

Overgeared 1491

Chapter 1491

“Black Knight. I have always wanted to compete with you.”

“Why are you here...?”

On this day, Eligos had been surprised quite a few times. Was there a history where so many legends were born at the same time and worked together? Additionally, the level of those who weren't legends was also quite high. Something, or someone, was raising the potential of humanity.

Eligos had complicated thoughts in many ways and felt an unfamiliar sense of crisis. His mood wasn't pleasant. At this time, Leraje appeared. It was also on the side of the humans.

“Who is it?”

There was a stir among the expedition members. Attention was focused on the unidentified demon who appeared to be the enemy of their enemy. There was no law that the enemy of an enemy was an ally, but they saw the possibility of a small break.

Only Kraugel's expression stiffened like a stone statue. His eyes widened. He couldn't recognize the face or name of the demon due to the hat she was wearing, but calluses were covering her small hands. Her body appeared slender at first glance, but muscles had developed delicately in certain areas. Her posture was straight and her breathing was constant. Her demonic energy wasn't exposed and it was arranged very neatly.

Kraugel saw it instantly.

This demon had been trained. The demons he met so far only relied on their innate body and magic power, but her body and magic power were trained close to perfection. It reminded him of the absolute ruler of the East. A being who honed himself among the yangbans who were complacent with their natural power. He had trained for hundreds of years since meeting Muller and crossed the limits several times, so he was naturally much more powerful than Eligos.

That's right. The unidentified demon resembled Mir. This meant she was highly likely to be a named being that was closely related to the worldview and a big shot among the big shots. Indeed, that arrogant Eligos was nervous. He desperately stopped Cerberus from running wild.

“Leraje, stop playing around and come this way.”

Leraje—her name was revealed by Eligos, so she took off her hat. The shiny pink skin and delicate facial features that glowed were revealed along with a shocking notification window.

[The 10th Great Demon, Supreme King Leraje, has appeared.]

“.....!”

“.....!”

The faces of the expedition members became exactly the same as Kraugel's expression. They were appalled. The Supreme King—it was a ranking that was close to the single digits, but her alias was so overwhelming that they shrank back.

Leraje crossed her arms and raised her chin. She was less than 160 centimeters tall in height, but she faced Eligos on Cerberus' back like she was looking down on him. "Eligos, you must know it very well. I, Supreme King Leraje, don't know defeat."

"....."

The eyes of the expedition members became wider.

Don't know defeat.

Through the attitude of Leraje and Eligos, who didn't deny the incredible words, they saw that Leraje was a powerhouse beyond imagination. They felt like they were witnessing the existence of another world.

Leraje's words continued, "Oh, XX words often enter my ears. Even the Supreme King will struggle against the Black Knight? I'm familiar with the fact that they are busybodies, but it can't be helped that my pride got hurt."

"Certainly, I understand your displeasure."

Eligos' desire to be hell wasn't out of a sense of resonance. Eligos loved hell itself. Most of the dead souls went through the 20th Hell. He didn't want Dog's Mouth to be guarded by an inferior demon or the prestige of hell would decline. If a qualified demon wanted to be the symbol of hell, he was willing to give up his position.

One of those qualified demons was Supreme King Leraje. A young demon born in this world—an undefeated tyrant who started from the bottom and reached the 10th ranking in hundreds of years. Her talent was real. The bestseller, 'The Behen Archipelago Record,' that detailed her accomplishments was recently published and turned hell's publishing world upside down. After breaking through the trails of the Behen Archipelago at once, she defeated the death knights who were the souls and bodies of the past legends 'bound' by Pagma, Baal's Contractor.

"Pitiful thing."

The words spoken by her in a heavy voice caused even Eligos to shudder. The remarkable thing was that at the time, the 'Light of Destruction' and 'Hell Regulation' were always active throughout the Behen Archipelago. In the aftermath of Pagma forcing Alex to become a death knight, Alex's soul suffered irreparable damage. These double boundaries were created at the expense of Alex's soul. It was a deadly poison for the demons who invaded the Behen Archipelago at the time. The demons couldn't exert even a tenth of their abilities.

However, Leraje wiped out the former legends in that condition. The really unfortunate thing was that there were no witnesses. At that time, only a few demons and demonic creatures who fought in the war survived. Among them, Leraje was the only demon to reach the last island. No one other than Leraje witnessed the magnificence of Leraje, who entered the last island where Pagma was waiting alone. It was a regrettable secret story.

"I recognize your bravery. After you took down Madra and reached the last island... if you hadn't fallen to Pagma's trap and was forced back to hell... you would've cut Pagma's throat and led the war to victory..." Blackness wasn't easily dyed. Eligos had a pure side, like the name 'black' that he obtained. He lavishly praised Leraje. "Such a great being like you would naturally feel unpleasant when compared to me. Yes, to be honest with you, I'm not sure I can beat you."

"Huhuhut... You don't have to be ashamed. It will be the same for anyone."

"I know. I'm not ashamed at all. I won't fight you. I have decided on this after reading your Behen Archipelago Record. However, I want to ask you one question, Leraje."

"What is it?"

Eligos looked at the humans. Among them was the Demon Slayer who threatened hell. Leraje stood there as if she was protecting them. "Why are you trying to protect these human beings?"

Eligos' question stirred up the expedition members. At first glance, the 10th great demon had accumulated terrifying achievements. They felt a sense of confusion rather than relief after she confirmed that she was protecting them. They couldn't guess the reason at all so they were uneasy.

Leraje smiled, revealing her white teeth. It was a cool smile. They couldn't see her as a demon at all. Her gaze shifted to Kraugel. "You became Sword Saint without following Muller's path, right? Ah, you don't have to look so surprised. A supreme ruler like me recognizes the truth seekers."

"....."

"You don't want to have any regrets, so you tried to test your own strength without being afraid of failure. It doesn't matter if you fail and regret it. You are such a human being."

Sword Saint was the strongest combat class. Kraugel had even inherited the power of one of the seven malignant saints. He was destined to leave a great mark on the world, so it was likely he would encounter strange fates no matter where he traveled. He would be rewarded with a high number of hidden quests compared to other classes.

Leraje was one of those arrangements. A being who had a deep resentment against other great demons, despite being a great demon herself. She had been constantly training to get revenge for Beriache. If the meeting between her and Kraugel was conducted on a normal path, Leraje would've said, 'I'm interested in Kraugel (Sword Saint)' and explained why she was on the side of humans.

Unfortunately, Leraje met Grid first. Grid was now the biggest figure behind her principles of action. "Look at this man, Eligos. The Sword Saint, who can never be tamed, is serving the Overgeared GOd. Since the Demon Slayer is a woman of the Overgeared God, all the human beings with her today are faithful to the Overgeared God."

"....."

"....."

The expressions of the expedition members changed subtly. The Overgeared members naturally showed no aversion, Yura was secretly happy and Kraugel was calm. Scott, who had pledged loyalty to Ares, was

a bit embarrassed. Of course, there was no tactless intervention. He didn't know what was going on, but there was a sudden hope.

Three minutes had already passed since Leraje's appearance. During that time, Eligos and Cerberus didn't go on a rampage, so the expedition members were recovering their health. The end of the cooldown time for Yura's Hell Gate was also approaching in real time. The minds of the expedition members couldn't follow the development of the situation, but somehow, it was good. They weren't stupid enough to intervene and ruin the flow.

"Hmm..." Eligos held his chin thoughtfully for a moment and nodded immediately. "Overgeared God... did the god who sneaked into Dog's Mouth not long ago finally get his name? It was indeed impressive. I thought he was a trivial, miscellaneous god because he was still building up divinity, but he is more than I expected. From the perspective of his apostles, he seems to have already become a true god. It isn't strange at all that he got a name."

An archangel, hatchling, one of the seven malignant saints, and legends. To be honest, the apostles of the Overgeared God were all great. They were just very weak compared to their reputation and birth...

In retrospect, the environment at that time might've greatly weakened them. Eligos himself was weakened by the environment.

"So?" Eligos cocked his head. "What is the point? What is the connection between them being followers of the Overgeared God and helping them?"

In fact, he was vaguely aware of it. He just wanted to deny it.

Leraje spoke to Eligos, who was waiting for an answer in an uncomfortable mood, "It is simple. I, Supreme King Leraje, am riding on the same boat as the Overgeared God. That's why I am helping them."

The hypothesis he wanted to deny became reality.

"Are you serious? A great demon and a god?"

"Huhuhut... You don't have to worry too much. The Overgeared God doesn't have a relationship with Asgard. He isn't dirty."

"What sophistry is this? Don't you know how many great demons he has slaughtered? That guy is clearly hostile to hell. It is dangerous, regardless of whether he is dirty or not." Eligos made an absurd expression and Leraje stared at him coldly.

"Is that my business?"

"....."

Eligos realized his slip of the tongue. She had been sitting still because she wasn't part of a faction, but Leraje must have a deep grudge against some great demons. She followed Beriache like Beriache was a parent.

Eligos sighed and nodded. "I understand. No matter what, I just need the prestige of hell to be standing upright. If you can become the symbol of hell with the help of a god, it will be better than Baal... I'll respect you and withdraw."

Eligos clapped his hands and he and Cerberus became covered in fog. They left the scene. The expedition members escaped the crisis in an unexpected way and sighed with relief. They quietly approached Yura and whispered, "Is a great demon really on Grid's side?"

"How strong is she for Eligos to run away with his tail tucked in like that?"

"...Don't think too deeply."

Yura tried to ignore Leraje, who had her hands on her waist and looked triumphant. Leraje had helped, but it was hard to trust her. How was Leraje trustworthy when she bluffed every time she opened her mouth? Yura had seen the original Behen Archipelago Record. She was with Grid when he got the book. She didn't want to associate with Leraje.

On the other hand, Leraje's heart was different. She was very interested in the people associated with the Overgeared God. The Overgeared God who was chosen by Beriache's Underclothing... he was the one who maintained her connection to Beriache.

"Demon Slayer. In the future, you should pass on my distinguished actions to Grid well."

"...I know."

"Let's sign a contract."

"What contract?"

"It is a contract that will curse you if you don't convey my actions to Grid. I think it is better to be certain."

"Yes..."

"I also recommend that you stay in hell. The same goes for the Sword Saint over there."

The expedition members who were peeping at Leraje started carefully listening. Kraugel nodded lightly. Meanwhile, Yura looked worried. The two of them seemed to have grasped Leraje's intention without listening to the reason.

However, Vantner couldn't understand it. Thus, he gathered his courage and asked directly, "Why do you want them to stay?"

"The demons have learned their lesson from the last war and opened the path in a very ignorant way. Zepar's sword cut at the boundaries of the worlds to keep the demons from weakening as much as possible during the invasion of the ground."

"The boundaries of the worlds...?"

"Of course, this is only temporary. It will be restored in 33 days. During that time, hell is vulnerable." Leraje flapped her cloak with magic power. She stood with her arms folded beautifully. Tens of

thousands of demonkin appeared on the horizon behind her. “Shouldn’t someone counterattack? It is the time of punishment.”

Chapter 1492

Where to go and meet someone, how to get this item...

Satisfy had few guidelines like this. It was a phenomenon that became more obvious as it entered the second half. The higher the level and understanding of the player, the less information that was provided to the player. The reason was obvious—freedom.

Satisfy is a world where you could do anything. Don’t rely on quests or the system to narrow your choices and carve out your own life.

There was a heated debate about the S.A Group’s attitude, but the atmosphere was mostly positive. It was because the less intervention there was from the game company and system, the more immersive the world became. If the S.A Group’s management policies were similar to those of ordinary game companies, people would’ve recognized Satisfy as a simple MMORPG, not another world.

Yes, people tried to understand the S.A Group’s attitude as much as possible. However, they thought it was too much this time. The great human and demon war—compared to the Eternal Kingdom’s golem invasion and the great demon invasions that occurred without notice, this time there was ‘advance’ notice, but... the information was too poor. People didn’t know why, when, and where the great human and demon war would occur.

Now they realized why the S.A Group had given this advance notice. The difficulty was higher than ever.

20 minutes after the war began—in just 20 minutes, hundreds of millions of people across the continent were experiencing crises everywhere. Of course, there were deviations according to location. Some people resonated with the idea that ‘the crisis is an opportunity’ and enjoyed the war. It was because the enemies in their area were at a level they could endure. Many people cheered about the experience and items that poured it as they hunted the demonic creatures that appeared through the portals.

Nevertheless, the number of those who felt despair far exceeded the number of those who cheered. In particular, the players belonging to the empire.

“Shit! Is this real?”

At the capital of the Saharan Empire, Titan...

Many players now knew there was an underground dungeon called the Abyss, but only a small number of players knew that it was the boundary at the end of the world. People were shocked by the demonic creatures and demons that poured out of the Abyss in large quantities. It was an overwhelming number and strength compared to the demonic creatures coming from the portals.

They had to question if the Abyss was the entrance to hell.

Titan was trampled in an instant. The army couldn’t exert their strength and demonic creatures easily entered the urban areas. The demons at the forefront were too powerful. There was no sense of realism as they killed the imperial forces with a single blow. They couldn’t believe they were experiencing such a

crisis in the middle of the imperial capital, which was believed to be one of the safest places on the continent.

“It is strange,” the demon, Zepar, whose name was dyed black—proof that this name was at least on the same level as a great demon—mumbled as he slaughtered the crowd. Every time Zepar swung his sword, flames soared and buildings collapsed. The equipment and objects in the building exploded and ignited, burning the glorious civilization of the empire.

It was a time when the people’s screams increased.

