

## Overgeared 1531

### Chapter 1531

[Do you really want to leave the Judar Church?]

The forces of the Judar Church were greatly reduced. Many players left even though they received a big penalty because they failed to meet the apostasy conditions. It was due to the rumors that God Judar was supporting the demons. It was a horrible rumor. If this was confirmed, the entire Judar Church would suffer losses. It wasn't a situation for them to be reluctant to face penalties.

'The rumors are probably true.'

The players didn't trust God Judar. They accepted Judar's betrayal as a fact. The emergence of Raphael was too great. The attitude of the 1st ranked archangel, who appeared and indiscriminately attacked Grid and all the players at the Abyss... it became an opportunity to lose even the remaining faith.

From the perspective of Asgard, the angels should be trolls. The angels' actions were bizarre enough to create such doubts. It was dangerous because there was no ordinary side and it actually caused several storms in the aftermath.

In any case, a change came to the world as the forces of the Judar Church weakened. People's condition had improved over the past two days. Many people remembered how to use tools again. Judging from the situation, Judar seemed conscious of public opinion. Or perhaps it was simply the end of the duration of his power.

Unfortunately, it was likely the latter. It was because the invincible state of the demonic creatures remained. They didn't receive damage unless their weak points were attacked.

Judar's power was still persisting in some parts. However, people didn't feel much of a threat. They became accustomed to looking for and targeting the weaknesses. The less intelligent the demonic creatures, the more prone they were to protect their weak spots. This made it all the easier to target it.

[Your level has risen.]

Across the continent, pillars of light symbolizing level ups continued to rise. The people who recently gained the most levels were Grid and his parents.

"I've broken through level 100! Am I finally out of the newbie zone?"

"No. Now we've graduated from the double digit level."

"???"

This was originally a hunting ground popular with players in the level 180 range. After the great human and demon war started, it was recommended for players above level 200, and after Judar's intervention, for players above level 230. Many people thought it was suspicious that a middle-aged couple, covered in luxurious equipment, were pretending to be newbies.

Of course, the parties involved weren't aware of it. It was because they were telling the truth. The idea that it might seem suspicious was impossible for them.

“Shall we take a rest?”

“Yes. Our daughter-in-law must be bored.”

They had a fate-like love in university, married early, and had children. In order to eat and live, they focused on work rather than discipline. Due to that, their first child wandered a lot. Every time they looked back on it, they felt apologetic and regretful. They were thankful that their son found success on his own after he finished wandering.

Grid’s parents had no choice but to adore Irene. She was the woman their proud son chose. Of course, she wasn’t a real human... this was why they tried to suppress their interest. However, they realized it recently. Irene was also a living being. She had a clear warmth that made people around her happy due to her good heart and thoughtful actions.

At the main temple of the Overgeared God Church...

“...Um?”

Grid’s parents picked wildflowers and returned to visit Irene, who they thought would be lonely, only to feel a strange sensation. The atmosphere of the temple was different than usual.

First of all, a farmer was plowing a field.

“What? That man doesn’t know the occasion?” Grid’s father revealed his displeasure. He immediately approached and tried to talk to the person who was digging at the flowerbeds that his daughter-in-law cherished.

His wife stopped him. “Don’t get too agitated and look carefully. He is planting pumpkins.”

“...Um, it is basic. He is wrapping it without harming the trees.”

“The gap is very good. I’m looking forward to the flowers blooming. The yellow pumpkin flowers will make the colors of the flowers planted by our daughter-in-law even prettier.”

“Is he a landscaper, not a farmer?”

Grid’s parents had been engaged in agriculture for decades. They worked hard to make sure their house, with their two children, was always warm in winter and cool in summer. At the very least, there was no need to worry about heating and cooling costs.

Therefore, they had a discerning eye. They inferred the identity of the man with a straw hat on and working in the field.

‘Is he perhaps Piaro?’

They heard that their son liked Piaro a lot. The farmer looked up as they approached to say hello. He was too young to be Piaro. He was in his mid-30s.

“Outsiders aren’t allowed in this place. If you have come to pray, why don’t you go back the way you came?” The short words were spoken by the farmer in a very free-spirited manner, giving off a subtly Western way of talking.

The expression of Grid's father cooled down as he responded, "Pumpkins aren't planted like that."

He was a man who was a troublemaker until he became a father. He had a tendency to lose his temper. If he hadn't met a good girl and got married young, he would've been a headache in his neighborhood.

"Huh?"

Farmer Hurent smiled, revealing his white teeth. However, his eyes were blazing as he embraced aura. Farmers had the pride of farmers...

In the midst of this unusual atmosphere—

"Intruders?"

Mercedes—after briefly returning to Reinhardt for some reason, she ran over and knocked down Grid's father. It wasn't an excessive suppression. She just pressed down lightly on his neck and twisted his arm. However, Grid's father fell down with a snort. He was equipped with legendary items, but they were low level items. It had little effect against an apostle.

"Kyaak! Father!"

"?!"

Irene's scream caused Mercedes to pale.

"...I didn't know."

Hurent roughly grasped the atmosphere and hid behind a tree.

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"I'm sorry! I'm really sorry!"

The temple of the Overgeared God Church was in a very sensitive state. It had become the residence of the highest ranked person in the Overgeared Kingdom—Irene. If suspicious people appeared then immediately subduing them was correct. The problem was that Grid's parents weren't suspicious. In the first place, their identity verification was completed if they could enter the garden in the middle of the day. Mercedes and Hurent had just returned from the battlefield and were more vigilant than they needed to be.

"Oh my... It's fine."

Grid's father had a kind smile on his face. The impression he gave off was completely different from when he faced off with Hurent. His sharp eyes that resembled Grid's eyes curved in a smile and it was like his previous expression was a lie.

"You are called Miss Mercedes? I'm grateful that you always take care of our son."

"Ahh...! I-I am...! T-To His Majesty...!!"

Mercedes' wide eyes spun around. She didn't know what to do when the father of her liege bowed politely and thanked her. She seemed like she was about to kneel on the ground and bow. It was truly shocking for those who had known Mercedes for years. With a noble and upright personality, and an

expression that was said to be like a blade—it was rare to see her so fidgety and apologetic. There was no sense of reality.

After that, Mercedes chatted with Grid's parents while not knowing whether to drink the tea with her mouth or her nose. Obviously, the conversation went well. She didn't remember the conversation at all, but her face kept smiling. She succeeded in maintaining an awkward smile out of her desire to show a good appearance. —Probably.

"...Huh?"

Mercedes belatedly came to her senses and stiffened like a stone statue.

Why was the door to her room in front of her?

Her trembling eyes looked back toward Queen Irene, Prince Lord, and her liege's parents, all of them who were having a warm conversation.

"Is showing each other's rooms what kids do these days?"

"It isn't that. It is a popular game among nobles. Our grandchild is a prince, so no one is intervening."

"There are many interesting games... indeed, this will be fun. It is no wonder why there are so many shows that let you see a celebrity's house."

"Sir Mercedes' room will have a bunch of swords and armor on display, right? I think it is really cool to feel a knight's ethos. I am really looking forward to it!"

"Prince, your dignity..."

"....."

Mercedes' face turned red as she grasped the situation. She couldn't open the door. It was because her room was full of evidence explaining why Picasso, the artist, was rich. Prince Lord's expectations of a knight's ethos... there were no traces of it.

"Sir Mercedes?" Lord urged her. His eyes were so pure that it brought her a greater burden. There was added pressure because her liege's parents were looking forward to it. Mercedes would rather die than see that expectation turn into disappointment.

'Pervert... they will misunderstand me as a pervert...'

The most important problem was that it might not be a misunderstanding. Mercedes's hand on the doorknob trembled.

"Let's stop." Just then, Irene spoke. "I think this is wrong. Do nobles show each other their rooms with pure intentions? Isn't it a means used by a handful of nobles to satisfy their low desire to show off?"

Surprisingly, there was no backlash. Grid's parents immediately nodded.

"Yes, absolutely."

"As expected, our daughter-in-law is thoughtful. We are adults, but we are learning from you. I feel reassured that you are next to Grid."

Prince Lord was also convinced.

The relieved Mercedes suddenly met Irene's eyes. She noticed consideration in the way Irene smiled and nodded. Mercedes felt deep respect.

'The legal wife is different.'

Her senior was worthy of respect. This was a fact that she had felt for a long time. Someday, when they became a family, she was confident that they would get along well without envy. It was a day when Mercedes' secrets were kept...

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It was before leaving to go on an adventure.

Grid came back after meeting Irene and stood in front of a huge coffin.

Zik's body—to be precise, the 'body of the grandmaster' lay in the coffin. The grandmaster's body didn't decay at all. The skin was elastic and full of vitality. He seemed alive so it was strange to see him lying in a coffin.

[Haksen is intrigued by the remnants of high magic.]

[Filewolf is informing you that this is an ancient spell using runes.]

The souls of the legends and heroes who treated Grid as a haven were unexpectedly helpful. They provided old history and information that Grid didn't know, or gave advice based on their specialties. Of course, the souls of the heroes didn't have distinct egos, unlike the souls of the legends. The quality of their information was poor. Still, it was better than nothing.

Grid told them his worries, "I can't decide whether to give this body to Overgeared Skeleton One or Iyarugt. I've already been worrying over it for 10 days."

[Tzudan understands your worries. Both Overgeared Skeleton One and Iyarugt are excellent swordsmen. Of course, when looking at technique alone, Iyarugt's swordsmanship is much better. However, an undead has its own potential.]

[Haksen is advising you. Since ancient times, a 'living dead' has had a unique status. The Specter of the No Offspring Tomb is an example.]

[Filewolf agrees with Haksen's advice. Death knights made of white bone and death knights made of an entire body are said to show off a different dimension of strength. He confesses that they were one of the enemies the wise giants feared most.]

"What about one of you occupying this body?"

[Tzudan is waving his hand.]

[Haksen says it is theoretically impossible.]

[Filewolf says with all his heart that he wants to be one with a magic machine.]

It might be different for a necromancer, but generally, corpses weren't usually judged as items. It wasn't possible. In the first place, Grid's Granting an Ego skill only grants an ego to a target 'item.' He could only give authority to use the body to Iyarugt, who parasitized other people's bodies using the power of a demon, or Overgeared Skeleton One, who had a talent for remodeling its body. Of course, it was possible to make a soulless jiangshi using the jiangshi manufacturing method, but this was too inefficient.

"Um..."

After the conversation with the souls and thinking about it.

"Yes, I've decided it will be you."

Grid summoned Overgeared Skeleton One. The one who had been completely pushed out of the ranking fight ever since Overgeared Skeleton Two became a lich. The pitiful thing had a lost expression as its shoulders drooped. Well, it was a natural consequence of its own actions.

"Be reborn."

Grid didn't speak long words. He showed Overgeared Skeleton One the grandmaster's body and gave a brief order. This was enough.

A dark wave of light rose. It was a wave of power that broke the ceiling of the smithy and pierced the sky.

## **Chapter 1532**

"....."

The place where the ceiling should be, or used to be, was blue. Today, a particularly clear sky covered the smithy like a blanket. Were they intentionally messing with him?

Grid seriously doubted it as he stood in the collapsing smithy. It was a natural flow of thought. Why did the smithy fall apart? He was worried that Rabbit would be in an extreme state of collapse.

[Overgeared Skeleton One's evolution has been completed.]

The notification window woke him up from his thoughts. The reason for the blue sky was gradually descending.

A purple light that flashed between dark magic power. The emitted heat that evaporated clouds was unusual.

[Allegiance to Your Majesty...]

The appearance of Overgeared Skeleton One kneeling in front of Grid was surprisingly unfamiliar. He looked like Zik, but different. Perhaps it was because the skin and hair were discolored white or because the eyes were emitting a red light. Or perhaps it was due to the dark magic power that was like armor. The biggest reason was that his body had grown in size. It seemed to be a natural change in the process of combining and reconstructing the bones of Overgeared Skeleton One and Zikrefector.

A tall knight who gave off a cold, frost-like impression—Grid confirmed the details of Overgeared Skeleton One, who was proud of the change.

[Name: Overgeared Skeleton One

Level: 430]

First of all, the level was normal. He rose to the same level as Overgeared Skeleton Two did when it became a lich.

‘For the time being, Overgeared Skeleton Two will have the upper hand.’

Overgeared Skeleton Two was currently level 461. It was because it reached the fourth class advancement first and played a big role in the war.

‘In any case, the important thing is the class name.’

Grid would be a bit upset if Overgeared Skeleton One was a dancing knight. The incident in which Overgeared Skeleton Two became a dancing lich remained a trauma.

[Class: Dancing Death Knight Who Speaks Ancient Languages]

“.....”

Grid confirmed the class name of Overgeared Skeleton One and closed his eyes with a sorrowful feeling. He took a deep breath again and again to control his mind.

‘Really... do whatever you want.’

No matter whether it was tap dancing, waltzing, acrobatics, or strip dancing, it was all part time...

Currently, the most important thing was skills. If this guy could play an active role like Overgeared Skeleton Two, that was enough.

Grid consoled himself and opened the list of stats and skills. A smile naturally appeared.

First of all, the strength and agility had increased significantly. With 4,000 strength and 4,500 agility, it was a stats ratio suitable for swordsmanship. The ratio of stamina was low for a knight, but this was only when discussing the ratio. At 3,500 stamina, even this was superior to knights of the same level. It was a shocking level considering that a death knight’s shortcoming was usually its weak defense.

Besides that, there was also the insight stat, like Overgeared Skeleton Two. The figure was even 2,000. Combined with the high agility, it would be sublimated into a powerful weapon. Overgeared Skeleton One would be able to respond to most attacks with his unstoppable dynamic vision. Unless it was a legend or a transcendent, it would be difficult to inflict a fatal injury on Overgeared Skeleton One.

‘Even his intelligence has increased tremendously.’

3,000 intelligence—it was obtained by absorbing the body of Zikfrector, who could use the ‘rune language,’ but it was safe to say that Overgeared Skeleton One was more like a magician than a death knight.

‘He overwhelms Overwhelming Two just based on the total of stats.’

A death knight was also a knight. A knight represented a balanced class, and the biggest strength of a balanced class lay in the total stats. Unlike other classes with distinct strengths and weaknesses, they showed equal strength. The disadvantage was that there was no obvious advantage. However, Overgeared Skeleton One could use the rune language, so this disadvantage disappeared.

[Understanding and Utilization of Ancient Languages Lv. 5 (Unable to accumulate proficiency)]

[Understand and utilize seven runes.

