

Overgeared 1481

Chapter 1481

Grid had many powerful attack methods. Even the 10th great demon he met in hell, Leraje, couldn't easily handle his attacks. Now Grid was many times stronger. It was incomparable to when he met Leraje.

Biban made a big mistake by conceding the first attack. Grid glimpsed victory. To avoid losing this opportunity, he used Storm of the Fire God and placed all his buff skills on his body. Naturally, he also opened up the Rune of Gluttony. He would do his best from the beginning to turn Biban's defense to nothing.

He couldn't let his guard down. His opponent was the Sword Saint. Moreover, he was the founder of the Matchless Style. The title of strongest ever might've been given to Muller, but Muller's Heart technique and swordsmanship was created by Biban.

Based on the way he improved the Undeclared King's Swordsmanship, Biban's insight into swordsmanship was the best in history. It was unfortunate that this great insight was limited to swordsmanship, but Grid still recognized Biban as one of the world's strongest men. A monster that transcended common sense. It was natural since he had fought against a 'dragon.' If he wasn't one of the strongest, then the world's logic was wrong.

Nevertheless, Grid was determined to win. He wanted to get the stone dragon Gujel's fang.

[Power of Not Knowing Defeat]

[Gain a strength beyond your potential.]

You must win in a fight of strength.

If the next action after using this power is affected by strength, it will unconditionally get positive results.

However, it can't win against the top three great demons, dragons, absolutes, and gods.

Cooldown Time: 12 hours.

Skill Resources Consumed: None.]

The Formless Sword and Fire Dragon Sword had been combined into one item. Storm of the Fire God, which was more powerful due to Fire of Willpower, was concentrated at the end of the sword that moved in a spiral.

On the other hand, Biban hadn't drawn his sword. He declared that he would give up the first blow, so he seemed willing to respond when Grid was ready. His attitude was aloof as he pushed back Storm of the Fire God with a boundary of sword energy.

It was the appearance of an absolute. The appearance that didn't doubt his own skill appeared again. Grid clearly engraved Biban's appearance in his eyes. It was fully engraved on his mind. He wanted to look like this. He fell for Biban as a warrior. Of course, this was a story of when he didn't talk.

“Sigh.” Grid took a deep breath and recalled the situation when he competed with Leraje. He imagined the praise Biban would give the moment Biban experienced his strength.

Just as Biban didn’t doubt his skills, Grid was proud of his own skills. The Fire Dragon Formless Sword, that now had 10,000 pure attack power in the aftermath of the innovation, roared. Along with the rough and intense launch of the Breath, the sword dance unfolded.

It was the five fusion sword dance, Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. The power of Kill, which ignored most of the target’s defense, stretched out with the guidance function of Detect Force. It was one of the strongest sword dances that disarmed and brought despair the moment it hit. Not only was the hit rate corrected, but it also contained Power of Not Knowing Defeat. Additionally, all the sword energies had anomalies. When drawing a spiral, it stretched out in a straight line. When drawing a straight line, it curved in a spiral. It was a characteristic of the Formless Sword.

This wasn’t the only tricky part. The starting points of the sword energies were all different. It was because Grid linked Shunpo with the sword dances.

Now Grid’s actions weren’t forced by the sword dance. He used the power of a god to ignore some physical laws. Every movement wasn’t swallowed by the kinetic energy of the five fusion sword dance. Rather, he perfectly controlled his own body.

An extreme light spread from the front, rear, left, and right of Biban. The same was true for above his head. It was a wave of force created by Grid using Shunpo to occupy all of Biban’s surroundings. The seven sword energies swirled from different angles. There was no drop in the process. It was a perfect attack no matter who saw it.

Grid captured the image of Biban pulling out his sword in a hurry and heard his heartbeat. The time when he surprised Leraje came to mind. It was as if it was going to happen again soon. It was an area close to foresight.

However, his prediction was reduced to a false delusion. At the same time that the sword was drawn, Biban’s sword defended against all seven sword energies occupying the surrounding area. The paths of the sword energies coming from different trajectories were blocked by aiming at the overlapping points. It was right to describe it as a miracle, not a skill.

Grid’s astonished eyes trembled, but the trembling soon subsided. He believed the Power of Not Knowing Defeat would crush Biban’s defense. However—

“.....!”

Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle didn’t break through Biban’s defense. Every time Biban’s sword tilted at an angle and collided with the seven sword energies, the seven sword energies lost their trajectories. The sword dance ended. The same was true for the Power of Not Knowing Defeat. It entered the cooldown time without achieving any results.

The seven sword energies that lost their direction passed by Biban’s side. There was a wave of great destructive power around Biban and the entire landscape collapsed.

Biban gently moved his hand holding the sword. The sword in his hand rose and spun, creating wind. Even the remnants of the remaining Wind Cutters were scattered. Not a single strand of hair was touched and he smiled with satisfaction.

“Can a pair of swords make the Matchless Sword retreat? There aren’t many things in the world that can force me to show my technical skills.”

Biban had superhuman strength. In addition to his violent temperament, he honed his swordsmanship to create the Matchless Heart Technique and sword techniques. He had never been pushed in a strength confrontation. In Muller’s prime, he surpassed Biban in technique, not strength.

Yet the current Biban had even surpassed the techniques of Muller’s prime. Biban’s sword contained an immeasurable number of years. He was unlike Muller, who wanted to die so he abandoned his sword and lived in seclusion to be forgotten by people. Biban had been practicing swordsmanship all his life. His mindset was different. Before talking about the strongest, Biban was the greatest swordsman in the world. Such a person was praising Grid.

“That is great swordsmanship. If I was a bit weaker, I would’ve died seven times without realizing it.”

He called it swordsmanship, not a sword dance. It was different from the way he once described the sword dances as a dance. It was proof that Grid’s sword dances had clearly transcended their limits. In particular, the method that Grid showed a little while ago by mixing Shunpo with Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. During the action of Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle, Shunpo was used a total of five times. A swordsmanship that killed seven times before the target even realized it. Biban’s words weren’t exaggerated at all. It was pure and appropriate.

Grid’s fingers trembled from excitement. A smile he didn’t know about spread across his face. It was because Biban didn’t hide his nervousness. The greatest swordsman, who only saw Grid as far inferior to him when they first met a few years ago, was finally recognizing Grid as a worthy opponent. It felt like he was being recognized for his past efforts, so Grid couldn’t help being happy. Additionally—

‘I can win.’ He definitely got a glimpse of victory.

In fact, it wasn’t surprising that Biban blocked Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. Grid alone had many counterattacks based around Revolve. How could Biban not have a technique to neutralize attacks as the Sword Saint? Grid noticed that he had consumed Biban’s defense skill.

‘The common feature of evasion skills, defense, and counterattacks is that they have a long cooldown time.’

Additionally, the number wasn’t much. Grid being able to perform multiple counterattacks with just Revolve was a special case.

‘Push him.’

Grid determined and breathed in deeply. He was determined to release as many attacks as possible in one breath i.e. bombard Biban with attacks non-stop. Grid’s sword stretched forward. His shoulders didn’t shake. He seemed to be skating on ice.

‘The balance of the body is perfect.’ Biban evaluated as his vision was filled with Grid.

Scarlet petals fluttered. It was Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle Drop. Grid focused on Flower since it showed greater power as it connected. Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle Drop was followed by Linked Flower, Transcended Linked Flower, and so on. The fusion sword dances focused around Flower were used to push to Biban. The area was covered with petals in an instant. They were deadly poisonous petals. They were threatening the moment they made physical contact.

However, it was a skill that had a bad compatibility against Biban. The wind pressure created by the Matchless Swordsmanship was a force against providence. It even twisted the flow of sword energy. Even before one breath ended, a pillar of petals swirled around the two people exchanging dozens of blows in the center. Not a single petal touched Biban's body.

"A body in charge of the tower's vanguard. It doesn't easily collapse even when fighting a dragon. I might be hopeless against Dragon Words, so I often turn to Radwolf's magic machines, but... in any case, I don't think you will win easily."

"Is that so?"

Grid wasn't agitated even though Biban stood as steadfast as an iron wall. As Biban neutralized the sword energies of Flower and approached to induce close range combat, Grid calmly grabbed Biban's collar with his left hand. In the process, a gap was naturally revealed. Biban's elbow lifted and pressed against Grid's wrist while his sword was pushed into Grid's abdomen. It was a sword held in reverse. It was the basic skill of the Matchless Swordsmanship that penetrated the target even at a super close distance.

Blood spilled from Grid's mouth.

".....?"

Then Biban's vision reversed.

Turning the World Upside Down—the unique grappling skill he gained from raiding the Triad Lee Jeong forced Biban's body into the ground.

The petals fell as the winds died down and piled up heavily on the body of the wide-eyed Biban. Numerous marks were engraved on his body. Grid immediately used Shunpo to open the distance and swung the sword once, causing a sword energy bombardment in proportion to the number of marks.

"Um!" Biban's actions were forced. He raised his body and was cut by the sword energies. They fell on him. It was Drop Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave.

Biban's expression quickly changed. His warm smile changed and he showed anger. "How shameful!"

It was due to False Dragon Words used with the Fire Dragon Sword. Grid openly stabbed at Biban's weakness after Biban confessed he was weak to Dragon Words. This allowed Drop Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave to pierce Biban, who had been restrained for a while.

Biban coughed up blood and barely managed to stabilize his collapsing body.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Biban shouted as he blocked Grid's linked attacks with the Matchless Swordsmanship that easily separated mountains.

“Huh?”

“Why didn’t you say that you know how to use Dragon Words?!”

“.....”

Grid wanted to ask why he would say that one by one, but in the end, he didn’t express it. He succeeded in inflicting a critical injury. It wasn’t good to waste time here.

“Come out.” Grid’s eyes turned red as he whispered into the air. The surrounding landscape was crushed and five shadows appeared. The shadows soon became people. They were handsome men and women with white skin and red eyes. It was the emergence of the direct descendant vampires, including Earl Elfin Stone. They stood with a haughty look on their faces and 30 God Hands appeared in the sky. Noe and Randy were present as well. Randy was on Noe’s back. It was a cavalry reminiscent of the wyvern troops.

“What about the sacred one-on-one showdown?” Biban responded in a dumbfounded manner.

“Aren’t you also using weapons and skills?”

“.....?”

“This is the same thing. It is one-on-one.”

“Hah...”

Biban couldn’t find a way to refute it and removed the boundary of sword energy. He collected 40% of the sword energy that was continuously consumed to form a boundary, even if there was no damage to the surrounding area. By realizing his mental world, he completely devoured Storm of the Fire God.

By this time, Biban was serious. Even so, he still gave Grid advice, “You have the Undefeated King’s Swordsmanship. Don’t distinguish between the Undefeated King’s Swordsmanship and your sword dances. Apply it just as you use the sword dances and Shunpo together.”

Chapter 1482

‘Should I go hunting after a long time?’

For Haster, the past few days were more precious than gold. It was as precious as when he was serving in active duty. Didn’t he grow every day without fail? It was all thanks to Grid and the God Hands. He still wasn’t able to win against eight God Hands, but he wanted to go to an appropriate hunting ground to experience his increased strength.

However, he couldn’t leave the castle because it was hard to come back. He wasn’t an Overgeared member. He had to ask Lael in order to enter the castle, but it was too shameless...

‘Let’s just stay still.’

It happened when Haster was sitting alone in a quiet garden and staring blankly at a fountain containing starlight fragments...

“Have you eaten?” a passing knight spoke to him. It was a knight called Royman who was fairly young. Nevertheless, her demeanor was restrained and her eyes were deep. He felt the years of experience. The strange situation of her dressed as a man was also noticeable. It was to hide her good looks.

“Yes...” He had filled himself with bread as he was being hit by the God Hands. There was no need to explain this.

Royman smiled at Haster and gave a small nod. “You can try out the restaurant as well. The food of the royal palace is amazing. However, avoid breakfasts on weekends.”

They were words that meant a lot. The knight in front of him—the senior knight with red epaulettes—was treating Haster as a guest rather than someone uninvited. She would’ve followed instructions from the top. It meant that the Overgeared Kingdom had accepted Haster as a guest.

“Thank you for letting me know.”

Haster had always been alone since losing his teacher. Yet unknowingly, he naturally became surrounded with people. The feelings he had forgotten for a long time made him feel warm and Haster couldn’t help smiling. He hurriedly left his spot in an awkward manner and Royman stared at his back with surprise. Just then—

“.....!”

Deep in the royal palace...

Two shockwaves were felt near Grid’s smithy. It appeared suddenly without any warning. One belonged to King Grid and she didn’t know who the other one belonged to. It was strange and terribly strong. It even reminded people of the invasion of heaven or hell.

“This!”

Royman rushed forward immediately toward the smithy. Dozens of knights and assassins emerged from all over the castle and followed her.

“W-Wait a minute! You shouldn’t go...!”

Haster tried to stop them, but it was useless. There were only a few people in the Overgeared Guild who could control the knights and assassins.

“You have the Undefeated King’s Swordsmanship. Don’t distinguish between the Undefeated King’s Swordsmanship and your swordsmanship. Apply it just as you use the sword dances and Shunpo together.”

Just a little while ago, Grid had combined Shunpo with Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. It was done in one go. It was completely different from the previous conventional method of using Shunpo first before linking a sword dance or linking sword dance to sword dance. The previous application belonged to the category of combos while the new application was closer to the sum of techniques.

‘Can I use the sword dances and Undefeated King’s Swordsmanship together?’

It might not mean a skill fusion system. The fusion of skills were hidden pieces that wouldn't occur unless it was special. If skill fusion was so easy, players would have hundreds of skills on average. It was a single skill with potent strength and the possibility of the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship combining with Grid's Sword Dance was very small. It was just like how the skill fusion system didn't occur when he used Shunpo and the sword dances together.

'I can naturally link the sword dances to the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship by adding additional moves in the process of doing the sword dances.'

Was it possible? Shunpo was classified as a 'movement skill.' The natural linkage of attack skills wasn't impossible in common sense. It was just that as the name suggested, the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship was swordsmanship. If the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship was used during the continuous movement of the sword dance, the existing movement of the sword dance was bound to be canceled. Then the activation of the sword dance would naturally be cancelled as well.

'Um...' Grid suddenly remembered something. The fusion sword dances that used Wave as a medium had a gap between movements. It was because when he used Wave, the sword would swing horizontally to the greatest extent. At this time, it was necessary to recover the sword.