“Throw down your weapons and surrender.” A group of knights appeared at the scene. They protected people from the debris and the aftermath of the explosions.

“Do you deserve to say that to me?” Zepar cocked his head at the words of the knights and swung the sword. The sword emitted amazing sword energy that was naturally mixed in with demonic energy. Dark flames poured out like a tsunami.

In the empire, destructive forces that transcended sword energy were relatively common. The man leading the knights blocked it. The figure on the carriage led by the large beast was Immortal King Grenhal.

“Keuk...!”

A swordsman who cut high-rise buildings like they were tofu—the wavelength of sword energy mixed with demonic energy was very strong and Grenhal had to pay a price for blocking it. He acted almost instinctively and succeeded in reacting to it. However, even if he blocked it, he still had a large injury on his chest. In addition, the foreheads of several knights around Grenhal were cut and blood gushed out. The horses that were suddenly covered in their owners’ blood ran away in surprise.

“What is this...?”

The knights’ voices shook. Immortal King Grenhal—he was one of the dukes of the empire and a symbol of the imperial armed forces. Yet he was overwhelmed by the strike of a common demon, not a great demon? It was an unbelievable sight to see. No, it was a nightmare they didn’t want to believe.

Grenhal tightened his muscles and blood vessels to stop the bleeding before reaching out behind him. It was a gesture to dissuade the knights who were agitated and to step up and protect him. “Leave this to me and spread out. Protect even one more person.”

“...Yes!”

The carriage knights served Duke Grenhal. Their number one priority was Duke Grenhal, not the people, the empire, or the empress. They naturally wanted to protect Duke Grenhal. The reason for suppressing their hearts and accepting the order was because they knew Duke Grenhal’s heart.

Duke Grenhal called the capital the heart of the empire. He said that even if everything in the empire collapsed, the empire would recover as long as the capital was safe. Therefore, he handed his family’s territory to his heir and he stayed in the capital.

“What a strange thing.” Zepar tilted his head at an angle. The half-white hair hanging down had a subtle red color. The moonlight was red. “It tastes bad.”

Zepar's cold eyes observed Grenhal's thick armor.

"You weren't cut much."

Zepar's sword was the sharpest in hell. He could even slice the flesh of the monarchs that was stronger than steel. Then after crossing the Abyss and reaching the ground, he felt the strangeness of a dull blade. Some human bodies weren't cut well. The same was true of the humans in the large carriages.

"Hmm... Are the clothes made of adamantium?"

Did the gods of Asgard already take the side of humans? Zepar was naturally suspicious. The performance of the armor was too excellent.

Duke Grenhal's mouth curved up. He looked at Zepar with bright eyes and smiled. "This is a mixture of mithril and black iron."

"You are treating me like a country bumpkin because I'm from hell." Zepar was interested in swords and was well-versed in minerals. He knew mithril and black iron. Mithril weakened the power of demonic energy, while black iron was harder than steel. However, Zepar knew it was impossible to smelt it hard enough to stop his sword energy.

Duke Grenhal's smile widened. "Are you truly doubting it? Hahaha, you don't know anything."

"What?"

Duke Grenhal didn't say anything else. He just smiled and leaned his upper body forward. His body bent at a right angle and the muscles of his back were wriggling.

"Tsk." Zepar frowned. He clicked his tongue at the bad heart of human beings who didn't answer the question to resolve the curiosity they aroused. At this time, a large amount of blood gushed from Duke Grenhal's shoulder. The sword energy that tore at armor and dug into flesh occurred without any indication, cutting deep into Duke Grenhal's collarbone.

It was aiming at the neck, but Duke Grenhal headed to the ground regardless. He jumped from the carriage and fell in a diagonal line. The Immortal King—the more he was injured, the stronger the endurance of his body and the more explosive his charge forward. The airflow was twisted, but Zepar didn't feel much inspiration.

He just swung his sword without any expression. The waves of demonic energy and sword energy produced a subtle wave. All the matter present in the way of his sword was torn to shreds. Naturally, Duke Grenhal was included.

"....."

The bloodshot eyes of Duke Grenhal turned white as his armor and flesh were torn apart. The ferocious charge ended in vain. He stopped without reaching Zepar. The gap between the two of them was only one meter, but it was like a distance that could never be crossed. It was strangely unpleasant.

"Indeed... it tastes bad," Zepar muttered as he passed by Duke Grenhal in a nonchalant way. There was no vigilance. There was no reason to care about those who died standing without even a scream.

“.....?” He was a bit surprised. Just then, the guy he thought was dead reached out and grabbed his shoulder. He almost wondered who turned this person into an undead.

“I...”

Some people were often confused because the world focused on Grid’s epics. Grid wasn’t alone in this world. It had been repeatedly stressed that time was fair to everyone. Every time Grid achieved results or became stronger, there were those who made similar efforts and growth in areas others couldn’t see.

“...am the Immortal King.”

There was a time when the dukes of the empire were considered the pinnacle of humanity. Among them, Duke Grenhal had the highest reputation. He just couldn’t play a big role when fighting the great demons. The problem was that he was still considered one of the strongest humans.

People had lamented. They felt skeptical as they realized how weak the physical level and talent that most humans were born with. They thought that due to the low level of human beings, talents who could surpass the dukes of the empire didn’t easily appear.

It was a miscalculation. There was a reason why the dukes of the empire, including Duke Grenhal, were considered the strongest human beings. It wasn’t due to talent, but because they kept getting stronger. Duke Grenhal trained every day in order to fight against the great demons and become an existence that could support humans. He was different from the demons who were content with their innate power.

“.....!”

Zepar received an uppercut from Duke Grenhal to the side and his body rose high into the air.

Berserker—those who could hone all weapons to the limit, they also treated their body as a weapon. The more wounded they were, the more powerful than any weapon in the world they became. Just—

This time, his opponent was too bad. The one who defeated the 13th great demon with a sword. After the single digit great demons, Zepar was one of the most powerful demons.

“...Excellent.” Zepar’s body soared without resisting the shock and he smiled the moment his body stopped. The blood red eyes of the hell moon were near. “How hard is it to train the human body up to here?”

He turned around and descended. The human figure, which was smaller than a dot, grew larger in an instant.

“I respect you and will give you a chance to see my swordsmanship.”

Zepar restored his breathing and took a posture as he fell. Rather than simply wielding the sword, he used the technique of cutting the world’s boundaries. It happened just before his sword and Duke Grenhal’s fist collided in the air.

“Shit... Why did you come this way? It is troublesome.” A very fast voice that wasn’t in a relaxed tone entered Zepar’s ears. He had a few words in the tenth of a second when he couldn’t take a breath. It meant the speaker lived in a different time from others.

It was the moment Zepar felt a sense of numbness. His vision, colored by a blue light, was filled with walls hundreds of meters away. They were the walls of the empire that had been built much higher and harder since they collapsed several years ago for some reason. Some of them collapsed terribly. It was because Zepar's body was struck by lightning and flew into them.

With a unique constitution that embraced lightning since birth, the incarnation of talent that Martial God Zeratul sent the Triad Lee Jeong to protect, a transcendent and the only remaining pillar of the empire—'Single-armed Kyle' stood by Duke Grenhal and spoke bluntly, "I just helped you because I thought it would be hard to handle it on my own if you died."

"Haha, I see. You are thinking of dealing with that demon. Good. Protect the empire with me."

"Nonsense... Che."

When was he cut?

Kyle looked like he was chewing on shit as he wiped at the blood flowing from his eyelid. He had no interest in whether the empire perished or not. He just had no choice but to step forward out of fear that Grid would cut off his remaining arm.

Behind them were Beast King Morse and the Red Knights. Peak Sword also arrived through the warp gate at Lauel's command.

"Summon Iyarugt!"

A hidden piece occurred.

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

"...I would rather go on an expedition!"

Many portals were also opened in Reinhardt. However, players had little chance to step up because they were intercepted by soldiers. Players in other regions were struggling to death while players in the Overgeared Kingdom were starving to death. They couldn't just sit still and suck on their fingers like this...

It happened as the determined players started leaving the city one by one...

"Your servant Piaro is back from the expedition." Piaro and the knights came to Grid and reported. The dark elf king, who had been taken prisoner, gritted his teeth and bowed to Grid the moment their eyes met.

The eyes of Piaro's group shone. The dark elf king who had struggled for days since they captured him—he became a gentle sheep in front of Grid and Piaro's group indirectly realized how strong Grid had become once again.

"I have set up the Overgeared Sword Tower."

"If you say sword tower..."

“It is literally a tower where you study swordsmanship. I’ve invited a great person to be the tower master, so I recommend that you stop by later.”

Singuled looked like he didn’t understand it.

“I wonder if there is a swordsman in this era who can teach us...”

Sword Saint Kraugel of this time hadn’t fully grown. Apart from him, there was no swordsman better than them. Then who surpassed them to become the tower master?

The response from the knights was strange. Dante, the former swordsman instructor of the Red Knights, felt competitive toward the master of the sword tower.

“Who knows? Wouldn’t it be faster to go and meet him?”

Biban’s identity couldn’t be revealed, so Grid didn’t speak for long. He managed to close his itching mouth.

Piaro’s eyes turned cold. ‘What type of ghost confused His Majesty’s heart?’

The Overgeared Kingdom was peaceful...

Grid abandoned his nervousness. Lauel, Sima Qian, and the other excellent strategists were working on all types of measures. The allied forces currently in crisis would be saved by the arriving reinforcements. Grid was just focused on his own work.

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When did he get cut? The blood flowing from his eyelid kept trickling. The fact that he was hurt without knowing it brought a great impact to Kyle. He had steadily built up his transcendence and there should be no attacks he couldn’t ‘perceive.’

Kyle had a body of lightning. Lightning flowed along with the blood in his body. He was abandoned by his parents due to it, but the lightning became a blessing to him, not a curse, after he gained complete control of it. Every time Kyle assimilated with the lightning, he moved as fast as lightning. His thinking ability accelerated in proportion.

It meant the compatibility between the transcendent senses and Kyle was the best. It was fair to say there was no wound Kyle didn’t discern.

Kyle actually calculated it—he calculated that he would never be killed by anyone unless he disobeyed the will of Overgeared God Grid or used the ‘arm’ that was filled with Martial God Zeratul’s obsession. Now at this moment, he thought his calculations were wrong. The demon, Zepar, brought him a strong sense of crisis.

“Human transcendent...” Zepar crawled out of the remnants of the collapsed wall and laughed energetically. He was clearly laughing at the man staring at him while surrounded by blue electric currents. “Why don’t you gather back that electricity power? A transcendent looks like a frightened dog.”

"This fucking crazy guy should fall down." Kyle let out curse words. Zepar's impression of him looking like a scared dog wasn't wrong, so he became angry.

Zepar shrugged. "In any case, it is nice to meet you. It has been a long time since I've seen a transcendent other than myself."

"You... are a transcendent? A demon?"

"I was born weak. To be strong, I had to push the limits time and time again. Then I naturally became a transcendent."

Step, step. Zepar continued to walk as he talked to Kyle. The gap between himself and Kyle was reduced from hundreds of meters to tens of meters. Then it disappeared without a trace. It would be a stunning sight for anyone who didn't know about Shunpo.

However, Duke Grenhal knew about the concept of transcendence. Additionally, Kyle was a transcendent. They expanded their senses to the fullest and kept an eye on the direction Zepar's gaze was facing. The electric currents surrounding Kyle's body split into tens of thousands of branches, covering the air. It rose like a dragon and spread out like a net, as if a barrier was forming. The whole process was very rapid. It was natural since lightning was fast.

"Um." The moment he appeared in the sky, Zepar was trapped in the network of electric currents and stuck out his tongue. He stretched out his tongue as long as possible and placed the tip covered with saliva on the tip of his nose. "The numbness still won't go away."

"Jerk demon. What do you see my lightning as?"

"Haaap!" Duke Grenhal's voice rang out loudly. He ignored the bleeding of his huge body and his fist aimed at Zepar's face. It was transcendent in speed and power.

Kyle carefully controlled the electric currents and was activating Duke Grenhal's brain and muscles. The battle intensified as Zepar started to fight back. It was a battle between transcendents that surpassed the concept of space. The moment Kyle's swiftness was added, thousands of war-like aftereffects swept through the area.

Light flashed. The infinitely dividing lightning caused destruction.

Titan, the largest city on the continent, was completely destroyed by the two men who took the city as a stage. The cries of the demonic creatures killing in various parts of the city and the humans running away from them continued.

"Keuk!" Duke Grenhal was unable to sit back and watch people helplessly dying, so he left the battle. He ordered Beast King Morse and the Red Knights who arrived just in time to rescue the people.

Morse clicked his tongue. "It is right to get rid of the main culprit first."

Duke Morse decided that getting rid of the demon was a priority over saving lives. He rolled up his sleeves to help Kyle, but he couldn't rashly enter the battle. Putting aside the strength of the demon, Kyle's lightning that dominated the entire area gave off too much pressure. If there was a god of lightning, it might look like this.

“...I can’t enter.” He thought it was better to prioritize saving lives first. Goddess Ruby prioritized taking care of people. As a member of the Sanctity Church, how could he ignore those who were in trouble?

The moment Morse whistled, the horses and livestock scattered throughout the city moved in unison. Some of the low intelligence animals also accompanied them. They played a big role in pulling people out of the rubble of the building with their mouths or putting the injured on their backs to escape.

“Film it! Don’t miss a single scene!”

The class of the reporters was usually an assassin. In a world of violence and killing, it was necessary to hide their energy in order to spy on or interview targets safely. However, the reporters gathered in Titan had no intention of hiding their energy. They ran around blatantly in order to act faster.