It can be combined into a total of 19 words. The meaning of each word becomes a phenomenon.

Skill Mana Cost: 6,500 for each rune. It is 23,000 per word. The consumption will double every time the number of words increases.

Skill Cooldown Time: 10 minutes per rune.

\* Sentences can't be implemented at this stage.]

'...I will need to use items to raise his mana.'

Grid had thought this amount of intelligence was high, but it wasn't necessarily the case. The mana requirement for the skill was too large.

'It is okay.'

The biggest weakness of a death knight was its low intelligence and susceptibility to divine power. However, this didn't apply to Overgeared Skeleton One. The basic intelligence was high and divine power resistance could be raised by items. It was impossible to point out that it was a weakness just because a large amount of resources was consumed when using the runes.

'Basically, it is correct to interpret it as a death knight with no weaknesses, who even has a weapon called the rune language.'

Above all, there was the most important fact. The rune language wasn't all that Overgeared Skeleton One obtained by taking Zikfrector's body. It was a time when Zik was Zikfrector. He used to be called the grandmaster. In addition to the runes, it had the strength of being versatile.

[All Mastery (Mastered)]

[Passive

Deals with all weapons in the realm of a master.

Based on the knowledge accumulated through various studies, you can speak all existing languages and easily learn anything.

★There is a probability of learning the skills you have experienced. It is up to 10 times. Give priority to acquiring high rated skills first. If the skill slot is full, throw away skills that are less frequently used.]

This was a strength that Zikfrector hadn't shown. There was no chance for him to use it due to the Curse of Sloth. Meanwhile, Overgeared Skeleton One didn't have the curse. Overgeared Skeleton One had inherited the abilities, not the curse, from Zikfrector.



'One thing is for certain.'

The potential of Overgeared Skeleton One was endless. All Mastery was a skill comparable to Overgeared Skeleton Two's Space Distortion. It wasn't exaggerated to describe it as a power.

Clack clack clack!

Overgeared Skeleton Two had been free since becoming a lich. The potential of Overgeared Skeleton One was proven by the fact that the existence who had the right to freely enter and exit Latina's Necklace emerged and knocked on the back of Overgeared Skeleton One's head. Overgeared Skeleton Two felt a sense of crisis...

[This is a place where the king is watching... keep your dignity.] Overgeared Skeleton One spoke in a heavy voice.

There was a greater sense of weight because he had the appearance of a person, not a skeleton. That's right. Looking at the appearance, it was impossible to tell if Overgeared Skeleton One was undead or human.

Clack! Clack clack clack!

Overgeared Skeleton Two danced with its chin colliding. It shook its waist from side to side in a manner that went beyond cuteness to being frivolous. It could speak the human language, but the reason it didn't speak to Overgeared Skeleton One was to let it know they were dead.

Overgeared Skeleton One snorted.

[Communication doesn't work. It is worthy of the being whose brain has become rotten and disappeared.]

[.....]

Overgeared Skeleton Two stiffened like a stone statue. Seeing the dark eyeballs shaking, it seemed like it was going to shed tears.

[Haksen is watching the competition between the undead with interest. It is testament to the fact that intelligence is the cause of all conflicts. He hopes that foolish pacifists will witness this scene.]

[Filewolf is dreaming of becoming one with a magic machine.]

"...Let's go."

It was a world with few normal people. In particular, the higher the status, the more twisted people became. Coincidentally, it was the same for the souls of the ancient legends. It was because they had the experience of living in the world as they pleased. There was nothing rough, so their personality was bound to be wayward.

'Please, let the last apostle be...'

A normal person like me.

Grid left the smithy while eagerly praying. The destination was Grenier. It was a mountainous region that was the home to the recluse, and was one of Satisfy's most prohibited areas. Countless legends and myths were buried there. It was also the place where Tzudan wrote the 'Legend of Five Steps' and met his end.

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The strong had iron rules to follow.

Don't lose.

The reputation of winning over and over again was the evidence of the strong.

White and Black realized this fact somewhat late. They experienced consecutive victories, only to encounter a wall called Grid as an enemy. Every time they suffered a defeat, the reputation of the Black and White sisters plummeted. The small fries they never even heard of criticized them and challenged them. At that time, there was still a lack of awareness that Grid was the supreme one.

In any case, after that—

“Are you crazy...?”

Black and White—the sisters avoided defeat as much as possible. For example, they didn't challenge relatively strong people like the Overgeared members. It meant they had grasped who they were up against. Therefore—

Tremble tremble.

The sisters had enough insight to recognize the strong. It was a type of survival instinct accumulated in the process of trying to maintain their reputation. At this moment, this instinct went crazy. The cause was the Overgeared Skeletons on Grid's left and right sides.

Overgeared Skeleton One and Overgeared Skeleton Two—they were those with names that didn't harmonize with their forceful appearance. Overgeared Skeleton Two was very familiar due to its active appearance in the Behen Archipelago. Wasn't this the monstrous lich who tied up Beleth's feet?

However, Overgeared Skeleton One was unfamiliar. He was a skeleton when they saw him on TV in the past, but now he had become a handsome man. He had shining red eyes and a frosty expression. Additionally, the black magic power covering his body... overall, the energy of death provoked great fear. It was truly terrifying.

It was crazy from the perspective of the sisters.

Items...

They wanted to ask when they would receive their items, but they didn't have the confidence to talk at all. The moment they got closer to Grid, it felt like their heads were going to be cut off. It was such a huge terror.

“What is it?” Grid wondered as he came out of the smithy and found the White and Black sisters. “You should still be taking part in the war.”

The White and Black sisters were a very important combat force on the battlefield. They were classified as named rankers. Infamy could only be accumulated when they had the skill.

They had a strength that belonged to the high rankers, apart from the Overgeared members.

"T...that..." Black lowered her gaze and spoke with a white face. She tried to express the reason for their visit. This was a reflexive response. She was crushed by Grid's dignity and was forced to be honest.

White covered Black's mouth. Unlike her sister, White was a person with a flexible side. "W-We came back briefly because we needed supplies! We will go back to the battlefield soon!"

"There are enough supplies on the field," Grid answered. He had no intention of questioning the sisters. The sisters might've cooperated for the sake of items, but in the end, they were all comrades. Rather, their intention was explicit, so he trusted them. They were also a great help. He didn't want to treat them badly.

Meanwhile, the sisters didn't know Grid's heart. They only paid attention to his low voice and sharp eyes that looked like a bird of prey.

"Hihihik! I-Item! An item is about to be destroyed..."

White quickly thought of an excuse. She exclaimed as she recalled that the durability of her secondary weapon, which she had not used often these days, was low.

'All the blacksmiths on the battlefield are players.'

Except for a few people, their level wasn't very high. Rankers on the level of White would be reluctant to entrust valuable items to them. Grid was convinced and approached with goodwill. "Give it to me."

"Huh?"

"I'll repair it."

"Ah, y-yes..."

White pulled out the item. It was a pair of unique rated gauntlets. The level restriction was only 350, so it had been a long time since she used it. It was just ambiguous to sell it because there was a limit to the number of uses of the skills attached to it. The performance was excellent compared to items of the same level, but after consuming all the item's attached skills, it became meaningless.

"Hmm..." Grid checked the details of the gauntlets before standing in front of the furnace. It was the super large furnace that had regained its smooth appearance thanks to the recent repairs made by Keong and the architects. The Overgeared Skeletons used their blacksmithing skills and the temperature of the furnace soared sharply. In the meantime, Grid was learning how to make the gauntlets by disassembling them.

".....??"

The Black and White sisters were in turmoil. It was strange to see Overgeared Skeleton One and Overgeared Skeleton Two using the bellows. Why were these ignorant monsters using the bellows? Additionally, why was Grid breaking down the gauntlets?

'As expected, he is angry! It is a warning to us! A warning!'

They wouldn't leave the battlefield again...

As the sisters watched, Grid threw the gauntlets into the furnace. The scene of the gauntlets melting in the flames and being pulled out as molten liquid seemed to hint at the future of the sisters.

The pale-faced sisters' thoughts came to a stop.

"Here." Grid handed White the remade gauntlets. It was made in just a few minutes through auto production. Nevertheless, it was better than the original. It was an inevitable result. The Overgeared God's Techniques delivered an item with performance that was better than the design.

"E-Eh...?"

"It is impossible to recharge the number of uses for the attached skills with just repairing. This is why the other blacksmiths couldn't come forward rashly. Come to me later if you need it again."

"....."

"I'm going. Work hard."

"Good... goodbye!"

The sisters stared blankly at the back of the distant Grid and belatedly said goodbye to him. Their smiles were very awkward. It was because they were giving a rare grin with pure intentions.

"...This is better than my main weapon."

"O-Our graduation photos... it has been widely circulated on the Internet... the bad things we've done... Grid knows it all... we were even enemies... I can't help smiling..."

"Yes... that's right..."

The sisters who resented the world due to suffering all sorts of discrimination and hardships for being fat and ugly—they became uncontrollably crooked, but today, for the first time in their lives, they liked someone. It was close to respect. The world looked quite different.

### **Chapter 1533**

The Specter of the No Offspring Tomb, the Gale of the Great Forest, and the Mountain King of Grenier—they were the myth usurpers, or predators.

[Haksen affirms their existence. He claims that if it wasn't for them, tens of thousands of human gods would cause chaos.]

[Tzudan and Filewolf agree.]

It was human nature to create and worship idols. It was because they were weak. Therefore, there was a flood of human gods. It was the reason why the influence was weak when Grid became a god. The existing gods looked down on the gods that originated from human aspirations.

[Haksen analyzed that the development of civilization became an opportunity to promote human aspirations. The greater that human wisdom grew, the more varied the types of wishes. As a result, there are many objects to be idolized.]

“Hmm...” Grid didn’t agree much. It was because he had a history of being active on the East Continent. The yangbans were particularly wary of gods, especially those created out of human aspirations. They were jealous. Of course, it could also be a simple sense of inferiority. It was because they were artificially cultivated god-candidates. However, Grid knew that the martial god, Chiyou, was also born from human aspirations.

‘It could be distorted in many ways.’

Human gods were overflowing...

Grid had heard such words several times. However, was it true? Grid had never seen the same existence as himself. All that came to mind were a few indigenous gods served by the monks. All of them were gods treated as precious in one specific area. For example, the four gods of the east. But to call them trivial and common...

He wondered if the reason such prejudice was brought to the world was due to some strong willpower to degrade the value of human gods.

“By the way, Tzudan, you are affirming the myth usurpers as well? Weren’t you killed by the Mountain King?”

[Tzudan confesses that the cause of death lay with himself. He explains that he invaded the Mountain King’s territory first.]

“.....”

Grid’s expression stiffened slightly. It was due to nervousness. He noticed one definite fact. It was that the prestige of the myth usurpers was greater than expected.

‘It is a level that can kill a legend.’

Wasn’t it safe to say it was even a god-grade? Thinking about it, it was natural for it to be at the level of a god. The myth usurpers had existed even before the fall of the ancient gods. It meant they had lived for thousands of years, not hundreds. It was difficult to estimate how high their status would’ve risen over those long years.

Just look at how hell and Asgard were unwilling to clash with the myth usurpers. The evidence was that none of the portals connecting hell and the human world invaded the realm of the myth usurpers.

‘Is it still too early for me to challenge it?’

At one time, Grid didn’t doubt that he was the supreme one. There were times when he was arrogant because he believed too much in his abilities. It was like a short fever.

The current Grid had a relatively accurate understanding of his own level. At the very least, he knew he wasn’t in the rank to discuss invincibility. Baal, Raphael, Mir, Zeratul, the dragons, the gods of the beginning, Chiyou, etcetera—there were many powerful beings in the world.

‘When will I be invincible?’

At this moment, Grid didn’t recognize his question as containing supreme arrogance. He had such qualifications.

‘In any case... I can’t step back after coming all the way here.’

Grid had been watching Chris’ performance. Every time Chris wielded a greatsword, dozens or hundreds of demonic creatures turned into ashes. His attack skills were only the 10 Ton Sword, 100 Ton Sword, and 1,000 Ton Sword. His ability to utilize the power of the Tyrant, his second class, was close to amazing. What if Chris changed to a legendary class? He would be really reassuring.

Ever since becoming a myth and being in a position where he couldn’t get a secondary class, Grid wanted his talented colleagues to grow. They were still dependable now, but he wanted to rely on them more.

He calmed his heart in the face of a strong storm and looked at the mountain that was getting closer.

Grenier—it was a stone mountain reminiscent of a bear standing on two feet. The greenery was sparse and bare, but strangely, it was difficult to grasp the structure of the mountain. It felt like all the information conveyed through his eyeballs was distorted.

“It looks very big when looking from a distance, but it is shabby.”

There was no flaw in the high and steep scenery. It was too far-fetched to belittle it as shabby. However, it was a mountain that wasn’t included in a mountain range. It was alone. It even decorated the wilderness alone. It couldn’t help looking shabby.

[Filewolf is showing alertness. He advises you to be careful because there are many compatriots who died after challenging the mountain.]

[Haksen feels the traces of a higher barrier. It isn’t based on magic power or techniques. It is close to a natural phenomenon.]

[Tzudan is warning you not to be dazzled by the appearance. He says he has experienced firsthand that the size of the mountain is much larger than what you can see with your eyes and it is as complex as a labyrinth.]

There was no need for a warning. Grid was fully aware of how dangerous the place was. In Satisfy, it was known as the 9th wonder, 10th wonder, and so on, and it was a place that caused multiple casualties. There were numerous reviews about people being deceived by its unusual appearance and trying to climb it, only to have terrible experiences. In the first place, few people reached here, so it was often treated as a ghost story.

‘It deserves to be treated as a ghost story.’

As with most forbidden areas, screenshots and videos were prohibited here. It was impossible for a person who visited it by chance to give evidence. This showed how great Skunk’s ‘original’ map was that was sent to only a small number of Overgeared members.

On the map made by Skunk, the road to this point was marked in detail. Only the internal structure of the mountain was a question mark. According to Skunk, the structure of the mountain changed every time he entered the mountain.

'He said he had no choice but to give up on the exploration because he died several times without any profit.'

Let me be your guide in the near future.

Grid walked while thinking and notification windows appeared one after another in his vision.

[Tzudan is shrinking back.]

[Filewolf is dissuading you and asking you to think about it again.]

[Haksen is warning you that the flow of mana has stopped.]

"Don't worry, I'll retreat immediately if I feel that it is dangerous."

[You have entered the forbidden area 'Grenier.']

