

Overgeared 1581

Chapter 1581

Wouldn't it be okay if he didn't try anymore?

Grid thought this.

He watched Jishuka smiling brightly. A person who was happy from hearing that she worked hard. Grid was happy just watching her. He felt it was the reward for all his hardships.

All the responsibilities he bore were heavy. He didn't have enough time to share happiness with his loved ones. So how long did he have to look ahead and run like he did now? He even felt such skepticism. Of course, this was only for a moment.

Grid looked at the empire he had built up. Colleagues he could rely on, soldiers who gave their lives and were loyal, the cheering people...

He reaffirmed their appearance of trusting and following him and controlled his shaky heart.

'The idea of wanting some relaxation... it is still a luxury.'

First of all, he had to kill Baal. There were no dreams of hope for humanity unless they could return the distorted hell to its original state. Those who learned that death was the beginning of eternal suffering, not rest—the reason they maintained a good spirit and lived pretending things were fine was purely because they believed in Grid and the Overgeared Empire. They held out with the belief that Grid and the Overgeared Empire would help them as always.

'...Come to think of it, I do this often.'

He had many thoughts when looking at Jishuka. At this moment, Grid clearly realized why he kept doing this.

'I like Jishuka very much.'

He liked her so much that he thought of the future together. As a result, all types of thought overflowed and were strangely twisted. He sometimes made mistakes. It was just like when they first broke up. It was behavior often seen by novices in love.

'Calm down.'

Grid's heart toward Jishuka was bound to be deep. Her appearance being his taste was a secondary issue. The first person to recognize and respect Grid's value was Jishuka. She was the one who led Grid, who was clumsy when it came to human relationships, onto the right path several times. Maybe Grid had a crush on Jishuka since the beginning. He was just late in self-awareness because they started off as friends.

In many ways, the timing was bad. Thanks to the incident with his first love Ahyoung, he became distrustful of real women. Then he got married to Irene. His relationship with Jishuka couldn't be smooth. However, it would be different in the future.

".....!"

Grid pledged and raised his eyes.

Destroyer—Pon's new ultimate skill caught his eye.

'It is a level of skill that forces the use of Shunpo.'

A skill that pulled hundreds of projectiles using magnetism and then ejected them. The implied power stimulated the senses of a transcendent. It was safe to describe it as a skill that proved the potential of normal classes.

'The fifth class advancement is really...'

Chairman Lim Cheolho's words that the gap between hidden and normal classes would be narrowed seemed to be becoming a reality. Anxiety crossed Grid's face when he realized this. It was natural to think about Jishuka's defeat. Grid had always hoped for Pon's victory, but this time was an exception. He didn't want to see Jishuka feeling depressed.

She seemed to respond to that wish.

"Whole Sky Flower Rain."

Jishuka showed off the power of the Bow Saint. She suddenly stopped the hundreds of arrows flying at her and made a storm to counterattack against Pon. It was a move that overturned the situation of the battle.

Grid's butt shook from where it was tightly attached to the throne. He was so surprised that he almost shot out of his seat.

'This isn't just a skill that controls arrows.'

It was close to implementing a mental world. All substances and concepts in the range she designated. Stones, grass, dust, wind, mana, and even the residual air waves of Destroyer—all of them responded to Jishuka's will. They were transformed into sharp weapons and swirled. The strength was amazing. Like the name of filling the entire sky with flowers, the blood shed by Pon spread throughout the sky.

'Amazing. Really strong.'

This was his impression of both Jishuka and Pon. Grid had a gut feeling that he would receive great help from the two of them at every crisis he would face in the future. After that—

Regas and Damian.

Peak Sword and Euphemina.

Faker and Hurent.

Vantner and Huroi.

Zednos and Zibal.

As the competition progressed, Grid's shoulders gradually became lighter. He put down his responsibility little by little. Grid was the one who was the most enthusiastic about the appearance of his colleagues who steadily developed even after the great human and demon war.

'I'm a bit sorry for Damian, but... sooner or later, he will find the answer. The opponent was too bad.'

Huroi was much more powerful than the public's perception as he fought from a distance using the wyvern and profanities. He seemed to be making proper use of the power of his second class.

Hurent, who had once degenerated, also regained the power of his prime. It was at the level of neutralizing Faker's stealth with sound play. The two of them were met with enthusiastic cheers from the crowd. They crushed the noses of some people who predicted they would lower the level of the competition.

On the other hand, Damian was weak. During his days as a pope, he had excellent survivability and magic to be likened to a cockroach. He could tank and use swordsmanship. Yet these days, he was merely a swordsman. The three fusion sword dance that was completed early on as the leader of the Overgeared God Church was very powerful and it played an extraordinary role in various official appearances...

It was just that his opponent was too bad this time.

Regas. For him, Damian was close to an existence that 'followed Grid.' Damian wasn't very threatening to him, who had a long good faith rivalry with Grid and had been chasing Grid's shadow. It felt like he was fighting Grid from a long time ago. It was easy to deal with because there were enough strategies.

Furthermore, Regas had recently increased the intensity of his performance. Just like in the days when he was called the best genius of the Tzedakah Guild, he used all types of methods to hone his skills and improve. It was close to eccentricity from the perspective of others. Therefore, those who saw him would say 'Regas has become ill again.'

The effect was big.

The secret of Regas' relatively easy targeting of Damian, who artificially implemented 'attack and defense in one body' by adding the power of items to the high stats unique to the leader of the Overgeared God Church, was due to the parrying he mastered during this time.

Regas easily neutralized the sword dances of the Overgeared God Church. In the first place, the Overgeared God Church's sword dances was a sub-compatible version of the Overgeared God's Sword Dance. The biggest drawback of the sword dances was the long cooldown time for reuse. The compatibility with Regas was bad since he focused on 'combos' and unleashing endless attacks.

"Uwaaaaahhhh!"

The cheers of the crowd were growing. The scenes that were somewhat disappointing for Grid were still gorgeous to them. People were happy enough with the content of the competition.

The Half-Draconian Lord, the Orc Lord, and the Dark Elf King. Now there was much greater anticipation for the three remaining monarchs. Huroi and Hurent showed unexpected performances. They believed that the three monarchs would provide a level of shock that would impact the heavens and earth. They also felt sympathy for one person.

Katz—he was matched with Teruchan and it was like carrying a bomb. It could only be said that he was too unlucky.

'I wanted to compete with the Half-Draconian Lord.'

Teruchan's thoughts weren't much different. He was the monarch who ruled over every orc in the world. He would've been the overlord by now if he hadn't served Grid. He thought of the Overgeared members as reliable generals. It was no more than that. He judged that they weren't his opponents, even if he could trust them and leave tasks to them.

This was why he fixed his gaze on Bunsdel, who was sitting on the waiting seat under the stage. Teruchan didn't even care about Katz standing right in front of him. He didn't even have the will to fight. He felt it was trivial.

At this time, Katz' voice was heard. "I don't have a hobby of cutting a pig's neck."

There were many members of the Overgeared Guild outside the normal category. Just like Grid, it wasn't uncommon for people to have defects in their personality. Katz was the representative of this. Of course, he had become incredibly mellow compared to the past, but he wasn't a pushover who would be nice to his opponent who was ignoring him.

Teruchan bowed slightly to Katz. "I'm sorry. I didn't have the courtesy of a warrior."

The Twilight Orcs were the dominant species. They dominated all orcs and at one time, they even tried to dominate humans. He respected warriors as much as he honored their armed force. Teruchan's action of bowing didn't mean much. It wasn't about bending his pride. It was just a ritual greeting.

"You are also a warrior."

It was Teruchan who gave a natural provocation. It was the unique ferociousness of a dominant species. A red light appeared in Katz' hand and he grasped a sword. Teruchan felt a deep bloodstream.

"Good. I like it more and more. I won't feel guilty even if I half kill you," Katz said.

Teruchan charged. It was the instinctive act of a frightened beast. The smell of blood filling his nose was too thick.

The superior version of Failure—the dark shark-shaped sword collided with the blood sword and caused an explosion.

In fact, Katz' blood sword exploded. The sharp sword's shape quickly broke down and blood was sprayed like a fountain.

Teruchan's expression hardened. He made an effort to recover his sword as he was caught in the explosion and pushed back. However, it was too late. The blood clinging to his thick arms pulled his upper body to the ground.

"Keuk!" The veins of Teruchan's neck bulged as he gritted his teeth and held on. He used both arms to raise his head back.

Katz had the illusion of being hit by a cannon. Then his body, which was about to stab Teruchan with a new blood sword, flew far away. It was because Teruchan's kick hit his abdomen. It was a covert attack. Teruchan had stared into Katz' eyes and didn't show any signs at all as he lifted his feet. For Katz, it was an attack that came completely out of the blue.

“Gasp!”

Teruchan snorted and broke the blood confining both arms. He noted that the strength of the blood had weakened the moment that Katz’ focus dropped.

“Katz! I admit that you are a great warrior!”

Teruchan’s thick veins stood out and all the muscles of his body swelled. At the same time, black magic power that was different from the demons exploded. It was a wave that generated a power unique to the Twilight Orcs. Teruchan’s steps caused cracks on the stage.

Administrator Rabbit sighed. The most expensive metal was found to make this stage with, but the specially made stage was ruined. It wasn’t worth the money he invested in it...

Teruchan completely broke the stage with his second leap forward. The sudden narrowing of the distance to Katz was Shunpo itself. Just as the transcendent Bunsdel proved, the monarchs deserved to be transcendent.

It happened the moment people were feeling admiration...

“Solar Eclipse.”

Night came. The red moon that floated above Katz’s head was the aftermath of the sun being covered.

His skin turned whiter.

His long molars.

The shining red eyes and cloak formed from another person’s blood...

He was a vampire with pure blood in a different way from the direct descendants. Beriache’s Knight, who could be said to be the first direct descendant, artificially removed the sun’s constraints and regained full power.

Red blood and black power collided dozens of times. The red blood scattered and repeatedly formed waves again while the black force continued to swirl like a storm. Neither side was likely to be extinguished. It was literally an equal match. For a few minutes, countless spectacular scenes were seen. It looked like a fight that wouldn’t end. However, people gradually became aware that Katz’ blood cloak was much longer than it was originally.

Flop!

Teruchan fell to his knees. His armor was crushed and his appearance was exposed. He was skin and bones like he had starved for dozens of days. It was the aftermath of being deprived of blood throughout the battle. For Beriache’s Knight, blood absorption was done as naturally as breathing. It was very different from the other direct descendants who directly bit with their teeth or sucked blood through magic. No procedure was required. It was a near-perfect immortality created to protect Beriache. It didn’t make sense for him to fall before what he had to protect.

“...There are six more people over there?”

The Half-Draconian Lord had a stiff expression from the moment the sun was covered and now he muttered blankly. Since he decided to become the dog of the Overgeared God, he planned to be the closest and loyal dog. However, it didn't seem as easy as he thought. He felt a great sense of crisis toward the true apostles of the Overgeared God who didn't even participate in this competition.

“.....”

The half-draconians, whose shoulders were raised after being enthusiastically welcomed by the humans, fell silent. After that—

The Half-Draconian Lord won against the Dark Elf King. Considering that Piaro and the former Red Knights had to join forces to capture the Dark Elf King, the power of the Half-Draconian Lord was at least on the level of an apostle. The Overgeared members speculated that Bunsdel would be the last apostle.

Even so, Grid didn't say anything. His discerning eyes had risen following his meeting with Ifrit and he was planning to select the last apostle really carefully.

‘At the very least, they should be stronger than me.’

...Should he visit the No Offspring Tomb?

In any case, 12 captains were appointed on this day. Those who felt the power of the Overgeared Empire had great expectations for the hell expedition that would begin in the future. They completely shook off their fears. This was as Lael intended.

Meanwhile, in hell...

“Hoh...?”

The soul of Beriache, which hadn't moved for hundreds of years, started to shine faintly.

“That person is the guardian of the White Tiger Spear... can the two of us defeat him?”

“Do you want successive deaths? I am going to seek the cooperation of the Twelve Zodiacs and the Four Auspicious Beasts.”

“What about the Overgeared God?”

“I don't think it is a matter that requires the help of the Overgeared God.”

“Indeed. This person is a lot inferior to Mir.”

In the East Continent, Hwang Gildong and Old Sword Demon infiltrated the Pa Kingdom.

“It is more than expected, right? By this point, he will be a better blacksmith than the Overgeared God.”

“He shouldn't be worse than the person who rebelled against Asgard. By the way, the ones next to you...?”

“They are newcomers. Make weapons for them.”

In Asgard, the new angels were preparing for full-fledged action.

Chapter 1582

“Stop adding cheese to fried rice. I feel uncomfortable just looking at it because you are putting too much cheese in the rice stir-fried in pork oil. It is better to add more kimchi.”

At a pork belly restaurant near Youngwoo’s building...

All the Overgeared members living in South Korea gathered in this place. It was to celebrate the success of today’s festival in the Overgeared Empire. At first, the atmosphere was harmonious. Fried rice was cooked on an iron plate. This was until Lael was tackled by Peak Sword as he was sprinkling additional cheese on top. Well, Peak Sword didn’t tackle Lael, but these words were still correct.

“...Why don’t you stop paying attention to my fried rice and focus on your own fried rice?”

“Didn’t you always insist on it? We have a duty to teach people who eat food in the wrong way.”

“Wrong way? Is it wrong to sprinkle mozzarella on fried rice? Are you serious? Are you disparaging South Korea’s traditional food culture?”

“I just pointed out that the amount was too much. Besides, I presented kimchi as a solution. Isn’t it traditional Korean food culture to add kimchi to fried rice?”

“It is prejudice! This is discrimination! You are disparaging Korean people by saying they add kimchi to any food!”

The atmosphere became chilly for a moment. Of course, it was only for a moment. The group soon drew their attention away from Peak Sword and Lael. In any case, the argument between the two of them always ended with Lael’s victory. It wasn’t a matter of concern because Peak Sword would soon become mute.