Kyle—a super named NPC of the empire. He often appeared on formal occasions with former emperor Juander, so he was well-known. This was awareness that led directly to popularity.

Pale skin that was beyond white and dark circles around the eyes. Lonely eyes that seemed to have a story... The combination of degenerative beauty and haggard appearance meant he was selected as ‘the number one man I want to protect’ by women. He was always in the top 10 of popularity votes for male NPCs.

This celebrity was fighting for life or death against the demon swordsman who turned Titan into hell. How strong would the last remaining pillar of the empire be? This was a great concern to the world, so the reporters had an unyielding spirit. They didn’t care about their lives as they scattered around the scene and conducted a live broadcast.

“Viewers, look! Kyle, the last pillar of the empire, is fighting against the demon who is trampling on Titan... Ah...”

The reporter couldn’t continue. It was because he couldn’t think of a comment to relay the situation. The world they saw was just tinged with blue light. Every time the tens of thousands of lightning bolts flashed, the landscape of the damaged city turned pale, but Kyle and Zepar couldn’t be found anywhere. They both moved too fast.

“Wow, this is crazy... he is called the god of lightning, and in terms of speed, doesn’t he seem to be faster than Grid? I acknowledge it.”

The private streamers used more direct expressions to interact with viewers. It was 30 minutes after the start of the great human and demon war. The promotion of Kyle excited people amidst rumors of the imperial army at the scene dying helplessly. Of course, they didn’t see Kyle in their eyes. Still, the constant lightning was Kyle’s power, so the demon must be on the defensive.

Viewers cheered enthusiastically for Kyle. From the time when the great demons continuously invaded, people always blessed the appearance of a strong person. They hoped that more strong people would appear on the side of humanity. Many people wanted to live a safe life like before.

“I hope Kyle wins... Ugh!”

“Eh? The building is shaking... Keuk!”

The streamers communicating with the viewers died. It was because they looked at the chat window to communicate with the audience and failed to observe what happened around them. Of course, the result wouldn't change even if they looked around carefully. The deaths of the reporters continued in the midst of the chaos.

The impact of the tens of thousands of lightning bolts that bent like a whip and shot forward like an arrow, as well as the shockwaves, reached every corner of Titan. At the very least, the barriers set up at the major strongholds meant catastrophic damage was avoided. However, the barriers wouldn't last forever.

It was indeed a disaster. Kyle was conscious of this fact as well. 'I need to move the battlefield.'

Kyle's inability to feel any sense of belonging or responsibility to the empire didn't mean he was a murderer. It might be different in the days when he moved according to the orders of the martial god, but now he had no interest in killing innocent people. His heart became more uncomfortable as more people died in battle.

He attempted to lure Zepar outside the city, but Zepar didn't want to move the battlefield. He didn't get caught up in the temptation. Even though Kyle pulled away like he was fleeing, Zepar didn't chase and just released sword energy toward the ground.

"This damn jerk..."

Wounds were engraved all over Kyle's body. Kyle noticed the reason. Zepar's sword energies were often 'added' over time. There was a wave of sword energy that followed the sword energy released immediately with a strike. His transcendent senses didn't perceive the wavelength of sword energy as an attack. It was similar to not responding to sunlight or the wind. It was estimated that the wavelength of sword energy that occurred with a time difference was judged to be the aftermath of a simple technique. It was like the wind pressure that followed an attack.

This was a tricky opponent.

It happened as Kyle's dark circles became darker...

"Summon Iyarugt!" Just then, a new voice was heard on the battlefield. The gazes of the reporters and streamers focused on that side.

Kyle didn't miss Zepar's startled look. The moment Zepar's attention was dispersed, he accurately aimed at the left arm. This short act was willpower and magic. In an instant, a spear of lightning pierced Zepar's heart.

"Where are you looking?"

"Keuk!"

'There is something.'

Kyle was a key member of the imperial armed forces. In particular, he had the authority to access a lot of information during the days of Juander's rule and he naturally knew the identity of Iyarugt. This sword was once used by Overgeared God Grid. It had the soul of the demon, Iyarugt, embedded in it.

The moment Kyle heard this name and saw Zepar's agitated reaction, he was certain there was a relationship between the two of them.

"Zepar! This XX bastard, I'm glad to see you!"

"....."

"....."

The emergence of Iyarugt was impressive. The sword that blossomed in the world tinged by lightning. The old demon entered the stage with a release of sword energy that prevented the light from invading his surroundings. He seemed to have built an invisible wall with a radius of five meters.

He was the only one with a different color in the pale world where the blue lightning flashed. He revealed his unique presence. His presence was more than enough to thrill the reporters and viewers. It was just that the way he spoke was too frivolous. It didn't go with his noble demeanor.

The cause soon followed.

"Do you know the Overgeared Guild?" It was Peak Sword.

Iyarugt was a growth item, but the low performance (by Grid's standards) meant it was raised by Peak Sword instead of Grid. In the past few years, he had instilled the wrong values into Iyarugt and succeeded in disciplining Iyarugt, a demon without blood or tears.

"Look, Peak Sword. Don't cancel my summoning and stay out of it."

"You want permission to fight? If you want it, then shout!"

"I-In this situation..."

"You don't want to? Then go back to the sword..."

"Do you know God Griiiiiid?!"

"Ohhhh!"

"....."

"....."

The hunchbacked old demon—the demon who caught people's attention by blocking the light of the world lost his dignity in one moment.

"Xck... ShX..." Iyarugt's face distorted like a demon and he shivered. In fact, he just shouted the words he was told. He didn't know the meaning of the words Peak Sword always forced him to say, but he felt shame. It was because the reaction around him became subtle every time he shouted it. It was clear that the meaning and intention was strange nonsense.

Peak Sword smiled brightly and patted Iyarugt on the shoulder. "Hahahat! Well done! Succeed with this momentum and come back!"

'Kill! I will be sure to kill you!'

Iyarugt's dark eyes shone with killing intent as they focused on Zepar in the air. The one who colluded with a great demon to seal him. The first goal was to kill Zepar. The second goal was to kill Peak Sword one day when the seal was released.

'...No.'

Demon—in hell, demon meant a species. The nobles of hell who were born with powerful demonic energy. They were the great demon candidates. There were also those who evolved into demons later. Demonkin who evolved into demons because of wickedness—one of them was Iyarugt. He was never a good existence. It was why he had stuck with Grid for such a long time.

However, perhaps it was because he had been with the idiot for too long.

'He won't die anyway if I kill him. Just beat him up...'

A small change was occurring in Iyarugt's heart. He was becoming less evil. Of course, that didn't mean—

[The hidden piece 'Sword Demon' has occurred.]

[The resentment and killing intent toward Zepar has become a trigger and the soul of 'Iyarugt' has awakened.]

['Iyarugt' is now regaining the power of his prime. The side effects will permanently damage the soul.]

His feelings toward Zepar hadn't changed. This resentment and killing intent were the same as an immutable truth.

"Kukukuk... Zepar, you disgusting bastard. You seem to be ousted from power as I predicted. I made sure of it three times."

"This old demon's way of speaking has become vulgar."

During the conversation, two swords suddenly collided.

Iyarugt jumped forward and attacked Zepar during the gap. The smile disappeared from Zepar's face. Sublime Sword—Iyarugt's swordsmanship had reached a higher level and was different from Zepar's half-sword technique, which only worked when entering the absence of self state.

Iyarugt's sword spun using Zepar's sword as an axis and blood rained down. The world was in shock.

A Grid admirer just as bad as Peak Sword—it was natural to be surprised that the old demon, who seemed to have a screw loose somewhere like Peak Sword, was overwhelming a powerful demon with swordsmanship.

[(Breaking news) The Overgeared Guild has a strong summons...]

[(Breaking news) The actual master of Iyarugt is reported to be Grid...]

[(Breaking news) Grid's summons has gone wild in a place with no Grid.]

Breaking news poured out in the news reports around the world, which had previously been filled with desperate news. It was a hymn of hope.

Chapter 1494

Demonkin meant all those born with intelligence in hell. The appearance and tendency of each species were different, so they rarely co-existed. The only thing they had in common was that they were born with demonic energy.

Demonic energy was an energy that intervened in and strengthened both matter and magic power. It wasn't an exaggeration to describe it as a source of power. This was why the value of the demonkin was determined in proportion to the quality and amount of demonic energy.

The red species—a demonkin species that created red dokkaebi fire according to their change in mood. The overall appearance was similar to that of humans. In many cases, they worked as technical experts in neutral areas due to their excellent dexterity. Hell's only blacksmith, Helmis, was a typical representative of the red species. However, most of the red species didn't receive good treatment. Their innate magic power was inferior to demonic creatures, so they were discriminated against and despised.

Zepar was born in the red species and he was used to the cold treatment. He had no good memories in his younger days. He was born as an underdog in a society where the weak were trampled on.

It was Sword Demon Iyarugt who gave him dreams and hopes. Iyarugt was from a lower ranked demonkin species like himself, but he gained the power to fight against great demons by honing his swordsmanship.

Zepar wanted to be like that. He did so by killing him.

The world was red. It was the blood shed by Zepar.

'Isn't this to the extent where he should be called the Sword Saint?'

Kyle was astonished as he watched the battle and marveled. A transcendent's senses were extremely keen. The other person's gaze, breathing, muscle and ligament movements—none of that was missed as the battle was moved to the realm of foresight. This was becoming poison. Iyarugt constantly deceived Zepar's senses. Every time he wielded his sword, he would change the center of his body. He made the center of the body go against the direction of the sword and disturbed the senses of a transcendent.

Kyle, who was watching the battle from a third party perspective, could identify it. Zepar, the party involved, likely couldn't understand why he kept getting cut. This was actually reality.

'Why?' It was a situation where Zepar encountered Iyarugt the moment he came to the surface. Zepar's concentration reached its peak after he encountered his greatest enemy. The wounds he suffered against Kyle were quite large, so he couldn't afford to conserve his strength. He did his best from the beginning.

However, it was strange. He couldn't read Iyarugt's swordsmanship at all. Despite developing further over hundreds of years, he was being overwhelmed by a specter of the past, just as he was hundreds of years ago. Even now, the situation was much worse.

In the past, Zepar had the status of a great demon. The almost unlimited health sustained him. On the other hand, he was currently only a demon. It was different from the past when he could be cut by Iyarugt's sword for seven days and seven nights and still survive somehow. Now every blow was serious.

Zepar's face flushed with embarrassment and anger. Dokkaebi fire rose and hovered around him.

Iyarugt laughed at him. "You've degenerated after hundreds of years like a little bug."

"A bug is right. My origin is similar to yours."

"Kukuk, yes... You and I are no different."

It was true that Iyarugt's swordsmanship had reached a supreme point, but this was limited to just 'appearance.' A swordsmanship that made the center of the body go against the direction of the sword to deceive the opponent's eyes and senses.

This swordsmanship had a fatal weakness. It didn't carry the full power of the sword. It was natural to have less power since the sword would turn against the center of the body. The force of the sword gradually increased due to the coil every time the center was changed, but there were limits to this. It was a long way from the 'power to cut anything' like the Sword Saint's swordsmanship.

Simply put, there was a lack of conclusive power. Despite being feared by countless demons and even overwhelming the hydra of the Abyss for a moment, Iyarugt had actually killed a small number of great demons. He hadn't achieved much, so his status was relatively low compared to his strength.

It was inevitable that Iyarugt couldn't become the Sword Saint. Still, it was fine. It was worth discussing if it was the strongest at this level. He just had to cut the other person until they died. Zepar's flesh and bones were hard to cut. If he couldn't cut the neck or destroy the heart, he could kill Zepar with excessive bleeding.

"Shit!" Zepar roared as his counterattack failed again and he was cut in the shoulder. He couldn't adapt to it at all. The sword flew from the left when it was obviously flying from the right or the sword rose from the bottom when it was obviously soaring from the top. He tried to react in the opposite way to what he saw, but even that was useless. In the first place, his senses were in Iyarugt's hands.

Sword Demon Iyarugt—the legend of hell was alive and well.

'I didn't expect to be unable to win after hundreds of years!'

It was frustrating. If Zepar knew he was so weak, he wouldn't have taken the vanguard by himself with so much confidence.

'I might've been expelled by the throne, but...!'

Zepar fought with great demons and took away their throne every time he won. He had been ranked 13th, but he couldn't keep his position. It was because the demonic creatures despised him as being from a low-grade demonkin species. The demons acknowledged and feared Zepar's ability, but the demonic creatures were faithful to their instincts and saw Zepar's essence. Regardless of his skills and achievements, they saw low quality demonic energy and bared their teeth. Therefore, he lost his dignity and naturally lost his power. It was as Iyarugt had predicted.

You or I can never be rulers...

'I will die if it continues like this.'

Zepar wanted to escape and catch his breath, but it was impossible. The high quality swordsmanship blocked his vision and kept cutting off his route.

'...I don't want to die! No!'

He tenaciously survived. He killed all those who despised him, took revenge, and grasped power for a while. He lost the power in the end, but it wasn't so bad. He achieved his dream of being like Iyarugt. This was enough. He killed Iyarugt and became the only sword demon in hell. He received the minimum of respect.

In this war, it was possible for him to regain the power he lost. Chepardea had promised to connect him with Baal. He could become a real noble by being Baal's subordinate. He didn't think he would lose his life here... he never imagined it.

It happened as the scared Zepar was shuddering...

"Zepar, you are still the same. You have many stray thoughts when you meet Iyarugt. This is why I hate worship."