[The natural recovery of mana is prohibited. All types of magic are sealed, including the magic engraved on your magic scrolls and items.]

[The return scroll will be disabled.]

[Haksen and Filewolf are sighing.]

[Tzudan is very annoyed as he reflects on his end.]

"....."

He had expected that there would be restrictions on the use of magic. It was because Haksen had warned that the flow of mana had stopped. He just hadn't expected that the principle of activating the return scroll would also be judged as magic.

'It is okay.'

Grid tried to suppress his panic. He had a means to cope without the return scroll.

[The 'Emergency Return' skill will be activated in the immortal state. Regardless of the concept of time or space, you will return to one of the temples that serves you. However, it must be used within 7 seconds of entering the immortal state. After seven seconds, the skill is deactivated.]

'This won't fail, right?'

Death for a god was deadly. It was directly linked to a drop in status. It was even more so if the opponent was a myth predator. He absolutely couldn't die...

Grid was trying to shake off his uneasiness when he suddenly frowned. Anger surged in his heart.

"No, dammit. Tzudan, haven't you already experienced it? Why didn't you tell me in advance what the risks were?"

[Tzudan explains that it happened hundreds of years ago, and it was also before his death, so his memory is vague. He is crying because he is sorry.]

[Haksen and Filewolf are doubting your personality.]

“.....”

What was the point of teaming up with people (?) who died a long time ago? He was simply being insulted by the dead.

The enlightened Grid shut his mouth and moved forward. The good news was that Tzudan started to recall old memories. The advice he gave to walk in the direction that the pine branches grew was particularly helpful in breaking through the labyrinth.

\*\*\*

Was there anyone who had repeatedly traveled around the world from the moment of birth to the moment of death? Could they really travel all over the Earth? It was definitely impossible. It was physically impossible to visit all the regions and streets in every country, even if they could, by a stroke of luck, travel to every country.

Satisfy boasted a wider area than Earth. Exploring all corners of every place was difficult unless they benefited from a lot of skills. There were also places a person couldn't visit even if they had the benefit of skills.

One of them was Grenier. Unlike the appearance, there were surprisingly a lot of people living on Grenier, which was a fairly large place. A society had formed. The subject of the society were tribes that existed for over a thousand years. The thing they had in common was that they had served the Mountain King for generations. For them, the Mountain King was their only god and the ruler of all nature.

It was evidence that even if Grenier was surprisingly large, it was still just a well in the end. Grenier's natives couldn't estimate the size of the world. They were a very lowly tribe that believed the foolish iron-clad rules formed based on shallow experience and uncivilized knowledge was the truth.

'I am a fool who was captured by these people.'

Player Med couldn't believe his plight.

A wilderness he came across by chance while walking the path of asceticism with the monks serving Debirion—he was thrilled the moment he faced the towering mountain. It was as if a bear was holding up the sky. He intuitively felt that he had approached one of the famous wonders.

He felt it was fate. He interpreted it as the precursor to a hidden quest. He was convinced that Debirion had guided him to Mount Grenier. He felt an obligation to meet the Mountain King. It was even more so because the war was in full swing.

The reason why Med and the monks had embarked on the path of asceticism was due to the great human and demon war. They received a divine message to help the people that were suffering, and wandered around the continent to fight demons.



In this situation, the opportunity to meet the Mountain King came. He naturally believed that the Mountain King would help. Thus, they tried to climb the mountain. The initial start was good. Med was once ranked 33rd in the unified rankings. Even now, he was still a named ranker that was within the top 100 in the rankings. His skills weren't lacking. Besides, he was with his fellow monks. They broke through several traps and labyrinths, and climbed to the middle of the mountain. Maybe he could receive the player's first achievement.

His excitement couldn't calm down easily until he was captured by the mountain tribe...

'We can't communicate with these people.'

He was confident about this because he experienced it personally. Grenier was disconnected from the world. For those who lived here, the world was only Grenier. They didn't know that demons and demonic creatures were causing disasters in the outside world. They naturally didn't know that the disaster would someday reach them. It was impossible to ask them for help.

"Yōkai, hurry up and reveal yourself."

The natives surrounded Med's group, all of them who were tied by ropes and hung upside down. They heated thick iron on fire. The sound of a small and thin knife being sharpened against a whetstone resonated in an eerie manner.

"How can yōkai from outside the mountain look like us? Perhaps it is only by peeling off the skin that they can show their real appearance."

The natives were wearing monster skins. It wasn't an idle threat. They really seemed like they were going to skin him. The woman who spoke to Med's group boasted a particularly ferocious air. The ogre's skull that covered her face like a headpiece seemed to hint at the future of Med's group.

"How many times do I have to say this? We are human beings like you. There are many people living outside Grenier..."

Med was trying to explain when his eyes widened. He was swallowing a scream. The dagger that stabbed his abdomen took away a large amount of his health.

'What is this attack power...?'

Was this a super named-grade? Med reflexively used Reverse Origin. It was one of the ultimate skills of a monk. It couldn't be helped if he wanted to live.

[Your health has been fully restored.]

[Your damaged body has been restored.]

[You will suffer a continuous decline in health. This effect won't stop until your health is at the minimum.]

"It is a magic trick to delay death... they are truly yōkai." The woman's voice became colder. She gave a look and the natives who were sharpening knives approached Med's group. They were holding knives to skin the group one by one.

'This damn thing.'

He was caught in the wrong place. Dying was a deadly loss and the form of death was the worst ever. Perhaps it would remain as a lifelong trauma.

'Why did I dare to climb the mountain?'

It wasn't a prohibited area for nothing. The wonders should've been left as wonders...

Med was deeply reflecting and regretting it when he heard screams and shouts.

The man, who hadn't been there previously, was perceived one step later. He was a man whose hair fluttered even though the wind wasn't blowing. The natives, who had their faces held in his large hands, suffered and kicked both feet in the air.

An orange light clearly spread out from him. The sun seemed to shine again on the cold mountain where dusk had fallen.

"What do I look like?" The man's question caused silence.

#### **Chapter 1534**

It was a world where bizarre cultures were common. There were many areas in the world that were out of reach. The more closed off the place, the more bizarre it was.

'There are really many things that are different from the usual.'

From the very beginning, and just based on the clothing that they wore, Grenier's natives were bizarre. They were covered with monster skins and decorated with skulls. They were wearing outfits worthy of the temperament of skinning people alive.

Grid confronted them casually. He realized the vastness of the world through these bizarre barbarians.

"What...?"

On the other hand, the natives were shocked, like they had been struck by lightning. It was different from Grid, who had witnessed and experienced many things in the world. They were just frogs at the bottom of a well. For those who believed that Grenier was the whole world, the transcendent presence coming from Grid was a concept that was difficult to accept.

"What do I look like?"

"....."

The man who appeared silently and snatched their companions. No one answered Grid's question. There was only silence. Many natives were dazzled by the wave of energy being emitted by the Overgeared God that spread an orange light. The sun that lit up their mornings and day was actually divine. God had descended. God was angry. Etc, etc.

It happened just before the thoughts that emerged uncontrollably in the minds of the natives were expressed in words...

“Hey!” The woman wearing the ogre skull shouted. The veins on her neck bulged as she shouted loudly to cover up her trembling voice. She, the chief of the Removal Tribe, felt fear.

Only a few seconds had passed since an unidentified intruder broke into the scene. Envy filled the eyes of the tribe people looking at the intruder. It was a similar reaction when facing the guardian of the Mountain King. Something that shouldn't happen was about to happen...

“He is a guy who uses very evil black arts! I'm sure he is the king of the yōkai! Block your ears! Shut your mouth! Keep your eyes open! Hold the spear and stab him!” the chief shouted loudly.

She wasn't concerned at all about her companions caught and struggling in Grid's hands. Did what others were being subjected to matter? The natives had lived on the barren mountain and had limited lives. Only their own safety was precious.

“Wahhhh!”

The tribe people of the Removal Tribe obeyed the chief. It was because the chief managed the honey they collected from the cliff at the risk of their lives, and the milk of very precious mountain goats. Submitting to the chief was the only way to enrich their lives.

Just then, Grid split into two people. It wasn't a big deal. He simply summoned Randy.

The doppelganger of the mysterious forest—thanks to Pagma's kindness, he copied Pagma's appearance and abilities, and maintained it for many years. This meant he was familiar with the power of a legend even before meeting Grid. Since then, he had developed steadily alongside Grid. In addition to copying Grid's appearance, he had reached the point where he could implement 50% of Grid's stats. In other words—

“Kuaaaaak!”

“Hiiik!”

The enemies Grid usually dealt with were rare and strong opponents. This meant that Grid often used Randy as a meat shield. However, it was not because he underestimated Randy. It was simply inevitable because the enemies were too strong. Yet when facing ordinary (?) enemies like now, Randy alone was enough.

“B-Black arts...?! That yōkai's black arts is too much... Cough!”

The natives were helplessly thrown aside. The two intruders suddenly swung their hands and feet, and the natives couldn't even respond. They were confused as soon as they saw it.

“T-That person...?”

The monks that were hanging precariously upside down with their ankles tied by the rope—they were caught by barbarians they couldn't communicate with at all and were waiting for death. Now they belatedly came to their senses and looked at the situation.

The fierce barbarian soldiers, who were like beasts and didn't know reason, were reduced to sheeps that were being chased. It was too much to laugh at them for being unseemly. The intruder was too strong. The moment he took a step, he stretched out like a gale. The movement of his fists and kicks was very

beautiful. He occupied all directions with a single movement and neutralized the resistance of the barbarians. They thought he was an unknown strong person who had been honing his fist and kick techniques in the mountains all his life.

This was until they took a closer look at his face.

“Gasp! O-Overgeared God...!”

A monk was different from ordinary religious people. They didn't have the illusion that the god they served was noble and almighty. In fact, most of the gods that the monks served came from an ordinary human origin. The god of hunting, Debirion, was also like this. As a human, Debirion was the best hunter.

He was able to become rich by catching many wild animals every day, yet he distributed the leather and meat to the villagers for free. He only sold it to wealthy people for a reasonable price. It was thanks to Debirion's warmth that the villagers could live while being exploited by their lords. They didn't tremble in the cold thanks to the leather he gave them, and they didn't starve due to the meat he gave them. Debirion even taught people how to hunt well. All the villagers were good at hunting, so he didn't regret it, even if he might have to go hungry. This was his cause until the moment when he died alone in the mountains.

For the monks, gods were such an existence. A worthy and respectable object to learn from, even if there were foolish sides. Therefore, they respected the gods even more. Unlike the followers of the three gods and Yatan, the monks didn't reject the gods served by others. They weren't prejudiced against Grid because he had a human origin, deny him because he wasn't almighty, or disparage him by evaluating his actions. They affirmed he was a god without any such thing.

“Haha... I think Debirion led us to the Overgeared God, not the Mountain King,” an old man with a friendly face spoke. Since he was hanging upside down for a long time, blood flowed as he smiled with a puffy face. He was quite broad-minded. It was a monk's temperament. Monks weren't shaken by trials. The process of patiently overcoming trials was considered training. Of course, this was limited to NPCs.

Med's thinking was extremely normal. He twisted his body and urged his group, “It isn't the time to laugh. We should try to escape in this gap.”

“Huhu, it is hard to break the rope because all our belongings have been taken away.”

“Haha, yes. I should've trained my abs and masticating muscles harder.”

They raised their upper body, bit the rope with the teeth, stopped to recover their breathing, raised their upper body again, and bit the rope. The group kept talking while repeating this. They were relaxed in a manner that didn't fit the urgent situation. They were laughing while sweating and only Med was impatient.

‘It seems I have chosen the wrong class.’

This was an idea he had for a long time. How many crises and deaths had he experienced every time he walked the path of asceticism due to a class quest? If he carried out group activities with the monks, then his survival rate would often drop exponentially.

Gnaw gnaw.

Med grumbled on the inside, but he still acted the same as his group. He raised his upper body and chewed on the rope tied to his ankle. In fact, there was no other way to escape. He didn't have a relationship where he could ask Grid for help.

"How long is it going to take if you try to escape like this?"

".....!" Med was startled. It was because Grid came close to him and asked him a question with a cocked head. His expression was solemn and heavy as he observed the rope.

It had been seven years. The Grid he met in the 1st National Competition was completely different from the current Grid.

"Isn't it possible to use skills?"

Grenier's barrier only blocked the use of magic. In other words, why wasn't he using his skills to break the rope?

The red-faced Med replied in a weak voice, "Monks... don't have a lot of practical skills..."

"It feels like borrowing power to enhance strength. Well, drink this first." Grid passed a potion to Med. He identified that Med's health was being consumed in real time

"What is this...?"

"I think you are going to die."

"No, why are you helping me?"

"Isn't it natural for a person to help others?"

"....."

Satisfy was a competitive society. In particular, rankers had a tendency to regard even their allies as their competitors. It might be common for players to help NPCs on a moral level, but it was quite rare to help players unconditionally.

"...Thank you," Med briefly thought about it before opening his mouth. He gently received and drank the potion that Grid gave him.

Grid looked at the rope.

'It is very tough and hard.'

The rope made of twisted wood was as hard as metal. It seemed to have some type of protection in it. Simply breaking it with force was near impossible.

"It is crazy to try and break it with your teeth. There seems to be some type of seal that can only be released by the shaman who made the rope...?" Med was trying to explain with an awkward expression when his eyes widened. It was because the rope was cut by Grid with just a single swing of his sword. He managed to adjust himself and stand upright just before his head hit the ground. Then he stared blankly at Grid.

Meanwhile, Grid released all the other monks and frowned upon rechecking Med's condition. "Did you use Reverse Origin?"

"Eh? Uh..."

Monks boasted tough vitality, but they were surprisingly weak when it came to endurance. It was because most of their skills were costly. A prime example was Reverse Origin, which restored health and healed wounds when used, but eventually led to death.

[Overgeared God 'Grid' has given you 100 'Highest Quality Recovery Potions.']

Once at the myth rating, the person would be marked as a god, not a player. Med showed an interested expression when he learned this new fact, only to suddenly look baffled.

"What is this again...?"

"I was told that you can pray to Debirion in the mountains. Keep taking this when you need to until Debirion responds. It is a special product made at Reidan's alchemy center, so the effect should be sufficient."

"Why are you going so far for me?"

The effectiveness of Reidan's highest quality potions were famous. He knew the value well, but right now, that wasn't the important issue. Putting aside kindness, Med didn't understand why Grid was showing him this favor.