'What if I insert the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship in that gap?'

Grid calculated it. Pull the sword from the outside to inside and insert a rotation of the waist...

In other words, integrate the gap in Wave with the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship.

'It is possible.'

It would put a lot of strain on his arms, waist, and especially his back muscles. It wouldn't be strange if they were all torn. Still, it was fine. It was a manageable area due to the nature of the myth class that ignored a certain amount of the physical laws.

—Probably.

"Have you grasped an idea?" Biban waited while Grid thought. He merely watched as Randy rode on Noe like Randy was abusing a little cat and the vampires gazed at him with condescending expressions.

'He could've hurt some of them if he attacked while I was lost in thought.'

It might be a simple favor, but Grid thought that Biban was held back by his upright personality. Grid laughed. He thought that Biban probably wouldn't change for the rest of his life. Biban was a tiring but trustworthy man to deal with. He seemed to see why Biban didn't get kicked out of the tower despite causing an accident every time.

"Yes, thank you for the advice." The duration of Item Combination ended. Grid used Divinity to reset the cooldown time, but he didn't use it again immediately. He had one question first. "Excuse me, will you regenerate if a body part is cut off?"

"What? Are you trying to cut my arm?"

"Maybe it isn't an arm."

“Huhu, I heard that the advantage of children these days is their honesty, but your words are disgusting. At this point, it isn’t an advantage, but that you don’t have a brain. Threatening to cut off the arm of an old man who doesn’t serve you like you are heaven? It is something I never imagined when I was young. Is there a missing morals class at the academy these days?”

“I’m sorry. So, will it regenerate or not?”

“Tsk tsk... Do you think I’m a monster? If a person has a body part cut off, then that’s it. Do you think it will grow back like a lizard’s tail?”

It was an answer that revealed human limitations. The tower members were different from the great demons, angels, and the yangban, Mir, whose bodies recovered when damaged. In a short-term battle, Biban might have an edge over higher ranking angels and great demons, but the longer the fight went on, the higher his chances of defeat.

‘If it is cut off, then it is the end... does that mean he fought a dragon with such a body?’

Of course, the body of a transcendent wasn’t easily damaged. However, the story was different if the opponent was a dragon. Grid gained greater respect for the tower members. Then his expression suddenly distorted.

Biban’s swordsmanship was very passive. Every time their swords had collided, Grid had been astonished. In fact, 150,000 of his health had been consumed even though most critical injuries had been avoided. There was only around one million left. The situation was much better than Biban, who only had two-thirds of his health left, but Grid wanted more.

‘Perhaps it is because he is a legend and a transcendent, but he is a man who is reluctant to trade blows.’

Grid’s basic tactics of blow in exchange for blow weren’t very effective for targets similar to himself. Grid wanted to use the Falling Moon Sword. It was best to cut Biban with his secret weapon to obtain victory. He was anxious in his current state. The biggest problem was that Storm of the Fire God had weakened.

[The swirling remotely controlled swordsmanship has slashed at Storm of the Fire God. The area and power of the divine flames are greatly reduced, making it difficult to expect any effects. The Fire of Willpower has been extinguished.]

[A giant sword bigger than a mountain has split Storm of the Fire God in half. The Red Phoenix’s 9th Heart has lost communication with the red phoenix. Your willpower and mental world have become blurry.]

Storm of the Fire God couldn’t be completely destroyed due to the infinite sword energy that he had been gifted by Hayate. Biban’s mental world was depicted as a landscape of tens of thousands of swords floating around a huge sword-like mountain. It cut off most of Grid’s flames and swallowed them, but it didn’t damage the infinite sword energy that existed at the end of the flames. Nevertheless, it was true that it was invading bit by bit.

‘The mental world of the Sword Saint is bound to be so powerful.’

One of the minimum conditions for being a Sword Saint was 'Heart Sword Unity.' They could do swordsmanship even without the sword. An ordinary branch could replace a sword. There was already a sword in their heart, so their body was beyond the sword...

In the literature, the symbols of Muller was the sword technique that moved the sword with energy and the mind, as well as the remotely controlled swordsmanship that cut the world with willpower alone. This meant that the mental world was closely related to the swordsmanship that a Sword Saint pursued. The mental world of the Sword Saint was bound to be specially tempered. It was natural that Grid's not yet fully harmonized mental world was insufficient against Biban's.

"If your body part is cut off, don't panic too much. I'll restore it somehow."

A quick battle was the answer. It was highly likely he would become disadvantageous the moment Biban's mental world swallowed even the infinite sword energy.

'I'll finish it before then.'

Grid determined and sent a whisper to Lael. He asked Lael to log out and call Sehee.

-I understand. By the way, what is going on? Now all the knights are over there...

Lael said something, but Grid only heard the first part of the sentence. Biban's face had changed colors and it wouldn't be strange if he attacked immediately. Grid couldn't afford to disperse his attention.

"I can't sit still. Today, I'll teach you not only swordsmanship, but also etiquette! This is a favor offered in the hope that you will live in expulsion. Please accept it!"

"Request to Stand With Me."

Grid felt that any further questions and answers were meaningless. The teachings were already fully received. He judged that further conversation was useless.

"Keen Insight!"

[Your knight, 'Mercedes,' has authorized the use of Keen Insight.]

The battle resumed the moment the transplant of Keen Insight was completed. The 30 God Hands held their own weapons and rushed toward Biban. However, the God Hands stopped along the way. They were dominated by the willpower of the Sword Saint. The stopped God Hands released a bombardment of Magic Missiles. Flashes of light poured toward Biban.

Biban spread out a sword curtain and attacked Randy, who was copying Grid. Noe created a barrier of lightning to defend, but there was nothing the Sword Saint's sword couldn't cut. Biban's sword reached through the lightning barrier and Randy's sword dance to pierce Randy's heart. However, he stopped before touching Randy.

It was because Grid appeared before he knew it and deflected Biban's attack. Most of the techniques of the Sword Saint, which were honed for hundreds of years, were also read by Keen Insight, a power even the gods feared. Grid was protected by the system for as long as Keen Insight was maintained. The best options and targeting methods were laid out in his head. As Grid continuously attacked, the God Hands held Mjolnir and came up behind Biban. The mentally controlled swordsmanship cut all the Mjolnirs.

Grid admitted it.

‘The God Hands don’t work against transcendents.’

It didn’t even have to be the Sword Saint. It was Keen Insight’s interpretation that it wasn’t very difficult to attack the God Hands when strong formless will could be used. It was fine.

‘Item Transformation, Raiders.’

Flash!

The God Hands became huge in unison. Biban confirmed their appearance and was very surprised.

‘Magic machines?’

Biban shook off Grid and stepped away. He escaped from Grid and placed the giants in his trembling eyes. He remembered a sight he had once seen. It was one of the most intense memories in Biban’s life. Hayate reached out to him to protect the world together. The magic machines were lined up behind him as he was covered in dragon blood.

He resembled the current Grid. That’s right. Biban saw Hayate overlapped over Grid. It meant he faintly glimpsed the absolute from Grid. He couldn’t help trembling.

“Haha...” Biban, whose anger soared to the sky, calmed down again. He raised the stretched out sword above his head. The sword fell like lightning.

Elfin Stone, who had been secretly approaching Biban, was cut deep on the shoulder.

“Extreme Blood Transfusion.” Elfin Stone felt a threat to his life as the price for allowing a single blow and immediately launched his ultimate skill. It had a cooldown time of 24 hours, but it was a vampire skill that showed outstanding power.

Biban just cut it.

“Light..!” The sight of the pillar of blood rising from the magic circle being cut by a physical force was enough to frighten Elfin Stone.

Meanwhile, Grid had predicted this situation. He jumped through the split apart blood pillar and scattered blood and thrust his blood-covered sword forward. It was the precursor of Blood Sword Shatter. Biban couldn’t perfectly respond to Grid’s surprise attack that was committed properly in the gap when his vision was obscured by Extreme Blood Transfusion.

Biban clearly read that it was a technique that couldn’t be blocked or slashed, but he still moved his left hand to block with the sword. The Blood Sword exploded and the fragments scattered. Blood flowed from Biban’s body, but Grid also paid a price for it. His waist was cut.

‘The overall stats have risen.’

This was the strength of the mental world. Biban’s fighting power after opening up his mental world was incomparable to before. Just then—

The huge sword that was like a mountain was towering in the center of the space. It was believed to be a particularly important symbol to Biban's mental world and now it tilted to one side, causing an earthquake. The shadows could be seen scattering.

Latina, one of the few female direct descendant vampires, tried to tie up Biban's feet with blood magic and was hit instead. It wasn't a useless exit. Her magic succeeded in tying up Biban's feet.

"Ohhhh!" Tiramet broke through the tsunami of mentally controlled swordsmanship and hugged the stopped Biban's waist as hard as possible. It was along with the magic machine corps flying through the sky. Then all of them were cut in half by something invisible. Tiramet and his kin scattered into shadows and the magic machines crashed to the ground. Even Noe, Randy, and Grid couldn't avoid the cut despite being on a different trajectory.

There is No Sword in the Hand, but a Sword in the Heart—the Sword Saint's ultimate skill that 'cut all enemies.' It wasn't 'a target in the field of view,' but an ultimate skill that cut 'all recognizable objects' in range.

'Amazing.'

The God Hands had infinite durability. It was normal for them to stiffen without receiving any damage. Yet at this moment, they were cut and split in half. It was the moment when the worst assumption of being cut by an overwhelming opponent or skill came into reality. Of course, there was a built-in repair function, but he didn't know how long it would take them to recover.

Still, it didn't matter. Grid had minimized damage by using White Tiger's Posture as soon as he detected it. He managed to withstand the severe blow and already used Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.

Biban was forced to use large-scale swordsmanship due to the 30 magic machines and he revealed a gap. Keen Insight didn't miss this gap. All the muscles in Grid's body twisted and his bone joints screamed. It was the inevitable aftermath that took place immediately after connecting Wave to 100,000 Army Massacre Sword. It was done with the combination of the Fire Dragon Sword and Falling Moon Sword. He also didn't forget to strengthen it with Michael's Power.

".....!" Biban's face showed astonishment as the sword light reflected on it. It was a slightly more intense reaction than when he saw the emergence of the magic machine corps. The mentally controlled swordsmanship that was wandering all over the place and the huge sword in the center suddenly appeared in front of his eyes to form a barrier.

It was proof that Biban's mental world only had the thought 'I want to live.' It was like when he faced the dragon's Breath head on. Even that concept—

Clang!

Biban—Grid's ultimate goal surpassed the greatest swordsman's philosophy. It was overwhelming violence. He, who would go to heaven and fight against the gods—even the greatest swordsman couldn't handle Grid.

Chapter 1483

"W-What is this...?"

At the palace, which was being surrounded by supporters...

Royman and the knights got goosebumps as they ran toward the part of the palace Grid used as a smithy. It was because a huge sword that was at least five times larger than the tallest spire of the palace appeared in their vision. It had an overwhelming momentum like it would pierce the world.

It was an unreal sight. How could there be such a huge sword? It appeared without any warning.

“...Hurry!” For the senior knights of the Overgeared Kingdom, the mental world of a transcendent was an incomprehensible field. They stopped moving as they approached the unknown. Royman, who was temporarily out of her mind, woke up and gave orders to the knights. She realized that she had lost her lead to the assassins.

The assassins of the Overgeared Shadows were thoroughly educated by Faker and Kasim and hadn't lost their composure in the world dominated by the nightmarish scene. Their feet were extremely fast. Just then—

“Ah...”

The distance between the knights and assassins was narrowed. This was due to the obvious reduction in the speed of the assassins. The knights finally reached them and became as stiff as stone statues. There were thousands of swords floating around the giant sword. The dizzying momentum of their repeated rise and fall was very fast and fierce.

“What... what type of monster...?”

Did the martial god come? A sinister imagination tormented the group. They were worried about King Grid's safety. Their faces were pale and they struggled to move the legs that seemed to have stepped into a swamp. They gritted their teeth and started running again.

The moment they got closer to Grid's smithy, the area pierced by the giant sword, the more extreme their tension became. However, their nerves were scattered. It was difficult to concentrate. The thousands of swords in flight—the closer they got to the shapes captured in their vision, the more blurry these shapes became. The flying speed was at the speed of sound and it exceeded their perception. The fact that they could be stabbed to death without even noticing spread fear. Their footsteps gradually slowed.

The screams of the God Hands echoed. They could be seen repeatedly colliding with the flying swords and stopping. The God Hands were relatively too slow. They accelerated every time they used the sword dance, but it wasn't enough. The wave of Magic Missiles they fired didn't do much good. The symbol of the Overgeared King was disastrously broken. They were too shabby.

“Keuk!” It wasn't the time to hesitate. Royman held her sword and shield and rushed forward. She broke through the shroud of light created by the flying swords with a whining noise that was like a swarm of bees. Her armor was torn apart and blood splashed out. It was an act of not caring about her life. She was moving only with the idea that she should help Grid.

“Your... Majesty?”

A multi-purpose site right next to the smithy. It wasn't that spacious and various stones and ores were piled up. It was on the level of a small training ground. It was too shabby to call it a king's space, but Grid and the unknown swordsman were utilizing it like it was a wilderness. They freely exchanged blows between the sky and earth as if they were laughing at the concept of space. They were entangled together right next to the smithy before disappearing. Then they suddenly appeared in the middle of the open space and tangled together again.

At this time, there were traces of the sword lights next to the smithy and the sound of dozens of collisions echoed. Then the two people disappeared again and new sword lights were engraved in the center of the open space.

"....."

Royman couldn't shut her mouth. Only two people were deaf to the explosive sounds spreading through the sky and the earth. She had a hunch. Right now, she was watching an unprecedented confrontation that wasn't in the legends. It wasn't the time for her to dare interfere.

"Gasp..." The reaction of the group who arrived one step later was exactly the same as Royman's. They held their breath, covered in wounds from advancing through the flying swords, God Hands, and vampires. They came here to use their lives to help Grid, but they stood still like a wooden statue.

The God Hands which failed to use their strength turned into black giants. There were 30 magic machines. They weren't large, but they filled up more than half the air space. They broke through the flying swords and pressed at the unknown swordsman.