“Jishuka, you are sprinkling flying fish roe?”

“Yes, yes!”

“Yura, don’t sprinkle seaweed powder.”

“Yes.”

From the beginning, Grid was focused solely on Yura and Jishuka. He stood in the center of a large iron plate and cooked his own fried rice for them. His skills were dazzling. The expression of ‘playing with fire’ was appropriate. His culinary experience in Satisfy also helped in reality.

Both the master—with 40 years of experience in grilling and stir-frying—and the general manager of the pork belly restaurant were so surprised their mouths dropped open.

“The rice was pressed down in a short period of time and he perfectly enhanced the texture with flying fish roe...? No, what is this? Youngwoo-ssi, are you perhaps from the CIA?”

“Huh? CI what?”

“It means the Central Intelligence Agency of the United States.”

“He is referring to the cooking school, idiot.”

Grid, Sehee, Yura, Yerim, Bokja (Elizabeth), Eat Spicy Jokbal, Peak Sword, etc. There were quite a few Koreans in the Overgeared Guild. There were also many people who moved to South Korea such as Jishuka, Lauel, and Toon. This meant that once they had a company dinner, there were dozens of people gathered. It was bound to be noisy. How many conversations would there be with colleagues who they crossed the line of life or death with while drinking together?

At a second drinking party that took place in a more private location, more in-depth conversations occurred.

“When Katz called out Solar Eclipse, I thought a Japanese person wanted to be Japanese.” [1]

...Peak Sword was ignored.

“Kraugel has arrived at the Peach Blossom Spring?”

“It seems there is a swordsman among the daoist immortals there. I’m expecting a hidden quest to happen.”

“If things go well, will he incorporate daoist magic into swordsmanship?”

“That will be less cool. The romance of the Sword Saint is to cut anything with the sword.”

“This isn’t the era where romance can feed you.”

Starting with Grid, all the players were leveling up. The thing they had in common was that they developed their abilities in a variety of ways. Grid alone had grown and gained dozens of different opportunities. The mindset of being proud and obsessed with a single class was worn down.

“In the first place, the strength of a Sword Saint had no particularly great merit now.”

Muller’s greatest achievement that made him the strongest Sword Saint was sealing Hell Gao. Of course, there was no guarantee that this was Muller’s limit. It was likely that the greatest threat of the Muller era was just Hell Gao. However, it should be taken into account that in Satisfy, achievements were immediate.

People of the present time had achieved more than Muller. Grid, Braham, Mercedes, etc. might have already transcended Muller. This was where the problem arose with Kraugel. It was because Muller, who held the title of ‘strongest Sword Saint,’ had fallen in value since he fell below others. The status of Kraugel, who was originally hidden in the shade of the name Muller, was reduced even further.

The Overgeared members thought that in order for Kraugel to develop further, he needed to abandon his obsession with the Sword Saint. On the other hand, Grid thought differently.

“Who knows... I think the Sword Saint is greater than what is known to the public.”

Grid knew a few more Muller stories that other people didn’t know. He knew that all of Muller’s achievements that were known to the world was after Muller had handed over his status to the Mountain King. Furthermore, the greatness of the Sword Saint was proven by Biban who was still alive in this era. It was just that people didn’t know it.

“I think Kraugel’s purpose isn’t to learn, but to fight the swordsman immortal and win,” Grid expressed his opinion with a serious expression while peeling tangerines. His dexterity was great. The tangerines were easily peeled. The net-shaped white fibers were neatly removed and the tangerines sparkled like they were gold.

“Too soft~” Jishuka’s mouth was wide open as she ate the tangerine that Grid put in her mouth.

Yerim, who was staring at it, poked Sehee’s side with her elbow. “Doesn’t that Unni look like a dog the more you see her?”

“Hiik!” The cowardly Sehee blocked Yerim’s mouth. “No matter how cat-like a woman is, you can’t swear too harshly! She is our captain before she is Oppa’s lover!”

“Oof oof!!”

Yerim just meant that she was pure like a dog. She thought of a puppy when she saw the surprisingly weak and gentle Jishuka, unlike the leopard-like impression. She had no intention of swearing that Jishuka was a dog.

‘Why is she so strong?’

Yerim wanted to explain, but she didn’t have a chance. She couldn’t remove Sehee’s hand covering her mouth. She couldn’t help wondering if strength was hereditary.

‘...Why did it suddenly become a mess again?’

The fighting Sehee and Yerim, Eat Spicy Jokbal who kept calling Bokja’s name and complaining, Peak Sword who was arguing with Lael again...

Toon, who didn’t drink alcohol, was wary of the atmosphere that was more distracting than necessary. Not long ago, he told his friends who came to the country from Italy to prepare for any possible risks.

The night of the Overgeared Guild was deepening.

A few days after the captains selection...

“Ohhh!”

Finally, the hell elevator started running. The underground facilities emitted light and the land around the area turned blue. It was like looking at a lake.

“Good luck.”

Grid sent away the hell expedition directly.

12 units organized by selecting and organizing volunteer rankers from any affiliation. Hundreds of them were given various elixirs made at the Reidan alchemy facility. Their role wasn’t a one-off.

Try to rush as far as possible. They had to play in hell for as long as possible and consume the demons and demonic creatures until the hell elevator was opened to the public. This meant that sustainability was important. The Overgeared Empire had a duty to support them properly.

“However, try to become acquainted with those in the safe zone.”

At Lauel’s final request, all the expedition members boarded the elevator. It was the moment when humanity, which had been subjected to the one-sided aggression of demons for hundreds of years, finally went on the counterattack. It was a revenge that didn’t forget the history of humiliation as well as a holy war for the future.

Why should they distinguish between good and bad? Wasn’t it like their lives existed for humans by making the wicked pay for their sins and providing the good with opportunities for reincarnation? It was a contradiction. Hell needed to be revised.

Amoract was deeply sympathetic to Baal’s claims.

The 2nd Great Demon—one of the three original evils, she was on Baal’s side. She helped reform hell and made it into its present form. She stabbed Beriache, who was at the forefront of the opposition, directly with her own power. It was something she regretted all her life.

She sympathized with Yatan, who was stigmatized as the evil god as hell deteriorated. She realized that her choice had dropped her father into the abyss and was deeply frustrated.

Thus, she established the Yatan Church. Her father would never be able to wash away the stigma as long as the present hell existed. Thus, she tried to change the concept of evil. She preached that evil was valuable, just as there was a reason why her father made them. As a result, many people started to worship Yatan again.

Even so, Amoract wasn’t satisfied at all. Her father was one of the gods of the beginning. It was right for him to be treated equally with Rebecca, but he was endlessly shabby compared to Rebecca.

Amoract realized this was a mistake that must be made up for. She wanted to return hell to its original form. She wanted Baal’s destruction the most. She missed Beriache the most.

Therefore, she turned a blind eye to many events. She was rooting for humanity. However, she was furious when she heard of humanity’s invasion of hell.

“No, this can’t be. No, kids.”

Looking back on it now, it was right that they existed for humans. The reason why her father made evil was as a warning to humanity. He was teaching that they shouldn’t be evil by watching and learning from evil. It was a mercy to elevate all humans to Heaven someday. He couldn’t have wanted to see humans fall to hell alive.

“How dare you break Father’s wishes?”

Transcendence meant being far from the general public. It was impossible to understand transcendents from a general point of view.

At this moment, Amoract’s feelings toward the invaders were completely different from hostility.

“I didn’t feel it incorrectly.”

The reason why dragons slept for a long time was simply because their lives were long. For humans, hundreds of years of history couldn’t be covered in a lifetime while for dragons, hundreds of years was a split second. However, now—

“It is real.”

Gujel’s son, Xenon, was adjusting his time-sensitive senses close to humans. His father was killed while he was sleeping for a while. It was even by humans. In other words, it was close to a warning that a dragon’s sense of time should be tailored to humans. Xenon didn’t want the terrible experience of having his eyes and nose cut while sleeping so he started to be wary of humans.

‘Is human civilization quite advanced? I have to get the items back and sort them out.’

The remains of dragons were recognized as treasures for the same type of dragon. In order for Xenon to succeed as the stone dragon, it was necessary for him to eat Gujel’s remains. They weren’t objects that should be held in human hands.

Kurarararara!

The shadow of the gray dragon roaring with his huge wings spread out turned the wilderness dark.

Chapter 1583

The seven malignant saints episodes weren’t arranged for a single player. It was a structure in which many players discovered secrets by connecting with the seven malignant saints and proceeding with quests. There were currently five players doing the seven malignant saints episodes.

The 1st evil, Jake, and Zibal’s Providence.

The 2nd evil, Diana, and Haster’s Heroic Story.

The 3rd evil, Rayleigh, and Agnus’ Supreme Ruler.

The 4th evil, Taren, and Grid’s God’s Command.

The 5th evil, Leeha, and Kraugel’s Quick Command.

Who first came to know about the concept of the seven malignant saints? It was naturally Kraugel. Kraugel’s episode progress was also the highest. However, the first person to gain the power of one of the seven evils was Grid. On the other hand, Zibal gained the power the latest.

However, Zibal contributed the most to the growth and survival of the 6th evil, Zik, and discovered the truth of the seal of the seven malignant saints. This meant that the process wasn’t very important. Players related to the seven malignant saints learned the secrets of the seven malignant saints together, regardless of the order.

It happened naturally even if there was no contact point. It was because the seven malignant saints were so famous.

Didn't Hanul, one of the gods of the beginning, try to recruit Zik? It was from the surface, hell, Asgard, and even the Peach Blossom Spring and the Hwan Kingdom. The whole world knew about the seven malignant saints, so the spread of news related to them took place tremendously quickly.

In the present time—

In fact, the episode of the seven malignant saints was heading toward the end. All of the seven evils were killed except for the 6th evil, Zik. Only their souls remained after their deaths and were wandering somewhere in the Abyss. Zik, whose body was preserved, was the only one revived. The powers of the remaining six of the seven malignant saints were shared by the players. The remaining task was to tell the stories of each of the seven malignant saints, except for Zik, and reveal the powers of the seven malignant saints that hadn't appeared yet.

In fact, it was ambiguous to say that it was a challenge that needed to be solved. The 'ending' of the seven malignant saints episodes was the punishment of the gods of Asgard. It was to reveal the ugly reality of the gods and make them lose their divinity, or physically conquer Asgard. This was the wish of the seven malignant saints.

It was good to be able to omit the intermediate process as much as possible as long as their wish was fulfilled. However, Kraugel came to the Peach Blossom Spring. He persistently dug through the quests related to the 5th evil and barely reached it. It was out of the belief that the more he understood them, the stronger that Quick Command would become. It didn't matter if his expectations were wrong.

He got confirmation that there was a swordsman immortal at the Peach Blossom Spring. It was good enough if he could meet the swordsman immortal.

"Like this place that is far from the world, there are many dimensions in the world. There is also a world where elementals play."

At a small village surrounded by peach trees...

At the entrance, someone was sitting on the bench in front of the cabin. He had his back to Kraugel, who just entered the village.

Tak, tak, tak...

A clear sound rang out irregularly. It was the sound of putting a go stone on a board.

"The elemental world is a world where four elements are established in order."

"Earth is the lowest, water is the next lowest and is above earth, air is above the two of them, and fire is at the top. Do you mean this type of order?"

Kraugel's understanding was unrivaled. He immediately identified and adapted to the identity of the village that he arrived at without knowing it. It was because he felt auspicious energy. He was convinced that the man who sat alone and played go was a daoist immortal and gave a preemptive answer. He knew it was the precursor to a quest.

"That's right. I wanted to ask you the question because you know it well."

Tak.

White stones surrounded black stones. It was just before completing the territory. There didn't seem to be any remaining black stones.

"It is right that it is light that appeared in defiance of the order and laws of the already completed world."

The five attributes that made up the elemental world were originally fire, water, wind, earth, and light. If it had been Kraugel a few days ago, he would've replied something like 'light exists everywhere so it isn't wrong.' However, it was different now. He knew that the Elemental King of Light was defeated by Grid and that the new Elemental King of Nothingness filled the void.

"I don't think light is necessary in a world where light already exists."

"You must be interpreting based on the premise that the law and order are established and completed worlds are perfect."

"Yes."

"Even so, it is rare for anything in this world to be complete."

A divine move—the white stones surrounding the black stone were swallowed by a single move. They broke down helplessly. It was only then that the man put down the stone and turned around. Kraugel witnessed the reversal on the checkerboard followed by the evaluation that it was the wrong answer and was quite flustered. He had to control his facial expression.

"The elemental world is wrong from the premise. We also noticed it belatedly after the birth of the last elemental king."

Bentao—this was the name of the daoist immortal who sat facing Kraugel. He looked like an innocent young child or a kind old man.

"The sky brings down water, the water causes trees to grow, the trees create fire, fire builds up earth, and earth is turned to metal. These are the five elements."

".....!"

"The elemental world isn't four elements, but a world seeking five elements. Therefore, it has been obsessed with the number five."

The elemental world was ruled by 'five' elemental kings. This was the most basic law that governed the elemental world.

"It is a world that can only be completed if the last born 'nothingness' was 'metal,' but it wasn't completed properly."

The reason was obvious. Kraugel grasped the meaning of the words.

"Is it the Elemental King of Wind?"

"That's right."

Wind or air didn't belong to the order. It was right to have metal there. The Elemental King of Wind was a hidden villain. Of course, the words that led to the truth followed.

"You might've noticed, but the daoist immortals can be defined as half-gods who compromise with the world. We can deceive a god's eyes for a while, but we can't disobey the essential meaning."

Bentao flapped his wide sleeves and yellow amulets fluttered. The circular shape as it moved resembled butterflies playing. It soon became a door. It was a door to the elemental world.

"In short, correct the order of the elemental world on our behalf."

[★Hidden Quest★ Sword that Cuts the Wind has occurred.]