The sky split in half. A red carpet stretched out from the crack that spread out across the battlefield. Dozens of ghosts appeared from the portal and lined both sides of the red carpet. The world held its breath. It was because all 30 ghosts with different shapes had golden names. The sight of them bowing in unison was spectacular.

[The 4th Great Demon, the king of the dead who rules the souls, 'Gamigin,' has appeared.]

[Gamigin has exercised strong power over the souls of the dead. If you die to Gamigin, the death penalty will be paused for at least 5 to 20 minutes and you will work as a 'soul soldier.']

[In the soul soldier state, you can't disobey Gamigin's orders.]

[The death penalties will apply if you die in the soul soldier state or the duration of the status ends. Additionally, the soul has been hit hard and you won't be able to resurrect for an hour.]

[Gamigin's four legs are fast and strong. No one can stop Gamigin from running.]

[The souls of the forgotten heroes will defend Gamigin.]

The lower body was a horse while the upper body resembled a human woman.

Gamigin—the one who cooperated with Zepar to bring death to Iyarugt. She appeared stepping on the carpet.

"Zepar, I will play with Iyarugt, so empty your head. Your sword is very strong when you abandon all thoughts."

There was a joke that if Iyarugt and Zepar's talent were combined into one, a Sword Saint would've been born in hell. Iyarugt's swordsmanship was high quality technique, while Zepar's swordsmanship was the ultimate power.

"Now, Iyarugt. Play with me like we used to?"

Gamigin's eyes shone with greed as she stared at Iyarugt, who was as stiff as a statue. This time, she was determined to collect Iyarugt's soul.

"Gamigin!"

Iyarugt's killing intent exploded. Unlike the atmosphere he was giving off, he didn't rush forward. Rather, he stepped back. It was instinct. Even if a cat sharpened its claws, it wouldn't be able to hurt the skin of an elephant. It was difficult for Iyarugt to be motivated to go against one of the strong great demons.

He was feeling intimidated when a light fell beside him. It was the remnant of Teleport.

"Get lost." A cold voice calmed the seething atmosphere of the battlefield. "I want to kill you."

The ruby-like eyes were staring at Iyarugt, not Gamigin. There was deep hatred in it. He couldn't forgive it when he saw Grid's servant showing shameful behavior.

Step.

Even his simple walk had dignity—it was aristocratic. The lack of wrinkles on his clothes further emphasized his dignity.

Gamigin's mouth twitched as he stared at the silver-haired man. "You...? Are you the child of Beriache?"

"Don't fill your low-grade snout with my mother's name." Braham frowned. His action of opening the space and pulling out the staff was impatient. The moment that staff Grid carefully innovated was revealed, a spear of light fell from the sky and pierced Zepar's body.

".....?!" Zepar had tried to enter the absence of self state during the time that Gamigin earned. He was focused on shaking off his thoughts so he couldn't respond. He turned to gray ash.

A notification window popped up in Peak Sword's vision.

[The hidden piece 'Sword Demon' has ended with Iyarugt's victory.]

[Iyarugt has gained enlightenment related to the 'Free From All Thoughts Sword'.]

[Iyarugt's soul is restored and further strengthened.]

[The seal on Sword Demon Iyarugt is weakened.]

[The hidden piece 'Last Seal' has occurred.]

[If you want to unseal Iyarugt, destroy the 4th Great Demon, Gamigin.]

"T-This is real..." Peak Sword murmured with a stunned expression. Zepar's death was Iyarugt's desire of a lifetime. He was sealed in a sword and endured hundreds of years thanks to his unending desire for

vengeance. Finally, it was reached today. He was on the brink of achieving his long-cherished wish. Then the 4th great demon appeared and interrupted. Iyarugt was deeply desperate. There seemed to be no hope even with Peak Sword. His hundreds of years were about to disappear in vain.

However, Braham appeared and killed Zepar so easily...

Rather than feeling relieved or admiration, the development was so absurd that it was hard to follow.

"Hmm." Gamigin chuckled. It was an unnatural and unpleasant smile like a clown mask.

Braham Eshwald—the son of the 3rd Great Demon, Beriache—a legendary magician, Duke of Wisdom, someone who glimpsed the myths, and the apostle of the Overgeared God, raised a question, "Do you know why the stars are falling?"

Gamigin didn't seem interested in him at all. She seemed lost in thought. Her temperament, as a being who reigned as an absolute in hell, was peculiar.

"I heard that there are multiple of Beriache's children... I will collect them all."

It wasn't an answer, but an expression of her thoughts. Braham naturally predicted that a bigshot like this would appear from the Abyss. Therefore, he stayed in Titan from the very beginning. He just hadn't come forward before because the situation was trivial. Braham was also famous for his eccentric personality.

"There is one reason," Braham asked the question by himself and answered it by himself, "It is in response to my will."

The sky burned and the heavens and earth shook. Dozens of meteorites were pulled from space and fell on Gamigin's head, devastating the area.

The dukes and knights focused on saving lives, the people and players struggling to survive, the reporters and viewers watching the situation, and Iyarugt, Kyle, and Peak Sword—everyone looked at Braham's back with their jaws dropped open.

The burning and crumbling ground, the fierce smoke and the pillars of ash that filled the sky...

Braham's appearance as he enjoyed the landscape that seemed to depict the collapse of the world was as lonely and beautiful as ever, causing people to feel all types of emotions.

Chapter 1495

Before the appearance of the 4th Great Demon, Gamigin...

"How great is this swordsman that he became the tower master over us? I'm looking forward to it."

"It is what His Liege has decided. Don't be so rude."

Piario, Asmophel, and the other former Red Knights were climbing the sword tower. They were all of high standing.

Piario was a general and the food and agriculture minister, while Asmophel was credited in squashing the terrorist attacks and was the security minister. Singuled, Amelda, Kentrick, and Dante served as

generals, knights, and swordsmanship instructors. They were once prominent figures in the empire and they also played an active role in the Overgeared Kingdom. The sight of them all going to meet one person made even the word 'rare' feel lacking.

"Of course, I don't mean to be rude. Still, shouldn't we check to see if he is qualified?"

"....."

No one refuted Singuled's comments. Piaro and Dante were silent when they would've normally said the sentence 'How dare you doubt His Liege's eye?'

Grid had become a god, but it was due to countless achievements and building up a great deal of strength. It didn't mean that he had become a perfect being. In the first place, a god wasn't perfect or omnipotent. It was a fact they had learned from the gods. Therefore, Piaro and Dante were worried.

"Certainly... His Majesty is soft-hearted and believes others will be the same as him. He trusts people more than necessary."

"Right, right. I said this when he easily accepted Singuled."

"Amelda, haven't you grown a lot?"

The top of the sword tower was the 30th floor. It was one of the tallest buildings in the Overgeared Kingdom. The steep, spiral staircase continued endlessly. However, it wasn't enough to delay the footsteps of the knights. Their breathing wasn't disturbed at all as they reached the top in no time.

They stood in front of a tightly closed door and exchanged looks. The unknown sword tower master. If he was taking advantage of King Grid's favor... they would give out a reasonable punishment.

"Come in." A strange voice came from beyond the door. It sounded surprisingly young. It was a middle-aged man like Piaro at most.

The veins on Singuled's forehead bulged as he smiled through gritted teeth. "Come in? Haha, that cheeky guy is using information language to me from the beginning."

"Calm down, Singuled. He hasn't even seen us yet."

"That's right. This is the sword tower. He is probably misunderstanding us as trainees."

"We need to observe and act more closely."

The group's suspicion of the sword tower master wasn't unfounded. There were no talented people outside the Overgeared Kingdom who could become the sword tower master. Even if they listed the names of the 'swordsmen' who were now gaining fame on the continent, was there anyone better than them?

They would concede if it was Kraugel, but this person wasn't Kraugel. They had no choice but to doubt his qualifications.

Singuled glared and pushed opened the door.

“Welcome.” The tower master, Biban greeted them. A Sword Saint who had lived for hundreds of years. The atmosphere was ordinary. It was easy to change his attitude.

“Hey, who are you...?!” Singuled was shouting angrily only to shut his mouth. It was because Piaro restrained him.

“I greet the elder.”

Piario was polite first. It wasn't because he recognized Biban's identity at first glance. He showed the minimum of respect because this was the sword tower master appointed by Grid. On the other hand, Biban's attitude was different. He waved his hand like it was annoying. “That's enough with the formalities. Get straight to the point.”

Biban's time as the tower master was only one week. In that time, Biban's role was to teach as much as possible to those who visited the sword tower. Grid had personally asked it of him. Furthermore, the world was in a chaotic situation due to the invasion of demons. Biban didn't want to waste a single minute or second. He wanted to teach even one more thing to those who visited the tower.

However, few people knew what he was thinking. His words and actions were misleading.

“Huhu, I like this personality? In fact, I didn't come all the way here to say hello to you.” Singuled stepped forward. There was no time for anyone to stop him. To be exact, none of the people in the group had any intention of stopping him. After all, the purpose of the group was to confirm the qualifications of the tower master. There was no reason to stop Singuled from confirming the strength of the tower master.

Singuled's body shot off from the ground. His movements were naturally rapid and resilient. It was reminiscent of a flying fish jumping on the sea surface. The waves that spread as sharply as a piece of glass were particularly impressive. It was a tangible wave of killing intent.

The Killing energy destruction method—influenced by Singuled's temperament, it was an energy that dealt shock and tore at everything. Against this sharp and powerful energy—

Biban pushed his hand in and disturbed it. It took him less than a second to grab Singuled's neck with his hands.

“Killing intent from the inside. You can inflict a critical injury even with an attack that grazes past. Excellent. It is a rare talent. The tough and difficult years of your life have tempered you.” As Biban spoke, Singuled's body spun around and his back touched the ground.

“???” Singuled's face was blue as he looked at the ceiling. The virtue of a master was to hide his true emotions, but he showed his shock on his face. How could he not be shocked? In the golden age of the former Red Knights, the number of people who could suppress him could only be counted on one hand.

“.....!” Piaro and Asmophel's eyes widened.

Dante murmured in a low voice, “It isn't a fluke.”

This was a master they had never seen before. It was the moment everyone realized it.

“...I'm actually not good at grappling.”

Singled jumped up from the ground and pulled out his sword. His agitation subsided. It was natural. Singled wasn't a fool. He noticed that Biban's skills were real. He felt the need to be composed.

"Should we do it again?"

There were few knights who weren't competitive. Among them, Singled was a person who enjoyed battle itself. He was happy to realize how wide the world was through this unknown master. He thought it was an opportunity to see how far his skills would go.

Biban nodded and he also drew his sword. "Come."

No further words were necessary. Singled attacked immediately and Biban easily defeated him. Biban didn't hold back. He revealed his power. The Overgeared Sword Tower Master—he had no intention of damaging the reputation of his position, even if it was only for one week. This was a place to discuss swords. No Sword Saint wielded the sword lightly.

"Cough!Cough, cough!" Singled had his Adam's apple struck and coughed in pain. He couldn't even hold on for five blows.

Biban gave him advice, "For you, killing intent is a weapon. Therefore, you show your killing intent, but it is too one-dimensional. It is better to tidy it up. The more you refine your flesh, the more reliable your weapon will be. Then sharpen your soft sword. The more you become familiar with it, the stronger you will become."

"Cough...Keuk... Thank you for the advice." Singled barely managed to answer with his hurting throat. He could stand up and challenge again immediately, but he didn't do so. It was an extremely polite attitude. He wasn't aware of it. It was naturally like this. It was because he glimpsed the depths of profound truth and years in Biban's swordsmanship.

"M-Me too! Fight me!" Amelda blinked her large eyes and raised her hands. She was a knight and a geographer, so she had already grasped the terrain of this huge, circular room. She calculated how to use it to limit the movements of the target and benefit herself.

"Come." Biban allowed it. The posture of putting his hand on the sword handle was unusual.

'Draw Sword?'

A smile spread across Amelda's face. She tried to make the most of the terrain to move. She didn't give the other party a chance to draw the sword. She hid behind a pillar and threw her shield. Unlike Singled, she wasn't straightforward. The other side was a swordsman, so she had no intention of just fighting with the sword. She would mobilize all the weapons and skills she had...

".....?!"

Amelda moved along the scheduled route while the shield caught Biban's eye, only for her to collapse. The pose resembled a dead frog. It was the aftermath of the shield returning like a boomerang and striking her in the back of the head.

Kentrick murmured to himself, "Doing a movement like that with the sword..."

Just a little while ago, Biban hadn't taken one step out of place. He lifted the sheath slightly, exposing a very small portion of the blade that collided with the flying shield. The rebound of the collision forced the shield to return and hit Amelda in the back of the head... Amelda's aura was in the shield, yet he bounced the shield like it was a ball. It was even in the desired direction.

"Huh? Ehh? Did I faint just now? Is it real?"

"The heart technique you have mastered doesn't fit your personality. The energy didn't accumulate well. Thus, the attack is light."

"Ah... This is a heart method that was handed down from generation to generation since my great great grandfather..."

"It isn't just about inheriting the techniques of those before you. The previous generation can't pass on both talent and physique to you."

"Yes..."

"You should go and visit the magic tower. Your mana compatibility is good. If you apply the principles of mana accumulation, then you might go further."

"Yes...!" Amelda was polite as well.

"Please teach me as well." Kentrick stepped out. He was the vanguard of the Red Knights during the golden era. His specialty was to break through the enemy line alone, cut the enemy general's neck, and give the Red Knights the advantage in the war.