The battlefield was further narrowed, but the swordsman moved like there were no restrictions. He avoided the bombardment and jumped so high that the moon was behind him. Blood magic grabbed at his ankle and Tiramet was clinging to his waist, but they couldn't stop him.

Flinch.

No one could read the shaky eyes of the swordsman in the shade of the moonlight. Sword Saint Biban—as he was concentrating on the confrontation, he belatedly noticed the uninvited guests. Thus, the operation of 'recognize objects' of Heart Sword was modified. It wasn't easy to alter the already expressed mental world, but he had to do so.

The reason why the tower members vowed to protect the world from the monsters called dragons was to protect their descendants. The tower members would never harm humans unless it was a fatal reason. This was even if they knew they would regret it. They weren't the type of people who would be devoured by their convictions and sacrifice people as cattle for their beliefs. They were more sublime.

Red blood flowed from Biban's mouth. His mental world was shaken in the aftermath of suppressing the Heart Sword and he suffered. Thus, he couldn't respond properly. He had no choice but to watch as Grid danced while coming through the cut apart magic machines. Nevertheless, he didn't regret it. It was a beautiful dance that made people smile. 'It is wonderful.'

How young are you to surpass me? So far, no pioneer has ever been able to achieve the tower's aspirations, but you...

".....?!"

It happened the moment that the Linked Kill Wave part of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle was deployed...

Biban was lost in thought as he watched Grid happily, only for his expression to stiffen. It was because Grid took out a new sword during the sword dance and combined it with the existing sword.

‘Moon night iron!’

The terrible destructive energy sent chills down his spine. Grid’s subtle threat about cutting off his arm crossed his mind. The words and deeds that he felt were impolite became sincere worry and kindness.

‘This damn...’ Biban measured the power of the Falling Moon Sword and quickly built up a barrier. It was because he recognized that the power of 100,000 Army Massacre Sword, which was combined with the movements of the sword dance, transcended the original one used by the Undefeated King.

However, Biban wasn’t wary of the Undefeated King’s Swordsmanship, but the Falling Moon Sword itself. The Undefeated King’s Swordsmanship? He could crush it with stronger swordsmanship. Even the One Million Army Swordsmanship could be offset by the Heart Sword. His mental world would be shaken by the use of great willpower, but he would be able to deal with it somehow.

The moon night iron was different. Biban had seen many scenes of Radwolf’s magic machines breaking through the dragon’s absolute defense with the outer armor of moon night iron. In particular, this Falling Moon Sword was much sharper and firmer than the outer armor of the magic machines. It was somewhat reminiscent of the Dragon Killing Sword of the 1st Seat, Hayate.

In front of items, the mind barrier was broken. Unstoppable waves of power and sword lights forced Biban to act. Biban faced the sword light close up and took a step back. He rotated his upper body and moved his left shoulder back. Then he stretched forward the sword in his right hand. He reduced the area of his body that the Falling Moon Sword could touch as much as possible. In this case, it was induced to be limited to the ‘sword.’

The time it took to reach him was so short that it couldn’t even be split into 0.1 seconds. The sword filled with the willpower of the Sword Saint broke to pieces and scattered. Then his wrist was cut. The body of the Sword Saint that had been honed for countless years—the strong body of a transcendent that had endured a dragon’s Breath was severed in vain.

“Kuoock...!”

The world recovered its original landscape along with the scattered images. Grid’s divine color was spread out in the night sky embroidered with countless stars. The sword light that extended to the end of their field of view was reminiscent of the sun on the horizon.

Biban fell to the ground and looked at his cut wrist. He avoided one arm, but he had now lost one hand.

...It was fine. He was the Sword Saint who went beyond an excellent blade. He could use swordsmanship even without a sword. It wasn’t a big deal to lose one hand. No, there was no reason to live without a hand... big cities had a Rebecca Temple, so he could get it healed if he visited it soon.

Grid had mentioned it—he shouldn’t worry if a body part was cut off because it would somehow be restored. Biban just hadn’t expected it to become a reality. Biban wrapped a cloth around his cut wrist

and smiled at Grid who descended to the ground. Grid's appearance wasn't unscathed either. His entire body was a wreck and he was trembling finely.

Biban told him, "I lost. I didn't know you would grow to this point when I didn't see you. I truly respect you."

"Show me the wound." Grid's face was pale. It was true that he wanted to win by any means. He looked into Biban's eyes and prepared Shunpo until the moment the barrier broke. It was to chase without missing anything. Yet when he saw Biban's cut wrist, his heart sank. He wanted the reward, but the body of his benefactor was damaged. He felt uncomfortable. Biban's favor throughout the duel made Grid's heart ache even more. He wondered if this was the mood when his teacher was hurt.

Biban spoke to him while pulling out a bandage, "I've stopped bleeding. Look. There is no blood."

The body of a transcendent didn't fit common sense. Biban tightened his muscles and changed the flow of blood to prevent the bleeding. Biban was on the verge of controlling even all the veins in his body. Nevertheless, Grid beat him. It would've been much more difficult if it was a purely one-on-one confrontation, but Grid had the power of items. From his position, it was right to fight using all means. The Falling Moon Sword was along the same lines.

'When will Sehee come?' She couldn't receive whispers in hell, so he asked Lauel to contact her in reality. However, it seemed a bit delayed seeing that there was still no news...

Biban patted Grid on the shoulder. "Don't worry. First, guide me to the Rebecca Temple."

"It's not there..."

"Uh? What isn't there?"

"The Rebecca Temple. It was originally there, but not anymore."

"...What? There isn't a Rebecca Temple in this city?"

"I dismantled all of them..."

"T-This is crazy! Why are you only saying this now?" Biban was defeated in the duel and had one hand cut off. Even so, he never lost his kind smile and composure. Now he stared at Grid with wide eyes. He was about to grab Grid's collar and shake him. "Why are you only saying now that there is no Rebecca Temple?!"

"I'm sorry..."

"Did you deceive me? How can you promise to restore my limb if there isn't even a Rebecca Temple?"

"....."

It was different if there was no hope in the first place, but it was hard for anyone to not feel despair or anger when they were deprived of the hope they had gained.

Grid noticed that Biban was genuinely upset. He was half out of his mind and didn't care that there were a lot of people present right now.

'Try to maintain your composure.'

Still, who could stay calm if their hand was cut off?

"Tower... if I go back to the tower, there might be a way... Oof!"

Grid hurriedly blocked Biban's mouth as he muttered these words. Biban actually mentioned the tower in front of so many people.

'This X.'

Maybe he wouldn't be able to see Biban again...

It happened as the worried Grid grabbed the struggling Biban with the God Hands...

"Oppa!"

The savior appeared. It was Saintess Ruby whom he had been waiting for. It was a bit late, but it was enough. It was such timing that if Biban's waist had been cut instead of his wrist, it might not have been able to be reattached.

'Of course, that wouldn't happen.'

Biban having his waist cut? It was something that was impossible. Grid couldn't have cut it even if he wanted to. Biban's reaction speed was very fast.

"H-Handle it with care."

"....."

Grid, who lost 10 years of his life, watched as Biban became a gentle sheep in front of Ruby. They were surrounded by a large crowd of people who had heard the commotion. Hundreds of eyes were focused on Biban. There were also murmurs about what the tower was. The names of the magic towers that existed on the continent were mentioned at least once.

Biban's complexion became ashy as he belatedly realized the situation.

Chapter 1484

There was no need to take care of the severed hand. Warm light wrapped around the wound and completely regenerated a new one. Muscles, blood vessels, bones, and flesh were restored in real time and formed the shape of a hand. Sensation started to return. Every time the staff smashed into him, he felt vivid pain. The shock promoted the flow of blood and energy. The position of the joints were correctly interlocked. Five fingers moved as expected. It was the same as before he lost it.

'The Saintess... is it a reappearance after hundreds of years?'

Hayate had speculated that the heavenly gods were very wary of the Saintess. Then why could she be born safely? The blessing of the goddess infused in Grid's Greed was also eye-catching. It wouldn't be strange if the goddess' anger poured out on Grid after he removed the Rebecca Church, but it was still fine. He even thought it was normal for the blessing to be recovered.

“Um... Thank you.” The treatment ended. Biban shook off his thoughts and expressed his gratitude to Ruby. He didn’t recklessly promise to repay her. It might be different if Ruby was a swordsman, but as the Saintess, a Sword Saint couldn’t do anything for her. There was a lot he could give as a tower member, not a Sword Saint, but... he couldn’t leave traces of the tower with outsiders.

“It is nothing. You were seriously injured by my brother, so it is natural for me to heal you.”

The surrounding commotion subsided. It was due to Grid disbanding the gathered crowd. The people remaining at the scene were Grid, Ruby, Mercedes, and Biban.

“I just had my hand cut off. I wasn’t hurt too badly. If it had been a real battle, I would’ve fought for two more days and nights in that state.”

He wasn’t saying this because of his pride or because he couldn’t accept defeat. He just pretended in a half joking manner so that Grid wouldn’t feel guilty. Biban knew that the outcome had been set the moment Grid pulled out the Falling Moon Sword. The outcome of the fight had little to do with his mental world shaking after trying to protect the witnesses. The result had just been moved up.

‘It isn’t just the moon night iron that is threatening. His growth rate is ridiculously fast compared to his talent. The original Undefeated King’s Swordsmanship was also reproduced.’

The most surprising thing was the power of the sword dances. Previously, Grid’s figure as he did the sword dances was somewhat pitiful. The forced actions of being led by the movements of the sword dances was like a child being forced into an adult’s hand.

That’s right. Not so long ago, Grid had no control over the sword dances. More essentially, the sword dance itself was a problem. There were many worthless actions because the sword dances were just a means of doing a ritual. It wasn’t controllable and efficient, so Grid was held back by this part.

Now it was different. Grid was on the verge of changing the form of the sword dances to his taste. It was more like swordsmanship. It was only for one person in the world. It was swordsmanship suitable only for the man called Grid. It was transcendent because it had a form that couldn’t be reproduced with the human body structure. The swordsmanship that violated the physical laws was fast and effective. It was ferocious and destructive. It boasted a destructive power in combination with the colorful effects of the sword dances.

The reason Biban wasn’t impressed by the original swordsmanship of the Undefeated King being reproduced for the first time in hundreds of years was because Grid’s sword dances left too strong of an impression.

‘There is no deep, profound law.’

There was something flashy in the swordsmanship made by a genius. The theory based on intense inspiration displayed artistry that people couldn’t understand. The seemingly ineffective part became an anomalous advantage. However, Grid’s sword dances were developed based on knowledge and experience. It was extremely efficient. It was necessary to ignore the physical laws in order to be efficient. The result was different from the swordsmanship made by a genius, but it was difficult for other people to access it. Therefore, it was transcendent.

‘It is great swordsmanship.’

It was like the Matchless Swordsmanship. Moreover, it was the Matchless Swordsmanship chosen by Muller, that genius.

Did Sword Saint Muller learn the Matchless Swordsmanship because he couldn't make his own swordsmanship? No. After weighing down the difference between the swordsmanship made by a genius and swordsmanship made by a master, he made the best choice. Meanwhile, the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship was the ultimate swordsmanship created by a genius. It was swordsmanship that induced extreme force with a single swing.

In Biban's view, Grid's sword dance was much more attractive than that. His heart felt so before even discussing what was better.

'He lacks manners, but the more I know him, the more I like him.' Biban smiled pleasantly and slowly used the Matchless Swordsmanship. It was the last step to check the condition of his regenerated hand. It was perfect.

"I'm glad." Grid watched Biban and sighed with relief. It was obvious how deeply worried he had been.

Biban patted him on the shoulder. "I might be old, but it isn't to the extent for my junior to worry about me."

Biban glanced at Mercedes' eyes as he spoke. They might contain countless starlight, but they were still a pair of eyes. The mysterious thing was that these eyes, noticed by the tower members, were possessed by Grid during the duel.

The ferocious sword dance, that was like a beast's gestures, became refined and evolved into a technique that seemed to be decades more developed. From then on, he rapidly became difficult to deal with. The tens of thousands of swords and Matchless Swordsmanship became ineffective.

Yet was it really evolution? Grid's essence was suppressed in this form. Perhaps decades later, the 'real' sword dances used by Grid would be far more threatening than the sword dances of Grid who borrowed Keen Insight.

"You should refrain from borrowing her eyes in the future. There are concerns that you will form habits that don't suit you."

"....."

Mercedes stared coldly at Biban, who didn't hesitate to give advice even until the last minute. Ruby saw it by chance and was startled.

Biban didn't notice as he created a barrier. Grid and him were isolated from the world. It was for a secret conversation.

"Now, the gift I promised." Biban pulled something out of his subspace. It was a fang as big as Biban's height. It wasn't a canine tooth and the tip wasn't very sharp. There was just a slight protrusion. Nevertheless, there were strong expectations for it. The hardness was at a standard comparable to Greed.

“Life is a cycle. The body of Stone Dragon Gujel has become part of the tower. The bones and scales had become battle gear of the association members and the blood and flesh have become elixirs, giving the association members a more powerful body and mana. One of the things that remain is this fang.”

It wasn't deliberately left behind.

“Even Radwolf couldn't touch it because of the hardness of Gujel's tooth. There was a way to transform it using Abellio's painting or restrain it with the moon night iron, but they gave up because they feared the value would be damaged.”

A smile spread on Biban's face.

“It has been a moment for a long time... now it seems this gift was arranged by the world to meet you.”

Biban didn't discuss the gods. He saw a world higher than the gods. It was a complete confrontation with Rebecca, who claimed to create the world. It meant that the tower members distrusted the gods.

“You will be able to handle this brilliantly.”

“.....”

Grid looked at the fang. Smelting was required. He should take into account the amount that would inevitably be lost during the process. It was a mass that could make two long swords or one sword and one piece of armor. It would be extravagant to make helmets or gloves with it. In any case, the performance of secondary armor wasn't as good as the main armor, so it wasn't first in the order.

Grid's gaze turned to Biban's sword. The size of the sword was reduced by one-third. It was the aftermath of the Falling Moon Sword. Grid told the calmly smiling Biban, “I'm thinking of making two swords. Biban's sword and my sword.”

“My sword...?” Biban closed his mouth. He stared blankly at Grid for a moment. Then he glimpsed this person's heart and laughed. “Thank you very much... I'm honored.”

“So far, you have given me a lot of gifts. I have to repay them at least once.”

“.....”