Kraugel's eyes widened as he quickly scanned the contents of the quest. It was because the Sword Saint's 'sword that cuts anything' was about to enter the deepening phase.

'Even slashing oxygen... can I make an area where breathing isn't possible?'

The opening of a passive skill that sharply decreased the health of nearby targets every time he wielded the sword. Of course, this was a story of when he succeeded in cutting the Elemental King of Wind. Unsurprisingly, Kraugel accepted the quest.

"There are many things I want to ask but I'll push it back for now."

What did the four elements and five elements imply? Why did the daoist immortals want to help the elemental world? Did this person happen to know he would come and so on.

Kraugel had all types of questions in his head as he moved toward the portal. It was because he noticed that once he completed his quest and returned, they would be able to have a deeper conversation. He wasn't worried that it might be a trap. He trusted Bentao. Bentao was the first person to preach to the world that the seven malignant saints were good beings.

"I will tell you two things in advance." Bentao smiled at the gradually disappearing Kraugel. It was a smile that wiped away even the smallest bit of anxiety. "We have been waiting for you. Additionally, the completion of the elemental world will benefit the Overgeared God and all humans in the world."

Reidan—it was once the border of the Overgeared Kingdom and it had been transformed into an industrial city responsible for the empire's supplies. It had a large territory, but it was a land devastated by the desert. Thanks to the dedication of Piaro and the farmers, nearly half of the desert had turned into agricultural fields and forests, but deserts were still common and sandstorms often struck. All types of industries had developed around the alchemy facility, so it was much better to use it as an industrial city than a residential city.

In the first place, the Overgeared Empire was a super large nation that accounted for more than 80% of the continent. There was a lot of land much better for people to live in than Reidan.

"Eh! Hey! Brat! I told you to load all the things that are going to the capital first!"

The air in Reidan was very pleasant. There were hundreds of chimneys emitting smoke that was as black as the workers' hot beards, but the air purifiers installed in each chimney quickly cleaned up the pollutants. It was the invention of the century created by the Reidan alchemy facility. It was said that when they first invented this device, the great emperor commended the alchemists by saying, "You finally paid the price for your rice."

...The price for the rice was finally paid despite the alchemy facility being very old, but the air purifiers had become one of the empire's largest sources of income. It was produced in various sizes and designs, and was sold to facilities and nobles across the country. It was distributed free of charge to the populace. Of course, there was a condition that they needed merit in their field, but no one complained. They were just grateful that they could study or work hard without being lazy.

"Huh? What? It isn't time for the sandstorm to blow?"

There was a commotion as the busy workers sensed the unexpected event. It was because the hundreds of super large air purifiers installed in each chimney shook and generated noise. There was also a backflow seen from the mana acting as a filter in the air purifiers.

"There is a huge wind coming," a worker from Reidan muttered.

Until now, no one took the situation seriously. It was a peaceful world. Humanity joined forces after being invaded by demons and didn't antagonize each other. The marriage between Grid, who respected minorities from the beginning, and Basara led to racial unity. The expression that all humans were on the same side wasn't an exaggeration.

There were fewer troops stationed in Reidan and most of the talented people representing the city were away on the hell expedition, but the workers didn't feel any anxiety. In the first place, they didn't think about an enemy invasion. This was until bells rang all over the city.

"Evacuate! Evacuate all members!"

"The castle! Flee to the castle! Dammit! Come on, run!"

It was a call that was close to a scream. The soldiers who were shouting from the walls looked very unusual. The workers finally noticed the seriousness of the situation and moved quickly. They started to run toward the castle without even checking the identity of the danger they had thought was just the wind. However, the invader made their hundreds of steps useless with just a single flap of their wings.

[There are many weird things.]

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

The identity of the being that cast the black shadow.

A dragon—people witnessed the legendary monster that was different from a hatchling and collapsed due to weak legs. They sensed death, annihilation, and destruction.

The gray dragon Xenon didn't even look at the people who were shaking in silence. He paid attention to the bizarre devices installed throughout the city and various facilities that produced all types of goods.

[Human civilization has developed so rapidly?]

He was convinced about his father's death. He needed to be vigilant of the human beings of this time.

Xenon judged and flew heavily. He caused a frenzy and destroyed all types of facilities.

"U-Uwaaack!"

"Hiiiiik!"

Thousands of people were swept away by the wind. There were only a handful of people who held onto the pillars. Most of them soared into the air. They struggled to survive as they fell among the remnants of the collapsed building. There was a being who saved all of them.

"All those who can fight should grab weapons. For the rest, run underground!"

It was Noll who just arrived at the scene with his vampire troops.

Noll—he inherited his warm heart from his mother, Beriache, and was almost the only direct descendant to show benevolence. His blood magic specialized in protection and survival.

[Vampire... Hmm.]

Xenon responded like it was somewhat strange. He felt strange about vampires protecting humans.

[Is this a farm?]

Xenon interpreted it in this way and gathered his magic power. From his point of view, there was no difference between vampires and humans. They were equally insignificant except for 'only one.' He was going to annihilate them all at once.

It was the day of the greatest crisis in Reidan's history.

Chapter 1584

Noll—he was the only surviving vampire among the direct descendants, apart from Marie Rose and Braham.

Grid failed to kill him. There were various circumstances, but it was basically because Noll was too strong. He wasn't easily killed due to his excellent abilities to increase the survivability of himself and his allies. He wasn't included in the hell expedition because he was the lord of the vampire city, not because he was unqualified.

"Hurry!"

Noll had been lying in a coffin for almost his entire life, but he surprisingly had common sense. He gained a lot of knowledge and experience after becoming a member of the Overgeared Kingdom.

A dragon—he clearly recognized the absolute power of this huge creature. He felt great fear while knowing there was no chance. Even so, he didn't run away. He took the lead and ordered people to flee.

The nature of what he inherited from his mother Beriache, his 'benevolence,' forced him to put others first. It was an instinct to become stronger in moments of crisis when life was at risk.

Why? Why did his mother make him love others? The family love and fellowship he experienced in his hellish life had always been like a disaster.

Jealousy, resentment, anger. The bloodkin who were affected by the Curse of Sloth went crazy. They easily turned away from each other or harmed each other. As the only one among them who loved them, Noll's life was particularly painful. He felt alone. To be honest, he resented his mother.

However, at this moment.

'It is time to repay the favor.'

Noll was deeply grateful to his mother. Thanks to this 'heart,' he met Grid. Thanks to Grid, he had been meeting new people endlessly. He found out that he wasn't a mutation. The experience of exchanging kindness, not malice, was more valuable than blood. His heart was filled with joy. He was happy. He felt his mother's love. He realized that his mother loved him, so she gave him this heart.

Yes, it was time to repay all the favors. It was for Grid, who took him away, and his mother, who gave him the heart that made him feel rewarded. It was time to help those who taught him happiness while being with him.

Just then, the dragon that invaded Reidan out of nowhere released magic power. The bodies of Noll and the vampires were shattered.

It was pandemonium. People were screaming. There was no one who wasn't agitated by the empty deaths of those who rushed to help them.

"Re...vival!"

Gurgle gurgle!

The words that were painstakingly completed using a torn mouth became a spell—it was blood magic that used blood as a medium. The fluttering blood and flesh were reconstructed and attracted to each other at a very rapid speed. It was an untimely revival of the vampire army that had been wiped out.

"Don't look back and run!" Noll overcame death and urged the people. Floating rings lined up to the left and right of Reidan Castle. He delivered his willpower to the lord of Reidan by infusing magic power into the structures that were both architectural and symbolic.

"Noll... Shit! This way!" Garitsha, who became the lord of Reidan after Chris and Zednos—she turned away and led the people to the castle.

The warp gate—it was toward the rings that had just started to run while using Noll's magic power as energy.

[The command skill 'March' has been used.]

[The command skill 'Bravery' has been used.]

Garitsha belonged to Overgeared One. She was a talented person who had been a member since the days of the Tzedakah and changed her class to a commander due to the needs of the Overgeared

Kingdom. Her command was swift and efficient. She quickly recovered and moved the people who weren't able to even walk properly due to shock.

'I can't make Noll's sacrifice be in vain.'

The warp gate had nearly all-rounder functions, but it had difficult operating conditions in exchange. It required a large amount of magic power. Hundreds of magicians needed to squeeze out their magic power to barely operate it. It was unlikely that Noll, who just operated four warp gates at the same time, would be in an intact state. This was despite the fact that he was a direct descendant and the lord of the vampire city. It was because his magic power wasn't infinite.

Meanwhile, Xenon was intrigued by the series of situations.

'The world has changed a lot.'

The relationship between vampires and humans was that of predators and prey. The act of helping each other was contrary to ecology and was a clear error. The direction in which human civilization developed was also unexpected. It was a form of harmony without destroying the ecosystem.

It meant that they had chosen a difficult path. They felt they could afford it. It was highly likely that human intelligence had developed to a level beyond expectations. Or perhaps it was related to the elves.

'Did my father deserve it...?'

An era that would've been classified as ancient by human standards—the operation of the warp gate, which was only seen in an era that felt quite old even for Xenon, made Xenon more cautious. The warp gates were the giants' technology. The reason for the destruction of the giants was that they were a threat to many transcendent species.

As expected.

Dozens of weapons appeared on the ground below the warp gates. He was alert to the giants' weapons that could fire a substance called a 'beam,' but fortunately, it was a cannon operated by gunpowder. The image of the busily moving artillerymen was primitive...

[.....!]

Dozens of cannons fired simultaneously. At the same time, Xenon's eyes widened. It was like two crescent moons in the gray sky seemed to turn into full moons in an instant.

He was surprised by the power of the Overgeared Cannons. It was hard to believe that the cannons with a simple structure could show such power. Apart from Xenon's surprise, the dozens of shells didn't produce any results. Not a single shot hit Xenon. It was because they were blocked by the shield of transparent magic that surrounded his body at all times. It felt like the shells exploded in collision with invisible glass. Despite the fact that the shock waves generated at this time were quite powerful, Xenon's huge body didn't shake at all.

It wasn't even his absolute defense. A dragon's absolute defense was the power to 'invalidate all damage received.' However, Xenon had blocked the damage from even reaching him, and it was all with one simple shield.

'This is...'

'...A dragon!'

The minds and hearts of Noll and the vampires chilled. It was more accurate to say that their expressions hardened. The attack didn't work properly. The power of a transcendent species was so shocking. They already understood the power of dragons through sufficient learning, but actually experiencing it was a different problem.

Dragon Fear, magic, Dragon Words, Breath, barriers, absolute defense, etc. They felt most desperate about the fact that the gray dragon didn't show a single skill.

Meanwhile, Xenon had finished identifying Reidan.

'It isn't strange if the army arrives.'

In terms of the size and shape of the city, it was an important production base for humans. Yet there were no elite forces that responded. He didn't think that the vampires stationed there were the elite. His guess was that they trusted the warp gates. This allowed them to move troops at any time.

Dozens of spheres started to spin with Xenon as the center. It gradually became faster and more powerful. The city would be devastated even if only one of the spheres fell and hit the city.

Noll's pupils trembled like crazy.

"Garitsha!" he shouted in a hurry. However, the sphere accelerated several times faster than Noll's cry. Noll's cry was buried by a deafening explosion. The deafening sound continued without stopping. The four warp gates collapsed quickly and hit Garitsha and the people. There wasn't even time for Noll to act.

Garitsha and most of the people lost their lives from the moment the spheres collided with the warp gates. They turned into ashes, along with Reidan Castle which stood at the heart of the warp gates. A few people who luckily didn't perish were crushed to death by the remains of the warp gates.

It was an unbelievable disaster caused by small actions.

[I am very cautious.]

Xenon's father, Gujel, wasn't an old dragon. It was a bit too ambiguous to be the absolute being that humans imagined. Therefore, Xenon was able to make the guess that 'my father was killed by humans' and didn't feel overconfident in his power.

Xenon planned to travel around the continent. He felt a need to closely observe and grasp humans. The problem was that from a human perspective, it would feel faster than a storm.

"You..." Noll gritted his teeth. He didn't ask questions like why this dragon had invaded. This was a transcendent species that he couldn't understand from his own perspective. He decided it would be useless to ask for an explanation. The energy to devote to dialogue and understanding was completely focused on his magic power.

'Mother, I will be going to your side now.'

He smiled as he recalled Beriache's life. Blue blood vessels started to bulge all over his pale skin. It was the aftermath of magic power speeding through his blood vessels all over the body and accelerating blood flow. Noll was determined to die. He planned to explode every last drop of his blood and take at least one of the dragon's eyeballs. Of course, he knew that the probability of success was near zero. Even so, he wanted to leave with even a glimmer of hope rather than die an empty death.

Xenon's eyes that looked at him were sad. They resembled a human's eyes looking pitifully at a mayfly's life. It happened the moment Noll felt insulted and his blood vessels swelled up even more...

—!

One of the spheres still swirling around Xenon were fired at Noll. There was no sound. The sphere was soon lodged in Noll's heart. It was only when it exploded that it caused a deafening noise.

"Kuaaaaak!" Noll shattered without even screaming while the vampires writhed in pain. They were critically injured in the aftermath of the explosion that blew Noll up. Xenon showed them no further interest. He fired one more sphere without saying anything.

Just then, a giant bear appeared and blocked the sphere with its body. It was meaningless. The sphere pierced the unidentified bear with no trouble. The problem was that there were dozens of bears. By the time it reached its target, the sphere that had to pierce all types of obstacles without stopping or exploding lost its speed slightly. Arrows, swords, spears, axes, and shields fell in turn to block its way and the sphere exploded without advancing any further.

Noll and the vampires, who just finished regenerating, looked at the reinforcements with a haggard face. They were unexpected people.

"This is a great opportunity. I felt too uncomfortable to talk to him because I was less active in the Great Human and Demon War."

The 1st ranked berserker—it was Asuka, a blonde-haired woman called the weapons master or weapons collector.

