

## Overgeared 1541

### Chapter 1541

“Huhung~ huhuhung~”

The large eyes filled with starlight were especially shining today. The angels looked in a puzzled manner at Venice, who was humming excitedly. It was because her laughter seemed to come from her heart.

Venice, the god of money—there were very few humans who worshipped. It was because the poor resented the rich, the rich used their wealth, and the clergymen were wary of wealth. Money was something that was hard to be respected. Venice had always existed in solitude.

The reason she always smiled brightly was an effort to keep herself from looking too shabby. However, today she looked truly happy. She seemed several times happier than when she occasionally found rare merchants. They had no choice but to notice.

“Here!”

“.....?”

“Hand!”

Slap!

“.....”

Venice forced high fives every time she encountered an angel. The reason she couldn't hide her joy lay in the secret technique in her hand. It was the dual wielding secret technique personally written by Martial God Zeratul. It was the thing that Grid wanted. It was an opportunity for Venice to gain reputation.

‘My status will rise significantly.’

There were many ways to build up divinity. The most representative way was to be worshipped by humans or to build up reputation. It was just that both methods were difficult for Venice. This was why she created a community for all the gods in the world, not just Asgard, and ran the sun carriage.

She didn't discriminate between gods. She treated them as equal customers regardless of their origin or affiliation. She slowly and steadily developed her reputation by doing transactions and collecting reputation from fees. She also gained additional reputation by leaving the legend that she traded with a famous god.

Of course, the experience of gaining fame using the latter method was few enough to be counted with her hands. Most of the gods who wanted something even if it meant losing their reputation were human gods. What type of story would it be to trade with them? It would be great to trade with the noble gods that everyone in the world knew, but such gods usually didn't have anything they desired. Thus, they didn't use the sun carriage.

Martial God Zeratul was unusual in that sense. He was Venice's biggest customer. Thanks to his delivery of secret techniques, the sun carriage was able to have an assortment of goods.

‘It is literally easy to have an assortment of goods.’

Unfortunately, it was rare for Zeratul's secret techniques to actually be sold. The reason why Zeratul supplied the secret techniques to the sun carriage was purely to satisfy his desire to show off. The unit price was too high because he provided secret techniques as excellent as possible. In the first place, there was a premium, so the average god couldn't buy Zeratul's secret technique even if they wanted to. Yet today—

Zeratul's secret technique was finally sold. It was even a made-to-order secret technique. It was an opportunity to make a profit in one go that was equivalent to 100 years of business.

The trading target was the Overgeared God. Despite being a newcomer, he was particularly recognized among humans as the protagonist of miraculous achievements and he currently had the highest stock price. Venice's divinity would rise significantly the moment she left the story that she brokered a deal with the Overgeared God and Zeratul.

'This is what is called making a big fortune from a single transaction!'

Venice suffered from poverty unlike her gorgeous appearance. For her, the words 'making a big fortune from a single transaction' were very strange and exciting. It was like this even though she was the god of money...

"Dear customer! Have you been waiting for a long time? I finally came with the product you wanted!"

Currently, the surface was in a state of war due to the invasion of demons. There were even demons secretly imbued with divine power. Despite this, the home of the Overgeared God was as peaceful as usual.

The capital of the Overgeared Kingdom, Reinhardt—unlike other places on the surface, it was hard to even find signs of war. At this point, the demons seemed to intentionally be avoiding this place. This meant there was something that the demons, famous for their ability to discern between things, was vigilant of. Venice easily identified the cause.

It was the person in front of her—Grid. This person was suppressing the demons' invasion.

'His presence has become bigger.'

Venice had recently met Grid. She provided various information and made a favorable transaction. It was close to treason for Asgard, but Venice felt no remorse. The only thing that mattered to her was her dealings with gods, not Asgard. In any case, that was just 10 days ago. It was a short time for humans, so it was a split second for Venice. Yet during that split second, Grid had changed. The symbolic color around his body became even clearer.

'What is the reason?'

The gods who had enjoyed eternal life since birth couldn't understand it. How intense were the lives of humans who lived in the moment? They only looked down from a very high place, so there was no way for them to know. On the other hand, Grid knew better than ordinary people. He was a man who had climbed up from the very bottom, where there was no longer a place to fall any lower. His days were the longest and darkest.

“Product? Oh, the martial god’s secret technique.” Grid was outside the smithy. The fortress-like furnace was behind him and it spread out a thick heat around it. The smell of sweat was carried by the wind. In other words, he didn’t come out to meet Venice. Grid had been out here and moving long before she arrived. He also responded to the word ‘product’ like it was insignificant.

By this point, Venice was also uneasy. However, she tried to deny the thoughts that came to mind and kept her smile. “...Yes, it is the product you have been waiting for! Isn’t it a special grade item? You will definitely like it. It is a secret technique that the martial god made with special care!”

Venice hadn’t explained the details of the matter to Zeratul. It was because Zeratul hated Grid. She didn’t mention the identity of the client who wanted his secret technique. Zeratul hadn’t been suspicious. Wasn’t he the martial god? It was natural for the whole world to covet his secret technique, so there was no reason to wonder who his client was. Therefore, the transaction was established.

That’s right. Venice believed the deal was a success the moment she received Zeratul’s agreement. She didn’t think she would need Grid’s agreement.

“Hmm...” Grid’s response as he took the martial god’s secret technique was calm. There were no signs of joy at all.

Venice’s heart sank. It was because Grid’s eyes gradually cooled down as he skimmed through the contents of the secret technique. It was the moment when her anxiety was moving toward reality.

“It is below my expectations. It is like fake goods.”

“Huh?”

“Take it back. I won’t buy it.”

“W-What are you saying...? This is Zeratul’s dual wielding secret technique! It is the product you wanted! I brought the right product!”

“Shouldn’t you be accurate? I just wanted a dual wielding secret technique. I didn’t say it had to be Zeratul’s one. When did I want Zeratul’s secret technique?”

“No...! What type of joke is this?! Why...?! Why are you being mean to me all of a sudden?!”

“What do you mean by a joke? I just don’t like the product. What if it doesn’t meet my expectations?”

“Uh...! Ugh...!”

Was it because her eyes were big? Venice’s expression showed her emotions very well. Her twitching eyes and facial muscles combined to show her embarrassment, anger, confusion, and sadness.

‘Why does the expression ‘poor’ fit her so well?’

She was definitely a goddess with a transcendent beauty. Strangely, she looked better when she seemed to be about to cry.

‘This is crazy.’

Grid, who was temporarily in a daze, hurriedly came to his senses. He was wary that some power in Venice might've been triggered.

"Please... please don't be mischievous and buy it. Please don't bully me!"

"....."

The stars in Venice's large eyes shook. It seemed like tears would pour out right away. Grid was almost reminded of the young sole breadwinner of the family. It was strangely a good match that he wondered if this was her true self.

'No, it can't be.'

The god of money was non-mainstream when it came to human faith. However, she was a god of Asgard, so the analogy of a young sole breadwinner of the family wasn't appropriate. Sure enough, it was a type of power. It might be the ultimate in bewitchment skills.

Grid judged and spoke firmly, "I don't want to buy something worthless. I'm not a pushover."

Venice seemed unwilling to give up easily, so he even personally demonstrated the dual wielding based on the skill book he received from the Mountain King.

"....." Venice was speechless. She might be struggling with poverty, but she was a god. She had discerning eyes even if she wasn't particularly familiar with martial arts. "I... I am convinced."

Venice watched Grid's swordsmanship for a long time before nodding in hindsight. She was trying to hold back the tears that wanted to pour out. "Your skill is better than the dual wielding described by Zeratul's secret technique...? Hehe, hehehe..."

".....??"

Was it acting to laugh like a crazy person?

Venice bowed to the puzzled Grid and flew into the sky. In the end, the tears she couldn't hold back shone under the moonlight like a small Milky Way.

[Tzudan feels sorry for the goddess.]

[Haksen respects Grid's choice. He explains that technique is the only way to survive.]

[Filewolf says he knows the reason why Highest Point Magic has lost its reputation.]

[Haksen is angry.]

'I am really thankful to the Mountain King.'

Grid once again realized the value of the skill books given by the Mountain King and smiled. Three legendary skills and one myth rated skill. Among them, the myth rated skill was dual wielding. In fact, Grid wasn't pleased that he had to give his reputation to get Zeratul's secret technique. Then he received this like it was fate. Perhaps it was arranged by the Mountain King who saw Grid's weakness.

In any case, all three of the remaining legendary skill books were helpful to Grid. However, one of them was a bit disappointing. It was a passive skill that occurred when health was less than 30%. It wasn't an exaggeration to describe it as the return of Blackening due to its excellent power.

The problem was that his health couldn't be over 30%. Storm of the Fire God, lifestealing, and the effects attached to his items—Grid had many means of health recovery. It seemed difficult to meet the condition because his health kept being restored like he was taking potions.

'I will think about it slowly.'

First, he had to make sure he was fully adapted to dual wielding. Grid held Gujel's Dao and the Fire Dragon Sword and started practicing again.

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"Hrmm...It is almost done."

Zeratul restored his damaged status with the help of the angels and checked his physical condition. It was very good. His body was light and his mind was clear. It was a great help to reflect on his martial arts by writing a secret technique while recuperating.

'There is a god that devoted everything in order to gain my secret technique. Indeed... all beings in the world look up to me.'

Tok.

A book fell in front of Zeratul's eyes as he was smiling with satisfaction. It was the secret technique he had written while recuperating and it contained the essence of dual wielding.

"...What?" Zeratul turned his gaze toward the entrance of the temple. Venice was standing there.

"I'll return this," she spoke sharply.

".....?" It was hard to understand from Zeratul's perspective. The incidents weren't connected.

Venice drove the wedge in. "My client says he doesn't need this."

"...Why?"

"Think for yourself about the reason why."

It was a rare cold attitude. Zeratul stared blankly at Venice as she turned and left. It was while feeling an unbearable sense of humiliation.

## **Chapter 1542**

The past 1,000 years.

There were countless legends and myths buried on the great mountain, Grenier. The traces were surprisingly easy to find, such as the hundreds of thousands of sword marks carved all over the rock walls. Grenier's Mountain King always reflected on the traces of the invaders. Every day, he studied the marks on the rocks, restored them, and developed them.

Mountain Appearance and Flowing Streams—it was the origin of the myth rated skill obtained by Grid. It contained a thousand years of history, the willpower of the Mountain King to protect Grenier, and the legends and myths swallowed by the willpower of the Mountain King. Perhaps the best interpretation was all the skills in the world merging together. It was a history itself that proved the struggle of various beings.

[Mountain Appearance and Flowing Streams]

[Passive

Swordsmanship that embodies the mountain and streams.

Towering mountain peaks, sheer cliffs, streams of water flowing along the mountain, rocks weathered by waterfalls, and pine trees standing alone—a sword depicting the landscape that someone has been protecting for a lifetime.

★ The willpower stat will double when a sword type weapon is equipped.

★ Additional effects will occur depending on the type of swordsmanship.

★ The penalty of dual wielding is removed.

★ When using dual wielding, two swordsmanship-related skills can be used simultaneously. However, the cooldown time for the skill reuse is slightly increased.

★ Enhance the passive skills if all swordsmanship-related skills can't be used. Additional effects will occur depending on the form of the swordsmanship or regular attack. However, it is limited to when a sword-type weapon is equipped.]

A passive skill. The only condition was to equip a sword-type weapon or use swordsmanship-related skills. This meant that the skill was practically always applied to Grid. The performance was extraordinary.

'First of all, the power of skills affected by the willpower stat, including Storm of the Fire God, have been greatly strengthened.'

Step.

Grid activated Storm of the Fire God as an experiment and took a step. It was a light movement, but the shape of the sword was like a beam of light. It was the usage of Kill.

".....!" Grid's eyes widened. It was because the shockwave generated over time was split into three times instead of one. It was like the waterfall that weathered the rocks. A multi-hit effect was added to the 'stabbing' type of skill.

'Crazy.'

Grid got a chill and summoned the Overgeared Skeletons. It was necessary for him to closely observe the changes. Of course, he was reluctant. The Overgeared Skeletons might not know pain, but who would want to cut a precious pet? However, it couldn't be helped. There were no scarecrows for training that could withstand the amount of damage that Grid dealt. Rabbit would collapse. It was also impossible to use the God Hands which 'didn't receive damage' as an output meter.

Pepepeng!

A singleword strike pierced Overgeared Skeleton One three times. Assuming that Kill dealt 100 damage, this didn't mean that all three attacks dealt 100 damage each. Following the 100 damage, the subsequent two attacks were reduced by 50% and 80% respectively. Still, it should be noted that this wasn't an active skill, but a passive skill that was always applied. In other words, it easily caused additional damage in the tens of percent. It was even applied as a multi-hit. Multi-hits were very useful because they could be used to consume the enemy's defense skills. Depending on the situation, it was much more effective than simply raising the base damage of the skill.

'Due to this, I'm not satisfied with Zeratul's martial skill.'

The dual wielding secret technique made by Zeratul was great enough. He disparaged it as a fake in front of Venice, but in his heart, he thought that Zeratul was the martial god for a reason. If he were to use dual swords with it, their attack power and attack speed would be greatly increased. The pure power alone transcended the power of Mountain Appearance and Flowing Streams. It was obviously a myth rated skill.