Sword Saint Biban dominated as a supreme person in the world. People felt deep respect for him and worshipped him. There was no equal treatment. Biban felt deep solitude. He received numerous gifts from the people who served him, but received no consolation. It was because it was more like a tribute.

After leaving the world and joining the tower, he met similar tower members and they comforted each other, but... even that was a temporary consolation in exchange for isolation. Biban had no real friends. No one treated him equally. Yet at this moment, Grid was facing him straight on. The eyes, which were filled with liking rather than respect, were so warm that they made Biban forget the cold air of winter.

[You have formed a deep bond with the 9th Seat of the Tower of Wisdom, Biban.]

“I should go back now... I will see you next time.” Biban scratched his beard and showed shyness unbecoming of him. Then he tried to remove the sword barrier.

Grid told him, "You can't go back right now."

"I can't go back? Why? Who won't allow it?"

Grid explained to Biban who was showing a confused response, "Why? It is because of Biban."

".....?"

"Didn't you mention the tower in front of people? I told them to forbid mentioning it, but I'm not sure this will happen. It is because the impression you instilled in people was too intense. If any of them are unable to suppress their curiosity and investigate the tower based on what you said, it could be a problem in many ways."

"...I have to use violence." If he found the witnesses and hit them hard on the back of the head, there was the hope of amnesia.

Grid stopped the seriously troubled Biban. "I've already handled it, so don't worry too much. Act with me for the time being."

"In what way?"

"As you know, Reinhardt has the Overgeared Magic Tower. However, there is no sword tower."

"Sword tower? There is no such thing anywhere in the world."

"However, it will appear here."

".....?"

"A few years ago, I built three additional towers, but the number of magicians was so small. Therefore, one tower is empty. I'll announce it as the sword tower and you will be sworn in as the first Overgeared Sword Tower Master. After attending the inauguration, just teach swordsmanship to the people there for a few days. The moment you go back, I'll appoint two tower masters and erase the traces."

"I am the Sword Saint... famous geniuses of the continent came to me with silver and gold treasures piled up in a mountain, hoping to be my disciple. I refused them. Now you want me to act as a teacher?"

"You don't have to do it if you don't want to. However, if one day people find out about the Tower of Wisdom and it turns out that Biban is the reason... you will receive heavy punishment from Fronzaltz."

"Groan... The tower members can't interact with the world..."

"What about interacting as the Overgeared Sword Tower Master, not a tower member? Your identity won't be found out."

"Groan... Overgeared Sword Tower Master... I don't like the name..."

"Don't do it if you don't want to. It doesn't matter if you clean for the rest of your life."

"...One week. I will only stay for one week."

"You made a good choice."

It was the day that the greatest swordsman was inaugurated as the first tower master of the Overgeared Sword Tower. The identity was roughly covered up. He was introduced as a hermit, just like the continent's number one spearman, Kirinus. That alone was enough for the sign-up applications to quickly pile up.

"By the way..." It was after the inauguration ceremony, which was a grand event at Biban's request. Mercedes said she would receive Biban's teachings, so Grid walked back to the smithy alone. Then he muttered to himself, "Why did he come? Is he just here to play...?"

Grid didn't know the purpose of Biban's visit here. He just thought it worked out somehow. He received the dragon fang, Ruby's healing skill level grew rapidly, and he was able to secure a week's worth of labor from the former generation Sword Saint. For Grid, Biban was a lottery-like existence.

A few days passed before Biban remembered what he had forgotten. It was the day that Piaro and the former Red Knights returned from their mission.

Chapter 1485

"We're back."

There were concepts that increased in value over time. Reputation was one of them.

The Red Knights of the golden age, led by Piaro—they brought countless glories to the Saharan Empire and became legends of the empire. It had been like this since they were cleared of their unfair charges. The story spread so rapidly that it seemed to surpass the greatness of the Undefeated King who caused Lubana to rise.

"....."

The heroes that their homeland gave birth to only to abandon.

After a fierce battle, the knights and soldiers watched the successful capture of the dark elf king and their eyes became wet.

Thrills and sorrows intersected. The final emotion was shame. Why did they, who devoted themselves to their nation all their lives, have to be kicked out? They, who deserved praise, were deprived of their honor, lives, and families, and suffered. Why couldn't their nation trust them? Why weren't they protected?

The history of the great empire, which should've lasted for thousands of years, might've disappeared the moment it turned its back on these people. No... it wasn't too late even now. The empire changed with the coronation of a new ruler. Empress Basara was carrying out various reforms. They were convinced that the empire that expelled the former Red Knights was completely different from the current empire...

"You've struggled."

"....."

The imperial knights shook off their thoughts. They stared blankly at Piaro and the heroes who were turning away. It was because there were no shadows on the heroes' faces that they dared to ask to go

back together. These people were laughing in the battle against the dark elves, who were more powerful than imagined. Their steps were light as they thought about returning 'home.'

In the silence, Resh shouted, "You've worked hard!"

The knights and soldiers belatedly saluted. The heroes carried the Overgeared Kingdom's flag on their shoulders. The imperial flag had once been there. Wouldn't it have flapped without losing its momentum anywhere on the continent?

The expressions of the knights and soldiers gradually calmed down. The status of the empire might not be as good as before, but there was an ally called the Overgeared Kingdom. The surface and hell were on the brink of a great human and demon war. They weren't afraid of the chaos and storm that were approaching.

The Overgeared Kingdom was with them and the heroes were in the Overgeared Kingdom.

"In the current state, we will only accumulate damages. We need to shrink the battlefield."

The continent was huge and more than half of it was the empire's territory. The empire had six different time zones. It was late at night in the west and morning in the east. The warp gates might've been recently introduced by the Overgeared Kingdom, but it wasn't sufficient to cover all regions. There were only a few warp gates in full operation. It was because installing, maintaining, and operating warp gates required an astronomical amount of resources and personnel.

"Shrink the battlefield. Let's evacuate the people to the central region."

"Yes. It will be hard for the people who have to leave their hometowns, but if the empire wholeheartedly supports them, they will be able to adapt."

"For the time being, many industries and economies will be paralyzed. The treasury might run out while supporting the refugees. However, we can't just sit back and watch people die. Please understand."

"Please understand!"

The officials spoke in unison. They shared their views regardless of faction.

It was shortly after the news was delivered that numerous cities and villages were taken away by the demonic humans. The demonic humans' momentum was overwhelming. The damage grew dramatically the further away it was from a big city. There were limits to the troops operated by the imperial family and nobles. It was impossible to calculate the casualties in the mountain areas.

What was the use of having millions of troops? The number of people they had to defend was in the hundreds of millions and the landmass of the empire was too large. It was impossible to take care of the people scattered everywhere. As such, the number of demonic humans only increased. The only way to reduce the damage was to move people to a safe place.

It was gratifying that the great nobles had the ability to take responsibility for and protect their territories. The number of refugees would only be about 60% of the total population. It was a great number.

“Your words are right. Support the evacuation and settlement of people to the greatest extent. Don’t spare the resources and manpower.” Basara stood up from the throne and took off the golden crown. This was a treasure that was handed down from generation to generation. This crown had symbolized her since her days as a duke and it had replaced the imperial crown. Basara handed it over to the finance minister. “The imperial vault will be opened. Use this crown and everything for the people without leaving anything behind.”

“Y-Your Majesty...!”

“There is no empire without the people. Please do your best.”

“The imperial favor is immeasurable. I will definitely accept the cooperation of the nobles.”

“The imperial favor is immeasurable!”

Ever since Basara became empress, the empire had invested a lot in the future. It was the future of the continent, not the future of the empire. It was in the belief that they would become a force leading the empire’s long history. The damage suffered immediately was great. It was hard to count. Then at this time, the massive invasion of the demons was foreseen. The damage to the empire accumulated and their finances were shaky. The fate of the empire was at stake. It was like walking on an icy road.

However, Basara’s mind wasn’t shaken at all. She was from a collateral bloodline and rose to the throne. The former Emperor Juander gave up on his children and personally gave the throne to her. She wasn’t inferior in ability. Even in the midst of the turmoil, she didn’t stop looking for the best result for the empire.

‘I will continue setting an example so the local families won’t just sit back. The bureaucrats have finally united with one heart and one mind, so I have to take center stage.’

She felt empty without the crown, but she had to adapt. Basara spread open a large map and along with the officials, she looked at the areas where people would be evacuated. Many things were discussed carefully.

Some time passed.

“It is said that the seeds of the demonic humans in the south have died out.” The messengers arrived one after another. Most of them were messengers from the south.

Maritime trade also played a large part of the imperial economy. There was a large population and facilities in the south. It was an area where wealth was concentrated, so it wasn’t monopolized by one or two big nobles. Rather, it was ruled separately by the imperial family and various nobles. The nobles didn’t have private soldiers. Their military power was weak compared to the population. It was most urgent to send troops to the south, but by the time the troops arrived, things were already set. Every lair of the demonic humans had become ruins without exception.

“Every eyewitness account is the same. It is said that a big man and a white-haired old man killed the demonic humans.”

“An old man?” The officials were agitated. It was hard for them to believe that an old man and one other man destroyed the powerful demonic humans. Then they soon calmed down. The continent was

vast. It wouldn't be strange if a transcendent with an unfamiliar name suddenly appeared. The imperial officials were even more aware of this fact.

Wasn't it the imperial family that erased the name of the Undefeated King from history? Some of the names that the empire hid and erased were such big names. For example, the Great Robber of the Red Night wasn't known to the public. He had stolen so many imperial treasures, but he was hidden due to the strict orders of the emperors. They were afraid the imperial family would lose face if it was known. Just as the civilians didn't know about the Undefeated King and Great Robber of the Red Night, there might be transcentents that the imperial officials didn't know about.

Besides, their identities didn't really matter right now. The important thing was that they were benefiting the empire. Thanks to this, the empire had more room with their troops.

'An old man and a big man.' Basara noticed the identity of the two men—former emperor Juander and armored cavalryman Chensler. Unlike what was known to the world, Juander wasn't dead. He left the palace and declared he would spend the rest of his life helping the people. Chensler's disappearance was also false. He just followed Juander.

"Huhu." Basara laughed slightly as she covered her mouth with her long sleeve.

Grid, who gathered the allied nations and Juander, who was working for the imperial people...

She felt relieved when she realized that there were many strong helpers inside and outside.

By the end of Biban's inauguration, the access time limit was approaching. Grid returned to the smithy and was forcibly logged out when he was getting ready to work. Back in reality, he forgot his fatigue. He was so excited that he couldn't sleep easily.

After gaining the scale, he got the second dragon body part. It was even the hardest fang. He would be able to make a sword that was comparable to the 'minimum' sword Hexetia created. It was a highly likely guess. There was the Fire Dragon Sword he made with a 'mineral containing a dragon's breath.' A divine sword with an ego was created with a by-product containing the breath. The sword made with a dragon's body part would obviously be better.

'My one wish is for it to not have too strong an ego.'

If the ego had a similar nature to a real dragon, then it would likely be more difficult to control. Youngwoo shuddered as he recalled the nature of the gourmet dragon. He was concerned that there might be restrictions on the usage, just like the Falling Moon Sword. In the worst case scenario, he would have to erase the ego and grant it another ego.

'I'm nervous.'

There was no record of any dragon weapon in history or legends. As far as Youngwoo knew, only the Tower of Wisdom had made dragon weapons and armor. However, the power wasn't great. There were no blacksmiths among the tower members. Based on the skills and wisdom of the giant family, and the experience accumulated in making the magic machines, the 3rd seat, Radwolf, could make similar works, but could he fully unlock the potential of the materials?

It was impossible. Making dragon weapons was something that Grid couldn't challenge even when he was a legendary blacksmith. In fact, Biban's clothing was made from smelting dragon scales and it was of poor quality. The first true dragon weapon would be created at Grid's fingertips.

'This won't do.' He was unable to sleep because his heart was pounding.

Youngwoo got out of bed and sat down in front of the computer. He accessed dozens of foundation sites that he regularly sponsored every month and increased the sponsorship amount by 1.2 times. It was from hundreds of thousands of won to millions of won...

He raised the amount whenever there was a happy occasion so the donation amount that started in the thousands of won had increased by thousands of times. The monthly sponsorship was in the tens of millions of won. He also often donated hundreds of millions of won. It wasn't a small amount.

He didn't get any help from anyone when he was in trouble, so why should he help others? The attention and love that Youngwoo now received from people was too great to think like this. He wanted to give back to the world a bit. However, the donation was made anonymously. It was because the keyboard warriors would obviously say sarcastically that it was a charade. The electronic receipts system had been introduced for donations a long time ago, so tax deductions could be received even if one donated anonymously.

"This is good." The thought that he did a good thing made him calm down and feel better. Youngwoo could have a good night's sleep, even if it was for a short time.

The form of the dragon weapons had long been determined. He had come to a realization during the duel with Biban. Tomorrow, he was going to pour everything out. He was sure that his ultimate blacksmithing skill would be able to handle the fang of the stone dragon. It was the same for the scale he received a long time ago. The moment had finally come to strengthen Khan's work. He had to be careful to enhance the performance without making the traces of Khan disappear...

In the future, he could expect the dragon weapon and armor set effect.

Chapter 1486

—!

In the warm sunshine, Haster's scream leaked through the window. Maybe it was because it was too low and deep that the scream wasn't bad to hear. It sounded like music, in the same way as a bird's twittering. Grid was standing in front of the furnace in distress. In just a few days, Haster had improved significantly and succeeded in winning against seven God Hands, but Grid couldn't afford to admire this.

'I need flame strength like never before.'

The form of the dragon weapons had been determined. He planned to forge the blade with a gentle curve. It meant he would make a dao rather than a sword.

During the duel with Biban, Grid felt his limits when performing the sword dance while pulling out the Falling Moon Sword. The act of taking out weapons from his inventory—this was possible in 0.1 seconds for Grid. The average person couldn't react this fast. It was due to years of conscious training. He had to swap items much more frequently than other people.

However, Grid determined that this was too slow. Biban's level was too high. If Biban had been aware of the existence of the Falling Moon Sword and was wary of it, he could've thwarted Grid's item swap.

'I will fight many strong enemies like Biban in the future.'