Grid shrugged. "You are strong. Your war contribution is close to 500. You don't have an affiliation, so this means you must've been busy running around throughout the entire war. You must've helped a lot of people in the process. It is the same for me."

"....."

"If you feel uncomfortable, then do something to pay me back later."

"...Yes, definitely."

Grid smiled. It was good to see Med's determined expression. He felt that there would be one more person he could turn to for help in the future war against the demons and gods. Grid needed more strong allies.

'It is over.'

The surroundings were quiet. Looking back, he saw dozens of natives who had fainted with foaming mouths. The woman wearing the ogre's skull as a headpiece had her bare face revealed and her name was golden.

Med was astonished. 'The doppelganger alone overpowered these ignorant people? In just a few minutes?'

Randy was Grid's long-standing power. Players knew that Randy's identity was a doppelganger. Additionally, monsters had their limits. The dominant prediction was that his performance would

become less prominent as time passed. Yet Randy didn't seem to have any limits. Dozens of natives, who were powerful enough to hold Med captive, were subdued by Randy.

Of course, Med had been caught because his companions were taken hostage. Even so, Randy was much stronger. Med himself knew it best.

"Ohh... As expected of the Overgeared God, you are as strong as the rumors were saying."

"I gained enlightenment thanks to you."

The monks surrounded Randy and spoke to him politely. It was Randy, not Grid, who was mistaken for the main body. It was a normal reaction. Randy did most of the work.

'Even so, it is like this.'

It was a shame that Med should bear. He sighed before bowing to Grid. "Thank you for your help. This is a small token of my sincerity. Please accept it. I'm not saying I will repay your grace with this. I will repay you properly in the future."

[The player 'Med' has given you 'Teachings of the Hunting God.']

Grid was surprised.

#### [Chapter 1535](#)

[Teachings of the Hunting God]

[Rating: Legendary]

Teachings given to the monk who has passed the trial of the hunting god.

The divine protection of Debirion is contained in it.

\* When hunting regular monsters, the probability of obtaining higher rated items will increase by 2% and the amount of experience gained will increase by 1.5%.

\* When hunting elite monsters, the probability of obtaining higher rated items will increase by 3% and the amount of experience gained will increase by 2%.

\* When hunting boss monsters and named monsters, the probability of obtaining higher rated items will increase by 5% and the amount of experience gained will increase by 3%.

★ Overlaps with similar items, skills, and effects.

Weight: 1]

An old board made by cutting down a tree—unlike its ordinary appearance, Teachings of the Hunting God was a tremendous item.

First of all, it worked even if he just had it in the inventory. The effects even overlapped. It played an even greater role for Grid, who had separate experience buffs. Over time, it would give steady results. It was a very excessive reward for his life. Yet Med said that this was lacking.

Grid noticed the reason. 'He isn't just counting his own life, but also the life of his companions.'

The NPC monks—they were valuable companions to Med. He could see Med's character.

"Thank you."

A smile spread on Grid's face as he received the teachings. It felt very rewarding. It wasn't because he got a good item. It felt rewarding because he helped a valuable person. He was convinced that his relationship with Med would surely lead to wonderful results.

"....."

Grid's gaze shifted to the back this time. The natives who came to their senses were trembling. They were kneeling down in front of Randy, not Grid. Randy's expression was arrogant as he slightly raised his chin. He was properly expressing Grid's usual appearance. Of course, Grid's thoughts were different. Randy interpreted it as meeting Grid's needs.

'I don't want to be arrogant like that.'

He had long awakened the virtue of humility. Just look at what happened now. He tried his best to save those in crisis. There was some calculation about Med's debt, but he would've helped even if Med was weak. It had always been like this. It meant he was different from Randy.

'In any case, I can leave it to Randy for the time being.'

Other people didn't realize it because Grid was so busy, but Grid was a king. He was accustomed to leaving work to others. He skillfully managed people. He didn't have to come forward in person. For example, right now.

Grid glanced at Randy, who nodded and opened his mouth, "In order to wake up the Mountain King, we have to defeat the guardians. Tell me where the guardians are."

The chief snorted. "The yōkai king in the mask of a human. You are acting like this without knowing how scary the world is. They are the first chiefs of the four tribes and half-gods born from the Mountain King. It means that you aren't their opponent. How do you have the courage to meet them when your head will fly away due to them."

Yuwel—the chief of the Removal Tribe was definitely a named NPC. However, the natives of Grenier had lost their discerning eye because they didn't know the world's affairs. Like the others, she mistook Randy, not Grid, as the main body. It was a normal reaction. Randy had half the power of Grid. He also just revealed a fragment of that power. From a general point of view, he was peerless. It was impossible to guess he would be a doppelganger.

'Rather, this is good.'

Grid became more comfortable thanks to it. Grid experienced the point of view of the subordinate of an omniscient and omnipotent god. He passed the time knitting while Randy took care of the work.

Randy threatened and tortured the natives to gather the information he wanted. It was an active use of violence. Everything had been learned from Grid. It actually made Grid doubt Randy's personality. 'Is it because he is close to Noe? He is becoming more violent. I don't want him to become too fascinated with his strength.'



“.....”

Meanwhile, Med was staring at Grid with an absurd expression. He was the only one relaxed in this dreadful forbidden area and that made him seem even greater. Looking at the bold nature of entrusting all the work to his pet, Med thought that such a personality was needed in order to become the supreme one.

[Haksen is watching with interest.]

[Filewolf is giving a thumbs up.]

[Tzudan has fallen into a state of collapse.]

Grenier was Tzudan's grave. It was such a dangerous place that it killed a legendary hero. However, Grid seemed to feel no tension. Thus, the reactions were intense.

Of course, Grid's thoughts were different. 'I am also nervous.'

He even had defeat in his mind. It was just that it was meaningless to be afraid. He could only work productively and control his mind.

“Did you say that is the Overgeared God's doppelganger? It is bold to sit and knit while the Overgeared God is working. As expected, the personality resembles the Overgeared God.”

“Haha... After seeing this today, I think I need to imitate the Overgeared God. Every time I experience a trial, I should think about the mindset of the Overgeared God and break through the crisis from the front...”

“What nonsense about breaking through from the front? Then won't you become a suicide unit? Do it moderately and focus on prayers. You will die if Debirion doesn't respond in time.”

In the midst of the turmoil—

“U-Understood! Stop it!” Yuwel finally surrendered. How much was she beaten in the meantime? Her hair was messy and her face was covered in bruises.

“You understand?” Randy cocked his head slightly. He repeatedly folded his long fingers and stretched them out like he was able to form a fist at any moment.

Yuwel prostrated herself. “I understand! I'll guide you to the place you want right now!”

\*\*\*

Grenier—four tribes lived on the mountain ruled by the Mountain King.

The Removal Tribe that explored the beginning and middle of the mountain to hunt monsters. The Seed Tribe that managed the slash-and-burn of fields on the mountainside. The Goat Tribe that raised goats in the highlands. The Great Speaker Tribe that settled at the five waterfalls and prayed to the mountain god every day. They had been faithful to their roles for over a thousand years.

This continued.

In the process, there was a hierarchical relationship and the power of the Removal Tribe became the weakest. It was inevitable they would fall behind compared to the other tribes that produced food or interacted with the Mountain King. They had fought for the mountain for generations, but from the perspective of the other tribes, this wasn't a job. The sacrifice of the tribe was taken for granted from a certain point. People forgot their gratitude.

"They are late." The chief of the Great Speaker Tribe frowned. The sacrifice ritual would begin in two days. The Removal Tribe has promised to hunt as many monsters as possible until then, but there was no news from them.

"Are those small fries going to make the Mountain King hungry?"

"They don't have to worry about starving to death due to us, so it feels like they've lost their tension."

"Don't worry. I've stopped supplies for a while to instill awareness. They must've eaten bark for the past 10 days. They must be in a hurry to fill their hungry stomach."

"Hungry...? Their work must be delayed. Will they have forgotten the offerings for the Mountain King?"

"It shouldn't be unless they are crazy..."

It happened as the discussion between the chiefs continued...

"Are the preparations going well?"

A god descended. He was also the ancestor of the chiefs. Beings born between the first chiefs and the Mountain King over a thousand years ago—the natives of Grenier regarded them as guardian gods.

"Yes, it is going well. Please don't worry."

The chiefs bowed. The chiefs of the Seed Tribe and Goat Tribe were sweating, while the chief of the Great Speaker Tribe explained in a gentle voice. The Great Speaker Tribe was responsible for actually communicating with the Mountain King. It might be a hierarchical system, but he shouldn't be intimidated by the guardian god under the Mountain King.

"Um... By the way, there seems to be an uninvited guest."

The nodding guardian shifted his gaze outside the barracks. Uninvited guest? It wasn't possible. The half-god chief walked out of the barracks. The noisy tribe people could be seen. Yuwel and the black-haired man that were approaching them drew attention.

"Humans...? They are humans like us?"

"Nonsense. The world outside is chaotic. There can be no humans other than us."

The people of the Seed Tribe and Goat Tribe made a fuss.

"That's right. It is a yōkai wearing a human mask."

The chief of the Great Speaker Tribe soon grasped the situation. He grasped the seriousness of the situation through Yuwel's wounded appearance. He would've been greatly flustered if the guardian god wasn't by his side. The guardian god was approaching the yōkai.

“That orange wave of energy is unusual. It is like you are surrounded by the sun, but you are a human,” he spoke to the black-haired man.

The atmosphere fluctuated every time the guardian god took a step.

“It is too much power for a human god to bear. I am going to take it and give it to the Mountain King.”

Gods weren't special objects for the rulers of Grenier. They were just delicious prey. It was natural since they reigned as myth usurpers. Just then, the sound of a loud explosion rang in everyone's ears. It was the aftermath of the guardian god destroying the land. He shot forward like a beam of light and attacked the black-haired man.

The two handaxes drew a half moon and a storm swirled. The moment the half moons crossed, the man's body split into four. Red blood gushed out. It was the blood of the tribe people. The axes' energy stretched out several meters and split apart the bodies of onlookers.

The black-haired man didn't shed a drop of blood. The body, which he thought had been cut, was actually intact. The difference was as thin as a sheet of paper. The attack was avoided by a narrow margin so there was the illusion of being cut.

'This guy... is strong.'

The guardian god immediately grasped the level of the human god. His vigilance was raised. Then the sword of the human god flew toward him. The guardian god dropped the axe from his hand. Then he crossed both hands and grabbed the axe still in the air.

The axe held in reverse naturally blocked the sword. Then the axe in the other hand slashed the human god's chest. It was with an unstoppable force. It contained the experience accumulated after living for a thousand years. Yet it was useless.

The sword of the human god that bounced off the axe moved in a circle, blocking the path of the axe aiming for his chest. It was the use of Revolve. Randy, who borrowed the appearance of a human god, i.e. Grid, produced two effects with one counterattack.

Grid watched from a distance and was very satisfied.

'This guy is admirable.'

The intelligence stat played a more special role for NPCs and monsters. It didn't only increase magic damage, magic resistance, and the mana value. Their actual intelligence increased as well. It was completely different from players. So far, Grid had been forced to invest points in intelligence, but it couldn't be considered a loss. The higher Grid's intelligence was, the more wisdom that was incorporated into Randy's skills.

“Hurry... hurry and call my brothers!” the guardian god, who had his axe piercing his shoulder, cried out hurriedly on one knee. His expression was unfamiliar. There were cracks in the small world of the natives.

## **Chapter 1536**

Flawless skin that shone smoothly, reminiscent of porcelain—Yura, who was on the battlefield, first captured people’s attention with her appearance. However, people forgot about her appearance when talking about her. They were busy praising her and admiring her.

Baaaaang!

The jade-colored magic power stretched out in a straight line and turned all the demonic creatures in its path to ashes. It was an artillery shell with a large strike range and penetration attributes. She naturally targeted the weaknesses of the demonic creatures and overpowered Judar’s protection.

A small number of demons avoided the attack, but they still died in the end due to the wave of jade-colored magic power that dug into their eyes. Yura’s combat style of moving at the same time as shooting and settling things with swordsmanship was very different from the past. She used Hell Leap very quickly and aggressively. The speed that resulted from it reminded people of Shunpo.

“You’ve worked hard! Leave the rear to us!”

It was also thanks to efficient role allocation that Yura could maintain her best condition. The wave of demonic creatures repeated at regular intervals. Additionally, each wave had different types of demonic creatures.

The Overgeared members reduced each other’s burden by choosing battles favorable to them. It was a strategy made by the blood and sweat of the strategist group, who finally established the formula for predicting the interval between waves and the emergence of demonic creatures, and the countless people who conveyed a lot of information to them.

It was safe to say that the allies were of one heart and one mind. They moved in unison to defend the continent. It was possible because there was Grid. A person with absolute force and trust suppressed the division of humanity. It was crazy from the position of hell.

“Since ancient times, humanity has been the incarnation of desire and distrust. It is easy for them to get caught up in temptation, but that trick isn’t working these days...Croak,” Chepardea muttered to himself with an unbearable expression.

The remaining war period was only 11 days. In the next 11 days, the magic power of the Abyss would begin to recover. The space where Sword Demon Zepar had cut would be restored, and hell and earth would become independent again. The portals connecting the two worlds were scheduled to close.

It seemed impossible to achieve the goal of killing and weakening the Overgeared God in that time. The fundamental problem was the difference in power. The military force of the humans was too strong. It was vastly different from what was expected.

The son of Beriache, and Zik of the seven malignant saints—they defended the main bases and were particularly troublesome.

“She is making trouble even when dead. She is truly a persistent and disgusting woman. Croak.”

Beriache was Baal’s nemesis. Unlike Amorract, who initially agreed with Baal’s plan, she opposed and interfered with it from the beginning to end. The essence of hell and so on.

‘A fool who clings to meaningless things.’

“It seems impossible to capture that place.”

Chepardea, who had been lost in thought and swearing to himself, suddenly came to his senses as he heard the voice.

Dantalion’s legacy—the transparent crystal castle was reflecting light in all directions. It was a phenomenon caused by the sunlight cast in hell in the aftermath of the worlds mixing together, and the crystals that were originally black and then were purified. He involuntarily frowned.

“Croak. It seems impossible for such a low-level thing like you.”

Chepardea’s sarcastic expression was cold. He revealed his contemptuous eyes without hiding it. It was completely different from the days when he showed favor even when he tackled Agnus every time.