Honestly, he was afraid of Zeratul's power that allowed him to complete such a secret technique in a matter of days. If Zeratul decided to mass produce the secret techniques, it was questionable if Grid could handle the angels who acquired them and became stronger.

However, Grid eventually chose the Mountain King's secret technique. It wasn't due to personal feelings, but the disadvantages in Zeratul's secret technique.

First, there were limitations to its sustainability. The increased attack power and attack speed were maintained when using two swords, but the more he used it, the more abnormal statuses that were induced. In particular, physical conditions such as fractures were highly likely to occur. Thus, there was a possibility that he couldn't even use one sword, let alone two.

Zeratul's personality was evident in it. It could be seen from the condition of the followers of the martial god that Zeratul didn't care about those who learned and used his martial arts. It didn't matter what side effects they suffered. It was enough if they proved that his martial arts were the greatest in the world, even if they died.

'The downside isn't just that.'

Like other mastery skills, Mountain Appearance and Flowing Streams harmonized with Grid's sword dances while Zeratul's secret technique wasn't in harmony. It was an omission caused by maximizing the effect of using two swords, but there was no advantage from Grid's position. It was virtually meaningless to use two swords if the passive effect of the sword dances disappeared every time dual swords were used.

'It is a penalty that ordinary people will accept.'

It could be asserted that Zeratul's dual wielding swordsmanship was the most powerful among the existing mastery skills. The average person wouldn't have any trouble abandoning their existing mastery skills. However, Grid couldn't take it. The damage was too great if the passive effect of the sword dance was given up.

Based on this explanation, it might seem like Mountain Appearance and Flowing Streams was worse than Zeratul's secret technique, but this wasn't necessarily the case.

The willpower stat increased, there were additional effects depending on the skills, two skills could be used at the same time, and the effect of passive skills were enhanced when skills weren't available—the Mountain King's secret technique had effects that weren't available in Zeratul's secret technique. It was appropriate to interpret Mountain Appearance and Flowing Streams as a mastery optimized for auxiliary roles.

'I am certain at this point.'

The Mountain King had grasped his condition. He picked out secret techniques to meet what Grid lacked. It wasn't difficult when looking at the background of the Mountain King, who had encountered many legends and myths, and usurped them. His insight couldn't be ordinary.

'In the first place, it was in the domain of the Mountain King.'

As expected, he might be equivalent to a high ranked dragon in his own territory. Lael would disagree, but for now, it was right to guess like this. Grid highly appreciated the Mountain King's power of 'reducing the damage received.' Unlike a dragon's absolute defense, where damage could be dealt once the defense was penetrated, the Mountain King's damage reduction was a passive skill that didn't have the concept of penetration.

'...Still, is it too exaggerated to compare him to a high ranked dragon?'

Could he be sure that he could actually deal significant damage after penetrating a dragon's absolute defense? No. Of course, Grid had met the evil dragon and gourmet dragon. It was just difficult to imagine the combat effectiveness since the gourmet dragon only enjoyed playing around. On the other hand, the evil dragon was merely perceived as a disaster and he had no insight into it. Only the shocking stats were memorable. He didn't have the opportunity to experience its skills, powers, etc. Above all, Grid's level was too low at the time.

'It is likely to be a confusion caused by ignorance.'

The Grid who encountered the evil dragon was a completely different person from the current Grid. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that he was just a newborn baby when fighting the evil dragon. If he met the evil dragon again now... there was a good chance that he would feel a completely different appreciation than before.

'It is said that an old dragon is comparable to the martial god.'

Of course, the martial god mentioned here might be Zeratul, not Chiyu. So could Grenier be equivalent to Zeratul?

'I'm not sure. The Zeratul I saw was just the version that descended to the surface.'

The 'domain' was the problem. Just as great demons were different in hell compared to the surface, and angels and gods were different in heaven compared to the surface, he was constantly confused due to the wide variation in power according to each individual domain. He might have a worse impression of the Mountain King if he had encountered the Mountain King in a place other than Grenier.



'Eventually, it is a fact that I will experience directly.'

He had to try not to be frustrated when that time came.

"...Let's start again."

Clack clack!Clack clack clack!

The Overgeared Skeletons forgot to speak today.They only moved their jaws despite being able to speak the human language. It was an effort to swallow their screams.Thanks to their sublime sacrifice, Grid was able to identify and check all the detailed effects of Mountain Appearance and Flowing Streams.It was the same for the other three legendary skills.

[Calm Before the Storm]

[Instantly has a 50% damage reduction effect the moment it is used.

Enter a state of 'no action' for at least 3 seconds up to 10 seconds. Obtain 10 rage per second.

If the rage level becomes higher than 20, all enemies within a radius of 5 meters will have their actions slow down.

The higher the rage, the greater the influence range and deceleration effect. Once it is released, 'all reduced damage' will be returned to all targets within the influence range. There will be an additional 2 seconds of stun.

The probability of stunning is in proportional to the rage value. If 100 rage is accumulated then there is a 100% chance. Ignores the stun resistance of the target at this time.

Skill Cooldown Time: 30 minutes.

Skill Mana Cost: 25,300]

First, he got a new field skill.The constraints were large and the conditions were difficult, but it was very suitable for a reversal.It could easily reverse the situation depending on how it was used.However, there was a very big drawback.

"Are you qualified to bear my rage?"

...He needed a starter phrase to activate the skill.

"Regret it."

It was even whenever his rage was charged.

"Weep."

Lines were added.

"Despair."

Unlike his willpower, his mouth opened against his will.It was the force of the system.It seemed to be an effect based on the skill structure of suppressing the enemy's momentum with anger.

'Which evil eye crawled all the way to Grenier?' He had no choice but to doubt the origin of the skill.

Grid sighed, but he soon controlled his emotions. Thanks to the evil eyes who were active at the Abyss during the great human and demon war, people's perception of chuunibyou gradually improved.

'...No, it isn't comforting at all?'

In any case, there were still two skills left.

[Darkness Sword]

[When activating the skill, each attack has a 30% chance of generating additional attacks proportional to 60% of the magic attack power.

The additional attacks will occur at the target's feet and can't be defended against with physical force.

Skill Cooldown Time: None.

Skill Mana Cost when Activated: 10,000.

Mana Cost When Skill is Active: 500 per second.

\*An additional 2,500 mana is consumed every time the skill is activated.]

A skill that could only be defended against by using evasion or mana-related skills. The chance of triggering it wasn't high at 30%, but it was difficult to be disappointed when thinking about Grid's attack speed. If he used Link against Overgeared Skeleton One, there were more than 10 dark blades that rose from the feet of Overgeared Skeleton One.

'The mana consumption is crazy.'

Grid was enjoying the effect of the Ring of Absurdity and other items. The mana consumed when using a skill was less than half of the requirements. Nevertheless, mana was constantly sucked out. This was caused by his very high attack speed. Still, it was definitely a good skill. It was powerful and versatile enough to be coveted by everyone. It was also cool. Once more than 10 blades soared up at the same time, it gave people the illusion that their position completely blackened and disappeared.

'It is all good. All good...'

The last skill was the problem.

[King of the Mountain]

[Passive

If your health falls below 30%, you will be protected by the Mountain King.

All speeds will increase significantly and you will enter a fluidization state which can penetrate materials.

Every time the attack target is penetrated, the damage caused to the target is doubled. It is up to 20 times. However, only up to four times the skill damage is applied.

★ In the King of the Mountain state, evasion rate will increase by 51%.

\* The skill will remain until health is restored to above 30%. Up to one hour.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour and 5 minutes.

Skill Mana Cost: None.]

The stacking of effects wasn't a problem for Grid who could use Shunpo. The moment he set the target of the attack and used Shunpo, he could start stacking up the effects. He was excited about the harmony with Lightning God. However, it was difficult to keep his health below 30%.

If he attacked the target while wearing the lifestealing items, his health would increase to more than 30%. Even if the lifestealing items were removed, he would quickly reach 30% health due to his natural recovery speed. It was inefficient because turning off Storm of the Fire God to suppress his healing power would weaken him as a result.

'It would be nice if a great demon chased me around and used Doom.'

Grid had strange and absurd thoughts due to his regret. However, there was a smile that spread on his face. He was extremely happy because of his new skills.

### **Chapter 1543**

High ranker—it was a world-class hierarchy that ordinary people would never reach in their lifetime.

On the Internet, there was a culture of mocking high rankers and comparing them to Grid, but the actual perceptions were different. A significant number of people respected and took high rankers as their goal. Recently, many people had achieved their goals. It was the aftermath of a significant increase in the number of high ranked players.

In the past, according to different media or regions, the top ranked players were classified as high rankers. Then recently, it had been argued that the top 100,000 rankers were defined as high rankers. It wasn't intended to undermine the value of high rankers. As the overall level of players increased, the top 100,000 rankers showed a dignity that was almost equivalent to or above the past high rankers.

In the first place, the number of players was close to 2.2 billion. 100,000 was not a large number. It was a super-ultra elite group of the top 0.0045%.

The two men at the peak of that group were right here. Sword Saint Kraugel, who went beyond the limits with a sword, and Lantier Faker, who used all types of shadows to create soldiers—the two men were fighting against Chepardea while Kasim, Glant, and the succubi escaped with Leraje.

The goal was to buy time. It was until Leraje reached the basement of the castle. They didn't think of fighting and winning against Chepardea at all. It was a wise judgment. Chepardea was Baal's subordinate. It was evaluated that his strength was just below a single digit great demon.

"Croak." Chepardea's tongue moved in a spiral. He ignored Faker, who was hiding in the shadows, and attacked Kraugel first. Every time this tongue touched Kraugel's sword, it would stretch out longer despite being cut. It was the same no matter how much it was sliced. There seemed to be no end to the length. In the first place, Chepardea's tongue was protected by slippery mucus. It was hard to cut even for the Sword Saint. Unless he could handle fire like the fire demons, he would have to consume a lot of mental strength with every cut.

Chepardea's tongue, which had been relentlessly tracking Kraugel, finally took control of the interior of the palace in a dizzying manner. It spread out like spider webs through the rather cramped bedroom and outside hallway to block the other side's movements.

"....."

There was no guarantee that a party filled with luxurious members could achieve results in a raid. The key to cooperation was mutual understanding. However, Kraugel and Faker weren't close normally. They didn't know much about each other. Just their individual competence was outstanding.

If the battle had been broadcasted, then the commentators would be sighing right now. The odds of winning might be low, but the problem was that they didn't cooperate with each other. It was an interpretation that would make Grid snort if he watched the broadcast.

".....!" Chepardea's eyes opened wide as he watched the target. He naturally expected Kraugel's response to be a 'slash.' He expected a slash that would cut all the tongues blocking the path and prepared. It was because this was the existence of the Sword Saint that Chepardea heard about.

However, Kraugel was different. He ran over without cutting the tongue. He looked like a monkey, not the Sword Saint. Still, it was hard to laugh at. It was because Kraugel had noticed that poison was injected into his tongue.

'No, he couldn't know. It is a matter of skill.'

He avoided it because he didn't have the confidence to bear the energy consumed when cutting the overlapping tongues at once. Thus, the situation was lucky.

Chepardea kept an eye on Kraugel's movement. He checked the horizontal trajectory. 'He is moving like a rat. He is so careful that I'm sick and tired of it.'

Throughout the Great Human and Demon War, the only offensive means that Chepardea showed was his tongue. The tongue covered the walls, floor, and ceiling dozens of times, and as a result, they were tangled together like a spider web. From the other side's point of view, it seemed to be a structural barrier. It deserved to be interpreted as Chepardea focusing on defense.

However, Kraugel wasn't positive about this at all. He was wary of Chepardea and speculated that Chepardea would have a method of attack other than the tongue.

'If this was Muller, he would've cut it in a single slash and detonated it!'

Frogs easily hunted flies. However, Kraugel wasn't easily caught, so Chepardea's tongue started to shake like it was in sync with Chepardea's annoyed feelings. The shaking was so aggressive that it slightly ruined the balance of Kraugel, who was running on the sticky and slippery tongue.

Chepardea captured this moment accurately. Chepardea's tongue swelled up. He quickly filled the empty space like he was going to crush Kraugel. Tens of thousands of taste buds moved closer together and emitted smoke. It was light brown and had a terrible odor. It was the precursor to a poisonous explosion.

The explosion was terribly large. It was enough to cause worry that the castle could collapse. This was even though they knew the crystal castle could never collapse. It was a disaster caused by Chepardea's one strike. This was indeed Baal's power of destruction.

“I feel relieved.Croak.”

It wasn't just the colorful wallpaper and carpet. All the bedding and furniture had disappeared as well.Chepardea was the only one who was unharmed in the bedroom that was burned black.The Sword Saint and Lantier were gone along with the shadows.

There were no doubts as Chepardea moved toward the entrance to the hallway.It was to track down Leraje, who had fled earlier. The mirror demon was chasing her, but he needed to make sure.Agnus was far behind, so he had no choice but to come forward...

“.....?”

Chepardea flinched with surprise.It was because the black ash coloring the bedroom turned into a rope and wrapped around his legs.He turned his head and the view of the intact bedroom filled his vision.There were no signs of the explosion.The bedding and furniture he thought had disappeared were also intact.

Chepardea belatedly noticed that the shadows had swallowed up the aftermath of the explosion.The identity of the ashes that covered the bedroom was actually the shadows.

‘It isn't just the Overgeared God who is a problem. He is also crazy as an enemy?Croak.’