Grid felt the need to prepare countermeasures. At the same time, he recalled the drawing sword technique and battojutsu that Peak Sword gained from his fourth class advancement. The sword was a useful weapon for cutting and stabbing. It usually had a straight line shape to exert full power. It was slower to pull out of the scabbard compared to drawing a curved sword. It differed according to the length or shape of the blade, but it was also due to the need to stretch the arm longer and that the friction between the sheath and blade was relatively lacking.

In Satisfy, battojutsu, or drawing the sword, was a technique that accelerated the attack by using the sheath. It was why Peak Sword wore a sword and two knives on his waist. It was so he could draw the sword purely to pursue this.

Grid didn't have any sword drawing skills, but it was fine. Battojutsu was a means of connecting drawing the sword with 'cutting' as an attack method. Grid had no need for it when he planned to use it simply as a means of drawing the sword. If he thought he needed it, he would've tried to get it from the 'martial god's secret technique book' sold in the sun carriage, but it was unlikely that he needed it.

'I had better change the Falling Moon Sword to a dao shape during the second innovation.'

Many of Grid's sword dances took the form of cuts, not stabs. The same went for the swordsmanship of the Undefeated King. Of course, Drop and Kill, which had the highest coefficients, were a fall and stab. This meant that a 'sword' couldn't be thrown away completely. However, weapons that were easy to cut with like the Falling Moon Sword should be in a dao shape.

"....."

Grid drew a picture in his head. Assume it was the moment he was connecting Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle to the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship.

The sword energy of Transcended Link Kill was expressed through a stab and was carried out with the existing divine sword. He would move his left hand, which could be freely controlled after upgrading to a myth class, and place it on the sheath at his waist. He would immediately draw the Falling Moon Sword from the sheath. At the same time as the rapid development, he could use Item Combination. In other words, integrate the gap in Wave with the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship.

At this time, the Falling Moon Sword's penalty of 'cutting once' would be dealt and the combined items would be released. The divine sword would be held in his right hand and the Falling Moon Sword in his left hand. Release the Falling Moon Sword and let a God Hand recover it. He would swing the finishing blow with the divine sword in his right hand and complete the Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle sword dance.

The empty left hand would go to his waist again. After releasing the dragon weapon used alongside the Falling Moon Sword, another sword dance or the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship would be used. The other party wouldn't be able to react easily to the sword light that extended. At the same time, the other divine sword held in his right hand needed to be removed.

Grid had no passive skill for dual wielding. The moment he pulled out a sword from his waist, he must throw away the divine sword in the other hand to preserve the power of the attack. The abandoned divine sword would be retrieved by a God Hand, just like the Falling Moon Sword. If it was the Fire Dragon Sword, it could move by itself to support Grid. Another way was to reset the cooldown time of Item Combination with Divinity and merely combine the two swords.

No matter what method he used, he had to make sure a sword remained in either hand. This would get rid of the penalty of not having dual wielding.

‘The most ideal way is to obtain the passive skill to use dual wielding from the martial god’s secret techniques, but... in any case, I can fight faster as long as I implement the drawing sword technique. It is better to maintain focus and keep the battle flowing.’

There was only one conclusion—it was easier and more efficient to swap items through drawing them from the sheath than taking them out of the inventory and swapping them. This fact alone was enough to make a dao. Sure enough, the form of the first dragon weapon was set as a dao.

There was only one problem left for Grid after deciding for certain: flame strength—he needed enough flame strength to melt the fang of Stone Dragon Gujel. Was the white phosphorus wood lacking in flame strength? No. The name of a sacred tree wasn’t in vain. However, it seemed like he needed a lot of white phosphorus wood. At least 8 tons of white phosphorus wood had to be burned at one time in order to produce enough flame strength to barely melt the hard fang.

He knew it intuitively. It wasn’t based on insight and class effects, but an awareness based on accumulated experience. The quantity of white phosphorus wood was sufficient. It was because his allies in the east were constantly sending them.

‘I need a big furnace.’

It needed to be built up like a fortress. It had to be huge enough to fit 10 tons of white phosphorus wood. It would be a very big construction.

‘The top must be a hemisphere to catch and circulate the hot air as strongly as possible.’

Grid glanced to the side. Picasso was in the corner and drawing his figure on the canvas. She held her breath out of fear of interrupting his concentration.

“Excuse me.” Grid borrowed a pen and paper. The shape of the furnace in his head was drawn in real time. He tried to express his inspiration that was spreading like wildfire. The picture was a mess compared to his effort. However, the structure was relatively accurate, so it was easy to see what type of furnace Grid wanted. He could’ve used Item Creation here to give birth to the perfect design of a huge furnace.

Grid deliberately didn’t consume his skill. He turned the picture over to Ke ong. The dwarf, Ke ong, was especially talented in architecture, so Grid was going to leave the rest to him.

“Can you do it?”

Long words weren't necessary. Ke ong saw Grid's intentions from the picture and solemnly nodded. "Of course. I will make you my first furnace. If you support the technical experts to the maximum extent, then eight days is enough."

Thinking about the structure and size of the furnace, eight days was very fast. This was enough, more so given the lack of stone in Reinhardt due to fortresses being built all over the kingdom. Most importantly, it was a furnace for manufacturing dragon weapons and armor. It was very important, so it made sense for it to take several months, not eight days, to make carefully.

However, Grid felt it was too long. The problem was that he didn't know when the great human and demon war would take place. "I hope we can save time by working together on it as much as possible."

"Um... If Your Majesty helps..." Ke ong calculated it. He took into account the capabilities of the 30 God Hands, which had a considerable amount of Grid's dexterity. "I can reduce it to four days, four days. It is hard beyond that. In order to burn a large amount of firewood at the same time, the bellows need to play an effective role. Complex techniques need to be used here..."

Grid and the God Hands didn't have architectural skills, yet the time was cut in half. The Overgeared God's Techniques skill that was involved in production played a role. Even so, Grid wasn't satisfied.

'Four days... then it will take at least a week to make the weapons and armor.'

It would be terrible if the great human and demon war broke out in this period...

'Well, it is fine.'

How likely was it for the great human and demon war he had been waiting for to happen in the moment when he was stuck? The S.A Group might've restrained him countless times, but they rarely did it so blatantly. It was futile to worry. Grid controlled his heart and nodded. "I will convene the technical experts, so please start straight away."

"Okay."

The two people headed to the open space. It was the large field where he sparred with Biban. There were no separate facilities, thus there was only little material damage. The damage was so slight that Administrator Rabbit didn't shed any tears of blood. He just sniffled. It was evidence that Grid and Biban observed the surroundings while fighting. If they had fought back and forth, the entire Overgeared Castle would've been destroyed. The possibility of complete destruction was very small.

Grid had invested billions to make the castle's level MAX and Ke ong had renovated it personally. It was enough to say that the durability of the Overgeared Castle made it the best fortress in the world. This was one of the reasons why the Overgeared Kingdom was now the safest place in the world.

"Haster, I'm sorry, but for the next four days or so, can you train with that scarecrow in the corner? Or maybe you can go to a hunting ground."

"...I understand."

Grid was quite satisfied with Haster. The first impression wasn't bad and his personality was really diligent. Additionally, the potential was very high. Above all, he was a legend in the game industry, so Grid hoped to treat him comfortably as a brother out of courtesy. However, Haster couldn't be

comfortable with Grid. He noticed something and slowly stepped back. He didn't even ask to be sent to hell if he was going to be left alone for four days.

'Why is he moving like a crab? Is this a new training method?' Grid watched Haster, who gradually disappeared from view, and smiled happily. He felt even fonder of Haster, who worked hard to connect effort with training no matter the situation.

"Let's get started."

"I will do my best and devote my soul."

Grid rolled up his sleeves along with Ke ong and started working. The airlifting of building materials and technical experts had already been requested from Lauel. There was just one fact that Grid didn't know. The S.A Group. No, to be precise, Morpheus was much more blatant than Grid thought.

"Have you made a big mistake in the past?"

At the Overgeared Sword Tower...

Biban became the first sword tower master and he asked this question as he confronted an upright woman. The woman's eyes shook slightly under her elongated eyelashes. She recalled the incident where the trivial merchant dared to blow King Grid into the distant sky.

"Your swordsmanship is only for protection. You were born with an extraordinary talent, but you're wasting that talent. I guess you lost something because you failed to protect your precious one."

"...I didn't lose it." Mercedes' eyes were on display as she answered.

Only her eyes were recognized for a moment in Biban's consciousness. He seemed to have the illusion that the lights that illuminated the darkness of the deep tower were turned off.

'Keen Insight.'

The eyes that would be able to control everything in the end. There was no doubt that even the gods feared this ability. It was the power to discipline absolute beings one day. The possibility of qualifying as a dragon killer or god killer was absolutely certain. However, it was on the premise that she was safe until then.

"You look uncomfortable, so I won't ask you about the past. There is just one thing you have to remember. A sword that sacrifices itself to protect others is a weak sword. You don't have to sacrifice yourself when you protect someone who is truly strong."

Biban had witnessed it a countless number of times—the geniuses who were gifted with brilliant talent dying before they could blossom. Mercedes was also determined to be one of them. Now she was only a sword to protect others. Even if she was heading to a certain death, there was no hesitation. It was as if it was not a problem at all.

Tsk. Biban clicked his tongue and made a decision. "Be prepared. This tower master will strengthen you as part of my duty."

It was as the Overgeared Sword Tower Master. It was only a week of duty, but Biban didn't want to watch on idly. It was a waste of Mercedes' talent. Today's choice might result in the loss of his qualification as a tower member, but he was confident that he wouldn't regret it for the rest of his life since it was to protect a pillar of the future.

...It wasn't a choice made from a noble spirit. It was just that Biban's personality was simple and clear. It was an essence that wouldn't change.

Chapter 1487

The smile of the goddess was broken. The statues carved in the shape of the goddess of light were destroyed and scattered. Her personal image was no longer brilliant or sacred. The broken face lost its expression and the gaping eyes had no spirituality. It was unrealistic and cruel compared to the figure depicted on the stained glass.

The destruction continued. The stained glass that was fine was shattered and scattered. The light scattered due to the glass fragments was like the tears of the goddess.

"Punishment...! You will be punished!"

At the temple that had watched the ups and downs of a small kingdom...

An old priest shed tears of blood as he witnessed the end of the Rebecca Church that had taken care of people for hundreds of years.

"You are receiving the punishment now." The man who answered looked indifferent.

The assassins of the Overgeared Shadows. They seemed to lack emotions. It was said that they were destroying the Rebecca Temples that existed all over the continent with indifferent faces like nothing was happening. They weren't humans but weapons. They felt like a form of violence.

The priests of the Rebecca Church glimpsed a different type of madness from them.

Did they read the thoughts in the priest's eyes?

"In our eyes, you are the fanatics." The assassins revealed their thoughts. Even at the last moment, it was hard for them to understand the priests who believed in and followed Goddess Rebecca. Their hearts were stuffy and unpleasant. Was this anger and disgust? They were reminded of Lantier, who commanded them to regain their humanity. "You should know what happened at the Vatican. The angel sent by the goddess induced humanity's conflict on the eve of the great human and demon war. It was sneaky and wicked. In fact, the Rebecca Church members at the scene vowed to serve the Overgeared God. If you had normal senses, you would take off that white priestly uniform."

"It doesn't matter whether the rumors are true or not. It was the actions of an angel, not the work of the goddess."

".....? It is the goddess who sent the angel."

"There is nothing meaningless. The premise of doubting the goddess itself is wrong. Did the goddess make the world and human beings for humans to doubt the will of the goddess? Additionally, the

greater the trials, the more we must believe in the goddess and pray for salvation... how can murderers like you understand the charity of the goddess?"

"....."

Sure enough, it was difficult to have a conversation. There was this new understanding and an assassin struck the old priest's throat. He wasn't killed. There was Lantier's command not to kill the old man.

Now, the Overgeared Shadows weren't simple killing machines. They moved with conviction. They were educated like this by the modern day Lantier. The assassins were getting back the emotions they had lost. The emotions that made them so uncomfortable and unpleasant at times... they felt stronger than before. In particular, a power beyond their limit was exerted when protecting something.

"Burn these eyesores and take the priests away." The group leader ordered and the nodding assassins moved swiftly. They burned the remnants of the temple and bound the priests. This event was occurring simultaneously across the continent. The traces of the Rebecca Church were gradually disappearing from the world.

There were those who were watching these scenes from high in the sky. It wasn't the heavenly gods. Compared with heaven, there were two men who were far closer to the ground.

"I vaguely understand why Helena had such a short life." Bunsdel—the lord of the half-draconians, the one who inherited the blood of the evil dragon Bunhelier, spread open his black wings and rose into the sky. "That child... her nose was too high in the sky. She was unaware of her strength and went on a rampage. She left the fence that the vanguard had put up for our blood relatives. It was her fate to die."

Helena was originally supposed to be the present day lord. The last generation lord was 'Bun,' so the present day lord should be 'Hel.' However, Helena wanted to leave the fence. The moment she was going to become the lord, she revealed her ambition to move all her blood to the Chaos Mountains to build up enough strength to rule the ground. It was the same as hastening the destruction of their blood. The 'childhood play with the empire' that she criticized was a survival strategy shaped by the need to last.

"I witnessed a transcendent early on. The grandmaster, that monstrous guy. Our kin despised him because he is human, but I understand from the beginning why our ancestors locked our kin in a narrow fence."

The half-draconians had the blood of dragons. They were considerably proud due to their lineage. It was an area difficult for people to understand. Meanwhile, Bunsdel was different. He was more talented than Helena and he was the first to see how insignificant the half-draconian's sense of superiority was.

The world was so wide. The half-draconians were just food for the truly strong. Food with good bones and scales. It was Bunsdel's belief that the half-draconians weren't such a great species, unlike their own beliefs. They needed time. Time to build up strength.

"The Overgeared King is a transcendent. Additionally, he built up divinity. Tsk, freaking hell. He must be a lot tougher than the grandmaster. The moment I think I've crossed the highest wall in the world, I end up facing a bitter mountain."

"The mountain will become a new fence to protect the half-draconians."

“That is possible... Hao, as you say, this opportunity might not come twice for us. But...”

There was a shadow covering Bunsdel’s face as he looked over the burning temple.

“...It is too wide. I feel it isn’t wise. No matter the reason, he has trampled on the Rebecca Church that existed together with the history of humanity. Is he so drunk on power that he isn’t considering the consequences? No, thinking about how he killed Helena without hesitation, his natural temperament seems very violent.”