"This is a disaster, not an opportunity."

1st in the summoner rankings—it was Black Teddy, a man with a cute teddy bear on his shoulder.

"I know. I am going to die. Even so, that doesn't matter."

The duo with names familiar to Noll stood facing Xenon without any fear. Their expressions were confident even with a giant dragon like a mountain in front of them. They didn't seem to know fear.

"Take that vampire and leave while I hold on. Okay?"

"Yes, Young Lady."

"What courage do you have...?!"

Noll's cry was ignored. Noll was helpless after already overcoming two deaths. Thus, Black Teddy's bears easily covered his mouth and lifted him up.

Asuka pulled out a new weapon and gripped it.

Money and information—she invested the most powerful capital to collect the weapons made by Grid and had the ability to respond to various situations. Additionally, berserkers didn't die easily. Death was deferred the closer she got to death. This was a more pronounced trait after level 460. It was possible to buy some time even if she couldn't win against an overwhelmingly stronger opponent than herself.

"I am finally going to join Overgeared One."

The right to purchase Grid's new works that couldn't be purchased no matter how much money she had—this was the lifelong aspiration of Asuka, who had the Weapons Mastery skill.

Black Teddy also longed for her to fulfill her aspirations. He actively cooperated with her. He used a one-time top artifact, a movement device, to break through the barrier and took Noll and the vampires away from the field.

The momentary wavelength of strange magic power woke up the queen who was sleeping deep underground. This made the few seconds bought by Asuka the most valuable time in the world.

Chapter 1585

Xenon's method of recovering his father's remains was simple. He could've shot a Breath as soon as he arrived at his goal. Considering the personality of the tower members who were reluctant to appear before the public, making a big fuss was a method to avoid them.

However, Xenon had no intention of using such an extreme method. He could avoid the tower members by making a fuss, but he would end up catching the eye of the top dragons. He would become a victim himself if he did this. There were many difficulties and limitations in a dragon's activities.

Xenon planned to do things as quietly and smoothly as possible before returning to his lair. He wanted to block the rumors that a dragon was flying around. This was why he had to rush to make a decision a little while ago.

Xenon couldn't allow the escape of the vampires. He quickly recognized the artifact triggered by the humans who intruded into the scene and set up a barrier with the rule 'you can't leave this space.' This series of processes was very fast. It was natural since a dragon's will was realized immediately.

The barrier was unfolded first before the artifact was triggered but it missed. It was because the technique imprinted on the artifact was surprisingly powerful. The one-time artifact turned into dust after it was triggered and the barrier became useless.

'It's a nice flow.'

Dragons had an eye for determining the value of treasures. Xenon regarded the artifact that had just been destroyed as a pretty good thing. By human standards, it was a treasure where a replacement would probably be hard to find. Such a treasure was sacrificed in order to allow the vampires to escape? It was too much to simply be loyalty. It was clear that there was a trick.

'If it is something that can be done with the vampires...'

It was easy to infer. Vampires were beings that came from Beriache. It was a clan led by 'Blood Queen' Marie Rose, Beriache's most powerful legacy.

‘Is there a way to wake up Marie Rose using the vampires?’

Before Xenon fell asleep, Marie Rose was sealed by Pope Chreshler. However, the seal was actually close to what Marie Rose ‘allowed.’ It was a seal that Marie Rose could leave any time she wanted. Of course, the Curse of Sloth was different. The Curse of Sloth was one of the most powerful curses derived from the gods of the beginning and couldn’t be easily rejected.

Even so, Xenon had a high evaluation of Marie Rose’s potential. Marie Rose was the one whom Beriache, one of the three original evils, gave birth to in order to transcend her. She was likely to be able to temporarily overcome the Curse of Sloth.

‘The situation will become bad if I become hostile to her. I have to go back now.’

The only one Xenon was wary of among the humans and vampires was naturally the Dragon Slayer Hayate. This didn’t mean he looked down on Marie Rose. He had no intention of fighting her, even if she currently wasn’t free. The odds were low and the moment he collided with her, he was more likely to be caught by the tower members.

The moment that Xenon turned back, the spheres circling around him were shot at Asuka. He was going to leave, but he still wanted to punish the intruder. Xenon absurdly wanted to kill the human blocking his way, but he couldn’t kill her.

The Eraser Sword—it was due to the unique rated sword, which had a probability of negating magic, luckily slashing at the sphere. The Eraser Sword was supposedly made around three years ago by Grid, but it was still a new product among the items on the market. Putting aside the unstylish name, the power was excellent. Of course, this was a story of when the anti-magic effect was activated. The chance of triggering it was only 9% and the sword’s attack power wasn’t very high. It was an item that wasn’t good for the Overgeared Guild...

“Hahat! I was lucky!”

Asuka, who felt like her life was shortened by ten years, threw the Dragon Harpoon. It was an item optimized to constrain large monsters. The improved Dragon Harpoon had been distributed in large quantities to the army of the Overgeared Kingdom in recent years and it was relatively easy to obtain.

Ttang!

It fired with a nice momentum. The Dragon Harpoon that hit Xenon’s gray scales fell to the ground helplessly. It couldn’t even scratch the scales. It was a very disappointing result for Asuka, who had already lost a significant amount of health in the aftermath of several explosions by Xenon.

‘There is no effect even though my attack power has risen by 43%?’

Asuka was well aware of how powerful a dragon’s absolute defense was. However, Grid had slashed the scales of a dragon during the 3rd National Competition. It might just be a small scratch, but it should be taken into account that the high rankers of that time had levels in the 300s. This meant that the current Asuka was much stronger than Grid at the time. She couldn’t even scratch the scales even after using the Dragon Harpoon?

‘Do I have to use a special method to hurt a dragon?’

Asuka was an enterprising person. The moment she established a new hypothesis, she didn't obsess over the Grid-made weapons and instead took out other weapons. It was a scythe she got after a boss raid. It was a must to aim at the gap in the scales.

She had no intention of escaping death. She knew it was impossible and was ready to die from the beginning. She had achieved her desired goal of letting the vampires escape and had no regrets other than getting a hint on how to attack a dragon.

However, Xenon didn't allow it.

[Impertinent.]

Xenon used magic for the first time. The magic power spheres that destroyed Reidan's troops and plunged Noll and the vampires into a crisis were merely 'magic power united and moved' while magic was a law established with magic power to create a phenomenon.

".....!"

Asuka's two feet sank deep into the ground and were stuck. The sight of her slim body being sucked into the ground was strange. It was as if she was in an antlion's pit.

The connection between gravity and a sinkhole—it was a technique that made the increase in stats from the loss of health useless.

'Look at him using his brain?'

Asuka laughed from the absurdity. Gravity weighed down on her body at the same time that the ground she was standing on disappeared. It caused restrictions on all types of actions. It was impossible to even perform an 'action' to take out items from her inventory.

This meant that Xenon had blocked all variables with a single move. This was even though he had overwhelming power. He was able to subdue her with force, but Xenon sought efficiency without showing off his strength. There was naturally a reason for it.

'He doesn't need to fight.'

Berserkers didn't die easily. Somehow, they could hold on a few times. Xenon was wary of luck variables on those few occasions. She could take out some means to threaten himself.

'Besides, the level of the weapons used is extraordinary.'

They weren't ordinary, human-made objects. Xenon looked back at the weapons Asuka used and ignited a fire in the hole that swallowed Asuka. After a while, the ground of the area ran red and dark smoke rose. An explosion followed. There was a deep, earth-shaking rumble and a gray ray of light soared from the center of the explosion. It was a light that meant Asuka's death.

Xenon immediately left the scene.

The second largest building in Reidan—no, thanks to the castle turning to ashes, it became the largest building and he had a view of the city from the roof of the alchemy facility. It was disastrous and silent.

Most of the facilities that produced goods had collapsed and no survivors were seen. Even so, Xenon could feel numerous signs of life from the building he was stepping on.

‘In any case, I have already missed the vampires.’

Keeping a few more eyewitnesses alive wouldn’t change anything. Despite this, Xenon trampled on the roof. He broke the ceiling of the building and looked inside through the gap. Those who witnessed the huge pupil started screaming.

They were alchemists. They had been celebrating that they were starting to prove their worth after at least 10 years of just eating rice. The reason they ignored Garitsha’s evacuation order was due to lingering regret. They could never give up on this facility, which they had developed while eating rice. If they abandoned the facility like this and ran away, they would just return to being useless people.

“Be sure to protect Apostle Mercedes’ commission...!” the chief shouted. In particular, a coating agent with an excellent waterproof function—Mercedes had requested a few months ago for a thin and transparent film that wouldn’t be noticeable even when overlaid over a painting.

The six apostles—one of the beings who was considered as the greatest after His Majesty the Emperor personally came to them. How could they fail her request? The chief wanted to complete the quest, regardless of dragons or whatever. He didn’t want things to go wrong because of this bastard who was nothing but a monster.

Xenon read the enmity in this human’s eyes and was flustered.

‘The activities of humans have been too good for too long.’

How come every person he met didn’t seem to be very afraid of dragons?

Flames rose under Xenon’s feet. This facility had made a great contribution to the development of human civilization. They would keep stretching out while he was asleep, so he needed to obliterate it in advance...

[Your blood can’t wet me.]

Xenon, who was trying to make the flames flow through the gap in the roof, suddenly opened his mouth.

They were Dragon Words. The words that became real with strength. The waterfall of blood couldn’t reach Xenon’s flesh and scattered everywhere. Still, it didn’t disappear. It divided into millions or tens of millions of drops, but maintained its strength as it flew in the direction it came from. A strong bloody smell filled the area.

[I can’t smell the blood.]

Xenon used Dragon Words again. He felt pain from the middle of his forehead. The continuous development of Dragon Words was causing various problems. However, Xenon had to endure it.

“You have just become an adult.”

The Blood Queen—the sight of the white face smiling between the dark magic power and red blood flowing was so chilling that it made Xenon’s dragon heart sink. The most beautiful duality in the world with the most sinister smile. It was seductive so Xenon had to use Dragon Words again.

[I’m not fascinated.]

Was he finally breathing properly? Xenon’s chest swelled up and he let out a long breath.

[The life you have lived is much shorter than mine to call me a child.]

Xenon held onto the end of his words and stretched it out. He wanted Marie Rose to not focus on the current ‘situation.’ After leading the conversation and disrupting the topic, he planned to take the opportunity to break away. It was just that Marie Rose wasn’t stupid.

On average, it was once every few decades. She woke up for only a few minutes every time, so she knew the value of her time.

“The power to determine my kin.”

The last child Beriache gave birth to—even so, she was pointed out as a successor and beat all her siblings.

“You said that ‘my’ blood can’t wet you.”

The shadow of the city fluctuated greatly. To be precise, it was a scene where all the blood all over the city shot up.

“What about the blood shed by my people?”

[.....!]

Xenon’s eyes widened and he eventually shot a Breath. It was to prevent the flood of blood that was like a tsunami and to create a chance to escape. The collision of the powerful forces caused an unstoppable wave.

Just as Marie Rose woke up after hearing the fuss from below Reidan’s desert, the dragons all over the continent slowly opened their eyes while the tower members noticed the change.

Chapter 1586

Intelligence wasn’t a measure of goodness. Compared to insects who just responded to their instincts, the more intelligent a creature, the more selfish and cruel they were. It was simple when thinking of humans.

[Is it Gujel?]

[No, it is his son.]

[There must be many who are drooling.]

The dragons—the ultimate transcendent species, they were always great. They overwhelmed all others in both wisdom and strength. However, they had never been the subjects of the world. It was because

they were brutal. It was virtually impossible for parents who ate their children or siblings who killed their siblings to work together to do big things.

Dragons were creatures that existed to the end. All they could rely on was themselves.

Baaaaang...!

The sun seemed to fall to the ground. If a bit of exaggeration was added, it was reminiscent of a quasar. The waves of blood caused by Marie Rose and the energy of the Breath shot by Xenon swallowed up all the substances around it and eroded the giant city of Reidan.

'It is dangerous.'

Xenon spread his wings wide. At the same time, he rose to the troposphere and his eyes headed toward the far east. It was the direction of his lair.

From the moment he was born until when he became an adult. It was a home he had built up for over a thousand years. Even after becoming an adult, Xenon invested almost every moment except for the time sleeping to construct his lair. It was to create a stronger and more hidden home.

This was a dragon's habit, not because Xenon was particularly cautious. Staying in the lair was the dragon's most obvious survival strategy until thousands of years passed after adulthood and they built up enough power.

"It is disgusting."

A small person rose in front of Xenon's giant head. Red blood spread out like a shroud and colored the sky with its own color. It was Marie Rose who followed him. If Xenon was the size of a mountain, she was only a small dot. Marie Rose was very small compared to Xenon. Even so, Xenon felt overwhelmed.

A world where everything that touched his gaze was red. This was already the domain of Marie Rose.

"You turned my dear husband's city into dust. You deserve to pay for it."

[It is your fault that it reached this point.]

"I naturally have to punish you. This is what my dear husband wants."

[This demon...]

The appearance of Marie Rose smiling with a flush on her face made Xenon feel appalled. He felt pity for the one called 'dear husband' by this crazy being.

"Leave a wing for your sins," Marie Rose spoke as kindly as possible.

Although she was displeased with Xenon, she made a rational judgment rather than any excessive decisions that would kill him. It was because her eyelids were getting heavier. She woke up for a while after hearing a big fuss, but she was already at the limit. The Curse of Sloth inherited from Beriache was eating at her body and her thinking again.

[It won't be good for you if you take your time like this? Act moderately and get out of the way.]

Xenon didn't agree with the judgment that Marie Rose believed to be rational. He regarded it as excessive greed. It was natural. Like himself, who was being chased by other dragons, she was in a tight position when it came to time. Xenon knew Marie Rose was about to fall asleep. He didn't think there was a need to match her obstinacy.