Chepardea loathed Agnus. It was natural. He didn’t play an active role in the war despite Baal’s direct intervention in giving him support. Agnus was the worst and most failed Baal’s Contractor ever. It was worse than Betty, who was abandoned after Baal completely lost interest. The fact that he was given some of Marbas’ power was a matter of great regret.

“Then I’m glad,” Agnus responded nonchalantly. He regarded Chepardea’s changed attitude as insignificant. No, he accepted it comfortably. It was because he was accustomed to the contempt. He also understood how Chepardea felt.

It was immediately after the start of the war. Agnus’ plan to quickly regain his levels by sweeping through the cities and battlefields was disrupted. The reason was that he was killed by Faker, who followed him like a ghost the moment he came to the human world. The same situation was repeated several times afterwards. He had to suspect if there was a location tracker attached to his body. Due to this, Agnus didn’t grow properly. He often received the penalty of being unable to connect due to consecutive deaths.

He wasn’t really angry.

‘If I am weak, then I should be trampled on.’

It was a truth he realized from an early age. All the humiliation he was experiencing now was a matter of course. It was just retribution for the malice spread when he wandered as a maniac obsessed with the impossible resurrection of his lover. He had no power to resist it. That was all.

In the midst of the moment of silence...

“I’m ready.”

A demon crawled out of the small mirror in Chepardea’s hand.

An oruol—it was a well-known demon to Agnus. Its typical feature was that it crossed space through ‘things that reflected light,’ so it was called the mirror demon.

‘Indeed... If we borrow this demon’s strength, we might be able to infiltrate the black crystal castle.’

Currently, Leraje had fled to the black crystal castle. The great demon who swallowed half of hell's land while the demons were at war—she was only 10th in the ranking, but she was famous for not knowing defeat. Even Chepardea was reluctant to deal with her. However, now things had changed.

Leraje lost her reputation when raiding Gamigin's soul vault. It was an event that would directly lead to damage to her status. She didn't have the power to escape Chepardea's retribution.

"Don't delay the time. Immediately enter, kill Leraje, and seize her power and territory. Croak."

Chepardea sent a glance and the oruol nodded before using its power. Agnus felt the sensation of being sucked in somewhere. Once he came to his senses, he was in the interior of a building that he had never seen before. He easily infiltrated the black crystal castle which had been called an impregnable fortress. The power of the oruol, respected by Baal's subordinate, was a near unreasonable force. There was no exaggeration in the reputation.

"You..." Leraje woke up from where she was lying on the bed. Her eyes widened and she clearly looked flustered. The momentum of the supreme king was nowhere to be seen. It was the moment when the speculation that she was weakened had become a reality.

"You didn't know who you were going against when I was away and made trouble. Croak. Leraje, you crossed the line."

"The line? Do you have your own twisted line? It is ridiculous. The subordinates of Baal, who distorted hell in the name of abolishing the old laws to create new laws..."

Leraje's words stopped halfway. It was because Chepardea's long tongue grabbed her neck. It was a cleanup with no room for resistance.

"You... one day, Baal..."

Leraje's pink skin turned blue. She could barely express these few words before her breathing faded. Nevertheless, she was smiling. She seemed very pleased with Chepardea's stiff expression.

Agnus was summoning his army. The huge room wasn't enough for the undead procession and it continued to line up outside the window. Just then, the tightly closed door was broken as a sign that something was approaching. A red-skinned demon and succubi pushed in.

A questioning look appeared on Agnus' face as he placed the death knights at the forefront to confront them. It was because the name of the succubi was preceded by the word 'Grid's succubus.'

'Tamed monsters?'

He was a talented guy. How big was Grid's domain? Agnus couldn't guess any longer.

"You are weak." The oruol looked at Agnus in a puzzled manner. It was because it confirmed the undead who died to the red-skinned demon and the succubi.

Agnus snorted.

"This is nothing sudden or unexpected."

The oruol was rushing at the red-skinned demon only to be crushed by something dark and collapsed. A death god was standing on its back as it stretched out on the ground like a dead frog.

“Faker...”

Did Faker chase him to hell to kill him? Something wet and unpleasant passed by Agnus' cheek as he laughed in an absurd manner. It was Chepardea's tongue. Faker moved from his spot to avoid the tongue that shot like a spear.

At the same time, the oruol jumped up with its eyes full of anger. “I have been feeling your eyes for a while. Have you been tracking me? You dare to do that?”

“.....”

Faker didn't answer and silently observed the situation. He was flustered because he chased the mirror demon only to face an entirely unexpected situation. Of course, his expression on the surface was calm. He wasn't at a level where he would make the mistake of blurring his judgment due to agitation.

-Kasim, first of all, I think we need to rescue Leraje.

Leraje was an obvious ally. It was all thanks to her help that the members of the hell expedition survived Eligos, and it was the same when it came to Yura and Kraugel's performance in hell. The Overgeared Guild appreciated Leraje's favor and value.

Kasim replied from Faker's shadow.

-I understand.

The targets of the two assassins changed. They passed by the mirror demon and reached Chepardea's shadow. Then their daggers emerged over time to stab Chepardea's elongated tongue that was imprisoning Leraje's neck. The problem started from there. The mucus from Chepardea's tongue caused the daggers to slip. Then the mirror demon furiously attacked the two assassins that were trying to maintain a mental state that was as clear as a mirror.

Faker and Kasim were hurt after failing to completely avoid the attack and had a gut feeling.

‘It is dangerous.’

The location really wasn't good.

They finally found the path of the mirror demon and followed it. Unexpectedly, they fell to hell. They even encountered Baal's subordinate. It was like facing a disaster. It was hard to even talk about the odds of winning.

It happened as the two of them were considering the worst result...

“Human! You are too late!” the red-skinned demon, Glant shouted. His excited expression was clearly revealed.

Step.

Quiet footsteps followed. It rang from the corridor beyond the broken door. The attention of Chepardea, the oruol, Faker, Kasim, and Agnus naturally headed that way. Then Chepardea's tongue was cut off. The army of undead filling the room lost their upper bodies as a group and tilted. Agnus entered the immortality state.

"Didn't you ask me to protect the first floor?" His breathing was calm despite releasing a tsunami of sword energy. It was Sword Saint Kraugel, who responded in a voice with no ups and downs.

Lauel had decided there would be no crisis on the surface for the time being and sent Kraugel to hell to be Leraje's guard. This made Kraugel feel something strange. It felt like he was unknowingly being treated as an Overgeared member.

'Well, it isn't bad.'

Kraugel's White Tiger Sword let out a low cry as he used the Matchless Swordsmanship. The colorless sword energy cut at all concepts passing by. The growth-type weapon, which evolved to suit the ability of the Sword Saint, made explosive progress thanks to being innovated by the Overgeared God.

Apart from that, there was also a huge build up in proficiency. A year of fighting against the yangban, Mir, in the east. The accumulated experience was flooding in the wake of the great human and demon war. It was the precursor to the birth of a new divine sword made by the Overgeared God and the Sword Saint.

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Wealth, honor, and wonderful and precious relationships—Grid had obtained everything. Now his remaining goals were distinct and clear: Peace and stability.

He longed for the strength to keep what he had accomplished. It was also a power to achieve more things. Right now, he had to save Pagma's soul and Hexetia. He also had to stop the reset of the world that would happen at an unknown time in the future.

Therefore, he came to Grenier. A myth usurper—it was the biggest target that Grid could aim for right away. The class change book of an ancient legend was the final reward.

'Randy fights better than I expected.'

Grid had gained a lot of information in the last few hours. Tzudan's memories recovered little by little as he climbed the mountain. This gave him a pre-understanding of the existence of the guardians. He discovered that he would only be able to meet the Mountain King when he was acknowledged by them.

'I can save my strength until I meet the Mountain King'

Considering the setting that they were born from the first chiefs and the Mountain King, it was right to classify the guardians as half-gods. He speculated they would be at least the same level as the yangbans and determined he would have to consume some strength before meeting the Mountain King.

However, the development was different from what was expected. Randy was unmatched. One reason was that the guardians were only at the level of 'average yangban' and they were inferior to Garam, but another reason was that Randy's fighting power was outstanding.



Randy was significantly restricted due to Skill Duplication. This was Randy's limit, but he was overcoming it on his own. Even after consuming a few skills, he was good at handling the attacks of the guardians. His ability and judgment to utilize his body, weapons, and the environment caused Grid to feel admiration. This was the power of the intelligence stat. Randy's combat intelligence clearly went beyond the realm of an expert.

'Just looking at the control, he is better than me when I'm not using the artificial senses.'

[Tzudan is explaining that you can meet the Mountain King if you're acknowledged by the guardians.]

[Tzudan is explaining that you can meet the Mountain King if you're acknowledged by the guardians.]

Tzudan kept saying the same thing. Grid cocked his head and replied that he hadn't forgotten, but Tzudan repeated it over and over.

[Tzudan is explaining that you can meet the Mountain King if you're acknowledged by the guardians.]

"I already know that? Ah." Grid belatedly noticed the reason why Tzudan was making a fuss. It was because the health gauges of the guardians were reaching the bottom. Before he knew it, they were on the verge of death. "...Isn't killing them naturally being acknowledged by them?"

[Tzudan feels dizzy.]

[Haksen says that it is a good idea to postpone taking the lives of the guardians.]

"Um..." Indeed, it was important to consider that the guardians might be the only connection to meeting the Mountain King. Grid was convinced and glanced at Randy. It was only then that the violence stopped. Randy might be seriously injured, but he was standing upright on both feet while the guardians were all knocked down in the conflict with Randy.

The natives were unable to escape from the shock, while the guardians looked mortified. There were some self-reviews that the margin was paper-thin. The attitude was brazen, but it was understandable.

Randy didn't completely overwhelm them. They fought for over 30 minutes, but no one was killed. Randy had half of Grid's stats and his body was covered with dedicated items that Grid worked hard on. Even so, it was difficult to kill four half-gods who had been living and breathing for over a thousand years. Of course, this was enough.

"Good... it is hard for us to handle you, so we will lead you directly to the Mountain King. Follow us."

A way to meet the Mountain King was opened. Additionally—

[Your pet 'Randy' has entered an unidentified development period. The exact details are still unknown.]

Was it due to the ridiculous achievement of fighting and winning against half-gods when he was born as a monster? Something was about to change for Randy.

Grid quietly followed behind Randy. He was disguised as Irene using the skin mask. It was an effort to go unnoticed. In order to avoid the mishap of consuming extra mental energy before meeting the Mountain King, he pretended to be an ordinary (?) person.

The guardians walking in front were exchanging cunning looks.

‘Although we lost by a paper-thin margin—’

‘It was because we didn’t grasp the opponent’s power properly. The odds are high if we fight again.’

‘Finally, we can taste divinity.’

No one knew that Randy was just a subordinate...

## **Chapter 1537**

How many people had a flat trajectory in life? Perhaps most people lived a life full of ups and downs.

This was especially true for Grid. The trajectory of his life was like a roller coaster. He went through both the worst and the best. He experienced all types of situations from multiple different points of view, and met people with different personalities and from different points of view. His insight was naturally tempered.

‘The Mountain King’s personality is surprisingly gentle.’

Grid had this thought as he climbed the steep mountainside.

A mountain made of rocks—it was hard to find any leaves or grass. It was an environment that must be lacking. Yet thousands of natives had lived here for a thousand years. It was proof that the ruler of the mountain didn’t exploit them. The way that the guardians had walked earlier while exchanging greedy looks was also a hint. They didn’t fear the Mountain King.

‘This is why they are guiding us this way.’

Oxygen was rapidly thinning. It might feel like they were wandering in the same place, but the group was definitely climbing to a higher ground. However, Grid could tell that the Mountain King wasn’t at the location where they were now heading. Tzudan had never mentioned oxygen deficiency when recalling his memories of Grenier.

‘These guys... they don’t want to offer Randy to the Mountain King. They want to eat him themselves.’

It meant they weren’t harmed even if they were greedy.

Grid guessed the nature of the Mountain King based on various circumstances. It wasn’t an important fact. Regardless of the nature of the Mountain King, Grid’s purpose remained unchanged. Grid wanted greater power, and the Mountain King had lived by eating legends and gods. The two of them had no choice but to fight. They would do their best to eat each other the moment they met.

‘Randy will be at the limit soon.’ Randy’s breathing was starting to become heavy. Randy had proudly stepped on the land of human beings since joining Grid and couldn’t easily adapt to the recluse’s home.

[The breathing rate of your pet ‘Randy’ has increased. Concentration, judgment, and muscle strength will deteriorate. There will be a continuous decline in health.]

It happened as Randy’s symptoms worsened...

“Huhu, I’m a bit comfortable now.” The guardians stopped walking in front of a cliff and gave sly smiles.

Clouds were seen at the bottom of the cliff. The sun, which had just started to rise, was also below them. It was the area tens of thousands of meters above sea level that the natives, no, all humans didn't dare to pass. This was the world of the guardians. Their eyes, breathing, muscle relaxation, posture, etcetera—the guardians showed changes in every way. It was very different from what they showed when they were at the location where the natives lived.

'They were constrained in the lowlands.'

It wasn't a dramatic change. Perhaps the difference in stats was small. It seemed easier for them to control their breathing and they became lighter. This was just a threat when combined with Randy's weakening.

'The changes that Randy will feel must be huge.'

It was as expected. Randy failed to respond properly to a guardian's surprise attack, which came as a kick as soon as he turned his back. He defended with his forearm without being able to draw his sword and was shocked.

"I told you! The difference is paper-thin!"

A guardian cried out joyfully. He recovered his stretched leg. The posture he made as he twisted his back diagonally from the ground and pushed with his hard shoulders seemed like a shield soldier's charge.

Randy's front view was blocked. He had to rotate using one foot as the axis to leave his spot. The guardians predicted it.

Left, right, and from the top. They threw axes in advance so that Randy would take a hit from any direction. A hand axe struck Randy's chest as he spun to the left to escape. He gritted his teeth and endured the shock, but the balance of his body collapsed. It was a very small collapse. He stood firmly even if he wasn't in an intact state.

However, even this subtle shaking was a fatal flaw against the guardians. A guardian grabbed the back of Randy's head and slammed Randy's face into the ground. The other guardians thrust their axe in. The four attacks were smoothly linked. The four of them seemed to be one body.

'It isn't just because the environment has changed.'

It was right to call it the power of learning. It was notable that they grew in the process of fighting and losing against Randy once. They were existences equal to the yangbans.

'It is useless doing that.'

".....?!"

".....!!"

Randy didn't give up even in the worst situation. The guardians were kicking at Randy and laughing at him for resisting to the end, only for their expressions to stiffen. It was because something fell from the sky and struck the top of one brother's head. It was a mass of black metal.

