’s expression gradually changed. He was still smiling, but his eyes were stiff and cold.

'Did I make a mistake?' Grid fell silent out of concern. Biban couldn't bear it anymore and told him, "I tried to understand because I know you are a new generation, but I can't stand it anymore. Look at Muller. The moment he found my traces, he was startled and was busy bowing. He deeply respected his great predecessor. It was much worse when I was young. I used to bow whenever I saw the shadow of a predecessor who left their name in history. Yet you barely have any respect for me? Hehe, this isn't a matter of your discerning eye, but a matter of basic manners."

"....."

"How am I supposed to react when you say that you finally respect me? Hey, should I thank you for respecting me now? I am older and I should be careful of falling leaves. Then what if you try to hide your unpleasant inner mood only to lose control? Will you be responsible if I become angry and die?"

"....."

Why did this person come here? Grid's joy disappeared like it was a lie and he started suffering. He hoped that Biban would get to the point soon. Biban's inner thoughts were beyond his comprehension.

"Are you uncomfortable just because I said a few words? I gave you my own flesh and blood advice because I wanted my junior to do better. What can I say if you take it in such a manner that you're afraid? Are you going to just shut up like a mute?"

"...I'm sorry." Grid remembered that Biban was originally such a person and bowed without saying much. He learned in the past that it was better to apologize in a gentle manner. If he refuted even one word, saying it was unfair or not right, he might hear 100 more words.

Grid had truly apologized even if it was below Biban's expectations. The new generation these days... Biban clicked his tongue. "It is to this extent. I'm angry and sad, but as an adult, I should understand and be generous. You seem to have grown a bit in strength. I can understand that you made a slip of the tongue because you were excited about a small achievement."

Biban was somewhat lacking in terms of perception. Unlike how he looked at himself perfectly, he couldn't see others well. It wasn't because he was a tower member. The problem was that his temperament itself was violent. It might be a symptom of the eccentricity of a genius. He evaluated a target based on level. He saw it at face value. It wasn't a bad method. It was true that levels were skills.

The problem was that the other person was Grid. Grid shouldn't be evaluated based on level. His status should be discussed. However, Biban was overlooking this fact. He made the same mistake even though he acknowledged his mistake in the past. He didn't change. This was why he worked to clean the tower every time.

The Tower of Wisdom had been clean for hundreds of years thanks to Biban's constant mistakes and him needing to clean the tower to correct them.

"It is a small achievement?" Grid reacted somewhat emotionally. Putting aside his liking of Biban, he couldn't help frowning.

The first player to become a myth class. Like the tower member, he climbed to the realm of skills beyond the ordinary, so he was interested in why Biban regarded it as no big deal. He wondered about

the basis for the undervaluation. His competitive spirit rose and his mental fatigue was completely swept away.

Grid once again realized. The fact that the driving force behind his development, his 'unbreakable willpower,' stemmed from external stimuli, not internal ones. Yes, he was too comfortable these days. It was natural to be a bit arrogant when acknowledged by people. He relaxed when he succeeded in raiding Michael. Even though he still had a long way to go, he didn't realize this and counted the time until he could log out. "I'm curious about on what grounds do you rate my achievements as low."

"Hoh?" Biban, who had been pouting because he hadn't been respected by Grid so far, smiled again. He had given great favors so far, such as fixing the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship and giving life advice. Now this junior who forgot his kindness suddenly looked pretty again. It had been a long time since he had seen someone direct a competitive spirit toward him. Even Muller respected him as the Sword Saint who created the Matchless Style. It was because few people met the tower members, but this wasn't important.

"I used to think that kids these days have lost their ambitious spirit." The cold eyes were once again filled with a golden glow. It was a sharp light like a blade. It was a product of the 'heart examination' that entered the target with just willpower and it penetrated into Grid. "You are a human god. You aren't like a normal kid. Yes, so you aren't convinced by my evaluation? Then shall you use your body to check it directly?"

It happened the moment Biban asked the question...

[The maximum affinity has been reached with the 9th Seat of the Tower of Wisdom, 'Biban.']

[The hidden quest ★Duel with the Former Sword Saint ★ has occurred!]

A quest window popped up in Grid's vision.

[Duel with the Former Sword Saint]

[Difficulty: SSS+]

Sword Saint Biban, founder of the Matchless Swordsmanship and member of the Tower of Wisdom, wants to teach you.

It is a favor so he won't kill you.

Quest Clear Conditions: Win or lose in the duel.

Reward for Defeat: Depends on the content of the battle.

Rewards for Winning: Stone Dragon's Fang]

It was a quest he had no reason to refuse. The quest would give him a reward no matter the outcome. It was even at the highest difficulty level. It was a hidden quest that everyone dreamed about.

"I will check," Grid answered.

Biban was very pleased with this attitude. A swordsman should traditionally do this. The original matter disappeared from his mind. He forgot why he had come here. It was close to short-term memory loss and it showed a glimpse into how his single-track swordsmanship-filled life was possible.

That's right. Sword Saint Biban was a monster who had been pursuing and honing his swordsmanship for an immeasurable number of years. It was because he was still alive. He survived and moved forward, surpassing the prime of Muller, who was more talented than himself.

In fact, it was right to say that the strongest Sword Saint ever was Biban, not Muller. However, Biban was forgotten by the world, so history didn't change. Unless Kraugel transcended Muller, the title of the strongest Sword Saint of all time would belong to Muller forever.

Biban wasn't upset about this. If Muller was alive, then Muller still would've been the strongest. It was just that Biban survived...

Biban thought so. Putting aside actual skills, Biban still respected Muller as the best swordsman.

"Get rid of the cleaner." Biban moved to the vacant land and pointed to Haster, who was standing there.

"Cleaner? Ah, yes." Why was Biban introducing himself all of a sudden...? The flustered Grid found Haster and nodded. He asked Haster to leave for a bit.

'Who is he?' Haster wondered about the identity of the middle-aged man who appeared, but he obediently left his spot. He maintained a proper distance so that he couldn't eavesdrop on the conversation between the two people with his developed hearing. It was natural because it was polite.

"I'll concede the first blow. Come on." Biban's chin gesture toward Grid showed a completely different attitude from before. He seemed like a completely different person compared to the past when he was training Grid.

'This is the real Sword Saint...' Grid gulped before activating all his buff skills and opening the rune's power. He was determined to take advantage of this first blow that Biban gave to him.

".....?!"

Biban's eyes filled with life. It was because he belatedly noticed the orangelight that started to dye the darkness of the night wasn't light from the smithy. His left hand, which was placed over his sword's sheath, quickly moved and narrowly deflected Grid's sword dance.

It was a method of 'softness subduing the hard.' It meant that Biban, a member of the Tower of Wisdom and someone who had confronted dragons, was pushed back even after using all his strength.