Helena was a candidate to be lord. Regardless of her level or talent, she was from a royal family. Killing her meant the Overgeared King wasn’t afraid of losing the half-draconians. The Overgeared King at that time wouldn’t have been as strong as he was now. Additionally, he was urging reconciliation through Hao at this moment. There was no sense of shame. It was very arbitrary.

“That man isn’t possible... he is a type of human being that is impossible to control. It isn’t reasonable. The burden is too heavy to get on the same ship. There is no reason to stick to a ship that is going to sink anyway.”

“.....”

Hao’s expression darkened. Originally, the height was so high that even breathing was difficult. Now his purpose was unlikely to be achieved and it was hard to control his expression. He had to convince Bunsdel. It wasn’t because it was Lauel’s wish.

Hao was purely concerned about the great human and demon war. His prediction was that the great human and demon war would be much more difficult than people expected. Humans needed the power of the half-draconians. He wanted the half-draconians to take this opportunity to come out and communicate with humanity. The more powerful the half-draconians, the better it would be for Hao. He said, “Grid really is emotional.

“Then it is right.” Bunsdel turned around. It was a firm attitude that showed no more conversation was needed. He was just about to leave when he stopped.

It was because Hao’s upright voice entered his ears. “Every time there is a small threat to his colleagues or people, he will immediately run over and fight for them. He fights regardless of whether the opponent is a demon, angel, or even the gods.”

“.....”

“Maybe Helena touched Grid’s people. One thing is for certain. I have never seen him use power and violence in order to satisfy his selfish desires.”

Hao didn’t know Grid’s personality or what he did in detail. He just knew one obvious fact—the people of the Overgeared Kingdom always smiled. There was no distinction between players and NPCs. Most of the territories where players were sworn in as lords were the same as ‘someone’s hell.’

“He isn’t a person to hold grudges. There is absolutely no possibility that Grid will be the enemy of all people. In the future, those who antagonize Grid are born evil and will be the enemies of humanity anyway.”

“For example, Bunhelier?”

“That isn’t necessarily the case...”

“Kukuk, that’s fine. Prepare good alcohol. Based on what you said, I want to meet him once. If you don’t want to, you can go and run off...”

After becoming the lord, Bunsdel didn’t directly participate in the war with the empire. He had the same attitude when the emperor changed. He silently watched the war that was child’s play to Helena. He wasn’t afraid of being defeated by the grandmaster. He was just wary that he would lose his sense of reason in the process of fighting the grandmaster and even exterminate his own kin.

He was the one who inherited the thickest amount of blood from the evil dragon Bunhelier. He wasn’t just the king of the half-draconians. He was also a transcendent. Now he turned his gaze in the direction of the Overgeared Kingdom.

“Aren’t we becoming really strong?” Ibellin exclaimed in an excited voice. He had a bright smile that didn’t fit this hellish life. The expressions of the other people were similar. As if to prove that humans were adaptive animals, the hell expedition had fully adapted to the hellish environment. They were no longer mentally shaken. They were able to fight the demons and demonkins without being caught by the penalty that sealed many of their stats.

“It isn’t really strong. It is much stronger. I’ve already gained four levels. Ibellin, I think you’ve gained six?”

“Hehe.”

The biggest difference between Satisfy and reality was the compensation. Unlike reality where it didn’t matter how hard they tried, they would be compensated accordingly in Satisfy. Efforts and rewards were directly proportional. The expedition adapted to the cruel hell at the beginning and started to embark on the road of flowers. Level and skill experience increased at an unprecedented rate.

Every time the team faced their extreme limit, Yura used Hell Regulation and her contribution was the greatest. The support of Saintess Ruby and the existence of the neutral areas that occasionally appeared like oases were also very helpful. The neutral zone of hell was exactly like the surface. It was a space for the residents of the demon world, who were different from humans, to live in compliance with laws and order. There was morality and peace. It was a shelter for the party. It was due to the unwritten rule of no killing in the place where God Yatan’s statues existed. It was ironic that the symbol of evil had become peace.

“If we grow as fast as we are now and get new items made by God Grid...” Peak Sword was chatting excitedly with Ibellin, only to shut his mouth. It was because Yura and Kraugel’s eyes were fixed to the sky. Then Jishuka, Faker, and Euphemina shifted their gaze to the sky. Peak Sword’s expression cooled down.

Everyone in the group stared up at the sky. In the night sky where the distorted stars were tangled together, the unique energy that had spread like blood had disappeared. The stars regained their original appearance. The hell moon that had been staring with tens of thousands of bloodshot eyes, closed its eyes and shone brilliantly.

It was a skyscape in their memories—it was the night sky they had always seen. The skyscape that should only be seen on the surface was covering the terrible sky of hell.

“What is this...?”

“Don’t tell me...!”

The eyes of the party members shifted to Yura.

Yura nodded. “It has started.”

It was an omen she had prepared for. The boundary between hell and the surface was broken. A spectacular scene immediately unfolded. Thousands of portals were created throughout the vast sky. This was merely in the 21st Hell.

“Crazy!”

The group turned white as they witnessed the demons and demonkin flying toward the portals.

“Are the demons invading in this way? We can’t control this...”

“Dammit! What are those portals?”

It was from the time of the outbreak of the war. People expected to have some time to respond to it. They never imagined that many portals would open and the demons and demonkin would immediately invade the ground using the portals. It was thought they would gather in a specific connected space such as the Abyss or the Behen Archipelago. Furthermore, it was speculated that there would be a certain limit to the number that could use the passage. They predicted that hell’s armies would enter the surface sequentially.

However, reality was completely different. The situation was much more serious than they expected. Demons would appear simultaneously all over the surface...

As the party was in turmoil, Yura quickly acted. She immediately opened a hell gate. “First of all, Sehee, Jishuka, and Kraugel...”

It happened as Yura was pointing out the first group to go back to the surface...

Something huge fell from the sky and blocked the gate. It was a three-headed beast that was four times bigger than an elephant. On it was a demon in black armor.

“I’m not interested in the war on the surface... I just don’t want you to leave. You will pay the price for daring to make a fuss in hell.”

[The 20th Great Demon, Black Knight ‘Eligos,’ is guarding the river of reincarnation.]

[Eligos has denied life. Your race will change to the undead.]

[Eligos often exercises his authority to interfere in the cycle of life and death of souls. Once killed by Eligos, there is a 50% probability that you will receive the ‘no resurrection’ punishment. If this penalty occurs, you can’t reconnect for 24 hours.]

[You have witnessed the mythical demonic creature, the Cerberus.]

[Facing Cerberus' six eyes, you have fallen into deep despair. There is a problem with your senses.]

[Your fire resistance, cold resistance, and poison resistance are greatly reduced due to Cerberus' breath.]

The commencement of the great human and demon war—the stage of the first battle was hell.

Chapter 1488

[You have suffered catastrophic damage!]

[You have died.]

[A legend doesn't die easily.]

[The duration of immortality is over.]

[Your race has changed into an undead. Some resources will be changed to health.]

[You have suffered catastrophic damage!]

[You have died.]

[You are in an infinite return state.]

[You will be resurrected immediately and the cooldown of all skills will be reset.]

[The penalty of infinite return has doubled experience loss.]

[Your level has decreased.]

[28 hours have passed since the connection timeout has elapsed.]

[This is based on reality time.]

[We believe that the player's life is very dangerous.]

[According to Satisfy's operating provisions that the player agreed to, the player's safety and rescue arrangements...]

"Gasp...Gasp...Gasp...!" Agnus ignored the intermittent, buzzing notifications. No, it was more accurate to say he wasn't aware of it. How many days had he spent in this world? Agnus didn't remember. He couldn't afford to count it.

Marbas—Agnus only moved forward to approach the individual who was a great power in hell, who infinitely brought together the army. The quest restricted skill that he temporarily received from Baal, Infinite Return, made it possible.

[You have died.]

[You have died.]

[30 hours have passed since the connection timeout has elapsed.]

“You are the worst Baal’s Contractor ever.” A green-haired male individual broke through the army of demonic creatures in just seven days and night and was approaching him. Marbas nonchalantly faced these golden eyes that were shining like a beast and placed a hand on his hat. He lifted his staff slightly and a sharp light flashed, cutting at Agnus. The wavelength of sword energy stretching out was very noisy.

Agnus’ robe fluttered like there was a storm and the skeleton guards turned to powder and scattered. There was a reason why Marbas had held his hat in advance.

“It might be different if it was a contractor who died like Pagma and the soul was mortgaged, but I have ever seen a contractor who moved according to Baal’s will before. All the contractors have suffered from madness, but you seem to be especially twisted.”

‘This guy...’ Agnus’ eyes widened. In the week of mental and physical exhaustion, he had a good grasp of Marbas. He thought Marbas was a summoner. Otherwise, there was no way to explain his ability to constantly summon tens of thousands or hundreds of thousands of demonic creatures.

However, even his swordsmanship wasn’t at an ordinary level. The speed and power of the sword was far beyond the level of a high ranker. It was the most powerful person Agnus knew. It was reminiscent of Grid’s swordsmanship, the person who caused the outbreak of the great human and demon war.

“Lantier!” Agnus overcame the crisis thanks to Bentao’s Mockery, where only 30% of the power applied to named NPCs, and shouted urgently.

The reaction came immediately. Death Knight Lantier had been carrying out a slaughter in the shadows of the army of demonic creatures. During the time when Agnus suffered hundreds of deaths, he had gained dozens of levels. He quickly appeared in an instant between Agnus and Barbas.

“Hup...!” Marbas tried to hit back with his short sword, only to take a breath and raise his sword. Four shocks rang through the sword and were transmitted to his fingertips. It was proof that Lantier’s power and techniques were returning to their prime.

A light shone in Marbas’ slightly widened eyes. The lich, who was slaughtering the demonic creatures in the middle of the battlefield, had fired a sniping magic at him. The power was several times stronger than what was seen on the first day.

‘Was this Baal’s intention?’

In the last week, Baal’s Contractor had weakened sharply while his lich and death knights had made rapid progress. They grew using the death of their master as a nutrient. The army of demonic creatures that protected Marbas was now grabbing Marbas by the throat.

‘The path of retreat is blocked.’

Marbas frowned as he felt the barrier of Baal’s subordinates, including Chepardea, spread out behind his back. He knew it intuitively. This barrier was the stage for declaring death. It was a place where specters were infinitely revived no matter how many times they died.

‘Disgraceful.’ Baal’s playfulness exceeded the limit. So far, it had been just a nuisance, but now he was openly trying to overturn the situation.

'I didn't expect him to target me. Is he really going to turn his back on God's wishes? He is a son...'
Marbas clicked his tongue and took off his hat. Then the appearance of the handsome, old gentleman was gone. The head covered with horns looked monstrous. Marbas broke one of the horns with his hands and pulled it off. Black blood started to flow and demonic energy fluctuated.

-Croak?

Chepardea had regained his strength and authority after returning to hell. He had been watching over the situation calmly and proudly. Now he showed a fool's expression like when he was on the ground. It didn't match his size. He forgot he was the subordinate of the 1st Great Demon, Baal, and showed signs of fluster. He was surprised. He never dreamed that Marbas would be so strong.

-We need to strengthen the barrier...!

"It is too late," Marbas said as if it was futile. He gathered the black demonic energy at the tip of his sword and raised it over his head. The target was the barrier, not Agnus. He intended to break the barrier. It was what Baal had made and used for entertainment. It was designed to prevent damage from any being other than a single digit great demon and the barrier was a stage where countless killings had been carried out so far. Even a great demon was put here like a beast and died in front of Baal.

Now Marbas had the power to destroy the stage that was made of madness and malice. It was power gained in exchange for abandoning one horn and he only had three left.

'Don't waste it. First of all, survive...'
Marbas' thoughts stopped. His body was stiff. He couldn't lower the sword that was raised high.

"Running away? Where are you looking?"

It wasn't the feeling of fear or terror. It was disgust. He could only feel it when facing something terrible enough to escape the natural nature of things. Originally, it was something he should've never experienced in his lifetime.

"Come and see me?"

Like the lines of the ocean, the swirling eyes moved separately. They looked up, down, and to the side. They persistently looked around. It was like they were looking for a fun toy, but they never missed Marbas.

"....."

Marbas gulped and quietly lowered his raised sword. He turned to Agnus and pointed to the monster beyond the barrier. "That... it is a void. It is a curse that will surely lead you to ruin."

-You! You dare to say such things about His Majesty!

Baal, who rarely came to the scene, and Chepardea, who was yelling.

In the dizzying turmoil, Agnus set his mind straight. "I am already broken."

"I will tell you the truth of hell."

“I don’t care about that. I just want to be strong.”

Strength. If he could accumulate a unique strength and look down on everything, the world would become boring. Would this vague lingering emotion toward the irreversible past disappear completely? Only then would he be free...

He thought so and longed for it.

Agnus stuck to Marbas like a hungry ghost. He repeatedly gave up running away and was killed by Marbas. According to Marbas’ assertion, he was destroyed in real time.

[You have died.]

[Your level has decreased.]

[You have died.]

[You have...]

.....

...

[34 hours have passed since the connection timeout has elapsed.]

It was a painful time. Agnus’ mind faded again. He felt like he had become a sandcastle. He realized that he was collapsing. However, his power became stronger and gradually formed a greater unity. His real power was strengthening compared to his level that could be restored at any time.

Yes, levels could be recovered at any time. The great human and demon war would be the best hunting ground. The class effect and various title effects that had grown to the legendary rating dramatically increased the stat points gained when he leveled up, so it was a good thing...

A smile gradually appeared on Agnus’ face that was distorted by fatigue and pain.

“Baaaal!” The relaxed look was completely gone from Marbas’ face. He felt Baal’s eyes on his back and struggled desperately. He postponed his death by defeating the lich and death knights, not Agnus.

It was just a postponement. From the time Marbas’ sword no longer aimed at Agnus, Agnus repeatedly killed himself. The battle was accelerated. His death reset the cooldown time of all skills and he summoned the lich and death knights again. He hunted an endless army of demonic creatures and took them as food. He was going to eat even Marbas in the end.

The reason for the lack of imperial forces wasn’t just the demonic humans.

The Abyss—the end of the world and a boundary. The empire needed to be vigilant as this location in the capital, Titan, was likely to be the starting point of the war. A considerable number of troops were gathered at the Abyss to prepare for the invasion of the demons.