Was it a meteorite from space?

They were flustered as they saw their brother's neck that was strangely twisted, only for wounds to appear all over their bodies. It was caused by the 30 God Hands that suddenly emerged and swung their swords and hammers. They were the God Hands that had some of Grid's stats, just like Randy.

"This... it is a great power."

The guardians who hurried to retreat couldn't help being nervous. They looked at Randy, who was being protected by the God Hands, as if he was a monster.

'What are those brilliant weapons?'

All the swords held by the God Hands were precious swords. It included the divine swords that Grid used habitually such as the Fire Dragon Sword and Enlightenment Sword. On the other hand, the axes used by the guardians were coarse. Grenier's civilization had never developed.

'It seems greater than the treasures in the Mountain King's treasure warehouse.'

The expressions of the guardians gradually relaxed. There was greater greed in their eyes. A person who used moving hands as a power. They were already thrilled at the thought of devouring him and gaining his treasures and divinity.

"Indeed. It is fortunate we didn't dedicate him to the Mountain King."

"It is time for the master of the mountain to change."

They discussed treason like it was no big deal. The half-gods born between humans and the Mountain King were free and unrestrained. They weren't restrained by respect toward their parent and master. Was it simply a different culture? Or was a tragedy created by the gentle nature of the Mountain King?

'How does he feel a sense of worth in his life?'

In this small world, he was surrounded by children who were less than beasts. What was he dreaming about? In retrospect, he didn't know much about the myth usurper. He only knew they deprived others of status to improve their own status. However, he had no idea about their principles or the purpose of their actions.

"....."

Grid was immersed in his thoughts when a chill went down his spine. It was due to a sudden question he had. Was it true that the Mountain King was gentle? What if he was generous to his children without exploiting the natives simply because he was indifferent?

Grid thought of Rebecca. She was silent and passive in front of the deaths of angels and the wishes of the people. If the Mountain King resembled her, then the Mountain King's status was likely to be higher than expected.

'...No, it is pointless speculation.'

It was too much to speculate that the Mountain King was similar to an absolute god just because his personality resembled an absolute god. It was an excessive worry. Grid had just calmed down when he heard Randy's scream. He suffered new injuries despite being defended by the God Hands.

The guardians, who entered the highlands and regained their full capabilities, properly showed the dignity of a half-god. Like the yangbans who reigned as the strongest in the East Continent, they saw and broke through the trajectory of the God Hands to pressure Randy. Randy's deepening debuffs were fatal. Randy's movements became noticeably slower as the oxygen deficiency worsened.

Grid watched silently. His knitting stopped. He pulled out a portable furnace and anvil, and used the hammer. He had created a cloak for Overgeared Skeleton One, so this time, he planned to make a new sword.

'It is nice that the item slots increased after gaining Zik's body.'

The biggest strength of the Overgeared Skeletons was that they could wear items. However, the item slots were limited. Now two slots were added this time. It was a huge value considering the performance of Grid's items. Overgeared Skeleton One would rapidly become stronger. It was just like Randy.

Ruuuumble!!

"What else...?!"

Grids often used Randy as a shield. It was even more so the harder the fight. Randy's death frequency increased in proportion to the enemy's level.

Grid's heart wasn't comfortable. Randy was classified as a pet, so he was free from the concept of death, but Grid would feel mental distress when Randy died in vain. Grid didn't want Randy to die. He hoped Randy would show his potential on the brink of death.

This was why he made this armor. It was armor that replaced a portion of the accumulated damage with a stat when the wearer's health entered a specific section. It was a relatively common effect. Berserkers used it habitually. The video of Asuka, armed with Grid's items, accumulating as much damage as possible before killing the boss monster in a single strike, was once ranked first in the global popularity videos. Moreover, Randy's stats transcended Asuka's stats. Randy's weapon and armor received from Grid overwhelmed the performance of Asuka's weapon and armor.

"Ke...oook..."

The guardian who was previously seriously injured by the mass of Greed—him having his heart pierced by Randy's sword and turning into ash was by no means a fluke. It was Randy's potential that Grid hoped for and created.

"This is crazy...!"

Half-gods weren't invincible. The guardians knew this best. They had stayed at the Mountain King's side for a thousand years and witnessed the deaths of gods again and again. In the midst of their screams of astonishment and fear—

[The Mountain King of Grenier has appeared.]

[The huge mountain rooted in the earth has responded to the will of the ruler.]

An earthquake seemed to occur and three mountain peaks that rose particularly high were slowly broken. The God Hands helped the wounded Randy to Grid's side, while the guardians hung from the rock wall to avoid falling. Grid put away the furnace, anvil, hammer, and other equipment, and raised his head.

A white-haired man sat on the huge stone seat made by a broken mountain peak. He looked all skin and bones. There was no flesh on his cheeks and his skin was cracked. The dry lips seemed like they would tear and bleed right away. The names 'usurper,' 'predator,' etcetera, didn't match. Rather, he seemed familiar with hunger. This was only the outward appearance.

Grid shivered.

[The Mountain King's eyes are observing you.]

[Some of the skills and magic information you've acquired will be exposed to the Mountain King. Skill damage and magic damage dealt to the Mountain King will be reduced by 80%, while the probability of a weak spot attack and critical hit is reduced by 50%.]

[The status of the target is higher than you. Resistance has failed.]

"Overgeared God. I thought you would definitely come."

[The Mountain King's voice has caused echoes. There is a problem with your sense of balance. All attributes resistance and defense are reduced.]

[The Mountain King has eaten all types of legends and myths and embodied some of them.]

[The unbreakable power of the myth of immortality has made the Mountain King invincible. The Mountain King will invalidate all types of damage.]

"What type of desire did you come to me with?"

[The Mountain King's question is filled with the power of predation.]

What was the power of predation? There was no friendly explanation. Grid didn't panic. It was easy to infer. He would be eaten as soon as he was suppressed in momentum. It was just like the many people who previously came to this place. There was no need to take special measures.

Grid replied as usual without shrinking back, "I want to be friends with you."

...This wouldn't work. The odds were slim. In the first place, the Mountain King wasn't harmful to humanity and it was questionable if it was necessary to fight him. The Mountain King was a myth predator, so wasn't he the enemy of Asgard in a way? It was wise to use enemies as allies.

'This crazy person?'

The guardians looked at Grid in a dumbfounded manner. A servant interfered in the conversation of the Mountain King and wasted time on nonsense. It was natural for them to find it ridiculous. The reaction of the legends wasn't much different.

[Haksen is looking at you in an absurd manner.]

[Filewolf is scolding you and wondering why you are wasting time when you could be making a magic machine.]

[Tzudan doesn't understand the situation.]

In the midst of the chaos—

“You are a disgraceful person! I need to educate you thoroughly before taking you to the Mountain King!” one of the guardians shouted.

He seemed to take this strange development as an opportunity. Something had gone wrong when trying to steal the prey, so this was a good excuse for the gluttony. It was also an opportunity for Grid.

Grid deliberately pulled out the Falling Moon Sword. It was to appeal to the fact that the power of the invincible myth was meaningless in front of him.

‘In the first place, it is probably a power that can only be used a limited number of times.’

Sometimes there were invincible beings. They were those who ‘didn’t die.’ A typical example were the NPCs in the starter villagers who served as beginner guides. Did myth usurpers have the same value as them?

Grid was confident. They didn’t enter the world because it was difficult to think they accounted for a large proportion of the world outlook. In a blunt manner, they were ‘good enough to die.’

“.....!”

The faces of the guardians turned white. The woman they considered a servant of the human being actually cut their brother’s throat with a single blow. They couldn’t believe it even when they saw it.

The Mountain King’s dry lips twisted. The ends curved up and it was close to a smile. “The momentum is good. It reminds me of the verses of the epics that were carried by the wind.”

[Tzudan feels the gaze of the Mountain King and is frozen.]

“I know what you want right now. Okay. If you can climb to this seat, I will let you be my friend for a day.”

## **Chapter 1538**

Mountains have been treated as spiritual places since ancient times, and it was the same for Grenier.

A mountain towering alone in the wilderness—it was a mystical sight and it was bound to attract people’s attention. It was immediately accepted as a fact that elixirs were formed on the pine trees that lined the rock walls. People visited Grenier like they were possessed. They searched the mountain for elixirs and treasures that didn’t exist.

For a while, the Mountain King only watched them. On the stony mountain, he could only be angry by their behavior of destroying precious nature and hunting wild beasts for fun. It was because there was nothing he could do. At that time, the Mountain King was an existence closer to a concept. He had no

physical form. He was akin to a faint spirit created by the people's vague belief that there was a divine spirit in the mountain.

Therefore, the Mountain King felt great joy when he first got his body. He was thrilled to be able to express his anger and colored the fur of a possessed bear with human blood. He slaughtered the intruders in an unstoppable manner because he believed it was his role.

He fulfilled the wish of a mother bear who lost her cub to an intruder and was kept alive for her gallbladder juice. He released the grudge of a tree that had frozen in death in winter due to intruders peeling its bark. He channeled the wrath of the slash-and-burn farmers who were forced to be the playthings of the intruders. The Mountain King was born for the mountain. It was natural to fight to protect the beings living on the mountain. He borrowed the body of a lost beast and the body of a dying slash-and-burn farmer in order to drive out the intruders.

Then more people came to Grenier. The mercenaries blinded by money, the armored troops, and the warriors and priests united with a sense of justice—they all challenged the Mountain King. From then on, the Mountain King was called a monster. The purpose of those visiting Grenier changed from the nonexistent elixirs to defeating the Mountain King. They discussed revenge and order, and took the subjugation of the Mountain King as a cause.

The more they did so, the more Grenier united. The trees, beasts, and slash-and-burn farmers didn't forget the violence of the invaders. In unison, they earnestly prayed for the Mountain King's victory.

Over many years, the Mountain King became a legend. The mercenaries and troops no longer challenged him. Only warriors or those who were called legends climbed Grenier. Every time he fought them and won, the Mountain King's strength increased.

He evolved by taking the challengers' status and bodies. It was the birth of a new myth.

Grenier and the Mountain King gradually moved away from the civilian population. Only the challenge of those with the minimal qualifications was accepted. That was a thousand years ago.

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'This person... dared to deceive us!'

The expressions of the surviving guardians were distorted. The enemy they fought with all their might was just a subordinate. They had never been humiliated like this.

'Kill...!'

The guardians were filled with a strong desire to kill the delicate woman. Of course, they didn't express it. The monster looked like this, but she killed their brother in one strike. Her status was very high compared to anyone who had ever challenged the Mountain King. They didn't dare rush at her.

Of course, she was insignificant compared to the Mountain King. The guardians believed that there would be an opportunity to get revenge. The opportunity came quickly.

"Good. If you can climb to this seat, I will let you be my friend for a day."



The Mountain King waved his hand. The stone seat that the Mountain King referred to was Grenier itself. It was a seat for the Mountain King created by several mountain peaks intertwining and piling up atop each other. Going there meant resisting Grenier's will and this was no different from being sentenced to death. Out of all those who visited Grenier, only one person had ever sat on the stone seat.

Tzudan—it was a name clearly imprinted in the minds of the guardians. He sat on the seat of the Mountain King with a human body, not as a god. However, he was dead when he sat on it. He pierced through Grenier's willpower. Even if death was instantaneous, he took five steps and reached the side of the Mountain King.

In honor of him and also to defend his own honor, the Mountain King kept his promise. He consumed his divinity in order to make an elixir that didn't exist and saved Tzudan's mother. In the aftermath, he was weakened for hundreds of years.

[Tzudan is warning that climbing the stone seat is no different from suicide.]

Tzudan urgently shouted. He was full of concern. Grid fully understood Tzudan's response. He knew what it meant to climb to the seat. It was described in the story of the 'Legend of the Five Steps' quest.

'It is about confronting the will of the mountain head on.'

It was the will of Grenier, a mountain that had existed for over a thousand years and had become the grave of countless legends and myths. It was difficult to guess how great the power would be if the willpower mentioned here was applied to a system such as formless will or the mental world. Nevertheless, Grid didn't hesitate. He took a step right away.

'I can't return empty handed after coming here.'

Putting aside the strength of the Mountain King, he wanted to achieve the minimum purpose for coming here.

Tzudan's class change book—it was something he had to win. There was a good chance that he couldn't get it for the rest of his life if he became afraid here.

The mountain peaks that were as pointed as awls flew. Cracks occurred in the rock walls and debris scattered, flooding toward Grid like a blizzard. It was a natural disaster. There was no other way to express it.

[Tzudan is surprised since this is a much larger disaster than what he experienced.]

'It is natural.'

It was foolish to compare the current Grenier to when Tzudan visited. Hundreds of years had passed since that time. During the gap of these years, Grenier's status would've been increased under the influence of the Mountain King, who consistently ate and embodied legends and myths. Grid had sufficiently taken this into account.

Step.

Grid took a big step. He didn't care in the slightest about the rocks filling his vision and flooding toward him. The God Hands held shields as they moved around him and blocked them all.

“That is a truly great power...”

The guardians sighed. Hands that moved on their own without being destroyed—they seemed to operate infinitely without requiring any power. Of course, it didn't mean anything here. Grenier's willpower started now.

[A strong wind is crushing you.]

The moment Grid tried to take another step, the wind became heavier. It crushed Grid like it was trying to nail him to the ground. The ground that Grid was standing on screamed and sank deeply.

‘This...?’

Grid's ability to utilize his stats was at the highest level. In particular, it was possible to utilize his strength stat without wasting a single point. It was a stat that played a major role not just in combat, but also in blacksmithing. Thus, he naturally trained in its usage.

At this moment, Grid was squeezing out his strength. Nevertheless, it was impossible to take a step. Even his fingers couldn't move freely due to the wind that pushed down on him with the same weight as a great mountain.

Grid made a judgment.

‘It is an absolute judgment.’

The power to crush a target regardless of their stats. This might also be a part that had grown compared to when Tzudan had experienced it. Still, it was fine. Grid had a power with the same principle.

‘Saleos' Power.’

What would happen if forces with the power to win unconditionally competed? Of course, it would be a tie.

Grid borrowed Saleos' Power to confront the storm and a deafening sound rang out. A shockwave occurred as the storm's absolute judgment offset Saleos' Power. Grid moved again. The storm that had its judgment consumed could no longer stop him.