Chepardea remembered the Lantier of this era.It was the human who killed Agnus before the start of theGreat Human and Demon War.Since then, Agnus started to fall lower and lower, and experiencedhell.This human was a threat.Lantier's assassination ability and his shadow techniques were extremely famous.As for the personal competence, well...

It wasn't very impressive. It felt like he had just inherited the name of Lantier and was at a level where he didn't have smooth control over the shadows.It was insignificant compared to the Overgeared God.However, not too long after that, his shadow control ability was extremely developed.

The state of invalidating a phenomenon.It might transcend the reputation of the previous generation Lantier.

Chepardea's suspicion was valid.Just now, Faker used the skill Greed taught by Kasim to swallow the explosion while simultaneously unfolding a curtain of shadows. At least at that moment, it was a scene that the previous generation Lantier couldn't reproduce.Of course, it was possible with the help of Kraugel.He took advantage of the instant gap when Kraugel cut part of the explosion and this was the result of the perfect cooperation between the two.

Kraugel and Faker trusted each other. It was trust that originated from respect, not friendship.The two people never questioned each other's choices and actions.They trusted and responded to each other in complete cooperation.So gradually, they understood each other.

“It is close.”

Step.

Kraugel was muttering to himself as he walked out of the shadows.

Chepardea was cocking his head due to not understanding the words. Then his expression soon hardened. It was because he noticed that Kraugel's transparent sword, which had produced huge shockwaves during the battle, had calmed down. He instinctively felt an ominous feeling.

"The rapport is finally over."

Kraugel had no experience dealing with myth rated items. Therefore, he was inwardly flustered by the resistance that occurred from the time the White Tiger Sword grew to the myth rating. Since ancient times, the Sword Saint was an existence that could use all sword-type weapons. Perhaps the White Tiger Sword resembled the parents who made it, but it was very arrogant and refused Kraugel's touch.

It was quite a huge shock. He was disappointed from the perspective of a parent who raised it, not the Sword Saint. Grid had made it with the potential to become a myth and it was actually the Overgeared God's divine object after it reached the myth rating. Even so, Kraugel was the real master. He just hadn't expected it to rebel...

In any case, he was glad that it was resolved.

"Let's start now."

Kraugel cut at the tongue aiming for his heart without hesitation. He no longer avoided it or crossed it. There was no need to do these things. Now he could cut the thick tongue surrounded by mucus like it was a radish without using any skills.

Kraugel moved using the shortest distance. He went straight without turning.

Originally, the Sword Saint was such an existence. The Sword Saint cut everything that blocked their way and broke through. He repeatedly cut off Chepardea's thick tongue surrounded by slippery mucus, which could originally only be dried and suppressed by the fire demons. Every time the tongue was cut, there was a poisonous explosion. The White Tiger Sword shining in the hands of the Sword Saint showed its full power.

Chepardea also noticed this fact. "Overgeared God...!"

This guy was ahead of the times. He promoted the growth of humanity, which had always been slow, and consequently threatened hell.

Kraugel read Chepardea's resentful eyes and whispered, "Grid doesn't even care about you."

Chepardea wanted to refute it, but he couldn't do so. It was because his head was cut off from his body and fell to the ground. A shadow quickly rushed up to the big, round head, grabbed it, and threw it out the window. Kraugel kicked the body, which had lost its head and was staggering. This was one of the most popular gimmicks for killing small monsters. It was a way to target the 'light weight' and break through the front.

"This...! You cowards! Croooooak!" Chepardea's roar as he fell out of the castle echoed in an empty manner. He was kicked out of the castle and there was only one thing he could do now. It was to wait for the return of the mirror demon left alone in the castle.

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To put it simply, fighters were brawlers. It was possible to use everything in their hands as weapons. This meant they had the Weapon Mastery skill and there was a high probability that the condition of use for skills didn't have any weapon restrictions.

However, Grid's mind wasn't changed. He was going to hand over Tzudan's class change book to Chris as planned.

'Tzudan's main weapon was the greatsword.'

The skills that were opened when reaching a certain level or completing class quests were likely to be truly powerful, especially when the ultimate skills were used with a greatsword. Now he didn't want to regret choosing someone other than Chris. Of course, there was no option for Grid himself to learn it.

Why? He couldn't learn it. If he could learn it, he would've learned it right away, just like the skills he received from the Mountain King.

'Chris is overflowing with qualifications.'

The only problem remaining was how much to charge for it. Grid didn't have the desire to have 100 trillion won worth of assets like the world-class chaebols, but he intended to receive a proper price. He wanted to be friends with Chris until they died of old age. He was worried that there would be a sense of distance if he handed over a precious item for free and Chris felt a sense of debt in his heart.

'Hmm...10 billion won? Is this too cheap?'

The value of a legendary class change book was different than what it used to be. It was because it was clearly revealed that the acquisition path was unclear and the quantity was limited. Rich people in the Middle East, whose assets exceeded 1,500 trillion or 2,000 trillion won, offered thousands of billions in won for them, and it was the main reason for the rise in market price. It was hard for ordinary people to realize, but the world was full of rich people trying to become the second Grid with money.

'...I think I'll have to get at least 100 billion won for it.'

Chris was a top ranker for a long time and served as the lord of a big city. He represented Canada and had shot many shows and commercials. He also participated in various event competitions and swept up the prizes. Grid was sure he would have 100 billion won.

The unsuspecting Grid didn't know that his economic concept was completely out of step with the ordinary. There were so many rich people around him and he was in a position to become a chaebol at any time.

'Let's hurry and change classes.'

Using the class change book meant the level was likely to reset to 1. Time was gold. For Grid to make a second debtor... no, he started right away for the future of his precious colleague.

His destination was the Abyss. It was a battlefield where a new crisis had arrived.

## **Chapter 1544**

The terrain of the Abyss wasn't suitable for defense. The situation was different from the Behen Archipelago. At the Behen Archipelago, the moment the enemy appeared to occupy the ground and the sea, the defense forces could immediately build an encirclement and annihilate the enemy.

First of all, the area of the Abyss was too large. It took more than half a day for a knight to walk all the way around it, so hundreds of thousands of soldiers were needed to thoroughly surround it. Even this had the risk of power distribution. It was a dark pit that had no light. It was impossible to observe the interior. It was virtually impossible to respond to the tens of thousands of demonic creatures that suddenly poured out from the huge pit without any precursors.

Originally, the Abyss—to be precise, Titan, where the Abyss was located, was destined to fall to hell. It would've been the leading base for the demons and played a role in leading the war to victory. From Gamigin and Barbatos to Baal's ego fragment—this was why the prominent beings appeared at the Abyss, not the Behen Archipelago. The main characters protecting it were Braham, Kyle, Euphemina, and the strategists of the allied forces.

"They're coming."

Braham had the ability to distinguish the magic power of the near-chaos Abyss and the demonic creatures coming from it.

"The Adien flowers have withered and aftershocks have occurred in the east. The pearls have turned green. Ice, survival, large."

The strategists predicted the types of demonic creatures that would appear based on changes in the environment. Then Braham's tremendous magic power filled the surface of the huge pit.

"It is the ice attribute. This time, Sir Kyle should step out with us."

"Um..."

Euphemina, who released attribute magic based on Braham's magic power and the nature of the demonic creatures, and Kyle, a master of lightning—the cooperation between these top figures and the strategists overshadowed the unfavorable terrain of the Abyss.

At least half of the creatures emerging from the Abyss were destroyed every time. Then the battle began. The demonic creatures that luckily survived the baptism of magic also exposed their 'weaknesses.' It meant that the parts of the body that weren't hit by the magic were their weaknesses. Players and soldiers were able to fight very comfortably.

"At this point, it is almost like a bus."

The expressions of the players were bright as they glanced at the magicians standing side by side in the sky above the Abyss. They had to be happy about easily killing the demonic creatures and accumulating experience. However, only a few people wished that the war wouldn't end. It was because they understood the hearts of the soldiers who were worried about and missed their families.

This was the biggest change caused by the Great Human and Demon War. Players and NPCs became true companions.

"T-Thank you."



"It is nothing."

It was common for players to risk getting hurt to protect the soldiers first. The Overgeared members felt the change in the field and were happy together. They thought of Grid's pleased appearance.

"Until a few years ago, people laughed at Grid for being too immersed in the game."

"These are all changes made by God Grid! It is inevitable for him to be acknowledged as God Grid even in Japan. Hahat!"

"You went looking for Japan's reaction again?"

"Why doesn't Peak Sword ever change?"

"By the way, he hasn't been picking a fight with Katz these days?"

"It is impossible. He will lose no matter what if he fights now."

It was a day that wasn't much different from usual. The players and soldiers could handle the fighting and the Overgeared members supported them. Thus, they felt it even more abruptly. The number of demonic creatures rising from the Abyss suddenly increased sharply.

"Fire, stealth, small, large...! E-Earth! Flight! Super large! Large!"

The strategists were confused. It was because the number of demonic creatures predicted was too big. It was at a level where they couldn't keep up with the demonic creatures.

Braham, Kyle, and Euphemina noticed the seriousness of the situation. Regardless of the consequences, they squeezed out all their mana and poured all types of magic into the Abyss. However, the momentum of the demonic creatures wasn't weakened. There were significantly more demonic creatures appearing then disappearing. It was an all-out offensive.

"Should we call the evil eyes king?" Euphemina made this comment as she looked at the warp gate connected to Reinhardt, but Braham shook his head.

"It isn't possible."

The king of the evil eyes was too powerful. The evil eyes king shot rays of extinction from his large eyes, but he couldn't control it properly. There would inevitably be a burden on his already weak body. It was poisonous in the current situation. Like the vampire, the evil eyes were former residents of hell. It would attract the attention of the demons by all means.

While evil eyes were powerful, their physical abilities were weak, so they were easy to be targeted. In particular, the great demons were more likely to risk their lives to get rid of the evil eyes king. It was because the desire of the demons to collect the evil eyes of the evil eyes king was beyond imagination. It meant that even Braham would have a hard time protecting him.

"You are becoming kinder."

"What nonsense is that?"

"You are worried about the evil eyes king."

“I... I’m not worried about him. I’m worried about the situation where the great demons will flock because of him.”

Braham couldn’t bear to swear at Euphemina, who was smiling slyly. The successor of his old disciple—he was trying to return the kindness that he couldn’t give to his disciple. It was different from the days when he was expelled by his blood kin and wandered around alone.

Now there was no reason for Braham to be spiteful. He had long regretted the time when he was jealous of his disciple.

“.....!”

Just then, Braham’s eyes widened. He was so surprised that he took a deep breath. It was a reaction that was hard to see from him so far. In particular, this was the first time Kyle was seeing Braham like this. Didn’t Braham show an arrogant expression even when he experienced a crisis while fighting Gamigin?

“What is coming...?” the anxious Kyle asked.

“A god.”

Braham didn’t ignore him. A god? It was an answer that seemed absurd. Unfortunately, it wasn’t improbable. The Overgeared God and martial god—Kyle had already experienced several gods. He had seen demons and angels.

The existence of a god was no longer vague. Rather, it was more realistic.

“It is too big. It is like a mass of grudges...”

Kyle and Euphemina could only see the darkness of the Abyss. The same was true even when they threw light. The darkness swallowed the light. However, Braham’s eyes were staring into the deep pit of the Abyss. It couldn’t block the magic power detection ability of the greatest magician of all time.

“.....!”

“.....!”

Kyle and Euphemina were startled. It was close to shrinking back with fright. It was because the magic power of the Abyss, which could be called infinite, started to be absorbed by Braham.

‘Is this Mana Drain?’

‘A monster. This guy is definitely a monster.’

If there was a god of destruction among the many gods, it would surely be the man in front of him. It was the moment when Kyle was certain of this.

“If this continues, more demonic creatures will go crazy in response. It is right to deal with it as soon as possible. I will leave this place to you,” Braham told them.

There was no time to stop him. He had already jumped into the Abyss.

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“Organize the ranks while I buy time.”

Chris unfailingly took the lead. Every time his sword moved through the ground and created a storm, there were screams mixed in with the sound of explosions. If he couldn't cut the enemy then he smashed them with the greatsword. The demonic creatures were invincible apart from their weak spots, but every time their skulls collided with the greatsword, it became dented and both eyes protruded like they were being pulled out. It was the strength of the greatsword technique that used weight as power.

The expression 'destruction' was appropriate because it caused deadly physical abnormalities every time. A single attack broke dozens of demonic creatures in front of him. The bodies of the demonic creatures flew toward the Abyss that they had a hard time crawling up from and crashed.

Kigi!Kik!

The leading demonic creatures exchanged looks. In a rare act, they communicated with each other. At the same time, they ignored Chris. They took a detour to advance. It was an instinctive fear of Chris' ignorant way of fighting that neutralized the power of invincibility.

Chris didn't miss this. The power of a greatsword was also in the range. His sword was the heaviest and longest.

Chris was the Tyrant. He declared the land he stood on as his territory.

The demonic creatures had their paths blocked by the large sword that stretched out like an inclined pillar and were lost. They were crushed by the Tyrant's momentum and faltered. There was only one person in the world who could step on this land without Chris' permission and it was Grid.

Kiyaaaaak!

An unrealistic scene was created. The bodies of the screaming demonic creatures flew in a continuous parabola and crashed into the Abyss. It was the same for the large demonic creatures. Chris was a powerful man who wielded up to 10,000 tons of power.

“What baseball game are you playing...?”

Players clicked their tongues at Chris' consecutive home run hits.