There was less support from the allies. Most of the allied forces were watching the Behen Archipelago which was predicted to be another starting point. The choice to disperse the troops itself might be arrogant.

“Who...?!” The guards around the entrance of the Abyss reacted unanimously. As if to prove the result of the training they had received, they immediately prepared to fire signal bullets after shouting. The reaction speed, judgment, and action were as fast as possible.

Unfortunately, their voices weren’t turned into cries. Dozens of signal bullets fell to the ground without being fired. It was because a sword light cut their throats.

Vicious silence dominated the world, but the deaths of the guards weren’t in vain. The watchtowers everywhere reacted. The soldiers witnessed the deaths of their colleagues from a high place and started to blow the trumpets with the veins of their necks bulging.

“It is surprisingly fun.”

The movement of the humans was in perfect order. The overall level seemed high. Zepar smiled pleasantly and drew an arc with the sword. It was the ultimate swordsmanship that broke the boundaries of the world. It contained a profound law. Long rays of sword lights stretched out and destroyed dozens of watchtowers. Some of the leading mounted troops, who were hurriedly making preparations, were cut and turned to ash.

“XX... What is that?” The players from the empire, who received the boundary protection quest, were mesmerized. It felt that something was terribly wrong.

There was a loud shockwave at the entrance of the Abyss that made them forget the passage of time. It was the precursor of the world that lost its boundaries mixing together.

Chapter 1489

Black Knight Eligos wasn’t obsessed with his ranking.

A symbol—he wanted to be a symbol of hell. So he stayed at Dog’s Mouth, the 20th Hell, for thousands of years. Along with Cerberus, who left footprints in mythology, he guarded the river of reincarnation and carved his own appearance on the souls of the dead. He left his name on the cries of souls who craved a life they would never regain again.

Look.

Listen.

I am hell.

“...Um.”

The great human and demon war was an insignificant festival for Eligos. However, he realized that from a human standpoint, it was a disaster that had to be desperately prevented. He stood in the way of the Demon Slayer’s party and foreshadowed their despair.

Eligos planned to leisurely enjoy the scene. Then an unexpected situation developed. There wasn't any fear and despair on the faces of the humans. It only passed by for a moment before disappearing. Eligos took it as a humiliation.

"You... aren't afraid of me?"

Looking down on him was like looking down on hell.

"You are arrogant people."

Under the dark helmet, a red light flashed in Eligos' eyes. There was a thunder-like sound and there was a long light. It was blood. The red light wasn't in response to his anger, but was an optical illusion caused by blood spurting up to cover his vision.

".....?"

He was cut?

Eligos belatedly perceived Faker behind him. "Lantier."

Cerberus, who was carrying Eligos, was several dozen meters high. The opponents who fought Eligos inevitably had to climb it. Topographically, this meant Eligos always had the advantage. He was in a position to gain insight into, intercept, and abuse his opponent from a high place.

It was the first time he had allowed an approach. The shadow technique was the tricky part. The advantage of terrain was broken by using the movement of the shadows as a path. It was invisible and hard to predict, so Cerberus didn't have a chance to intercept.

'He is right behind me, but his presence is still hazy. It isn't an ordinary Lantier. It is a legend.'

How long had it been since he was injured? Under the helmet, Eligos' expression twisted. He was ashamed that he had lost his dignity in front of such insignificant human beings. However, that was it. He didn't feel any crisis.

Eligos reached back without turning around. The hand stretched over his shoulder turned into an awl and stabbed at Faker's heart. This series of processes was very fast. Faker moved away without incident. Among the various choices that appeared in his mind at the same time, he identified and chose the best choice. In the process, his body was already moving. It was the domain of a genius and there were many geniuses here.

".....!"

Eligos' chest was split in half. Without recovering the hand bound in shadow, Faker grabbed the dagger with the other hand and reverse stabbed while a sword rose from the bottom. It was a devastating blow that broke through Cerberus' stomach.

[Sword Saint Kraugel's powerful sword energy has cut through hell.]

Kiyaaaaah!Cerberus roared and twisted its three heads. Flames emerged from the mouth and quickly covered the area.

Eligos was silent. He couldn't speak for a moment. It was due to the arrow that pierced his vocal cords and shut his mouth. The arrows, that couldn't be seen with the eye, flew and struck at the exact moment they were shot. Thus, he couldn't read the signs.

'The Breaking Evil Arrows...'

Eligos became alert for the first time. He pulled out the arrows embedded in his neck and mouth, and focused on the chaotic demonic energy.

'These guys are strong.'

He honestly admitted it. How many great demons had been beaten by humans so far? It was a truth that shouldn't be belittled. Of course, he wasn't intimidated. He just realized that he needed to be serious.

Eligos deflected the successive attacks from the Sword Saint and Lantier into a barrier of demonic energy and looked down at the ground. He saw a curtain of light pushing away the waves of flames. He confirmed that the physical bodies of the humans who were cursed and became undead had returned to normal.

'Saintess?' It was quite an amazing scene. It wasn't enough that the Demon Slayer, Sword Saint, Lantier, and Bow Saint were together. Now there was the Saintess as well? His level of alertness rose to the risk level. He recalled the 'not-so small god' that he had missed a while ago. If he didn't eliminate them today, he might soon fall into a difficult crisis.

"...I'll give you an honor."

The burning ground was shrouded in shadows. Eligos aimed a huge spear at the expedition. An existence that gained the blackness that symbolized wickedness and evil—one of the strongest existences in hell exerted his strength with a sincere murderous spirit. It meant that the expedition had been acknowledged as an opponent. At this moment—

"Prominence Wave." A phenomenon occurred that couldn't be seen in the hells in the 20s that were eroded by darkness. It was a magical phenomenon, not the aftermath of the collapse of the boundary between hell and the surface.

The sun turned the sky red. It was hotter and brighter than the flames on the ground. The heat melted the spear of demonic energy and struck Eligos. It brought him a strange pain. The magic interfered with all phenomena with a transcendent heat.

It was the moment when Euphemina realized the ultimate magic that the genius Mumud had only completed in theory.

"Uhh... This is ridiculous," Euphemina let out a groan that didn't match her performance. It was because she was caught in the mana poisoning penalty in the aftermath of using only one spell. The problem was the environment of the 21st Hell which hindered the circulation of mana.

"I can't use magic for three minutes!" Euphemina cried out urgently.

"What is this magic?" Eligos questioned it.

Both voices rang out along with a clicking sound and the sound of swords. During the expedition in hell, Kraugel was inspired by the sword drawing technique of Peak Sword.

Kiyaaaaah!

Cerberus' neck was cut and it once again raged. Eligos' violently burning body shook. However, the situation worsened. The poisonous fog continued. The group shook and collapsed, destroying the formation of the expedition. Kraugel, who was jumping up to Cerberus' pelvis, stopped for a moment. In the gap, Eligos took the opportunity to completely put out the fire.

Peak Sword clicked his tongue. "Wow, shit. It was useless?"

"I'm glad you know it!" Vantner cried out to Peak Sword, who failed to cut Cerberus' throat, and ran forward, setting up his shield. He was committed to Ruby's protection, no one else. Not a single shock wave reached Ruby. The demonic energy spear fired by Eligos struck Vantner's shield. A big crack appeared on the shield that had lost its durability due to Cerberus' acidic poison. The legendary shield was made by Grid himself, but it was hard for it to be fine in the face of a mythical monster.

"This damn monster..." Vantner felt a chill go down his spine and was slightly intimidated. He was worried about Eligos' subsequent attack. Fortunately, it was quiet. Kraugel had caught Eligos' eye when he succeeded in climbing onto Cerberus' back. They were entangled and exchanged blows.

"Everyone, have strength!" Ruby tried to live up to her colleagues' protection. She maintained buffs on the party members as much as possible.

From her shadow, Faker appeared. "Grab my arm."

The expedition knew about Eligos. It was because Yura had thoroughly informed them in advance about the great demons they should most be on guard against in hell. The reason they were able to come to their senses quickly without being frustrated was because the situation they faced wasn't so hopeless.

The penalty of not being able to resurrect? There was no reason to fear it when it occurred only when they were 'directly' killed by Eligos. Even now, the hell gate was open. There was a way to live. Eligos had blocked the gate, but it was relatively meaningless against Faker's Shadow Technique.

Kraugel's Space Sword that aimed at Cerberus and Eligos also helped change the terrain. Every time Faker crossed a shadow, one more companion was hanging onto his body. Ruby, Jishuka, Peak Sword, and Euphemina—they were selected as the most helpful people to go back up to the ground right now.

"I will go first!"

"Come back safely!"

"Leave the surface to us."

"Take the coordinates to God Grid!"

One of the biggest harvests that Yura gained during this expedition period was the increase in level of the Hell Gate skill. The number of people that can cross it had increased to four and the accuracy of the coordinates had improved. The cooldown time was reduced to 20 minutes. The summoning time was 3 minutes and 30 seconds so the actual cooldown time was 16 minutes and 30 seconds. Until then—

“Endure it.”

The remaining expedition members led by Kraugel, Faker, and Yura planned to fight against Eligos. Of course, they didn't mean to overdo it. They all knew it was impossible to hold on until the remaining people used the hell gate. They just needed a few more. They wanted to send as many people back as possible.

“Keep in mind that there is no support from the Saintess from now on.”

“Okay.”

The party reconfirmed their determination when they heard Yura's warning. Commit suicide the moment there was danger... This was the best plan in the current situation. They would accept all penalties that resulted from death. It was hundreds or thousands of times better than dying in Eligos' hands.

The brilliantly shining moon glowed red. The center wriggled like it was a heartbeat and soon, tens of thousands of bloodstained eyes opened. The stars were crushed like they were shocked. The surface had become hell. The level and combat power of all the monsters on the surface rose significantly in the wake of the raging demonic energy. The second attack priority monsters became first priority and the activity range of the level 400 or higher monsters expanded rapidly. There was a series of invasions of nearby villages and cities.

Portals pierced the disgusting sky like a pockmarked face. It was impossible to count the numbers. It was right to say that it was infinite. It was because the portals could be seen in the sky of any area. Demons and demonic creatures flooded out from the portals.

“No, isn't this too much?”

The players of the Dominion Church and Judar Church panicked. As a result of the collapse of the Rebecca Church, the main axis of the three churches, players belonging to the Rebecca Church found freedom while the players belonging to the Dominion and Judar Churches were completely restrained. They couldn't leave even when they knew their church had lost its future. It was impossible with the system.

“Grid should've hit the Dominion and Judar Churches, haha.”

Players had heard about the Vatican incident through the media. They knew the circumstances in which an angel posing as a pope provoked Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom. They witnessed the true nature of the angel, who tried to slaughter the church members with a casual expression. They didn't know what Goddess Rebecca meant to do by turning a blind eye to the humans who served her, but there were enough opportunities to cast doubt on the three churches.

Players honestly wanted to ignore the restrictions imposed by the system and leave the church immediately. However, it was impossible. They were also reluctant to engage in personal activities. It was because the quests obtained in relation to the great human and demon war were the type that could be cleared only when they were with their organization.

“What can we do? We have to acclimatize if we can’t leave.”

The players of the three churches suppressed their anxiety and dissatisfaction, and headed to the battlefield. The problem was that their battlefield was confined to the site of the Dominion and Judar Temples.

“Damn, in the midst of all this, the protection of the temple comes first. There aren’t many portals open around here, so why?”

“They are preparing for the worst. They’ve already lost their popularity. If they lose their temples, they will look like the Rebecca Church.”

“Ah, XX. There are no mobs... this is why people have to get on a good side. We will end up falling behind.”

“This might be better.”

“What is good about it?”

“Now the rest of the world is in chaos. People are dying twice and receiving the penalty of access restrictions. There are many people who have died twice and are losing their minds in the communities. Some of them belong to the empire.”

“Eh? Isn’t the situation more serious than expected?”

“There are too many mobs in the areas where more than 10 portals are open. It is almost like a tower defense game. Sometimes the demons mix in with the demonic creatures and it is complete death.”

“We don’t have mobs to kill right now, so at least we won’t die. I don’t think this will end in a day or two. It is better to just hunt and hang around here.”

“I just logged out and saw the situation outside. It is hell. A death knight appeared in the Violet Kingdom and destroyed a castle alone... every time it swung the sword, a city was eliminated and thousands disappeared...”

“What is this guy talking about??”

“A city elimination is crazy. Kukuk, it is funny how you are bluffing.”

“In any case, isn’t this really serious? Sigh, some bastards said the war was an event. XX...”

“The S.A Group who planned this type of content is just crazy.”

At the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom, Reinhardt...

Dozens of people and the God Hands moved in unison under the leadership of Ke ong. Baking plaster to make bonding agents, building bricks, setting up mechanisms...

The workers exceeded doing their best. They didn’t give their tired bodies time to rest. At first, they knew that a huge war was coming. Now they knew that the war had already begun. They completely missed the timing to rest and were overworked.

Grid was one of them.

“Is it okay?” Haster returned from his brief hunt. He couldn’t hide his worry when he heard about the situation all over the world. “I think this is too much damage... additionally, most of the allied and imperial forces are gathered in the Behen Archipelago and Abyss?”

Grid shook his head. “You don’t have to worry too much. I assumed that the Behen Archipelago and Abyss might act as a ‘key’ rather than a direct passage.”

“Did you predict that the demonic creatures would appear randomly like this?”

“Yes.”

This was one of the situations assumed by Lauel and Valhalla’s strategists. The problem was that this was the worst case scenario, but even so, they were prepared. Unless a high ranking great demon appeared, the bigshots who could handle a single area were on standby all over the continent. Braham, Nefelina, and the Zikfrector and Zibal duo were typical examples. Damian and Hurent were also in the right places...

Above all, Piaro’s party had returned a little while ago.

It was a situation where there was a lot of damage, but it was comforting that they weren’t caught off guard.

It happened when Haster saw Grid’s somewhat gloomy expression and fell into thought...

“God Gridddd!”

Far away, welcomed faces ran over while waving. They were Peak Sword, Jishuka, Euphemina, and Ruby.

The delighted Grid pulled out the items he had prepared for them.

“Feel free to go on a rampage.”

“Believe in me!”

“Wow, what is this orb? Isn’t it beyond imagination?”

“.....”