This time, the mountain peaks moved directly. It was beyond the level of the rock debris and the storm and they shot at Grid like spears. In the midst of this unrealistic sight, Grid was just a small dot. The mountain peaks were so huge. Nevertheless—

“.....!”

“.....!”

Grid pulled out a sword and showed a clear presence. It was burned into the eyes of the guardians. Simultaneously, the mountain peaks aiming at Grid were shattered and scattered. The guardians were dumbfounded. It was because they weren't aware that the mountain peaks had already been cut the moment Grid drew his sword.

Nevertheless, the will of the mountain had yet to be broken. All the peaks above Grid were cut and disappeared, but countless peaks remained under Grid's feet. The land Grid was standing on right now was one of them.

Grid's body shook greatly. The peaks moving like waves took away the land he would stand on. It was a trivial problem. Flying magic, the utilization of Greed, the wings of the half-draconians, etcetera—Grid had many means of flight.

However, Grid didn't avoid it. He stepped on the ground. It was the condition to trigger Earth God.

'If I wanted to get there easily, I would've used Shunpo in the beginning.'

Yet he faced it. It wasn't meaningful to avoid the trials. He should overcome them. First and foremost, Grid wanted to experience the content of the trial firsthand.

The ground stopped shaking. It became hard and transformed into a bridge leading to the stone seat.

Step.

The moment that Grid got on the bridge—

[Grenier's willpower is rejecting you.]

A huge weight crushed Grid again and again. This time, it wasn't something physical like wind pressure. It was a power with no form. It was Formless Will.

The real trial had finally begun.

'Can I win?'

Grid gulped and used Storm of the Fire God. Just then, the will of the mountain was helplessly destroyed. It was an unexpected result even for Grid.

Grid had already reached the stone seat. He sat next to the Mountain King, who was silently watching him. He was inwardly puzzled, but he didn't show it on the outside. He acted as casually as possible. The expression of the Mountain King, who was looking at him, was full of surprise.

"The will of the mountain was overwhelmed by the spirit of the absolute..."

The infinite sword energy contained in Storm of the Fire God was a trace left behind by Dragon Slayer Hayate. He was unknown to the Mountain King. Grenier couldn't handle something that the Mountain King hadn't experienced. Grenier might be great, but it was still a mountain. It was only part of nature and its limitations were clear.

"There are the vestiges of the white tiger in your steps, your mental world contains a mixture of the vestiges of the red phoenix and the traces of the absolute, and you even use the power of the great demons..." The smile on the Mountain King's face gradually deepened as he reflected on Grid's five steps. "Alone, but many. You resemble me."

The homogeneity that he felt for the first time since his birth. The Mountain King had an obvious liking toward Grid. For the first time in his life since he was born, he was happy that he wasn't alone. It was close to relief.

[Affinity with the Mountain King of Grenier has increased by 10.]

‘What?’ The atmosphere that flowed differently from expected caused Grid to feel flustered.

He was maintaining a straight face, so as to not show it, when the Mountain King asked him a question, “Why didn’t you use Shunpo?”

Climbing to the stone seat—it was a condition put forward by the Mountain King to Grid. He didn’t ask for anything else. It was an easy trial for Grid who could use Shunpo. This was the Mountain King’s favor. It was a favor he gave to Grid because he felt they had a similar nature when hearing the rumors.

However, Grid insisted on walking with his own two feet and climbed to the seat. Did he mean to refuse the favor, or did he simply want to show off his strength?

“I wanted to experience the pain that Tzudan suffered,” Grid gave an answer that surprised the Mountain King.

“...How do you feel?”

“I have come to admire Tzudan for overcoming this difficult trial.”

It was an emotion that didn’t have a single lie or exaggeration. In an unusual way, it was a truth that touched the heart even more. Grid truly admired Tzudan.

[Tzudan has read your heart and is very moved.]

[Affinity with the Mountain King of Grenier has increased by 10.]

“.....??”

It was natural for Tzudan to be impressed, but why was the Mountain King like this?

“It is understandable. He is a figure who left an intense impression in my memory.” The Mountain King nodded and handed Grid an old book. “This is a summary of Tzudan’s skills that I saw and embodied. That is what you want.”

[The ‘Legendary Fighter Tzudan’s Diary’ has been acquired!]

“.....”

It was easy to get a legendary class change book. This was what Grid felt. Yet what was the reality? First of all, it was a class change book that could only be acquired by defeating the 4th Great Demon, Gamigin, and obtaining the recognition of the Mountain King after finding Grenier.

Grenier was a forbidden area like the North End Cave. The difficulty of acquiring Tzudan’s class change book far exceeded the difficulty of finding Pagma’s one. Perhaps it was something that a player would never be able to get.

“The moment I sensed the invasion of the demons, I was filled with a vague anxiety,” the Mountain King confessed, “It is because I exist to defend Grenier. If the surface is destroyed, Grenier will also be in crisis. Therefore, I don’t want its destruction. Your performances in the midst of this often comforts me.”

“.....”

Grid recalled his conversation with Radwolf.

“You should know it well after meeting the tower members and the Great Robber of the Red Night. There are really many unknown strong people in the world. Additionally, many of them are seriously twisted. They aren’t all cute like Biban. It is common for them to be trash, assholes, and sons of bitches. In particular, be wary of the Childless Specter, the Gale of the Great Forest, and the Recluse of Grenier.”

Radwolf had clearly said this. The Mountain King, the Recluse of Grenier whom Grid actually met, was an extremely ordinary and gentle master.

‘Prejudice is too scary.’

Prejudice blurred even the wisdom of the giants...Grid was immersed in his thoughts when the Mountain King gripped his wrist. The texture of the dry skin was like bark and it was creepy.

“That’s why you will remain here from today. Protect Grenier forever with me.”

‘What bullsh\*t is this?’

The wisdom of the giants was the truth.

## **Chapter 1539**

Chepardea’s tongue was very long. It could stretch out for a long distance even after wrapping around dozens of logs. It meant that the part of the tongue that was being wielded like a whip to squeeze Leraje’s neck was but only a small part of it.

“I have lived long enough to see this. Croak.”

Chepardea’s round eyes stared at the part of his tongue that was severed. It fell at Leraje’s feet, flapped around like it was resentful, and messed up the carpet. It was like a big leech or a catfish.

“I didn’t know I would see a world where the aloof Sword Saint would come and go from hell. Croak.”

Chepardea was Baal’s subordinate and had lived for a long time. He wasn’t comparable to the three evils of the beginning or the single digit great demons, but at the very least, he had experienced the fall of the previous world and the beginning of this world. Naturally, he had witnessed several Sword Saints and he identified their common tendencies.

They were crazy about the sword. They used whatever they held in their hand as the sword. If they had nothing to hold, then they used themselves as the sword. They spent decades trying to make the sword one with their heart. Additionally, after reaching the peak of swordsmanship, there was a tendency to abandon the ‘form’ and repeat the training from the beginning. They were actually close to truthseekers. They were far from the warriors and heroes that the public talked about.

There was a theory that Muller, the strongest Sword Saint, had defeated great demons such as Hell Gao in order to confirm ‘how good the sword is.’ Of course, the humans, who didn’t know the truth, praised Muller as a hero. Furthermore, only Muller himself knew the truth, but in any case, hell interpreted it this way.

Sword Saints were crazy people obsessed with their own state. They considered all other martial arts apart from swordsmanship as insignificant. They weren't interested in demons, who hadn't even learned the insignificant martial arts. Therefore, they didn't invade hell...

This was a Sword Saint from the perspective of hell. It was based on the fact that no Sword Saints invaded hell in earnest. From hell's perspective, the Sword Saint of the current era was close to a mutation.

"It is said that the ideal that the Sword Saint pursues is so unreal that it can't be reached. They often die of old age without knowing they are a rat or a bird after a lifetime of closed training. Croak. Yet did you reach that point? Is that why you are running wild like this? Are you better than Muller?"

Chepardea's attention was solely focused on Kraugel. He didn't pay any attention to Leraje, who was released and was restoring her breathing, or Faker and Kasim, who helped her up.

It was an interesting reaction to Agnus. He was well aware of the value of the Sword Saint and Kraugel's skill, but when it came to achievements, wasn't he shabby compared to Leraje? Leraje was a person who was undefeated until just a few days ago. She might be weakened, but she was still a target to be wary of. It was hard to understand why Chepardea cared more about Kraugel than her.

'Is the Sword Saint so special?' Agnus had this question as he secretly controlled Lantier.

It was a situation where his immortality had been consumed the moment Kraugel appeared. Unlike Chepardea, he had no time. The current survival methods he had was becoming an undead and Benta's Mockery. He had to gain some achievements. If he was helpless again this time, then even his weak position would disappear.

'At the very least, I should prove myself enough to receive Baal's quest again.'

It was after the start of the great human and demon war. Agnus failed to even attempt most of Baal's massacre quests. Then Baal's attitude changed explicitly after he returned from fighting Grid. Baal was openly cold toward Agnus. It was close to ignoring him.

Agnus naturally recalled the end of the 'failed work,' Betty, that he once heard about from Chepardea. Baal said he easily abandoned toys he lost interest in.

'It doesn't matter if I'm thrown away.'

No, it was actually what he was hoping for. In the wake of various events, Agnus' resentment toward the world had faded. He was exhausted and felt the warmth he had forgotten with the death of his lover once again through Euphemina. Right now, Agnus didn't want the power to fight alone in the world. Nor was he obsessed with the impossible resurrection of his old lover. His vague goal of experiencing the same eye level as Grid, who had a starting point similar to himself, but who ended up in the opposite direction, was stopped due to Faker.

However, he could only achieve his wish if he had the power to stay free and alive. Thus, he couldn't be thrown away yet. Currently, Agnus didn't have the minimum of strength. If he was abandoned now, then he would be exposed to the world as helpless as he was in the past, and he would be trampled on.

'In order to not be abandoned right away—'

It was necessary to at least maintain his position like discharge from the eyes.

He felt that Kraugel was the perfect opponent. The Sword Saint—for players who had watched Grid's performance, it wasn't particularly special. Even if there was a long history and numerous notable figures praising the Sword Saint, could it be better than Pagma's Successor?

Agnus was convinced that it wasn't the case. Kraugel's performance had been great, but it was shabby when compared to Grid. Agnus wasn't afraid of the Sword Saint, Kraugel. He accepted Chepardea's attitude of wariness as good luck. He would gain Chepardea's liking again the moment he inflicted a fatal injury on Kraugel.

'...Liking? I feel like I've become a child craving affection.'

Agnus smiled and communicated with Lantier, who was submerged in the shadows.

An existence who grew at the sacrifice of Agnus—he, who was honed with the help of Baal, now aimed at Kraugel's heart.

'There is no need to overdo it. In any case, I can't beat Kraugel. It is enough if I inflict a serious injury on him.'

—!

Darkness spread heavily behind Kraugel's back. It was the sight of Lantier moving through the shadows and rising. There was no sound or indication, but Kraugel was already reacting. He raised his sword to defend against the dagger aiming at the back of his neck. No, the word 'defend' wasn't appropriate. The moment it collided with Kraugel's sword, Lantier's dagger split in half.

".....!"

The death knight's emotions were expressed in the light of its eye sockets. The light in Lantier's eye sockets shook like wildfire in surprise. Agnus was even more surprised.

'Auto counterattack?'

Agnus was standing in front of Kraugel and looking directly at him. This was why he noticed it. In Kraugel's response, the process of 'sensing' Lantier's attack was omitted. The proof was that both of his eyes that were fixed on Chepardea didn't move.

Chepardea clicked his tongue. "A Sword Saint is a Sword Saint. Croak."

Realm of the Sword—a passive skill that had a high probability of detecting and intercepting attacks from all blades within range. In fact, the technique itself wasn't special. It wasn't just the Sword Saint. Martial artists who had risen to the peak often created their own realms.

The reason why the realm of a Sword Saint was particularly threatening was its combination with the power to 'cut anything.' It meant the concept of exchanging blows with the Sword Saint couldn't be established. The sword cut everything that collided with it, so exchanging blows with the Sword Saint directly led to damage. The story would be different if it was a material that couldn't be cut due to its infinite durability, but such a material wasn't fair because it was rare in the world.

'What?' Agnus' thoughts stopped. It was because he witnessed Kraugel's sword cutting through the dagger to cut off Lantier's wrist directly. In the midst of his astonishment—

"It is the power of items," Kraugel honestly confessed. There was one reason why he reached the peak of a Sword Saint faster than expected.

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

[The myth of the Overgeared God is strengthened.]

[Sword Saint Kraugel has become part of this myth.]

[All stats of the Overgeared God Church's believers will permanently increase by 10 and the proficiency of Sword Mastery will increase slightly.]

It was thanks to the White Tiger Sword that had just grown to the myth level.

Blood gushed from Agnus' neck. Lantier might be quite threatening, but he was weak. It was natural for him to be the first target.

\*\*\*

Dry hands like a tree. The traces of the distant years could be felt. Grid couldn't resist the hand that seemed to be rooted in the earth. He was naturally polite to a long-lived existence. At this moment—

[A new divine object has appeared.]

[Your myth is strengthened.]

[You can feel that Sword Saint Kraugel is included in your myth.]

[From now on, you will be blessed by the sword. The effect is maintained as long as your bond with Kraugel continues.]

Grid regained his senses and spoke, "You hid alone in the mountain despite noticing the invasion of the demons. This is even though you know that this mountain will be in danger after the surface falls into the hands of the demons?"

Obviously, the Mountain King had existed for a long time. He lived only for the mountain and to protect the beings living on it. He also knew how to respect the courage of others. Even so, was he great? No. He was just a coward on the mountain. Grid stopped respecting the Mountain King. The Mountain King deserved to be criticized.

"Even at this moment, countless people are fighting for the world. They are giving up their lives to protect their homes, or protecting others to protect their family. Are they showing this courage because they are stronger than you?"

"....."

"Don't be obsessed with the world in front of you. The world is connected. Fight for others if you really want to protect Grenier. Make others respect Grenier."



Grid had visited Grenier for two purposes. First, obtain Tzudan's class change book. Second, defeat the Mountain King and take his strength. The plan was established before he knew the Mountain King. However, now he knew the Mountain King. Therefore, he changed his plan.

"I am asking." This time, it was Grid who grabbed the wrist of the Mountain King. He might've borrowed Irene's appearance, but his hands were full of calluses. They were traces of effort that Irene had built up. Even a delicate woman like her was striving every day to help the world.

Grid knew that Irene and his colleagues scattered throughout hell and the world were fighting, therefore he could openly request this of the Mountain King, "Go out to the world with me. This is the right thing to do if you want to protect Grenier forever."