"Come." Biban didn't rest and took on Kentrick. He immediately narrowed the distance and saw the essence behind Kentrick's bravery.

".....!!"

"There are traces of a dark sword on your swordsmanship. Were you an assassin?"

"That... it is correct. I was kidnapped as a child and trained as an assassin throughout my childhood. Fortunately, I was rescued and didn't actually carry out any assassination activities. How did you know...?"

Kentrick was dumbfounded. The swordsmanship he used today was nothing like the assassination methods he learned in his childhood. It was a completely different concept. It had been so long that he had even forgotten the swordsmanship he learned in his childhood. How did this person find the traces? The traces he didn't even know about...

"It is fine as a habit. Perhaps you've been in many one-on-one and short term battles. You have a lot of experience fighting and winning against opponents stronger than you."

"T-That's right."

"Use it as a weapon. I'm not asking you to learn the dark swordsmanship again. That is putting the cart before the horse. Just approach the technique still remaining and bring them to the surface. Then it will naturally evolve along with your swordsmanship."

“Yes, thank you!”

Biban fulfilled his duty as the tower master. He also exchanged blows with Asmophel and Dante. Asmophel endured exactly 16 blows, while Dante endured 17. It wasn't because Dante was stronger than Asmophel. Despite building up divinity, his overall combat power was still below that of Asmophel and Singuled.

However, Dante had experience. Putting aside the power of the swordsmanship, he was the best when it came to technique. It meant he could fight overwhelmingly strong opponents. He was the person who laid the foundation of the Empire's Swordsmanship and taught swordsmanship to the Red Knights.

“Um... Then you...” Biban advised Dante to focus on building up stamina and strength, even teaching him how to put more power into his sword. Then Biban's gaze shifted to and stayed on Asmophel. For a long time, he just stared silently.

Asmophel was nervous.

Chapter 1496

Asmophel was nervous. Recently, he had been anxious that his skills hadn't improved. Therefore, he was worried that the tower master would tell him he didn't have talent. He was mistaken.

“I can see the shadow of others in your sword. Perhaps you use the sense of inferiority as nourishment. It feels like you're trying to get rid of the clot in your heart in the right direction. I appreciate the effort, but it is wrong.”

The strongest number two—Asmophel chose to follow in the footsteps of the number one person. Based on that experience, he recreated the power of the number one person and transcended his limits. The number one person usually meant Piaro, but sometimes it was Braham.

Asmophel once re-created the power of Piaro and gave himself a brief advantage over Kyle during his time as a martial god follower. After being defeated by Braham, he was inspired and used magical insight to prevent terrorist attacks.

Biban denied all of that. “You can't be a great success through this method. Even if you try hard, there is no way you can be stronger than the person you envy and worship. Now you've set limits for yourself.”

Asmophel felt like his weak point was exposed. He couldn't bring himself to raise his head. The group recalled him emulating Piaro's skills and had sad expressions on their faces. Singuled criticized it, “This idiot is still like this. Tsk.”

They were harsh words, but it was something that Asmophel had to endure. Asmophel lowered his head and spoke slowly, “Elder, you are right. I still can't shake off my inferiority complex. This ugly feeling hasn't changed even after hurting many of my friends and their families. I am a human who wasn't born good. I probably won't be able to change for the rest of my life.”

It was better than the past. At least his inferiority didn't turn into jealousy. As Biban had seen, Asmophel tried to release his ugly feelings in the right direction. He tried really hard. This resulted in him worshipping Piaro with no jealousy. Even when he was defeated by Braham, he was more respectful and inspired than angry.

He silently followed their shadow. If this was what determined his limits, then he had no choice but to accept it. If he tried to break his limitations and lost control of his emotions again... he might fall into the incarnation of ugly jealousy and commit the same sins that he did in the past.

“Asmophel...”

Asmophel became determined and erased his expression. The group saw this and felt sad. This time, even Singuled was quiet. Asmophel’s hard work made his mind complicated and uncomfortable every time.

In this somber atmosphere, Biban spoke, “Inferiority is one of the natural characteristics of humans. You can’t simply draw the line and say that it is an ugly emotion when it is a great driving force. I’m not trying to blame you. I don’t think your current method is that wrong. However, it is wrong for you. Your talent isn’t that bad to be buried like this.”

“.....”

“You just need to trust in yourself. Face yourself, not the shadow of others.”

“Ah...” Asmophel suddenly gained a realization. He recalled his journey of atonement when he set out to find the old friends he had betrayed. At that time, he had faced himself in the past. He had to face his sins in order to atone. Therefore, he had no choice but to face the self that had sinned. There were things he felt at that time.

“...I think I vaguely understand your words. I’ll engrave it in my heart.” Asmophel had a hunch that he would grow greatly from this moment on. He seemed to faintly hear the sound of the limitations he had set on himself breaking. It was an obvious opportunity.

Trust and respect were expressed in the way the group looked at Biban. Among them, the one with the most affectionate gaze was Piaro. It was unexpected. He hadn’t even been taught by Biban yet.

“...You are the only one left.” Why was this person staring at him like this? Biban was very curious about Piaro. The most outstanding one among those with star-like talent. He wanted to know the meaning of this person’s gaze.

“It is an honor to be taught by you.” Piaro bowed politely. In fact, he wanted to kneel down and bow to express his heart. He had noticed in the middle that the sword tower master had learned the same Matchless Heart Technique as him. It even seemed much greater than him. He seemed to know where the Matchless Heart Technique that his liege had passed onto him had come from.

Piario felt like the sword tower master in front of him was a mentor. He wanted to be polite and serve the tower master with all his heart. However, it was still early. Since ancient times, a warrior should talk with a blade and hand plow. For now, it was reasonable to bow after conveying his sincerity through the spar.

“Come.” Biban nodded to accept the greeting and placed his hand on the sword. This was what Amelda had interpreted as preparation for drawing the sword, but Piario discovered the infinite possibilities of this position. He calmly created his territory without hasty prejudices. First, he sowed the seeds.

“.....?” Biban had a dazed look on his face. His enlarged pupils reflected the scene of seeds with the energy of Natural State being scattered. The moment that thousands of seeds fell to the ground, Piaro quickly shot forward. He took out a hand plow and sickle and held it in both hands. Biban came to his senses at this time and he burst out, “Wait!”

“.....?”

“.....?”

The group was puzzled. The always calm Biban was now showing his agitation. Piaro noticed the reason and smiled.

‘He noticed that I learned the Matchless Heart Technique.’ Piaro didn’t doubt it.

Coincidentally, there was a serious problem with Biban’s misjudgment. He was a swordsman and showed ultimate insight into the sword and swordsmanship, but he was poor in other fields. He wasn’t interested nor able to see the nature of a farmer.

‘A farmer?’

Biban was confused. Today was the first time he saw a farmer trying to fight with a hand plow and sickle as a weapon. The strong farmers he previously saw in the Overgeared Kingdom also wore swords at their waist. There were even traces of magic mastery. Yet the farmer in front of him was trying to fight with agricultural tools. In the last hundreds of years, he often heard stories of farmers holding farm equipment to revolt against corrupt regimes, but...

This was definitely the first time he had seen it with his own eyes. Biban stared at Piaro in silence for a long time. Finally, he couldn’t stand it and asked a question. “Why did a farmer climb the sword tower?”

“It is to greet the tower master and to be taught according to the circumstances...”

“Why do you want me to teach a farmer? Do you think I’m a farmer? Hah! You rascal!”

“.....”

Originally, the legendary farmer was a profession that had to fight against prejudice. Piaro was familiar with being misunderstood. But... he never dreamed that the tower master would misunderstand.

‘He hasn’t realized that I’ve learned the Matchless Heart Technique?’

Amelda held her stomach and laughed.

“Our captain is really good. So why did you become a farmer~ kekeke!”

“Hum hum.” Piaro, calm down. Your face is so red right now.”

“Piaro?”

The moment that Dante called out Piaro’s name to calm him down, the ears of the frowning Biban heard it. Piaro—the name remained clear in Biban’s memory. It was the name Grid told him. A person who learned Supreme Swordsmanship based on the Matchless Swordsmanship...

Biban also thought it was a fated relationship, so he let Grid teach Piaro the Matchless Heart Technique...

"...You." Biban briefly recalled the past and slowly opened his mouth. His voice was trembling as he spoke, "Why did you become a farmer?"

Piario answered proudly, "Because that is my way."

"...Haven't you learned the Matchless Heart Technique?"

"Yes, thanks to your favor."

"Why are you still a farmer when you learned the Matchless Heart Technique?"

"What are you saying...?"

"If you've learned the Matchless Heart Technique, shouldn't you walk on the path of a swordsman again?"

"Not necessarily. I succeeded in fusing the Matchless Heart Technique with my Free Farming technique and evolved it into the Matchless Farming..."

"Shut up! This...! This damn thing!"

"....."

"I thought you would be a great swordsman. What? A farmer? This rascal! Shit!"

"....."

Sword Saint Biban—he naturally had a certain pride in swords and swordsmanship. He believed the successor of the Matchless Heart Technique would be a good swordsman and cheered for Piario from afar, but he was a farmer? He couldn't understand what was going on. He felt like he was being swindled.

"The noble Matchless Heart Technique is used for farming...!"

Biban thought he heard from Grid that Piario was a farmer. He naturally thought it was a proper hobby. Even if farming was used to make a living, not a hobby, Biban would've regarded it as a joke and let it slip in one ear and out the other. There was the belief that even if Piario had fallen to the wrong path (farming), he would take the right path of swordsmanship again after mastering the Matchless Heart Technique.

The Matchless Heart Technique was created and learned by the Sword Saint. However... what was this? Piario became the object of resentment without knowing the reason.

"My disappointment in you...!" Biban was screaming while moving, only to suddenly shut his mouth. It was because he felt a great sense of evil from the direction of the empire.

'A single digit ruler... it is also the ruler with one of the highest authority.'

The appearance of the 4th Great Demon, Gamigin—the transcendent senses of Sword Saint Biban were enough to detect the aura of the great evil that appeared in a faraway place.

'The scale of this war will be bigger than expected. Many lives will be lost.'

There was no mention of the great human and demon war in the Tower of Wisdom. It was a crisis that humans could handle on their own. This meant it wasn't comparable to the emergence of dragons. This wasn't a problem for Biban to care about. But... it was clear that many people would die...

It might be different if he was trapped in the tower as usual and didn't know about it, but now that he knew, was it right to turn away?

"Hey, Piaro."

"Yes," Piaro answered vigorously as he looked in a puzzled manner at the suddenly silent tower master. He really wanted to spar with the tower master. He wanted to prove his skills and show how great a farmer was. Did Biban know his heart?

"Come. I need to check your skills."

The tower master allowed the spar. Biban tried to maintain his composure. It wasn't right to be worried in advance when he hadn't even grasped the current level of humanity. First, he wanted to check Piaro's skills. Piaro might be a farmer, but he had learned the Matchless Heart Technique. He might be unexpectedly good...

"I'm willing to be taught."

Piaro used Rapid Growth. The seeds he had sown earlier grew rapidly and the tower of the sword tower turned into an agricultural field. It was a farmer's domain.

"This fucking..." The expression of Biban, who had become calm, once again twisted.

"Hehe."

In a dark city deep underground...

How long had she been asleep this time? She couldn't tell at all, but she thought she knew why her dream was so fierce.

Marie Rose slowly rose from the coffin and smiled as she felt intense demonic energy from afar.

"Things are becoming interesting."

The bewitching body scattered like fog and disappeared. The only inhabitant had left and silence once again fell in the city.

Chapter 1497

The human race had been in danger of collapse from the great demons in the 30s and 20s. Using common sense, they knew that the single digit great demons were very strong. However, many people mistakenly thought that the gap between 9th and 10th place was close.

Only a handful of people knew that the gap between these rankings was actually like heaven and earth. It couldn't be helped. There were still few users who had a deep understanding of the worldview.

Among them, only one had experienced the hell episodes properly. Even Yura didn't understand all of hell. She hadn't reached the depths of hell yet. The world's flow was too fast compared to the users' growth.

It meant there was no one who precisely knew the level of the 4th great demon. The best great demon apart from the '3 evils of the beginning' who were impossible to replace...

If this modifier was directly attached to the world message, ordinary people wouldn't have felt anything. They didn't know the concept of the 3 evils of the beginning, meaning Baal, Amorract, and Beriache. It was natural not to know—Grid had only recently found out about it by seeing the murals.

-Crazy, Braham is here.

-The situation is over ☞ ☞

The legendary great magician, Braham Eshwald—he was famous even before his resurrection. He had played too active a role by defeating the Yatan's Servant with a single finger and possessing Grid's body to defeat Kraugel in the National Competition. Of course, his identity wasn't known at the time and it was only revealed a long time later...

In any case, people thought of Braham as invincible. He was popular because he was a handsome man. If Kyle was a regular in the top 10 popularity votes for female users, Braham was popular with both men and women. He was the immovable first place in the popularity vote. There were all types of fantasies that Braham was one of the big shots who was recognized as being perfect at some point in time. No one could imagine him being defeated.

"Uwahhhh!" Even though some parts of the city were wiped out by the meteorites and even though some people were on the verge of death or dying. People who shouted and screamed in desperation. They cheered as Braham appeared and killed Zepar, who exterminated the imperial army, and as he slammed a meteorite into the face of the 4th great demon.

Of course, many people were inwardly concerned. Titan was the largest city on the continent. Now Braham had devastated around a fifth of it. It wouldn't be strange if tens of thousands of people were killed in the explosion. Of course, there would be a lot more casualties if the great demon was left to rampage, but... this was a bit too much. The anxious viewers focused on Braham's appearance on the screen.