Marie Rose's gaze chilled as she looked at the roaring Xenon. The sight of her long eyelashes descending was like a moving brush. It felt like the brush was taking a break for a while after drawing big and dark eyes. "Gray, you are a low level hybrid."

In fact, wasn't she born to satisfy their aesthetics? Marie Rose, who was so beautiful that she made people wonder this, looked good even when she was cursing. Her disdainful gaze gave Xenon a form of stimulation that he had never known. He would've been dazzled by Marie Rose at this moment if he hadn't used Dragon Words beforehand.

"The cut wing will grow again over time, but you are driving yourself to an early grave due to your vain pride."

The shroud of blood that covered the sky—a change occurred in Marie Rose's domain. The whirlpool made Xenon's vision and spirit turbid. It meant that a dragon's mental defenses had been penetrated. The astonished Xenon hurriedly used magic to purify his thoughts.

A second change occurred in the blood shroud. It swelled up everywhere and tens of thousands of awls popped out to unexpectedly pierce Xenon in the center of the area. Sparks popped up every time a red awl touched Xenon's scales. The majesty of the absolute defense was revealed. None of the tens of thousands of awls pierced Xenon's scales. Instead, they melted and flowed down as a handful of blood. Even so, Xenon wasn't relieved.

A huge pool of blood made by the melted awls. He was wary of the deep swamp that came up to his thighs.

[Blood, it can't hurt me.]

Blood flowed from Xenon's eyes as he squeezed out the Dragon Words. It was the aftermath of designating the substance 'blood' itself as an immune target. He suffered incomparable side-effects compared to when he rejected the 'blood of a particular target.'

Instead, the effect was excellent. The pool of blood that reached Xenon's thigh was scattered everywhere. Xenon felt liberated. He had a gut feeling that now was his chance to escape.

This was until he saw the smile on Marie Rose's face.

"You are simple."

There were a lot of remnants of Beriache remaining in Marie Rose's head. It was the knowledge and experience of one of the first three evils.

"My mother's theory was right."

Convenience simplified thinking. Therefore, the Dragon Words were poisonous. Dragon who relied on Dragon Words would surely regress...

Beriache's prediction was correct.

Xenon—a young dragon born with gray scales and a low hierarchy was overly reliant on Dragon Words. He was tricked by meaningless deception and paid a harsh price.

Demonic energy—both wings were captured and torn by a force that was as powerful as the blood that Marie Rose inherited from Beriache.

[Kuaack...!]

Xenon belatedly realized what happened as he felt his absolute defense temporarily collapsing the moment he was held by demonic energy.

The 3 evils of the beginning—their intrinsic power was naturally demonic energy. He overlooked the basics and became too obsessed with blood. It was because Marie Rose showed blood magic that was too overbearing. It was right to say that he was completely pushed in this fight.

“Then goodbye.”

This was enough punishment. Marie Rose lightly waved her hand and really left without any regrets. She used Xenon's blood that was soaking the ground as a medium and moved underground.

Xenon failed to shoot a Breath at her. It would just be re-announcing his location to the other dragons who would be chasing him. He used magic while resenting his choice and incompetence for losing both wings while trying to protect one wing

‘I have to leave soon.’

A portal was opened in front of Xenon. The coordinates were naturally a place other than his lair. It was the end if it was backtracked to the coordinates of his lair. From now on, he would have to escape through portals for at least decades or hundreds of years. At the end, he was more likely to be dead than alive, but... there was no other option for Xenon, who lost his wings.

‘Won't it be possible to survive if I momentarily slip away from the pursuers and flee to the East Continent?’

Xenon was trying to move through the portal only to move back in astonishment. At the same time, the portal split in half. Xenon recognized the identity of the sword that cut the portal with one glance. It was a sword made from his father's remains.

[You...?!]

Xenon was greatly flustered. After he woke up, his father's remains had stayed in the same place. It was the direction of Reinhardt, the place the humans referred to as the capital of the Overgeared Empire. Yet in front of his eyes, traces of his father that he never felt before appeared.

The identity was Gujel's Sword. It was a divine sword held in the hands of a Sword Saint.

“For now, you will be secured by the Tower of Wisdom.”

A sword that slashed anything—Biban spoke after cutting the portal that distorted space and stopping Xenon's escape. It was close to an order.

One human being... commanding a dragon? The weight of the tower's name was too great for it to be improbable and offensive.

Xenon's trembling gaze was fixed to Biban's back. A man of dignity who transcended the limits of his species—Dragon Slayer Hayate was quietly staring at Xenon.

"It is better for you to get a chance to defend yourself in the tower than be eaten by your own kind here," the 2nd Seat, Fronzaltz, persuaded the hesitant Xenon.

The purpose of the Tower of Wisdom was to suppress the disasters that dragons would cause. They couldn't tolerate a situation where Xenon and the dragons' chase would make the continent turbulent. They wanted to prevent any dragon from eating Xenon and evolving.

"There is no time," Radwolf checked the dragon radar and urged Xenon again.

[...I understand.]

Xenon gave up on resisting. It was better to follow the tower member and grasp an opportunity than to die here. However, things went differently from what they intended.

".....?!"

[.....!!]

Suddenly, a new portal opened at the scene. It was a trace of someone finding this location and trying to cross over.

"Hup!"

Biban's sword neatly slashed at the portal. There was just a problem. The portal reopened as soon as it was cut. It was even four at the same time. The location of each portal was different. It was created in all directions from the location of the portal just cut.

"So persistent...!"

Biban clicked his tongue and drew a full moon with his sword. The portals generated in all directions were slashed without a time difference and extinguished. Then—

This time, 32 portals were opened. Eight portals were created in all directions around each of the four portals that had just been extinguished. It was very quick and accurate.

"Who keeps disturbing me...?!"

Biban used the Matchless Swordsmanship. He cut all the new portals and urged his colleagues with a look. It was a signal to send Xenon to the tower. However, the required magic power to teleport a dragon was different from the magic power required to teleport humans. An additional 64 portals were opened before Jessica and Fronzaltz' collaborative incantation was completed.

This time, a voice was heard from the portal. It was already great to be able to open 64 portals at the same time, yet each portal had voice transmission magic fused with it.

"I won't miss it," the voice said.

“.....!”

The voice that rang from all directions caused the expressions of the tower members to stiffen. It was because they identified the voice.

Braham Eshwald—the apostle of the Overgeared God and the legendary great magician. Additionally, Beriache’s direct descendant.

They observed the world, so there was no way they wouldn’t recognize the voice of one of the most important and noted figures.

“This damn thing.”

They were being disturbed by Grid’s subordinate?

Jessica told the flustered Biban, “The other person is too bad. In this way, he will eventually arrive here first.”

The existence of the tower would be discovered...

The tower members felt the crisis and all their gazes shifted to Hayate.

“We will step back first.” Hayate quickly made a judgment.

[What about me...?]

Xenon asked in a hurry, but it was useless. The tower members had already left the scene. Xenon had no choice but to reopen a portal. However, Braham appeared from one of the 64 portals, ahead of Xenon’s belated portal. The problem was that Xenon’s magic flow was poor due to the continuous use of Dragon Words and Braham’s magic usage speed was similar to a dragon.

“.....?” Braham’s expression stiffened as he arrived at the scene. He followed Marie Rose’s footsteps only to find a dragon. He was so flustered that he couldn’t control his facial expression properly.

[.....]

Xenon was wary of the chasers who would already be very close, so his expression was also uncomfortable. There was an awkward silence for a moment.

Kurarararara!

Then from the far sky, the cries of the pursuers were heard.

‘It’s ruined.’

The tower members who just arrived at the tower checked the dragon radar and their hearts sank. The number of dragons displayed on the rader, including Xenon, was a huge four.

Chapter 1587

“Let’s go back.”

Biban stared blankly at the flashing dragon radar before rising from his seat. Every time he breathed, he scattered transparent waves in the shape of a blade. Thousands of intangible swords emerged involuntarily. Even now, he was about to express misunderstandings.

“This isn’t bragging. In fact, I know Braham. He will remember my face clearly.”

“I know it well, even if you didn’t confess. Why do you think you are monopolizing the cleaning duty?”

“...Braham might’ve vaguely noticed the existence of the tower. It is just that he is clever and closed-mouthed, so he didn’t say it.”

“Braham isn’t a man of virtue.”

“Certainly. A magician of that level will be close to a madman.”

“It is ominous just from his origin. He is a vampire. The vampires have a drastic shift in tendency due to Grid, but what about their shady nature?”

“.....”

The emergence of four dragons—due to the urgency, the atmosphere of the tower was very tumultuous. They felt lighter than the heart of a bachelor who was excited in spring and almost floated recklessly. Biban’s words were constantly interrupted and he frowned as he felt the limits of his patience.

“Trust me once. No, trust Grid. Even if Braham sees us and is certain of our existence, Grid will firmly control him.”

“There is no reason to do this.”

Radwolf simply ignored Biban’s confident words.

“It isn’t a matter where we can take risks.”

Jessica added some basis to his words.

“The first problem is that we can’t rescue Xenon even if we go all out.”

Three dragons had entered the scene. By now, they would’ve surrounded Xenon perfectly. There wasn’t a single top dragon, but there was enough power to kill Xenon, who met the Blood Queen and lost both wings in vain. Xenon was going to be eaten even before the tower members could do anything.

“It will be the site of the birth of a new top dragon. There is no way the other dragons will stand by.”

“By now, a lot of eyes will be paying attention to the scene. They know we have the technology to detect them and are hiding their signs.”

Additional remarks were added. The contribution of the tower members to make Biban understand was huge. It was a waste of time, but it was a necessary process considering Biban’s wisdom.

“It isn’t just three? Is that possible? Can so many dragons move all at once? They are grouping up when they should be most vigilant of each other?”

“The threshold of the place and the stimulus is the problem.”

The explanation was longer than the tower members expected.

“Reidan is the area where Beriache settled in the past. The vampire cities are still underground. It has great geographical value and there is a high probability that it is actually in touch with many voids.”

Voids—it was a slang term often used by the tower members to refer to an ‘unidentifiable place’ or a dragon lair.

“Besides, the Blood Queen made a brief but intense impression. It might be a lower ranked dragon, but she overpowered him with just a few minutes. It is a sensational event.”

It took just over three minutes for Marie Rose to grab and tear at both of Xenon’s wings. This meant that her strength clearly transcended the traces and speculations that remained in history. They felt that the curse she carried was balancing the world.

“There’s more attention on Reidan right now than we think.”

“It is a feast for dragons. If we go there, we will just be delicacies prepared on our own. The tower, which has worked hard for a thousand years, will immediately collapse.”

“This damn thing. Why are you saying that now? If I had known, I would’ve brought Xenon with me before.”

Xenon was a lower ranked dragon. Furthermore, he was greatly weakened due to the continuous use of Dragon Words and the loss of his wings. It was possible for the tower members to grab his lifeline and move as they wanted. If they had succeeded in securing Xenon, he would’ve been useful in many ways. However, it was bitter because they failed.

“So are we going to just watch?”

Ken, who was watching quietly with his arms crossed, intervened. His abilities were within the top three of the tower. In particular, he was the master of penetration, so he could ignore a dragon’s absolute defense and thick scales, easily spreading the shock inside the dragon. If his fists and angle of attack struck the dragon’s heart, then a top dragon would also falter for a while. He wasn’t happy that he had to stand by and watch the situation without using the strength he was confident in.

Hayate calmed the atmosphere. “There is still a chance.”

Biban and Ken listened carefully.

On the other hand, the expressions of the other tower members weren’t very comfortable. They knew what opportunity Hayate was talking about.

“I fell into a trap,” Braham was stiff for a while before belatedly opening his mouth. The irritation on his beautiful face sharpened the impression he gave off, but it suited him very well. Originally, it was a strange thing.

“I can’t believe she made a dragon into a half-god to lure this body... as expected, Marie Rose... I don’t know about anything else, but I have to acknowledge the skills she inherited from Mother.”

Kurarararara!

The cries were echoing. He magically tracked it and the sound was coming from the end of the stratosphere. It meant the power in the voice was close to a miracle. He realized how ignorantly strong the dragons were. It made Marie Rose’s wicked and mysterious strategy of using dragons to create the trap even greater.

[I thought you had a high consciousness. It turns out that you are also Beriache’s child.]

Xenon talked in a nonchalant manner. He was desperate. It was because the mana, which was carried by the voice of the same kind, was transformed into a technique that sealed off the space. There was even a double and then triple layer. There wasn’t enough time to escape. Now he could only wait for death. Which of these three would eat him? For Xenon, this was the only curiosity he had left.

“Don’t put my mother’s name in your lowly mouth.”

[Are you provoking me in order to die less painfully? Forget it. I’m not going to hurt you. The last joy of my life will be to appreciate the end of your life as you eventually cry after suffering from fear of the inevitable death approaching you.]

Braham was more famous than he thought. Most dragons knew him. The one who found Fire Dragon Trauka’s lair and stole a treasure from it. Detecting Trauka’s lair, hiding in the lair, and stealing treasure—all of these actions were madness. Based on the way he survived robbing Trauka’s lair, Xenon thought that he might be the next strongest after Marie Rose, but he was in a class where he couldn’t be classified, regardless of his skill level.

“It is too much of a dream for a lowly being like you to have.”

Braham’s reaction was truly bizarre. He seemed to value his life very much. It was hard to understand his attitude of despising a creature so much superior to him. It was to the extent that it was difficult to define as simply ‘not knowing the subject.’

‘Let’s stop talking to him.’

Xenon decided to let Braham’s complaining enter one ear and out the other. Yes, complaining. No matter what Braham said, it only sounded like complaining to Xenon. It was natural.

Braham jumped into this battlefield on his own. He was possessed by something and ended up targeted by at least three dragons. It was like winning the chance of being hit by lightning hundreds of times in a row despite the clear sky. What could an unlucky man do other than complain?

‘Green, blue, and gray...’

Xenon ignored the muttering Braham and weighed the identity of the incoming pursuers. The hierarchy was like the power system itself.