“It's done!”

The commanders of the forces led by Chris shouted at once. They have safely reorganized the formations. They were prepared to face the complete offensive of the demonic creatures.

The flying demonic creatures appeared like they had been waiting. They opened their mouths wide and formed beams. However, Chris was the owner of a rune. The Rune of Supplementation—it was a rune with a transcendent performance that sublimated weaknesses into strengths. Originally, close-range warriors, especially those who valued strength over speed, were vulnerable to ranged flying monsters. Meanwhile, Chris easily intercepted them.

“Ohh...”

“He is so versatile. As expected of the number two person of the Overgeared Guild...”

In recent years, Chris had remained at the top of the unified rankings. He was considered the number two player in the Overgeared Guild because he was competing for first and second place with Grid. In fact, the current Chris was close to complete. It was amazing that he only had a normal class.

"Waaahhhhhhh!"

A large-scale battle began. Like the other camps that had been entangled with the army of demonic creatures, Chris' camp also started a head-on collision with the demonic creatures. At first, the momentum was good. Chris' performance allowed them to maintain it sufficiently and their morale increased enough.

Yet over time, problems developed. The momentum of the demonic creatures became unusual. They abandoned their instinctive habit of protecting their weak spots and went on a beast-like rampage. It was more appropriate to express it as a loss of reason than a rampage.

'This!'

The camp quickly started to collapse. The demonic creatures didn't defend their weaknesses, thus their weaknesses weren't revealed. The soldiers had difficulty targeting them and the burden on the players increased.

The battlefield completely changed. Chris repeatedly became isolated. As his allies were gradually pushed back, the number of demonic creatures he had to deal with alone increased sharply. The fatal problem was that there were dozens of demons mixed in with the demonic creatures. Based on their level, some of them were the subordinates of the high ranking great demons. They focused on Chris because they noticed how to win the war.

"Keuk!"

As the battle intensified, the limitations of his class were revealed. A normal class—starting from the fourth class advancement, the quality was comparable to hidden classes, but the difference in stats was still clear. The range that the stats rose by when the level increased was determined by the class' rating.

Of course, the difference could be narrowed using special titles or elixirs. Chris was likely to be the player who consumed the most elixirs, but due to many practical problems, it wasn't enough to bridge the fundamental stats difference. Additionally, the difference in stats was directly linked to sustainability in battle. The higher the stats, the faster the enemy was killed and the less health that was consumed. Naturally, those with higher stats could fight longer.

'It is vexing.'

Chris felt his body becoming heavier and resented himself. He rebuked his inability to break down the wall of 'normality.' During the time when Grid was wandering in search of Pagma's class change book, he was obsessed with vampires and stayed in the castle. He was blinded by the elixirs, so his viewpoint became narrow. Those days were so regrettable that he wanted to turn back time if it was possible.

[The cooldown time for the health recovery potion hasn't ended.]

'It is the end.' No, it wasn't the end. It was just one defeat. Chris controlled his mind and wielded the sword with his last remaining physical strength, turning two demons to ashes at the same time. It was a struggle that evoked all types of admiration and astonishment.

In the midst of the exclamations and screams, Chris' greatsword was inserted into the ground. He used it to support his body. He felt his stamina running out and spoke to the rankers in the same camp, "Take the soldiers and join Peak Sword's camp. He must be holding out better than us because he has Iyarugt."

Chris only looked at his colleagues. He didn't care about the claws and teeth of the demons that were being inserted into his body. A few players tried to grab him, but Chris cried out, "It is better to die and be resurrected!"

Two deaths meant not being able to connect for 24 hours, but one death was an opportunity. He could resurrect in full condition and rejoin the front lines immediately. Eventually, he couldn't even move his fingertips and gradually collapsed while leaning on his greatsword.

From his side—

"Come and learn this." Grid suddenly approached Chris and handed him a very old book. "Hurry."

Storm of the Fire God was naturally triggered. However, the survival-related effects of Storm of the Fire God on allies was increased recovery and resistance to abnormal statuses. Chris had already suffered great damage and was experiencing all types of poisoning and bleeding. Thus, it couldn't dramatically revive a target whose health was about to reach zero.

Chris trusted Grid. It wasn't just because Grid was a colleague and a friend. It was that Grid was a better person than himself. This was why he used the book without properly examining the information.

[You have become Tzudan's Successor.]

[Your level has dropped.]

[You are now level 1.]

[All first class related skills and stats have been reset.]

".....?"

Usually, rankers were afraid of death because they were worried about a drop in their experience. In particular, the higher the level of the ranker, the more worried they were about leveling down than losing items. It was because this was directly linked to a drop in their rankings. In other words, it was meaningless to choose to reset his level in order to live.

"...Aaaack!" Chris belatedly screamed. He still hadn't figured out the situation. He was too flustered. It felt like a dream to have a body so weak that the sword he had wielded with one hand so far now felt like a great mountain. There were thousands of demonic creatures and demons in front of him, but his level was 1. It was impossible not to scream.

Grid raised him up. "Hold on tightly. The bus will start."

Today, the quickest level up record would be broken.

## Chapter 1545

“This is unbelievable...”

A normal class—this was what Chris often felt sorry about. It was especially the case whenever he felt a lack of stamina. There was also pride. He was proud to have reached first in the unified rankings in the past with these limitations. Of course, it was possible because Kraugel’s level was reset and Grid’s ranking was private.

However, it was a record that should not be disparaged. In any case, he had reached the peak of 2 billion players. It would be a deception if he felt ashamed. It was trivializing others. Chris has always maintained his passion. He did his best to make achievements that had never been done before and to leave his own records in a different way from Grid and Kraugel.

The gap is closing.

Less than 50 levels were left until the time that Chairman Lim Cheolho had declared. That’s right. It was just before a normal class achieved the fifth class advancement for the first time. Technically, it wasn’t just before, but in any case, it was a feasible goal that could be achieved by next year at the latest. It was an opportunity to catch up to those who were ahead. It was largely due to the Great Human and Demon War.

Now it was all wasted.

“Level... my level...”

Chris’ external image was very excellent. A man who devoted himself silently to the limitations of a normal class. His achievements, serious personality, and masculine appearance meant he won the favor of many people. He was a hero in his home country, Canada, and he was very popular abroad. He was a rare icon of goodwill where his recognition and popularity were directly proportional. He was different from the Grid types, who at one time had numerous anti-fans for various reasons. Yet now he was like this.

“Aaaaaaack!” He held his head and screamed. It was almost like a howl. It was completely different from the image he had built up so far.

The people at the scene and the viewers were flustered.

-What’s wrong with Chris??

-Wow ?? Chris can scream as well. I thought he was a wooden stone??

-Did he hear the news that the stock prices have fallen?

-I think it is because of the book that God Grid gave him...

Most legendary classes had to achieve certain conditions before their existence was announced with a world message. It was virtually impossible to realize that Chris had just changed to a legend and that his level was reset. It was only possible to guess if they checked the updated rankings and saw that Chris’ name was gone.

“Wake up,” Grid said firmly while raising Chris up. Chris’ height was a bit taller than Grid, but Chris was the one looking up at Grid. It was due to the power of the flying ability. Grid was unknowingly using the attraction power caused by the difference in eye level. It was an act that came from his experiences as a king.

“This is the path you have chosen, Chris.”

“What...?” Chris was speechless. His eyes widened as he stared blankly at Grid. He chose this? It was said by the person who suddenly made him level 1. It was so ridiculous that he couldn’t even become angry. Chris had no idea what to say in return and suddenly recalled the previous situation.

‘...Yes, this is the path I chose.’

The book handed over by Grid. In other words, he was the one who opened the class change book without looking at it properly. There was no problem with Grid’s logic. For some reason, this made him even more annoyed, but he couldn’t turn back time.

‘There is no need to turn back.’

Chris’ shock and confusion quickly calmed down. Even though he might’ve failed to accomplish his goal of being the first normal class player to achieve the fifth class advancement...

He might’ve been prevented from being inducted into the Hall of Fame and couldn’t experience the completed normal class, making all the work he had been struggling on useless...

‘This isn’t something to blame Grid for.’

In the end, it was the path of his own choice. He also got a legendary class. It was the highest rated class among hidden classes that he had been unconsciously hoping for when he was once deeply eager for it and still felt regret. Furthermore, Grid had directly provided it to him. He didn’t understand why it happened without a word of discussion, but it was a favor and filled with sincerity. It was a fortune created by the relationship he made.

‘It is good... right?’

Suspicious suddenly sprouted, but he shook his head to get rid of them. It was while looking around with a fierce gaze.

“It is a great environment to be a passenger.”

He was currently surrounded by hundreds of demonic creatures and dozens of demons, and there were thousands of demonic creatures still flocking behind them. He still couldn’t believe the situation, but he couldn’t even guess what number the level marked ‘1’ would reach.

Then 30 God Hands appeared. They each held a weapon and rotated in a scary manner with Chris as the center. He was also escorted by Overgeared Skeleton One, who occupied the grandmaster’s body, and Overgeared Skeleton Two, who summoned skeleton soldiers. Of course, Randy and Noe were also present.

Spit spit spit.

Finally, Overgeared Corn spat on Chris' face.

"....."

"Deal the last blow well."

There was no party. If the level difference was too large, the one with the low level wouldn't gain any experience. The bus departed right away. The attack of the God Hands, which counterattacked those aiming at Chris, crushed the demonic creatures. The demonic creatures became minced meat and immediately turned to ash. The area around Chris, who was originally isolated on the battlefield that was swarming with enemies, turned into an empty wilderness in seconds.

"....."

Chris had quickly learned that he could equip existing weapons, although his strength had weakened due to the rebound of the level reset. He was looking for an opportunity to aim his greatsword and his eyes sank coldly at the sight. His expression was full of suspicion as he looked at Grid standing next to him with folded arms.

"...Hum hum." Grid coughed to hide his embarrassment and quickly replaced the weapons of the God Hands. The swords that were shining brilliantly turned into very sharp weapons. They weren't the main and secondary weapons that Grid and the God Hands had been using. They were the results of Grid's failures when making his colleagues' weapons and he had been scheduled to hand them over to Administrator Rabbit soon. They were all unique rated and there were no legendary rated weapons.

The moment the weapons were replaced, the stopped dance of the God Hands resumed again. They were fast as if implementing some of Grid's stats and rotated in different directions. The demonic creatures couldn't even get near Chris before turning to ash. It was the same as before. Chris didn't even have a chance to wield his sword. He was still level 1.

"Eh...? You've already dealt with all the strong ones." Grid, who was sweating while feeling Chris' stinging gaze, belatedly figured out the situation. They were words that stabbed a dagger in not only Chris' heart, but the hearts of all the players on the field.

Grid himself wasn't aware of it. It was because he couldn't accurately gauge the level of the God Hands, which had grown in line with him. It couldn't be helped. It had been too long since he dealt with mobs. Grid had been growing through raids, quests, and blacksmithing for some time. He hadn't experienced an ordinary hunt in a long time. Of course, his high cognitive skills meant he quickly read the atmosphere and realized, but the water had already been spilled. He had no choice but to keep pushing forward.

"As expected of Chris. You know how much I respect you, right?"

"....."

Both of Grid's hands started to move. He picked up dropped items such as bones and leather that fell from the demonic creatures, and sharpened them, weaved them, and trimmed them to create a form that could roughly be called a tool.

[The Crude But Incredibly Sharp Bone Sword has been completed.]



[Miracle Made of Dirty Bones has been completed.]

[Bone Flower Blooming on the Battlefield has been completed.]

There were unique and legendary items, even legendary weapons with many modifiers, but it was fine. They were made with low quality materials, which reduced their power when compared to their rating.

The new weapons—the God Hands, armed with sophisticated and sharp weapons that were hard to believe were made just from carving the bones of demonic creatures, once again rotated. Fortunately, this time the destructive power dropped significantly.

Nearly half the demonic creatures in range survived. Finally, an opportunity came for Chris.

“Yes!” Chris wasn’t stupid. He immediately seized the opportunity and drew the greatsword. He swung a level 440 greatsword at level 1 with the same clean form as before. Of course, the momentum at the end of the sword was very shabby. First of all, the attack speed was too slow. His stats also fell when his level was reset so it couldn’t be helped. The good news was that there were hundreds of stat points left over. It was due to the stats acquired from his second class, titles, quests, and elixirs being maintained without any resets.

“.....”

Chris’ greatsword split apart the innocent air. It was because a wave of sword energy destroyed all the demonic creatures in the path one step ahead of the greatsword. It was sword energy with various rune languages.

Chris’ eyes became cold again as he turned to Overgeared Skeleton One this time, not Grid. At almost the same time, Overgeared Skeleton One disappeared. It was a reverse summoning.

“I’m sorry. This is the first time he came out after the class change, so he was too motivated. Haha...”

“.....”

Chris was still level 1. This time, there were no nearby demonic creatures rushing to approach. If there hadn’t been such twists, Chris might’ve gained a few more levels today. However, Chris didn’t feel sorry. After an hour, his level already exceeded 60. Perhaps it was a record that would never be broken.

It was because the damage adjustment of the God Hands, which boasted excellent learning skills, had already reached the level of a master. Overgeared Skeleton Two’s ability to distort all attacks heading toward Chris was also a big help. Overgeared Skeleton Two guaranteed Chris’ survival while the God Hands devoted themselves to attacking. This increased Chris’ hunting efficiency.