"....."

The Mountain King's expression subtly changed as he looked at Grid. It was a reaction like it was absurd. He was born for the mountain and had fought for the mountain. It was normal to find Grid's claim about fighting for the world outside the mountain as absurd. Yet somehow, it sounded right.

Thus, he was flustered. "...Hundreds of years ago, there was a time when I lost a lot of my status."

A distant past unfolded in front of Grid.

"I was nervous about the idea that I couldn't protect Grenier in this state and went out to the world. It was to hunt for status."

The appearance of the Mountain King as he wandered the surface wasn't that good. Unlike his current dry yet hard self, he was only haggard. The man he met in this state felt like a mountain higher than Grenier.

Muller—he was the Sword Saint of that time. The Mountain King was defeated. He had come down the mountain in a state of a loss of status, while the opponent was the strongest Sword Saint ever. He wasn't Muller's opponent. He despaired that everything was over.

The Mountain King quietly closed his eyes. He waited for death. The thing that Muller reached out to him was a hand, not a sword. "You came down from the mountain to protect it. Your courage is admirable."

What was he feeling? Muller handed over part of his status to the Mountain King. He even gave the undefeated legend. It had continued to this day and evolved into the undefeated myth.

'He is youthful. Looking at the timing... was the Muller famous among the people the Muller after transferring some of his status to the Mountain King? Yet he was called the strongest Sword Saint ever?'

"Overgeared God." The image projected on Grid's retinas scattered like a mirage. The call of the Mountain King returned Grid's consciousness to the present. "I think your words are right. I am well aware that I was respected by Muller because I left the mountain, as you said. Yet as you saw, I won't be the Mountain King the moment I leave the mountain. I will be weakened and I won't meet your expectations. So I will let you know the whereabouts of a human who can help you on my behalf."

".....!" Grid got goosebumps. The human spoken about by the Mountain King in this context...

"Sword Saint Muller...?"

".....? No. The meeting with him was too long ago. Furthermore, there is no way for me to know his whereabouts because I haven't heard anything about him. I think he is dead... it is truly strange that such an existence can suffer from death."

"...Then who are you talking about?"

"It is a human being called Chreshler. He is probably the strongest human I've ever heard of, apart from Muller. Of course, it is an evaluation that excludes the humans already by your side and those who have completely disappeared."

"Chreshler? The former pope?"

"Yes. You know of him. Right now, he has a noble mission and is sealed in something. However, I know how to revive him."

"That person... forget it," Grid rejected it immediately.

## **Chapter 1540**

'As expected, people need to know many things.'

Grid realized the importance of knowledge just by looking at Grenier right now.

The native people didn't know a world other than Grenier and treated outsiders like monsters.

The guardians who believed that Grenier was the center of the world and looked down on outsiders, and the Mountain King who always kept an eye on the outside world while knowing that Grenier was nothing more than a well—despite living in the same environment, there were people who were inferior to monkeys, and there was a sage. It was purely the power of knowledge.

'If I hadn't known anything, I would've been fascinated by the name of Chreshler.'

It was using this same logic that Grid now avoided a landmine. If he didn't have any knowledge, he would've jumped into a field of landmines because he thought it was good. That's right. Grid thought of Chreshler as a landmine. It was because he knew Chreshler well.

'A human being who became a coffin of his own free will.'

Chreshler hoped to embrace Marie Rose's sealed body for eternity. He chose biological death because he wanted to enjoy Marie Rose's body odor. He fell for Pagma's rhetoric of 'even if you become a coffin, your senses will be alive' and abandoned his human body, transferring his soul to the coffin. He might've used the justification of maintaining Marie Rose's seal, but... coincidentally, Grid had witnessed Chreshler's lecherous desire. If Grid hadn't known about Chreshler...

If he didn't know Chreshler was a crazy pervert...

He would've been frantic to resurrect Chreshler at the Mountain King's words.

'It is terrible just thinking about it.'

How traumatized would he have been if he revived Chreshler without knowing this? He couldn't even claim damages from the Mountain King.

'In the first place, it is a bad move to resurrect Chreshler at this time.'

Marie Rose had been resurrected. She was close to an ally in terms of her attitude and actions during this period of time, such as returning 'blood' to Braham and reinstating him as a direct descendant. She was a type of insurance. Then what if Chreshler was resurrected?

'He will blindly search for Marie Rose. He will disrupt Marie Rose's activities and harm me as a result.'

Chreshler was a great pope. Grid didn't dare disparage the skills that sealed Marie Rose, who was the biggest threat to humanity at the time. He thought it was even greater because Chreshler was one of the few transcendents in history. The tendencies of transcendents were usually selfish and eccentric, but Chreshler fought for others. He was close to the human role model that Grid wanted.

Of course, this was only in the past. Perhaps Chreshler had degenerated from the moment he encountered Marie Rose. He was blinded by love and entrusted himself to the lecherous desires of his body. He was completely separated from common sense. It was a tragedy...

It was hard to think that proper communication with him would be possible.

'Still—'

He needed to know how to revive Chreshler. As he had said, knowledge was strength.

'I don't intend to revive him right away, but one day, a moment when I need him might come.'

Chreshler was the one who found the talent of 'surpassing himself' and succeeded the first pope. He was the strongest pope of all time, the ultimate priest, and a transcendent. It would've only been possible with the cooperation of many people and the Rebecca's Daughters, but he still had the achievement of sealing Marie Rose. There was no need to look for any more achievements to see he was a great person.

'I once again feel that there were many amazing people.'

Sword Saint Muller, Undefeated King Madra, Demon Slayer Alex, Pope Chreshler, Pagma who signed a contract with Baal, Braham who fought (?) against Fire Dragon Trauka, etcetera—it was an era where there were many strong people who could open up the heaven and earth alone. Just imagining it made Grid feel overwhelmed.

'...The times ahead will be even greater.'

It wasn't a belief created due to the members of the Tower of Wisdom or remnants of the past such as Braham and Zik. It also wasn't confidence in the talents of this era such as Piaro, Mercedes, Kyle, etc.

Grid believed in himself and the players. It was a worthy trust. Based on Satisfy's time, players had stepped on this land for less than 20 years and were transcending or chasing past figures. Their potential was explosive based on their growth so far. In just a few years, there would be players who surpassed the past figures they were chasing. In terms of achievements alone, it was safe to say they surpassed it right now.

The great attack where hell and some gods cooperated. Even Baal's air strike was blocked by humanity at the time. The person at the center of it was Grid.

“By the way, how can Chreshler be resurrected?”

There was no one who didn't know or could deny that Grid promoted the trend of the current era. Even the Mountain King who lived on the mountain knew it.

“You seem to know Chreshler well so it is easy to explain. Chreshler had his soul removed when he was alive. It is like Braham or Zik.”

Therefore, the Mountain King respected Grid.

Identifying with Grid or feeling sympathetic to Grid was a secondary matter. Just as Grid was reluctant to fight after witnessing the power of the Mountain King, the Mountain King didn't want Grid as an enemy. Grid himself still hadn't properly realized the ranking of the Overgeared God.

“Does that mean he can be resurrected if he finds his body, such as with Braham and Zik?”

“Right.”

“It has been a long time since Chreshler was sealed in the coffin. Is his body still preserved?”

Braham was in the millennium ice and Zik was in the Abyss. The bodies of the two men had been specially treated or preserved in a special environment. No matter whether it came from malice or goodwill, it was the result of someone's devotion. It was unlikely that Chreshler had been preserved safely.

‘Pagma didn't seem to have any private feelings for Chreshler.’

Pagma approached Chreshler purely out of necessity. In order to gain more strength and practice his swordsmanship, he asked Chreshler, who was nearing the end of his life, for a duel. This eventually led Chreshler to his death. It was the result of Chreshler's hidden desires. If it wasn't for Chreshler's willingness to be a coffin or his desire to be with Marie Rose forever, there would be no way for Pagma to force him against his will.

In any case, Pagma took advantage of Chreshler's desires for his own sake. He killed Chreshler and turned this person into a coffin. Would he keep Chreshler's body well? The possibility was low. It would be fortunate if he didn't turn it into an undead.

Grid was certain of it.

“It is well preserved.” The Mountain King gave an unexpected answer. “If you know that Chreshler is sealed in the coffin made of the sacred tree, then you probably know the entire inside story. As you know, it was Pagma who took Chreshler's body and he enshrined it in a very strange place.”

“A strange place?”

“It is a place called No Offspring Tomb.”

“.....!”

“It is a huge grave where it is difficult to measure the scale. A castle site was built underground that was filled with all types of treasures. 10,000 servants and 30,000 soldiers were killed there and a huge tomb

built. The scale is like a mountain. The height is very low compared to Grenier here, but the area is hundreds of times larger.”

This was why the No Offspring Tomb wasn’t easily found. A tomb that was made and forgotten even by its owner after so many years. Grass and trees covered the graves, literally making it a mountain. It was impossible to see the mountain and think it was a tomb, so few people knew the location of the No Offspring Tomb. Of course, Grid knew the location. It was thanks to Skunk. Skunk had said that the No Offspring Tomb was an enlarged version of the Mausoleum of the First Qin Emperor.

“Who is the owner of that tomb?”

Even Skunk couldn’t find out the owner of the No Offspring Tomb. He went inside for exploration and died after failing to escape the eyes of the dead guarding the tomb.

“I don’t know. It was called the No Offspring Tomb even before I existed.”

“Have you ever met the Childless Specter?”

“Myth usurpers interacting is just a delusion. Predation is our essence. If we meet each other then one of us will die. In the first place, we are extremely reluctant to leave our ‘realm.’ Just as I was born to protect Grenier, the Childless Specter would’ve been born to protect the No Offspring Tomb.”

“Um...”

“Let’s return to the main point. There is a rumor that bodies buried in specific areas of the No Offspring Tomb are never damaged and I think it is true. That’s why I think it is possible to resurrect Chreshler.”

“Hmm...”

Grid showed a very reluctant reaction. It wasn’t because the value of the information was low. It was simply because he didn’t trust it.

‘An affinity of 20 is low.’

Grid doubted the Mountain King. It was a normal reaction.

“It is hard to believe your words. First of all, Chreshler was a pope. It is up to the Vatican to dispose of his body, not Pagma. Secondly, it is hard to understand why Pagma tried to preserve Chreshler’s body to the point of ignoring the procedure. Why did he have to do that?”

“It is a reasonable doubt. However, I swear by my divinity that it is true. Unfortunately, I don’t know what Pagma was thinking.”

“.....”

The Mountain King was called the Mountain King, but to be exact, he was closer to the mountain god. He had a higher status than Grid, so he was naturally a god. He swore using his status.

[Tzudan thinks that you can trust the Mountain King.]

‘I think so as well.’

The Mountain King sacrificed his status to keep his promise with Tzudan. There was no way he could give an empty vow. Then there was one question left.

'Why did Pagma do that?'

Grid pondered on it for a while before recalling Pagma's tears. They were tears of regret that poured down as he faced the invasion of the demons alone in the Behen Archipelago.

'He regretted betraying Braham. He felt guilty that he had done something terrible to the legends.'

Looking at it, Pagma also had a conscience. Was it due to his conscience that he enshrined Chreshler's body in the No Offspring Tomb so that it wouldn't decay?

'He feels sorry for Chreshler? No, this is too unreasonable.'

If Pagma had been acting for Chreshler, he would've naturally handed over Chreshler's body to the Vatican. The soul still remained, but receiving the sending off from people provided even a small comfort.

'Wait... if it is for Chreshler, then it isn't too unreasonable.'

The effect of the coffin made of the sacred tree wasn't permanent after all. Marie Rose had unsealed herself. Wouldn't Pagma, the person who created the coffin, foresee such a future? Did he leave room for resurrection, so that Chreshler, who was left alone after Marie Rose was released, wouldn't tremble forever in solitude?

'The possibility is high. It is true that Pagma had a conscience.'

It was an inference that could be drawn from Pagma's tears and the preservation of Braham's body. Grid thought about it for a long time before coming to a conclusion and nodding.

"Okay. I'll take your word for it. So where exactly did Pagma enshrine Chreshler's body?"

It was unlikely that Pagma had gone down into the depths of the No Offspring Tomb to bury Chreshler's body. It would be impossible for him to overpower the Childless Specter even if he had a contract with Baal.

'This is especially the case when in their realm, even for the Mountain King whose status was damaged along the way.'

Perhaps it was only possible for higher ranked gods or higher ranked dragons. It was impractical to think that Pagma persuaded or subdued the childless specter, who has existed for longer than the Mountain King.

"I don't know exactly. The internal area of the No Offspring Tomb is an area that I can't even begin to fathom. I can only speculate that he has enshrined someone in the underground tunnels connected to the tomb."

"How many tunnels are there?"

"There are rumors that there are hundreds of dead people guarding the road in each tunnel and I think there are at least 100."

“...Really? I wasn't interested anyway.”

“.....?”

“I told you before. I didn't intend to resurrect Chreshler from the beginning.”

After all, he didn't have a relationship with Chreshler...

Grid neatly shook off his regret and got up from his seat. The guardians, who were watching him blankly from below the stone seat, hurriedly averted their gaze out of fear of meeting Grid's eyes. This was the first time they saw a god talking to the Mountain King in an equal position. They also witnessed a desperate use of force. They were in awe of Grid. They didn't dare look at Grid.

[The divinity of your wife, 'Irene,' has risen.]

“Take this before you leave.”

“This is...?”

“I've selected some useful techniques from what I ate and embodied from the intruders. I hope it helps you.”

[The 'Forgotten Legendary Skill Book' x3 has been acquired.]

[The 'Forgotten Myth Skill Book' has been acquired.]

“.....” Grid was speechless at the unthinkable enormous rewards. He rebuked himself for temporarily suspecting the Mountain King. “...Thank you. I don't know if it will be meaningful, but I'll take care of the outside so that Grenier can be safe.”

Grid felt it was a really useless promise. Those who invaded Grenier would eventually become the Mountain King's prey. Yet surprisingly, the Mountain King looked satisfied. “This is enough.”

[Affinity with the Mountain King of Grenier has increased by 10.]

It was an adventure where he gained a lot without any big (?) events. It was so easy and great that he thought it would be nice to do this all the time. Randy's expression became somewhat depressed when he heard the words that Grid muttered to himself. Randy looked more pitiful because she had returned to her original appearance.

“Nyong,” Noe silently comforted her. His white, mitten-like fluffy paws patted Randy's shoulder and eased her mood.