The children of the top dragons—two of them had just become adults, while the remaining one seemed to have lived for around 3,000 years. The fact that the oldest and most crafty one was a gray made him unable to hold even a speck of hope.

Gray—they were a hybrid produced when dragons of different types interbreed. Like Xenon, they weren't comparable to other pure dragons. The power of their Breath was particularly reduced due to a lack of specialized attributes. They were careful to know this themselves.

A gray dragon that survived for around 3,000 years? It meant he had developed all types of wisdom and overcame many fights, or he fortunately ate his parents. It was right to say that this was the stage before becoming a top dragon and there was a high probability of blossoming a new attribute. In the future, he could be the second stone dragon.

'He will never let down his guard.'

As if to prove Xenon's idea right—

Flash!

A huge star shone at the end of the sky. It fell like a meteor. It gradually approached with a roar and its identity was a gray ray of light. It was the Breath of the gray dragon. He was aiming for a quick fight. He knew that a lot of attention would be paid to this place. The other two seemed to have noticed it a step late. The two Breaths fell behind it.

'The pain will only grow if I resist here.'

Xenon was in a desperate situation from the beginning. He didn't resist it. He closed his eyes and accepted death.

Just then, a voice was heard. "Are you praying?"

Braham's voice that entered one ear contained no fear. Rather, it was full of certainty.

[.....!!]

Xenon opened his eyes and they widened. It was because he witnessed the collapse of parts of the three-layered barrier. It was far from destruction. It was closer to the feeling of grasping and dismantling the structure of the barrier in detail. It wasn't impossible. If Xenon hadn't given up on life and if he had enough time, Xenon would've disassembled this triple barrier as well. It was possible for dragons because they were a magic species.

The noteworthy thing here was speed. Braham was a vampire, not a dragon, yet he neutralized the barrier twice as fast as Xenon's calculations.

[The knowledge that Marie Rose inherited... was it just a remnant?]

The 3 evils of the beginning—they were born only one step later than the gods of the beginning and the old dragons, so their knowledge was deeper and wider than the sea. Fully utilizing it was a separate matter, but it meant he transcended a large number of dragons in terms of intellectual potential. It was happening right in front of him.

Xenon's expression changed as he looked at Braham. The disbelief was gradually erased and it changed to expectations.

The three Breaths smashed the half-broken barrier and turned the area into ashes.

Braham and Xenon appeared in a place that was far away. There was no time to open a portal, but there was plenty of time to use short-range teleportation. Nevertheless, they couldn't completely avoid the aftermath of the explosion. They just narrowly avoided a serious injury.

"Give it to me." Braham redid the shattered mana shield and reached out to Xenon. The bloodline couldn't be fooled. The hand was beautiful even when bloody. "Your heart."

Braham noticed that Xenon's magic activation speed was slower than his own. He was convinced that Xenon was deeply injured beyond simply losing his wings.

"I will use it better than you."

From the beginning, Braham wasn't Xenon's ally.

"Wouldn't it be better to drag the enemy who drove you to this state as a companion in your afterlife than to die in vain?"

Braham didn't take into account Xenon's mood and fate. It was just about efficiency.

[Your arrogance is piercing the sky. Do you think it is possible to fight against dragons just by acquiring his heart?]

The three dragons snorted as they arrived at the scene. They were competitors who were wary and hostile to each other, but at this moment, they had a common sentiment toward Braham.

Braham cocked his head. "I never said I would fight against you."

[.....?]

Xenon was the most flustered. The man who just persuaded him that there was a chance to die with his enemies changed his words straight away. The change in attitude was faster than flipping a palm.

Braham added an explanation. "I am going to grab Marie Rose's head. Isn't she the one who made the situation like this?"

[.....]

The words were correct, but Xenon felt somewhat frustrated and bitter. The uncomfortable feeling he felt from the time he saw the tower members running away after extending their hands first now became even more twisted. The awkward atmosphere lasted for only a moment. Putting aside Xenon's worries, the dragons didn't give them any time. They attacked Xenon to achieve their goal. Braham was completely ignored. He was almost treated as a bug.

'As expected, it didn't work.'

There was no room for intervention.

Braham clicked his tongue in regret and opened a portal to leave the scene. At this moment—

[There is no being who can leave here.]

This sentence—even without evidence, it established a strong law. Braham’s portal was forcibly closed.

“.....”

Braham shut his mouth. A chill went down his spine as he recalled a nightmare he had forgotten.

Fire Dragon Trauka—it reminded him of the overwhelming power of that bastard who made all common sense and knowledge useless. He must be lurking somewhere near here. It was a memory that forced him to recall the being his senses couldn’t feel at all.

‘I will die.’

Everyone here, including himself, would soon disappear.

Chapter 1588

Since ancient times, humanity had regarded the stars as special. They admired the shining stars even in the distant universe. This was why the noblest humans were often likened to them. It was also the basis for Braham’s belief that he was the best.

He was the one who pulled down the stars. He naturally trivialized the humans who compared themselves to stars.

It was a temperament that had become more prominent recently. The magic theories that were rebuilt based on the enlightenment gained from fighting Gamigin, the power of the direct descendant that was restored due to Marie Rose’s whim that rapidly strengthened his mana and physique, and the evolution of his equipment thanks to Grid’s favor—Braham was entering his best prime period ever.

He was confident that he could protect Grid’s back and he believed that he could face any opponent as long as they weren’t outside the standards like dragons or the Martial God.

A little while earlier, he was even more convinced. That dragon that he encountered after following Marie Rose’s traces. He wasn’t too afraid considering that both of the dragon’s wings were torn off. It felt completely different from when he met Trauka in the past.

That magic power in the atmosphere that shared its senses with Braham was shouting in unison. Maybe it was worth discussing the odds. Braham could’ve looked at being the first dragon slayer in history if it wasn’t for the interruption of the three dragons that invaded the scene in real time.

It was arrogance.

[There is no being who can leave here.]

Braham was held to the rule set by the Dragon Words and realized that there was a serious error in his calculations.

‘Not all dragons are the same?’

All beings who lived with their feet on the ground didn't know the physiology of the dragons. It was like how humans understood only a very small part of the universe. Braham didn't have much interest in dragons. He was immersed in magic rather than obsessing over the impossibilities.

It was also something induced by Beriache's knowledge. Braham believed that his mother passed on all her knowledge to him, but this was actually a belief that should be broken. Had he forgotten about the source of the curse that ruled his kin?

Beriache didn't give Braham some of her knowledge. One of them was knowledge of the dragons. This made the dragons complete unknowns to Braham and induced him to perceive them as merely fearful beings. It was proof that Beriache loved Braham. She feared that an unqualified child would be killed in vain due to his interest in dragons.

On the other hand, it meant Beriache hadn't predicted the fact that he would do something crazy like break into Trauka's lair without knowing the subject.

"....."

Braham's face was pale as he noticed the truth.

Fire Dragon Trauka, Evil Dragon Bunhelier, Insane Dragon Nevartan, Gourmet Dragon Raiders—Braham thought that all adult dragons would be like them. He didn't expect the inferiority or superiority of the armed force to be different depending on the nature of the individual.

However, it was different. The four dragons with poorly recognized colored scales were of a lower class than Trauka. The emergence of another dragon, who just unfolded his willpower through Dragon Words from somewhere unknown, proved this fact. It was in a different dimension.

'I will die.'

Everyone here, including himself, would soon disappear. It was a gut feeling, not a guess. Braham's calculations that took into account the tens of thousands or hundreds of thousands of branches of mana in the atmosphere were absurdly fast and accurate. It took him a split second to be sure of his own death.

'It is checkmate.'

Braham was a magician before he was the Duke of Wisdom. It was right to prepare countless countermeasures for each action and avoid the worst. Yet he couldn't do so now.

'I still have a long way to go.'

Braham, who realized his shortcomings only when he was on the verge of dying, turned his attention to Xenon. Less than a minute had passed since he was attacked, but the scales were already torn off. The color, disguised with magic out of near instinct, was revealed nakedly and he saw that Xenon's scales were as gray as the cloudy sky.

"I'll say it again."

The presence that reminded Braham of Trauka—it was the emergence of a top dragon that could easily be mistaken for an old dragon by those who didn't know the hierarchy of dragons. Braham's absurd voice permeated the hearing of the dragons who recognized him and caused them to stiffen.

"Give me your heart. There is no hope other than that."

Braham was clearly speaking to Xenon, but the one who reacted was the dragon who shoved his teeth into Xenon's neck.

[You... keep quiet.]

Basque, the gray dragon who had survived for 3,000 years—he hadn't slept for 500 years. It was for one opportunity in the future. He just needed one more chance to eat and he could climb to the upper ranks of the hierarchy. His magic senses stretched out around his lair in the center of the continent and he closely observed the trends of his kind. He endured the long boredom with transcendent patience.

Then he missed two big opportunities.

First was the stone dragon. He was tracking the stone dragon, who was wounded and weakened by the insane dragon, only to be deceived by the tower members and turned away from the Behen Archipelago. The camouflage techniques of the tower members were indeed undisputable. It was how the location of the tower had been undetected until now.

The second opportunity was the fire dragon. At first, he was uncertain, but Ifrit was clearly weak. He was more likely to encounter an old dragon if he targeted her, but he still chased her. It was worth taking the risk. Then he belatedly noticed Ifrit's destination and turned back. The best thing was that he felt her being annihilated without a trace and he comforted himself that Trauka hadn't become stronger.

Now a third chance had arrived. The situation was better than the previous opportunities. The lower dragons were too low on the hierarchy to attract an old dragon's attention. Due to the recent extinction of Ifrit, the top dragons became cautious. Surprisingly, he thought it was an opportunity to eat easily.

The uproar was louder than necessary due to Marie Rose and two competitors followed, but they were opponents he could easily handle. The flow was good. He saw that he would finally achieve his aspirations today. This was until a little while ago when he felt the signs of the cloaked dragon.

'...It is lucky just to be aware of his existence. It is encouraging to be able to defend against a surprise attack from a cloaked dragon.'

It was because his eyes couldn't see a cloaked dragon. The original cloaked dragon wasn't easily recognized. It was because they enjoyed the technique of creating shading with magic power and blocking vision, so the operation of magic power was very strange.

Was it the child of the refractive dragon or a cloaked dragon itself? No one knew. It was because no one had been able to prove that the refractive dragon existed.

'First of all, I need to keep Xenon alive.'

Basque was a mid grade dragon close to the top rank. If he cooperated with the three lower ranked dragons, even a top dragon would be embarrassed to handle them alone. It was because time was

dragging out while they were discussing victory or defeat. They needed to endure a huge uproar, making it so that there was a possibility that the cloaked dragon himself would become prey.

It was likely that the cloaked dragon would become the first target after eating Xenon and evolving. He must've planned to take efficient action to quickly arrange the situation or retreat if that wasn't possible. This was why he should protect Xenon without killing him.

[It is better to join forces.]

Basque said. He didn't add any explanation. A dragon's head contained the universe. They saw through all things naturally. Depending on the nature of each individual, there were often dragons who didn't utilize their knowledge, but only the insane dragon would have a slow understanding of the situation.

[Xenon, restore your strength.]

The two other lower dragons agreed to Basque's suggestion. Their attitude of guarding Xenon was evidence. Xenon swallowed his curses.

'How many times will I have nightmares of the humiliation I suffered today?'

The tower members who acted like they were going to help and then left. His kin who rushed to eat him only to reach out a hand. He didn't like either one. He felt pathetic and ashamed for being dragged into this situation against his will. There was one thing that was more annoying than that.

"Isn't it better to kill him than to carry him as a burden? It is hard to comment because I don't know the physiology of a dragon. Tsk."

Vampires—Marie Rose, who tore off his wings and disappeared leisurely, and Braham, who kept asking for his heart. They were truly of the same bloodline. He thought they were the most hateful creatures in the world.

[Braham, you... keep staying quiet.]

The reason why dragons preyed on their own kind was simply for survival. They had to be strong in order to survive. The most efficient way was to eat their kin. It was a barbaric culture taught and established by the old dragons. Predation couldn't take precedence over survival unless it was the Fire Dragon Trauka or the insane dragon.

Basque wanted to live. He wanted to somehow persuade Xenon to cooperate. He wanted Braham, who was constantly trying to ignite the flames, to shut up.

Braham cocked his head. The silver hair that hung below his ears waved beautifully. "Do you know my name?"

Wasn't it proof that this dragon was keeping a close eye on the world? Braham was intrigued when he learned this new fact.

"Are dragons interested in the surface? Then why not intervene? It is too much to say you are careful simply because you are afraid of being eaten by your kin."

[.....]

“Isn’t the world so wide? Until just 30 years ago, it took three or four months for news from the northern lands to reach the south. It might be the standard for ordinary people, but it can’t be impossible for you to monitor the entire continent all the time, right? Dragons can’t be like common creatures that live everywhere on the continent... are there any restrictions on you? What type of restrictions are there?”

It was a chance to figure out the dragons. Braham was very active because it was a difficult opportunity to get again. He spoke in a fast manner that was rare for him. Was it necessary to use Dragon Words to shut him up? Basque was seriously considering it before shaking his head.

It was a very disadvantageous situation. He needed even one more helper. He couldn’t ignore Braham any longer and roughly replied.

[We aren’t interested in any beings other than ourselves. You are just famous.]

“I... am famous among dragons? Well, I can guess why.”

Braham’s eyes twitched as he turned his head.

The dragons—he was proud of his magic skills which were so good that a magic species showed interest in him. Putting aside the situation where his life was in danger, he wanted to smile.

Basque and the dragons, who were now on the same side, weren’t interested in him. They were busy focusing on the dark shadow on one side of their field of view.

[Cranbel, it is better for us to all step back here. Let’s make it a tie.]

The cloaked dragon, Cranbel, responded to Basque’s suggestion. [You are overconfident.]