Chris immediately distributed the rising stat points to regain his strength. The speed at which he finished off a demonic creature accelerated in real time. His fierce control clearly proved why he was the best player. Noe’s performance in crouching down as cutely as possible and luring the demonic creatures was also excellent. Randy was prepared for any unknown danger.

Grid stood next to Chris and continued to cut the bones of the demonic creatures. He was replacing the low quality bone swords that broke after a few attacks in real time. He was prepared to use his Knights Summoning at any time.

'Braham is fine.'

Grid was also communicating deeply with Braham. It was at a level where he vaguely detected the scenes after Braham fell into the pit of the Abyss. If Braham faced a crisis, it would be immediately recognized with the help of the bond system.

'I believe that you will come back safely.'

The Abyss—it was the place where Braham eliminated the hydra and became part of many myths. Therefore, Grid longed for a new myth to be born there that would give Braham greater power.

Then the sound of Overgeared Corn blowing from his mouth entered Grid's ears. It was as if he was saying, 'Braham will be fine.'

'No, that guy isn't such an existence?'

Grid awakened from his thoughts. He looked over and could see Overgeared Corn biting on Chris' face. The glare in his eyes was hideous. He openly showed killing intent. He seemed to be quite dissatisfied about needing to look after a man.

'...I don't think he will kill Chris.' Overgeared Corn was actually a very obedient guy.

Grid pretended not to know anything and shifted his gaze away.

## **Chapter 1546**

Braham's consciousness was deeply submerged as the darkness filling his vision deepened. His thoughts expanded infinitely. It came from beyond the Abyss and reached the point where he could feel and interpret the original ideas that erupted like lava.

'It is painful.'

'Why do we have to suffer like this?'

'I haven't committed any sins!'

'How come it doesn't end even when I die? Someone kill me again... completely extinguish me...'

'I curse you. I curse this world!'

The voices of numerous vengeful spirits caused a chill to go down Braham's spine. Even though he hated the fate of his blood kin dying of illness and Marie Rose all his life, he couldn't measure the anger and pain of the souls. It was that deep.

Braham thought of his mother. Why was she expelled from hell even though she was third in the absolute hierarchy? He was told it was because she tried to reform hell. The exact content was vague. His mother's willpower made some memories blurred. The basis was so few that he could only guess in several ways.

What exactly happened? Why did the rulers of hell banish his mother and even joined forces with Rebecca to inflict the Curse of Sloth on her? The answer—

'Don't tell me...'

It suddenly came to Braham's mind at this moment. The hypothesis that was completed based on the voices of the vengeful spirits penetrated his mind like a thunderbolt.

'Was hell originally very different from now?'

It was known that after death, they either ascended to heaven or fell to hell. Those who had accumulated virtue in their lifetime would go to heaven, while those who had committed crimes would go to hell. However, many of the vengeful spirits were shouting that they hadn't sinned. They cursed the world and questioned why they should be here.

'They are out of their minds.'

Braham's expression crumpled up like a sheet of paper.

A terrifying thought came to his mind and he trembled. The proud son of the great Beriache, the apostle of Overgeared God Grid, and the strongest magician in history was frightened. It was due to reflecting on the principle of the birth of angels.

Angels were made from the souls of those who had proven their abilities during their lifetime, i.e. very few chosen beings. The actions of the number one archangel and Mir's remark proved this fact. Only those who became angels could ascend to heaven.

Then what about the rest who didn't qualify to be angels? Where did all the lives who were dying at this moment go after death? If all of them fell to hell...

'Hell shouldn't be in its current form.'

This was why he could guess that the original appearance of hell was different from the current one. It was likely that hell was a world made to shelter the dead, not punish the dead. The river of reincarnation flowing through hell supported this hypothesis. The river of reincarnation was a system that existed to bring salvation to the dead.

Yet Baal distorted hell. The river of reincarnation turned into the possession of demons, not the rights of the dead. His mother was expelled to the surface after struggling to bring back such a world...

Braham's thoughts went up to here and he lost his composure. Anger and fear rose endlessly as he discerned the feelings of the wronged souls and his mother's position.

"Cough!" There was a backlash in his mana due to the agitation in his mind. The pain of his heart tearing apart caused Braham to convulse. His mana scattered and his flying magic was forcibly lifted. Braham's body, drooping like a broken doll, fell at the speed of light. Braham blankly imagined his end of crashing into the floor of the Abyss and having his brain leak out. There was no motivation.

Yatan, the creator of hell—perhaps he had been watching the world with some sympathy after gaining the 'stigma' of the evil god. Was there no way to get away from Rebecca's slander? Was there any hope for them when the present world could even suppress an absolute god like Yatan?

'In the first place, it was something Mother failed at.'

All that awaited them in the future was despair. They would eventually die one day, fall to hell, and come to a position where they could only produce meaningless ideas...

“.....”

How much time had passed?

Braham, who was falling silently toward the end of the endless pit, suddenly felt a certain gaze. Beyond the abyss, an eye was lurking. It was like seeing a planet floating alone in space. The eye was that huge.

““It... hurts...””

Thousands or tens of thousands of voices echoed. Braham belatedly noticed why the eye was red. Demon God Sitri—he was now crying in the form of countless resentments and desires created due to the principles of hell. He was shedding tears of blood.

““Ahh...””

The red planet disappeared. The demon god closed his eye, and a black hole appeared in the universe. It was a huge mouth. It was the mouth of the demon god, who would soon swallow the falling Braham.

“.....”

Braham didn't resist. He lost all motivation and only waited for the moment when his descent stopped and he would be eaten. In any case, he was just bringing forward the destiny that would surely come someday... He felt at ease when he thought like this. At this moment—

'I believe that you will come back safely.' A familiar voice was heard. No, it was a thought, not a voice. Grid's faith and wish was clearly conveyed to Braham. It was a rapport caused by their bond.

“...Kukuk.” A laugh leaked from Braham's tightly closed lips. His red eyes flashed and his falling body immediately stopped. He embodied magic through blood instead of his scattered mana.

Blood magic—it was Braham's innate power. It was a power he never thought he would get back, yet he got it back. Marie Rose handed it to him. It was one of the miracles that Grid created. Braham looked back on his journey with Grid.

Resurrection—he drifted in a soul state and returned to his body.

Transcendence—the magic that reached the peak was developed once more.

Revival—he regained the blood and power he had lost.

He experienced many miracles during the not-so-long journey. Impossibility? He never experienced this when he was with Grid.

Braham once again reflected on his destiny. The destiny to fall to hell and become part of the demon god. The destiny to die and become an angel that was Rebecca's puppet. Just a little while ago, he was at a crossroad where only two paths could be seen, but at this moment, a new road appeared.

A blurred picture of destroying Baal and Rebecca formed in his head. It was a completely different picture from the destiny this crazy world forced on him.

“I am certain,” the mana around Braham turned red as he slowly opened his mouth.

It was a phenomenon that occurred due to the damage of his mana core being replaced by blood. The color was very clear. It was a level that briefly got rid of the darkness of the Abyss. Demon God Sitri's large and ugly figure was carefully projected onto Braham's eyes.

"Your suffering won't be eternal."

It was a statement, not an attempt at comfort. His tone was blunt. Rather than any consideration, it was just at the level of conveying the facts. Nevertheless—

""Ah...Ahhhhh...""

Many of the vengeful spirits that made up Sitri were comforted. The demon god closed the mouth he had opened to quench the thirst caused by resentment and slowly retreated beyond the Abyss.

[The apostle of the Overgeared God, 'Braham,' has prevented the emergence of the demon god.]

[The demonic creatures, who were running wild due to the emergence of the demon god, have lost their momentum and are weakened.]

[The Abyss has temporarily entered a lull.]

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The amount of experience required to level up increased as the level increased. The higher the level, the slower the growth. However, Chris' leveling speed was accelerating. The level difference with the demonic creatures was narrowing.

'The level difference is so large that the experience penalty is being slightly mitigated.'

Chris calculated as he broke through level 90.

'If this trend continues, I'll recover to level 200 in no time.'

Considering the average level of the demonic creatures, he would have to be at least level 300 before he received the full experience points. On the other hand, the required experience to level up increased significantly at level 200. Unfortunately, the pace of growth would slow from then on. Of course, that was just when compared to the present.

Chris surprisingly judged that he could re-enter the top rankings in the near future. The abilities of his new class were so outstanding.

A legendary class—it was the ultimate of hidden classes and there were separate means of obtaining additional stats. The skills were also very powerful. There were fewer types of unlocked skills due to his low level, but they all had high coefficients and were of high quality. Chris particularly paid attention to his passive skills.

First of all, Tzudan's Weapon Technique. This was a skill that was highly compatible with Weapon Mastery. His damage, attack speed, and hit rate would significantly increase when equipped with any type of weapon. It wasn't an exaggeration to describe it as a skill for Chris because the effect was maximized when using a greatsword.

However, the key was a passive skill called 'Five Steps.' This was a skill that doubled the power of the next attack after taking five steps. This effect applied to all normal attacks and skills, but there was no cooldown time. It was applied unconditionally no matter what direction he stepped in. It also included walking in place. Considering that the skill level was still 1, the potential was guaranteed. It was the signature skill that symbolized Tzudan's Successor.

'The key is to make good use of this.'

There was a stride suggested by the system. It was an effect that always occurred during battle. Footprint-shaped lights would randomly emerge within a radius of 10 meters. If he succeeded in stepping on these lights five times in a row, the damage of the attack after the Five Steps was applied as true damage. This meant it thoroughly neutralized all damage reduction factors such as the target's defense, various tolerances, resistances, etc.

However, this was pretty difficult. The positions of all the strides presented by the system weren't good. It was almost at the level of pushing his limbs, so it even felt malicious.

'Even so, I'll do it.'

Ultimately, he had to follow the strides that the system presented. Only then could he maximize the power of this class that Grid gifted to him. In the wake of this incident, he felt the expectations that Grid had for him. The desire to meet these expectations naturally sprang up.

Chris chased after the lights. He used Tyrant's Path to break through the limits of his limbs and generated true damage. The head of a demonic creature flew away in one blow.

Tzudan's soul was watching all of this.

[Tzudan is appalled. He is embarrassed and is saying he doesn't know why his successor is trying to recreate his ending. He insists on stopping that suicide.]

"....." Grid didn't know the exact circumstances and considered it something not worth arguing about. In any case, it was rewarding to observe Chris growing at a steep pace in real time.

'At this point, Chris will be feeling sorry.'

He wondered if Chris would be disappointed looking at the invoice that only asked for 100 billion. Would it ease the burden if he raised the price significantly? Grid was feeling seriously troubled when a world message appeared.

[The apostle of the Overgeared God, 'Braham,' has prevented the emergence of the demon god.]

[The demonic creatures, who were running wild due to the emergence of the demon god, have lost their momentum and are weakened.]

[The Abyss has temporarily entered a lull.]

"Ah..." Chris sighed while everyone else was cheering. It was also a problem when his colleagues were too competent.

**Chapter 1547**

It was after wiping out the remnants of the demonic creatures.

Grid had to calm Chris, who was trying to jump into the Abyss, down. "What do you mean by trying to hunt in the Abyss? Have you forgotten that you aren't even level 100 yet? Good hunting grounds for your level are all over the place."

"....." Chris barely calmed his excitement down. He got rid of his way of thinking from before his level was reset and reminded himself that there were so many options. There was just one concern. "I don't know when the offensive of the demonic creatures will start again... I'm worried about being away from my position."

The Abyss was the most important base. It was best to have the maximum power.

'You won't be much help due to your low level anyway.' This was what Grid wanted to say. Grid thought it wasn't a big deal, but he came to his senses. He remembered that he was the one who reset Chris' level. He had to consider Chris' mood.

He spoke as kindly as possible, unlike his inner thoughts. "Your vacancy will be very big, but it will be okay. Trust your other colleagues."

"...Yes, I'll have to leave for a while."

"Work hard to raise your level. I will soon come to you with a gift."

Grid had observed Chris' battle carefully. He carefully understood the characteristics of Tzudan's Successor and thought about what items to make for Chris. A surprise was also prepared. He planned to place Tzudan's soul in the greatsword he would give to Chris.

In any case, Grid had already obtained everything from Tzudan after getting the information of Grenier. In the future, he hoped Tzudan would stay by Chris' side and help Chris steadily develop. He made this judgment after having the thought, 'It would've been very helpful if Pagma's soul had been by my side and gave me a lot of advice.'

'... No, It would be better if Pagma didn't help me.'

If Pagma had been with him...

It was highly likely that all sorts of troubles would've occurred with his personal relationships. First of all, it was certain that he would be lifelong enemies with Braham.

"A gift...? You have already given me a legendary class change book. What else do you want to give me?"

"Don't feel burdened. The class change book isn't a gift. I will receive money for it anyway."

".....!"

"How about 120 million dollars? At this price, I don't think we will be burdened toward each other."

The price offered by Grid was about 150 billion won. He constantly entrusted Grid with item production requests and he purchased elixirs. The expenditures he made to invest in his growth were so large that this was a disastrous amount for Chris, who had less money saved.

“I will send you my account number by email.”

“...Can I return it?”

“Haha.” Chris must be in a good mood based on the way he was joking around. Grid was laughing while thinking this, only for his expression to suddenly stiffen. He noticed that Chris was speaking sincerely.

‘It seems Chris is a person who lavishly spends.’