'What is this?' Cold sweat was running down Braham's back. Of course, his appearance was nonchalant. His chin raised high in the air remained the same. However, Braham was a bit... no, he was quite flustered. He had just called three Meteors in total.

One was Meteor magic used in real time and the other two were Meteor magic prepared with Alarm in advance. The moment the Abyss was opened, he captured Zepar's movement path and roughly predicted when and at what point a mighty enemy would emerge.

Only one of the three Meteors hit Gamigin. The other two were also in range of Gamigin. This was due to his accurate predictions of the war situation. It could be described as great insight and computational ability. In any case—

Once again, Braham had pulled three meteorites from space, but it was actually a huge 27 meteorites that appeared. Not all 27 meteorites had the same power. Assuming that the three Meteors summoned by Braham had 100% power, the remaining 24 Meteors only had a destructive power of 3-10% The problem was that this alone was a great power. One-fifth of the city was destroyed.

‘The cause is this staff.’

Braham’s cold gaze turned to the staff in his hand. Belial’s Staff was strengthened by Grid himself using the by-products of the last hell expedition. Braham, who was just a magician (?), didn’t know it, but Grid’s process of strengthening an item was never ordinary. The new design complemented the shortcomings and added better materials. Rather than strengthening the power, it injected the power of a god.

The Overgeared God’s power—It was ‘Innovation.’

Braham’s weapon was far more powerful than he expected.

‘Is it that the magic leaves afterimages and that afterimage replicates the magic?’

Braham saw through the staff’s new features instantly. He analyzed and understood why there were 27 Meteors instead of three using his knowledge.

‘It isn’t just a concept of boosting power. It multiplies the number of spells that are cast, leading to multidimensional effects.’

It was the realm of a miracle. Grid had created an absurd monster.

‘I have to get used to using it.’ Braham sensed it—this staff wasn’t a weapon for magicians, but a monster that devoured them. It was clear that an ordinary magician would lose control and self-destruct if they used this staff. However, he was different. He quickly understood and controlled it.

He hadn’t regained his direct descendant power, but his ability as a ‘magician’ had already been restored. It was the complete resurrection of Braham Eshwald in his prime. The hydra subjugation, the hell expedition, and Hell Gao’s raid were of great help. In the first place, the amount of experience he gained was unrivaled.

Just then, a cry of reassurance headed toward him. “Sir Braham! The people have been evacuated, so you don’t have to worry!”

It was Duke Grenhal. There wasn’t a single lie mixed in his words. Wouldn’t they have evacuated the people after predicting that demons were likely to invade from the Abyss? Most of the people left in the capital were combat personnel, players, and guild members. They were people who could fight. Of course, this wasn’t everyone, but the remaining public had been completely evacuated by Duke Grenhal just a little bit earlier. It was possible with the help of the Red Knights and Duke Morse.

Braham spoke in a voice with no fluctuations, “How boring. Did you think I was worried about people?”

He was sincere from the bottom of his heart, but it was true that he felt more comfortable. The sweat that he felt wetting his back dried up. He removed it with the Cleanse magic and was refreshed.

“I’m sorry that I tried to guess your heart,” Duke Grenhal politely apologized. He focused on the approaching Braham’s words and was nervous. This was the case even though as the duke of the empire, he was below one person and above ten thousand people.

The strongest great magician of all time—Braham’s name had this much weight.

“Ahah... Ahahat! Amazing, truly amazing...” There was the sound of scratching iron. The voice that emerged from burned vocal cords that were forced to move was very bizarre.

“.....”

People’s eyes shifted to the center of the giant crater. They saw a centaur standing tall. The lower body was fine without a single scratch while the chest was burning vigorously. The appearance beyond the flames was creepy. The torn, fragmented, and melted flesh and bones were crushed and tangled together like mud touched by a child’s hand. Gamigin’s upper body that looked like a beautiful woman was horribly distorted because it couldn’t understand the aftermath of Braham’s Meteor.

“What? Beriache’s blood... It is so great...”

Gamigin’s body was regenerating despite the flames that hadn’t been extinguished. The bent neck bone and spine that had been twisted like thorns stood upright again. The heart, which had become a lump, returned to its original shape and started beating. The shattered skull once again appeared round and the burnt skin was covered as she showed an ecstatic expression.

“I want you... Yes! I will have you!”

The fallen arms were reattached, the voice cords healed, and her voice was restored. Gamigin’s eyes, which had no pupils and only contained the whites of the eyes, accurately fell on Braham.

Dozens of magic circles floated around Braham. It was the great magic prepared during Gamigin’s recovery.

Braham murmured, “You are dirty and vulgar.”

Dozens of spells with different powers and effects filled the sky and earth. It was a wave of attacks that were impossible to respond to. Why was Braham’s magic stronger than ordinary magic? It wasn’t just the quality and quantity of mana and the difference in techniques.

Braham basically predicted and induced the other party’s response. He analyzed all factors such as personality, nature, purpose, situation of the battlefield, environment, and even the weather and wind direction of the target to make his magic hit the target faster, stronger, and more effectively.

“.....!” The smile gradually disappeared from Gamigin’s face as she galloped dizzily in curved and oblique lines to avoid the magic offensive. It wasn’t because she received fatal wounds. It was because she naturally moved away from Braham while being wary of particularly threatening magic. Gamigin quickly realized that it was very difficult to approach him.

‘Beriache gave birth to a monster. No... isn’t it more that she gave birth to something pathetic that became a monster?’

Beriache didn't use magic. To be precise, she didn't need to study magic. It was possible to exercise a near almighty power with just a drop of blood. There was no reason for Braham to become a magician if he had inherited even half of Beriache's power.

'Poor child. You look like this because you weren't loved by your mother.'

Look at you now. Where is the blood of one of the great three? You are seen only as an inferior human magician who has no choice but to practice magic for the rest of your life because you are trivial and weak.

Gamigin felt sorry and her heart was moved. As the ruler of the dead who cared for lost souls, she felt maternal love. She wanted to help Braham. Unlike the trivial behavior, she truly wanted to take that strong and noble soul and keep it with her for the rest of her life.

"Ahh! Braham!" After suddenly waking up from her thoughts, Gamigin realized that she had fallen into a big trap. The land that she stood on naturally after avoiding Braham's magic—she felt a great deal of mana seething underground.

"It is great! It is praiseworthy! You had no power after being abandoned by your mother and struggled like a bug unable to escape a spider's web! I'll make you my son!" Gamigin's cry was torn apart and stretched as it was swept away by the magic trap that burst like a volcano.

People were dumbfounded. Gamigin's words were obviously nonsense. Braham didn't have power? She wanted him to be her son all of a sudden? They had to doubt that she had become senile. Gamigin's temperament was unusual and eccentric. She had ruled as an absolute ruler in hell all her life, which was completely different from the human world. There was no common sense.

Every time a notion came to her mind, she didn't distinguish it from reality. She immediately accepted ideas that suited his taste as reality. She even forced it on others. Gamigin fully had the ability to do so. Even if she changed the world according to her will, she wasn't afraid of any future trouble.

"Um..." Braham was deep in thought. This time again, the lower body was restored without a single scratch. He watched Gamigin's appearance and performed hundreds of calculations at the same time. He was looking with interest at Gamigin's lower body that wasn't damaged by Meteor's physical power, fire magic's explosive power, ice magic, gravity magic, or the intervention of secondary magic. Inspiration that never existed before was flooding his mind.

Of course, he wasn't affected by Gamigin's nonsense. The only thing that mattered to Braham was what he thought, not what others said. In the first place, Gamigin's interpretation was wrong. It wasn't that Braham didn't receive a power from Beriache. His strange personality caused his power to be taken away.

"Brahammm!"

After playing, Gamigin rushed head-on toward Braham in the distance. Based on a few calculations, she noticed there was no need to avoid the magic.

Chapter 1498

"Brahammm!"

Sounds echoed from all directions. It was the sound of thousands or tens of thousands of soul soldiers sobbing from underground. They held spears, swords, or cast magic as they encircled the rushing Gamigin. It was the advance of the legion.

“These dogs...”

Peak Sword and the knights, who were cheering for Braham with sweaty hands, backed away. Kyle and the dukes were also nervous. The soul army was giving off a very dangerous momentum. Not only were there a lot of them, but they were also highly skilled elites.

‘Are they resistant to lightning?’ Kyle confirmed that his experimental attack didn’t have a great effect and looked for a retreat. He had assumed that the lightning wouldn’t work since the souls weren’t a substance, but he thought it was fortunate there was some effect.

‘Putting aside the matter of my attacks not working, it isn’t an important issue right now. There is no chance of winning against that monster.’

Kyle feared Braham as much as Grid. It was because the person who took away one of his arms was Braham. However, Braham had no chance of winning against Gamigin.

Kyle noticed it.

‘Gamigin has not attacked Braham so far.’

No, the expression ‘couldn’t’ was more accurate. Braham’s magic linkage was so great that it didn’t give Gamigin a chance to fight back, but there was a limit to mana. This was common sense. Kyle knew that Braham’s mana would soon be depleted. It must be the case since he used legendary great magic and large-scale magic without a break.

‘On the other hand, that monster keeps recovering.’

Look at how the lower body was fine no matter how they attacked. There was no chance unless they could do something about this. It was better to run away safely, even if he was alone...

The moment Kyle had this thought.

“My son!” Gamigin’s shout accelerated to the point where Kyle’s lightning senses felt it was fast and caused a shockwave. The soul army filling the battlefield seemed to blur together and sharp energy swept over the battlefield. It was the aftermath of tens of thousands of souls abandoning their human figures and transforming into weapons. They turned into sharp spears and swords as one, forming a tsunami that headed toward Braham.

A chill went down Kyle’s spine. He read Gamigin’s intentions. The monster looked like a lunatic, but he thought she was actually a clever creature.

There was an immeasurable number of soul battle gear. They dominated every area of the battlefield. Braham didn’t have any coordinates to use Teleport or Blink. In this state, they only shot at Braham. The intention was to quickly deplete his magic power by forcing him to link Shield.

Braham frowned as he faced the massive tsunami of battle gear alone. It was a rare show of emotions. He was angry about being interrupted during his contemplation. The fact that he was in an environment where he couldn't concentrate just before he gained enlightenment made him angry. "Frozen Tempest."

".....?"

A battlefield covered with fire from a chain of destruction and the soul battle gear. The battlefield, filled with heat and killing intent, was in a hot state as if it could burn flesh. However, Kyle suddenly got the illusion that there was a chill at his fingertips. No, it wasn't an illusion.

Shards of light scattering in the moonlight caught Kyle's eye. Kyle noticed that the refraction of light was very irregular. This was because the material that induced the refraction had many different forms. Ice crystals filled the entire area. The great magician's will, which could bring down even the stars, now caused the upper stratum to descend.

"Stay still for a moment." Braham clicked his tongue and waved his hand like it was annoying. The cold air that sank to the ground cooled and stirred endlessly. The soul battle gears rushing from all directions were simultaneously frozen. It was like looking at a statue of a huge tsunami. The same was true of the flames that burned the battlefield and the crumbling wreckage of the city.

Peak Sword, the knights, Kyle, and the dukes were no different. Everything that existed in the world was frozen and stopped. It wasn't just Titan right now. All the people and demonic creatures scattered across the continent turned to ice.

[Legendary magic has been revealed.]

[The peak magic is freezing the world.]

"Sigh." Braham's breath floated alone in this still world. Fortunately, this magic attracted people's attention. No one could see Braham's faintly quivering hands.

'Time is needed for the finishing touches.' He was on the verge of enlightenment. In order to defeat that mad great demon, he needed time to organize the inspirations flashing through his brain and replace them with calculated formulas. However, time seemed to be running out.

The frozen Gamigin's body was already showing unexpected changes. The muscles of the four strong legs were twitching. The moment that two of her legs were lifted, her stopped time would begin to move again. She would charge right at him and trample on his chest.

The continuous use of great magic had slowed the circulation of magic power by 0.05 seconds. This was also the time calculated on the assumption that his mental world was used. It would probably be hard to defend or dodge.

'...It can't be helped.'

He didn't like to show himself bleeding in front of people, but he had to acknowledge Gamigin's skills. Let's take her four legs in exchange for his bones being crushed.

Braham's thinking power accelerated. He tried to turn the inspiration in his head into a formula in the split second where it wouldn't be strange if it ended right away. Partially—even a small portion was good. If he could express a new magic, even incompletely, he could blow away her study legs.

“.....”

Braham had both eyes closed and his eyelashes trembled slightly. It was because his eyelids were constantly shaking. Braham’s jawline raised slightly because he gritted his teeth. Then his ears twitched finely. He detected noise. Gamigin was approaching.

Just then, the moment ended.

[Goddess of Light Rebecca has exerted her power. All frozen things are restored like it was a lie.]

The frozen soul weapons scattered as ashes and the flames that covered the battlefield were extinguished without a trace. People’s cognitive abilities were restored to normal. The stunned eyes of all the creatures on the continent blinked. It happened before that one blink had even ended.

“Truly amazing!”

Gamigin had almost reached Braham. It was natural since she moved first before the world was restored. She lowered her raised front legs. The simple act alone produced wind pressure that seemed to make gravity heavier. The ground where Braham stood exploded.

Braham’s mental world was destroyed. Braham’s mental world had been built from the time he was a vampire. It was natural for his mental world to be incomplete unless he could regain the power of a vampire. Blood flowed down from Braham’s eyes, ears, mouth, and nose.