The four dragons and Braham’s eyes moved to the right at the same time. It was because the position of the shadow presumed to be the cloaked dragon had changed.

Braham felt something strange.

‘I don’t feel anything.’

The atmosphere’s mana that shared its senses with Braham was silent. He couldn’t detect the texture of the magic power that made up that shadow. It was amazing.

Braham recalled the Dragon Words of the cloaked dragon. No one could leave here. This meant he was confident about taking care of everyone here alone. The problem was serious if he was so confident even though his enemies might cooperate.

‘As expected, it is annihilation.’

Braham didn’t distinguish between the top and old dragons. To him, both Trauka and the cloaked dragon felt like they couldn’t be resisted. He thought in his head about how he would soon die from an unidentified attack that flew from an unexpected place.

At the same time, Braham’s thoughts became a reality.

The shadow was still fixed at the point where the group was watching, but a fierce attack flew from the side. It was a tail covered with silver scales. Basque's thick waist was dented. It wasn't known how many ribs a dragon had, but they all seemed to be broken.

Basque reacted quickly. He twisted his long, bent neck in the reverse direction of the impact. He stabbed at the air with the horn on his forehead. At the same time, a Breath was shot. The position of the cloaked dragon was determined based on the direction in which the tail flew. Then a gray breath appeared and crossed the sky like it existed from the beginning. It was an unchallenged power. It was like a huge pillar. The surroundings quickly darkened. It was the aftermath of the sun being obscured by the pillar.

Basque's expression was stiff. The counterattack failed. The cloaked dragon wasn't in that position. The problem was that the damage was too great, even though it was one-sided. He became disadvantaged in an instant.

'Is the only way to make him step back under the pretext of mutual destruction?'

If the Breaths were overused, someone new would eventually invade the scene. He had to bet on the variable that would occur at that time. The attitude of the cloaked dragon was that he didn't care about anyone, but this would soon change if a bad enemy appeared.

[Resistance is pointless...?]

The voice of the cloaked dragon was echoing everywhere only to be cut off in the middle.

"The name tunnel dragon matches you." Braham's red eyes were staring at the cloaked dragon. It was from a gap in the ground that was formed by an earthquake.

"It isn't bad to be called a rat."

The silently waiting mana of the atmosphere had reacted the moment the tail of the cloaked dragon appeared. Braham had noticed it from there. It was true that the cloaked dragon cast a shade over mana, but it wasn't necessarily stealth. The cloaked dragon used his sophisticated mana operation abilities to move under the ground. He dug tunnels in the ground without the slightest vibration to make sure that no one on the ground noticed him and then he disturbed the enemy. It went against the norm. It was impossible for Braham to use mana in such a way.

"It is great. The problem is that the form doesn't work."

[...Shut up.]

The tunnel dragon, no, the cloaked dragon, Cranbel, emerged from the ground. He was 1.5 times larger compared to Basque or Xenon. Any small movements could cause all types of ripple effects. It seemed like if he just took a deep breath and exhaled, it would become a Breath.

By this point, Basque also noticed it.

'We can't win no matter what we do.'

Cranbel's strength transcended Basque's imagination. It was a power Basque realized only after Cranbel showed up. Basque and the dragons were forced to open their eyes wide. They sensed their own deaths.

[Since it is like this, I will do it quickly. I am going to turn you all to dust like this city.]

He was referring to the remnants of the buildings touching his feet. It didn't mean much. Cranbel merely mentioned the collapsed city for the purpose of threatening his enemies. However, the timing was bad.

"Is it you?" Grid had just arrived at the scene and now his blazing eyes glared at Cranbel. "Why did you hurt innocent people?"

There was a gust of wind that didn't suit the hot desert.

While Braham stared anxiously at Grid, who jumped in on his own, the dragons were shocked.

It was because the remnants of the fire dragon held by Grid resonated with the magic power of the dragons and showed them a certain scene. The scene of Grid riding Ifrit was projected onto his divinity that spread out like the polar lights.

Chapter 1589

Envy and longing created a desire to be like him. The reason why the number of Reinhardt's blacksmiths was hard to count wasn't just due to the high benefits. It was also because of Grid's presence. Countless people were dreaming of becoming the second Grid.

"If blacksmiths change the recipe, it is usually because things are bad."

The 1st ranked blacksmith, Panmir. He explained on the premise that Grid 'doesn't know much about the production system.' He knew the story about how Grid didn't know the item auto production system. Pagma's Successor surprisingly wasn't an all-rounder blacksmith. Panmir immediately noticed that he was subjected to checks by the system.

"The materials required for the recipe weren't provided in time, there was a mistake in the technique required by the recipe, or they are affected by sudden changes in the environment. Most of these things happen unintentionally."

In Satisfy, rapid changes to the environment were relatively common. Imagine that someone nearby used ice or fire magic. This might be a fairly extreme example, but it was surprisingly frequent because Satisfy had such a large population and so many incidents.

"Defects. Variations in the recipe have a 99.99% chance of producing defects."

It was obvious common sense. However, Grid didn't consider it a trivial matter. He noted the 99.99% probability instead of 100%.

"There is a 0.01% chance that a miracle will be born."

Grid had been supported by the guild for a long time and always produced items in complete conditions. The only variable he experienced during production was the 'fluctuations in rating.' Of course, he had to

deal with all types of variables when making a new recipe, but they were currently talking about making items 'according to the recipe.'

"This is one of the miracles."

Admiration was on Grid's face as he looked at the strangely curved sword. A legendary rated sword was born from the 'Pattern: Whirlwind.' The maximum rating was unique, but a legendary rated Whirlwind was born. It was in the hands of an ordinary blacksmith, not Grid.

"That's right. It has happened before in the past. A very small number of blacksmiths, including myself, had experienced results that transcend the limits of the recipe at least once."

This was why Panmir ordered some blacksmiths to work by 'changing the recipe.' Reinhardt had too many blacksmiths. There were limits to the supply and demand of materials used to make supplies, while manpower remained. Recently, miners had discovered new mines around the empire, but surplus manpower still existed.

Panmir thought of a clever way to utilize them. They were ordered to produce items using the remaining materials, i.e. materials that didn't fit the recipes. As a result, tens of thousands of defective products were poured out, while a very small number of them were miracles.

"I just never dreamed that a legendary rated weapon would be made."

Originally, legendary weapons and armor could only be made by Grid. However, from the time that legendary recipes appeared, craftsman-grade blacksmiths started to produce ordinary legendary items. Yet this legendary rated Whirlwind was made by an ordinary blacksmith, not a craftsman.

"I think it is the influence of you becoming a myth. The overall level of the world has risen."

Now the best blacksmith was a myth, not a legend. It was right that the level of other blacksmiths would evolve in line with this. It was the flow of the times, the balance that the S.A Group was obsessed with.

"...This is great."

Grid smiled happily. He was proud of the blacksmiths who had been steadily developing. He also felt respect for Panmir, who produced unexpected results by utilizing the remaining materials and manpower.

Panmir was a different type of teacher than Khan. Khan gave a lot of enlightenment based on how to use the 'system' that he couldn't teach. What would it have been like if Khan and Panmir worked together?

Today, he missed Khan terribly.

Urgent news flew to Grid as they were leaving the smithy.

-A dragon is attacking Reidan. Noll and the vampires who fought it escaped with the help of Black Teddy. There is no information about other survivors. Expecting catastrophic damage.

"Why did you hurt innocent people?"

Grid ran without stopping. He repeatedly linked Barbatos' Vision with Shunpo to blast himself forward every moment. Several times along the way, he endured the pain of the shortness of breath and suffocation. In particular, the flow of mana became thicker as he approached Reidan and it weighed heavily on his body. Even so, he endured it with transcendent patience.

The warp gates weren't available. The route from Reinhardt to Reidan had been removed.

He understood when he arrived. Everything in Reidan had turned into ashes. The castle, warp gates, numerous mansion, industrial complexes, and the alchemy facilities.

This guy. The dragon with silver scales stated that it was his fault.

'He is arrogant. It is proof that he is strong.'

The other four dragons concealed their scales in some artificial way. On the other hand, Cranbel didn't do this. He resembled Ifrit who was armed with red scales. He didn't hide himself. It was as if revealing his attributes and temperament wouldn't be a weakness.

Grid intuitively sensed it. This wasn't an opponent who could be controlled with Dragon Knight. It was going to be a hard fight.

Nausea soared at every moment as he crossed the space at a speed that transcended the limits of his body. He experienced extremes that were hard to handle even with transcendent patience. There was no chance of victory. Honestly, he was afraid. However—

"It's fine. How can I understand guys like you even if I hear the reason?"

Grid didn't back down. The land that was the origin of the empire. Reidan was the beginning of Grid. It was used as a base of the Overgeared Guild from the moment it was formed to when the Overgeared Kingdom was constructed. Many connections, memories, and foundations were created here. Now it was removed from the map.

Could he turn a blind eye to the one who sent the tens of thousands of people living here to hell just because he was afraid? It wasn't possible. It wasn't a matter of pride or saving face. Rather, it was the loss of his foundation. This was a fight that couldn't be avoided. There was no need to worry about future troubles with the dragons. He wouldn't win anyway.

Grid slowly moved his hands. The swords drawn together by the silver thread were caught by his hands in turn. The first one was the Enlightenment Sword.

Cranbel's cold eyes contained no emotions.

[Overgeared God Grid. The one who overshadows the current era. I also know you.]

The second sword was the Fire Dragon Sword.

Cranbel's eyes were still indifferent. It was even while looking at the scene of Grid and Ifrit projected in the polar lights.

[I can't agree with Ifrit's claim of you being great, but I am willing to respect you.]

In Grid's left hand where the veins were bulging, the Enlightenment Sword and Fire Dragon Sword were merged into one. The two swords that Grid made for himself were woven into the most ideal form. The sunset polar lights, which symbolized Grid's divine nature, started to swirl violently. The combined sword was used as a medium to amplify the energy. Nevertheless—

[Step back. Then I won't hurt you.]

Cranbel wasn't stimulated. Cranbel calmly faced the polar light that had become huge due to the sunlight heating up the desert and vibrating the atmosphere.

A third and fourth sword were held in Grid's right hand and combined together. It was the Formless Sword and Gujel's Dao.

[.....]

Cranbel's expression hardened for the first time. It was because he felt insulted, not threatened. The weapon made by dissecting the remains of his kin was held in the hands of a god.

The entire dragon species felt insulted.

"Isn't it reasonable to apologize first before making a request?"

Was this the one who dared to reach the sun? Grid was surrounded with the sunset divinity and looked like he was burning in it. The dizzying momentum released by the divinity was that fierce. At first glance, he seemed to be one with the flames, but Cranbel saw through it. This was nothingness. It could be a mace that crushed a dragon's scales or a sword that cuts it.

'Or it could be a barrier to Breath.'

The absence of any attributes meant unlimited potential.

'Of course, that potential won't be fully blossomed.'

Rebecca had used Chiyou as a motif when making Zeratul. Zeratul's attribute was also nothingness. Considering Zeratul's personality, he would be more vigilant and hateful toward the Overgeared God than anyone else. Cranbel was certain that the Overgeared God would be short-lived. There were too many strong existences in this world who wouldn't watch his growth. The dragons were the only group truly indifferent to the world.

"It is ridiculous to ask you to do something..."

[I apologize.]

".....?"

[Regardless of the situation, I'm sorry for angering you. I want to ask for forgiveness.]

Cranbel apologized again to the flustered Grid before asking something.

[I have apologized, so will you step down?]

"....."

[You don't look relieved at all. This is why a human's words are ridiculous. Reason isn't an excuse for exoneration. It is just a convenience for the weak to use when complaining.]

"...If you had kept your reason in the first place, you wouldn't have committed the sin."

[If you are going to say these words, at least give an example of a world without sinners. You are only a madman living in a fantasy.]

Cranbel's expression suddenly changed. His forehead narrowed and the ends of his two huge eyes were raised in a frightening manner. The inner light resembling the cross section of the universe gradually turned red. He was slowly becoming angry. It was as if the respect was over.

[Overgeared God, you are a foolish person who doesn't know the weight of a god's death because you don't know defeat. I don't like your behavior of ignoring my favor due to overconfidence in yourself. Die. Be frustrated and take it as a lesson.]

Don't know defeat.

These words proved it. At the very least, Cranbel didn't know Grid in his human days. He also didn't pay close attention after Grid became a god. He had no idea of the many defeats Grid had suffered. Since becoming a god, Grid's win rate in battles was surprisingly low.

However, the help of his relationships meant his life was spared every time and he never died. Grid's attitude was the same in front of Cranbel, who was teaching without knowing the details.

"You will also be in pain, so be prepared."

He had lost his composure from the beginning. There was no way he could be calm after seeing Reidan's situation. Grid was pretending to be calm. His head was actually boiling with anger. It wasn't rational. This was why he was prepared to die without avoiding a fight. He was going to deal just one blow. He wanted to make the being who dared to hurt his city and his people feel regret for a moment.

[Seal the power of the Overgeared God.]

".....!"

Grid was taking a posture when he was filled with a sense of weakness. He failed to completely resist and faced a notification window that all his stats had fallen by half.

[Overgeared God Grid can't deviate from my space.]

".....!"

Grid's body moved uncontrollably. He flew to the vicinity of Cranbel like he was attracted by a magnetic force. The God Hands held onto Grid and pulled, but it was useless. Rather, they were dragged together with him. It was the coercion of Dragon Words.

A creature that players could never harm. The ultimate transcendent dragon ignored the status of a human god. He acted according to his taste.

"Cough...!" Blood poured from Grid's nose and mouth. He shed so much blood that he wondered if it would be like this if he scooped blood out of his body with a bowl.

[You have suffered catastrophic damage!]

A single blow—his stats had halved, but no matter how much his stats had dropped, it was too much to lose more than half his health with a single blow.

Grid's focus became blurry for a moment. It was only for a moment. He was used to persevering against pain.