Haster was reminded of something as he saw Grid sending out infinite trust to his colleagues and the Overgeared members responding vigorously. It was the fact that Grid’s strength wasn’t just the force of his body. He was a blacksmith. The Overgeared Guild was constantly becoming stronger. He thought that the currently disadvantageous situation could change one day.

Chapter 1490

“Oasis!”

Just 56 seconds.

“L-Luck!”

Casualties occurred less than a minute after Jishukas' group left. Ruby, Jishuka, Peak Sword, and Euphemina—there might be four people missing, but the direct problem lay with the limitation of the ultimate skills.

The ultimate skills. There were many different types. Grid's five fusion sword dances or attack skills with tens or hundreds of times the attack power such as Euphemina's Prominence Wave. There were wide-range field skills that weakened enemies while strengthening allies like Grid's Storm of the Fire God or Yura's Hell Regulation. There were skills such as Kraugel's Poetry that Praises the Sword that increased his personal power or Ruby's Sanctuary that cleared debuffs, enhanced immunity, and strengthened allies. Finally, there were skills like Grid's Falling Moon Sword and Kraugel's Space Sword that caused great damage to the enemy and temporarily neutralized them.

The expedition members exhausted these ultimate skills from the beginning. It was in the first two minutes after Eligos appeared. This was why the expedition was able to let four of their colleagues escape. Rather, it would be a problem if the ultimates of five legends and 15 high rankers didn't work. It would've been a sign that the players had no dreams and hope.

"Yura... I'm sorry, but please take care of Oasis."

Eligos' spear fell toward the back of Oasis, who was nimbly avoiding the flames and poisons breathed out by Cerberus. It was misfortune after the 80,000 Army Sword cut Eligos' shoulder. The aggro that was focused on Kraugel changed momentarily.

Luck came out. He was hit by the spear instead of Oasis. The damage was severe. There was no time for Luck to kill himself. The spear was created by Eligos gathering his demonic energy and the power depleted Luck's health in a single strike.

Luck was already dead. The reason he could stand and speak was because he had the indomitable character of a 'pillar of war.' It was a characteristic that gave him five seconds of grace from time when struck by deadly damage. It was different from the immortality of legends. No matter what he did, such as restoring his health in those five seconds, he would die unconditionally after five seconds. Thus, he was already dead.

The expression 'deteriorated version of immortality' was correct.

"This guy... he will really lose a lot if he dies once."

In fact, Luck had wanted to ask this from the beginning. He had hoped Oasis would be taken with them when Jishuka's party escaped. However, he gave up when he saw the selected members. Ruby, Jishuka, Peak Sword, and Euphemina—Luck had witnessed the fact that the combat effectiveness of these four people in large-scale combat was different. It was shameless to ask, especially when even Kraugel, Faker, and Chris had also conceded to them.

However, he could ask when it was the second time. "Please. Let Oasis go through the next hell gate."

Luck's indomitable character came from his status, not his occupation.

A general.

A pillar of war.

On the battlefield, the death of a general endangered the army. He was aware of this fact and temporarily transcended death.

“It isn’t much of a substitute, but the Ares Army will pay for it.”

After Jishuka’s group left, there were other direct reasons for the weakening of the expedition. It was the absence of some passive skills. In the past when Kraugel’s level was much lower, he had just changed to the Sword Saint and his growth was reset. In the great demon raid, Kraugel showed an attack power that surpassed his insignificant level. It was thanks to the passive skills that increased the physical attack power of the party members as well as physical attack resistance and the power of swordsmanship skill.

Like him, the passive skills of the Bow Saint, Saintess, and Mumud’s Successor brought tremendous strength to the expedition. This was a bittersweet fact for Grid. Unlike blacksmiths, the essence of these bright combat classes could only be seen on the battlefield. They gave allied troops great strength just by being present.

The same was true for the position of general. Their existence itself was power.

“.....?” On Cerberus’ back, Eligos’ eyes widened slightly. The man who had warped the ‘flag’ that Lantier left on him earlier caused him to feel flustered. He couldn’t help being surprised. The human who should’ve died from the demonic spear appeared alive in front of him. It was hard to believe a person with half his chest blown away and even the cells destroyed was still alive and rushing at him. “Were humans such a durable race?”

The confusion and admiration only lasted a moment. Eligos’ fist was already shooting toward Luck. At the same time, his fist was cut from three different directions. The Sword Saint of this time used a greater variety of swordsmanship than Muller in the legends.

Nevertheless, there was nothing difficult. Humans needed power, not technique to harm a high ranking great demon. It was an absolute destructive force that made regeneration and recovery meaningless. In that sense, the Sword Saint of this time wasn’t yet a major threat.

What was the use of a good cut? Eligos could just stick it back together again.

A huge explosion occurred. Eligos’ fist was cut into three parts but it immediately reattached and reached Luck while surrounded by a thick demonic energy. It tore the sky apart with wind pressure alone. The dark clouds tinged red from the remnant of Prominence Wave disappeared without a trace. A hole was drilled in the sky.

Luck’s body was already torn in half and based on this destructive force, it wouldn’t be strange if he turned to dust. Yet the targeted Luck was unharmed. He broke through the wind pressure, avoided the fist, and his attack pierced deep into Eligos’ chest. Then he punched straight at the face of Eligos, who was smiling arrogantly beyond the helmet.

Cross Counter—it was the strongest counterattack that was Luck’s symbol and had even counteracted the swordsmanship of the sky above the sky, Kraugel. Now it turned the jaw of one of hell’s strongest individuals with an unparalleled power.

“Hahat! How about it? This is the fist that brought the sky above the sky to his knees!”

“That never happened,” Kraugel immediately denied it, but Luck didn’t hear it. He turned to gray ash. The unyielding willpower of the general who didn’t inform anyone of his death had a limit.

[You have died.]

[Black Knight ‘Eligos’ has wielded his authority. Your soul has failed to reincarnate and you will receive the penalty of being unable to resurrect.]

[You can’t reconnect for the next 24 hours.]

“Luck!” Oasis screamed from the ground. He was frustrated and angered by the death of a colleague who sacrificed himself.

Kraugel didn’t waste Luck’s heart and sacrifice. He didn’t miss the opportunity that Luck created and linked the attack. “Muller’s Matchless Sword.”

A high ranker had an average of five ultimate skills. However, there was a large variation in power for each ultimate. In the case of an ultimate skill gained in the beginning, it was a bit elusive to call it an ultimate when they progressed into the second half of the game. For example, if Grid’s sword dances didn’t have the ‘fusion’ function, then one of Grid’s ultimate skills would still be Kill.

In other words, the ultimate skills were powerful and had many types. Moreover, based on the current standards, one of the ‘special powerhouses’ was Kraugel. He was always a few steps behind Grid, but he was still the players’ idol and object of longing.

“Secret technique, Cutting a Planet.”

He consistently created his own swordsmanship and at the end, he even acquired Muller’s best secret techniques. The two swords in his hands whirled like a vortex and created countless sword lights. Eligos’ body floated in the air and was hit.

“...How ridiculous!” Unfortunately, it lacked destructive power. Eligos’ body was cut like he was in a mixer, but it was restored in real time. The restoration was beyond the destructive power. The hand that pierced the vortex of sword energy had dark demonic energy around it. It was demonic energy reminiscent of a flame. Every time the demonic energy was cut by Kraugel’s sword energy, it flew everywhere and spread like wildfire. Cerberus’ dark fur caught on fire.

“U-Uhh...?”

“Crazy!”

The expedition members who were grabbing Cerberus’ aggro on the ground clicked their tongues. It was because Cerberus was engulfed in black flames and roared proudly as if it was originally like this. The fact that it was becoming stronger was vividly felt from the flow of air alone. Eligos’ demonic energy was buffing Cerberus. In addition—

“Give up hope. I’ve adapted.”

Eligos himself also became stronger. No, it was correct to say that he had adapted rather than becoming stronger. Contrary to the decrease in the hell penalty for the expedition members after hell and the

surface mixed together, Eligos was actually penalized. He had just adapted to his weakened physical ability and the flow of demonic energy.

Eligos no longer struggled with the gap between perception and reality. He clearly realized that his body was moving slower than his will. He grasped that the flow of demonic energy being delivered to his body was slightly off. He correctly adjusted it.

In front of Kraugel's eyes, Eligos' weaknesses disappeared in an instant. His super sensitivity started to ring an alarm.

"Keuk!"

"You are still weak." Eligos' fist pierced through the storm of sword energy and struck Kraugel in the face. Kraugel ignored his super sensitivity warning to avoid it. He fixed his feet that were trying to withdraw like a habit.

'Weak?'

Many years had passed since he became the Sword Saint. He fought dozens of times against Mir in the East Continent. Yet he was still being treated as a weakling? It was unacceptable.

Kraugel gritted his teeth and moved the two swords held in both hands at the same time. His two arms crossed naturally. It was the peak of defenselessness. Eligos' fist struck Kraugel's face without much difficulty. It was surrounded by demonic energy that cut at Kraugel's health.

"Hahat! Did you give up...?" Eligos' voice cut off in the middle. It was because the two crossed swords aimed to behead him. It was the swordsmanship that combined Peak Sword's sword drawing technique and Luck's counter. The just-created Twin Fang Strike was the first move to critically injure Eligos after Space Sword and Prominence Wave.

"Kraugel." A voice was heard at the shadow of his feet. The bleeding Kraugel barely managed to reach out a trembling hand. Faker's hand popped out of a shadow, grabbed him, and took him into the shadows. Immediately after, a spear of demonic energy plunged into the spot where Kraugel had been standing.

There was a smile on Eligos's face as he bled from his mouth and nose while reconnecting his neck.

'The Sword Saint is the strongest human being since old times.'

As if to prove that this phrase wasn't a false delusion, the present day Sword Saint was growing in real time. Eligos felt a sense of regret. If the present Sword Saint was in a more complete state, the act of killing the Sword Saint would be an achievement and greatly help him establish his dignity in hell. Now... he had grown, but it wasn't enough. It was one level lower compared to the apostles of the not-so small god he saw a while ago. He would be on the same level soon, but that wasn't today.

'There is nothing more to see. Cerberus isn't in a good condition, so I can only finish it off.'

A few humans were running and distracting Cerberus' gaze. They seemed to be aiming to attack at the moment when the Sword Saint and Lantier hiding in the shadows reappeared. At first, Eligos wasn't sure, but now he was certain that Cerberus was in a terrible state. It would shiver every time it was hit by the swordsman with the ignorantly large sword.

In a way, it was natural. Cerberus was the keeper of hell. The mythical stage where it appeared was also hell. It meant it had never left hell. Cerberus was unable to adapt to the current environment where the boundaries of the world had collapsed and hell and the surface were mixed together. It couldn't concentrate and felt pain. It was a bad reaction.

Darkness surrounded both of Eligos' hands. It was a darkness as never seen before. It appeared and disappeared and the world looked white at this moment.

"Now you have to settle for death. Death is the truth of hell."

The spear forest appeared in every space Eligos perceived. It was a forest of demonic energy that denied life. Eligos and Cerberus were the only ones who could survive in this domain...

".....?"

Eligos turned around as if there was nothing more to see, only to feel something strange that caused him to stop walking. He realized that the development speed of the spear forest was very slow, unlike his intentions. He figured out the reason one step late.

Hell Regulation. The Demon Slayer suppressed hell. It made hell become not hell. As a result, there was a problem with the flow of demonic energy. The growth of this spear forest used demonic energy as food, so it slowed significantly.

'Is this calculated?'

The majority of demons mistakenly thought this, but the Demon Slayer's hell control skills weren't omnipotent. It was easy to guess after knowing the meaning of the word 'regulation.'

Regulation was to set and restrict rules. The Demon Slayer's Hell Regulation didn't just suppress hell by force. It applied every rule that would transform all the environment hell had to respond to in order to induce hell to lose its shape. Insight to understand the surrounding environment, the calculation ability to effectively change the environment, and the mana control to fix the changed environment in place were all needed.

There were too many abilities and conditions required. The Demon Slayer of this time kept sniping and met all the conditions.

'Was there any record of Alex using Hell Regulation during battle?'

At least, it wasn't in Eligos' memories. Alex, the former Demon Slayer, was very powerful, but he didn't show the same godly techniques as the modern day one. She established Hell Regulation in advance and used her ability to enter the battle.

It happened as Eligos was admiring Yura...

The humans, who were crushed to the muddy ground by the spear forest, rose up and attacked. The powerful wind magic was giving them temporary flying ability. It was a flight that made Cerberus's high ground advantage useless. It was done by the only wind magician among the humans.

'There are many people who are gifted enough to covet their souls.'

Eligos became serious as his power, vital spot attacks, and angled attacks raged. He fought back and turned the human's attacks to nothing. It was while reconstructing the flow of demonic energy. Eligos intended to use demonic energy again, regardless of Hell Regulation. He had already adapted to the new environment.

He bent back to avoid the Demon Slayer's sniping, barely grabbed the greatsword with both hands, blocked the sword of the Sword Saint that rose from the shadow at his feet, and poked his elbow toward the armpit of Lantier who appeared above him, smashing the shoulder.

Eligos completed the adjustment of demonic energy and deployed the spear forest again.

".....!"

As if waiting for it, Hell Regulation was released. An error occurred and too much demonic energy was sucked into the usage of the spear forest. Every single one of the thousands or tens of thousands of demonic energy spears linked to Eligos sucked up demonic energy as if to kill him.

Eligos' expression distorted from the unexpected pain and he got goosebumps all over his body. A strange feeling chilled his brain. 'It was on purpose?'

The modern day Demon Slayer, Yura. She started to monopolize the consciousness and gaze of Black Knight Eligos. It was as it should be and in a dignified manner. This was the dignity of the existence born with the fate of destroying hell.

The leader who led the best players during the hell expedition—Cerberus rushed at her. It focused the poison and flames that had previously been shot around randomly. It aimed precisely at Yura. It wasn't under Eligos' command. It was the instinctive judgment of a beast that felt the danger.

The earth shook, Yura's balance collapsed, and the faces of the expedition members turned white.

"Black Knight. I have always wanted to compete with you." Just then, an unidentified woman landed lightly in front of Yura. Her face wasn't seen because she was wearing a hat pressed deeply down, but her small physique and voice seemed to belong to a woman. The gentle and solemn tone spoke in an awkward manner.

Supreme King Leraje—the 10th great demon who didn't know defeat was now taking the side of humans.