The magic power that formed a sphere at the end of his staff was flickering. It was a sphere that turned so fast it seemed to be stopped.

“Punishment.”

— —!

The concept of destruction seemed to have become a sound. There was a roaring sound that was hard to explain and it felt like it shouldn’t be heard. Braham’s bones and heart were crushed by Gamigin’s hooves and it was more gruesome and terrible than the bursting sound. The thing that followed the noise was —

“Kuaaaaaack!” It was Gamigin’s scream of struggle. She was belatedly aware that one of her front legs had disappeared entirely and her pale skin was purple.

“Your soul...! I will cruelly torture your soul forever!”

“Weak...”

A great demon’s maternal love was so insignificant. Gamigin abandoned her desire to embrace Braham and glared at Braham with fierce eyes. New souls emerged from underground as if in response to her anger and killing intent. Just like the previous soul army, the number was in the tens of thousands.

How could there be only one or two souls in the world who had died? Furthermore, souls didn’t disappear easily. It wasn’t a concept where they disappeared if they were removed. They just stayed in the river of reincarnation for a while. Gamigin’s army was endless. Additionally, among the souls she

summoned this time were the old heroes who had earlier perished from Braham's Meteor. They had been sent to the river of reincarnation at that time.

"Get lost! Get out of my way, you bastards!" Peak Sword rushed out. He didn't summon Iyarugt and jumped alone into the enemy camp. It was just to protect Braham. He had seen Grid after Khan died. He didn't want Grid to experience that pain twice.

"Uwaaaaah!"

The sound of a sword being drawn and placed in the sheath was repeated over and over again. Due to the nature of his class, he received a penalty for each consecutive attack. Even so, he cut at the soul army without caring at all. Once his left arm was broken and could no longer move, he held the sheath in his mouth and looked like a ghost as he moved. The same was true for the dukes and Red Knights that followed him. There was only ringing in their ears as they moved forward without caring about their bodies at all.

-Ah...This is crazy...

-D-Don't tell me they will all die like this?

-There is no way.Braham is invincible.

-But now Braham...

The army of souls was endless.

A magician whose clothes were dyed red like his eyes just fired Magic Missiles indiscriminately.

A swordsman drew the sword from the sheath in his mouth. Once his right arm was broken, he erupted with the spirit of Taekwondo and started throwing kicks.

A beast king shed tears of blood and transformed into a beast when all the animals he raised were killed.

The immortal king was captured by the souls that were endless no matter how many he knocked down and was no longer able to move.

The knights became hedgehogs due to the soul spears and blades embedded in their armor, but they endured like giant trees.

The rescued players and soldiers rushed back onto the battlefield to fight. They turned away from the hard-found path of retreat and sighed.

"Haha!Hahahahat!"In the end, the great demon laughed as she showed off her fully recovered legs.

『 Ahh...! Ahh!!! Strong! It is overwhelmingly strong! 』

-Ah, shit!This access restriction penalty is XX!

-No, what are all the other people doing?Braham will die!

A single digit great demon—those who realized the strength of an absolute being that they never knew before felt despair and frustration, and wept or cursed. The best talents the players knew were being

defeated horribly. There were few people in the world who could comfortably accept this terrible reality. In the midst of their despair...

“Braham.” A small voice clearly permeated the battlefield where screams and swear words were rampant. It was an alluring voice. It wasn’t just the viewers. The people dying at the scene were also shaken for a moment. “I think I will fall asleep again. So I’ll just give this back to you.”

A drop of blood fell on the head of the ragged-looking Braham. The blood seeped into his terribly broken heart.

Duguen!

The heart, which had been weak for hundreds of years, started beating vigorously.

“Your strength.”

One of the 3 evils of the beginning—the blood of the 3rd Great Demon, Beriache.

[Your apostle ‘Braham’ has regained his power as a direct descendant.]

At this moment, it once again flowed through Braham’s veins.

Chapter 1499

Duguen!

The terribly crushed heart started beating again. The contraction and relaxation were faster and more powerful than they had been in the past hundreds of years. The moment his heart contracted, the blood vessels all over his body pulsed in unison. Blood that circulated quickly like a rapid stream was sucked into the heart.

There was a chill from the top of Braham’s head.

The heart that greedily sucked the blood in the body released it again. This time, it was a mixture of magic power and blood. Blood and magic power were integrated.

Strengthening through integration.

The pleasure that he had forgotten for hundreds of years penetrated his brain. His consciousness was awakened to an unprecedented level.

“Hah...” Braham breathed deeply in ecstasy. The focus in the red eyes became blurred for a moment. His two cheeks, which looked whiter in contrast to the blood covering his face, filled with a faint flush. The viewers gulped and swallowed their saliva at the sight.

Braham, who was drunk on pleasure, showed a seductiveness they had never imagined. The anchors from broadcasting stations around the world, who were supposed to show the situation, were blushing with mesmerized expressions. It was regardless of gender or age.

Duguen!

Braham swept back his messy hair and enjoyed the sensation he had craved for hundreds of years. Blood and magic power were integrated every time his heart contracted and relaxed. He savored the strengthened magic power and physical changes that were the result without missing a single thing.

It was the sensation of becoming stronger just by breathing. This was a drug. There was only a positive cycle. It was a privilege gained by strengthening the perfect body and magic power that his mother had given him.

Braham was grateful that he was alive. He was pleased to be able to once again enjoy the valuable results of his research at the expense of many of his own people. Wouldn't those who died as unwanted experiments find it rewarding to see what he was now? If those useless people were still alive, they would've been no help at all. They should be thrilled and delighted to be helpful even in death.

Electric currents swirled over Braham's head as he was engulfed in an arrogance close to madness. It was the precursor to the large-scale lightning magic, Giga Raiden. However, the electric currents were in a strange state. They weren't blue or yellow, but red. His magic nature had changed due to mixing the magic that he studied after being deprived of his qualifications and degenerating to a human with the power of a direct descendant that was regained at this moment.

'If I induce it in this way...'

It was a state of awakened consciousness. Braham's brain was active like never before. It was an area of transcendence. It was a level where he created new skills in real time by combining his regained power and magic.

Peak Sword, Kyle, the dukes, knights, soldiers, and players—lightning flashed around them as they were isolated on the battlefield while fighting against the soul army and blood sprayed out like paint. Giga Raiden, which had fallen from above, rose in the reverse direction using blood as the medium. It swept over the soul soldiers, turning them into ashes.

"Marie Rose," Braham, who used an unbelievable move, called out to the woman in the air. He didn't raise his head to look at her. His gaze was fixed on Gamigin. It wasn't because he was wary of Gamigin. Currently, he used the flowing mana and blood scattered all over the battlefield as his senses. It was possible to observe Gamigin's actions without having to see it with his eyes.

Nevertheless, the reason for paying attention to Gamigin instead of Marie Rose was simple. He didn't want to look up at Marie Rose. It would've been the same even if Marie Rose was a god. There were only two people in the world who he could look up to—his mother, who gave birth to him, and Grid, who gave him a new life.

"Get out of here. I will give you credit for your actions today and let you leave."

Marie Rose was a daughter born from the sacrifice of their mother. From the beginning, she was an object of jealousy and hatred. Additionally, Braham was deprived of all his power and rights by her. Therefore, Braham resented and hated her even more. The same was true even now that he received his power back from her. Braham was convinced that this feeling would never change.

"Don't be too impertinent." Marie Rose couldn't resist her eyelids that gradually fell heavily. The brother who didn't dare make eye contact with her not long ago was now talking to her in a lively manner. She

didn't find it unpleasant. She was worried Braham would rush recklessly at her despite their mother's enemy being right in front of them. Fortunately, he wasn't crazy enough to forget his duty. She felt relieved.

She was about to turn and leave when Braham called out to her, "I overcame the Curse of Sloth as a result of my own willpower and effort."

His voice was full of pride. It was like he was saying 'I am better than you.' Hundreds of years ago, this attitude would be considered ridiculous. Now it seemed quite plausible. It was hard to take it lightly. Therefore—

"It was madness, not effort. It is an achievement at the expense of your blood." She became somewhat emotional. She somehow stopped the body that wanted to go back and lie down in the coffin right away. Braham was delighted after noticing her change. He realized he might have the upper hand in his relationship with her and pulled out his cards.

"Now that I've regained my strength, I can resolve your curse."

Bow down. Hold onto my trousers and beg me to solve this terrible curse that has eaten at you all your life.

Braham sent her a look with this meaning.

"...I will kill you if you say anything else." Marie Rose glared. Her expression was cold like her sleepiness had fled. Even killing intent was felt.

".....?" Braham was flustered by the unexpected response. He thought she would think about it for a while but she didn't consider it at all. He couldn't understand it. From the moment of her birth until now—Marie Rose had been suffering from the Curse of Sloth all her life. He would want to shake off this curse even if it meant selling his soul. He never thought she would so coldly kick away this chance to escape from the pain that would last forever.

'You don't want to be in my hands, even if it means suffering for the rest of your life?'

Braham clicked his tongue.

There was actually a reason Marie Rose responded sensitively to the bait he threw out, but... it was a truth that only Marie Rose knew.

The chain of red lightning was sweeping through the battlefield. By the time Marie Rose scattered into fog and disappeared, all the humans on the battlefield had already been rescued from the crisis. All the soul soldiers who were attacking the humans were burned by the lightning and disappeared. It was a sight worth being called a miracle.

"Gasp...Gasp...?"

Death. I am really going to die. It is okay if I die. The problem is if I die without saving Braham.

Peak Sword, who was trembling in a chaotic state, belatedly came to his senses and looked around. The radius of five meters around him was empty. It was due to the forest of red lightning rising from the ground. Every time the fearless soul soldiers entered the forest, they were scattered into piles of ashes.

“This...?” Was it Kyle?

Peak Sword widened his field of view. Just like himself, there were people everywhere who were being helped by the baptism of unidentified lightning. Kyle was one of them. He followed Kyle’s quivering gaze and saw Braham’s back. Braham stood firmly despite being in tatters. The back that appeared between the torn shirt... it was clean without any damage. Gamigin’s hooves had definitely pierced that back and protruded out...

“Eh...?” Peak Sword couldn’t understand the situation but he straightened his body. The main feature of the Overgeared members was that they adapted well to changes. Perhaps it was because they had been watching Grid transcend their imagination without even trying for a long time.

“Sigh.” His right arm had recovered thanks to taking medicine for the fracture during the battle. His left arm was almost re-attached. Instead, he was on the verge of running out of health, but it wasn’t time to rest.

Gamigin stared at Braham while stomping her hind legs. She was like a bull just before charging, although she was clearly a horse.

Peak Sword thought, ‘I’ll protect him.’

Braham’s magic was different from ordinary magic. He could use long-distance teleportation like it was Blink. Braham could escape as long as there was a short gap. Peak Sword didn’t delay any longer after knowing this. He left the area of lightning and shot forward like an arrow. He jumped into the enemy camp alone. He ignored the spears and blades of the soul soldiers that pierced his armor and cut at his flesh.

His sharp gaze was on Gamigin, who stood in the distance. His hands never left the sheath and hilt.

The 4th Great Demon—the one who surpassed the penalty of the human world and showed off the dignity of one of the world’s strongest existences. Peak Sword didn’t shrink back while rushing at her.

Only once. In order to create that one opportunity, his mind focused only on his fingertips while he gave his flesh and bones to the souls.

‘I can do it.’

The 10 meritorious retainers of the Overgeared Kingdom was a position everyone looked up to. It always received attention. Proof of his qualifications was asked anytime and anywhere. Of course, he accepted. It was with a desperate desire so he wasn’t cursed for being in this position.

Peak Sword’s rushing body gradually tilted downward. His jaw was about to sweep over the ground. His unprotected back was stabbed by the souls’ swords and spears and the distance between his stretched out feet was distorted, but he didn’t stop accelerating.

‘Draw Sword, Falling Tiger Bite.’

A flash of light sprang from Peak Sword’s fingertips. There was no sound. The process of pulling out the sword was accelerated by the thumb of the left hand on the crossguard of the sheath and it wasn’t a speed that sound could chase.

“.....!” The sudden appearance of ‘Beriache’s daughter’ and Braham whose atmosphere changed because of her. Gamigin had been feeling danger and wariness toward Braham. Now she noticed Peak Sword for the first time. She detected and reacted to the intangible sword energy bearing a tiger’s spirit.

This mishap occurred due to her transcendent senses. Gamigin’s body, which had been gathering driving force to rush at Braham, instead shot at Peak Sword. It was the realm of instinct and Gamigin became flustered.

The moment Gamigin’s body suddenly filled his entire vision, Peak Sword laughed. He wasn’t pleased by the sight of his strike leaving a deep wound on her chest. He was just relieved to see that Braham’s figure on the edge of his vision had disappeared.

‘That’s... fine.’ It was enough if Braham could flee safely. It was a pity that Titan would perish in this way, but... he heard that many people had already fled. They could always recover and get revenge in the future as long as people survived.

Peak Sword was relieved as he faced Gamigin’s hooves that were right before him. He accepted the certain death that he was prepared for from the beginning. This was until Braham’s voice was heard. “How presumptuous.”

Peak Sword was stunned. Braham, who he thought had fled using Teleport, was standing in front of him. Braham was even holding Gamigin’s forelegs with both hands. His hands held each leg tightly and he endured the weight that could explode the ground with just wind pressure.