It was known that the average annual income of high rankers was in the tens of billions. It was natural since they gained popularity beyond sports stars and Hollywood stars. Tens of billions was based on the value of sports stars. High rankers made a lot of money just with commercials and broadcasting fees. Even that was only extra income. Naturally, the real source of income for high rankers was Satisfy.

Moreover, Chris was the former lord of Reidan. He ruled the second largest city in the Overgeared Kingdom for several years. Even before joining the Overgeared Guild, he owned a private territory. He would’ve earned an astronomical amount of money from the tax revenue. Yet he had no money.

It wasn’t a lie. Grid’s developed insight was informing him that Chris was in a true state.

‘Is he just spending money indiscriminately?’

He imagined Chris bringing dozens of beauties to his mansion every day and having drug parties...

It was drawn clearly in his mind as if he had seen it himself. Grid had never been abroad except for the National Competitions. He had strange fantasies about wealthy foreigners. He easily had the prejudice that they had glamorous and promiscuous private lives.

“Um...Pretend you didn’t hear the amount I just mentioned. Chris, you can set the price yourself.”

In Grid’s heart, he didn’t want to receive any money for it. However, the problem was that it could hurt Chris’ pride. That’s right. Grid was acting out of consideration for Chris. He let Chris pay what he could afford in order to protect Chris’ pride and family.

It was the wrong judgment. He had already asked for 150 billion won. To belatedly ask for Chris to set the amount... Chris couldn’t make it less than 150 billion. It was a matter of pride.

“As soon as possible... I will do... liquidation...”

Chris tried to think positively.

A legendary class—based on recent trends, 150 billion won was very cheap. Yes, he was lucky...

He appreciated Grid’s kindness...

Chris repeated this thought, but only the number ‘150 billion won’ was floating in his mind.

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Grid sent Chris away and visited Braham’s barrack.

“You came just in time.”



Braham leaned against a spacious table and greeted Grid. He was holding a drink in one hand. He was pretending to be relaxed. However, the maps and documents spread out on the table were proving Braham's usual workload. In particular, the magic records were very conspicuous.

It was true that a magician was close to a scholar. Braham was recording all the magic he used during the war. What would happen when he used magic for different reasons in different environments? He recorded it, contrasted it, and studied it one by one. It meant that the status of strongest magician in history wasn't achieved just by talent.

There was also the smell of blood. A shirt crumpled up like a rag in the corner was dyed red.

"Tsk." Braham frowned and flicked his finger. Then the shirt burned up and disappeared.

"I used blood magic." This concluded the explanation. He didn't say that his mana core had been damaged and he suffered a major crisis. In any case, he had completely recovered with the regeneration power of a direct descendant. There was no need to worry Grid.

Grid had a shaky expression as he sat down in front of Braham. He used a God Hand that just flew over as a chair, but it was both comfortable and unpleasant. It was because the God Hands were based on Grid's hand.

Why was there only one chair here?

"Did you kill the demon god?"

Demon God Sitri—according to some, he was weaker than a single digit great demon, but his huge size couldn't be ignored. Just one of his fingers reached 10 meters long. It couldn't even be guessed how huge his overall size would be. To an extent, the size itself was a weapon. He was the type that could cover the sky with a single hand gesture and cause a typhoon with a single snort.

'A presence specialized in mass murder. At this point, it is likely that it will be highly difficult to deal a hit with ordinary weapons.'

There was a health and defense that fit his size as well as divinity. Putting aside his actual combat power, he was a frightening opponent.

"No, that is an existence that can't be killed."

"He must be as sturdy as he is big."

"It is pointless to discuss him physically. He is a mass of vengeful spirits... he is close to a concept. That is why he is a god."

Braham started a long story. The name Beriache came out first. Braham explained in detail his guess about what hell was originally like.

Grid wasn't surprised at all.

A peaceful neutral zone that was no different from the surface.

The statue of God Yatan that prevented disputes.

The river of reincarnation managed by the great demons.

Gods who didn't hesitate to cooperate with hell.

The grudge and anger that Leraje had toward Baal.

System messages that indicated that Baal had distorted hell and so on.

There were many reasons to feel doubt.

"I doubted it from the time I discovered that the statue of Yatan acted as a symbol of peace in hell. I couldn't understand why the evil god symbolized peace."

Was Yatan really evil? Upon thinking about it, Grid couldn't recall any of Yatan's evil deeds. Of course, he didn't deny that Yatan was an evil god. It was Yatan who made hell and the demons. Yatan was the source of all evil in the world, so he was naturally an evil god.

However, that concept was overturned at this moment. As Braham speculated, hell was likely to be a 'rest area created for the dead.' Otherwise, it was hard to explain why the river of reincarnation flowed through hell. The river of reincarnation was a system that gave new life to the dead. It was caring for the dead. Would it be necessary to consider the deceased if hell was really a den of evil?

It was right to interpret hell as a world created by benevolence, not Yatan's malice. From this point on, the evidence that Yatan was the source of evil became weak. From a human point of view, the heavenly gods were evil in the first place.

"In my opinion, there is only one sin committed by Yatan."

Dozens of cracks appeared in the glass in Braham's hand.

"He made Baal."

Braham remembered why his mother gave birth to Marie Rose. She wanted Marie Rose to do what she couldn't accomplish. Thus, she made an existence that transcended herself. Perhaps Yatan was similar. Perhaps the reason why he gave Baal so much authority and strength was because he wanted Baal to cooperate with his kin to save him from his destiny. For example, Yatan wanted to escape the fate of periodically destroying the world.

"Just as my mother proved... a child doesn't naturally have to act according to their child's preferences. The evidence is that Fenrir, Marie Rose, and I failed to meet our mother's expectations and hurt her heart. Yatan and Baal would be no different."

Braham's past as a direct descendant was a shameful disgrace. However, he revealed it himself. He used himself as proof to prove the relationship between Yatan and Baal. Therefore, it was definitely communicated to Grid.

"I want to restore the real hell. That was my mother's ultimate wish."

Braham felt his mother's heart. Why did she hide the truth while blurring the memories of her children? It must be because she didn't want her children to take any risks. Thus, Braham wanted to fulfill

his mother's true desire that she was forced to hide. He also felt the need to correct the wrong world for himself.

"Grid, what about you?"

[A world quest has occurred!]

[World quests have enough influence to overturn the worldview. Please keep this in mind.]

[World Quest]

[★Hell side.

The information you've collected so far and Braham's interpretation have combined to reveal the truth of hell.

Try to reverse the distorted form of hell.

Quest Clear Conditions:

1. Spread the truth.

Reveal the truth of hell to the world.

At least 30% of all humanity should believe your claims.

You must also persuade the Demon Slayer.

The world quest progression will increase to 20% when the conditions are met.

2. Liberate the river of reincarnation.

The river of reincarnation was originally a right for the dead to enjoy.

Persuade or defeat Eligos, the great demon currently managing the river of reincarnation, to liberate the river of reincarnation.

The world quest progression will increase to 30% when the conditions are met.

3. Eliminate Baal.

Baal is the one who distorted the shape of hell. Restore hell by punishing the source of all evil.

The world quest progression will increase to 50% when the conditions are met.

4. ???

5. ???

Quest Clear Rewards: Depends on the quest progress.

Quest Failure Condition: Failed to spread the truth.

Quest Failure Penalty: Lost 200 levels. Two of your highest stats will permanently decrease by 20%. There will be a punishment for false incitement.]

[Would you like to accept the quest?]

Grid faced Braham.

“Berache’s wish is your wish.”

There was no hesitation or fear in his unshakable eyes.

“Your wish is my wish.”

Grid also had an obligation to fight. It was for the future of Irene, Lord, and his other precious people, as well as to liberate the soul of Pagma, who was captured by Baal. Also... perhaps it was for Khan who was already suffering from being part of the demon god.

“Huroi.”

“Yes, My Liege.”

Grid left the barrack and took action straight away. Through Huroi’s mouth, he spread the truth of hell to the world. He explained to humanity why they must fight.

If Grid was an ordinary ranker—

If he was one guild or the head of the nation, he might never have been able to persuade 30% of humanity in his lifetime. No matter how much he preached about the truth of the world, who would easily believe it? Even if they believed it, how many people would risk their lives and fight together for a vague death?

[The truth of hell is spreading to the world.]

[5% of humanity accepts your claims as the truth.]

[10% of humanity accepts your claims as the truth.]

[20% of humanity accepts your claims as the truth.]

[Demon Slayer ‘Yura’ has added strength to your argument.]

[35% of humanity accepts your claims as the truth.]

[You have already achieved your goal!]

[50% of humanity accepts your claims as the truth.]

[It is a remarkable achievement! More than half of humanity trusts you!]

[68% of humanity accepts your claims as the truth.]

[The people of the east and the natives of Grenier also trust your claims.]

[...!]

[...!!]

[.....!!]

[Most of humanity trusts you.]

[The myth of the Overgeared God is strengthened.]

[Deity has increased by 20.]

[Analyzing your achievements to give you two new powers.]

[...]

[...]

Grid had a sense of reality.If he was the lantern of humanity, then humanity was the ship carrying the lantern.He could go further because he had the people.

## **Chapter 1548**

[(Breaking) The reality of hell is revealed.]

[Hell isn't the original hell?]

[A world where the dead can't get rest... Satisfy's desperate worldview.]

[Is it okay for a game for all ages to be like this? The Korean Broadcasting and Communications Commission, which has criticized Satisfy's high degree of freedom in the past, has criticized the Game Rating Committee. 'It should be noted that we have an obligation to protect the young people of South Korea from games depicting violence, sensationalism and depression.']

[Discussing the rating change... the Game Rating Committee has kneeled down to the onslaught of the Ministry of Education and the Korean Broadcasting and Communications Commission?]

[Public opinion is boiling over due to the action. Is this the 21st century? There is criticism wondering how long we are going to adhere to Confucianism. We will also be mocked abroad.]

['Satisfy's worldview suggests a hero's path to players.' The domestic and foreign game critics who disagree with the Korean Broadcasting and Communications Commission.]

The last 10 days had been the busiest days of Huroi's life.He crossed the continent on a wyvern, preaching the truth of hell, while also actively participating in offline activities.He struggled to convince both NPCs and players.

In the process, the Yatan Church was surprisingly helpful.The Dominion and Judar Churches denied the truth, but the Yatan Church agreed that Huroi's words were correct.It seemed to be the first time they knew this truth, but they decided to actively use this opportunity to form a religion that ultimately aimed at the descent of God Yatan.

Instead, their strength was weakened significantly in the process.It was due to the fundamental question about why they should serve the church if Yatan wasn't truly evil.Nearly half of the Yatan Servants turned their backs to the religion and a considerable number of followers left with them.

The Yatan Church actually became led by players and this was great news for the Overgeared Kingdom. Players couldn't ignore the influence of the Overgeared Kingdom. Unbelievably, the Yatan Church became an ally of the Overgeared Kingdom.

At the Overgeared Castle, Reinhardt...

"You've suffered a lot," Lauel greeted Huroi warmly. As the media's response from each country showed, the reality of hell that was revealed by Grid was being accepted as an established fact. It was proof that people trusted Grid, but additionally, Huroi's performance was great.

Hell, which they thought was a den of evil, was actually a world made for the dead. Common sense was overturned. If it wasn't for Huroi's eloquent speech, many people wouldn't have believed it no matter how much evidence was presented. Lauel was very pleased and excited that there was a competent spokesman like Huroi.

"Is there anything that made me suffer? It was all done by His Liege. More than that, the war is truly over."

A smile spread on Huroi's face as he shifted his gaze outside the window. Reinhardt was energetic thanks to the soldiers who returned from the war. The faces of those who reunited with their parents after life or death, held their pets, or played on the streets were all bright. The pubs, restaurants, and various places in the city were crowded with customers who came in groups with friends or family. It was a scene that everyone worked together to protect.

It wasn't just the Overgeared Guild and Overgeared Kingdom. It was all the allied nations, including the empire and Valhalla. Additionally, there were the wanderers who didn't belong anywhere and the wicked who caused incidents. This was the present that most people worked together to protect.

However, it wasn't over yet. Now they had to fight for the future.

"....." Huroi's expression stiffened. Far away, outside the outer castle—his vision was filled with the procession that was lined up and heading toward the site where the mountain was located. "Are they all perhaps..."

"Yes, they are the bereaved families of the dead. It is fortunate that there are more places to build a national cemetery due to Braham's destruction of the mountain."

"Wasn't it said that there were more than 50,000 people killed?"

"It is really less damage compared to other nations."

In the case of the Saharan Empire, the number of dead people was in the tens of millions. It started with the appearance of the demonic humans before the start of the Great Human and Demon War. Then the capital Titan became the stage of the war. It was natural for there to be a great deal of damage. According to statistics, once all the civilian casualties were counted, the number of deaths would exceed one hundred million.

Huroi was in a trance. The scene of the battlefield with the smell of blood and gunpowder was drawn in his head. The facial expressions and cries of the soldiers fighting together were vivid in his mind. He didn't dare to count the number of soldiers he couldn't protect. He felt guilty as their sacrifice was given a

sense of realism. It was an emotion that Lael couldn't feel since he never participated directly in the battlefield.

"In conclusion, it worked out well. This war means the balance of the empire is completely tilted. It is hard for them to stand alone. Considering the public sentiment toward King Grid, they will be seriously considering a merger with the Overgeared Kingdom. It means the empire is no longer Saharan, but us."

"...Excuse me for my question."

"Yes, please say it."