His gaze was fixed on Cranbel's forehead and he quickly regained his focus. It was the point where the horn was rising.

The finishing move. As expected, a Breath flew.

Cranbel, who had pierced Grid's chest with his tail and lifted him high in the air, wanted to end this battle. No, he was trying to end the slaughter neatly. It was a chance for Grid. He immediately responded using his artificial senses.

"Revolve Dragon Drop Pinnacle Kill."

Grid used the possible fusion sword dance creation of Overgeared God's Sword Dance. He counterattacked the Breath by creating a new fusion sword dance in real time. It contained the image of killing a dragon. At this moment—

He added up all the strength he had accumulated over the years he had worked hard without giving up.

—!

All the explosions and collision noises died down at once. It was swallowed by the vortex that the two swords made.

The silver Breath was turning around. It permeated into Grid's two swords. It inflated the power of the sword dance and struck Cranbel's forehead. The absolute defense was immediately removed. It couldn't withstand the momentum of the Hero King and Dragon Slayer? titles and was shattered.

'Didn't I say it? You will feel pain.'

A faint smile appeared on Grid's face as he looked into Cranbel's two eyes, which had grown somewhat larger. Reflecting on his own life had made all types of impossibilities possible.

The desert split in half. The back of the god crashing along with the dragon underground filled the vision of the four awestruck dragons.

They desired it. They wanted to be the main character who reproduced the 'Crazy God and Crazy Dragon' story.

Chapter 1590

[The target has received 1,507,344,962 damage.]

[This is an unbelievable achievement...!]

[The heavenly gods are whispering after reading the pain on Cranbel's face.]

[Martial God Zeratul's momentum has increased. He is insisting that the agreement with the dragons should be discussed again.]

One blow was properly dealt.

The ultimate transcendent species or the absolute species—he caused significant damage to the world's most powerful creature that had reigned supreme.

Grid's heart was relieved. Zeratul's reaction was a bit unpleasant, but it felt like the decade of congestion from frustration was going down. At the same time, new anxiety occurred. The power of the Breath exceeded expectations. The power of the Breath was 1.5 billion even with his stats halved. It was excessive considering the effect of Revolve Dragon Drop Pinnacle Kill, which amplified the damage of the counterattack as much as possible.

A dragon's defense would far surpass Grid's defense. He had thought it would be cool if he could deal damage in the tens of millions...

'Doesn't it mean it is directly over if I am hit by that one blow?'

Grid's fall, which had been going on for a while, stopped. His skin flaps seemed to flip. It was close to a random jerking of his body. It was due to the ignorantly strong pressure. Grid's body was being sucked deep into the collapsed underground. The legendary and myth rated items on his body were helpless. The physical phenomenon created by the law of the Dragon Words meant that Overgeared God Grid couldn't leave Cranbel's space. He immediately fell after Cranbel who fell earlier.

"Keuk...!"

The cross section of the desert—all types of strata, the product of history built up in the days when it wasn't a desert, complicated Grid's vision. The deeper he fell, the more Grid learned about the feel and color of the various strata. He vaguely guessed what type of ecosystem the ancient Reidan would have. It felt like he was studying something that wasn't in his destiny.

This was until a little while ago.

".....?!"

Grid's field of view was reversed. His body quickly moved away from the end of the underground space that he had reached. Soon, his vision turned blue. He was seeing the sky. A silver dragon was looking down at Grid.

'Teleport.'

Grid realized that his position was worse than he thought. He became aware that he could die from exhaustion while only chasing after Cranbel's tail in the battle.

'Dragon Words is crazy.'

He realized why dragons were so invincible. Grid couldn't help letting out a bitter laugh when he realized the power of Dragon Words

[Your status is higher than I thought.]

Cranbel opened his mouth. The blood flowing from his forehead was nothing special. It was red, like human blood. Some of the transparent scales were stained red and this caused him to overlap with Ifrit's appearance.

[I didn't know you would disobey Dragon Words.]

".....?"

What was this nonsense? Grid let it enter one ear and out the other. He put aside the sad memories that came to mind when he saw Cranbel's scales that were turned red and he focused his mind.

His strength lay in his physical ability to respond to the transcendent senses to some extent. The situation was much worse now that his stats had halved, but he managed to control the body soaring into the sky to create a stable posture.

Grid kicked the air in this position. He accelerated his body that was being dragged to the maximum and unfolded the strides to amplify the power of the sword dance.

—!

Grid's sword and Cranbel's tail collided in succession. Surprisingly, there was no noise. A concentrated force was slowing down all concepts. There was only a belated explosion after dozens of collisions. Subsequently, the spreading remnants of his divinity colored Cranbel's transparent scales with the colors of the sunset. It was mysterious and beautiful, but Grid didn't have time to feel sentimental.

Item Combination, Overgeared God's Rage, etcetera—all the buffs he was enjoying had a time limit.

A critical hit, Ultimate Martial Art, God's Command, etcetera—it was necessary to increase the number of attacks in order to increase the probability of a beneficial effect occurring.

Grid's attacks that utilized the Overgeared God's Sword Dance, the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship, the skills gained from the Mountain King of Grenier, and his items and titles were swift, and his defense was solid. He persistently targeted Cranbel's upper body and short limbs as he poured his most destructive skills toward the shoulders and long neck, which were hard to cover. Thanks to this, Cranbel's tail was busy. It moved in a dizzying manner alone to defend all directions. It was possible because the tail was big and long.

'Is he really disobeying the Dragon Words?'

Unlike his busy tail, Cranbel's eyes were calm. It was because the consciousness to control his body and the consciousness to observe Grid were separate. Currently, his consciousness was split into hundreds of pieces. The consciousness for contemplating the entire battlefield and managing the surveillance magic that spread to hundreds of kilometers away were all easily controlled.

Just then, a sword that belatedly revealed its form was embedded in Cranbel's long neck. It was 300,000 Army Stealth Sword. It was a covert strike that could deceive the senses of the yangban, Mir, the treasured sword of the expelled gods.

Cranbel was convinced. 'He can't disobey it. The first attack was a fluke.'

Cranbel wasn't agitated by the fact that the absolute defense had become powerless. Like most dragons, the enemies he thought of were his own kin. It was proven when Cranbel attacked Basque but the absolute defense wasn't effective against the same dragon. This meant the absolute defense, which was considered sacred to civilians, didn't mean much to dragons.

For dragons, there was no reason to be agitated because the absolute defense was broken. The thing that surprised Cranbel was the deep pain he felt the moment the Breath was counterattacked. It was pain he experienced for the first time since he was born.

Grid's first attack that severely smashed several scales, tore his skin, and shook his brain instilled a great illusion for Cranbel. It was the illusion that Grid disobeyed the Dragon Words, 'Seal the power of the Overgeared God.'

Yes, he was mistaken. Cranbel's killing intent, which had been extinguished by his interest in Grid, raised its head again. Killing intent grew out of the disgust he felt for Grid's arrogance at rejecting his favor. Now that he confirmed that Grid was overconfident compared to his skills, Cranbel's killing intent deepened. It was at a tangible level.

Just then, a magic power thunderbolt appeared and fell without any precursors. Dragons weren't bound by formulas or rules when using magic. It was a level that far transcended the hard work of a great magician who omitted casting and completed the magic. His willpower itself was magic. It was correct to view it as a concept similar to a Sword Saint's Heart Sword.

[You have suffered 227,340 damage.]

".....?"

Grid's vision was filled by the thunderbolt that flashed white. He felt confused. It was because his transcendent senses didn't respond at all. It was only after he was pierced by the fallen thunderbolt that tore through his artificial senses that he knew this was Cranbel's magic.

'A bug?'

Why didn't his transcendent senses detect it? The suspicious Grid stopped moving for a while. It was less than 0.1 seconds. Meanwhile, dragons were beings who recognized a second by dividing it into hundreds of units.

[You have suffered 315,050 damage.]

Then Cranbel's tail hit Grid's side and pierced his chest. He didn't stop there, but turned around and tied up Grid's body tightly.

"Cough..!" He was unable to breathe or move. Grid suffered from an abnormal physical condition and groaned in pain. Of course, he knew he was going to lose. In the first place, his goal had been to deal one blow. It was just too bad. After all, he didn't want to lose, especially when the opponent was someone who took away his precious things...

It happened as Grid was gritting his teeth...

"Punishment."

It was a form of destruction. A bright red sphere of magic split Cranbel's tail. Thanks to this, Braham's back was visible in the breathless Grid's vision.

"There is a theory that a phenomenon or disaster that occurs according to a dragon's mental image is the source of magic. If this is true, a dragon's magic is close to a natural phenomenon such as typhoons, tsunamis, and earthquakes. It is impossible to feel killing intent, so the transcendent senses will be dull," Braham said quietly. There was no emotional disturbance. It was as if he was prepared for something.

Grid's expression crumpled like a piece of paper. "What is this? Why haven't you run away?"

It was when he first arrived at the scene. Grid had sent a signal to Braham to flee while he held Cranbel's attention. He didn't want Braham to get caught up in the fight. A direct descendent might enjoy eternal life, but this didn't mean they were immortal. Direct descendant vampires would also die if they suffered damage that couldn't be regenerated from. Grid knew this better than anyone.

So why was Braham holding on?

Braham didn't bother explaining his situation where he was tied up by Dragon Words to Grid.

'I can't run away. What do you want me to do?'

He was going to die, so he wanted to protect his pride before dying.

"I want to fight a dragon properly at least once."

Of course, this was a lie...

Braham recalled the horror of Trauka through Cranbel and wanted to flee immediately. He knew dragons weren't targets to fight against and he knew there was no chance of winning. Still, what could he do? He couldn't run away anyway.

"Crazy, I'm going crazy." Grid finally cursed. He resented Braham for not knowing his heart and acting casually. "You are willing to die because of that greed? What about me? What about those who are left behind? They will miss you for the rest of their lives...!"

"...Bah. Is that my business?" Braham scoffed as his heart became emotional. He felt bad when he thought there were people who would grieve for his death. However, he didn't express it and just stared at Cranbel. He was going to die anyway. He wanted to leave an irreversible wound on Cranbel's body along with Grid. He wanted to engrave it in history that the life of Braham, son of Beriache and apostle of the Overgeared God, wasn't in vain. It would be an immortal history.

[...Indeed, the rumors are true.]

Cranbel's eyes were slightly larger as he looked at Braham. He was impressed, just like when he was hit by Grid's Revolve Dragon Drop Pinnacle Kill.

[Braham Eshwald. I have learned about your infamy in challenging Trauka's lair. In fact, I thought it was an exaggerated rumor, but now I know for sure. Your talent... it is a threat to us.]

The dragon's tail was the fourth most powerful of the dragon's body parts. It was impossible for one blow to split it in two, yet Braham did it. The blood inherited from Beriache and the magic of this man

had quite devastating potential. It was a miracle created purely with talent. It was no match for Marie Rose's demonic energy that ripped off Xenon's wings, but it seemed that he would come close someday.

[Die with the god you serve.]

Cranbel's killing intent became tangible in earnest. Hundreds of spells unfolded unexpectedly and filled the sky and the ground. It was terrifying. It was an unbelievable sight. Grains of sand in the desert were influenced by all forms of power and were scattered. It was either heated hot or frozen cold. Some were crushed to powder and some were sharpened. They also formed a storm by pulling or pushing each other.

Yet all of these phenomena were extinguished in vain. If the source of magic was truly a dragon's mental image, then a dragon's mental mage was powerless against Braham. Braham was the Duke of Wisdom who understood, reversed, and destroyed all magic in real time. It was easily neutralized as long as he could put the dragon's mental image into the category of magic.

"A lizard." One of the reasons why a dragon's tail was the fourth most powerful body part was its resilience. It regenerated immediately even when cut. Braham pointed out this part. He put Cranbel's wriggling tail in his vision and scoffed. "If it is insignificant, attack like we are insignificant."

Cranbel roared. He shot a Breath that he had suppressed due to being wary of Grid's strange tricks and the intervention of other dragons. A light seemed to flash and it had already penetrated Grid and Braham. Braham thought he didn't have enough time to use Teleport so he used Blink. Grid also couldn't get a chance to counterattack and used Shunpo. It was the difference between anticipating the timing of Breath and not anticipating it.

'Braham, please.'

Don't provoke him and run away.

One arm was cut by the remaining air waves of the Breath and flew away. Due to this, it became impossible to use dual wielding, and he lost the passive of Mountain Appearance and Flowing Streams.

Grid stared hard at Braham. He had the intention of asking Braham to run away while he prepared a six fusion sword dance to pull Cranbel's aggro back. Of course, it wouldn't be easy. Even at this moment, his body was being forcibly dragged to Cranbel.

It was while he was twisting his waist and moving his feet with all his might.

[Get on.] The gray dragon Basque flew over. [I want to fly with you.]

".....!"

Dragon Knight—it was the only one title that allowed him to use some dragons as a 'mount,' but they couldn't be forced to do so. Whether Grid could ride them or not was a matter of choice for the dragon, not Grid.

Meanwhile, Grid didn't have time to persuade the dragons on the field. To be honest, he wasn't confident in persuading them. He thought he would be easily rejected if he asked for help in a situation where they had to fight against a top dragon.

Now the opportunity came to him on its own. Grid didn't refuse it. He immediately got onto Basque's neck. He recalled this moment with Ifrit and did it skillfully.

[You have boarded the intermediate dragon Basque.]

[The effect of Dragon Knight has significantly increased your status. You are free from the Dragon Words that suppressed you. All stats are restored to their normal values.]

[All your stats are tripled with the effect of Dragon Knight.]

[The skill Basque's Breath is activated!]

Kurarararara!

[.....!]

For the first time, a flustered expression appeared on Cranbel's face. Beyond the Breath that was approaching, the sight of Grid on his kin's neck confused him.

".....?" The same was true for the shocked Braham. He maintained a solemn expression without losing his dignity and muttered that he must be dreaming.