“Huh?” Peak Sword unknowingly cried out foolishly. He couldn’t accept the situation in front of him. It was natural. Braham was the legendary great magician. His stats were centered around intelligence. Inevitably, his body must be slow and weak. He confessed to himself that he would never win if he fought against a Sword Saint. Yet now he blocked Gamigin’s attack. He used his bare hands to block the 4th Great Demon’s attack, which was not inferior to the Sword Saint’s swordsmanship in terms of pure destructive power.

Braham frowned. “Don’t come out again.”

It was a warning to Peak Sword, not Gamigin. He wasn’t very happy about the situation in which he threw himself to protect others. It was exceedingly awkward.

Braham’s shirt expanded and burst. The veins and beautiful muscles of his forearms appeared to the world as he held Gamigin’s legs. The body of a direct descendant—it was a body inherited from the lineage of Beriache. It wasn’t an exaggeration to call it superhuman strength after a great magician’s muscle strengthening magic and the body strengthening using blood circulation was added.

“Yooooooooou!!!” The astonished Gamigin’s body floated high into the sky. It was the aftermath of being thrown by Braham and influenced by gravity magic. She was unable to adapt quickly to the gravity that was transmitted differently to each part of her body and floundered helplessly.

Braham’s red eyes flashed. He used his awakened consciousness to control the blood in his body and restore the loss of his mana core. It forcibly restored his temporarily paralyzed magic circuits. This meant that the cooldown time of his previously used magic was artificially eliminated. He got internal

injuries from the high cost but he didn't care. The Duke of Wisdom's computational ability trusted the resilience of a direct descendant.

"Punishment."

A red sphere was shot. It was a form of destruction. The lower body of the 4th Great Demon was crushed.

Chapter 1500

The 1st ranked black magician, Rose, was the first player to become a demon and she was known as a self-made person. She was highly regarded since the Yatan Church had been in a very difficult situation when she was a Yatan's Servant. She was often treated as a cockroach. She survived tenaciously even though she was hostile to Grid and the Overgeared members and became a candidate for a great demon. It was clear that she was a much better player than Veradin.

The power that Rose gained after becoming a demon was the magic power of hell that could interfere with mental power. There was nothing special about it. It seemed shabby compared to the fraudulent power of some demons. The comforting thing was that she had inherited the magic she accumulated during her days as a black magician. Thanks to this, she easily surpassed other players.

'I'm glad I wasn't a fool for becoming a demon.'

The Behen Archipelago had been turned into a battleground.

A deep smile spread across Rose's face as she ran and slaughtered humans. An omnidirectional invasion operation that considered the overall difference in abilities between demons and the human race.

There was the simultaneous creation of 33,333 portals across the continent to attract some demonic creatures and demonkin, as well as some great demons who they couldn't communicate with. Meanwhile, the main forces launched an attack on the Behen Archipelago and the Abyss. This operation was designed to keep a very small number of humans in check.

Grid and his apostles who were notorious in hell, Yura and Ruby who started to rise recently, Kraugel...

The 13th Great Demon, Beleth, who was in charge of the vanguard, was wary of the power of a handful of humans. He expanded the battlefield to prevent these people from gathering together. It was an operation that could be carried out because most demons and a significant number of demonic creatures were stronger than humans. There were many demons who ridiculed and opposed the plan, wondering why they set up such an operation against humans. However, it was meaningless.

Beleth was the king of madness. His angry violence had always gone beyond the norm. He killed his own species without hesitation. He used the most primal law of fear on the demons who were governed by the logic of power. The protests quickly subsided and the operation was conducted as it was seen now.

[Your level has risen.]

'Sure enough, a winning fight is very fun?'

The human forces guarding the Behen Archipelago were allied forces centered on Valhalla. There were hundreds of thousands of troops, but the number of hell soldiers exceeded that. The named NPCs to be

wary of were 11 great swordsmen knights and two great magicians. There were only around 50 high rankers. Not many of them had a one-on-one advantage against a demon.

Only one person—the commander of the allied forces, God of War Ares, who gained power ‘in proportion to the forces he commands,’ showed an overwhelming combat prowess. He even boasted great items, but he was tied up by the 24th Great Demon and couldn’t exert a great influence

This great demon, who took over the 24th position and replaced the dead Nebiros, was a newcomer and the prevailing evaluation was that he was inferior to his predecessor, but he gained the upper hand over Ares. Ares looked precarious, like a string pulled tightly. It was clear that the more allied soldiers that died, the weaker he became. He wouldn’t last long.

Rose was fully relaxed. The demonic creatures and demonkin in front blocked the enemy’s magic and arrows. She mixed into the gap of powerful demons and carried out a one-sided slaughter. There was a sense of stability. She felt a chilling pleasure, especially when killing players. It was an easy plundering of experience and items that others had accumulated with their efforts. It was fun to trample on other people’s efforts and use them as sacrifices to grow. It was worthwhile to become a demon. She felt good because it was like paying back the hypocrites who criticized her.

‘Every person has a different path. My path deserves respect too.’

They just wished they could be demons. They were hypocrites.

“Rose...! Are you still a human?!”

“Don’t you know just by looking? I am a demon!” Rose deliberately and brutally killed a player who criticized her at the moment of death and licked the blood on her fingertips.

Was it due to the setting of demons using humanity as food? The act of killing a human gave her all sorts of buffs. Restoring her health and mana were just the basics.

“Kya! The best! It is really the best!” She was fascinated with the sense of omnipotence she had never known before. It was the sense of stepping foot into a new world. Wouldn’t the pleasure that Grid felt as a god be hundreds of times greater than this? Rose genuinely wondered if he could hold on without being broken.

‘I’m certain that Grid will be a tyrant sooner or later.’

So far, many players who had become nobles had become corrupted by power. Compared to them, Grid was really like a saint, but...

How long would the hypocrisy last? Now that he became a god and gained a different dimension of power, Grid would soon follow in the same footsteps as others.

‘I want to see it soon. The appearance of people despairing at the gradually changing Grid.’

She was looking forward to it. At that time, she would probably join Grid’s side.

Rose was smiling with ecstasy when she came back to her senses. At the entrance of the Behen Archipelago, which was the stage for the war...

Dozens of warships appeared on the horizon behind it. They were colorful and huge ships even when looking at them from a distance...

They seemed to show off their affiliation. It was as if they had no rival on the vast ocean.

Rose was convinced when she saw the flags on the warships with her demon eyes.

'It is the navy of the Overgeared Kingdom.'

They had been noticed moving to Siren, and it seemed they rushed straight here without returning to Cokro Island. Then a new force appeared on the horizon in front of her. The types of flags were varied. It was the reinforcements from the allied forces. The Overgeared members and Valhalla's generals in the forefront stood out.

'The hell expedition team seems to have returned, but they are in bad shape... Luck, the leader of the three generals is absent. Out of the 10 meritorious retainers, there are only Regas, Pon, and... Jishuka?'

There were five great demons here as well as hundreds of demons who showed combat power beyond the high rankers. The allied forces believed they could stop the hell army with this much power? Seriously? Rose was scoffing when a bleak voice permeated her mind. Beleth was delivering his message to all the demons on the battlefield.

""Keep the formation while the monarchs will guard the coast.""

'Why is he wary of the navy?'

Rose bit her lip. There was a legend among the enemy soldiers coming with the horizon behind them. Bow Saint Jishuka—she was the opponent they should be most vigilant about in the current war. As far as Rose knew, there were no strong people in the Overgeared Navy. The high ranker called Soldier had the best power. He had a very low reputation even considering the fact that the military classes tended to be somewhat closed off. It wouldn't be strange if he was killed by a great demon in the 30s.

Yet Beleth was concentrating power on the shore even though he didn't seem to know who Jishuka was.

'It isn't a big threat even if the water clan king fights. I would like to advise him that it is better to maintain the battle lines.'

However, her head would be smashed the moment she brought it up. Beleth was so ferocious that she was reluctant to deal with him.

It happened as Rose was hesitating...

The symbol of Jishuka covered the sky. The illusion of the eastern god cast a huge shadow over the battlefield and the waters surrounding the island bubbled. The terrible heat was just a precursor. Soon, a rain of fire poured down. The power was different from the past. In particular, the hit rate was at a fraudulent level. Even if they took cover using various topographical features and the bodies of demonic creatures were used as a shield, arrows would fly from somewhere and pierce their bodies.

Rose made a pained face while recalling the analysis of an expert. The analysis compared Grid's field of view skills with Jishuka's field of view skills. He speculated that Jishuka's vision must resemble a satellite.

Of course, she believed it to be a ridiculous interpretation. She dismissed it as a delusion. Now after experiencing it, she realized that the analysis of the expert was accurate. The days of unreliable professionals were really over.

“”Is that an apostle of the Overgeared God? Mines were planted on both sides...””

Even Beleth couldn't idly watch Jishuka's bombardment. The accuracy and destructive power were too good to be taken lightly. It was powerful enough to reverse the war.

[Your insides have been shaken by the Breaking Evil Arrow.]

[Your demonic energy has scattered. Your flesh and magic power won't be able to benefit from the demonic energy.]

[All stats will drop slightly until your demonic energy recovers. There will be a problem using magic and skills.]

[Defense has decreased slightly. Resilience has decreased significantly.]

'What is this?!' Rose's appearance after she became a demon was generally sharp. Her eyes had become fierce, but at this moment, they were so round that it was no different from her human days. She was surprised at the effects that stacked up every time Jishuka's arrows hit her body. The mana shields that she deployed intensively over each vital point were being scattered.

“The demonic creatures can't use their strength!”

“Now! Push them!”

The morale of the allied forces pierced the sky. Their wounds and health were restored thanks to Jishuka's rain of fire and they became bold. On the other hand, the hell army struggled like they had fallen into a swamp. The low-grade demonic creatures and demonkin continually turned into ashes or were seriously injured.

“”The monarchs will protect the formations. I will take care of the coast.””

Eventually, Beleth stepped forward himself. He abandoned his passive attitude of standing and commanding in the middle of the battlefield and pulled out a spear from his subspace. At the same time, he expressed his power. The rain of fire from the sky stopped at once. It was a sight that seemed like a lie. It was like a video had stopped playing.

The power to control objects without a master.

The projectiles that left their master's hands naturally couldn't escape his power. In the past, Grid's sword energy had been controlled in this way.

The stationary scene was played back. The stopped rain of fire in the air returned on the path they had come from.

The reporters and streamers hiding throughout the battlefield and relaying the war were frozen and couldn't convey the situation properly to viewers. They were mesmerized by the sight they couldn't

believe even after seeing it. Due to this, viewers only saw the rain of fire rising back into the sky. The scene of it reaching the other side and devastating the allied forces was inferred only by sound.

Beleth flew to the coast. He skipped several kilometers with a single leap. Unlike Titan, where it was early morning just before dawn, the Behen Archipelago was colored by the sunset.

Beleth's face was as distorted with anger as always as he stood on the golden sea and faced dozens of warships. However, his eyes were cold. There was a strong sign of patience despite his angry nature. What was making him so cautious? Rose and all the demons with intelligence questioned it. They sensed that the situation was unusual due to Beleth's strange appearance.

"Don't tell me that Grid is here?" The reporters and streamers were full of expectations. A battlefield largely divided between the Abyss and the Behen Archipelago. Out of the two, the area where Grid appeared could secure many viewers.

In this chaotic atmosphere, Beleth swung his spear hard. The water shining like gold due to the sunset split in half, revealing the true dark core. Dozens of warships shook precariously. Four warships were hit directly by the shockwave and sank in pieces.

Killing the opponent at the very beginning of the fight.

It was a powerful armed force worthy of the one who had defeated Grid.

-Eh?What is this?

The speechless viewers discovered something. It was a red glow from a pair of eyes lurking quietly beyond the fluctuating waves. The reason why they noticed it wasn't a simple light but a pair of eyes was because it had locked eyes with Beleth. The shining eyes that caught everyone's attention soon disappeared like a lie.

The perspective of the cameras of the reporters and streamers expanded dramatically. Then they caught it. The owner of the red lights had appeared behind Beleth. It was wearing a black robe. There were strange magic circles and spells engraved on the white bones. It was probably due to this reason that the overbearing pressure was considerable.

A lich—it was the moment when the so-called King of the Undead entered the battlefield. It stood alongside the great demon so naturally that it seemed to be a reinforcement sent up from hell.

They were mistaken.

Beleth's spear penetrated the lich's face. No, it penetrated the afterimage that the lich left behind and scattered it. The lich had shifted back 10 meters. It was a strange scene. No sense of movement was felt.

""You smell like something I smelled in the past. The human who was hunted by me. Now I'm told he is the Overgeared God. I heard his apostles are great, but I didn't expect there to be a lich as well.""

[Be polite when discussing My Liege...]

At the same time, the audience got goosebumps. Unlike normal undead, there was an imposing demeanor and splendid effects that left a black afterimage with every action. There was also an eerie voice...

What was the identity of the lich that was unusual at first glance?

Haksen with the highest point magic or Jessica with the echo magic...

The viewers gulped as they recalled the great legends.

Boom!

The storm that was created by the bombardment of arrows falling toward the middle of the battlefield—it caused the robe covering the lich to flutter and come off. The name that was revealed was ‘Overgeared Skeleton Two.’

-Ah...

The viewers had sweaty hands as they lamented in unison. It had many meanings.

At Asgard...

“The people are calling me.”

Martial God Zeratul, who was sitting on a golden cloud and meditating, rose from his spot. The justification to go down to the surface was enough. The power that the war-ravaged people craved—the form of that power was the martial god.

Since ancient times, war and starvation had been the greatest driving force in freeing Zeratul. It was an opportunity to create numerous followers.

“Before that... I will first punish the fake god.”