"Is your influence behind why My Liege didn't actively intervene in the war?"

It was a question that caught him off guard. Fright passed through Huroi's eyes. He inwardly hoped that Lael would deny it. Unfortunately, Lael nodded. He was even smiling. "Of course."

There was little reason for Grid to participate in this war. First of all, the overall situation was favorable without Grid. Secondly, Grid's involvement would rob the players and soldiers of growth opportunities. Thirdly, Grid's blacksmithing ability was excellent for rear support. He was helpful enough for their allies even in the rear. Fourth, Grid had just secured materials to make dragon weapons. It was right to prioritize the completion of the dragon weapons in case of an emergency. Etc, etc.

Lael persuaded Grid using all types of reasons. At every moment, he gave reminders that it wasn't necessary for Grid to go directly to the battlefield unless a special enemy like Baal's ego fragment appeared. There was nothing wrong with this. It made sense. Grid agreed and entrusted the war to his colleagues.

However, Lael's inner thoughts were different. From the beginning, he regarded the Great Human and Demon War as an opportunity. It was an opportunity to weaken and absorb the empire. Of course, he didn't explicitly reveal his inner thoughts. It was clear that Grid would be angry if he explained it.

"Is that so? I... I think that someone like you is necessary." Huroi struggled against the urge to vomit. He affirmed Lael's trick without criticizing it. His expression was dark. He was disgusted with himself for affirming Lael.

Lael shrugged. "A group of honest people won't develop much."

The Overgeared Guild was a very unusual organization. There was no villain. None of them showed ambition. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that they were like a group of innocent children. They might feel greed about being the best, but they were only trying to develop.

'Thus, even more—'

I need to be cold-headed...

Lael vowed again as he said goodbye to Huroi with a bittersweet expression. The bloody tears that flowed after detecting his facial expression proved the skin maker's skills.

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Did it want to wash away the dirt in their hearts? It rained continuously.

“I feel good when I saw the elderly people burning cigarettes.”

A cemetery where the mementos of the dead were buried—it was to commemorate those who died without even leaving a body. No, Pon approached Regas, who was watching the procession of bereaved families seeking the return of their family members who would be suffering in hell forever.

“It is comforting to see people in their 70s and 80s still alive while smoking cigarettes.”

Pon, who came back after logging out temporarily, seemed to smell of cigarettes. Of course, it was because of his mood.

Regas shook his head. “In fact, those who are only 66 might’ve aged because of cigarettes.”

“Uh... Isn’t that too rude to smokers? You are cursing them.”

“Cigarettes are harmful and useless. You should cease smoking.”

“I should...” Pon’s voice was gloomy as he looked at the foggy scenery of the cemetery. He remembered the cigarette that he just smoked. It was around eight years ago. He tried to quit smoking when he found out that a virtual reality game was being released. He didn’t want to waste time going in and out of the capsules due to smoking. It was the stance of a pro gamer.

Fortunately, he succeeded in quitting smoking. He saved the time that would’ve been spent smoking and became a high ranker. Then one day, he started thinking about cigarettes again. It was caused by a rapport with the NPCs. Every time he fought a big battle and checked the casualties, he needed a method to alleviate his depressed emotions. Still, he endured it somehow until the Great Human and Demon War became a detonator.

The first day after the outbreak of the Great Human and Demon War. Pon eventually couldn’t stand it and bit a cigarette in his mouth again.

“I’m sorry for those who died, but... I think Grid did a good job.”

If Grid was present on the battlefield, it was clear that the casualties would be much less than they were now. However, Grid deliberately avoided the war. This caused the overall level of players and soldiers to rise rapidly. Grid was less active, so people experienced more trials, overcame many difficulties, and became stronger.

“It is a battle against hell. I need enough opportunities to grow before that.”

“I know. Are you worried that I will blame Grid? Don’t worry. No matter what happens in the future, I won’t hate Grid. Pon, aren’t you the same?”

“Yes, all members will be the same.”

The Overgeared member knew Grid’s nature well. They knew he wouldn’t have avoided war simply due to individual greed. There must be some work or Lael would have convinced him well. Perhaps Grid himself wanted people to grow. They thought it was a good thing.

If Grid was present on the battlefield, the number of the dead might be several or dozens of times less than it was now, but the future of those who survived probably wouldn’t have been as bright. The reality



of hell was known and people were losing their faith in Rebecca. In the future, there would be dangers greater than the Great Human and Demon War.

Could people who hadn't grown up properly handle this world? Of course not. It was cruel to those who died, but their sacrifices were necessary for the future. In the first place, it was an error to rely solely on Grid for every crisis. It was normal for colleagues to rely on each other.

"So... how long are you going to stay like this?"

The bereaved families sobbing while hugging the rain-soaked tombstones—Regas barely looked away from them and got up.

"The memorial service is over."

I will save your family from hell. I will enjoy the right of reincarnation and repeat my new life, so that I can reunite with you in the end.

Regas' eyes were cold as he pledged in a determined manner. His smile was sharp like a blade. In addition to leveling up, Regas has been seeking out various training methods. For example, he often showed inefficient behavior like standing under a waterfall for days for mental training. It was the temperament of a martial artist.

The thing that couldn't be criticized was that Regas' concentration was actually unique. He had transcendent judgment using instantaneous concentration, reflex nerves, etc. Persistence was added to the concentration commonly used by selected geniuses. It might've been the result of several training exercises.

Pon had always wondered how fast Regas' growth would be if his concentration was fully focused on hunting. 'I will know now. I should quit smoking again.'

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A world quest—it boasted an all-time high difficulty, so it was a quest accompanied by all-time high penalties and rewards.

Grid had passed the crisis for now. He borrowed Huroi's mouth and succeeded in spreading the truth to the world without much effort. The reward for progressing 20% in the world quest was a 20 point increase in Deity. This surpassed the 18 points of Deity that he accumulated in the past few years.

It was sweet. Two new powers had been opened. Grid looked at the first power.

[A power suitable for the creator of all things is added. From now on, two option slots will be created on the items you produce. The effects given are random, but you can modify them at any time. However, 2,000 prayers will be consumed every time you update the effects.]

[The 'prayer' stat is opened by the new power.]

[Prayer]

[Refers to the number of times prayers directed toward you are accumulated.]

Currently accumulated prayers: 1,839,874,511.]

“.....?”

Grid brought up the details of Gujel’s Dao. Two blank slots were added to the list of effects. He immediately experimented with it.

[Do you want to consume 2,000 prayers to grant effects to the item?]

It was naturally a yes.

[Strength +53 will be added to the 1st option slot of Gujel’s Dao.]

“Hah...”

In order to place stat increase effects on items, certain conditions must be met such as using a specific material. Now there was no cost. No, he could add stats at any time just by consuming prayers. However, the effect was too low for a myth rated item.

Grid tried again.

[Do you want to consume 2,000 prayers to grant effects to the item? The existing effect will be deleted when granting a new effect.]

[Lifesteal +5% will be added to the 1st option slot of Gujel’s Dao.]

[Agility +90 will be added to the 1st option slot of Gujel’s Dao.]

[Abnormal status resistance +5% will be added to the 1st option slot of Gujel’s Dao.]

[Dignity +101 will be added to the 1st option slot of Gujel’s Dao.]

[Damage resistance +5% will be added to the 1st option slot of Gujel’s Dao.]

“XX.”

The range of effects was too large. All stats present in Satisfy seemed to be included in the target. Even the number was random. Grid tried exactly 31 times. Out of these attempts, the additional strength effect occurred three times with significant variations of 50, 53, and 120 respectively. It was impossible to calculate how many attempts it would require to get the desired effect to the highest possible value.

Subsequently, he tested the second option slot. It was the same.

“Wow, what is this...?”

Grid was tired of the viciousness of the S.A Group. At the same time, he was happy. He hoped that each item would become very strong by rotating the effects until each item had the desired effects and he filled in the two new options. In any case, it was good to be stronger...

In fact, this was close to the thoughts of a pushover. Even so, he was delighted.

In any case, Grid had over 1.8 billion prayers. Moreover, it was still rising in real time. It was equivalent to changing the effects for free, so he was naturally happy.

**Chapter 1549**

Grid was in a bad mood these days. He tried not to show it, but Mercedes easily noticed. Of course, she knew it without having to use Keen Insight. There was a rough air to his usual habits.

'Has he perhaps seen my room? I covered it with camouflage wallpaper, but... there is no chance it will work in front of My Liege's insight. His discerning eye is wonderful as well...'

Mercedes' anxious mind was overflowing with thoughts. Of course, there was no change in her expression. She was a legendary knight for a reason. How far did her imagination go? By the time Mercedes' earlobes turned red, Grid had made up his mind.

'Let's compromise with this much.'

For the last three days, Grid focused on updating the effects of Gujel's Dao. Fortunately, he could multitask with the God Hands and his summoned pet. If he was an ordinary player, he would've been unable to do anything for three days due to changing the effects.

'I wasted over 300 million.'

His prayer stat that exceeded 1.8 billion was reduced to 1.5 billion. The results obtained were a '280% rise in critical hit damage' and a 'low probability of weapon stealth.' Gujel's Dao was literally a nuclear weapon. It was easy to reach the goal with one hit. There was no need to look at probability. This meant it was a weapon that couldn't be responded to. It was worth the investment of time, capital, and mental power.

However, Grid was very sorry. It was because the effect of a 'normal probability of weapon stealth' appeared less than 50 times while he was changing the second option slot. He thought it was an easy option to update, so he renewed it, but he didn't see it again after tens of thousands of attempts. He had to compromise with a 'low probability.'

It was frustrating.

'First of all, give effects to other items... Gujel's Dao can get better effects later.'

First, he needed to change his mood. For three days, he had been stressed looking at the weapon effects and he felt like he was going to die.

Grid put away Gujel's Dao, that disappeared intermittently, into his inventory and observed the surroundings. The deep part of the Chaos Mountains had turned into ruins. The terrifying monsters were being turned to ash after being attacked by the modified God Hands, Randy, and Overgeared Skeletons. The monsters, which formed a group on the periphery and rushed at once, were bound by the blood magic of the direct descendants who joined late. One of the hunting grounds that was currently considered the most difficult was easily raided without Grid.

'Noe is becoming lazier.'

As proof of the situation where there was plenty of spare power, Noe was sleeping alone in the back. It was cute to see him snoring with his belly bulging out, but it was also somewhat disgusting.

"If we punish hell, the demons won't be so eager for the Memphis."

Noe's ears moved.

“There must be many pretty females... I wonder if they will welcome a boyfriend with a belly.”

“It isn’t an important issue whether the belly bulges out or not.” Mercedes suddenly stepped in. She was looking at Grid with deep eyes.

Her liege was cool in many ways. He was unconditionally good. Too good. Etc, etc.

She summoned up her courage to express the words hovering in her mouth, but it wasn’t easy. It had been years since she received the confession from Grid. There had been no progress in their relationship, so Mercedes was afraid that Grid’s heart might’ve changed. She had no choice but to become timid. Perhaps this was why she developed a shady hobby.

Grid’s gaze was stuck to Noe. He waved his hand behind his back and pretended to keep speaking to Mercedes, “At this rate, Noe might die as a bachelor in his old age.”

“That is impossible!” Noe roared and rose from where he was lying. He transformed into a dignified adult like a tiger. The energy of the thunder stone accumulated in his body could be used freely on the surface. It was possible because he was constantly leveling up with Grid.

“Where in hell is there a female who will reject this Noe, the strongest demonic creature in hell?!”

“You are the weakest one here. It is a relative comparison.”

“I-I’m not the weakest, heung! This one will win against them!”

Noe’s sharp claws were pointed at Overgeared Corn and the direct descendants. That’s right. Even hell’s strongest demonic creature, cherished by the great demons, couldn’t handle the God Hands and Randy, who had some of Grid’s stats. There was no need to mention Overgeared Skeleton One, who inherited the grandmaster’s abilities, and Overgeared Skeleton Two, who distorted space.

“Your tongue is long. If you answer that you will be diligent, so that you don’t gain weight any longer, this matter will be over.”

“I’m sorry, nyang...”

Loyalty was loyalty, but Noe was crushed by Grid’s dignity and couldn’t move. This was the power of stats. After putting Noe into battle, Grid tested out his other new power.

The hundreds of items left unattended on the battlefield—the items dropped by monsters gathered together and formed a huge sword. It cut through the air a few times and turned into a storm. It was a storm of steel.

‘The utilization is infinite.’

It was a power that arose based on the fact that the Overgeared God was the ruler of all things. It was another version of the Item Combination skill. Unlike Item Combination, it couldn’t inherit the stats of the target item, but there was no limit to the number. It combined a large number of items to create a substance or phenomena. The power was proportional to the total durability of the combined items. It might be due to this reason that items with infinite durability weren’t included.

‘It is a big drawback that I can’t target Greed, but it doesn’t matter.’

It already had a fraudulent potential. It would be very powerful if he used it in connection with the rain of battle gear...

".....?"

Grid, who had regained his composure, became flustered.

Mercedes's expression was somber. She had excellent facial expression management, but this was different from her usual appearance of indifference. For the first time, the reputation of the ruler of knights was overshadowed.

"I..." Mercedes made eye contact with Grid and struggled to open his mouth. Her long eyelashes were trembling.

"...I don't care what My Liege looks like. You are very good."

The words she barely expressed after getting rid of her hesitation were completed. Grid's eyes widened while his mouth was twitching with happiness.

"Nyong." Noe's big stomach covered the appearance of the two people who were slowly getting closer.

Blue hair flowed down Grid's waist.

Hiihing~!

The sad cry of Overgeared Corn spread along with the moonlight.

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'Put players in hell.'

Hell was divided into 33 large areas and originally competed with each other. However, there were reports recently that they were cooperating with each other. Perhaps it was due to several crises such as losing the Great Human and Demon War and losing a lot of territory to Leraje.

They seemed to be properly alert. It meant there would be a huge resistance the moment when Grid invaded hell. Grid would only have the support of the Overgeared Guild and it would be hard when being attacked with such a huge power difference.

Lael's solution to this was the regular opening of hell. He encouraged people to visit hell like it was a normal hunting ground.

'It can disperse the forces while preventing the build-up of demonic creatures.'

The strength of numbers was useful in many ways. If people's invasion of hell became routine and they became active throughout hell, the demons would be forced to respond. The troops that had gathered together in preparation for Grid's invasion would be scattered throughout hell.

Of course, this wasn't an easy scene to occur. There were two conditions that must be done first before players could be induced to enter hell. First, the penalties of hell should be mitigated. Right now, the penalties were too high, so it was rare for someone to challenge hell. Fortunately, there was a solution. It was to get people involved in the Hell Gao raid.

The project was already in operation. Lael, who praised all players as the protagonists who led the Great Human and Demon War to victory, released several controlled zones to commemorate the victory. He vowed that he would yield the raid authority previously monopolized by the Overgeared Guild to the private sector and mediate so that all participants could receive a fair share of the items dropped by the boss. He even pledged to support them to ensure the success of the raid.

The reaction was hot. In particular, attention was focused on the Cokro Island dungeon.

Hell Gao—he might've lost his body, but he was still a single digit great demon. Rumors that the list of dropped items was very gorgeous started to spread. A rumor that just participating in the raid twice would remove the penalties of hell also spread rapidly. They were rumors that Lael deliberately spread.

“Demons, please look forward to it. From now on, you will experience real hell. Huhuhut...”

What were the reasons why guilds insisted on controlling hunting grounds? The demons would soon know why the seeds of monsters were dried up at famous hunting grounds. Unfortunately, they would find out from the monsters' point of view.

“What is going on?”

Lael called Sticks to the castle.

Sage Sticks—he was one of the top contributors in the Great Human and Demon War. Thanks to the warp gates he created, the distribution of troops and supplies was carried out smoothly. However...

“It is impossible.”

This great figure expressed frustration at Lael's request. The crystal castle was taken over by Demon Slayer Yura. Lael's request to build a warp gate connecting the surface to the impregnable fortress was too absurd.

“It might be different if someone breaks the boundaries of the world again by cutting the Abyss, but... it is physically impossible to connect a disconnected world.”

“What about using the principles of the hell gate?”

“The hell gate uses the power of some great demons and the Demon Slayer. It is a supernatural phenomenon. Ask the Demon Slayer yourself. Maybe she doesn't know the principles either.”

It was impossible. Sticks reconfirmed it and Lael became very troubled. He wouldn't be able to achieve one of the prerequisites to make hell a hunting ground.

‘It doesn't make sense to rely on Yura every time we need to send people to hell.’

It was tantamount to completely depriving Yura of her freedom. It was like wasting the maximum power of the Overgeared Guild. It was putting the cart before the horse.

Lael's expression gradually became darker.

“It seems possible.” Just then, a welcome person returned. Grid—somehow, he looked like a gentleman in a romance movie as he carefully lowered Mercedes from Overgeared Corn's back. It was different

from Grid's usual image, but it unexpectedly suited him well. He had the appearance and atmosphere to play various roles.

'I should tell Administrator Rabbit to prepare for the celebration.'

Lauel noticed the situation and smiled happily, while Sticks cocked his head. Grid had no knowledge of this field at all. It was hard to understand the basis for saying it was possible.

"It is different from fighting or politics. Engineering isn't a problem that can be resolved using momentum."

Grid tapped his head with his fingers. "It isn't momentum. It is about having enough knowledge and evidence."

"Haha..." Sticks thought that Grid was making a silly joke in the morning. He guessed that something good had happened. However, that was it.

It was because he didn't yet know of the fact that one of the wise giants was with Grid.

### **Chapter 1550**

"The 'della' used in warp gates originally means a unit. After adding the standard gravitation value to mana's kinetic energy generated when teleportation magic is activated, the rate of the body transfer is calculated in reverse..."

Grid talked nonstop for 10 minutes. He stood with shaking black eyes. He was spitting out what Filewolf was saying with his mouth, but at the same time, he was greatly flustered once unknown words and concepts started to appear one after another. He didn't know what he was saying right now...

It was natural to feel confused in such a situation.

-Very cool. You are like a professor. Would you like to borrow a pair of glasses?

Lauel sent whispers to him that cheered for him. This was even though Lauel clearly knew he was receiving Filewolf's help, so it felt like Lauel was making fun of him. However, Lauel's brightly shining eyes made him seem truly sincere. No matter what it was, Grid wanted him to be quiet. It was hard to relay Filewolf's words intact, but it became crazy when overlapping with Lauel's voice.

"...Therefore, as long as 15 della energy is secured, the theory of the warp gate transcending time and space can be completed."

Grid remained focused in the midst of the difficulties and barely finished explaining. He sighed with relief and felt a sense of reward comparable to when he made a myth rated item. It was as hard as that even though he was only 'speaking.' It felt like he started with a half-hearted joke, but then he dug his grave. He didn't know how many times he regretted it during the process.

Clap clap clap!

Sticks, who had been listening the entire time, clapped enthusiastically. He couldn't hide his admiration.

"Many questions have been resolved since della was assigned as the resource. It is great. It is a perfect theory without any flaws. Perhaps it is due to the experience of discovering the truth of the world, the

knowledge itself that I use to understand the world feels different. Your Majesty should be called a great sage.”

He even had the illusion that the ancient giants, who were extinct, had come back to life...

This was Sticks’ general review.

‘They didn’t come back to life, but...’

In any case, it was right that they were back. The wise giants—they had mastered ancient knowledge and were cooperating with Grid. There were two in the tower and one by Grid’s side. It was a connection that couldn’t be bought by money, experience, and power. It was a connection that could only be won by pure skill.

“There will be difficulties in the future. In order to generate 15 della of energy, at least 97 million tons of material with a mana loss rate of 0.17% or less should be secured and the corresponding mana injected... I don’t know if we can get the materials even if we convene all the magicians on the continent...”

[Filewolf thinks that the genes of a high elf are really excellent and is happy.]

Filewolf started to give a lengthy explanation again. It was intended to increase the feasibility by supplementing the calculation formula made in an instant by Sticks. Grid wanted to convey it, but he eventually gave up. The joke would end here.

“Sticks, actually...” Grid honestly explained about the existence of Filewolf.

“I’m glad.” Sticks was relieved rather than disappointed. “I was worried about how Your Majesty could afford to study when you always fight for everyone. Now I am a bit relieved.”

It was Sticks who was bound by the mission to protect the Behen Archipelago while dying from the curse of the gourmet dragon. The benefactor who freed him was Grid. As the years passed, Sticks realized the value of life even more and felt even greater thanks toward Grid.

“I don’t want you to overdo it.”

“Sticks...”

Sticks’ attitude touched Grid’s heart.

[You have formed a bond with the great sage ‘Sticks.’]

The system reacted. There was no need to go around the battlefield together. No dramatic event was needed. Relationships could naturally develop bonds over time. This was friendship. Every time he recalled this fact, a person’s face flashed in Grid’s mind.

‘Khan.’

The first friend he made. Grid missed and worried about him a lot these days. Grid naturally believed he would’ve been reunited with his family in heaven. Unfortunately, he learned the reality of hell and heaven. By now, Khan was probably wandering the river of reincarnation. It was without forgetting the previous life or changing to a new life.



Grid thought of Khan in pain and wanted to go to hell right away. However, he didn't do so. Hell was Baal's territory. Baal might only be a small fragment on the surface, but Grid didn't yet have the confidence to deal with the strongest existence in hell.

'Time is needed.'

He needed to carry out the 'procedure' according to Lauel's words. It would be around the time when players were active in hell. In other words, he should only move after dispersing the eyes of the demons to a certain extent. In the meantime, Grid was going to become stronger than he was now. There was a means to strengthen himself thanks to the new powers, so time was on Grid's side. Grid's priority was to make as much effort as possible.

"Sticks, a robot that can help you... no, I'll attach a person to you."

The black sphere that always hovered like a satellite above Grid's head. It was a mass of Greed that had been built up over time. Grid decided to use part of it for the production of a magic machine. It was a production, not a transformation. It would be Filewolf's body.

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Every soul that hovered by Grid's side had different desires. First of all, Tzudan wanted freedom. He hated any further suffering and wanted a complete rest. Unfortunately, rest was oblivion to the dead. The river of reincarnation was a necessity. Tzudan's wish was a dream that couldn't be fulfilled as long as the river of reincarnation was in the hands of the demons.

Thus, Grid made a suggestion to him.

Stay by Chris' side for a while.

Surprisingly, Tzudan accepted. He seemed very interested in his successor. He was well aware that Chris' strength was needed to liberate the river of reincarnation.

Tzudan left Grid's side. He became the ego of the new greatsword and entered Chris' arms. The impact was huge. Chris' growth rate became similar to that of during the Great Human and Demon War. However, there seemed to be a problem with communication and there were intermittent twisting side effects. It was close to a mysterious phenomenon because it was the level at which he tripped on his own. Still, Grid believed this was a problem that time could solve.

Meanwhile, Haksen was burning with academic enthusiasm. He was interested in the magic of the new era, among which was Braham's enhancement magic. He suffered from being Gamigin's slave like Tzudan, but he didn't want to rest. He wanted to interact with Braham.

"What nonsense."

Braham's reaction was cold. He was offended by the fact that a remnant of the past coveted his magic.

"It is ridiculous for a ghost to be obsessed with magic. You can't even use it. Even if you are a person, do you think you deserve to be my disciple in the first place?"

Braham didn't hesitate to speak bad words. Grid worried that this was too severe, but on the other hand, he understood Braham's feelings. How could he feel good when he saw a person (?) coveting the knowledge he had struggled to accumulate for hundreds of years.

Haksen also understood and wasn't hurt. He endured Braham's bad words.

"...Haksen himself knows that this is a shameless request. Braham, he fully understands your anger and contempt. Still, your magic is so great that he had no choice but to ask shamelessly. Sorry."

"Bah," Braham snorted like there was nothing to hear, but he no longer spoke ill of the other person. He was a magician and understood Haksen's enthusiasm for learning. Maybe... one day, the two of them would interact.

[Haksen hopes that one day, this person will understand his heart. He is curious about Braham's birthday and zodiac sign, height and weight, tastes and hobbies.]

...Grid thought as he watched Haksen, who had no intention of giving up easily. In any case—

"It is cool. There is a sense of unity with metal. It is more fantastic than I ever imagined. Gasp, gasp, gasp..."

The only legendary soul who fulfilled his desire was Filewolf. It was the desire to become a magic machine.

"It has improved a lot, but it is still Raiders. It is a new model that was in full swing around the time I died. I felt sorry because I died without riding it, but I transcended time and became one with it, relieving my resentment. Gasp, gasp..."

The dark metal—Filewolf looked creepy as he stroked his body made of Greed and talked to himself. By the way, why was he always gasping for breath? He didn't have a respiratory tract.

"I might've made improvements, but it is still classified as an old model these days."

"It is an old model. The classic charm remains the same. My Raiders is mature. Gasp, gasp... No, you improved it? You are a better person than I thought. You are literally a god like your name. Gasp, gasp..."

"....."

Grid silently turned away. He gave a thumbs up to Sticks, who looked uneasy.

Sticks was left alone with Filewolf and had to suffer for a while. The appearance of constantly touching his body and taking rough breaths... it was enough to shatter Sticks' fantasy about the giants.

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There was news that the mirror demon was successfully raided in hell. Both Kraugel and Faker testified that the mirror demon was the most persistent enemy they had ever faced. It was said that it led them on a 10 day chase inside the crystal castle, hiding in the crystals reflecting light and repeatedly escaping. It assassinated many of the key figures in the alliance. It was really fortunate that they succeeded in raiding it when the opportunity came.

The good news didn't end there. Leraje overcame the crisis. Her strength hadn't been restored, but at the very least, the possibility of her suddenly dying had disappeared. However, she was deprived of all the hells she had occupied during the Great Human and Demon War. Still, this was a scheduled process. In the first place, they were territories that couldn't be kept. They were not needed right now. Thus, there was no need to be disappointed.

'We can occupy the areas close to the crystal castle step by step.'

It was from the time when the players' invasion of hell became commonplace. In other words, it was a topic from the time when the penalties of hell were eased and the warp gate was completed. That's right. Lael's plans were progressing steadily. Numerous players participated in the Hell Gao raid, while Sticks and Filewolf started the construction of a super-large warp gate that never existed before.

Then new information came to the smiling Lael. An envoy had arrived from the empire.

The time had come.

Lael was happily greeting the envoy when question marks appeared on his face.

"Are you the king of this small nation? It is worse than the rumors." The envoy's face and attitude were strange. The dukes of the empire were constantly lowering their heads. They weren't looking at Lael, but at the envoy who came with them.

"Saharan...?" The name of the envoy was confusing to Lael.